

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PHYSICIANS.

(From the Illustrated London News, Dec. 23, 1871.)

The happy recovery of the Prince of Wales from the dangerous illness, which last week seemed to threaten us from hour to hour, with the dreaded announcement of his death, is a theme of general congratulation throughout the kingdom. A few illustrations of the incidents connected with it appear in this Number of our Journal. The portraits of the three physicians who have been in constant attendance upon his Royal Highness during the last four or five weeks seem here to deserve our notice.

Sir William Jenner, Bart., M.D., takes precedence on account of his rank. This eminent medical practitioner was born at Chatham, or Rochester, in 1815, being a younger son of the late John Jenner, Esq., of that place. He was educated, we believe, at University College, London, where he took his degree, becoming M.D. of the London University in 1844. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852. For some years past he has held the appointment of Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and to the Prince of Wales; and in 1868 a baronetcy was conferred upon him, in recognition of his professional eminence. Sir William Jenner resides in Harley Street. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has been admitted by the University of Oxford to its honorary degree of D.C.L. He is the author of several esteemed treatises; one "On the Identity or Non-Identity of Typhus and Typhoid Fevers;" another "On Diseases Commonly Confounded under the term 'Continued Fevers;'" one concerning "Diphtheria, its Symptoms and Treatment;" and the Gulstonian Lectures for 1852, on "Acute Specific Diseases." He is physician to University College Hospital, and Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College.

Dr. William Withey Gull, of Brook Street, has long been known as one of the most trusted and successful members of his profession in London. He took his degree of M.D. in the London University in 1846, and was chosen a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1848.

Dr. John Lowe, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, has been the medical attendant of the Sandringham household since the Prince of Wales fixed his country abode there. He is M.D. of the University of Edinburgh, dating from 1857, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, and possesses other formal qualifications. His local practice and reputation are considerable.

A correspondent at Sandringham remarks:—Sir W. Jenner would be the first to extol the exertions of his colleague who has earned from all at Sandringham, what he values probably only second to the approbation of his conscience, the deepest gratitude. In Dr. Gull were combined energy that never tired, watchfulness that never flagged—nursing so tender, ministry so minute, that in his functions he seemed to combine the duties of physician, dresser, dispenser, valet, nurse—now arguing with the sick man in his delirium so softly and pleasantly that the parched lips opened to take the scanty nourishment on which depended the reserves of strength for the deadly fight when all else failed, now lifting the wasted body from bed to bed, now washing the worn frame with vinegar, with ever-ready eye and ear and finger to mark any change and phase, to watch face and heart and pulse, and passing at times twelve or fourteen hours at that bedside. And when that was over, or while it was going on—what a task for the physician!—to soothe with kindest and yet not too hopeful words her whose trial was indeed great to bear, to give counsel against despair, and yet not to justify confidence. These things I hear, and it is only just they should be known, for very certain is it that from him of whom they are said not one word of the truth like this would ever come.

This is an illness, too, which severely tests the endurance, the skill, the sleepless watchfulness of the nurses. The Prince has been watched by Mrs. Jones, who was a nurse from St. Bartholomew's Hospital—the same who attended the Princess of Wales throughout the painful adhesion of the knee-joint from which her Royal Highness suffered. She has since remained attached to the household. A second nurse of the Prince, in addition to Mrs. Jones, was Mrs. Thomas, her sister, a fever nurse, also from St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The portrait of Sir William Jenner is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. Wilson and Beadell; that of Dr. Gull from a photograph by Messrs. Maull & Co.; and that of Dr. Lowe from one by Mr. W. R. Pidgeon, of Lynn Regis.

DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING GLASS.

(From the Queen.)

The artist has given us a glimpse of Dolly Varden—Dolly Varden at her toilet, practising some extra bewitching mode of balancing that coquettish little hat of hers on her head; and daintily she does it too, as, indeed, she did everything.

What is there in the very name of Dolly Varden that goes at once to our hearts? Dolly was no heroine; she stands on no pedestal; she certainly was neither clever nor accomplished, and, being placed low in the social scale, had no advantages of wealth or education to recommend her. The incidents of her life are not at all out of the usual way. She is commonplace enough in character and *personnel* and all about her is sketchily rather than elaborately delineated. Ordinary materials enough these to go upon; why is it that a being thus ordinarily conditioned should find her way at once to our hearts, and hold her place there undisturbed ever after, as Dolly certainly has done?

The true answer is doubtless to be found in the wondrous truth of the delineation—not a particular or a local truth, not a portrait of some exceptional character, or limited class of characters, however attractive or admirable, but a general and broadly inclusive truth. Dolly Varden, with her simple beauty, her trimness, her tinge of pertness and coquetry, her briskness, and under all these her modesty, her constancy, her truth, and her purest of pure hearts, is nothing less than a type of our national, our English maidenhood—a type, sketched only, it is true, but most wondrously sketched by a supremely master hand.

Dolly Varden is of no rank or position. She is of every rank. Her home is as often to be found in the baronial hall as it is in the cottage; and her headgear is as often composed of pearls or strawberry leaves as of wild flowers. Dolly Varden with ostrich plumes and diamonds are strongly gregarious at the Palace on court days; they eclipse the most bril-

liant orchids at the flower shows; and where there is a bright, happy, blessed home, no matter in what condition of life, from the palace to the cottage, there in the centre of it is sure to be found our dear Dolly Varden.

Dolly is in fact, as we said above, our pure, good, comely English girl, endeared to us by her innate loveableness rather than by any pretension to exceptional ability, great mental power, or exalted beauty; and the merit of the type as well as the universality of its acceptance lies in the fact of its perfect and simple truth, unalloyed by any touch of exaggeration on the one hand or conventionalism on the other. The like cannot be said for others of the received types of our national characteristics. John Bull, for instance—who shall persuade us that the coarse, obese, fat-brained individual that for some generations has done duty with our caricaturists and illustrators as our national presentment, in the least resembles the representative Englishman, with his noble form, his frank and intelligent visage, and his aristocratic bearing? He forms one of a series of false types that have kept their places because they, by common consent, are taken for what they are intended to be. He belongs to the same category as the lank, shivering, frog-eating Frenchman; the wife-selling Englishman; the out-at-elbow poet; the absurd half-idiotic artist; the purple-nosed ecclesiastic; the starved apothecary. These are conventionalisms, and we understand them as such. They are not truths; and they—most of them at least—were forced on our acceptance by caricaturists, of great power certainly, but of some coarseness as well, Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gilray, &c.; hence the long tenure of their places.

In Dickens' sweet type of our countrywomen we miss all conventionalism, all stage effect, all that is forced or highly wrought, and perceive only its exquisite and characteristic national truth. National, we say, for Dolly is essentially English. Dolly is scarcely to be found in Continental parts. Olympé, with her bright eyes and her Gallic cleverness and *esprit*, is excellent in her way and place, and worthy of all admiration, but she is not our own Dolly Varden. Juanna's countenance may be more flashing, and her step among the orange groves of Seville lighter and more graceful, than our Dolly can boast of; but, attractive as she doubtless is, the two, to our thinking, may not compare. Giacinta, of the Romagna, may be a queen, a goddess; but she is not the chosen of our heart of hearts, our dear Dolly Varden.

ON THE TRACK.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

The stern-visaged men in the half-armour of the seventeenth century, steel breastplates and gorgets over their stout buff jerkins and steel morions, instead of helmets with closed vizors, on their heads, may be taken for a party of Cromwell's troops in the English Civil War, detached upon a service of special moment this winter night. Perhaps they are going to intercept a Royalist convoy of provisions or treasure, to secure the person of some influential nobleman journeying to meet King Charles, or to surprise the mansion of a neighbouring knight, as related in one of the tales which we gave in our Christmas Supplement last week. They are certainly intent upon real business, and will do it thoroughly if they come within reach of their object. The picture, by Mr. H. B. Roberts, is an effective composition of its kind, and shows the artist's powers both of conception and of execution, as the reader may judge from our engraving. It reminds us of more than one incident described in Sir Walter Scott's historical romances and poems.

WAITING FOR THE SHOT.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

To lovers of deer-stalking this picture will probably have a stronger sporting than artistic interest. It indicates the supreme moment of suspense in one of the most exciting kinds of field sport. The game is sighted, but at the slightest sign it may vanish, and no chance of overtaking the same herd would in all likelihood be presented for many weary miles. The stalkers must not betray their covert till the far-ranging rifle-bullet has a chance of striking. The shot fired, then the dogs may be let loose, but not one moment before. If a hit, they may yet have far to run before they bring the stag to bay or pull him down. While, however, recognising the special interest of this picture by Mr. James Hardy, jun., to the sportsman, we must not ignore its pictorial merit. It is a capital study of character. The cowering old gillie, with his grizzled hair, weather-worn face, and sharp, grey eye, seems to be almost of the same breed as the leash of shaggy deerhounds, with their sagacious alertness and their bright keen eyes; and the characteristics, both human and canine, are rendered with very skilful and descriptive handling.

MISTLETOE.

Misselto, miselto, misseltoe, mistletoe, whichever you please, the first for choice—the missel-thrush being deemed the propagator of the plant—the latter by custom.

In or out of the woods and forests we know not of any specimen of Nature's flora imbued with more mystery than this. Physicians of body and soul have held it in high repute. In ages far remote it was pronounced sacred, nor is it altogether now divested of this attribute, for though it is seldom seen in our churches, nevertheless its never being employed to decorate them is incorrect, and no great while since a bough of it used to be suspended from the centre arch of chancels, this going far to prove that in churches centuries ago that was its special place. In a calendar appertaining to the "olden tyme" of the Romish Church, it is noted in reference to Christmas Eve, *templis ornantur*, churches are decked (and it does not seem likely) as many of the identical floral ornamentations of the heathens were selected, mistletoe would be rejected. Gay, in his "Trivia," says—

—the festival of Christmas near,  
Christmas, the joyous period of the year  
Now with bright holly all the temples strow,  
With laurel green, and sacred misseltoe.

The medicinal properties of the mistletoe were held efficacious in certain diseases, not only by doctors of celebrity among the ancients, but by those of modern date, though Mead, the famous medico of Queen Anne's reign, had the daring to pronounce it "a superstitious and inefficient medicine." Magicians too employed the mystic plant. In their

superstitious supplications or invocations, in their mythologies or strange rites, some motive power of hope or fear, gratitude or wonderment, must ever have led the heathen, whether in a state of abject ignorance or intellectual advancement. Fetishism, the adoration of material substance, was the earliest and universal religion of the first inhabitants of the earth—we mean the literal worship of stones, trees, and the like. Artificial fetishism, the symbolic worship of material things, is to be seen in nations far advanced in civilization, and notwithstanding its significance is widely diverse in the ideal, it is sometimes dangerously near to the other.

When for the first time a parasitical plant was beheld it must have created the utmost astonishment to people so simple, so unsophisticated as the worshippers of material things. Let any of us imagine, if in our pride we can, what our own feelings would have been on beholding for the first time such an apparently miraculous interposition as one species of the vegetable kingdom in union with another. What could it mean? might well be our exclamation, for what purpose the presumed miracle? That Providence had a purpose, without an actual miracle being wrought, is evident. The observant and thoughtful pondered the thing in their hearts and minds and the power of grafting occurred to them, the art of budding being beautifully alluded to by Virgil when he makes the parent stem astonished at the production of unusual leaves and fruit:—

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma—

which Dryden translates—

The mother plant admires the leaves unknown  
Of alien trees, and apples not her own—

the apple, by the way, being the most prolific of trees for mistletoe. Thus from its first appearance as a phenomenon, an amazement, a portentous, incomprehensible signification to mortals, to its acknowledgment as the suggestive medium of conferring a boon on the husbandman and gardener, it has been so piously prized as to have called for, and to have retained the epithet of "sacred."

It has again and again been denied that true mistletoe grows upon the oak. This, however, is a popular error. Rare it is, and the rarity of the event very possibly caused the Druids to seize the occasion for making it a matter of much import. No profane hand was permitted to touch it, and it was only when the moon had passed her first quarter that a priest appointed for the office, arrayed in white apparel, a golden crescent fastened to his girdle, approached the plant and performed with a golden hook the ceremony of cutting it amidst the acclamations of the multitudes assembled. And here we may state that one of these crescents being found by a labouring man near Penzance, in Cornwall, was carried by him to a neighbouring antiquary, and thus fortunately has been ensured preservation.

In what way or how far the medicinal properties of mistletoe may have been tested cannot easily be set forth; nevertheless, on returning to this, let us hazard a conjecture. To supply the deficiency of spring grass in Greece and Italy, Theophrastus and Pliny say that it was the custom to feed oxen with the mistletoe, hyphar, and stells after harvest, both hyphar and stells having been conjectured to be species of mistletoe growing on other trees than the oak, the mistletoe proper being more ill-scented, bitter, and viscid or glutinous, and perhaps therefore manifesting effects upon animals which attracted the attention of physicians, who in some form or preparation applied it to the ailments of man. "Quoniam sibi?" who knows, as the Mexicans say, however, here is an hypothesis to go upon.

Whence the custom of kissing under the mistletoe? The origin of this was in all likelihood of religious import, as meaning the kiss of peace and good will at Christmas-tide.

It is not generally known a branch of mistletoe was an emblem of night, and in France and Germany youths were wont to go about, and for aught we know may do so now, carrying branches of mistletoe, and crying "To the mistletoe!" "To the mistletoe!" "The new year is at hand!" and the supposition may not be overstrained that the fair sex accepted the invitation, and kisses were exchanged when lips came into proximity beneath the branch. In northern nations again the mistletoe bough hung aloft on Christmas Eve was significant of the night which for them preceded a new year of redemption. The knowledge possessed by magicians of the occult powers of mistletoe, or the purpose they applied it to—phylacterics, philters, potions, or what not—magicians alone can tell; a slight acquaintance with the doings of Dr. Faustus and the devil—printer's devil—is enough for any honest person to have.—*Linnæus and White.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—In 1810, Mr. Frere married Jemima Elizabeth, the Dowager Countess of Erroll. His wife told the story of one of their early meetings. She was then in the zenith of her beauty, and he had been introduced to her at an evening party, and offered to hand her down stairs to procure some refreshment. But he was so much interested in the conversation that, having poured out a glass of negus for her, he drank it himself, and then offered her his arm to go up stairs again, and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance. "This," she added, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us." One day Mr. Frere called on Mr. Murray in Albemarle Street, and the publisher got so interested in some verses Mr. Frere was reading and commenting on, that he all at once found it was dinner time. He asked Frere to stay; but the latter, startled to find it so late, said he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he had promised the Countess of Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country.

The following dialogue is reported to have taken place between a Virginian and a Yankee picket:—"I say, can you fellows shoot?"—"We reckon we can some. Down in Mississippi, we can knock a bumble bee off a thistle-top at 300 yards."—"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoot up in Vaarmout. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The capt'n draws us up in a single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that did not go in at the bung-hole, the number who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."