

# VARIOUS

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Various

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## **Various**

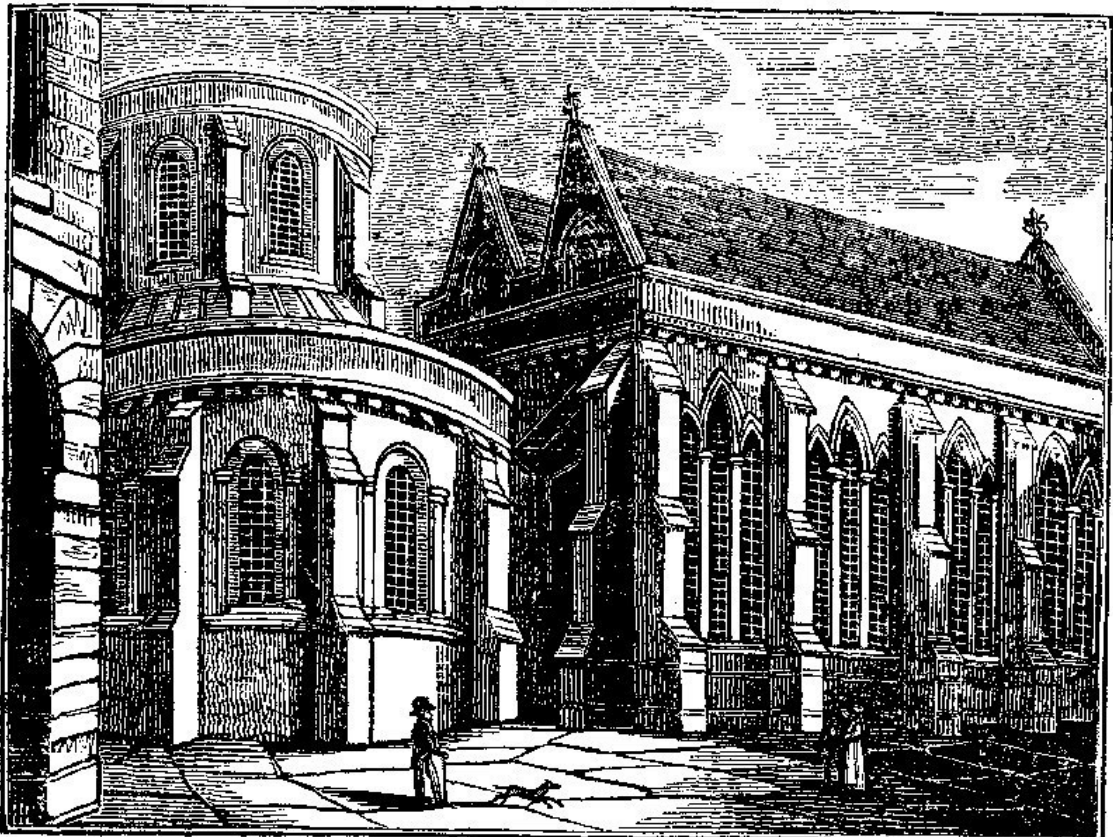
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**No. II**



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

The Temple Church,<sup>1</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup> The circular part.

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.

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 chevron, 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.

'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.

## **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;<sup>2</sup>)**

**and**

**I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time**

**\_\_\_\_\_ 195 years had I sounded these awful warnings,**

<sup>2</sup> Come, that ye may learn holy doctrine.

**when I was broken**

**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.*)

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 Vouët, 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 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,<sup>3</sup> 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<sup>4</sup> 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.

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<sup>5</sup> established the French school,—an undertaking which Voüet 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*. 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.

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.

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<sup>3</sup> When Mignard returned to Paris in 1658, he again went to reside with his friend.

<sup>4</sup> It appeared at Paris, in 12mo., with a French translation by Mons. Du Piles, 1668.

<sup>5</sup> Le Brun was the pupil of Simon Voüet, and afterwards of Poussin.

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