

The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction eBook

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Page 1

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST.

[Illustration: *New church of st. Dunstan in the West, Fleet street.*]

In our fourteenth volume we took a farewell glance of the old church of St. Dunstan, and adverted to the proposed new structure. Little did we then expect that within three years the removal of the old church would be effected, and a fabric of greatly surpassing beauty raised in its place. All this has been accomplished by the unanimity of the parishioners of St. Dunstan, unaided by any public grant, and assisted only by their own right spirit, integrity, and well-directed taste. The erection of this Church, as the annexed Engraving shows, is not to be considered merely as a parochial, but as a public, benefit, and must be ranked among the most important of our metropolitan improvements. The different situation of the new and the old churches will occasion an addition of 30 feet to the width of the opposite street, and it will be perceived by the Engraving,[1] that improvements are contemplated in the houses adjoining the church, so as to give an *unique* architectural character to this portion of the line of Fleet-street.

[1] Copied, by permission, from a handsome Lithograph, published by Mr. Waller, Fleet-street.

The church has been built from the designs and under the superintendance of John Shaw, Esq., F.R. and A.S. the architect of Christ's Hospital. The tower is of the Kelton stone, a very superior kind of freestone, of beautiful colour, from the county of Rutland. Of this material King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and many other of our finest edifices have been constructed. The tower has below an entrance doorway, finished with rich mouldings and tracery; on each side are the arms of his Majesty and the City of London. Above is a clock with three dials, and a belfry to admit the fine set of bells[2] from the old church, the sound of which will doubtless receive effect through the four large upper windows which are the main features of the tower. Above these windows, the tower, hitherto square, becomes gradually octagonal, springing from corbeled heads; till terminated by four octagonal pinnacles, and crowned by an octagonal moulded battlement. Upon the tower is an enriched stone lantern, perforated with gothic windows of two heights, each angle having a buttress and enriched finial; the whole being terminated by an ornamental, pierced, and very rich crown parapet. The height of the tower, to the battlements, is 90 feet; and the whole height of the tower and lantern is 130 feet.



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[2] The tower of the old church was furnished with a set of eight very excellent bells: there was also a bell of a smaller size suspended in one of the turrets, which was rung every morning at a quarter before seven o'clock. On the walls of the belfry were some records of exploits in ringing, which had been performed there on different occasions.

The body of the church is of fine brick, finished with stone, and of octagon form, about 50 feet diameter. The interior has eight recesses; one of these being occupied by the altar with a large pointed window above, and three others by the organ and galleries for the children of the parish schools: the remaining four recesses are unoccupied by galleries; against their walls are placed the sepulchral monuments from the old church. The octagon form was often adopted in the lady-chapels at the east end of our most ancient cathedrals, where the recesses were devoted to tombs and private chapels. The upper or clere story is supported on arches, with an enriched gothic window in each compartment. The roof springs from clustered columns, branching into an enriched groined ceiling, with a very large and embellished pendent key-stone in the centre, from which will be suspended the chandelier to light the whole of the interior. The ornaments of this key-stone are of a very elegant character: its foliated tracery, as well as the richness of the bosses, corbels, and other embellishments throughout the interior, are extremely beautiful. The pewing, gallery fronts, and fittings will be of fine oak; and we learn that the altar and eight clere story windows will be filled with painted glass. The church is calculated to hold about 900 persons.

The tower is connected with the main body by a lobby, and will front the street, enclosed with a handsome railing. The builders of the church are Messrs. Browne and Atkinson, of Goswell-street, London; and the pewing and interior fittings are about to be executed by Messrs. Cubitt.

* * * * *

We could occupy a column or a page with enumerating the monumental remains of the old church, although we have already mentioned the principal of them. (*See Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 145-243.) It is our intention to return to them, even if it be but to point the attention of the lover of parochial antiquities to a *Series of Views of St. Dunstan and its Monuments, with an Historical Account of the Church*, by the Rev. J.F. Denham; which by its concise yet satisfactory details, leads us to wish that every parish in the metropolis were illustrated by so accomplished an annalist.

* * * * *

ITALIAN HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

When the cypress-tree is weeping
With the bright rose o'er the tomb.



And the sunny orb is sleeping
On the mountain's brow of gloom.
Sweet mother at thy shrine
Our spirits melt in prayer,
Beneath the loveliness divine,
Which art has pictured there.



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Or when the crystal star of Even
Is mirror'd in the silent sea,
And we can almost deem that heaven
Derives its calmest smile from thee.
Oh, virgin, if the lute
Invokes thy name in song,
Be thine the only voice that's mute,
Amid the tuneful throng.

When battle waves her falchion gory,
Over the dead on sea or land,
And one proud heart receives the glory,
Won by the blood of many a band,
If the hero's prayer to thee,
From his fading lips be given,
Awake his heart to ecstasy,
With brightest hopes of heaven.

Madonna! on whose bosom slumber'd,
The infant, Christ, with sunny brow,
The viewless hours have pass'd unnumber'd,
Since we adored thy shrine as now;
But not the gorgeous sky,
Nor the blue expansive sea,
To us such beauty could supply,
As that which hallow'd thee!

And when the scenes of life are faded
From our dim eyes like phantom-things,
When gentlest hearts with gloom are shaded,
And cease to thrill at Fancy's strings,
Thou, like the rainbow's form,
When summer skies are dark,
Shalt give thy light amid the storm,
And guide the Wanderer's bark!

G.R. Carter.

* * * * *



ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

“For my part I do much admire, with what soul or with what appetite the first man, with his mouth touched slaughter, and reached to his lips the flesh of a dead animate.”—*Plutarch*.

We ought not perhaps to insist too much on the opinions of the heathen philosophers, because the extension of knowledge, and a more matured experience, has shown the fallacy of many of their notions; but if we were permitted to lay any stress on the authority of these celebrated men, we might bring forward a mine of classical learning in commendation of a vegetable diet; we might point to the life of a Pythagoras, or a Seneca, as well as to the works of a Plato, and show how the wisest among the ancients lived, as well as thought, with regard to this subject.

But we shall be contented, as far as authority is concerned, to rest our claims to attention, rather upon that which bears a more modern date, and to bring forward the evidence of facts instead of the theories of ingenuity. The subject itself we may venture to hope, though a little homely, is not without interest, and certainly not unimportant. It is somewhat scientific from its very nature, and so far from being a matter confined to the medical faculty, it is one on which every man exerts, every day of his existence, his own free choice, as far indeed as custom has allowed him the exercise of that freedom.



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But, though we will not go back to the dreams of our forefathers, (who, if they had more genius, had fewer materials for it to work upon than their servile children,) yet we must always make the Bible an exception, and in the present case we find it expedient as well as becoming, to refer to that oldest and most valuable of records. We have there no express mention of eating flesh before the Flood; but, on the contrary, a direct command that man should subsist on the fruits of the earth. ("Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to *you it shall be for meat*"—Gen. i. 29.)

After the Flood, when the Israelites were distressed for want of food in the Wilderness, we find that it was sent to them from heaven in a vegetable form, and to denote its divine origin and its superior excellency, it is called in the Scriptures "the corn of heaven," and "angels' food," &c. Oftener than once this favoured but ungrateful people despised and loathed this miraculous provision; they called out for animal food, and accordingly quails were sent them, but they were punished with destruction by the flesh which they desired; ("And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague."—Numb. xi. 33.)

Thus in the first ages of the world, and during the shepherd state of society, men lived upon berries, and such fruits as the earth spontaneously produced; we have mentioned generally how the philosophers of Greece and Rome preferred to live, and there are not wanting instances of men bred up in the sensuality of modern times who have followed their example. The philosopher, Franklin, who reached a great age, for a considerable portion of his life kept entirely to a vegetable diet; and Abernethy, a name yet more familiar in our ears, has left us this maxim, that "a vegetable diet and abstinence from fermented liquors tends more than anything else to tranquillize the system."—(vide the *Abernethian Code*.) Another popular and scientific writer of the present day makes a similar confession, which coming from such an unexpected quarter carries weight: "Although professedly friends to gastronomy, moderated by a decided aversion to anything like sensuality, we are of opinion that man is less fit to feed upon carnal than vegetable substance." (Accum's *Culinary Chemistry*.)

The author of *The Art of Improving Health*, has also a passage in point: "An animal diet, especially in temperate climates, is more wasting than a vegetable; because it excites by its stimulating qualities a fever after every meal, by which the springs of life are urged into constant and weakening exertions: on the contrary, a vegetable diet tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those

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who live principally on meat.” Thus we might go on multiplying authorities on this subject, but we shall content ourselves with referring briefly to one or two authors of a more literary stamp, and have done with quotation. The eloquent Shelley, in his notes to *Queen Mab*, pretty roundly assures us, that “according to comparative anatomy, man resembles frugivorous animals in everything, carnivorous in nothing;” and the famous author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has quaintly but nervously observed, “As a lamp is choked with over much oil, or a fire with too much wood, so is the natural heat strangled in the body by the superfluous use of flesh; thus men wilfully pervert the good temperature of their bodies, stifle their wits, strangle nature, and degenerate into beasts.” The somewhat visionary but fascinating Rousseau, has also in his *Treatise of Education*, to which we refer our readers, most powerfully condemned the use of flesh, and he humorously attributes the proverbial boorishness of Englishmen to their fondness for roast beef!

And now let us look a little to facts: in all ages of the world those have ever been the most savage nations which observed an animal diet. Thus the Tartars, the Ethiopians, the Scythians, and the Arabians, who live wholly on animal food, possess that ferocity of mind and fierceness of character, common to carnivorous animals, while the vegetable diet of the Brahmins and Hindoos gives to their character a gentleness and mildness directly the reverse; potatoes, chestnuts, &c. satisfy the wants of the Alpine peasant, and there are numerous, harmless tribes, who feed solely on vegetables and water. Even Homer in his time has made the Cyclops, who were flesh eaters, horrid monsters of men, and the Lotophagi, he has described as a people so amiable, that when strangers had once become acquainted with them, and tasted the fruits on which they lived, they even forgot their native country to take up their abode with their hosts. But in those civilized countries where animal food is commonly eaten, it must follow that the lower orders, who compose the great majority of the population, cannot partake of it in any great quantities; now it does not appear that the rich enjoy better health from this luxurious mode of living, or that the poor are less healthy from the want of it; on the contrary, the wealthier classes are subject to many chronic and other disorders arising from their aliment, and they have a very large body of physicians, who subsist by a constant attendance on them, while on the other hand, those in the lower walks of life are seldom out of health, owing to their more simple and less injurious mode of living; they suffer only from accident and natural disease, and, generally speaking, when they are attacked, it proves their first and last illness. Moreover, as the poor are more at ease while they live, so too experience shows that they live longer; cases of longevity are very rare with those in affluent circumstances, while most of the famous instances on record of persons arriving at extraordinary old age, have been peasants, fishermen, &c.



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An hospital was established some short time since in the neighbourhood of London for the purpose of experiment, and it was ascertained by actual computation, and by comparison with the bills of mortality, that an average number of persons will reach a greater age by observing strictly a vegetable diet.

Compared with the English, the French have a greater proportion of arable land than pasture, and consequently they rear fewer cattle, yet they have a thriving population, and that would hardly be if they were stinted in quality or quantity of food. The Irish peasantry live principally on potatoes, yet they have seldom been found fault with as labourers, and seem to be a well-built and able-bodied race of men. But we have not only sufficient proof of the beneficial effect of vegetable aliment—there are many instances on record, if we had time or space for them—to show how detrimental the contrary regimen has sometimes been. One example is worth mentioning: a man was prevailed on by a reward to live upon partridges without any vegetables, but he was obliged to desist at the end of eight days, from the appearance of strong symptoms of putrefaction.

That we live upon meat, and yet increase in growth and strength is little to the point, but whether we might not be still better without it; dogs thrive upon flesh, but biscuits are better for them: that we are fond of it is still less pertinent, for who does not know that custom alters nature itself, that it becomes, in fact, a second nature, and that such things as we are accustomed to, though actually evil in their own nature, yet become gradually less offensive, and at last pleasant. We have very remarkable proofs of this in all parts of the world. In China they eat cats and dogs, while the poorer classes think rats, mice, and other vermin, no bad food. The Romans thought peacocks a dainty, which we quite nauseate. The Greenlander and the Esquimaux relish train-oil, whilst these and all savages, on first tasting our wines are disgusted and spit them out. Horse-flesh is commonly sold in the markets of the north. Then again, there are some wandering Moors, who subsist entirely on gum senegal, and there have been many cases of shipwreck where the mariners have even subsisted for weeks on old shoes, tobacco, or whatever they could get; in short, what cannot custom effect? The Turk, by constant habit, is enabled to take opium in quantities that would soon destroy us; and every one must have known private cases where individuals in this country could take laudanum in surprising doses; we have all more or less experienced the power of habit in our acquired tastes, and whether we derive pleasure from the fumes of tobacco, or approve the flavour of olives, we may remember that at first we disliked, or were indifferent about either. History itself informs us, that Mithridates was able to drink poison; and there was a female slave, sent to Alexander by King Porus, who was even brought up with it from



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her infancy. But to bring this influence of custom upon the taste, still more in point, we find recorded in a work upon zoology, the following remarkable case:—The provender for a lamb, which a ship's company had on board, was all consumed; in the absence of other food they offered it flesh, which it was at last compelled to devour, and gradually acquired such a relish for this new aliment, that it could never after be prevailed on to eat any thing else.

It is very certain that the most natural tastes are the most simple: our first aliment is milk, and it is only by degrees we bring ourselves to relish strong food; one speaking proof that such stimulating diet is not natural to the human palate, is the indifference children have for such food, and they evidently prefer pastry, fruit, &c., until the digestive organs become more depraved. Neither has man the peculiarities of a carnivorous animal; he has no hawk-bill, no sharp talons to tear his prey, and he wants that strength of stomach and power of digestion which is requisite to assimilate such heavy fare; his tongue is not rough, but, as compared with that of ravenous animals, of a very smooth texture; neither are his teeth pointed and rough like a saw, which above all is a distinguishing mark. It is well known that in our West Indian colonies, all the negroes still surviving, who were originally brought over from Africa, have their teeth filed down to this day, which was at first expressly done for the purpose of tearing and eating human flesh. It is probable that the first man who adopted this most horrible custom, was driven to it by necessity and the want or scarcity of other food, and we know certainly that cannibals are as much excited by the spirit of revenge as by an appetite for flesh, in devouring their captured enemies; we, however, have not even this poor plea; we are even ungrateful in attending to the satisfaction of our desires, for we kill without remorse, as well the ox that labours for us, as the sheep that clothes us, and disregarding all the natural wealth of the fields, and the delicacies of the garden, we capriciously destroy creatures who are no doubt sent into the world to enjoy life as well as ourselves. But you who contend that you are born with an inclination to such food, why object to kill what you would eat? do it, however, with your own hands, and without the aid of a knife; tear your victim to pieces with your fingers, as lions do with their claws, and after worrying a hare or a lamb, fall on and eat alive as they do; drink up the flowing blood, and devour the flesh while it is yet warm! Is not the very idea horrible? we know we could not do it; as it is, the sight of uncooked flesh with all its raw horror excites loathing and disgust, and it is only by culinary preparation, it can be softened and rendered somewhat more susceptible of mastication and digestion; it must be completely transformed by roasting, boiling, &c., and afterwards so disguised by salts, spices, and various sauces, that the natural taste is gone, the palate is deceived into the admission of such uncouth fare, and finds a flavour in the taste of these cadaverous morsels.

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May we be allowed to take for granted, that health may be preserved through the same means by which it is recovered? If so, animal food is clearly an impediment to a healthy state of body, for health is restored by a simple and fleshless diet, and therefore may be preserved by the same regimen. That animal food is highly stimulant there can be no doubt; but like all other stimulants, it produces weakness eventually, for when excitement has been brought to its acme, debility must of necessity succeed.

The grand objection to an animal diet, is its detrimental effect upon the mind: it is well known that flesh-eating makes the body strong and lusty, (and it is for that reason recommended to pugilists who are in a course of training,) but the mind becomes weak and inactive; for it must needs happen, where a muddy and clogged body is shackled down by heavy and unnatural nourishment, that all the vigour and brilliancy of the understanding must be confused and made dull, and that, wanting clearness for nobler things, it must ramble after little and unworthy objects. The passions cannot fail to be excited, and thus the whole of the irrational nature becoming fattened as it were, the soul is drawn downward and abandons its proper love of true being. The truth of this we must all more or less have experienced: we are never so lively when we have dined, and the studious man knows well that the morning is the more proper time for his employment.

Why then should we not liberate ourselves from such inconvenience, by abandoning as far as we can a fleshy diet? and let us remember, that even on the score of comfort, the pain of indigence is much milder than that which is produced by repletion. We should thus free ourselves at once from a heavy and somnolent condition of body, from many and vehement diseases, from the want of medical assistance, from "the crassitude of the corporeal bond," and above all, from that savage and unnatural strength which incites to base actions, so as to escape an Iliad of evils!

F.

* * * * *

MY FATHERLAND.

From the German of Korner.

Where is the minstrel's Fatherland?
'Tis where the spirit warmest glows,
Where laurels bloom for noblest brows,
Where warlike hearts the truest vows
Swear, lit by friendship's holy brand;
There was once my Fatherland.



What calls the minstrel, Fatherland?

That land, which weeps beneath the yoke
Its slaughter'd sons, and foeman's stroke:
Land of the stern, unbending oak.
Land of the free, the German land,
That once I call'd my Fatherland.

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?

It weeps before a tyrant's dread,
The valour of its monarch's fled;
At Deutchland's voice a people dead,
Despised, unheeded its command.
This, this weeps, my Fatherland.



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Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?

It calls on spirits pale with wonder,
In desperation's words of thunder,
To rise and burst its chain asunder.
On retribution's vengeful hand,
On this calls my Fatherland.

What would the minstrel's Fatherland?

To blot out slav'ry's foul disgrace,
The bloodhound from its realms to chase,
And free to bear a freeborn race:
Or bid them free beneath its sand,
This, this would my Fatherland.

And hopes the minstrel's Fatherland?

Yes, that for God and Deutchland's sake,
Its own true people will awake,
And outrag'd heaven, vengeance take;
That he,^[3] whose prowess has been scann'd,
Will save the minstrel's Fatherland.

H.

[3] Blucher.

* * * * *

THE NATURALIST.

* * * * *

ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(From Chit-chat, in the Magazine of Natural History, by Dovaston and Von Osdar.)

Dov. Ray tells a humourous story, that, after the patiently exploring commissioners, at the end of their long examinations, deliberately confessed their utter ignorance to account for the Goodwin Sands, an old man gravely asserted Tenterden steeple to be the cause.

Von Os. Tenterden steeple!

Dov. Ay; Tenterden steeple: for that those sands first appeared the year it was erected.



Von Os. And the slightest interview with the mass of mankind, any hour, will prove the race of Tenterden philosophers to be far from extinct.

Dov. Particularly with regard to facts relative to natural history: and this is the more lamentable, and perhaps the more surprising, when we consider its unlimited adaptability to all capacities, ages, sexes, and ranks; and, moreover, the absolute necessity of many parts of it to their intellectual existence.

Von Os. There is in our village, a slater, very fond of keeping bees. These useful insects, he says, at breeding-time sweat prodigiously; and each lays four eggs at the bottom of each cell: soon after which, he has observed the combs to become full of maggots, which must be carefully destroyed by smoke! When any one of his numerous family is buried, as the corpse passes out of the house, he carefully loosens every hive, and lifts it up; otherwise, he says, the bees would all die!

Dov. The superstitions about bees are numberless.

Von Os. And yet this poor fellow believes himself inspired with “grace abounding;” and readily undertakes to “*spound*,” as he calls it, any verse read to him, however remotely insulated from the context.



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Dov. But what would you think of a gentleman I have the pleasure of visiting in the higher ranks, and whose conversation is really a happiness to me, who talks of little young bees?—and really believes that they grow! He smiled at me compassionately when I told him that insects never grew when in the perfect state; but, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, issue full-armed with sharpest weapons, and corslets of burnished green, purple, and gold, in panoply complete: yet is this gentleman a man of genius, wit, and very extensive knowledge.

Von Os. Not in bees.

Dov. He was not aware of the numerous species of British bees; and that several, of a small intrepid sort, will enter the hives, and prey on the treasures of their more industrious congeners.

Von Os. Reasoning from analogy does not do in natural history.

Dov. No; for who, without observation, or the information of others, ever by analogical reasoning could reconcile the enormous difference of size and colour, in the sexes of some of the humble bees?—or ever discover that in some species there are even females of two sizes?

Von Os. But these never grow.

Dov. Certainly not. Bees, however, hatched in very old cells, will be somewhat smaller: as each maggot leaves a skin behind which, though thinner than the finest silk, layer after layer, contracts the cells, and somewhat compresses the future bee.

Von Os. No ignorance is so contemptible as that of what is hourly before our eyes. I do not so much wonder at the fellow who inquired if America was a very large town, as at him who, finding the froth of the Cicada spumaria L. on almost every blade in his garden, wondered where were all the cuckoos that produced it.

Dov. They call it cuckoo-spit, from its plentiful appearance about the arrival of that bird.

Von Os. That is reasoning from analogy.

Dov. And yet I see not why the bird should be given to spitting; unless, indeed, he came from America.

Von Os. The vulgar, too, not only delight in wonders inexplicable, but have a rabid propensity to pry into futurity.

Dov. I believe that propensity is far from being confined to the vulgar.



Von Os. True; but not in so ridiculous a way: as they prophesy the future price of wheat from the number of lenticular knobs (containing the sporules) in the bottom of a cup of the fungus *Nidularia*.

Dov. The weather may be foretold with considerable certainty, for a short time, from many hygrometric plants, and the atmospheric influence on animals.

Von Os. And from *Cloudology*, by the changing of primary clouds into compound; and these resolving themselves into nimbi, for rain; or gathering into cumuli, for fair weather. This is like to become a very useful and pleasing science.



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Dov. It is wonders of this kind, and forewarnings of this nature, that natural history offers to the contemplative mind: in the place of superstitious follies, and unavailing predictions, such as the foretelling of luck from the number or chattering of magpies; and the wonder how red clover changes itself into grass, as many a farmer at this moment believes.

Von Os. Linnaeus himself was a bit of a prophet; as, indeed, thus well he might; for experience and observation amount almost to the power of vaticination. In his *Academic Aménities* he says, “Deus, O.M. et Natura nihil frustra creaverit. Posteris tamen tot inventuros fore utilitates ex muscis arguo, quot ex reliquis vegetabilibus.”

Dov. English it, Von Osdad; thou’rt a scholar.

Von Os. “God and Nature have made nothing in vain. Posterity may discover as much in mosses, as of utility in other herbs.”

Dov. And, truly, so they may: one lichen is already used as a blessed medicine in asthma; and another to thicken milk, as a nutritive posset. And who, enjoying the rich productions of our present state of horticulture, can recur without wonder to the tables of our ancestors? They knew absolutely nothing of vegetables in a culinary sense; and as for their application in medicine, they had no power unless gathered under planetary influence, “sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse.”

Von Os. When Mercury was culminating, or Mars and Venus had got into the ninth house.

Dov. ’Tis curious to reflect, that at the vast baronial feasts, in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, where we read of such onslaught of beeves, muttuns, hogs, fowl and fish, the courtly knights and beauteous dames had no other vegetable save bread—not even a potato!

Von Os.

“They carved at the meal with their gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barr’d.”

Dov. And when the cloth was drawn—

Von Os. Cloth!—

Dov. They had scarce an apple to give zest to their wine.

Von Os. We read of roasted crabs; and mayhap they had baked acorns and pignuts.



Dov. Ha! ha! ha!—Caliban’s dainties. Now we have wholesome vegetables almost for nothing, and pine-apples for a trifle. Thanks to Mr. Knight—push the bottle—here’s to his health in a bumper.

Von Os. Who, walking on Chester walls in those days, and seeing the *Brassica oleracea*, where it grows in abundance, would have supposed that from it would spring cabbages as big as drums, and cauliflowers as florid as a bishop’s wig?

Dov. Or cautiously *chaumbering* an acrid sloe, imagine it to be the parent of a green gage?

Von Os. This is the Education of Vegetables.

Dov. The March of Increment!

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THE TULIP TREE.

This tree is now in bloom. It is a native of North America, where it is vulgarly called the poplar. The first which produced blossoms in this country, is said to have been at the Earl of Peterborough's, at Parson's Green, near Fulham. In 1688 this tree was cultivated by Bishop Compton at Fulham, who introduced a great number of new plants from North America. At Waltham Abbey, is a tulip tree, supposed to be the largest in England. The leaves of the tulip tree are very curious, and appear as if cut off with scissors. The flowers, though not glaring, are singularly beautiful, resembling a small tulip, variegated with green, yellow and orange, standing solitary at the ends of the branches. I saw one of these curious trees in full bloom a few days since between Edmonton and Enfield.

P.T.W.

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CHANGES DURING THE MATURATION OF FRUIT.

The sap is changed into a viscid fluid, which circulates under the bark: this is called *cambium*. When it is too abundant it is effused, part of its water evaporates, and it becomes gum. If the vital circle is not interrupted, the fluid traverses the branches, and the peduncle arrives in the ovary, and constitutes the pericarp. In this passage it is partly modified: it appropriates to itself the oxygen of its water of composition; hence the malic, citric, and tartaric acids. As the fruit becomes developed, the pellicle thins, becomes transparent, and allows both light and heat to exercise a more marked influence. It is during this period that maturation commences. The acids react on the cambium, which flows into the fruit, and, aided by the increased temperature, convert it into saccharine matter; at the same time they disappear, being saturated with gelatine, when maturation is complete.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal*.

We may here observe that in a recent paper, by Mr. J. Williams, in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, the cause of apples becoming *russet* is attributed to the alternating temperature, light, shade, dryness, and moisture, which occur many times in the course of a day, when July or August is showery. Continued rain, preceded and followed by a cloudy sky, does not seem to produce the same effect, but the sudden, intense light which commonly succeeds a shower at the time the fruit is wet, injures the skin, and occasions small cracks, like the network upon a melon.

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MIGRATION OF BIRDS.



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Whatever theory of instinct may be finally fixed upon as the most correct and philosophical, (to account for the migratory movements of birds,) it is obvious that we cut rather than untie the gordian knot when we talk of the foresight of the brute creation. We might as well talk of the foresight of a barometer. There can be little doubt that birds, prior to their migratory movements, are influenced by atmospherical changes, or other physical causes, which, however beyond the sphere of our perceptions, are sufficient for their guidance. That they are not possessed of the power of divination may be exemplified by the following instance. The winter of 1822 was so remarkably mild throughout Europe, that primroses came generally into flower by the end of December, —rye was in ear by the middle of March, and vines, in sheltered situations, blossomed about the end of that month,—so that an assured and unchecked spring was established at least four or five weeks earlier than usual;—yet neither the cuckoo nor the swallow arrived a single day before their accustomed periods. They are indeed, beautifully and wisely directed,—“Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.”—(From a delightful paper upon American Ornithology, in the *Quarterly Review*, just published.)

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FINE ARTS.

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STATUE OF MR. PITT.

[Illustration: Statue of Mr. Pitt.]

This splendid tribute to the memory of the darling minister, has been placed at the south side of Hanover Square. It is of bronze, and stands on a granite pedestal, of size disproportionate to the height and bulk of the figure. The artist is Mr. Chantrey: the work being at the cost of the nobility of the land, and a few ardent admirers of “the system” introduced by Mr. Pitt into the government of this country. We have long had festal celebrations and joyous commemorations of the natal day and deeds of the minister—“the darling of fame”—but the above is the most lasting memorial. Its bronze will in all probability outlast the mettle of party. The resemblance is considered striking, and the effect of the statue is bold and dignified. Biographers tell us that “in person, Pitt was tall, slender, well-proportioned, and active. He had blue eyes, rather a fair complexion, prominent features, and a high, capacious forehead. His aspect was severe and forbidding; his voice clear and powerful; his action dignified, but neither graceful nor engaging; his tone and manners, although urbane and complacent in society, were lofty, and even arrogant, in the senate. On entering the house, it was his

custom to stalk sternly to his place, without honouring even his most favoured adherents with a word, a nod, or even a glance of recognition.”



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THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK

Has reopened with two new views—Paris from Montmartre, (by no means a new, but, perhaps, the best, point of view of the city,)—and the famed Campo Santo of Pisa. The execution of both scenes is calculated to maintain the *unique* reputation of the establishment. They have the fine effects, the finishing touches, of master-hands.

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NEW BOOKS.

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THE TRIALS OF CHARLES I.

(With those of some of the Regicides have been prepared for the 31st volume of the *Family Library*. We suspect the editor to be M. D'Israeli, who has been poring over the records and fingering the dust of the Royal "martyr" for many years past. Our honourable friend, Clavering, of the *Metropolitan*, in his recollections of the British Museum, long since, says, "there sat D'Israeli, daily extracting from the voluminous M.S. letters of James I. and Charles I." Whoever the compiler of this volume may be, it must be allowed that, in the form of notes and biographies, he has brought into less than 350 pages a greater collection of interesting incidents connected with his main subject than many writers would have cared to assemble; and he has accordingly produced a work, in every respect, fitted for popular reading. We quote passages from the Execution to the Interment of Charles, but we have not room for the Editor's very pertinent "Remarks on the Trial.")

On the morning of his death, Charles, according to the relation of his faithful attendant, Sir Thos. Herbert, awoke about two hours before daybreak, after a sound sleep of four hours. He called to Herbert, who lay on a pallet, by his bedside, and bade him rise; "for," said the King, "I will get up, I have a great work to do this day." He then gave orders what clothes he would wear, and said to his attendant, "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp[4] as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death—death is not terrible to me. I bless God, I am prepared." Soon after the King was dressed, Bishop Juxon came to him, according to his appointment the night before. He remained an hour in private with him, when Herbert was called in, and the Bishop prayed with the King, using the prayers of the church, and then read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, which so beautifully describes the passion of

our Saviour. The King thanked the Bishop for his choice of the lesson; but he was surprised and gratified to learn that it was the lesson for the day according to the calendar.

[4] The day was so piercing that the king, at the persuasion of Bishop Juxon, wore a cloak till the moment of his death.

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About ten o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the King's chamber door, and, being admitted by Herbert, came in trembling, and announced to the King that it was time to go to Whitehall, where he might have further time to rest; and soon afterwards the King, taking the Bishop by the hand proposed to go. Charles then walked out through the garden of the palace into the Park, where several companies of foot waited as his guard; and, attended by the Bishop on one side, and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, both bare-headed, he walked fast down the Park, sometimes cheerfully calling on the guard to "march apace." As he went along, he said, "he now went to strive for an heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem."

At the end of the Park, the King^[5] went up the stairs leading to the long gallery, and so into the Cabinet Chamber of the Palace of Whitehall. Being delayed here in consequence of the scaffold not being ready, he offered up several prayers, and entered into religious discourse with the Bishop. About twelve he ate some bread, and drank a glass of claret, declining to dine after he had received the sacrament.

[5] The late Sir Henry Englefield related a traditional anecdote, that Charles, in passing through the Park, pointed out a tree near the entrance from Spring Gardens (where the cows at present stand,) saying, "That tree was planted by brother Henry."

When Charles arrived at Whitehall, the Colonels Hacker, Huncks, and Phayer produced to Tomlinson the warrant for his execution; and in the Horn Chamber the King was delivered by Tomlinson into the custody of those officers; Charles requested Tomlinson, however, to remain with him to the last, and acknowledged his kind and respectful conduct by presenting to him a gold toothpicker and case which he carried in his pocket. Tomlinson also introduced to him Mr. Seymour, who brought a letter from the Prince to his father, with whom the King conversed, and charged him with various messages for the Prince.

In the mean time a different scene was passing in Ireton's chamber, a small room in another part of the palace. Ireton and Harrison were here in bed; and Cromwell, Axtell, Huncks, Hacker, and Phayer were present. Cromwell commanded Huncks to draw up an order to the executioner pursuant to the warrant for the King's execution. Huncks refused; whereupon Cromwell was highly incensed, and called him a peevish, froward fellow; and Axtell exclaimed, "Colonel Huncks, I am ashamed of you:—the ship is now coming into the harbour, and will you strike sail before we come to anchor?" Cromwell then went to a table, and, as it would appear, wrote the order to the executioner, and then gave the pen to Hacker, who, as one of the officers charged with the execution of the warrant, signed it.^[6] Cromwell, and the rest of the officers, then went out of the chamber, and, in a few minutes, Hacker came and knocked



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at the door of the chamber where the King was, with Tomlinson, the Bishop, Herbert, and some of his guards. Herbert and the Bishop were deeply affected at this signal for their final separation from their sovereign and master. The King stretched out his hand to them, which they kissed, falling on their knees and weeping, the King helping the aged bishop to rise. He then bade Hacker to open the door and he would follow; and he was conducted by Hacker, Tomlinson, and other officers and soldiers, through the banquetting house by a passage broken through the wall, where the centre window now is. The street now called Parliament Street was at that time crossed by two ranges of buildings belonging to the palace of Whitehall, with wide arched gateways crossing the street, and forming the public thoroughfare. One gateway was opposite to Privy Gardens; and there was a way over it from these gardens belonging to the palace, to pass into St. James's Park. The other building traversing the street was the sumptuous gallery of Whitehall, built by Henry VIII., the scene of so many adventures and events of various descriptions in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and the two Charles's. Connected with this gallery was "a beautiful gatehouse," over a noble archway. Lord Leicester says, in his Journal (p. 60.),—"The scaffold was erected between Whitehall gate and the gallery leading to St. James's." Lilly asserts, that it was just at the spot where the blood of a citizen had been shed at the commencement of the rebellion, when a mob were vociferating "*No Bishop*" under the windows of the palace, and some cavaliers sallied out to disperse them, and one was killed. A strong guard of several regiments of horse and foot being posted about the scaffold, so that the people could not approach near enough to hear any discourse from the King, he addressed his last sentences chiefly to the Bishop, Colonel Tomlinson, and the other officers who stood near him.

[6] See the evidence on the trials of Hacker, Axtell, and Hulet, State Trials, vol. v.

"*The Bishop*. Though your Majesty's affections may be very well known as to religion; yet it may be expected that you should say something thereof for the world's satisfaction."

"*The King*. I thank you heartily, my Lord, for that I had almost forgotten it. In troth, Sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and therefore I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man, I think, will witness it."

Then to Colonel Hacker he said, "Take care that they do not put me to pain: and, Sir, this and it please you—"

But a gentleman coming near the axe, the King said, "Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe."

Then speaking unto the executioner, he said, “I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—”



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Then turning to the Bishop, he said, "I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side."

"The Bishop. There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way, it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort."

"The King. I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world."

"The Bishop. You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown; a good exchange."

Then the King said to the executioner, "Is my hair well?" and took off his cloak and his George, giving his George to the Bishop, saying, "Remember." Then he put off his doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he put on his cloak again; then looking upon the block, he said to the executioner, "You must set it fast."

"Executioner. It is fast, Sir."

"The King. When I put out my hands this way (stretching them out), then—" After that, having said two or three words to himself, as he stood with his hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block.[7] And then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the King, thinking he was going to strike, said, "Stay for the sign."

[7] It being doubted whether the king would submit to the executioner, staples were driven into the block, and hooks prepared, in order, if necessary, to confine his head forcibly to the block. On the trial of Hugh Peters in 1660, it was sworn that this was done by his orders given on the scaffold to one Tench, a joiner; in Houndsditch. See State Trials, vol. v.

"Executioner. Yes, I will, and please your Majesty."—After a little pause, the King stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, and held it up and showed it to the people, saying, "Behold the head of a traitor!" At the instant when the blow was given, a dismal universal groan was uttered by the people (as if by one consent) such as was never before heard; and as soon as the execution was over, one troop of horse marched rapidly from Charing Cross to King Street, and another from King Street to Charing Cross, to disperse and scatter the multitude.

Though Joyce and Hugh Peters have been suspected of inflicting the murderous blow on Charles, and though another claimant for this infamous distinction is put forward in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1767, there seems little doubt that Richard Brandon, the common hangman, assisted by his man, Ralph Jones, a ragman in Rosemary Lane, in

fact perpetrated the deed. Among the tracts relative to the Civil War presented to the British Museum by George III., in 1762, are three on this subject, which are fully noticed in a note to Mr. Ellis's Letters on English History, vol. iii. (second series.) It appears, by the register



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of Whitechapel Church, that Richard Brandon was buried there on the 24th of June, 1649; and a marginal note (not in the hand of the Registrar, but bearing the mark of antiquity), states, "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I."—One of the tracts, entitled "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his Death-bed, concerning the Beheading of his late Majesty," printed in 1649, states, "During the time of his sickness, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind; and on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the King's head. He replied yes, by reason that (upon the time of his tryall) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to punish him, body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him. He likewise confessed that he had 30_l_. for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and he had an orange stuck full with cloves, and a handkircher out of the King's pocket, so soon as he was carried off the scaffold; for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitechapel, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane. About eight o'clock at night he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary Lane, and gave her the money, saying, it was the dearest money, he earned in his life, for it would cost him his life. About three days before he died, he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a desperate state departed from his bed of sorrow. For the burial whereof great *store of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the city of London*, and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpse carried to the churchyard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!'—'Bury him in the dunghill.'—Others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the King, insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them: and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel churchyard, having (as it is said) a branch of rosemary at each end of the coffin, on the top thereof, with a rope crosse from one end to the other, a merry conceited cook, living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of 30_s_), took a resolution to rent the same in pieces: and to every feather tied a piece of packthread, dyed in black ink, and gave them to divers persons, who, in derision, for a while wore them in their hats."—See Ellis, *ubi supra*. The second tract states, that the first victim Brandon beheaded was the Earl of Stratford.

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“When the body was put into a coffin at Whitehall,” says Rushworth, “there were many sighs and weeping eyes at the scene; and divers strove to dip their handkerchiefs in the King’s blood.” A general gloom and consternation pervaded London on the day of this atrocious perpetration; many of the chief inhabitants either shut themselves up in their houses, or absented themselves from the city. On that day none of the courts of justice sat; and on the next, Whitelocke, one of the commissioners of the Great Seal, says, “The commissioners met, but did not think fit to do any business, or seal any writs, because of the King’s death.” Whitelocke says, “I went not to the House, but stayed all day at home in my study, and at my prayers, that this day’s work might not so displease God as to bring prejudice to this poor afflicted nation.”[8] Evelyn, in his Diary, writes, “I kept the day of this martyrdom as a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness, receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances.” Archbishop Usher came out to witness the scene from his house at Whitehall; but he fainted when the King was led out on the scaffold.

[8] There is, I am informed, a tradition in Westminster School, that South, the celebrated divine, was the boy whose turn it was to read prayers on the day of Charles’s death; and that he read the prayer for the king as usual. South at that time must have been about fourteen years of age. Five years afterwards, when the loyal and learned divine was at Christ Church, Oxford, we find his name to a copy of Latin verses, addressed to the Protector on his conclusion of a treaty with the States of Holland. This, no doubt, was a mere college exercise. See *Musae Oxonienses*, 1654.

The Journals of the Commons show, either that nothing was done, or that it was thought fit to enter nothing on these eventful days. On the day of the execution there is only the following remarkable entry:—

“Ordered, *That the common post be stayed until to-morrow morning 10 o’clock.*”

On the 31st, Commissary-general Ireton reports a paper of divers particulars touching the King’s body, his George, his diamond, and two seals. The question being put, that the diamond be sent to Charles Stuart, son of the late King, commonly called Prince of Wales, *it passed with the negative*. The same question was then put, separately, as to the garter, the George, and the seals: as to each, it passed in the negative.

When the news of the decapitation of the King reached Scotland, that loyal people were moved with horror and indignation.

Most of the gentry put on mourning; the chair of state in the parliament house, the uppermost seats in the kirks, and almost all the pulpits, were clothed in black.



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The body of the King being embalmed, under the orders of Herbert and bishop Juxon, was removed to St. James's. The usurpers of the government refused permission to bury it in Henry the VII.'s Chapel, from a dread of the indignation of the crowds who would assemble on so solemn and interesting an occasion; but, at last, after some deliberation, the council allowed it to be privately interred in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, provided the expenses of the funeral should not exceed five hundred pounds. The last duties of love and respect were (according to Charles's express desire) paid to their sovereign's corpse by the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Hertford, Lord Southampton, Lord Lindsey, the Bishop of London, Herbert, and Mildmay, who, on producing a vote of the Commons, were admitted by Whichcote, the Governor of Windsor Castle, to the chapel. When the body was carried out of St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently a storm of snow fell so fast, that before it reached the chapel the pall and the mourners were entirely whitened. When the bishop proposed to read the burial service according to the rites of the Church of England, this fanatical governor roughly refused, saying, "that that Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded." Clarendon thus describes, with graphic simplicity, the sad scene to its close:—

"But when they entered into it (the chapel), which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole that they knew not where they where; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our Princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place where, he said, 'there was a vault in which King Harry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interred.' As near that place as could conveniently be they caused the grave to be made. There the King's body was laid, without any words, or other ceremonies, than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed, with these words only, '*King Charles, 1648.*' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the governor staid to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church.

"Owing to the privacy of this interment, doubts were at the time current as to its having actually taken place. It was asserted that the King's body was buried in the sand at Whitehall; and Aubrey states a report, that the coffin carried to Windsor was filled with rubbish and brick-bats. These doubts were entirely removed by the opening of the coffin (which was found where Clarendon described it,) in the presence of George the Fourth, then Prince



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Regent, in April, 1813—of which Sir Henry Halford has published an interesting narrative. On removing the black pall which Herbert described, a plain leaden coffin was found, with the inscription ‘King Charles, 1648.’ Within this was a wooden coffin, much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped in cerecloth, into the folds of which an unctuous matter mixed with resin had been melted, to exclude the external air. The skin was dark and discoloured—the pointed beard perfect—the shape of the face was a long oval—many of the teeth remained—the hair was thick at the back of the head, and in appearance nearly black—that of the beard was of a redder brown. The head was severed from the body. The fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even;— ‘an appearance,’ says Sir H. Halford, ‘which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.’”

(The volume is embellished with a Portrait of the King, and Outline Prints of the Trial and Execution.)

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NOTES OF A READER.

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ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas has just been completed with the Sixth Part, containing the Title-page, Contents, Preface, Plans of Jerusalem, the Temple, and Maps of Palestine, according to Josephus and the Apocrypha. These occupy seven plates, all exquisitely engraved on steel. There is, moreover, a letter-press Index of reference to the places in the Maps, printed on fine plate paper, and occupying 120 pages. Or, this portion rather deserves the distinctive title adopted by the editors, viz. “A New General Index, exhibiting, at one view, all that is geographically and historically interesting in the Holy Scriptures.” It presents such a digest as we rarely witness, and to give the reader some idea of its laborious preparation, we select a specimen, the matter being arranged in a tabular or columnar form, thus:

Scriptural Name—JEZREAL, Valley, or Plain.

Classic Name—Esdraelon.

Tribe—Issachar.



Country—Canaan.

Scriptural Reference—Judges, vi. 33.

No. of Map.—ix.

Modern Name—Merdj—Ibn Aamer.

Distance and bearing from Jerusalem—40 N.b.E.

Lat. North—32.27.

Long. East—35.25.

Quarter—Asia.

Country—Palestine.

Province—Akka.

Remarks—Here the spirit of the Lord descended upon Gideon, and here the Lord gave him the sign he required by causing the fleece to be wet or dry at his bidding.



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The projector and artist is Mr. Thomas Starling, and its execution, whether graphic or literary, is calculated to give the public a very high opinion of his taste, talent, and application.

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GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Dowling, of Woodstock Boarding-School, has put Goldsmith's *Grammar of Geography* into question and answer for junior pupils, or, rather, he has seized on the simplest part of the information contained in the above work, and added a chapter on latitude and longitude. We hope the attention of teachers will be directed to his Compendium, as it appears to leave nothing to be desired in facilitating the progress of the learner.

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OUTLINES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Ince, whose *Outline of English History* we noticed a few weeks since, has been stimulated to the production of an *Outline of General Knowledge*. His present Compendium is satisfactory as a little book of Facts, and may serve as well for a *whet* to the memory of adults as for the tuition of children.

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CURIOSITIES OF PHRENOLOGY.

The Third Edition of a Catechism of Phrenology, published at Glasgow, induces us to pick out a few of the author's *facts*, and we accordingly select the developements of the Feelings and Faculties. Thus, of Amativeness, the organs are very large in the casts of Mitchell, Dean, and Raphael. In Dr. Hette, very small.

Philoprogenitiveness, or love of children—the Hindoos, Negroes, and Charibs.

Combativeness—The Charibs, King Robert Bruce, General Wurmser, David Haggart, and generally in those who have murdered from the impulse of the moment.

Destructiveness—In the heads of Dean, Thurtell, King Robert Bruce, Bellingham, in cool and deliberate murderers, and in persons who delight in cruelty, where the organ is large; and, in general, in the Hindoos, small.



Combinativeness—In Raphael, Michael Angelo, Brunel, Haydon, and Herschel, where it is very fully developed; the New Hollanders, have it small. Being indispensable to the talent for works of art of every description, it is found large in all those painters, sculptors, mechanics, and architects, who have distinguished themselves in their particular departments.

Love of Approbation—In King Robert Bruce, Dr. Hette, Clara Fisher, and the American Indians, where it is large. Such likewise is uniformly the case in bashful individuals; this disposition arises in a great measure from a fear of incurring disapprobation.

Cautiousness—In the Hindoos, large; in Bellingham, moderate. Robert Bruce and Hannibal were remarkable for valour, while they at the same time, possessed cautiousness in a high degree.



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Benevolence—In Henri Quatre, where it is large. In Bellingham, Griffiths, and the Charibs, very small. In King Robert Bruce, moderate.

Veneration—An individual may have this organ very large, without possessing a high degree of religious feeling. Voltaire, in whom the organ was extraordinarily large, affords a striking example of this. He embraced every opportunity of turning religion into ridicule; but still, in him, we find the strong manifestation of the faculty, in the high and almost servile degree of deference which he paid to superiors in rank and authority. In Raphael, Bruce, and the Negroes, this organ is large. In Dr. Hette, small.

Firmness—In King Robert Bruce and the American Indians, large.

Hope—In Raphael, large; in Dr. Hette, small.

Ideality—In Milton, Shakspeare, Raphael, Wordsworth, Haydon, and Byron, large. In Mr. Hume and Bellingham, small.

Wit—According to Dr. Spurzheim, the formation of this faculty is to give rise to the feeling of the ludicrous, creating, when strong, an almost irresistible disposition to view every object in that light, while Dr. Gall defines it to be the predominant intellectual feature in Rabelais, Cervantes, Boileau, Swift, Sterne, and Voltaire. In Sterne, Voltaire, and Henri Quatre, this organ is large. In Sir J.E. Smith, Mr. Hume, and the Hindoos, small.

Imitation—In Raphael, Clara Fisher, and uniformly in those artists and players who have distinguished themselves for their imitative powers, large.

Individuality—In the French, generally large; moderate in the English, and in the Scotch, small.

Form—To judge of form in general. The function of this faculty is essential to those engaged in the imitative arts: it enables the painter to distinguish the different casts of features and countenances in general; and upon the same principle, is of the most essential service to the mineralogist. The organ is found large in King George III., and in the Chinese skulls.

Weight or resistance, essential to a genius for mechanics, enabling the individual to judge of momentum and resistance in that branch of science. The organ is large in Brunel and Sir Isaac Newton.

Colouring—remarkably developed in the portraits of Reubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine, where its large size is indicated by the arched appearance of the eyebrow in its situation; and in the masks of the late Sir Henry Raeburn, Wilkie, and Haydon, by the projection forwards of the eyebrow at that part.



Locality—or the power of remembering localities, in Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Tycho, Descartes, Sir Walter Scott, and Captain Cook, is large.

Number, or a talent for calculation—in the portraits of Euler, Kepler, Laplace, Gassendi, &c., and in George Bidder, Humboldt, and Colburn, large.

Tune—In Gluck, where it has a pyramidal form. In Mozart, Viotti, Turnsteg, Dussek, and Crescenti, where it is distinguished by a fullness and roundness of the lateral parts of the forehead.



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Language—in Sir J.E. Smith, Humboldt, and Voltaire, large.

Comparison—in Pitt, Roscoe, Raphael, Burke, John Bunyan, and Mr. Hume.

Casualty, or the connexion between cause and effect—remarkable in the portraits and busts of Bacon, Kant, Locke, Voltaire, Dr. Thomas Brown; and in the masks of Haydon, Brunel, Burke, Franklin, and Wilkie, where it is largely developed. In Pitt, and Sir J.E. Smith, it is moderate, and in the Charibs and New Hollanders, very deficient.

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SONGS BY BARRY CORNWALL.

PAST TIMES.

Old Acquaintance, shall the nights
 You and I once talked together,
 Be forgot like common things,—
 Like some dreary night that brings
 Naught save foul weather?

We were young, when you and I
 Talked of golden things together,—
 Of love and rhyme, of books and men:
 Ah! our hearts were buoyant *then*
 As the wild-goose feather!

Twenty years have fled, we know,
 Bringing care and changing weather;
 But hath th' heart no *backward* flights,
 That we again may see those nights,
 And laugh together?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
 Renews the past year's mouldering feather:
 Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
 From age to youth,—and dream once more
 Long nights together.

THE STRANGER.

A stranger came to a rich man's door.
 And smiled on his mighty feast;



And away his brightest child he bore,
And laid her toward the East.

He came next spring, with a smile as gay,
(At the time the East wind blows,)
And another bright creature he led away,
With a cheek like a burning rose.

And he came once more, when the spring was blue,
And whispered the last to rest,
And bore her away,—yet nobody knew
The name of the fearful guest!

Next year, there was none but the rich man left,—
Left alone in his pride and pain,
Who called on the stranger, like one bereft,
And sought through the land,—in vain!

He came not: he never was heard nor seen
Again; (so the story saith;)
But, wherever his terrible smile had been,
Men shuddered, and talked of—Death!

THE QUADROON.

Say they that all beauty lies
In the paler maiden's hue?
Say they that all softness flies,
Save from the eyes of April blue?
Arise then, like a night in June,
Beautiful Quadroon!

Come,—all dark and bright, as skies
With the tender starlight hung!
Loose the love from out thine eyes!
Loose the angel from thy tongue!
Let them hear heaven's own sweet tune,
Beautiful Quadroon!

Tell them—Beauty (born above)
From no shade nor hue doth fly:
All she asks is mind, is love:
And both upon *thine* aspect lie,—
Like the light upon the moon,
Beautiful Quadroon.



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THE PAST.

This common field, this little brook—
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,
Oftener than on the heavens blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—*can't* be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plank.
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow:
Ah! can it be so long ago?

It cometh back;—so blithe, so bright,
It hurries to my eager ken.
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear dazzling scene;—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so plainly say—"Rejoice."

Yet Nature surely never ranges,
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;—
But, ever joyful, merely changes
The primrose for the thistle-down.
'Tis we alone who, waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years!

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry,—as they both have been
When I was here an urchin strong?



Ah, true—too true! I see the sun
Through thirty winter years hath run.
For grave eyes, mirrored in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!

So be it! I have lost,—and won!
For, once, the past was poor to me,—
The future dim: and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I *felt* not—*knew* no grateful pleasure:
All seemed but as the common measure:
But NOW—the experienced spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold.

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FRENCH MANNERS.

(The Duchess of Abrantes, in her recently published Memoirs, gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the old French Revolution.)

Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a-year fifty years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten.



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The furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room—the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation, for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du bize* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

It is said that every thing is simplified and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, “So much the better, this is equality.” By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to avoid the odious noise and smells of the street, you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers amongst us, that every day you see put into the lumber-room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.



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At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the *old* company of France, and not of what is *now* termed good company, and which prevailed 30 years ago only among postilions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth *did not smoke in the apartments of their wives*, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they *generally washed their hands*; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they *bowed to the lady at its head in entering and retiring*, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful *not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed*, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of something else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these 15 years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution—every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a *cheap* ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows.

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THE GATHERER.

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CURRAN AND THE MASTIFF.

Curran told me, with infinite humour of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt

on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let* the boys *rob the orchard*; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not



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care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran; "and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire *centre of gravity*, and that I never should go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word, Curran," said I, "the mastiff may have left you your *centre*, but he could not have left much *gravity* behind him, among the bystanders."—*Sir Jonah Barrington*.

Bishop Ken.—This English prelate died as he was on a journey to Bath, in March, 1710, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been in the habit of travelling many years with his shroud in his portmanteau, which he always put on when attacked by illness; of this he gave notice the day before his death, in order to prevent his body from being stripped. P.T.W.

Warning to Cowards.—There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Caesar, of the hurts he had received in his face. Caesar knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You had best heed next time you run away, how you look back."—*Lord Bacon*.

Love and Murder.—"Hipparchus, going to marry, consulted Philander upon the occasion; Philander represented his mistress in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge, and before twelve he was run through the body."—*Spectator*.

Portugal.—Its ancient name was Lusitania. Its present name is derived from that of an ancient town called "Calle," on or near the site of the present Oporto, which was called "Portus Cale," or the Port of Cale; and in process of time the name of this port was extended to the whole country, whence "*Portugal*," or *Portugal*. Portus Cale was afterwards called "O Porto" (the harbour,) which name the town of Oporto ultimately received. P.T.W.

Perfection of Steam Navigation.—During the last four months, the *Firebrand*, steam-vessel from Falmouth, has traversed two voyages to Corfu, and one to Lisbon, a distance of 11,500 miles, which gives for the number of days, 66; she steamed, an average of 174 miles per day.

Sore Eyes and Wine.—It was a right answer of the physician to his patient that had sore eyes. "If you have more pleasure in the taste of wine than in the use of your sight, wine is good for you; but if the pleasure of seeing be greater to you than that of drinking, wine is naught."—*Locke*.



Chinese and Russian Cookery.—In China, if the cook employed in preparing the Imperial repasts, introduces any prohibited ingredients, even by inadvertence, he is punished with a hundred blows; if any of the dishes of food be not clean, he is liable to eighty blows; and if the cook omits to ascertain the quality of the dishes by tasting, he incurs fifty blows.



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There cannot be a grand dinner in Russia without sterlet. In summer, when brought alive from Archangel, &c., these cost from five hundred to one thousand rubles each; a fish soup, made with champagne and other expensive wines, has been known to cost three thousand rubles; no water is allowed to enter into the composition of these expensive soups; and the whole company get very merry and talkative after partaking of them.

Honest Tar.—John Barth, the Dunkirk fisherman, rose by his courage and naval skill, to the rank of commodore of a squadron in the navy of France. When he was ennobled by Louis XIV. the king said to him, “John Barth, I have made you a commodore.” John replied, “you have done right.”

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