

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction

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THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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ARCHITECTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. II.

[Illustration: *The Temple church.*]

The Temple Church,[1] London, was erected in the twelfth century; but among antiquarians considerable difference of opinion at various times prevailed as to who were the original builders of these round churches, which form the most striking and beautiful specimens of the architectural skill of our Anglo-Norman ancestors. In England there are four examples of round churches, almost in perfect preservation, namely, the church of St. Mary, Temple; St. Sepulchre, Northampton; St. Mary, Cambridge; and that of Little Maplestead, Essex. It was long thought that they were of Jewish origin; but through the ingenious and learned essays of Mr. Essex and of Mr. Britton, this erroneous notion has been entirely removed. Mr. Essex, in his Essay, observes, in support of his opinion, that "their Temple at Jerusalem was not of a circular form, neither was the Tabernacle of Moses; nor do we find the modern Jews affect that figure in building their synagogues. It has, however, been generally supposed that the round church at Cambridge, that at Northampton, and some others, were built for synagogues by the Jews while they were permitted to dwell in those places. But as no probable reason can be assigned for this supposition, and I think it is very certain that the Jews who were settled in Cambridge had their synagogue, and probably dwelled



together in a part of the town now called the Jewry, so we may reasonably conclude the round churches we find in other parts of this kingdom were not built by the Jews for synagogues, whatever the places may be called in which they stand.”—It has been generally allowed by these and other writers on archaeology, that the primitive church of this form was that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and that the Temple Church at London was built by the Knights’ Templars, whose occupation was the protection of Christian pilgrims against the Saracens. It has been further urged by a correspondent (Charles Clarke, Esq. F.S.A.) in the first volume of Britton’s “Architectural Antiquities,” that two of the before-mentioned round churches, namely, Northampton and Cambridge, were in fact built by “affluent crusaders, in imitation of that of the Holy Sepulchre;” and in support of his opinion he cites several historical notices.

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[1] The circular part.

The late perfect restoration of the Temple Church ought to be proudly recorded in our architectural annals. The excellence of the workmanship, and the native purity of the detail, evince not only scientific skill, but also a laudable motive of preserving this antique specimen of pure Anglo-Norman architecture from the ravages of time. Let the architect's attention be directed to the western doorway, and also to the interior of the church; and here, in good preservation, he will see excellent specimens of their mode of ornamenting the moldings by the cable, the lozenge, the cheveron, the nail-head, the billet, &c. &c., ornaments peculiar to the *round style*. The circular-headed windows, with their slender columns, also show, that in the restoration the style has not been tampered with; but substantial authorities have been quoted to perfect this praiseworthy attempt of the architect. That part of the church which has been added at a later date than the circular part, and for the convenience of divine worship, is lighted by the beautiful proportioned triple lancet-shaped windows, so justly admired. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1827, after making some judicious remarks, seems to think the crosses on the ends of the building, "as not in character with the building." Now as to architectural propriety in the decorations of a Christian church, no ornament could be better devised; and if we proceed to the antiquity of such ornament, I would observe, that the adoption would be equally correct, that being the insignia of the banner under which the Knights' Templars originally fought.

C. Davy.

* * * * *

BRIDGET TROT AND TIMOTHY GREEN.

(For the Mirror.)

"'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;
A tale of silent sufferings, hardly clothed
In bodily form."

Wordsworth.

Miss Bridget *Trot*, a "wo"-man was,
Of excellent repute,
Who *kept a stand* in Leadenhall,
And there disposed of fruit.

And though in features rather *dark*,
No *fairer* could be found;



For what she sold, like *ringing* gold,
When *peeled*, was always *sound*!

She had moreover notions *high*,
And thought herself above
The very *low-ly* common way
Of *falling* into love.

And therefore when to her his *suit*
A *Snip* did often press
With vows of love, she *cut* him *short*
At *length*, without *re-dress*.

Yet nothing odd was there in this
One case, it must be said;
For who that wish'd a *perfect* man
Could with a *ninth part* wed?

Not she for one, whatever he
Might do to make him *smart*,
And howsoe'er her saying "Nay"
Might add it to his heart.



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'Tis very strange, (yet so it is,)
That vows should go for naught.
But she who *strove* to 'scape love's *toils*
Quite unawares was caught!

For though so *hard* to Snip *at first*,
At *last* it chanced that she
A sort of soft emotion felt
Towards one Timothy,

A butcher—*Green* by name, but *red*
In face, as was his cap,
And though he seldom tasted *wine*,
A *port*-ly sort of chap.

This man one day in passing by,
In taste for what she'd got,
Saw Biddy's stall—and 'twas her *fate*
To sell to him a *lot*!

She thought his manners very sweet,
He gave so fond a gaze;
(But dashing *blades* of such like trades
Have ever *killing* ways!)

And whilst he paid the *coppers* down,
He had the *brass* to say
Her *fruit* was sweet, but sweeter still
The *apple* of her eye.

Besides all this, he looked so neat
Whilst shouldering his tray;
So what with *steel*, *et cetera*,
Her heart was *stole* away!

Lo! *shortly after* both agreed,
They fixed the wedding day,
But *long before* that day arriv'd
He took to stop away!

From that same time her peace of mind
And comfort were at *steak*—
She did so *lean* to Mr. Green,
Her heart was like to break!



At last she went one morn to see
What he could be about,
And hoped, alone, to find him *in*,
But he had just popt *out*.

She ax'd, "Is Mr. Green at home?"
Of one who, with a laugh,
Replied, "He's not! but if you please
I'll fetch *his better half*."

"His what?" scarce *uttered* Bridget out,
With *uttermost* dismay;
And *there* she stopt, she could no more,
And nearly swoon'd *away*!

But when at length she was herself,
And saw her faithless clown.
She straightway went to blow him *up*,
But got a good set *down*!

"Oh, cold and faithless Tim," quoth she,
"You vowed you couldn't *smother*
Your *burning* love for me, but now
You're married to another!"

"Is this the way you treat me, sir?
Too *cheaply* was I bought!
I loved you *dearly*, but it seems
That that *all went for naught*."

She sighed, and gave one parting look,
Then tore herself away
From her false swain and Mrs. Green,
For ever and a day!

And *very* soon got *very* ill,
And *very* quick did die,
And *very* truly *verified*
Her love for Timothy!

W.R.H.

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* * * * *

GREAT BELL OF GLASGOW.

(For the Mirror.)

In the steeple of Glasgow is a great bell, which is twelve feet one inch in circumference, and has a grave and deep tone. In 1789, it was accidentally cracked by some persons who got admission to the steeple. It was, therefore, sent to London, and cast anew. On the outside of it is the following inscription:—

In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant of Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow citizens in Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was to announce, by the impress on my bosom, (Me audito venias doctrinam sanctam ut discas;[2]) and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. 195 years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790, I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader, thou also shall know a resurrection, may it be to eternal life.

MALVINA.

[2] Come, that ye may learn holy doctrine.

* * * * *

FANCY.

(For the Mirror.)

Me, oft hath Fancy, in her fitful dream, Seated within a far sequestered dell, What time upon the noiseless waters fell, Mingled with length'ning leafy shade, a gleam Of the departing sun's environ'd beam; While all was hush'd, save that the lone death-bell Would seem to beat, and pensive smite mine ear Like spirit's wail, now distant far, now near: Then the night-breeze would seem to chill my cheek, And viewless beings flitting round, to *speak!* And then, a throng of mournful thoughts would press On this, my wild-ideal loneliness.

Me, oft hath Fancy too, in musing hour
Seated (what time the blithesome summer-day
Was burning 'neath the fierce meridian ray)
Within that self-same lonely woodland bow'r
So sultry and still; but *then*, the tower,



The hamlet tow'r, sent forth a roundelay;
I seem'd to hear, till feelings o'er me stole
Faintly and sweet, enwrapping all my soul,
Joy, grief, were strangely blended in the sound.
The light, warm sigh of summer, was around,
But ne'er may speech, *such* thoughts, *such* visions tell,
Then, perfect most, when *indescribable!*

M.L.B.

* * * * *

FINE ARTS

* * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF PAINTING IN FRANCE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

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Whether the French were first indebted to the Roman school for their knowledge of the art of painting is a matter of some doubt; indeed, several celebrated French writers affirm, that they first had recourse to the Florentine and Lombard schools; while others very strenuously declare, on the other hand, that the Venetian artists were alone resorted to, on account of the remarkable splendour of their colouring. A late author, however, observes, that the French do not appear to have imitated any school whatever, but to have adopted a style peculiar to themselves, which though perhaps not a noble one, is nevertheless pleasing. Though it is acknowledged that the French have a particular style, (i.e. a style of their own,) yet their progress in the arts has been exceedingly fluctuating and uncertain, so that it is actually impossible to ascertain who was the first reputable artist amongst them. Cousin was a painter on glass, and certainly obtained a good reputation amongst his countrymen. But he in fact possessed very little merit, and his name would not doubtless have been known to posterity had he not lived in a barbarous age, when the people knew not how to discriminate his errors and defects. He was supposed to be the best artist of his day, and consequently gained a reputation as such, though his works are far beneath mediocrity.

Francis I. was a great encourager of the fine arts, and the artists themselves were liberally paid for their productions, until that king was unfortunately taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, in the year 1525. After the death of Francis, the kingdom was distracted with civil wars, so that painting was entirely neglected by his immediate successors. In the year 1610, however, Louis XIII. recovered the arts from their languid state. In his reign, Jaques Blanchard was the most flourishing painter; although Francis Perier, Simon Vouet, C.A. Du Fresnoy, and Peter Mignard, were equally gifted.

Of Charles Alphonse Du Fresnoy, author of a Latin poem, entitled *De Arte Graphica*, I shall attempt a little account. This painter was born at Paris in the year 1611. His father, intending him for the profession of physic, sent him to the university of Paris, where he made great progress in his studies, and obtained several prizes in poetry. He had a great inclination for painting as well as for poetry, and, though much against his father's desire, resolved to leave off the study of physic, and commence that of drawing. The force of his inclination subduing every measure adopted to suppress it, he took every opportunity of cultivating his favourite study. Leaving college, he placed himself under Francis Perier, from whom he learned the art of designing. He afterwards thought fit to travel into Italy, where he arrived in 1633. Being abandoned by his parents, who were highly incensed at his having rejected the study of physic, he was reduced to the utmost distress on his arrival at Rome, and was compelled to paint

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trifling pieces for his daily subsistence. After two years of extreme toil and difficulty, he was relieved by the arrival of Mignard, the artist, who had formerly been the companion of his studies. Mignard evinced the warmest regard for his friend, and they were afterwards known in Rome by the name of the *inseparables*, for they lived in the same house, worked together, and united the produce of their labours. They were employed to copy all the best pictures in the Farnese Palace, and every evening attended an academy of drawing. Mignard was superior in practice, while Fresnoy was perfect master of the rules, history, and theory of his profession. They communicated their sentiments to each other, Fresnoy furnishing his friend with noble ideas, and the latter instructing the former to paint with more ease and dispatch. Fresnoy painted several fine pictures in Rome, and, in 1653, he left that city, in company with his friend, travelled to Venice, and then to Lombardy. Here the two friends parted,[3] Mignard returning to Rome, and Fresnoy to his native city. After his arrival in Paris, he painted some beautiful historical pictures, which established his reputation. He perfectly understood architecture, and drew designs for many elegant mansions in Paris. During his travels in Italy, he planned and composed his *De Arte Graphica*, an excellent poem, full of valuable information, and containing unerring rules for the painter. This poem was twenty years in hand, and was not published until three years[4] after the author's death, which took place in 1665. It has been observed, that Fresnoy possessed the genius requisite for forming a great master; and had he applied himself more strictly to painting, and educated pupils, he would doubtless have proved one of the greatest painters France ever produced. But, possessing high literary talents, he chose to lay down *precepts* for his countrymen, rather than to present them with *examples* of his art. He adhered too closely to the theory of painting, neglecting the more essential part—practice.

[3] When Mignard returned to Paris in 1658, he again went to reside with his friend.

[4] It appeared at Paris, in 12mo., with a French translation by *Mons. Du Piles*, 1668.

In the reign of Louis XIV., Nicholas Poussin distinguished himself as a painter, by displaying exquisite knowledge and great skill in composition. He generally painted ancient ruins, landscapes, and historical figures. He was likewise well acquainted with the manners and customs of the ancients; and, though he educated no pupils, and never had any imitators, his pictures are universally admired in every European country. Charles le Brun[5] established the French school,—an undertaking which Vouet had previously attempted. Le Brun drew well, had a ready conception, and a fertile imagination. His compositions are vast, but, in various instances, they may justly be termed *outré*.

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He possessed the animation, but not the inspiration of Raphael; and his design is not so pure as that of Domenichino, nor so lively as that of Annibale Caracci. Eustache le Seur, Le Brun's rival, possessed remarkable dignity, and wonderful correctness of style. Indeed, by some he has been called the Raphael of France. Had he lived longer, (for he died at the age of thirty-eight,) the French school, under his direction, would most probably have adopted a manner which might have been imitated, and which might have established the arts on an eminence to vie with even imperial Rome. But, by the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances, Le Brun was the fashionable painter of the time, and it therefore became necessary to imitate *his* manner, rather than the more simple and more refined one of his rival. As Le Brun's imitators wanted his genius, his faults not only became current, but more glaring and deformed.

[5] Le Brun was the pupil of Simon Vouet, and afterwards of Poussin.

After Le Brun's death, which took place in 1690, the French artists degenerated greatly, their productions being decorated in a gaudy and theatrical way, without due regard to taste or decorum. Their school, some years ago, altered its principles, under the auspices of the spirited Count de Caylus, who possessed considerable merit as an artist. The count, by his high rank and fortune, had the means of encouraging the imitators of the ancients, and of procuring the best models in Italy for study. He, in conjunction with Monsieur Vien, first formed the design of restoring a pure taste in France; and if his countrymen had followed the path thus marked out for them, they would now have been equal to the greatest of the Greek painters. But it appears that they are incapable of rising to any very extraordinary height in the arts, for, with the exception of Le Seur, and one or two others, they have ever wanted that elevation of mind which so eminently distinguished the Romans. Though De Caylus greatly purified painting in his time, yet his precepts and examples had little or no weight after his death, for the art again retrograded into its original state—a state from which the French professors, as before observed, seem incapable of rising.

In our own days some few French artists have distinguished themselves, particularly Lefevre, who was the chief painter to Napoleon. A full-length portrait of the emperor in his coronation robes, for which Lefevre received the sum of five thousand Napoleons, and which I have lately had the pleasure of seeing, is very correct in drawing, and extremely rich and harmonious in colour; but it wants freedom and boldness of execution.

To conclude—the French are acknowledged to do pretty well within the precincts of their own country, though few of their pictures will stand in competition with those of the Italians, or with those produced in our own school.

G.W.N.



* * * * *

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MANNERS & CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

No. XIII.

* * * * *

SINGULAR JEWISH CUSTOM.

Burckhardt, in his "Travels through Syria," &c. informs us, that at Tiberias, one of the four holy cities of the Talmud, the Jews observe a singular custom in praying. While the rabbin recites the Psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate, by their voice or gestures, the meaning of some remarkable passages; for example, when the rabbin pronounces the words, "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," they imitate the sound of the trumpet through their closed fists. When "a horrible tempest" occurs, they puff and blow to represent a storm; or should he mention "the cries of the righteous in distress," they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unfrequently happens, that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous, thus forming a concert which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity.

CHARACTER OF THE KARPIANS, (ARABS.)

They are such consummate thieves and rogues, that, according to an ancient tradition still current among them, they once tricked the devil himself. The story is as follows:—The devil had acquired a right to their fields, on which they agreed with him, that when their crops were ripe, they should retain the upper part and the devil should have the lower. They sowed all their lands with wheat, and the devil of course had nothing but the straw for his share. Next year the old gentleman, fully determined not to be again so bamboozled, stipulated that the upper part should belong to him and the lower to the Karpian; but then they sowed all their grounds with beet, turnips, and other esculent roots, and so the devil got nothing but the green tops for his portion.

Memoirs of Artemi.

THE MODERN WELSH.

The people of the principality are clean and industrious; there is, however, in the nature of a Welshman such a hurriess of manner and want of method, that he does nothing well; for his mind is over anxious, diverted from one labour to another, and hence every thing is incomplete, and leaves the appearance of confusion and negligence. The common exercises of the Welsh are running, leaping, swimming, wrestling, throwing the

bar, dancing, hunting, fishing, and playing at fives against the church or tower; and they constitute the joy of youth, and the admiration of old age. The convivial amusements are singing and versification. In these favourite exercises the performers are of humble merit; the singing is mere roar and squeak; and the poetical effusions are nonsense, vested in the rags of language; and always slanderous, because the mind of the bard is not fertile in the production of topics. The Welsh character is the echo of natural feeling, and acts from instantaneous motives. The fine arts are strangers to the principality; and the Welshman seldom professes the buskin, or the use of the mallet, the graver, or the chisel; but although deficient in taste, he excels in duties and in intellect.

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Jones's History of Wales.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other country in Europe. But the English and Italian beauties, although both interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for the delicacy and bloom of their complexions, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their persons and dress; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women; to which I replied that I thought them all handsome. This is the first impression they produce. There is an air of calmness and pensiveness about them, which surprises and interests particularly a native of the south. They seem to look, if I may apply to them the fine lines of one of their living poets—

“With eyes so pure, that from the ray
Dark vice would turn abash’d away;

* * * * *

Yet fill’d with all youth’s sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss
The fond weak tenderness of this.”

The Italian beauties are of a different kind. Their features are more regular, more animated; their complexions bear the marks of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires; their carriage is graceful and noble; they have generally good figures; they are not indeed angelic forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed by some, that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be an indirect cause conducing to the general beauty of the sex; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is perhaps one of the principal reasons why Italy has so long excelled in figure painters. A handsome female countenance, animated by the expression of the soul, is among the finest works of nature; the sight of it elevates the mind, and kindles the sparks of genius. Raphael took the models of his charming Madonnas from nature. Titian, Guido, Caracci, and others, derived their ideas of female beauty from the exquisite countenances so frequent in their native country.

Italy in the Nineteenth Century.

* * * * *

MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. XXII.

* * * * *

A LINNET AT SEA.

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It has been often observed, that birds, in the course of their flight from one country to another, will frequently resort to the rigging of a ship, as a resting-place in their transit across the wide ocean. Mr. Gray, in his "Letters on Canada," gives the following instance:—Among the extraordinary things, he observes, one meets with at sea, it is not one of the least surprising to observe small *land birds* several hundred miles from land. I was sitting on deck, when, to my great surprise, my attention was arrested by the warbling of a bird. I looked up, and saw a *linnet* perched on the rigging, and whistling with as much ardour as if on a bush in a green meadow. It is not a little astonishing how these little birds should be able to continue on the wing so long as is necessary to fly several hundreds of miles, particularly when the usual shortness of their flight is considered. They continue sometimes with a vessel several days, and are frequently caught by the sailors; but it is remarked that they seldom live, though every care is taken to give them proper food. When the vessel rolls much, they find it difficult to retain their footing on the rigging, and you see them forced, as it were, to resume their flight in search of a better resting-place.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AFFLICTION.

Behold this vine,
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swollen into irregular twigs
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings;
So in the flourish of its outwardness
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit;
But when I pruned the tree,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expanse
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my son!
In wisdom and in mercy heaven indicts,
Like a wise leech, its painful remedies.

SOUTHEY.

WEATHERCOCKS.

Weathercocks do not always show the real direction of a very gentle wind. The strange figures of them, usually the productions of capricious fancy, is one cause of their imperfection as vanes to indicate the wind. Griffins, half-moons, foxes, or figures of St.



Margaret and the dragon, are not good shapes for weathercocks, which ought to be plain fans, the large surface of one side being counterbalanced against the weight of the other.

THE VALUE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

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A general, though superficial acquaintance with such subjects as well-educated men and women talk about in mixed society is absolutely necessary. A practised eye will easily distinguish the silence of modest attention from the mute weariness of ignorance. The most inveterate talker, if he be not quite a fool, desires to be listened to as well as heard; and a “yes” or a “no” may be placed and accented so as to show intelligence, or betray stupidity. Grace in action and deportment is so essential, that it may almost be said to make all that is beautiful in beauty. We do not mean that a lady should, in dancing, walking, or sitting, display attitudes worthy of a painter’s model. In walking we, however, recommend something between the listless saunter of a she-dandy, and the bustling gait of a notable body, who perhaps saves three minutes out of four-and-twenty hours, by doing every thing throughout the day with a jerk and a toss.—Dancing, unless it be done quietly and gracefully, without the fatal results of a shining face, and red neck and arms, it is far better to forbear altogether, it being a very superfluous quality in a gentlewoman; whereas *to please* by all honest means is her proper calling and occupation. A high degree of *positive* grace is very rare, especially in northern climates, where the form is degraded and spoiled by ligatures and by cold; but every woman may attain to *negative* grace, by avoiding awkward and unmeaning habits. The incessant twirling of a reticule, the assiduous pulling of the fingers of a glove, opening and shutting a book, swinging a bell-rope, &c. betray either impatience and weariness of the conversation, disrespect of the speakers, or a want of ease and self-possession by no means inseparably connected with modesty and humility; those persons who are most awkward and shy among their superiors in rank or information being generally most over-bearing and peremptory with their equals or inferiors. We are almost ashamed, in the nineteenth century, to say any thing concerning personal neatness; but cannot forbear hinting, that clean gloves and neat shoes aid the captivating powers of a lady much more certainly than pearl ear-rings or gold chains—that clean muslin is more bewitching than dirty *blond lace*—and that a pocket-handkerchief should be like a basilisk, a thing heard of, but never seen; we mean in the capacity in which our cold-catching, rheum-exciting climate calls it into action.

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SELECT BIOGRAPHY.

No. LVII.

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KARL THEODORE KORNER.

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Korner is one of the poets of whom modern Germany is justly proud. His was not the mere theoretic heroism which contents itself with celebrating the deeds of others. His own conduct embodied the most noble conceptions of his imagination, and his life and death exhibited a splendid example of the patriotism which breathed throughout his verse. He was born at Dresden in 1791. His education was of the most careful kind. He was not only instructed in various branches of learning, but the elegant accomplishments of the fine arts were added, and the exercises of the body were not less attended to than those of the mind. Called upon to choose some occupation, he determined to apply himself to mining, and took up his residence at Vienna, where he enjoyed the advantage of a familiar intercourse with William Von Humboldt, the Prussian ambassador, Frederic Schlegel, and other eminent literary and scientific men. Here, within the short space of fifteen months, he produced a rapid succession of dramas, operas, and farces, as well as several small poems. The success of his works obtained him the appointment of poet to the court. He was now in the enjoyment of all that could render life happy—competence, distinction, esteem, friendship and love; but he resolved to sacrifice them all “for that greatest mortal blessing, his country’s freedom.”

“Could I,” says he, in a letter to his father, “could I, think you, stand aloof, contented to celebrate with weak inspiration the success of my conquering brethren? I am aware that you will suffer much anxiety,—My mother too will weep—may God be her comfort!—I cannot spare you this trial. That I simply offer my life is of little import; but that I offer it, crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy,—that I cast away the sweet sensations which lived in the conviction that I have caused you no inquietude, no anguish,—this indeed is a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize!”

He left Vienna in March 1813, and joined the free corps which Major Von Lutzow was then forming. This was a voluntary association, and the corps was remarkable throughout the war for its valour and enterprise. In the midst of the most active campaigns, Korner continued to pour forth his verses. Other poets have written of battles in the retirement of the closet, but he sang his song of war on the tented field, and amid the din of conflict. Nor was this all: he collected too the strains of other poets, and adapted them to appropriate airs, to animate the ardour of his companions in arms. We cannot follow him through his career, brief as it was; but the subjoined incident is too striking to be omitted, and is especially adapted to our purpose, as it affords an opportunity of giving a passage of his unpremeditated verse in a moment of pain and danger.

On the 28th of May, Major Von Lutzow had determined on setting out on an expedition towards Thuringia, with four squadrons of his cavalry, and fifty cossacks. Korner earnestly entreated permission to accompany him, and his desire was fulfilled by his being appointed adjutant by Major Von Lutzow, who highly esteemed him, and wished to have him near his person.

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The expedition passed in ten days through Halberstadt, Eisleben, Buttstadt, and Schlaitz, to Plauen, though not without encountering great danger from the enemy, who were dispersed throughout these districts, but, also, not without effecting some important results. Intelligence and information were procured, ammunition was captured and seized, and couriers on missions of importance were taken prisoners. The gallant troop acquired considerable renown, and harassed the enemy much, especially by cutting off his communications. A plan was in consequence laid by the French emperor for the extirpation of the corps, that, as a deterring example, no man should be left alive. The armistice, concluded at this moment, afforded an opportunity for putting it in practice. (The Duke of Padua, it is observable, particularly profited by this armistice; for being shut up in Leipzig by Generals Woronzow and Czernichef, with the co-operation of two battalions of the Lutzow infantry, he was only saved by this cessation of hostilities.)

Major Von Lutzow had received official information of the armistice at Plauen. Without expecting to meet with any opposition, he chose the shortest route to rejoin the infantry of his corps, having received the most confidential assurances of safety from the enemy's commanding officers, and proceeded along the high road, without interruption, to Kitzen, a village in the neighbourhood of Leipzig; but here he found himself surrounded and menaced by a very superior force. Theodore Korner was despatched to demand an explanation; but, instead of replying, the commander of the enemy struck at him with his sword; and it being now twilight, a general attack was made on the three squadrons of the Lutzow cavalry before they had drawn a sabre. Several were wounded and taken, and others dispersed in the surrounding country; but Major Von Lutzow himself was saved by the assistance of a squadron of Uhlans, who being in advance with the Cossacks, formed the van-guard, and consequently were not assailed at the same moment. He reached, with a considerable body of his troops, the right bank of the Elbe, where the infantry of his corps, and a squadron of its cavalry, were already collected.

Korner received the first blow, which he was not prepared to parry, as he approached close to the enemy's commanding officer to deliver his message without drawing his sabre, and was thus severely wounded in the head: the second blow only inflicted a slight injury. He fell back, but speedily recovered himself, and his spirited steed bore him in safety to a neighbouring wood. He was here occupied, at the first moment, with the assistance of a comrade, in binding up his wounds, when he perceived a troop of the enemy, who were in pursuit, riding towards him. His presence of mind did not forsake him, but turning towards the wood, he called with a loud voice, "Fourth squadron,—Advance!"—His stratagem succeeded—the enemy were appalled, drew back, and thus afforded him time to conceal himself deeper in the wood. It had now become dark, and he found a place in the thicket where he could remain undiscovered.

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The pain of the deeper wound became very severe, his strength was exhausted, and his last hope was gone. It was in this extremity that he composed the beautiful sonnet, of which the following is a translation:—

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

[Written in the night of the 17th and 18th of June, as I lay, severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.]

“My deep wound burns;—my pale lips quake in death,—
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye;
And must life's fairy visions all depart;
Oh surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now.

And as my fading senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!”

During the night he heard the enemy searching the wood near him, but afterwards fell asleep, and was saved in the morning by two peasants. He was conveyed secretly into Leipsic, which was then under the French yoke, and where the concealment of any of the Lutzow free corps was prohibited, under severe punishment. He subsequently travelled in safety to Berlin, and having recovered from his wound, rejoined the corps of Lutzow on the right bank of the Elbe. Hostilities recommenced on the 17th of August; and on the 28th an engagement took place near Rosenberg, in which Korner fell. He was in pursuit of a body of the enemy, when the riflemen, who had found a rallying-place in some under-wood, sent forth a shower of balls upon their pursuers. By one of these Korner was wounded in the abdomen, the liver and spine were injured, and he was immediately deprived of speech and consciousness. He was carried to a neighbouring wood, but all medical aid was vain. He was buried under an oak in the village of Wobbelin, about a mile from Ludwigslust. A tomb has since been placed over his remains, and enclosed by a wall. He died at the early age of twenty-two.

From a Critical Notice of The Life of Korner, New Monthly Mag.



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Cannot he that wisely declines walking upon the ice for fear of falling, though possibly it might carry him sooner to his journey's end, as wisely forbear drinking more wine than is necessary, for fear of being drunk and the ill-consequences thereof?—*Lord Clarendon.*

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THE NOVELIST.

No. CX.

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THE RESCUE.

By Miss Roberts.

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“King Stephen was a worthy peer.”

The hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily-embroidered banners, which waved in the wind streaming from the crannies in windows which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of time. Minstrel harps rang throughout the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands—haunches of the red deer, bustards, cranes, quarters of mutton, pasties, the grinning heads of wild boars,—and flanked with flagons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sat King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the wassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been intrusted. “Up, gallants,” exclaimed the martial monarch, “don your harness, and ride as lightly as you may to the relief of the Countess of Clare, she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleaguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welsh savages, who, lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them,) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis and my good sword, were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprise?—What, all silent? are ye knights? are ye men? do I reign over christian warriors, valiant captains who have been sworn to protect beauty in distress; or are ye like the graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?” “My ranks are wonderous scant,” returned Milo Fitzwalter, “I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none; but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse and away. Beshrew me, were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I’d do my best to rescue her in this extremity.”—“Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter,” replied the king, “and wilt prosper: the Saint’s benizon be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me too much work, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair countess, in a flask of the right Bourdeaux: and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for by my Halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welsh churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne’s paladins.” Fitzwalter made no answer, but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his

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gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence, with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the Welsh host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle. Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions; the corpses of the unburied dead lay strewn upon the pavement; the heroic countess, and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welshmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of all the implements of war; and with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and lady's bower throughout Christendom.

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SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH NOVEL READER.

How shall I describe the emotions with which I read the first novel I ever perused! A school-fellow had secretly brought with him from home after the holidays, the novel of Peregrine Pickle, which he carefully concealed in his trunk. He at first lent it to some of the elder boys, who read it, and enlarging on some of the most despicable incidents to be found, disgusted my meek spirit of it, by their report. It seemed to violate all my cherished ideas of beauty and soft luxury. I was then about fourteen years of age, and



my companions persuaded me to a perusal. I took it up listlessly, expecting but little pleasure, but what language can paint the manner in which I was entranced by it? I read it over and over with increased delight, my entire soul and frame of mind and passions seemed to be suddenly changed and remodelled. I forgot Ariadne and Telemachus, and Tom Pipes and Hatchway became my idols, the undivided objects of my admiration.

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I had hitherto been a remarkably quiet and inoffensive boy; Telemachus I considered never took delight in robbing orchards. I had the confidence of my teachers from my uniform rejection of any participation in the rude affrays, the catastrophe of which dramas was in general an almost universal flogging match. My admiration naturally led to its probable result, a desire to imitate—I firmly resolved to become a Peregrine. I soon promoted myself to be the leader of every mad prank that the wit of a spirit suddenly excited to activity could devise. In the first fortnight I got flogged for tying a huge mass of brown paper to the tail of the favourite cat of the master's lady, with which she rushed with an insane and terrifying distraction into the drawing-room. We owed a spite to a neighbouring milkman for tale-bearing, and we rendered his pump, the great source of profit, useless, by filling it with soot and mire. The old woman who served the school with tarts, and who, in her endeavours to please all palates, brought some varieties heated over a charcoal fire, had her apparatus blown to atoms by an ounce of gunpowder, insinuated with so much art, that although done before her face, she could attach no one with the offence. All became riot, waste, and destruction under the guidance of my beloved Peregrine.

But, ah! the poor Count—amiable, patient, and long-suffering Gaul! He was an unhappy refugee, who had sought a home, by becoming the reviled, insulted teacher of his native tongue to a mob of heartless ruffians. How well do I remember his neat but thread-bare coat and pigtail; his stooping gait, not the decrepitude of age, but as though it sprang from the abasement of his fortune; his endurance of injury to a certain point, when patience suddenly forsook him, and his, to us, irresistibly comic rage and exasperation! What would that generous seaman Pipes have thought a defenceless Frenchman fit for, but as the object of spirited and well-conducted pranks? Nothing cruel or revengeful, but only to show our own superior wit and address in concerted and premeditated annoyance.

I had gained with a most surprising rapidity upon the confidence of the most conspicuous rioters in the school. There was something so noble and daring in all my designs, that they seemed to yield willingly to so superior a spirit. The sudden alteration in my manners had been noticed with secret wonder by the masters, and they, thinking to check my fatal tendencies at the outset, had inflicted on me several severe and well-merited chastisements. I converted even these into means of extending my influence. I had borne them like a hero, a very Peregrine. No groan—no sigh—no bellowing promise of amendment, had lessened my dignity. Under the torture, I was sullen and silent. The stoutest heart in the school envied my manhood and composure.

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The poor French teacher had been the hereditary object of annoyance for several generations of boys. The meekest and most chicken-hearted scrubs in the school tried their apprenticeship to mischief upon him, and were tutored to more noble game by beginning with the Count. They split and cut his pens into a thousand fantastic shapes during a momentary absence; they filled his snuff with the most odious pulverulents. They placed on his desk rude, but expressive designs of a guillotine, with a meagre fellow in ruffles and no shirt, running in the extremity of speed from the spot. These, and a thousand exhibitions of budding genius, and original sin, were our daily subjects of merriment and applause. I taught them nobler arts, or rather the spirit of Pickle which spake within me. It was nothing to annoy on such a petty and momentary scale; let the art and forethought of Hatchway be exhibited.

The amiable Frenchman was a zealous Catholic, and upon certain festivals always received from a Catholic gentleman of rank and fortune in the neighbourhood, an invitation to visit him. On these occasions his dress was the most ludicrous imaginable, being compounded of remnants of pristine finery, such as his wardrobe could afford, without attention to uniformity, or consistency of colour. Above all, he possessed a pair of light pea-green small clothes, on which he much prided himself, and I swore by old Trunnion to be their murderer. His custom on the aforesaid visits was to dress early, and then hastily to dismiss his lessons, and proceed immediately.

Having gained intelligence of an approaching field day, we prepared a strong solution of gum, with which we varnished the bottom of a leather chair upon which he sat in the school. The morning came, his green *media* and white silk stockings were hailed with the most extravagant but secret exultation. He seated himself, and let us run as we pleased through our tasks, with an unusual portion of smiles and pleasantries, and then looking at his watch, he attempted hastily to rise! in vain—there seemed an indissoluble bond of union between him and the chair; the most grotesque series of strugglings ensued, and by one desperate effort he was erect, a thin coating of the black leather which he had torn off, firmly adhering to his dress! Nothing abated my delight at my success, but the thought that my magnus Apollo, Pickle, was not there to enjoy it; to see the poor Count stand mute with a mixed passion of rage and distress for several seconds, and then to witness his fruitless attempts to view the full extent of the injury, which, notwithstanding the surprising flexibility of his vertebrae, he was unable to compass. Tom Pipes I felt certain would have died on the spot, he must have split.

The Inspector.

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CONTRAST OF CLIMATE.

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Suppose yourself to have spent the first half of a foggy, sleety, chill, moist, melancholy, English winter at some miserable country village in Kent. Suppose about the first of February, while the whole landscape around is still floating in mud, buried in snow, or fast bound by frost, and the atmosphere so thick with fog, that one can scarcely point at mid-day to the spot where the sun stands in the heavens,—that your catarrh grows so alarming, that in a fit of despondency you trundle yourself aboard a ship in the Downs getting under way for a warmer climate. Suppose, that after a smacking run of about eight days before a fresh gale, (during the whole of which you are of course too sick and qualmy to leave your cot,) you awake one morning, and find yourself snugly at anchor in the bay of Funchal; and the romantic, sun-bright mountains of Madeira, gorgeously crested with a mass of brilliant clouds, looking in at your cabin-window. It seems downright enchantment! You leap up as if there was a new soul in your body. You hurry ashore in the first boat. Your cough, lassitude, and qualmishness have altogether left you. Your step is elastic, and your spirits as buoyant as a lark in spring. You luxuriate amidst beautiful gardens glowing with roses, jessamines, honey-suckles, and a thousand other odoriferous shrubs and flowers in full bloom. You wander through a boundless maze of rising vineries curling their budding tendrils around the trellis-work, and terrace above terrace up the declivities of the mountains. You recline among orange-groves bending under the load of ripe golden fruit; and as you stretch yourself at ease by some clear, gurgling rill, in the midst of all this loveliness, you ask yourself, is this a dream—or are these indeed the gardens of the Hesperides? Reader, if you have the blue devils at Christmas, you may realize all this, and reach Madeira, as I have done, in eight days from the Downs.

London Weekly Review.

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THE SELECTOR; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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ANECDOTES OF THE FACULTY.

Quacks.

We are not without plenty of ignorant and impudent pretenders at the present day; but the celebrated Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter of Epsom, surpasses them all. She was the daughter of a man named Wallis, a bone-setter at Hindon, in Wiltshire, and sister to the celebrated “Polly Peachem,” who married the Duke of Bolton. Upon some *family quarrel*, Sally Wallis left her professional parent, and wandered up and down the country in a miserable manner, calling herself “Crazy Sally,” and pursuing, in her

perambulations, a course that fairly justified the title. Arriving at last at Epsom, she succeeded in humbugging the worthy bumpkins of that place, so decidedly, that a subscription was set on foot to keep her among them; but her fame extending

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to the metropolis, the dupes of London, a numerous class then as well as now, thought it no trouble to go ten miles to see the conjuror, till at length, she was pleased to bless the afflicted of London with her presence, and once a week drove to the Grecian Coffee-house, in a coach and six with out-riders! and all the appearance of nobility. It was in one of these journeys, passing through Kent-street, in the Borough, that being taken for a certain woman of quality from the Electorate in Germany, a great mob followed, and bestowed on her many bitter reproaches, till madame, perceiving some mistake, looked out of the window, and accosted them in this gentle manner, "D——n your bloods, don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the *bone-setter*!" Upon which, they instantly changed their revilings into loud huzzas.

Wadd's Mems., Maxims, and Memoirs.

Dr. Radcliffe.

Among the many singularities related of Radcliffe, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, he was called on by a grenadier, who desired his immediate attendance on his *colonel*; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to Bacchus. "Sir," quoth the soldier, "*my orders are to bring you.*" And being a very powerful man, he took him up in his arms, and carried him off per force. After traversing some dirty lanes, the doctor and his escort arrived at a narrow alley—"What the D——I is all this," said Radcliffe, "your colonel don't live here?"—"No," said his military friend,—"no, my *colonel* does not live here—but my *comrade* does, and he's worth *two* of the *colonel*,—so, by G——d, doctor, if you don't do your *best* for *him*, it will be the *worst* for *you*!"

Duels.

Many medical duels have been prevented by the difficulty of arranging the "*methodus pugnandi*." In the instance of Dr. Brocklesby, the number of paces could not be agreed upon; and in the affair between Akenside and Ballow, one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. John Wilkes, who did not stand upon ceremony in these little affairs, when asked by Lord Talbot, "How many times they were to fire?" replied, "just as often as your Lordship pleases; I have brought a *bag of bullets and a flask of gunpowder*."

William Hunter.

Dr. William Hunter used to relate the following anecdote:—During the American war, he was consulted by the daughter of a peer, who confessed herself pregnant, and

requested his assistance; he advised her to retire for a time to the house of some confidential friend; she said that was impossible, as her father would not suffer her to be absent from him a single day. Some of the servants were, therefore, let into the secret,

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and the doctor made his arrangement with the treasurer of the Foundling Hospital for the reception of the child, for which he was to pay 190l.—The lady was desired to weigh well if she could bear pain without alarming the family by her cries; she said “Yes,”—and she kept her word. At the usual period she was delivered, not of one child only, but of twins. The doctor, bearing the two children, was conducted by a French servant through the kitchen, and left to ascend the area steps into the street. Luckily the lady’s maid recollected that the door of the area might perhaps be locked; and she followed the doctor just in time to prevent his being detained at the gate. He deposited the children at the Foundling Hospital, and paid for each 100l. The father of the children was a colonel of the army, who went with his regiment to America, and died there. The mother afterwards married a person of her own rank.

John Hunter.

Hunter was a philosopher in more senses than one; he had philosophy enough to bear prosperity, as well as adversity, and with a rough exterior was a very kind man. The poor could command his services more than the rich. He would see an industrious tradesman before a duke, when his house was full of grandees, “you have no time to spare,” he would say, “you live by it; most of these can wait, they have nothing to do when they go home.” No man cared less for the profits of the profession, or more for the honour of it. He cared not for money himself, and wished the Doctor [his brother William] to estimate it by the same scale, when he sent a poor man with this laconic note:—

“Dear Brother,—The bearer wants your advice. I do not know the nature of the case. He has no money, and you have plenty, so you are well met.”

“Yours, J. HUNTER.”

He was applied to once to perform a serious operation on a tradesman’s wife; the fee agreed upon was twenty guineas. He heard no more of the case for two months; at the end of which time he was called upon to perform it. In the course of his attendance, he found out that the cause of the delay had been the difficulty under which the patient’s husband had laboured to raise the money; and that they were worthy people, who had been unfortunate, and were by no means able to support the expense of such an affliction. “I sent back to the husband nineteen guineas, and kept the twentieth,” said he, “that they might not be hurt with an idea of too great obligation. It somewhat more than paid me for the expense I had been at in the business.”

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BURMESE BOATS.

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The Burman war-boat is formed of the trunk of the magnificent teak tree, first roughly shaped, and then expanded by means of fire, until it attains sufficient width to admit two people, sitting abreast. On this a gunwale, rising a foot above the water, is fixed, and the stem and stern taper to a point, the latter being much higher than the other, and ornamented with fret-work and gilding. On the bow is placed a gun, sometimes of a nine-pounder calibre, but generally smaller, and the centre of the boat is occupied by the rowers, varying in number from twenty to a hundred, who in the large boats use the oar, and in the small ones the paddle. A war-boat in motion is a very pleasing object. The rapidity with which it moves, its lightness, and small surface above the water, the uniform pulling of the oar falling in cadence with the songs of the boatmen, who, taking the lead from one of their number, join in chorus, and keep time with the dip of their oars; the rich gilding which adorns the boat, and the neat, uniform dress of the crew, place it, to the eye of a stranger, in a curious and interesting point of view: and in regard to appearance, induces him, when contrasting it with an English boat, to give the former the preference. In point of swiftness, our best men-of-war boats could not compete with them; and of this superiority they generally availed themselves when an action was impending.

The boats we had captured at Rangoon, and were cutting down for the transport of the army, were totally of a different nature. These, built on the same plan as ours are, but with flat bottoms, belonged to traders, and were solely adapted to the transport of merchandise. The stern, fancifully ornamented, rises two or three stages above the deck, and is the seat of the helmsman. The inside of the boat is filled with goods, and thatched over, leaving sufficient room underneath to accommodate two or three families—men, women, and children—who promiscuously take up their abode there.

This description of boat is not propelled by oars, but by long poles, the ends of which being placed against the shoulders of the boatmen, they run the whole length of the boat, and push her forward with considerable velocity. The space on which they act is formed by strong outriggers on either side of the boat, which answer the twofold purpose of preventing her upsetting, which she otherwise would do from the excess of top-weight, and of increasing her width and accommodation.

The third class of boat is that used throughout the country, and which, to those who inhabit the banks of rivers, becomes a necessary appendage, and to many a home. It is a mere canoe, decked with split bamboo, and partly covered in with mats, so as to afford shelter from the sun by day, and the dews by night. One man steers, and two others either row or paddle; but, when the wind is favourable, they use a sail. This is generally made at the moment, with the scarfs they wear over their shoulders, tied



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together. Two bamboos constitute the mast and yard, the sail being fastened between them; yet, with this fragile rigging, and with the gunwale of the boat almost under water with every puff of wind, they stem the most rapid currents at all seasons of the year, and, such is their skill in steering, seldom meet with an accident. It was in these boats that the majority of the inhabitants of Rangoon, and the adjacent villages, fled upon our approach; and these formed their only habitation during the many months they kept aloof from us.

Two Years in Ava.

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MISCELLANIES.

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SONNET.

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

Currants have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall, so fair a fare
Lessens not hate, yet 'tis a lesson good:
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin wash'd ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey—
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tell that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

THE VEIL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Maria Stuart has been canonized, and placed among the martyrs by the Jesuits. Of course there are relics of hers. Her prayer-book was long shown in France; and her apologist published in an English journal a sonnet which she was said to have composed, and to have written with her own hand in this book. A celebrated German

actress, Mrs. Hendel-Schutz, who excited admiration by her attitudes, and also performed Schiller's "Maria" with great applause in several cities of Germany, affirmed that a cross which she wore on her neck was the very same that once belonged to the unfortunate queen. Relics of this description have never yet been subjected to the proof of their authenticity. But if there is anything which may be reasonably believed to have been once the property of the queen, *it is the veil with which she covered her head on the scaffold, after the executioner*, whether from awkwardness or confusion is uncertain, *had wounded the unfortunate victim in the shoulder by a false blow*. This veil still exists, and is in the possession of Sir J.C. Hippisley, who claims to be descended from the Stuart's by the mother's side. He had an engraving made from it by Matteo Diottavi, in Rome, 1818, and gave copies to his friends.

The veil is embroidered with gold spangles by (as is said) the queen's own hand, in regular rows crossing each other, so as to form small squares, and edged with a gold border, to which another border has been subsequently joined, in which the following words are embroidered in letters of gold:—

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“Velum Serenissimae Mariae, Scotiae et Galliae Reginae Martyris, quo induebatur dum ab Heretica ad mortem iniustissimam condemnata fuit. Anno Sal. MDLXXXVI. a nobilissima matrona Anglicana diu conservatum et tandem, donationis ergo Deo, et Societati Jesu consecratum.”

On the plate there is an inscription, with a double certificate of its authenticity, which states, that this veil, a family treasure of the expelled house of Stuart, was finally in possession of the last branch of that family, the cardinal of York, who preserved it for many years in his private chapel, among the most precious relics, and at his death bequeathed it to Sir J. Hippisley, together with a valuable Plutarch, and a Codex with painted (illuminated) letters, and a gold coin struck in Scotland in the reign of queen Mary; and it was specially consecrated by Pope Pius VII. in his palace on the Quirinal, April 29, 1818. Sir John Hippisley, during a former residence at Rome, had been very intimate with the cardinal of York, and was instrumental in obtaining for him, when he with the other cardinals emigrated to Venice in 1798, a pension of L4,000. a-year from the Prince of Wales, now King George IV.; but for which, the fugitive cardinal, all whose revenues were seized by the French, would have been exposed to the greatest distress. The cardinal desired to requite this service by the bequest of what he considered so valuable. According to a note on the plate, the veil is eighty-nine English inches long, and forty-three broad, so that it seems to have been rather a kind of shawl or scarf than a veil. If we remember rightly, Melville in his Memoirs, which Schiller had read, speaks of a handkerchief belonging to the queen, which she gave away before her death, and Schiller founds upon this anecdote the well-known words of the farewell scene, addressed to Hannah Kennedy.

“Accept this handkerchief! with my own hand
For thee I’ve work’d it in my hours of sadness
And interwoven with my scalding tears:
With this thou’lt bind my eyes.”

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream.
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;



'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war:
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,
That vanisheth away.

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Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store—
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er:
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—
In the path which all are treading?
Is there naught in that long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light—
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

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THE LECTURER

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AN EXCERP FROM ABERNETHY'S LECTURES.

When I was speaking of the cure of the digestive organs, I spoke of stomachic irritation, and said it was occasioned by some morbid peculiarity. It is difficult to find out the exigents; it must be done by experiment. We give a medicine, it answers. The digestive organs have such a sympathy with contiguous organs, that no wonder if such contiguous organs are affected. The liver, for instance, cannot perform its office aright if the bowels are uncomfortable. Violent drastics are wrong, they do not do good; you cannot go on giving physic every day, this will tease the bowels and not tranquilize them, The cure is to repeat the excitement of progressive action. People in general will not find out that what may be an adequate excitement one day, may not be an adequate excitement on another day. As to these things, they are easily managed, and you should attend to them. Every person advanced in life knows this, and attends to it. Doctor Curry, whom I used to call the poetical doctor, says, very justly, "It is in medicine as it is in morals, you must break bad habits, and establish good ones."

Where the liver is primarily affected, small doses of quicksilver act in a wonderful and a prodigious manner. How the stomach, when wrong, disturbs the head, is apparent to

every one. How a faulty action of the liver disturbs the head is also well known; but the liver, in an especial manner, disturbs the head.

A Yorkshireman came three hundred miles, as he told me, on purpose to see me, and he said he was going back again by the mail the same night. I asked him what could induce him to come so far. His reply was, "Why you once set up a friend of mine, and I thought you could set me up too."

I would have you keep your eyes open to this, that we are perpetually putting wrong our digestive organs by our absurdities in diet. These organs, if long wrong, will affect the spinal chord, producing lumbar numbness. Now, then, I have surveyed the influence of local maladies in disturbing the nervous energies, and now I say there is a reflected action in them, and they become a fruitful source of a numerous and dissimilar progeny of local diseases.

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People are disposed to say I am apt to exaggerate too much; but I merely relate what I have seen in my time, and you will all have numerous instances by and by of making the same observations, and I think at last you will come to the same conclusions.

I now speak of local diseases; and, first, of phlegmonous inflammation. I do not much like the term phlegmonous inflammation, because phlegmon alone is inflammation. That the vessels, particularly the arteries, of inflamed parts are disposed to receive more blood, is manifest. Mr. Hunter froze the ears of rabbits, and the arteries inflamed and were filled with blood, throbbing, and pain. When there is great disturbance of the arterious system, with throbbing, there is always acute pain. In common whitlow of the finger, how the arteries of the arm, the brachial in particular, throb, is well known. In proportion as arteries are excited to vehement action, some difficulty occurs to the transmission of the blood into the veins. Dr. Phillips found that inflamed blood is slower in cooling than common blood.

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THE GATHERER.

“I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men’s stuff.”—*Wotton*.

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Sir Boyle Roche, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill, in Ireland:—“It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker,” said he, “to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder!*”

Barrington’s Sketches.

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A short time since the manager of Sadler’s Wells, wishing to make an alteration in his bills, sent an old one with the corrections made in the margin, to the printer. In a few days a proof was forwarded to Mr. T. Dibdin, when it read thus—“Under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Lord High *Patron of England and Admiral of this Theatre.*”

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A WELSH INVITATION.

Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys' compliments to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, and Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys request the favour of the company of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, to dinner on Monday week next. Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys beg to inform Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, that Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys can accommodate Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, with beds, if remaining the night is agreeable to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect.

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Llandillon Castle.

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Bob sick—thought life was drawing to its end,
His cheek grew pale, his tongue began to falter,
Justly alarmed, he begg'd a rev'rend friend
Would send him "*a companion to the altar.*"
His friend forgot, Bob grew from worse to worse,
(A state to which he's always sure to alter,)
When he received a *night-cap* from his nurse,
Who thought it a *companion to the halter!*

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An Irish paper, in noticing a coroner's inquest on a young woman who had drowned herself, says, the jury, after an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of *wilful murder against herself.*