

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction - Volume 17, No. 477, Saturday, February 19, 1831

Various

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction, by Various

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction
Volume 17, No. 477, Saturday, February 19, 1831

Author: Various

Release Date: June 9, 2004 [EBook #12568]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MIRROR OF LITERATURE, VOL. 477 ***

Produced by Jonathan Ingram, David Garcia and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. XVII, NO. 477.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1831. [PRICE 2d.

* * * * *

[Illustration: MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, NORMANDY.]

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, NORMANDY.

Livros Grátis

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

The interest attached to this extraordinary place is of so popular a character as fully to justify its introduction to our pages. It is situate at the southern extremity of the ancient province of Normandy, a district of considerable importance in the early histories of France and England. The "Mount" is likewise one of the most stupendous of Nature's _curiosities_, it being _one mass of granite_, and referred to by geologists as a fine specimen of that primary or primitive rock; or, to speak untechnically, of that rock "which is most widely spread over the globe in the lowest relative situation," and which contains no remains of a former world.[1] St. Michael's therefore stands pre-eminently in the sublime philosophy of Nature. It figures also in the page of man's history: its early celebrity is recognised in the chronicles of olden France and England; and it promises note in the history of our own times; since to this monastic spot will the political balance of France, in all probability, exile the person of the ambitious Polignac, ex-minister of France. The reader will perhaps suspect the political concatenation of Lulworth Castle, the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais Royal in our last volume; and the Prison of Vincennes and Mount St. Michael in the present. Instead of catching "the manners living as they _rise_," we appear to be looking out for crowns and ministers headlong as they _fall_.

St. Michael's is in that portion of Normandy which is not often visited by English tourists. One of its recent visitors was Mrs. Charles Stothard, wife of the distinguished artist, who, in 1820, published a narrative of her journey in, the autumn of 1818. Mrs. Stothard's description of the "Mount" is dated from Avranches, a coast town of some consequence, not far from Caen. Speaking of the delightfully situated town of Avranches, the fair correspondent says,

"Beyond, in the midst of the sea, arises 400 feet above the surface of the water, the majestic rock of Mount St. Michael, and near it another, but smaller rock, called the Tombalaine. In the distant and blue horizon appears the long and extending land of Brittany, mingling with the surrounding atmosphere, from which it is alone distinguished by a faint and uncertain line, that, like the prospect of our future years, impresses the mind with a deeper interest from its distant and impenetrable form. Mount St. Michael is a league in circumference; in some parts of the rock is perpendicular; it is flooded entirely at high water, but when the tide is out, the rock may be approached by the sands; some danger, however, attends the passage to those who are not perfectly well acquainted with the track, as many quicksands intercept, where travellers have frequently been lost.

"There is a small town on Mount St. Michael. The castle, which stands at the top, is accessible by steps cut in the solid rock. In the year 708, St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, here first created the chapel dedicated to St. Michael; in 966, Richard the first Duke of Normandy, established a convent of monks of the order of St. Benoit, and in 1024, Richard the second Duke of Normandy, built the church, which still exists. The provisions that supply the fortress, are sent up in a basket drawn by a machine. Tradition says, that there was in this castle an obligatory, or concealed trap-door, where, in feudal times, persons were taken, whom the state directed should be secretly put out of the way. Under pretext, of showing them the castle, they were conducted into a remote chamber, there they soon met their destined fate, for chancing to step upon the concealed door, they were precipitated into the abyss, many hundred feet below. They still exhibit at this fortress the sword and shield of St.

Michael, and some cannon left by the English, when they made a fruitless attempt to take possession of the rock. Here it was that in former times, the Kings of France and the Dukes of Brittany made frequent pilgrimages, and performed penance at the shrine of St. Michael."

The lofty situation of the church appears to be peculiar to the churches dedicated to St. Michael. In many parts of the world they are built on very lofty eminences, in allusion, it is said, to St. Michael's having been the highest of the heavenly host. St. Michael's, in Cornwall, is another confirmation of this remark.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the original of our Engraving from an elegant Print Scrap Book, now in course of publication by Mr. H. Dawe. It consists of well executed mezzotinto prints which are worthy of the album of any fair subscriber.

[1] Primary rocks are supposed by geologists to constitute the foundation on which rocks of all the other classes are laid; and if we take an enlarged view of the structure of the globe, we may admit this to be the fact,--but the admission requires certain limitations.--Bakewell.

* * * * *

NIOBE.

(_For the Mirror._)

Hush'd are the groans of death, heart-piercing sound,
That mournful rose in peals on peals around;
Child after child by heav'nly darts expires,
And frequent corses feed the gloomy pyres.
Aghast she stands!--now here in wild amaze--
Now there the mother casts her madd'ning gaze:
In fixedness of grief, in dumb despair,
Her looks, her mien, her inmost soul declare:
Her looks, her mien, her deep-sunk anguish show
With all the silent eloquence of woe.

See! from her cheek the rosy lustre flies;
How dim the beams that sparkled in her eyes.
No more so softly heaves the throbbing breast;
The purple currents in their channels rest;--
No more the Zephyr's balmy breath can wave
The graceful locks which laughing Hebe gave;--
And fade those lips where fresh vermilion shone,
Cold as the clay, or monumental stone;--
O'er all her limbs an icy numbness spreads,
And marble death eternal quiet sheds.

[2]Great sculptor hail! whom Nature's self design'd
To trace the labyrinths of the human mind--
To read the heart, and give with strong control,
To stone the silent workings of the soul:
Thine all-creative hand, thy matchless skill
Could what unbounded genius plann'd, fulfil.

Hence sprang that grief-wrung form--the languid eye--
The bloodless lip, and look of agony--
That face, where mute contending passions play--
That life of pain, of anguish, and dismay.

To sink she seems beneath the afflictive weight
Of gloomy cares portentous of her fate;--
Yet on her brow still soft Affection beams,
Tho' Desperation prompts her sombre dreams.
Parental feelings thrill her tortur'd breast,
And all the frantic mother stands confest--
A very Niobe--sad, hapless name!
In figure, features, and in all the same:
The same in all as Vengeance fierce pursued
Far to a wild and cheerless solitude.
For Salmo's bard has sung (by Heaven's decrees)
In awful pomp she mounted on the breeze--
Borne by the buoyant wind--a ghostly form--
She sail'd along the region of the storm.

So oft 'tis said in Lapland's chill domain,
Where dreary winter holds a lengthen'd reign,
What time the Runic drum and magic spell
Evoke the rapt soul from its fragile cell,
Attendant spirits, won by charms and prayer,
In gliding motion float upon the air.

Sydenham.

S.S.

[2] Praxiteles.

* * * * *

THE RHINE.

(_To the Editor._)

In looking over the last volume (16) of your interesting miscellany, I was much amused with a humorous legend at page 108, called the Rat's Tower, and according to your reference, having turned to page 68, of vol. xii. was equally entertained with the same laughable and well told story versified. This humorous production is extracted from a work entitled, if I mistake not, "The Rhinish Keepsake," containing many of the most wonderful and spirit-stirring legends connected with old chateaux, &c. on the banks of that majestic river, the Rhine. Amongst other pretty and choice morceaux, is a poem under the name of "L'Envoy," which may probably interest yourself and the readers of the Mirror. In perusing the enclosed, you will observe the infancy, manhood, and old age of "Father Rhine," as he is called, are all brought in succession before our eyes, which happy and ingenious idea is taken from a highly descriptive French publication, and perhaps having named the work, you will pardon my having extracted that portion which refers more particularly to the subject before us. The author

says, "Dans son enfance le Rhin joue entre les fleurs des Alpes de la Suisse, il se berce dans le lac de Constance, il en sort avec des forces nouvelles, il devient un adolescent bouillant, fait une chute a Schaffhouse, s'avance vers l'age mur, se plait a remplir sa coupe de vin, court chercher les dangers et les affronte contre les ecueils et les rochers: puis parvenu a un age plus avancee il abandonne les illusions, les sites romanesques, et cherche l'utile. Dans sa caducite il desserit et disparaît enfin on ne sait trop comment!"

L'ENVOY.

Cologne! Cologne! Thy walls are won,
Farewell my bark--be hush'd my song;
My voyage is o'er--my task is done--
Too pleasant both to last me long.

Adieu, thou noble Rhine, adieu,
Thy scenes for ever rich and new,
Thy cheerful towns, thy Gothic piles,
Thy rude ravines, thy verdant isles;
Thy golden hills with garlands bound,
Thy giant crags with castles crown'd!

I have seen thee by morning's early light,
I have seen thee by evening gray;
With the crimson blush of sun-set bright,
And lit by the moon's pale ray;

Shrouded in mist and darken'd by storm,
With the countless tints of autumn warm:
In ev'ry hue that can o'er thee fall;
And lovely, lovely thou art in all.
The Rhine!--That little word will be
For aye a spell of power to me,
And conjure up, in care's despite,
A thousand visions of delight.

The Rhine! O where beneath the sun
Doth that fair river's rival run?
Where dawns the day upon a stream,
Can in such changeful beauty shine,
Outstripping Fancy's wildest dream,
Like yon green, glancing, glorious Rhine.

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
Cradled in the Boden--see,[3]
Forth the infant river flows,
Leaping on in childish glee.
Coming to a riper age,
He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
To many a ruin'd tower and shrine.
Strong and swift, and wild and brave,
On he speeds with crested wave;
And spurning aught like check or stay,
Fights and foams along his way,
O'er crag and shoal, until his flood

Boils like manhood's hasty blood!

Older, broader, deeper grown,
All romantic follies flown,
Now the laden Beurtschiff sails
Slowly o'er his sober tide,
Which wanders on through fertile vales,
And looks like Peace by Plenty's side.

Joy and strife, and labour past,
In his grave he sinks at last!
Not the common river's tomb--
Not the ocean's mighty womb;
Into earth he melts away,
Like that very thing of clay,
Man, whose brief and checker'd course
He hath copied from his source.[4]

Farewell thou "Father Rhine," as they
Who dwell beside thee fondly say,
May thy delicious valley long
Echo the sweet and grateful song.
Which ever round the goblet rose--
And well thy minstrel's lay may close.

Y.O.S.

[3] The Lake of Constance.

[4] The Rhine loses itself in the sands of Holland before its waters
can mingle with the sea.

* * * * *

KATERFELTO.

(_To the Editor. _)

In reply to the question of your correspondent--"Who was Katerfelto?" I am enabled to offer the few brief particulars which follow. With regard to his birth, parentage, and education, I am, however, not qualified to convey any information. I know not "to whom he was related, or by whom forgot." I became acquainted with him about the year 1790 or 1791, when he visited the City of Durham, accompanied by his wife and daughter. He then appeared to be about sixty years of age. His travelling equipage consisted of an old rumbling coach, a pair of sorry hacks, and two black servants. They wore green liveries with red collars, but the colours were sadly faded by long use.

Having taken suitable apartments, the black servants were sent round the town, blowing trumpets and delivering bills, announcing their master's astonishing performances, which in the day time consisted in displaying the wonders of the microscope, &c. and in the evening in exhibiting electrical experiments, in the course of which he introduced his two celebrated black cats, generally denominated the Doctor's Devils--for,

be it understood, that our hero went under the dignified style and title of _Doctor_ Katerfelto. Tricks of legerdemain concluded the evening's entertainments.

The first night of the Doctor's performance was extremely wet, and the writer of this, who was then quite a boy, composed his whole audience. The Doctor's spouse invited me behind the curtains to the fire, on one side of which sat the great conjuror himself, his person being enveloped in an old green, greasy roquelaire, and his head decorated with a black velvet cap. On the other side of the fire-place sat Mrs. Katerfelto and daughter, in a corresponding style of dress--that is to say, equally ancient and uncleanly. The family appeared, indeed, to be in distressed circumstances. The Doctor told me the following odd anecdote:--Some time before he had sent up from a town in Yorkshire a fire-balloon, for the amusement of the country people, and at which they were not a little astonished; but in a few days afterwards the Doctor was himself more astonished on being arrested for having set fire to a hay rick! The balloon, it appeared, had in its descent fallen upon a rick, which it consumed, and the owner, having ascertained by whom the combustible material had been dispatched, arrested the doctor for the damage. As the Doctor was unable to pay the amount, he was obliged to go to prison, thus proving that it is sometimes easier to raise the devil than to "raise the wind." Having been admitted behind the scenes, I had an opportunity of seeing the conjuror's apparatus, but the performance was postponed to another evening.

On the next night of the Doctor's appearance he had a tolerably respectable auditory, and the following incidents may amuse your readers, as they occasioned much laughter at the moment. Among the company was the Rev. Mr. P., a minor canon. The conjuror, in the course of his tricks, desired a card to be drawn from the pack, by one of the company, which was done, the card examined and returned into the pack, in the presence of the audience; but on the company being requested to take the card again from the pack, it could not be found. The Doctor said it must have been taken out by some one present, and civilly begged the reverend gentleman to search his pockets. Indignant at such an insinuation, the inflamed divine for some time refused to comply, but at length being persuaded, he drew forth the identical card, much to his own surprise and the amusement of the spectators. A similar trick was also played with some money, which unaccountably found its way into the reverend gentleman's pocket, a circumstance which put him out of all patience; and he proceeded most sternly to lecture the astounded Doctor for having practised his levity on a gentleman of his cloth, upon which, and threatening the poor conjuror with vengeance, he strode out of the room. Katerfelto declared that, although he was a conjuror, he did not know the gentleman was a divine.

Katerfelto left Durham soon afterwards, and I have heard died at Bristol.

Pentonville.

DUNELM.

* * * * *

(_To the Editor._)

A correspondent having expressed a wish to obtain some knowledge of Dr. Katerfelto, of juggling memory, perhaps the following may be acceptable: Between thirty and forty years ago he travelled through the principal towns of the northern counties with a caravan filled with philosophical apparatus, giving lectures where a sufficient audience could be collected. He appeared to be about five feet ten, rather thin, and towards fifty. He was dressed in a black gown and square cap; his apparatus was in excellent order, and very well managed, he conducted every experiment with great certainty, never failing; and though much knowledge might be gained from his lecture, people seemed more inclined to laugh than to learn; perhaps from his peculiar manner, and partly from his introducing something ludicrous, as on exhibiting the powers of a magnet, by lifting a large box, he observed it was not empty, and on opening the lid, five or six black cats put up their heads, which he instantly put down, saying, "it is not your hour yet." Also when about to prove the truth of what he advanced, by experiment, he had a strange way of calling your attention by saying, "But then look _here_," raising his voice loud at the word "here." The lecture was succeeded by a display of legerdemain, in which I thought him very superior to Breslaw.

It was said then, that he had originally been a soldier in the Prussian service, and had procured his discharge.

J.G.

P.

* * * * *

NOTES OF A READER.

* * * * *

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Far better would it be if, in the few cases for which death ought to be inflicted, the execution were to take place within the walls of the prison, none being present except the proper officers, the clergyman, and those persons whom the sufferer might desire to have with him at his departure. The effect might possibly be impressive to some good end, which most certainly it is not now, if there were no other announcement than that of tolling a bell, when all was over, and hoisting a black flag, where it might be seen far and wide; and if the body of a murderer were carried under a pall, with some appropriate solemnity, to the place of dissection. Executions ought never to be made a spectacle for the multitude, who, if they can bear the sight, always regard it as a pastime; nor for the curiosity of those who shudder while they gratify it. Indeed, there are few circumstances in which it is not expedient that a veil should be drawn over the crimes and sufferings of our fellow-creatures; and it is greatly to be wished, that in all cases of turpitude and atrocity, no further publicity were given to the offence than is necessary for the ends of justice. For no one who is conversant with criminal courts, or has obtained any insight into the human mind,

can entertain a doubt that such examples are infectious.--_Qry.
Review._

(There is so much sterling sense and knowledge of life displayed in these "Notes" from the last published _Quarterly Review_, that we continue their selection without apology to the reader.)

* * * * *

BURNING ALIVE.

Little more than fifty years have elapsed since a girl, just turned fourteen, was condemned to be burnt alive, having been found guilty of treason as an accomplice with her master in coining, because, at his command, she had concealed some whitewashed counters behind her stays. The master was hanged. The fagots were placed in readiness for her execution; and it was averred, in the House of Commons, by Sir William Meredith, at the time, that "the girl would have been burnt alive, on the same day, had it not been for the humane, but casual interference of Lord Weymouth." Mere accident saved the nation from this crime and this national disgrace; but so torpid was public feeling in those days, that the law remained unaltered till the year 1790; till which time the sheriff who did not execute a sentence of this kind was liable to prosecution; though, it may well be believed, no sheriff was then inhuman enough to adhere to the letter of such a law.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS,

As at present conducted, are said to do more harm than good. But though this should be admitted, it would still be true that they have even now their good as well as their evil; that there have been times when the good greatly preponderated; that they have contributed in no slight degree to civilization and refinement; and that in calling forth Shakspeare's genius, which, by no other means, and in no other way, could have been called forth with equal effect, they have done more good than outweighs all the evil that they ever have done, or can do. Public spectacles have been regarded in this light by the wisest legislators; nor is it only human authority which has given them its sanction; they made an essential part of the Jewish law; there is nothing opposed to them in the spirit of Christianity; and if they are at any time perverted to the gratification of evil passions, or the depravation of manners, the fault is in that public opinion which calls for and encourages such gratification, and in those governments which, neglecting their paramount duty, tolerate such perversion.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

LAW AND LAWYERS.

It is related by Laud, in his Diary, that when he was standing one day, during dinner, near his unfortunate master, then Prince Charles, the prince, who was in cheerful spirits, talking of many things as occasion offered, said, that if necessity compelled him to choose any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer; "for," said he, "I can

neither defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one." "_Sic in majoribus succedas, in aeternum faustus!_" was the aspiration which his faithful servant and fellow victim breathed, when he recorded this trait of Christian character in private notes, which, beyond all doubt, were never intended to be seen by any eyes but his own. Even then, the practice had become so much an exercitation of subtlety, on the part of its professors, to the utter disregard of its original end and object, that, as Donne strongly expressed himself, the name of "law" had been "strumpeted." It has been asked, if this be the fault of the men or of the institutions--of the lawyers or of the law? and maintained that the original fault is in the law: a conclusion more charitable than satisfactory; for, by whom has the law been made what it is, but by the lawyers?

By the Roman laws, every advocate was required to swear that he would not undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust, and that he would abandon a defence which he should discover to be supported by falsehood or iniquity. This is continued in Holland at this day; and if an advocate brings forward a cause there, which appears to the court plainly iniquitous, he is condemned in the costs of the suit: the example will, of course, be very rare; more than one, however, has occurred within the memory of persons who are now living. The possible inconvenience that a cause just in itself might not be able to find a defender, because of some strong and general prejudice concerning it, is obviated in that country by an easy provision: a party who can find no advocate, and is nevertheless persuaded of the validity of his cause, may apply to the court, which has, in such cases, the discretionary power of authorizing or appointing one.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

RICH AND POOR.

The most rational, the wisest, the best portion of mankind, belong to that class who possess "neither poverty nor riches." Let the reader look around him; let him observe who are the persons that contribute most to the moral and physical melioration of mankind; who they are that practically and personally support our unnumbered institutions of benevolence; who they are that exhibit the worthiest examples of intellectual exertion; who they are to whom he would himself apply if he needed to avail himself of a manly and discriminating judgment. That they are the poor is not to be expected; we appeal to himself, whether they are the rich?--_Dymond's Principles of Morality._

* * * * *

SUNDAY.

A day of rest it is by the laws of the land, and ought to be by the laws of God--let us be thankful when we thus find them in agreement; but a day wholly dedicated to devotion it was not intended to be by either, nor in the nature of things can it possibly be so. The greater part of it must be spent in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, or in out-of-door recreation, or in idleness. In the former and better manner it is passed by the majority of the middle classes; it is the day on which friends and relations meet, whom business keeps apart during six days of the week; and the stoppage of stage-coaches within twenty miles

of London on the Sunday would take away more moral and wholesome enjoyment than any act of the legislature can produce. But supposing public worship were duly attended by all persons, as, according to what has now become a fiction of the law, it is designed to be, how are the remaining portions of the day to be disposed of by those who have no domestic circle to which they can repair--no opportunities for that refreshment both of body and mind, which the Sabbath, when wisely and properly observed, affords? Or who, if belonging to or placed in religious families, are not yet at years of such discretion as suffices to repress their natural activity and the instinctive desire of recreation? Rigorous gamelaws do not more certainly encourage poaching, than the puritanical observance of the Sabbath leads to Sabbath-breaking.--_Quarterly Review._

* * * * *

BURNS.

This extraordinary man, before he produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, had educated himself abundantly; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, knew more of books, as well as of men, than fifty out of a hundred in any of the learned professions in any country of the world are ever likely to do.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write, by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquirements are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. We may take the liberty of adding, in this place, what perhaps may not be known to the excellent managers of that excellent institution, that a more worthy, modest, sober, and loyal man does not exist in his majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of revelling in the license of tavern-suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against severe and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetical temperament.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

Needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage. He has been fortunate enough to secure a respectable establishment in the _studio_ of a great artist, who is not less good than great, and would thus be sufficiently in the eye of the world, even were his literary talents less industriously exercised than they have hitherto been. His recent Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors form one of the most agreeable books in the language; and it

will always remain one of the most remarkable and delightful facts in the history of letters, that such a work--one conveying so much valuable knowledge in a style so unaffectedly attractive--so imbued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feelings, honesty and candour, but mature and liberal taste, was produced by a man who, some twenty years before, earned his daily bread as a common stone-mason in the wilds of Nithsdale. Examples like these will plead the cause of struggling genius, wherever it may be found, more powerfully than all the arguments in the world.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

DUELLING

Is the only crime into which an upright man, wanting in moral firmness, can be impelled by the law of honour. Surely there could be no difficulty in putting an end to this absurd and abominable practice by wholesome laws. Appoint six months' imprisonment for the offence of sending a challenge, or of accepting it; two years if the parties meet; and if one falls, transport the other for life. Appoint the same punishment in all cases for the seconds; and from the day in which such a law should be enacted, not a pair of duelling pistols would ever again be manufactured in this country, even for the Dublin market.--_Ibid._

* * * * *

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

The pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding,--a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power--stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue. He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the cardinal in night-cap and dressing gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Gueriaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!" A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged and painted, "so that he never looked so fresh and vermilion," in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the Papal Nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, vol. xv.

* * * * *

"GOD SAVE THE KING" IN ITALY.

On the 26th of December last, the King and Queen of Sardinia went in state to the _Carlo Felice_ Theatre at Genoa, and presented to the public, says an Italian correspondent, his niece, the betrothed bride of the heir-apparent of the house of Austria. At seven the court arrived, the curtain rose, and displayed the whole _corps dramatique_, who sang _Dio Salve il Re;_ or an Italian version of the words and music of our "God save the King," in which Madame Caradori took the principal part. Thus our national anthem is getting naturalized in Italy, the parent of song, and once the manufacturer of it for all Europe. It is already adopted in Russia, I am told, and is well known in France, though not likely to supplant the fine national air, "_Vive Henri Quatre_"--_Harmonicon, Feb._ 1.

* * * * *

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

[Illustration: FLINT CASTLE.]

This Castle is, or rather was, situated on an insulated rock, in a marsh on the river Dee, which still, at high tides, washes its walls. It is a site of considerable historical interest, being the place where the unhappy King Richard II was delivered into the hands of his rival, Bolingbroke. The unfortunate monarch, it appears, finding himself deserted, had withdrawn to North Wales, with a design to escape to France. He was, however, decoyed to agree to a conference with Bolingbroke, and on the road was seized by an armed force, conveyed to Flint Castle, and thence led by his successful rival to the metropolis.

Shakspeare has perpetuated Flint Castle by its frequent mention in his "Life and Death of King Richard the Second." He has indeed invested it with high poetical interest. Thus, in Scene 2 of Act iii. where occurs that touching lament of unkingship--

----Of comfort, no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, &c.

Again, where the moody monarch says--

----What comfort have we now?

By heaven! I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to _Flint Castle_, there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

Then, the investiture of the Castle--"Scene 3.--_Wales--Before Flint Castle;" "Enter, with drums and colours_, BOLINGBROKE _and Forces." "A parle sounded, and answered.--Flourish.--Enter on the walls_

KING RICHARD, &c." Shakspeare makes the capture _in the castle_. Thus, Northumberland (from Bolingbroke before the castle) parleys with the King--

My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may't please you to come down?

KING RICHARD.

Down, down I come; like glistening Phaeton,
Wanting the management of unruly jades.
(_North retires to Boling._)
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come Down? Down Court, Down King!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
(_Exeunt from above._)

Richard has been described as a prince of surpassing beauty; but his mental powers did not correspond with his personal form, and his character was both weak and treacherous. He, however, had some redeeming points. His ordering some trees to be cut down at Sheen, because they too forcibly reminded him of his deceased wife Anne, in whose company he used to walk under them, affords a favourable testimony of his susceptibility of the social affections. Of this sensitiveness, there is also an interesting trait recorded by Froissart. From Flint Castle, Richard was conveyed to London, and immured within the Tower cells. While he was here one day conversing with Bolingbroke, his favourite greyhound, Math, having been loosed by his keeper, instead of running to the King, as usual, fawned upon the Duke. The latter inquiring the cause of this unusual circumstance, was answered--"This greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed."

To return to Flint Castle. After the civil wars under Charles I. it was ordered to be dismantled; but, among other rights, it was restored to Sir Roger Mostyn, after the Restoration, in whose family it is still vested, though the mayor of the borough acts as its constable.

* * * * *

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

* * * * *

WEBER AND DER FREISCHUTZ.

In 1821, the newly-erected Royal Opera at Berlin was opened with "Der Freyschuetz." The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in

Dresden, in February at Vienna, and everywhere with the same success.--Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos," never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

"Dance and Provencal song, and vintage mirth"

breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first representation in Vienna (10th Oct. 1823) sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his Euryanthe, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Freyschuetz." His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards--"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany (where his Freyschuetz was played in 1823) to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic, but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planche's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planche's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his Euryanthe there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the Freyschuetz, the wild and characteristic music of which, came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family;

for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had, indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him.

On the 2nd of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain--a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as everything would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London:

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage, drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning, through this inexpressibly beautiful country: meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others, the largest ship of the line, of 148 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where everything that could add to his comfort, or soothe his illness, had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five--then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly; and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon), I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one; for eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the 3rd (of March) a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God will.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here!--and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschuetz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet.--Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely; Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors; and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, "in another of his confidential letters to his wife," (29th March, 1826) "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. * * * * So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was, indeed, nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance, I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was

filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted with huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * * So much for this night, dear life. From your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good-night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited.--His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes which we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

"17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience,--patience,--one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it. * * * * *

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

"30th May.

"Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me--my hands tremble so. Already too impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort--_poste restante_. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there--I cannot move--I cannot speak---all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home--by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort--a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms.

"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if heaven will vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way--once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones--ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep up the spirits of his family

by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the Freyschuetz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the second of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner--huzza! God bless you all and keep you well! O were I only among you! I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday the 3rd of June, he felt so ill, that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschuetz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.--_From an interesting paper in No. XIII. of the Foreign Quarterly Review._

* * * * *

DIRGE.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,

And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!--
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

* * * * *

MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

* * * * *

PREPARATIONS OF MILK, PARTICULARLY OF MARES' MILK, USED BY THE KALMUCK TARTARS.

The ordinary drink of the Kalmucks, and which forms an essential part of their food, consists of various preparations of the milk supplied by their cattle. The mares yield milk as well as the cows; and, for several reasons, they prefer the former. When fresh, this milk has a taste of onions, which is very repulsive; but, in proportion as it sours, if the operation is performed with cleanliness, it becomes more liquid than the other, acquires an agreeable vinous taste, and neither forms cream nor coagulates. In this state, it furnishes a wholesome and refreshing drink, and which, when in sufficient quantity, froths in a remarkable degree. The cow's milk, on the contrary, both on account of the cheesy matter which it contains and its disagreeable taste, becomes unpleasant to drink when it sours; and, in persons not accustomed to it, induces colics and diarrhoeas, although the Kalmucks themselves experience no inconvenience from it, unless they have neglected to boil it. This they do, in the first place, and never use it until it has undergone this operation, without which they would be exposed to the inconveniences with which sour milk affects Europeans. In like manner, the Kalmucks do not relish water that has not been boiled. Poor persons, to prevent their being reduced to the necessity of drinking it pure, mix it with their milk, in the proportion of a third part or half, in order to make the most of the latter as a drink.

The milk is therefore heated as soon as it is withdrawn from the animal; and, when warm, it is poured into a large skin bottle, with which the poorest hut is furnished, and in which there is always a remnant of sour milk sufficient to sour the new milk, after it has been stirred with a stick kept for the purpose. Those bottles are never washed or cleaned: they are therefore always incrustated with cheese and dirt, and the smell admitted by them is sufficient to show what they contain. But it is precisely in this that the secret for making the milk undergo the vinous fermentation consists. If it be intended to sour milk in empty or new bottles, all that is necessary is to put into them the least drop of the milk-brandy to be presently described, or a little of the curdled milk that is found in the stomach of young lambs.

All the preparations of milk are comprehended under the name of Tchigan. The drinks prepared from pure mare's milk (the Koumys of the Tartars), are named Gunna Tchigan, or Horse Tchigan; those into which mares' milk and cow's milk enter are called Besrek;--sour cows' milk is named Airek; and all kinds of fresh milk, Ussoun.

In summer, and in general whenever their flocks yield them much milk, the Kalmucks do not fail to inebriate themselves with the strong drink which they derive from it. Mares' milk affords most spirit, and the milk of the cow affords much less, especially in winter, when the fodder is dry. Sheep's milk is never employed, as it does not contain spirit.

The milk intended for distillation is only allowed to remain twenty-four hours, in summer, in the skin-bottles to sour; but in winter, and in cold weather, it may be left two or three days to be rendered fit for distillation. The cream is not taken off; on the contrary, the milk is agitated very strongly, from time to time, with the stick, and the butter which forms of itself on the milk, or even on the common Tchigan, is removed and employed for other uses.

Notwithstanding the numerous testimonies on the subject, and the daily experience, not of the nomadic tribes alone, but also of all the Russians, many people in Europe cannot conceive how a spirituous and inebriating liquor could be obtained from milk. But it cannot be supposed that those travellers who have repeatedly seen these tribes distil their brandy from milk, without adding the least vegetable matter to the original liquid, and then, in their unbridled passion for debauch, drink until they stagger and fall, have said so merely to impose upon the public. Nor can it be objected that the weakness of their head renders them liable to be easily inebriated by the vapours of the milk, for the Kalmucks can take very large quantities of grain brandy without losing the use of their legs; and there are Russians, who, although professedly great drinkers, are sooner inebriated than the Kalmucks by milk-brandy, and often even by the sour milk of mares, and yet are extremely fond of this kind of drink. I am aware that strangers have in vain tried to make milk-brandy. I shall even confess that I had a trial made under my own eyes, at Selenginsk, by Kalmucks, and was so unsuccessful, that I only obtained a watery fluid which had the smell of sour milk; but the reason of this was, that two clean vessels had been used. On the contrary, whenever I allowed these people to use their own vessels, abundant alcoholic vapours were procured. It is, therefore, an important point to determine, by means of vessels impregnated by long use with a strong smell, and the remains of sour milk, that sudden souring which develops a spirituous principle. This fermentation of a rare species, and entirely *_sui generis_*, can only be brought to

the desired perfection by frequent repetition of the process, just as, according to Russel,[5] the thick milk (leban), which the Arabs habitually use for making cheese, can only be obtained by producing the coagulation of the fresh milk by means of a milk previously curdled, or, in other words, by the cohobation many times repeated of curdled milk.

After describing the process of distillation, Pallas remarks, if the brandy is made from cows' milk, what is obtained is equal to the thirtieth, or at most to the twenty-fifth part of the mass; but when from mares' milk, it equals the fifteenth part. The new fluid is pale and watery, and does not inflame; but it keeps without spoiling, in glass bottles, like weak corn-brandy. The rich Kalmucks render it stronger by several distillations, and they have names for the products of each rectification. The arki is named dang after its first rectification; arza, after the second; khortsa, after the third. They seldom go farther, although the rectifications are sometimes pushed to six. The names given to the two last are chingsta and dingsta. The Kalmucks are generally, however, content with the products of the first distillation.

The receiver has scarcely been filled, when they pour the brandy warm from it into a large wooden vessel with a spout, from which they fill leather bottles, or gourds.

It is customary for the host, with whom the company is then, to pour brandy into a vessel, and afterwards to throw part of it into the fire, and part towards the hole by which the smoke issues to render the spirits of the air or his tutelary angel propitious. Lastly, the warm brandy circulates among the company, composed of kinsfolk and friends, in large cups, which often do not hold less than a bottle. If a little is left, it is heated again before it is drunk. This milk-brandy, on account of the aqueous parts which it contains, does not inebriate so easily when a small quantity is taken, as brandy made from grain; but it is found, by the example of the Russians and all the tribes of the Steppes, that the drunkenness which it causes continues longer, and entirely destroys the appetite. On the other hand, it does not produce violent head-aches, like corn-brandy.

The rich Kalmucks and Mongols are in the habit, when they pass the winter near towns, of distilling with or without milk brandy from leavened bread. The product, it is said, is stronger, and has a keener taste than milk-brandy. The residuum of the distillation of milk-brandy, which is sharp, and has a smell like wine lees, is applied to various uses. Sometimes it is mixed with fresh milk, and immediately eaten; sometimes it is applied for preparing sheep and lamb skins; sometimes the women boil it, either by itself, or, if it is too sharp, with a mixture of sweet milk, until it thickens, and then pour the cheesy substance into bags, which, when thoroughly dried, they throw into heaps. They also, like the Tartar tribes, frequently form it into round cakes, which they dry in the sun, and keep principally for journeys and for winter use. The residuum of distillation is called bosson, and by the Mongols tsakha.--The cheese formed in heaps is named chourmyk, that in cakes, thorossoun.

They make another kind of cheese also, chiefly of sheep's and goats' milk. The fresh milk is put into a kettle with a like sour milk (edereksen ussun), or some remnant of brandy (bossah). They are well mixed, and then left for some time to sour. Fire is then put under the kettle, and the mixture is stirred while it boils

briskly, that the cheesy parts may be converted into a kind of froth (_koosoun_). When all the aqueous parts of the milk are expelled by boiling, it little butter is added. The whole is again stirred, and left upon the fire until the froth begins to dry and turn brown. It is then ready, and if properly prepared, has an agreeable taste.

The Kalmucks make their butter in the following manner: A sufficient quantity of cows' or sheep's milk is put into a kettle, and boiled for some time, after which there is added a little sour milk cream (_areyn_). It is then withdrawn, and allowed to stand until it sours, which does not require a whole day. This milk is then beaten with a kind of butterstick, and poured into an earthen pot or other vessel, when the decomposed butter comes to the surface, and is placed in vessels, skins, or dried stomachs, in which it is kept. If the milk still seems to contain fat, it is again treated in the same manner. This milk is called _tousoun_ by the Kalmucks, and _oeroemae_ by the Tartars.--_Jameson's Journal._

[5] Russel's Aleppo, p. 54.

* * * * *

SOMERSET.

In Congresbury parish, and the contiguous one of Puxton, were two large pieces of common land, called East and West Dale Moors, (from the Saxon _Dob_, share or portion) which were occupied till within these few years in the following remarkable manner:--The land was divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar mark cut in the turf, such as a horn, an ox, a horse, a cross, an oven, &c. On the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, the several proprietors of contiguous estates or their tenants, assembled on these commons, with a number of apples marked with similar figures, which were distributed by a boy to each of the commoners from a bag; at the close of the distribution, each person repaired to allotment with the figure corresponding with the one upon his apple, and took possession of that piece of land for the ensuing year. Four acres were reserved to pay the expenses of an entertainment at the house of the Overseer of the Dale Moors, when the evening was spent in festivity.

Rutter's Division of Somerset.

* * * * *

THE GATHERER.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

* * * * *

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

From a Sermon by Swift.

(It may be somewhat derogatory to the genius of so great a writer as SWIFT, to allow this extract to occupy its present place in our arrangement--usually allotted to minor pieces. Our "Notes" are, for the most part, from new books, and a similar object is explained in our "Selector." We could hardly place "Sleeping in Church" under "Manners and Customs," and sleep altogether is rather prospective, (in dreaming,) than "Retrospective."--Yet reader, here it is--a still subject--but fresh, vigorous, and written for all time.)

There is one moral disadvantage to which all preaching is subject; that those who, by the wickedness of their lives, stand in greatest need, have usually the smallest share; for either they are absent upon the account of idleness, or spleen, or hatred to religion, or in order to doze away the intemperance of the week; or, if they do come, they are sure to employ their minds rather any other way, than regarding or attending to the business of the place.

There is no excuse so trivial, that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church. Others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit, and deep understanding, to stay at home on Sundays. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them, particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out of mere contempt of religion. And, lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their castle, to keep the Sabbath by eating, drinking, and sleeping, after the toil and labour of the week. Now in all this the worst circumstance is, that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.

But of all misbehaviour, none is comparable to that of those who come here to sleep; opium is not so stupifying to many persons as an afternoon sermon. Perpetual custom hath so brought it about, that the words, of whatever preacher, become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For, that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties, is manifest from hence, because they all awake so very regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing, dozed and besotted with indecencies I am ashamed to repeat.

One cause of this neglect is, a heart set upon worldly things. Men whose minds are much enslaved to earthly affairs all the week, cannot disengage or break the chain of their thoughts so suddenly, as to apply to a discourse that is wholly foreign to what they have most at heart. Tell an usurer of charity, and mercy, and restitution, you talk to the deaf; his heart and soul, with all his senses, are got among his bags, or he is gravely asleep, and dreaming of a mortgage. Tell a man of business, that the cares of the world choke the good seed; that we must not encumber ourselves with much serving; that the salvation of his soul is the one thing necessary. You see, indeed, the shape of a man before you, but his faculties are all gone off among clients and papers, thinking how to defend a bad cause, or find flaws in a good one; or, he weareth out the time in drowsy nods.

There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although

it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence it is become an impertinent vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion.

This indecent sloth is very much owing to that luxury and excess men usually practise upon this day, by which half the service thereof is turned to sin; men dividing the time between God and their bellies, when, after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupified, they retire to God's house to sleep out the afternoon. Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be.

* * * * *

A CONVINCING PROOF.

Miss D. had the misfortune to become what the language of our neighbours delicately expresses by the compound word _fille-mere_, and wished to bestow, or rather to force, the honours of paternity on the prince. The subject of dispute having been brought into his presence, he glanced at the child's raven air, and coolly observed, "to convince me that this girl is mine, you must prove that black is white."-- _Cabinet Library--Life and Reign of George IV._

* * * * *

ASTRONOMY.

A facetious fellow, after reading the Report of the Astronomical Society for the past year, (which is very favourable) observed, "Well! Astronomy is looking up."

* * * * *

THE PENNANT.

The following shows the derivation of pennant at the head of the mainmast of a man of war:--

When Van Trump was sweeping the seas with his men of war, by way of a boast he put a _broom_ at the head of his mast, for which, when Elizabeth had notice, she desired all her men of war to mount a _long strip of linen_ at the head of their masts, as much as to say she would _flog_ them soundly if they dared to molest her.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

* * * * *

CHESTNUTS

Are sold at the corners of every street in Florence, in seven different forms: raw, cooked, and hot, both roasted and boiled; dried by heat, (the skins being taken off,) in which state they have a much sweeter and superior flavour; and made into bread, a sort of stiff pudding; and into

thin cakes like pancakes.[6] This valuable fruit constitutes a considerable portion of the food of the lower classes, who must daily consume in Florence some tons.

[6] In the confectioner's shops at Paris, they are sold peeled, baked, and iced with sugar. We can answer for their being very delicious.

* * * * *

Lord Hudson, in Queen Elizabeth's time, said, "To have courage to observe an affront, is to be even with an adversary. To have the patience to forgive it, is to be above him."

C.B.

* * * * *

DEATH AMONGST LIONS.

It is remarkable that in 1438, all the lions in the Tower of London died.

T. GILL.

* * * * *

ANTIQUITY OF PORTERS.

Saccarii, among the Romans were a company or fraternity of porters, who had the sole privilege to carry all goods from the harbour to the warehouses, none being allowed to employ their own slaves, and much less those of others, for that purpose.

The modern _Saccarii_, alias tackle porters and ticket porters, are well known to Londoners, and have been thus poetized by Gay:

"If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the _sworn porter_ point thee through the town."

These _portly gentry_ have been compared to kings. Howel says, "It is with _kings_ sometimes as with _porters_, whose packs may jostle one against the other, yet remain good friends still."

N.B. This is a _knotty_ subject.

P.T.W.

* * * * *

STANZAS ON MADAME VESTRIS HAVING ESTABLISHED A THEATRE OF HER OWN.

Written by Sir Lumley Skeffington.

Now Vestris, the tenth of the Muses,
To Mirth rears a fanciful dome,
We mark, while delight she infuses,
The Graces find beauty at home.
In her eye such vivacity glitters,
To her voice such perfections belong,
That care and the life it embitters,
Find balm in the sweets of her song.

When monarchs o'er valleys are ranging,
A court is transferr'd to the green;
And flowers, transplanted, are changing
Not fragrance, but merely the scene.
'Tis circumstance dignifies places;
A desert is charming with spring!
And pleasure finds twenty new graces,
Wherever the Vestris may sing!

Times.

* * * * *

LORD ANSON.

(_To the Editor._)

Being in Sussex a short time since, I observed at a public-house adjoining the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, the figure head of the Centurion, the ship in which Lord Anson sailed round the world. On the pedestal that supported it against the house, are the following lines:--

Stay traveller awhile and view
One who has travelled more than you,
Quite round the world, through each degree,
Anson and I have ploughed the sea,
Torrid and frigid zones have past,
And safe at home arrived at last.

There follow two other lines, which are almost unintelligible.

O.P.Q.

* * * * *

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

* * * * *

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of The Mirror of Literature, Amusement,
and Instruction, by Various

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MIRROR OF LITERATURE, VOL. 477 ***

***** This file should be named 12568.txt or 12568.zip *****

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/2/5/6/12568/>

Produced by Jonathan Ingram, David Garcia and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team.

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no
one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without
permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules,
set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to
copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to
protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project
Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you
charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you
do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the
rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose
such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do
practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is
subject to the trademark license, especially commercial
redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free
distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work
(or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project
Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project
Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at
<http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm
electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm
electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to
and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property
(trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all
the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy

all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied

and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies

you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy

is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pgla.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily

keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII, compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed. VERSIONS based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

EBooks posted prior to November 2003, with eBook numbers BELOW #10000, are filed in directories based on their release date. If you want to download any of these eBooks directly, rather than using the regular search system you may utilize the following addresses and just download by the etext year.

<http://www.gutenberg.net/etext06>

(Or /etext 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90)

EBooks posted since November 2003, with etext numbers OVER #10000, are filed in a different way. The year of a release date is no longer part of the directory path. The path is based on the etext number (which is identical to the filename). The path to the file is made up of single digits corresponding to all but the last digit in the filename. For example an eBook of filename 10234 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/2/3/10234>

or filename 24689 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/2/4/6/8/24689>

An alternative method of locating eBooks:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>

Livros Grátis

(<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>)

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)
[Baixar livros de Música](#)
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Química](#)
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)