

# VARIOUS

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Various

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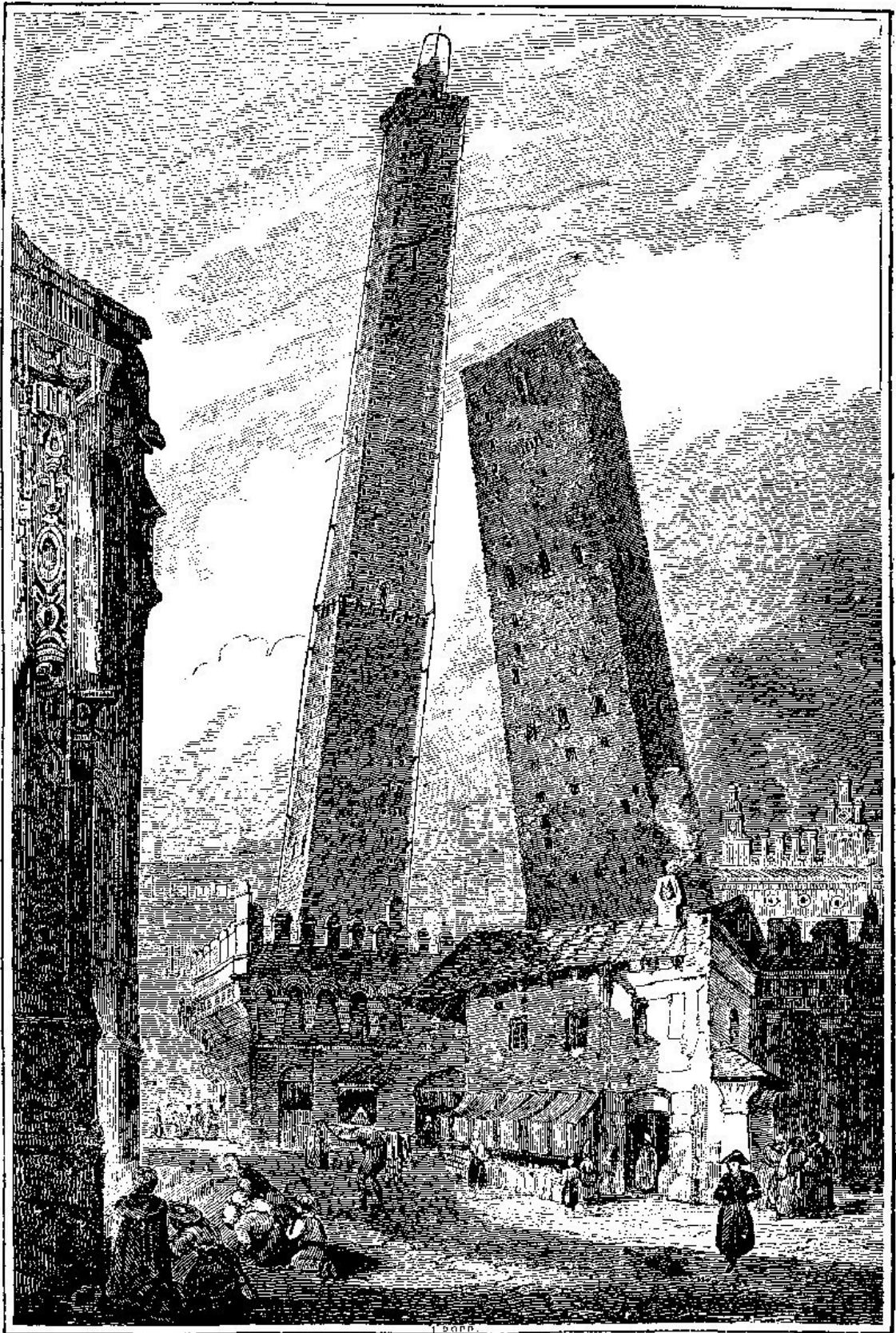
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**The Leaning Towers of Bologna**



## The Landscape Annual

### LONDON AND PARIS, 1830

MAGNIFIQUE! SUPERBE! will be the exclamation of the Parisians on beholding the Plates of this Work, at the Publishers, in the Gallerie Vivienne, and equally enthusiastic will be the admiration of all Londoners whilst inspecting them in Cheapside. The *second* title, "The Tourist in Italy and Switzerland," implies the contents of the volume far better than the first. There are twenty-five Plates, each nearly as large as one of our pages, by various engravers, and all from drawings, by Mr. Prout. The subjects are as follow:—Geneva, Lausanne, Chillon, Bridge of St. Maurice, Lavey, Martigny, Sion, Visp, Domo d'Ossola, Castle of Anghiera, Milan Cathedral, Lake of Como, Como, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Petrarch's House at Arquà, the Rialto at Venice, Ducal Palace at ditto, Palace of the Two Foscari, ditto; Bridge of Sighs, ditto; Old Ducal Palace at Ferrara, Bologna, Ponte Sisto, Rome, Fish Market, Ruins, ditto, and a Vignette of Constantine's Arch.

The Descriptions are from the elegant pen of Thomas Roscoe, Esq. By permission, of the proprietor we have selected one of the plates, and a portion of its accompanying description.

#### BOLOGNA,

"Celebrated alike in arts and in letters, Bologna, 'the mother of studies,' presents numerous objects of interest to the amateur and to the scholar. The halls which were trod by Lanfranc and Irnerius, and the ceilings which glow with the colours of Guido and the Carracci, can never be neglected by any to whom learning and taste are dear.

"The external appearance of Bologna is singular and striking. The principal streets display lofty arcades, and the churches, which are very numerous, confer upon the city a highly architectural character. But the most remarkable edifices in Bologna are the watch-towers, represented in the engraving. During the twelfth century, when the cities of Italy, 'tutte piene di tirranni,' were rivals in arms as afterwards in arts, watch-towers of considerable elevation were frequently erected. In Venice, in Pisa, in Cremona, in Modena, and in Florence these singular structures yet remain; but none are more remarkable than the towers of the Asinelli and Garisenda in Bologna. The former, according to one chronicler, was built in 1109, while other authorities assign it to the year 1119. The Garisenda tower, constructed a few years later, has been immortalized in the verse of Dante.

"When the poet and his guide are snatched up by the huge Antaeus, the bard compares the stooping stature of the giant to the tower of the Garisenda, which, as the spectator stands at its base while the clouds are sailing from the quarter to which it inclines, appears to be falling upon his head,

"As appears  
The tower of Cariaenda from beneath  
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud  
So sail across that opposite it hangs;  
Such then Antaeus seem'd, as at mine ease  
I mark'd him stooping.'

"The tower of the Asinelli rises the height of about 350 feet, and is said to be three feet and a half out of the perpendicular. The adventurous traveller may ascend to the top by a laborious staircase of 500 steps. Those steps were trod by the late amiable and excellent Sir James Edward Smith, who

has described the view presented at the summit. 'The day was unfavourable for a view; but we could well distinguish Imola, Ferrara and Modena, as well as the hills about Verona, Mount Baldus, &c., seeming to rise abruptly from the dead flat which extends on three sides of Bologna. On the south are some very pleasant hills stuck with villas.' The Garisenda tower, erected probably by the family of the Garidendi, is about 130 feet in height, and inclines as much as eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been conjectured that these towers were originally constructed as they now appear; but it is difficult to give credit to such a supposition.

"According to Montfaucon, the celebrated antiquary, the leaning of these towers has been occasioned by the sinking of the earth. 'We several times observed the tower called Asinelli, and the other near it, named Garisenda. The latter of them stoops so much that a perpendicular, let fall from the top, will be seven feet from the bottom of it; and, as appears upon examination, when this tower bowed, a great part of it went to ruin, because the ground that side that inclined stood on was not so firm as the other, which may be said of all other towers that lean so; for besides these two here mentioned, the tower for the bells of St. Mary Zobenica, at Venice, leans considerably to one side. So also at Ravenna, I took notice of another stooping tower occasioned by the ground on that side giving way a little. In the way from Ferrara to Venice, where the soil is marshy, we see a structure of great antiquity leaning to one side. We might easily produce other instances of this nature. When the whole structure of the Garisenda stooped, much of it fell, as appears by the top of it.

"Bologna, like most of the cities of Italy, has been the seat of many tragical incidents, affording such rich materials for her novelists. Amongst others, is one which we give in the words of the excellent critic by whom it is related. 'The family Geremie of Bologna were at the head of the Guelphs, and that of the Lambertazzi of the Ghibbelines, who formed an opposition by no means despicable to the domineering party. Bonifazio Geremei and Imelda Lambertazzi, forgetting the feuds of their families, fell passionately in love with each other, and Imelda received her lover into her house. This coming to her brothers' knowledge, they rushed into the room where the two lovers were, and Imelda could scarcely escape, whilst one of the brothers plunged a dagger, poisoned after the Saracen fashion, into Bonifazio's breast, whose body was thrown into some concealed part of the house and covered with rubbish. Imelda hastened to him, following the tracks of his blood, as soon as the brothers were gone; found him, and supposing him not quite dead, generously, as our own Queen Eleanor had done about the same time, sucked the poison from the bleeding wound, the only remedy which could possibly save his life; but it was too late: Imelda's attendants found her a corpse, embracing that of her beloved Bonifazio.'"

The success of the Landscape Annual is very far from problematical. All our *travelled* nobility and people of fortune will buy it to refresh their acquaintance with the beautiful scenes it includes; and it is hardly possible to imagine a more agreeable book-companion on the journey itself.

## LITERARY SOUVENIR

*(Concluded from Supplement, page 336.)*

The *poetry* of the *Souvenir* is, as usual, for the most part excellent. Among the best pieces are The Dying Mother to her Infant, by Caroline Bowles; Bring back the chain, by the authoress of the "Sorrows of Rosalie;" and The Birth-day, by N.P. Willis, a popular American writer. There are likewise some very graceful and touching pieces by Mr. Watts, the editor, one of which will be found in our next number. There are too some pleasant attempts at humorous relief; but "Vanity Fair" is a very poor attempt at jingling rhyme. We quote one of these light pieces for the sake of adding variety to our sheet:

## WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

### AIR—*Sweet Kitty Clover*

Where is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She flirts with another, I know very well;  
And I—am left all alone!  
She flies to the window when Arundel rings:  
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings;  
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Her love and my love are different things:  
And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She told me such horrors were never worn now:  
And I—am left all alone!  
But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,  
And I guess who it came from,—of course I don't care!  
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear;  
And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride,  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
She looks for another to trot by her side:  
And I—am left all alone!  
And whenever I take her down stairs from a ball,  
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl:  
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl:  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
But I would give a trifle to horsewhip them all:  
And I—am left all alone!

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect,  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect:  
And I—am left all alone!  
But a fire's in my heart and a fire's in my brain,  
When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane;  
I don't think I ever *can* ask her again:  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
And, lord! since the summer she's grown very plain,

And I—am left all alone!

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago!  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so!  
And I—am left all alone!  
Some day she'll find out it was not very wise  
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs:  
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize;  
Where is she gone, where is she gone?  
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes:  
And I'll be—no longer alone!

Mr. Praed has an exquisite poem, "Memory;" and we had nearly passed by a song by Mr. T. Moore.

Alone beneath the moon I roved,  
And thought how oft in hours gone by,  
I heard my Mary say she loved  
To look upon a moonlight sky!  
The day had been one lengthened shower,  
Till moonlight came, with lustre meek,  
To light up every weeping flower,  
Like smiles upon a mourner's cheek.

I called to mind from Eastern books  
A thought that could not leave me soon:—  
"The moon on many a night-flower looks,  
The night-flower sees no other moon."  
And thus I thought our fortune's run,  
For many a lover sighs to thee;  
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,  
*One* Mary in the world for me!

The illustrations are almost unexceptionably good; the *gems* in this way being Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, by C. Rolls, after Harlowe: the face is perhaps the most intellectual piece of engraving ever seen; the sublime effect in so small a space is truly surprising. A Portrait, by W. Danforth, after Leslie, ranks next; and the beauty and variety of the remainder of the prints are so great as to prevent our *individualizing* them to the reader. Taken altogether, they form one of the finest Annual Galleries or Collections.

## THE KEEPSAKE

Without going into a dreamy discussion on the *literature* of this work, we venture to say it has rather retrograded from, than improved upon the volume of last year. Great and titled names only furnish the *gilt*: and this fact is now so generally understood, that readers are no longer deceived by them, in the quality of the gingerbread. Mr. Watts is so convinced of this fact, that he has given the cut direct to many titled authors; and, for aught we know, he has produced as good a volume this year as on any former occasion. The proprietor of the *Keepsake* appears to think otherwise; and his editor has accordingly produced a book of very meagre interest, though of mightier pretensions than his rivals. Months ago we were told by announcement, paragraph and advertisement, of a tragedy, *The House of Aspen*, by Sir Walter Scott, which now turns out to be as dull an affair as any known in these days of dramatic poverty and theatrical ups and downs. Sir Walter, in an advertisement of great modesty, dated April 1, says, that "being of too small a size of consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the *Keepsake*, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles." The piece has been adapted to a minor stage with some effect, but nothing higher than a melodrama. We have neither room nor inclination to extract a scene, but one of the metrical pieces has tempted us:—

Sweet shone the sun on the fair Lake of Toro,  
Weak were the whispers that waded the dark wood,  
As a fair maiden bewilder'd in sorrow,  
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.

"Saints from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,  
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,  
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending.  
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,  
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,  
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,  
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

Breathless she gaz'd through the woodland so dreary,  
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;  
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footstep so weary,  
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;  
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;  
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,  
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

Two of the best stories are *The Bride*, by Theodore Hook, and *the Shooting Star*, an Irish tale, by Lord Nugent; and a *Dialogue for the year 2310*, by the author of *Granby*, has considerable smartness. The scene is in London, where one of the speakers has just arrived "from out of Scotland; breakfasted this morning at Edinburgh, and have not been in town above a couple of hours. The roads are dreadfully heavy now: conceive my having been seven hours and a half coming from Edinburgh to

London." Killing between four and five thousand head of game in one day is shooting ill; and one of the party has a gun which would give twenty-seven discharges in a minute, and mine would give only twenty-five. I really must change my maker. Have you seen the last new invention, the hydro-potassian lock?" Hunting machines, that would fly like balloons over a ten-foot wall—A candidate for the Circumnavigation Club, who has been four times round the world in his own, yacht—A point of bad taste to make a morning call by daylight—Dining at twelve P.M.—A spring-door with a self-acting knocker, which gives a treble knock, and is opened by a steam porter in livery—A chair mounting from the hall, through the ceiling, into the drawing room—Talking to a lady two miles off through a telescope, till one's fingers ache—A callisthenic academy for the children of pauper operatives—An automaton note-writer—A lady professing ignorance of Almack's, "a club where Swift and Johnson used to meet, but I don't profess to be an antiquarian"—"Love and Algebra," one of the common scientific novels thumbed by coal-heavers and orange-women, very well for the common people—Every thing is taught them now by means of scientific novels: such as "Geological Atoms, or the Adventures of a Dustman"—Doubted very much whether English wheat is fit for any thing but the brute creation—Dark times of the 19th century—Six-hourly and half-daily newspapers—"apropos, as the hackney-coachmen say"—Turkey, one of the southern provinces of Russia—His Majesty Jonathan III. of Washington—The Emperor of India—The Burmese Republic—English the language of three-fourths of Asia, nine-tenths of North America, half Africa, and all the insular states in the South Seas—and England, that little kingdom, with a population of not more than forty millions, has had the honour of colonizing half the globe; but "these countries are our colonies no longer." Such are a few of the wonders of 2130! In the Dialogue is an admirable joke with a scientific street-sweeper and a learned beggar, who pleads *necessitas non habet legem*, and "embraces the profession of an operative mendicant." But here is a *morceau*:

*Lady D.*—Ah! Lord A.! Mr. C.! most unexpected persons both! I heard only yesterday that one of you was in Greenland, and the other in Africa. What false reports they circulate!

*Lord A.*—The reports were true not long ago, and I believe we returned about the same time. You, Lady D., have been also travelling, I believe.

*Lady D.*—Yes, we were out of England in the winter. Our physician commanded a warmer climate for Lord D. so we took a villa on the Niger, and afterwards spent a short time at Sackatoo.

*Mr. C.*—I suppose you found it full of English?

*Lady D.*—Oh, quite full—and such a set! We knew hardly any of them. In fact, we did not go there for society. We met a few pleasant people, Australians; the Abershaws, the Hardy Vauxes, and Sir William and Lady Soames.

*Mr. C.*—Did you go by the new Tangier and Timbuctoo road?

*Lady D.*—Yes, we did, and we found it excellent. By the bye, Lord A., to digress to a different latitude, how did you succeed in your last excursion to the North Pole?

*Lord A.*—To tell you the truth, extremely ill; we had most improvidently taken with us scarcely enough of the *solvent* to work our way through the ice, and our concentrated essence of caloric was found to be of a very inferior quality. I shall try again next summer.

*Lady D.*—I believe we shall go to Spitzbergen ourselves.

*Lord A.*—I am happy to think that, in that case, I may perhaps have the pleasure of meeting you there on my return. I must go to the Pole, by the way of North Georgia: I am engaged to visit an Eskimaux friend.

Still more ludicrous are the following historical blunders:—One of the party asks how Napoleon is introduced in an historical novel of 1830? The reply is—"He and the Emperor Alexander of Russia are introduced dining with the King at Brighton. Napoleon quarrels with the two sovereigns, and challenges them to a personal encounter. Each claims the right of fighting by deputy. The King of England appoints his prime minister, the Duke of Wellington; the Emperor Alexander appoints Prince

Kutusoff. The Duke of Wellington is to go out first, and is to meet Napoleon at Battersea Fields.  
There were open fields at Battersea: *then*

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