The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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BOOKRAGS

Contents

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook....1

Contents....2

Table of Contents....4

Page 1....5

Page 2....6

Page 3....7

Page 4....8

Page 5....9

Page 6....11

Page 7....13

Page 8....15

Page 9....16

Page 10....17

Page 11....18

Page 12....19

Page 13....21

Page 14....23

Page 15....25

Page 16....27

Page 17....29

Page 18....30

Page 19....32

Page 20....34

Page 21....36

Page 22....38

Page 23.....39

Page 24.....41

Page 25.....43

Page 26.....46

Table of Contents

Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
CONSTANTINOPLE.	1
TWO SONNETS.	5
I.	5
II.	5
THE CONTEMPORARY TRAVELLER.	9
THE SELECTOR, AND LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS*.	12
PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.	14
OLD POETS.	17
SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.	20
THE UNICORN.	21
THE GATHERER.	23
PLAY BILL.	23
PARIS.	24
MOTTO AND TRANSLATION.	24
EPITAPH ON A GAMESTER.	25
LIMBIRD’S EDITION OF THE	25

Page 1

CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Illustration: *Constantinople*]

"Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!"

The splendour and extent of Constantinople are not within the compass of one of our pages; but the annexed Engraving furnishes some idea of a section of this queen of cities. It extends from Seraglio Point to the Janissaries' Tower, and though commanding only a portion of the city, includes the domes of the magnificent mosques of Santa Sophia and the Sultan Achmet, which rise from a vast assemblage of towers, palaces, minarets, &c. in every style of architecture.

We have so often and so recently touched upon the ancient and modern state of Constantinople, that we fear a recapitulation of its splendour would be uninviting to our readers.[1] Nevertheless, as its mention is so frequently coupled with the seat of war, and the "expulsion of the Turks from Europe," our illustration will at this period be interesting, as well as in some measure, explanatory of the position of the city, which is so advantageous as to make it appear fit for the seat of dominion over the whole world. Can we then be surprised at its forming so tempting a lure to surrounding nations?

The city stands at the eastern extremity of Romania, on a neck of land that advances towards Natolia; on the south it is washed by the sea of Marmora, and on the north-east by the gulf of the Golden Horn. It is built, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, rising one above the other in beautiful succession, and sloping gently towards the water; the whole forming an irregular triangle, about twelve miles in circumference, the entire of which space is closely covered with palaces, mosques, baths, fountains, and houses; at a short distance the proudly swelling domes of 300 mosques, the tall and elegant minarets, crowned by glittering crescents, the ancient towers on the walls, and the gaudily coloured kiosks and houses rising above the stupendous trees in the seraglio, situated on the extreme point, form a rich, picturesque, and extraordinary scene. The gulf of the Golden Horn, to the north-east of the city, forms a noble and capacious harbour, four miles in length, by half a mile in breadth, capable of securely containing 1,200 ships of the largest size, and is generally filled with the curiously built vessels and gaily decorated boats of the Turks; on the opposite shore is the maritime town of Galata, containing the docks, arsenals, cannon founderies, barracks, &c.; above which stands the populous suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ministers of the Porte, and all foreigners of distinction, none whatever being allowed to reside in the city. Beyond, as far as the eye can reach, is an immense forest of cypress and mulberry trees, being the extensive cemeteries of all persuasions. From Galata, the European shore of the Bosphorus forms one continued line of towns; palaces in every style of architecture,

Page 2

pleasure gardens, and romantic villages. On the opposite, or Asiatic shore, stands the extensive town of Scutari, also a suburb of Constantinople, although in another quarter of the globe, and separated by a sea a mile in breadth; and at a short distance is the ancient and ruinous city of Calcedone. The group of the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and the snow-clad summit of Mount Olympus, close the prospect. Such is a mere outline of the natural and artificial beauty of Constantinople.

The city itself is surrounded by walls, built of freestone, with alternate layers of Roman brick, flanked by 478 towers; the walls, however, are in several places so dilapidated as to be incapable of any defence without great reparation. On the land side, the fortifications consist of a triple wall, with towers at every 150 yards; the first wall being 30 feet in height; the second 20, and about 30 feet from the first; the third is twelve feet in height; beyond this is a fosse, thirty feet wide, now converted into gardens, and filled with fine grown trees, and a low counterscarp. There are five gates on this side, and several to the water. The streets, of which there are 3,770, with the exception of two or three, are narrow, irregular, badly paved, and exceedingly dirty, the only scavengers being vultures and half-starved dogs. There are fourteen imperial mosques, about 200 others, and above that number of messjids or chapels. The number of houses is prodigious; in 1796, the register of Effendissy gave 88,185 within the walls; they are mostly constructed of wood, and the dwellings of the lower classes are mere wooden boxes, cool in summer, the windows being unglazed, and in winter heated by pans of charcoal. Fires are consequently very frequent. The khans, or warehouses of the merchants are, however, fireproof; the bazaars are also defended from fire, and are well built; and coffeehouses very numerous. The city is amply supplied with water, there being 730 public baths, a superb fountain in the Chinese taste in every street, and few houses without similar provision. The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at upwards of 600,000; of these above one half are Turks, the remainder Jews, Franks, Greeks, &c.

We have only space to particularize a few of the most prominent buildings in our view. To the left is the Seraglio Point, or superb palace of the Sultan, whose treasures almost realize the fables of romance. Next is the superb dome of the Mosque of the Sultan Achmet, without exception the finest building ever raised by the Turks. It is surrounded by a lofty colonnade of marble, of various colours, surmounted by 30 small domes: the large dome is supported by four gigantic piers, covered as well as most of the interior, with fresco paintings; it is rich in columns of verd antique, Egyptian granite, and white marble; there are also four smaller domes, similarly ornamented. Next, near the centre of the Engraving is the Mosque of Santa Sophia, a truly superb and perfect monument of antiquity, built at an expense of 320,000 pounds of silver, (some authors say gold.[2]) Next in importance are the Mosques of the Sultans Osmyn, Bajazet, and Selim; and the Gulf of the Golden Horn, or the Harbour.

Page 3

Among the suburbs of Constantinople, Scutari is not the least interesting, inasmuch as it leads us to notice the funereal customs of the Turks, and their cemeteries, of which Scutari is the principal site.

Interment almost immediately follows upon the decease of the person; a practice common to all classes at Constantinople. The corpse is carried to the grave on a bier by the friends of the deceased: this is considered as a religious duty, it being declared in the Koran, that he who carries a dead body the space of forty paces, procures for himself the expiation of a great sin.[3] The graves are shallow, and thin boards only, laid over the corpse, protect it from the immediate pressure of the earth, which is set with flowers, according to the custom of the Pythagoreans, and a cypress tree is planted near every new grave. As a grave is never opened a second time, a vast tract of country is occupied with these burial-fields, which add by no means to the salubrity of the vicinity. Much is gained, unquestionably, as regards the health of the inhabitants, by burying without the cities; but the shallowness of the graves contributes to render these vast accumulations of animal dust, at certain seasons more especially, a source of pestilential miasmata. The cemeteries near Scutari are immense, owing to the predilection which the Turks of Europe preserve for being buried in Asia—that quarter of the world in which are situated the holy cities, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, and Damascus. The author of Anastasius gives the following vivid description of this extraordinary spot:—

“A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar, a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he enters them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and, exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents—that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarcely counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys; already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death, so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey’s seemingly receding end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay, still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves.

Page 4

“There, said I to myself, lie, scarcely one foot beneath the surface of a swelling soil, ready to burst at every point with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued to mow down for nearly four centuries in the vast capital of Islamism. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban somewhat longer or deeper—somewhat rounder or squarer—personages, in life, far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep—alike food for the worm that lives on death—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarcely known in his own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud’s perhaps more deserving horse;[4] elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia and the black of Sennaar; visiers, beggars, heroes, and women.’”

The approach to Constantinople from the sea of Marmora is likewise thus beautifully described by the same author, and will form an appropriate conclusion:

“With eyes rivetted on the expanding splendour, I watched as they came out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, and reflecting their shape in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline on the expanse of the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser part of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures; until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the other two by a wide arm of that sea whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half on Europe, and half on Asia.”

Since writing the above we have visited Mr. Burford’s *New Panorama of Constantinople*, which has lately been opened for exhibition in the Strand; and although we cannot in this Number enter into the detail of its merits, we recommend it to our lionizing friends as one of Mr. Burford’s most finished paintings, and equal if not superior in effect to any exhibition in the metropolis; but we reserve an account of its pictorial beauties for our next publication.

[1] See “Sailing round Constantinople,” *Mirror*, vol. x. p. 278. Engraving and Description of the Castle of the Seven Towers, ibid, vol. x. p. 361. Extent of Constantinople, vol. xi. p. 298. Lines on Constantinople, vol. xii. p. 58. Taking of the City by the Turks, vol. xii. p. 274.

Page 5

[2] For an Engraving and full description of the Mosque of Santa Sophia, see the *mirror*, vol. ii. p.p. 473, 486.

[3] Mr. Hobhouse has pointed out some remarkable points of similarity between the funereal customs of the Greeks and those of the Irish; in particular, the howling lament, the interrogating the corpse, “Why did you die?” and the wake and feast. “But a more singular resemblance,” he adds, “is that which is to be remarked between a Mahommedan and an Irish opinion relative to the same ceremony. When a dead Mussulman is carried on his plank towards the cemetery, the devout Turk runs from his house as the procession passes his door, for a short distance relieves one of the bearers of the body, and then gives up his place to another, who hastens to perform the same charitable and holy office. No one who has been in Ireland, but must have seen the peasants leave their cottages or their work, to give a temporary assistance to those employed in bearing the dead to the grave an exertion by which they approach so many steps nearer to Paradise.”

[4] “Sultan Mahmoud’s horse was actually interred in the cemetery of Scutari, under a dome supported by eight pillars.”

* * * * *

TWO SONNETS.

To M—— F——.

(*For the Mirror*.)

I.

I met thee, ——, when the leaves were green,
And living verdure clothed the countless trees;
When meadow flowers allured the summer bees,
And silvery skies shone o’er the cloudless scene,
Bright as my thoughts when wand’ring to thy home;
Where Nature looks *as though she were divine*,
Not in the richness of the rip’ning vine,
Not in the splendour of imperial Rome.
It is a ruder scene of rocks and trees,
Where even barrenness is beauty—where
The glassy lake, below the mountain bare,

Curls up its waters ’neath the casual breeze;
And, ’midst the plenitude of flower and bud,
Sweet violets hide them in the hilly wood.

II.

I parted with thee one autumnal day,
  When o’er the woods the northern tempest beat—
  The spoils of autumn rustling at our feet,
And Nature wept to see her own decay.
The pliant poplar bent beneath the blast;
  The moveless oak stood warring with the storm,
  Which bow’d the pensive willow’s weaker form;
And naught gave token that thy love would last,
Save the mute eloquence of forcing tears;
  Save the low pleading of thy ardent sighs,
  The fervent gazing of thy glowing eyes;
A firm assurance, spite of all my fears,
That, as the sunshine dries the summer rain,
Thy *future* smile should bless for parting pain.

Page 6

* * H.

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Illustration of some old proverbs, &c.

(*For the Mirror*.)

"Ax." To ask. This word which now passes for a mere vulgarism, is the original Saxon form, and used by Chaucer and others. See “Tyrwhitt’s Glossary.” We find it also in Bishop Bale’s “God’s Promises.” “That their synne vengeaunce *axed* continually.” Old Plays. i. 18. Also in the “Four P.’s,” by Heywood, “And *axed* them thys question than.” Old Pl. i. 84. An *axing* is used by Chaucer for a request. Ben Jonson introduces it jocularly:

“A man out of wax,
As a lady would ax.”

Masques, vol. 6, p. 85.

“*Between the Cup and the Lip*.” The proverb that many things fall out between the cup and the lip, is a literal version of one in Latin. *Multo inter pocula ac libra cadunt*. The origin of which was as follows:—A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction, and when at an entertainment he held a glassful of his own wine made from the grape of that vineyard, he sent for the slave, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now; to which the other replied, “Many things fall out between the cup and the lip,” and he had scarcely delivered this singular response, before news was brought that a monstrous boar was laying waste the favourite vineyard. The king, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hand, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and killed him, without having tasted of the wine. Such is the story related by some of the Greek writers, and though evidently apocryphal, it certainly is productive of a good practical moral.

“*In the merry pin*.” This is said of those who have drunk freely and are cheerful in their cups. Among the ancient northern nations, it was customary to drink out of large horns, in which were placed small pins, like a scale of distances, and he who quaffed most was considered as a toper of the first magnitude, and respected accordingly. The merry pin was that which stood pretty far from the mouth of the horn, and he who, at a draught, reduced the liquor to that point, was a man of no ordinary prowess in bacchanalian contest.

"*Under the Rose be it spoken*." The rose being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, to engage him to conceal the amours of Venus, was an emblem of Silence; whence to present it or hold it up to any person in discourse, served instead of an admonition, that it was time for him to hold his peace; and in entertaining rooms it was customary to place a rose above the table, to signify that what was there spoken should be kept private. This practice is described by the following epigram:—

Page 7

Est rosa flos, Veneris cujus quo facta laterunt,
Harpocrati matri dona dicavit Amor,
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis
Convivii et sub ea dicta tacenda sciat.

Potter's Ant. Greece.

"*Cant*." This word, which is now generally applied to fanatical preachers, and hypocritical apprentices in religion, derives its name from two Scotch Presbyterian ministers, in the reign of Charles II. They were father and son, both called Andrew Cant; and Whitelocke in his "Memoirs," p. 511, after narrating the defeat at Worcester, in 1651, says, "Divers Scotch ministers were permitted to meet at Edinburgh, to keep a day of humiliation, as they pretended, for their too much compliance with the King," and in the same month when Lord Argyll had called a parliament, Mr. Andrew Cant, a minister, said in his pulpit, that "God was bound to hold this parliament, for that all other parliaments was called by man, but this was brought about by his own hand."

"*An't please the Pigs*." In this phrase there is not only a peculiarity of dialect, but the corruption of a word, and a change of one thing for another. In the first place, *an*, in the midland counties, is used for if; and pigs is evidently a corruption of Pyx, the sacred vessel containing the host in Roman Catholic countries. In the last place, the vessel is substituted for the power itself, by an easy metonymy in the same manner as when we talk of "the sense of the house," we do not mean to ascribe intelligence to a material building; but to the persons in it assembled for a deliberate purpose; the expression therefore signifies no more than "*Deo volente*," or God willing.

"*Bumper*." In many parts of England any thing large is called a bumper. Hence a bumping lass is a large girl of her age, and a bumpkin is a large-limbed, uncivilized rustic; the idea of grossness of size entering into the idea of a country bumpkin, as well as that of unpolished rudeness. Dr. Johnson, however, strangely enough deduces the word bumpkin from bump; but what if it should prove to be a corruption of bumbard, or bombard: in low Latin, bombardus, a great gun, and from thence applied to a large flagon, or full glass. Thus the Lord Chamberlain says to the porters who had been negligent in keeping out the mob.

"You are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie, baiting of bombard, when
Ye should do service."

Shaks. Hen. VIII. *Act* 5, *Scene* 3.

"Baiting of bombard" is a term for sitting and drinking, which Nash in his "Supplycacyon to the Deuyll," calls by the like metaphor, "bear baiting." So Shakspeare again in the "Tempest," says,

“Yond same black cloud, yond huge one,
Seems like foul bombard, that would shed his liquor.”

Tempest, Act 2, *Scene* 2.

Which Theobald rightly explains thus: “A large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordinance so called.”

Page 8

"*Latter Lammas*." Lammas day is the first day of August, so called quasi, Lamb-mass, on which day the tenants that hold lands of the Cathedral of York, which is dedicated to St. Peter, ad Vincula, were bound by that tenure to bring a living lamb into the church at high mass.—*Cornell's Interpreter*. Lammas day was always a great day of account, for in the payment of rents our ancestors distributed the year into four quarters, ending at Candlemas, Whitsuntide, Lammas, and Martinmas, and this was as common as the present divisions of Lady day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. In regard to Lammas, in addition to its being one of the days of reckoning, it appears from the Confessor's laws, that it was the specific day whereon the Peter-pence, a tax very rigorously executed, and the punctual payment of which was enforced under a severe penalty, was paid. In this view then, Lammas stands as a day of account, and Latter Lammas will consequently signify the day of doom, which in effect, as to all payments of money, or worldly transactions in money, is never. Latter here is used for last, or the comparative for the superlative, just as it is in a like case in our version of the book of Job, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," meaning of course the last day, or the end of the world. That the last day, or Latter Lammas, as to all temporal affairs is never, may be illustrated by the following story:—A man at confession owned his having stolen a sow and pigs; the father confessor exhorted him to make restitution. The penitent said some were sold, and some were killed, but the priest not satisfied with this excuse, told him they would appear against him at the day of judgment if he did not make restitution to the owner, upon which the man replied, "Well, I'll return them to him then."

"*Lydford Law*." In Devonshire and Cornwall this saying is common:

"First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford Law."

Sometimes it is expressed in this manner; "Lydford Law, by which they hang men first, and try them afterwards." Lydford was formerly a town of note, but now an inconsiderable village on the borders of Dartmoor, not far from Tavistock. It is famous for a ruined castle, under which is a dungeon that used to be a prison for the confinement of persons who offended against the Stannary Courts of Tavistock, Ashburton, Chapford, and Plimpton. These Stannary Courts were erected by a charter of Edward III. for the purpose of regulating the affairs of the tin mines in Devonshire, and of determining causes among the tinners, whether criminal, or actions for debt. The proceedings were very summary, and the prison horribly offensive. Near Lydford is a famous waterfall, and a most romantic view down the river Lyd; over which is a curious bridge built with one arch. The parish is the largest in the kingdom, including the whole Forest of Dartmoor. William Browne of Tavistock, and the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, gives a humorous description of Lydford in the reign of James I.

Page 9

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THE CONTEMPORARY TRAVELLER.

JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF THE RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

In the island of Newfoundland, an institution has been formed for opening a communication with, and promoting the civilization of, the Red Indians; and procuring, if possible, an authentic history of that unhappy race of people, in order that their language, customs, and pursuits, may be contrasted with those of other tribes of Indians and nations. The interior of the island is less known than any other British possessions abroad; but, from the exertions of the above Society, more information has been collected concerning the natives, than has been obtained during the two centuries and a half in which Newfoundland has been in possession of Europeans. The last journey was undertaken by W.E. Cormack, Esq., president of the Society. His report has appeared in a recent Number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, and will, we are persuaded, be interesting to our readers:

"My party," says Mr. Cormack, "consisted of three Indians, whom I procured from among the other different tribes, *viz*. an intelligent and able man of the Abenakie tribe, from Canada; an elderly Mountaineer from Labrador; and an adventurous young Micmack, a native of this island, together with myself. It was my intention to have commenced our search at White Bay, which is nearer the northern extremity of the island than where we did, and to have travelled southward. But the weather not permitting to carry my party thither by water, after several days' delay, I unwillingly changed my line of route.

"On the 31st of October, 1828, last, we entered the country at the mouth of the River Exploits, on the north side, at what is called the Northern Arm. We took a north-westerly direction, to lead us to Hall's Bay, which place we reached through an almost uninterrupted forest, over a hilly country, in eight days. This tract comprehends the country interior from New Bay, Badger Bay, Seal Bay, &c.; these being minor bays, included in Green or Notre Dame Bay, at the north-east part of the island, and well known to have been always heretofore the summer residence of the Red Indians.

"On the fourth day after our departure, at the east end of Badger Bay-Great Lake, at a *portage* known by the name of the Indian Path, we found traces made by the Red Indians, evidently in the spring or summer of the preceding year. Their party had had two canoes; and here was a *canoe-rest*, on which the daubs of red ochre, and the roots of trees used to fasten or tie it together appeared fresh. A canoe-rest, is simply a few beams supported horizontally about five feet from the ground, by perpendicular posts. A party with two canoes, when descending from the interior to the sea-coast, through such a part of the country as this, where there are troublesome

Page 10

portages, leave one canoe resting, bottom up, on this kind of frame, to protect it from injury by the weather, until their return. Among other things which lay strewed about here, were a spearshaft, eight feet in length, recently made and ochred; parts of old canoes, fragments of their skin-dresses, &c. For some distance around, the trunks of many of the birch, and of that species of spruce pine called here the Var (*Pinus balsamifera*) had been rinded; these people using the inner part of the bark of that kind of tree for food. Some of the cuts in the trees with the axe, were evidently made the preceding year. Besides these, we were elated by other encouraging signs. The traces left by the Red Indians are so peculiar, that we were confident those we saw here were made by them.

"This spot has been a favourite place of settlement with these people. It is situated at the commencement of a *portage*, which forms a communication by a path between the sea-coast at Badger Bay, about eight miles to the north-east, and a chain of lakes extending westerly and southerly from hence, and discharging themselves by a rivulet into the River Exploits, about thirty miles from its mouth. A path also leads from this place to the lakes, near New Bay, to the eastward. Here are the remains of one of their villages, where the vestiges of eight or ten winter *mamatecks*, or wigwams, each intended to contain from six to eighteen or twenty people, are distinctly seen close together. Besides these, there are the remains of a number of summer wigwams. Every winter wigwam has close by it a small square-mouthed or oblong pit, dug into the earth, about four feet deep, to preserve their stores, &c. in. Some of these pits were lined with birch rind. We discovered also in this village the remains of a vapour-bath. The method used by the Boeothicks to raise the steam, was by pouring water on large stones made very hot for the purpose, in the open air, by burning a quantity of wood around them; after this process, the ashes were removed, and a hemispherical framework closely covered with skins, to exclude the external air, was fixed over the stones. The patient then crept in under the skins, taking with him a birch-rind bucket of water, and a small bark-dish to dip it out, which, by pouring on the stones, enabled him to raise the steam at pleasure.[5]

"At Hall's Bay we got no useful information, from the three (and the only) English families settled there. Indeed we could hardly have expected any; for these, and such people, have been the unchecked and ruthless destroyers of the tribe, the remnant of which we were in search of. After sleeping one night in a *house*, we again struck into the country to the westward.

Page 11

“In five days we were on the high lands south of White Bay, and in sight of the high lands east of the Bay of Islands, on the west coast of Newfoundland. The country south and west of us was low and flat, consisting of marshes, extending in a southerly direction more than thirty miles. In this direction lies the famous Red Indians’ Lake. It was now near the middle of November, and the winter had commenced pretty severely in the interior. The country was every where covered with snow, and, for some days past, we had walked over the small ponds on the ice. The summits of the hills on which we stood had snow on them, in some places, many feet deep. The deer were migrating from the rugged and dreary mountains in the north, to the low mossy barren, and more woody parts in the south; and we inferred, that if any of the Red Indians had been at White Bay during the past summer, they might be at that time stationed about the borders of the low tract of country before us, at the *deer-passes*, or were employed somewhere else in the interior, killing deer for winter provision. At these passes, which are particular places in the migration lines of path, such as the extreme ends of, and straights in, many of the large lakes— the foot of valleys between high and rugged mountains—fords in the large rivers, and the like—-the Indians kill great numbers of deer with very little trouble, during their migrations. We looked out for two days from the summits of the hills adjacent, trying to discover the smoke from the camps of the Red Indians; but in vain. These hills command a very extensive view of the country in every direction.

“We now determined to proceed towards the Red Indians’ Lake, sanguine that, at that known rendezvous, we could find the objects of our search.

“In about ten days we got a glimpse of this beautifully majestic and splendid sheet of water. The ravages of fire, which we saw in the woods for the last two days, indicated that man had been near. We looked down on the lake, from the hills at the northern extremity, with feelings of anxiety and admiration:—No canoe could be discovered moving on its placid surface, in the distance. We were the first Europeans who had seen it in an unfrozen state, for the three former parties who had visited it before, were here in the winter, when its waters were frozen and covered over with snow. They had reached it from below, by way of the River Exploits, on the ice. We approached the lake with hope and caution; but found to our mortification that the Red Indians had deserted it for some years past. My party had been so excited, so sanguine, and so determined to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that, on discovering from appearances every where around us, that the Red Indians—the terror of the Europeans as well as the other Indian inhabitants of Newfoundland—no longer existed, the spirits of one and all of us were very deeply affected. The old mountaineer was particularly overcome. There were every where indications, that this had long been the central and undisturbed rendezvous of the tribe, when they had enjoyed peace and security. But these primitive people had abandoned it, after having been tormented by parties of Europeans during the last eighteen years. Fatal rencounters had on these occasions unfortunately taken place.”

Page 12

(*To be concluded in our next*.)

[5] Since my return, I learn from the captive Red Indian woman *Shawnawdithit*, that the vapour-bath is chiefly used by old people, and for rheumatic affections.

Shawnawdithit is the survivor of three Red Indian females, who were taken by, or rather who gave themselves up, exhausted with hunger, to some English furriers, about five years ago, in Notre Dame Bay. She is the only one of that tribe in the hands of the English, and the only one that has ever lived so long among them.

* * * * *

THE SELECTOR, AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

AN HONOURABLE "INDEPENDENT" FAMILY.

The Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton, who lived once in yonder villa, was the youngest of eleven children, and consequently the junior brother of the noble Lord of Headerton, nephew of the Honourable Justice Cleaveland, nephew of Admiral Barrymore, K.C.B., &c. &c. &c.; and cousin first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh remove—to all the honourables and dishonourables in the country.

When the old earl died, he left four Chancery suits, and a nominal estate to the heir apparent, to whom he also bequeathed his three younger brothers and sisters, who had only small annuities from their mother's fortune, being assured that (to use his own words), "he might *depend* on him for the honour of the family, to provide for them handsomely." And so he did (in his own estimation); his lady sisters had "the run of the house," and Mr. Augustus Headerton had the run of the stables, the use of hunters and dogs, and was universally acknowledged to possess "a proper spirit," because he spent three times more than his income. "He bates the world and all, for beauty, in a hunting jacket," exclaimed the groom. "He flies a gate beyant any living sowl I iver seed, and his tallyho, my jewel—'twould do y'er heart good to hear his tallyho!" said my lord's huntsman. "He's a generous jontleman as any in the kingdom—I'll say that for him, any day in the year," echoed the coachman. "He's admired more nor any jintleman as walks Steven's Green in a month o' Sundays, I'll go bail," continued Miss Jenny Roe, the ladies' maid.

"Choose a profession!" Oh! no; impossible. An Irish gentleman choose a profession! But the Honourable Mr. Augustus Headerton chose a wife, and threw all his relations, including Lord Headerton, the Honourable Justice Cleaveland, Admiral Barrymore, K.C.B., and his cousins to the fiftieth remove, into strong convulsions, or little fits. She,

the lady, had sixty thousand pounds; that, of course, they could not object to. She had eloped with the Honourable Mr. Augustus Headerton;—mere youthful indiscretion. She was little and ugly;—that only concerned her husband. She was proud and extravagant;—those (they said) were lady-like failings. She was ignorant and stupid;—her sisters-in-law would have pardoned that. She was vulgar;—that was awkward. Her father was a carcass butcher in Cole's Lane market—death and destruction!

Page 13

It could never be forgiven! the cut direct was unanimously agreed on, and the little lady turned up her little nose in disdain, as her handsome barouche rolled past the lumbering carriage of the Right Honourable Lord Headerton. She persuaded her husband to purchase that beautiful villa, in view of the family domain, that she might have more frequent opportunities of bringing, as she elegantly expressed it, “the proud beggars to their trumps;—and why not?—money’s money, all the world over.” The Honourable Mister Augustus *depended* on his agent for the purchase, and some two thousand and odd pounds were consequently paid, or said to have been paid, for it, more than its value. And then commenced the general warfare; full purse and empty head—*versus* no purse, and old nobility. They had the satisfaction of ruining each other—the full purse was emptied by devouring duns, and the old nobility suffered by its connexion with vulgarity.

“I want to know, Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton”—(the lady always gave the full name when addressing her husband; she used to say it was all she got for her money), —“I want to know, Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton, the reason why the music master’s lessons, given to the Misses Headerton (they were blessed with seven sweet pledges of affection), have not been paid for? I desired the steward to see to it, and you know I *depend* on him to settle these matters.”

The Honourable Mrs. Augustus Headerton rang the bell—“Send Martin up.”

“Mister Martin,” the lady began, “what is the reason that Mr. Langi’s account has not been paid?”

“My master, ma’am knows that I have been anxious for him to look over the accounts; the goings-out are so very great, and the comings-in, as far as I know”—The Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton spilt some of the whiskey-punch he was drinking, over a splendid hearth-rug, which drew the lady’s attention from what would have been an unpleasant *eclaircissement*.

“I cannot understand why difficulties should arise. I am certain I brought a fortune large enough for all extravagance,” was the lady’s constant remark when expenditure was mentioned. Years pass over the heads of the young—and they grow old; and over the heads of fools—but they never grow wise.

The Honourable Mister and Mistress Augustus Headerton were examples of this truth; —their children grew up around them—but could derive no support from their parent root. The mother had *depended* on governesses and masters for the education of her girls—and on their beauty, connexions, or accomplishments, to procure them husbands. The father did not deem the labours of study fit occupation for the sons of an ancient house:—“*Depend* upon it,” he would say, “they’ll all do well with my connexions —they will be able to command what they please.” The Honourable Mistress Augustus

could not now boast of a full purse, for they had long been living on the memory of their once ample fortune.

Page 14

The Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton died, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of inflammation, caught in an old limekiln, where he was concealed to avoid an arrest for the sum of 180 guineas, for black Nell, the famous filly, who won the cup on the Curragh of Kildare—purchased in his name, but without his knowledge, by his second son, the pride of the family—commonly called dashing Dick.

All I know further of the Honourable Mistress Augustus Headerton is, that

"She played at cards, and died."

Miss Georgiana—the beauty, and greatest fool of the family, who *depended* on her face as a fortune, did get a husband—an old, rich West India planter, and eloped, six months after marriage, with an officer of dragoons.

Miss Celestina was really clever and accomplished. "Use her abilities for her own support!" Oh, no! not for worlds—Too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, she *depended* on her relations, and played toady to all who would.

Miss Louisa—not clever; but in all other respects, ditto—ditto.

Miss Charlotte was always very romantic; refused a respectable banker with indignation, and married her uncle's footman—for love.

Having sketched the female part of the family first (a compliment by the way they do not always receive from their own sex)—I will tell you what I remember of the gentlemen.

"The Emperor," as Mr. Augustus was called, from his stately manner and dignified deportment, aided by as much self-esteem as could well be contained in a human body, *depended*, without any "compunctuous visitings of conscience," on the venison, claret, and champagne of his friends, and thought all the time he did them honour:—and thus he passed his life.

"Dashing Dick" was the opposite of the Emperor; sung a good song—told a good story—and gloried in making ladies blush. He *depended* on his cousin, Colonel Bloomfield, procuring him a commission in his regiment, and cheated tailors, hosiers, glovers, coach-makers, and even lawyers, with impunity. Happily for the world at large, Dashing Dick broke his neck in a steeple chase, on a stolen horse, which he would have been hanged for purloining, had he lived a day longer.

Ferdinand was the bonne-bouche of the family: they used to call him "the Parson!" Excellent Ferdinand!—he *depended* on his exertions; and, if ever the name of Headerton rises in the scale of moral or intellectual superiority, it will be owing to the steady and virtuous efforts of Mister Ferdinand Headerton, merchant, in the good city of B——.

Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S.C. Hall.

* * * * *

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We quote the following from the portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, with the above title—to show the mode in which the heads of the respective chapters are illustrated:

Page 15

Obscure Origin.

“The parents of SEBASTIAN CASTALIO, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains in Dauphiny.

“The Abbe HAUTEFEUILLE, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century, by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

“PARINI, the modern satiric poet of Italy, was the son of a peasant, who died when he was in his boyhood, and left him to be the only support of his widowed mother; while, to add to his difficulties, he was attacked in his nineteenth year by a paralysis, which rendered him a cripple for life.

“The parents of Dr. JOHN PRIDEAUX, who afterwards rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employed in the first instance as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship.

“The father of INIGO JONES, the great architect, who built the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, and many other well known edifices, was a cloth-worker; and he himself was also destined originally for a mechanical employment.

“Sir EDMUND SAUNDERS, Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand boy at the Inns of Court, and gradually acquired the elements of his knowledge of the law by being employed to copy precedents.

“LINNAEUS, the founder of the science of Botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker; and was only rescued from his humble employment by accidentally meeting one day a physician named Rothman, who, having entered into conversation with him, was so much struck with his intelligence, that he sent him to the university.

“The father of MICHAEL LOMONOSOFF, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of the last century, and who eventually attained the highest literary dignities in his own country, was only a simple fisherman. Young Lomonosoff had great difficulty in acquiring as much education as enabled him to read and write; and it was only by running away from his father’s house, and taking refuge in a monastery at Moscow, that he found means to obtain an acquaintance with the higher branches of literature.

“The famous BEN JONSON worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason; ’and let not them blush,’ says Fuller, speaking of this circumstance in his ‘English Worthies,’ with his usual amusing, but often expressive quaintness, ’let not them blush that have, but those

that have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.'

"PETER RAMUS, one of the most celebrated writers and intrepid thinkers of the sixteenth century, was employed in his childhood as a shepherd, and obtained his education by serving as a lacquey in the College of Navarre.

Page 16

“The Danish astronomer, LONGOMONTANUS, was the son of a labourer, and, while attending the academical lectures at Wyburg through the day, was obliged to work for his support during a part of the night.

“The elder DAVID PAREUS, the eminent German Protestant divine, who was afterwards Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, was placed in his youth as an apprentice, first with an apothecary, and then with a shoemaker.

“HANS SACHS, one of the most famous of the early German poets, and a scholar of considerable learning, was the son of a tailor, and served an apprenticeship himself, first to a shoemaker, and afterwards to a weaver, at which last trade, indeed, he continued to work during the rest of his life.

“JOHN FOLCZ, another old German poet, was a barber.

“LUCAS CORNELISZ, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, who visited England during the reign of Henry VIII., and was patronized by that monarch, was obliged, while in his own country, in order to support his large family, to betake himself to the profession of a cook.

“Dr. ISAAC MADDOX, who, in the reign of George II., became bishop, first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, and who is well known by his work in defence of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England, lost both his parents, who belonged to a very humble rank of life, at an early age, and was, in the first instance, placed by his friends with a pastrycook.

“The late Dr. ISAAC MILNER, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian Professor of the Mathematics at Cambridge, who had the reputation of one of the first mathematicians of that University, and who published some ingenious papers on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, in the ‘Philosophical Transactions,’ was originally a weaver—as was also his brother JOSEPH, the well known, author of a ‘History of the Church.’ Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. JOSEPH WHITE, Professor of Arabic at Oxford.

“CASSERIO, a well known Italian anatomist, was initiated in the elements of Medical Science by a surgeon of Padua, with whom he had lived originally as a domestic servant.

“JOHN CHRISTIAN THEDEN, who rose to be chief surgeon to the Prussian army under Frederick II. had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor.”

Influence of Accident in directing Pursuits.

“The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention

first attracted to the art, his improvements in which, form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils

Page 17

and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object; and in one of his works he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; persevering, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanour, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissy was, in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception by which his understanding was distinguished. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favour, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but, having been soon after shut up in the Bastille, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. ‘Forced!’ replied Palissy, ’This is not to speak like a king; but they who force you cannot force me; I can die!’ He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastille, in the ninetieth year of his age.”

* * * * *

OLD POETS.

LOVE.

What thing is Love, which naught can countervail?
Naught save itself, ev’n such a thing is Love.
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heav’n above.
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

Page 18

SIR W. RALEIGH.

* * * * *

If Love be life, I long to die,
Live they that list for me:
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain,
Which love do entertain.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

* * * * *

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be my love.
But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

SIR W. RALEIGH.—*Answer to Marlowe's "Come Live," &c*.

* * * * *

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb,
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

* * * * *

—— Love is nature's second sun Causing a spring of virtues where he shines. And, as without the sun, the world's great eye, All colours, beauties, both of art and nature, Are giv'n in vain to men; so, without love All beauties bred in woman are in vain, All virtues born in men lie buried; For love informs them as the sun doth colours. And as the sun

reflecting his warm beams Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers, So love, fair shining in the inward man, Brings forth in him the honourable fruits Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts, Brave resolution, and divine discourse. O! 'tis the paradise! the heaven of earth!

CHAPMAN.

* * * * *

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes its chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.
Then wrack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free, because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

ETHERIDGE.

* * * * *

Come, little infant, love me now.
  While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
  From cold jealousy and fears.
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
  By young Love old Time beguil'd;
While our sportings are as free
  As the muse's with the child.

* * * * *

Page 19

Now then, love me; Time may take
Thee before my time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make
And learn love before we may.
So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate.
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

MARVELL.

* * * * *

Hear ye virgins, and I'll teach,
What the times of old did preach:
Rosamond was in a tower
Kept, as Danae, in a tower;
But yet love, who subtle is,
Crept to that, and came to this:
Be ye lock'd up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides:
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nurseries;
Notwithstanding love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can.
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

HERRICK.

* * * * *

Great Venus, queen of beauty and of grace.
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heaven laughs, and all the world shows joyous chear.

* * * * *

—All the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair,
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great God of men and women, queen of th' air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not miss.

Fairy Queen.—SPENSER.

* * * * *

As men tormented with a burning fever,
Dream that with drink they 'suage their grievous thirst,
But when they wake they find their thirst persever,
And to be greater than it was at first;
So she whose thoughts from love sleep could not sever,
Dreamt of that thing for which she 'wake did thirst;
But waking, felt and found it as before,
Her hope still less, and her desire still more.

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

* * * * *

—— Love is only root and crop of care, The body's foe, the heart's annoy and cause of pleasures rare The sickness of the mind and fountain of unrest, The gulf of guile, the pit of pain, of grief the hollow chest; A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice, A heavy burden light to bear, a virtue fraught with vice; It is a worldlike peace, a safety seeing dread, A deep despair annexed to hope, a fancy that is fed, Sweet poison for his taste, a port Charybdis like, A Scylla for his safety, though a lion that is meek.

TURBERVILLE.

Page 20

* * * * *

KISSING.

O kiss! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new found Paradise;
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls, together ties
By links of love, and only nature's art;
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes.
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part.
But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise;
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since (dear life,) you fain would have me peace,
And I mad with delight want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

* * * * *

HEALTH.

The common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.

IBID.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

ARRIVAL AT MARGATE.

From "The Monthly Club" of Sharpe's London Magazine.

The buildings of Margate now became evident, and every minute developed some new feature in the landscape; all the party abandoned their sitting to enjoy the view. The curved pier painted pea green and covered with Cockneys, now was disclosed to our eyes, and my old friend from Leicester was again staggered into a profound silence, by being told that a row of houses with a windmill at the end of it, was *Buenos Ayres*. I saw

his amazement, but he did not betray his ignorance in speech as the French actress did, who was in London some years since, and when dining on the Adelphi Terrace was shown Waterloo Bridge. After gazing at it, with a degree of pathos, partly national and partly theatrical, she heaved a sigh for the brave fellows who had perished in the neighbourhood, and feelingly inquired whereabouts the farm of *Haye Saint* was—this is literally a fact and is vouched for—nor is the absence of geographical knowledge in the natives of France, confined to the lady—she is by no means a solitary instance of the most glorious ignorance of localities.—The Turks too, talk of Ireland as a disorderly part of London; and an American, during the last winter, lecturing in Germany, referring to the great improvements which have recently taken place in England, enumerated, amongst other stupendous works of art, the Menai Bridge, which he informed his hearers united IRELAND with WALES.

As we approached the harbour we seemed to fly—the jetty and pier became more and more crowded—it was evident we had created “an interest;” the hurry and bustle on board appeared to increase as we neared the shore, and the sudden tranquillization of the hubbub by the magical words, “stop her,” of the master evidently excited a mingled feeling of wonder and satisfaction in the breast of our Leicestershire companion, whose countenance had previously indicated a strong suspicion that it was the captain’s intention to try the relative strength of our vessel’s bow and the nob end of Mr. Jarvis’s jetty.

Page 21

I never shall forget his delight as we tranquilly glided to the side of the landing-place, nor his violent indignation when stepping out of the boat in a pair of jockey boots, and selecting, what appeared to his ruralized vision, a *verdant* spot; his feet slid from under him, and he got a fall unmodified in its disagreeable results by the excitement of the sport so prevalent in his native country.

“Who built this fine stone affair?” said R——, pointing to the pea-green promenade on our right.

“The people of Margate,” said some one.

“I thought nobody in England but the king could make a *pier*,” said R——.

“Come, come,” cried B——, “let us be grave for a minute or two; we look more like a parcel of boys landing than a grave and learned body.”

“Youth is the time for punning,” said R——.

“It is no great crime when one is older,” said B——.

“That I deny,” answered our wag; “it may be good in *youth*, but it is *bad in age.*”

The groan which followed this last pun of the voyage reechoed along the shore, and it was not until we reached Howe’s hotel, a sort of Bath York House stuck in the middle of Golden Square, London, that the tumult died away.

* * * * *

THE UNICORN.

In the physical world, some of our secrets are disappearing; and though Captain Parry failed to find out the pole, and we believe, with that worthy navigator, that the world have been dreaming from the beginning, and that there is no pole; and though Captain Ross will go further and fare worse, yet things are turning up now and then that our most benevolent scepticism cannot resist. But among other plunders of the imagination, they are going to rob us of the unicorn. For two thousand years and upwards, a short date in the history of human quarrel about nothings, the sages of this world have been doubting and deciding on the existence of this showy creature. Pliny would have sworn to his having all but seen it, and he would have sworn that too, if any one had taken the trouble to ask him. Kircher, and a few of the German naturalists, and black-letter fools —every naturalist and black-letter man being more or less a fool—dug up the question out of the pit of Teutonic dulness, and ever since, every traveller beyond the Needles, has had his theory, which was quite as good as his fact, and his fact, which was quite as good as his theory.

The topic perished in Germany, being stifled under professor Bopp and Sanscrit, Professor Semler and Scepticism, Professor Jahn and Jacobinism, and the whole vast feather-bed suffocation of Professor Kotzebue and Comedy. But in England it was endeared to us by associations “deep in every truly British heart,” as the chairmen of our tavern parties say over their third bottle. We had seen it for ages gallantly climbing the slippery heights of the

Page 22

kingly crown on show boards, carriages, transparencies, theatres, and the new, matchless, hydropyric, or fiery and watery fairy palace of Vauxhall. It met us in every material, from the gilt *confitures* of Bartholomew fair, to the gold plateau of the "table laid for sixty," at St. James's. All the dilettanti were immersed in the great national question of its shape and features. Mr. Barrow, in a journey of exploration, which extended to three miles beyond the Cape, believed that he saw it, but strongly doubted its existence. M. Vaillant never saw it, nor believed that any one ever did, but was as sure of its existence as if it had slept in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter. Mr. Russel had one, which he milked twice a day, and drove in a curricle to visit the Queen of Madagascar. Doctor Lyall is writing a quarto from Madagascar, to deny the statement in toto; admitting, however, that there is a rumour of the being of some nondescript of the kind in the mountains, somewhat between the size of the elephant and the Shetland pony; but that he and we think the subject-matter will turn out asinine. But now a Mr. Ruppell, after a long sojourn in the north-east of Africa, comes at once to cheer and dishearten us by the discovery, that in Kordofan, if any one knows where that is, the unicorn exists; stated to be of the size of a small horse, of the slender make of the gazelle, and furnished with a long, straight, slender horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. According to the statements made by various persons, it inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and comes only occasionally to the Koldagi Heive mountains on the borders of Kordofan. This, it must be acknowledged, is a sad falling off from the rival of the lion, that we have honoured so long in the arms of England. But we sincerely hope, that by the next arrival, it will not degenerate into a cow, or worse, a goat. But he tells us, that to our knowledge of the giraffe he has added considerably. He obtained in Nubia and Kordofan five specimens, two of which were males and three females. He regards the horns as constituting the principal generic character, they being formed by distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a very obvious suture, and having throughout the same structure with the other bones. In both sexes one of these abnormal bones is situated on each branch of the coronal suture, and the male possesses an additional one placed more anteriorly, and occupying the middle of the frontal suture. The anomalous position of this appendage furnishes a complete refutation of the theory of Camper with regard to the unicorn, that such an occurrence was contrary to nature, and proves at least the possibility of the existence of such an animal. Professor Camper is an ass, of course; but when are we to expect any thing better from the illustrissimi of the land of sour-krout? Give a Doctor Magnificus his due allowance of the

Page 23

worst tobacco, and the worst beer in the world, with a ream of half-brown paper, and a Leipsic catalogue to plunder, and he will in three months write any subject dead—smother the plainest truth with an accumulation of absurdity, astonishing, as the work of a creature with but two hands—and prove that the earth is but a huge oyster, in which Germany is the pearl; or that man is only a reclaimed baboon, of which all the wit is centered in Weimar.

Monthly Magazine.

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THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

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A PUNSTER.

Dr. Barton was a punster. He said, “the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a stop to it;” whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rooke to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, “Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more*.” He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle*. The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. “A pair of Buckles!” “Boys or girls?” said a congratulating friend; the answer may be supposed. To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife:—“So, you have been *egged* on to matrimony: I hope the *yoke* will sit easy on you.”

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PLAY BILL.

(*Translated from the Spanish*.)

To the sovereign of heaven,
To the mother of the eternal world,
To the Polar Star of Spain,

To the faithful protectress of the Spanish nation,
To the honour and glory of the most Holy Virgin Mary,
For her benefit, and for the propagation of her worship,
The company of comedians will this day give a representation of
the comic piece called Manine.
The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango,
and the theatre will be superbly illuminated.

* * * * *

"*Write your name at full length* the *first* time you order any thing which you ought to pay for, that the person so employed or ordered may have no difficulty of applying (legally) if necessary for payment."—*The advice of one who from a common soldier died in opulence honestly gained by trade*.

* * * * *

A French philosopher placed a statue in his hall, under which was the follow-distich:—

"Whoever you be, Sir, pray take off your castor;
For this is, or has been, or will be your master."

Page 24

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PARIS.

The following Notes convey some idea of the extent and resources of the French capital:—

By the last census, 1827, the *population* of Paris was 890,000.

Bread.—In Paris, 830,000 persons consume 227,760,000 pounds in a year.

Printing.—There are in Paris 80 printing establishments; 600 presses going; and 3,000 journeymen printers in constant employ.

Deaths.—The *annual mortality* is 21,033; average of *suicides* 200, of whom the greater number are single persons; and on an average, a death occurs every twenty minutes. Upwards of 1,100 children die annually from small-pox.

Lamps.—The city is lit with 4,533 oil lamps, with 12,672 wicks.

The River.—The river Seine where it enters Paris is 510 feet broad; at the Pont Neuf 864 feet, and where it leaves the city 400 feet broad.

Hospitals.—The income of the hospitals is 9,762,154 francs, or about L406,756.; the average cost to government for a day in the hospital, is about 11-1/2_d_. The maniacs from two prisons average 3,000 a year; and the majority of mad persons are unmarried.

Lottery.—The average annual receipts of the lottery is about a million sterling—of which the treasury receive about L180,000. the remainder being the adventurers'.

Marriages.—The average of marriages is 6,316, or 1 marriage in every 108 persons. Marriages are most frequent in February, and least in December. There is rather more than an average of three children to each marriage.

Births.—The births average 27,000, or 1 birth for every 12 minutes; of the number, 8,760 are illegitimate.

Gaming Houses.—The annual receipt is L360,000.; the whole expenses L60,000. Those who lease them clear in 6 years about L83,000.

Wine Tax.—The annual revenue is a million sterling.

Theatres.—There are 10,000 persons daily at the theatres, Of these, it is estimated, 6,816 pay for admission. The annual average receipts of all the theatres is L209,298.

Tombs.—The price for a tomb in *Pere la Chaise*, is about L4. without the right to the grave; some have cost L1,400. Those erected to women are fewer by half than those for men.

Travellers.—The average since the peace of 1814, is 17,676 English residents or travellers in Paris.

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MOTTO AND TRANSLATION.

Presto et Presto.
Double quick time.

* * * * *

DIALOGUE BETWEEN GLUTTON AND ECHO.

The following lines, written in the year 1609, are said to have induced Butler to pursue the same idea in his *Hudibras*;

Page 25

Dialogue.

Glutton.—My belly I do deify.

Echo.—Fie.

Glutton.—Who curbs his appetite’s a fool.

Echo.—Ah! fool!

Glutton.—I do not like this abstinence.

Echo.—Hence!

Glutton.—My joy’s a feast, my wish is wine.

Echo.—Swine.

Glutton.—We epicures are happy truly.

Echo.—You lie.

Glutton.—May I not, Echo, eat my fill.

Echo.—Ill.

Glutton.—Will it hurt me if I drink too much?

Echo.—Much.

Glutton.—Thou mock’st me nymph, I’ll not believe it.

Echo.—Believe it.

Glutton.—Dost thou condemn then what I do?

Echo.—I do.

Glutton.—Is it that which brings infirmities?

Echo.—It is!

Glutton.—Then sweetest temperance I’ll love thee.

Echo. I love thee..

{If all be true which thou
Glutton. { dost tell,
{To gluttony I bid farewell.

Echo.—Farewell.

W.A.

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EPITAPH ON A GAMESTER.

Here lies a gamester, poor but willing,
Who left the room without a shilling.
Losing each stake, till he had thrown
His last, and lost the game to Death;
If Paradise his soul has won,
'Twas a rare stroke of luck i'faith!

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Suicide is very common among the New Zealanders: thus, a woman who has been beaten by her husband will perhaps hang herself immediately.

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LIMBIRD'S EDITION OF THE

Following Novels is already Published:

	s. d.
Mackenzie's Man of Feeling	0 6
Paul and Virginia	0 6
The Castle of Otranto	0 6
Almoran and Hamet	0 6
Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia	0 6
The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne	0 6
Rasselas	0 8
The Old English Baron	0 8
Nature and Art	0 8
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	0 10
Sicilian Romance	1 0
The Man of the World	1 0
A Simple Story	1 4
Joseph Andrews	1 6
Humphry Clinker	1 8

The Romance of the Forest 18
The Italian 20
Zeluco, by Dr. Moore 26

Page 26

Edward, by Dr Moore 2 6
Roderick Random 2 6
The Mysteries of Udolpho 3 6
Peregrine Pickle 4 6