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PARKER'S
LONDON MAGAZINE.

INTRODUCTION.

WE are told by Addison, in the opening paper of the *Spectator*, that he had observed that 'a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author.' And with a most considerate regard for people's prejudices herein, he proceeded forthwith to furnish an account of the several persons to be engaged in the work. Now, with every wish to show a like consideration for the reasonable expectations of our readers, we venture to think that they will be satisfied with an exposition of our principles without a portrait of ourselves. Not that we have any reason to be ashamed either of the number or the character of our contributors. Among them may be found authors of acknowledged reputation in every department of the republic of letters, and from their varied resources we hope to provide for the public a miscellany replete with instruction and amusement, which shall be welcome in the family of every English Churchman. Thus, while we withhold the names of our literary staff, it may be well to state the principles by which their contributions will be measured. Of these principles, we may say that their formal expression lies in a nutshell. We have already proclaimed them to the world, as 'Reverence for the Church and Loyalty to the Queen.' And, therefore, here we might be content to leave the reader with the assurance that able hands, guided by honest hearts and well-informed heads, were enlisted in his service, and that he might rely upon a constant succession of articles calculated to entertain as well as to inform, and having a tendency to improve and strengthen both the judgment and the feelings of all hearty Churchmen and loving subjects. But, unhappily, parties have arisen in the Church no less than in the State; and when one man talks of the principles of the Church, his next neighbour takes alarm, and is at a loss to divine what he may exactly mean by the Church. We will, therefore, in the outset of our course disclaim all connexion with parties within

the Church, as parties. It will be no business of ours to array brother against brother, nor to agitate questions which we cannot settle. We long to see the Church of England what her old parochial theory makes her, and what in the language of eulogy she is styled, the Poor Man's Church. In another place we have alluded to the process by which the poor of this country have become alienated from the Church of their home. Our Parish Churches are no longer thronged because they are our Parish Churches; and in the great majority of our large populations there is a widely-spread disaffection towards the ministrations which formerly were the bond of union among all classes, who saw in their appointed Clergyman the link which joined them all together as one man.

And why is this? The mischief is here. The head has said to the feet, I need you not. And the feet have taken the rebuff literally and foregone all sympathy with the head. The constraining feeling of a common membership in one Body has lost its vitality and so its hold—and men have come to think of the Church rather as an office or department in the State, than as a corporate life, needing for its proper health a free circulation of life-giving blood through all its parts. Worldly distinctions have obtained place in the Divine kingdom: and the blessings of poverty, and the honour and regard due to that station which the Redeemer chose as His own, have been well nigh lost sight of. The very sanctuary itself, in which it might have been hoped that rich and poor would have forgotten their own disparity in their common distance from the Maker of All, has been made to minister to earthly pride: and one generation has succeeded into the place of its forerunner, only to bear testimony to the corroding influence of ambition and the hardening effect of riches.

We are not advocates for rash change; we would not willingly interrupt the order of that man's devotional feelings who has been used from very childhood to the seclusion and distinction of his well-enclosed pew, but still we must protest against the absurd mockery of calling the Church of England the Poor Man's Church, unless within the material temples where we worship there is a provision for the accommodation of our population upon principles which are not obnoxious to the censure of the Apostle, spoken in reference to courts of judicature among the early Christians (James ii. 1, 2, 3). We repeat we would not rashly abolish pews; but still there is much truth in the following extract from a newly published pamphlet*, which in very good temper, if not always with unerring wisdom, grapples with some manifest evils. It thus speaks of some practical evils of the pew system:—

* *Parochial Disorganization*. By P. E. TURNBULL, Esq. London: Parker.

One of the projects in question was, to raise an income for the Minister by the letting of the pews. Of the pew system in general, a deep conviction is rapidly gaining ground, that it is one of the deadliest stains on our national religion. A spurious product of the Reformation, (for it had no antecedent existence,) it has gone far to nullify, as regards our Anglican Church, the happy effects of that great event, for it has practically excluded the poor from attendance at our purified ministrations. It has parcelled out the body of that sacred edifice which is theoretically open to all, into nests of half-filled chambers of exclusiveness, the allotment of which is too often used as the instrument of a petty parochial patronage. It has destroyed the rights of the many, for the benefit, or rather for the ill-placed indulgence, of the few. It is even chargeable with a greater sin than this:—it has cast forth those to whom emphatically our Lord declared that His Gospel should be preached, to find a preaching of that Gospel, as best they may, wheresoever chance shall direct: and thus prove, by sad experience, the *practical* working of our parochial system.

A better spirit is awaking among us: and the so-called Evangelical Clergy have been as zealous as their so-called High Church brethren in encouraging the building of Churches in which the poor may feel that they are indeed in their FATHER'S House. And we are strongly of opinion that if all parties in the Church would only address themselves to the remedy of the real practical grievances which all admit to have sprung up like mushrooms in the night of past ministerial faithlessness, they all would find that their present differences are unduly exalted while their points of agreement are kept in the back-ground. It is surely unworthy of the great body of the Church, Clergy and Laity alike, to exhibit to the world signs of disunion upon externals, while the poorer members of that Church require all the aid which could result from the most united action. These are subjects to which we must recur, and if our readers will have patience with us, they will find that our Churchmanship is of the good old-fashioned sort, which teaches to fear God, honour the Queen, and love the brotherhood: and we would therefore conclude these remarks with a few words upon a subject of all-absorbing interest.

RICH AND POOR

there must ever be in the land—for out of the land the poor can never cease: they are with us always, and in order that they may inherit the blessings which the Gospel promises to Christian poverty, the rich too must be an abiding element in God's moral government. Hence since there must always be poor, and the rich are requisite to the happiness of the poor, the relation of Rich and Poor must be a theme of importance to the Politician, and of sacred interest to the Churchman.

Be it ours then to reflect as well as to direct the general temper of the times in which we live: and while we acknowledge that nothing occupies so large a portion of attention at the

present moment as the state of the Poor, let it be ours to give the subject a candid and Christian consideration. It is a subject that interests all classes. The Ecclesiastic, the Philanthropist, the Legislator, and the Politician—all have their thoughts directed to the condition of the Poor. It forms one of the branches of every inquiry, one of the principal objects in every new movement, one of the topics in every controversy. And well it may: for we are reaping the bitter harvest which neglect of this all-absorbing question has sown. We have year after year been extending those operations which require a dense population, and which draw in their train a rapidly multiplying people, and yet we have made no adequate provision for their present well doing, nor assisted them in that discharge of the duties of to-day, which is the true preservative against the evils of to-morrow.

It is true that the temporal distresses of the manufacturing and other classes of the poor may have been aggravated by circumstances over which man has no control, by adverse seasons, fluctuations of commerce, and the like; still we cannot conceal from ourselves that much of their physical discomfort might have been prevented or relieved by us, and that, if we would, we might have afforded them that instruction in sound faith and right practice which would have been the best corrective of their faults, and would have saved *them* from the wretchedness of their present state, and *us* from its danger, and reproach, and punishment.

It is a fearful fact, and herein is involved our guilt as a nation, that our poor are very poor, while our rich are very rich. They are also luxurious in their tastes, expensive in their habits, extravagant in spending upon themselves and niggardly in spending upon others. And yet men and women have died of want, or, driven by hunger, have madly rushed upon death, which was already marching towards them, with a welcome embrace: and scores of people have found their only nightly shelter in the trunks of trees and on the cold turf: and this in the Metropolis, on a royal domain, surrounded by the dwellings of the wealthiest and the noblest in the land, and within sight of at least two royal palaces.

But the worst of the grievance is here. All this extra poverty and destitution have arisen, as we have said, at a time when the amount of wealth in the country is unexampled. In Railways alone, from January, 1826, to January, 1844, the sum of £79,026,317 was raised for constructing 121 lines. Last session Acts were granted for 26 Railways, the capital required for which is £11,121,000.

Of the schemes projected during this autumn, the nominal capital is £127,000,000. Many of these are now virtually extinct, as their projectors have not complied with the standing orders of Parliament to lodge their plans in the proper quarter before

the 30th November; but between three and four millions is the amount spoken of as required for the first deposit of those in progress.

The Income Tax produced last year £5,387,455; this represents an income of £184,000,000, held by persons having more than £150 a-year.

The Funds have, for the first time during almost a century, risen above par. The causes of this unequal distribution of wealth form a branch of enquiry of vital importance to the statesman. These facts are only adduced here, to show that our almsgiving has not been restrained for want of means, but for want of a just perception of the extent of the duty and of the blessedness of the privilege. We know what is done by Poor Laws, and by Hospitals, and by Savings Banks, and self-supporting Institutions, and we honour all that is done, and are thankful for it. But these SOCIETIES, whether for the relief or the prevention of distress, are not the only remedies which our social state needs to restore it to healthy and vigorous action. There has been too much charity done by deputy. Men have lost sight of the privilege of personal contact with the poor. The rich have too often grown proud and contemptuous. The poor have too often become murmuring and rebellious. Absence of kindly feeling, and in its place the presence of an overbearing supremacy, have banished from their hearts the spirit of contentment and of thankfulness. Let it be our welcome office to draw rich and poor once more together in bonds of amity—let it be ours to make the condition of the poor better, and that of the rich safer, by inducing both to cultivate kindly feelings and practise kindly deeds. It is too commonly the case at present, that the poor hate the rich and the rich despise the poor. They are the one set against the other, 'the poor against the rich, the many against the few.' Moral force is with the rich, and physical force is with the poor; but with such a population as we have been naming, moral force must gradually lose its influence, and the consciousness of the power to resist it successfully will soon be the only thing wanting for its overthrow.

We must reserve for future numbers the probing of the sores which fester upon our body politic, and make us all so restless and so uneasy: and we know it will be easier to point out the evils than suggest their cure. But we have one panacea which has been but feebly tried, and that is THE CHURCH. Not the Church of man, but the Church of GOD; and strongly confident in the power of God's Church we fear no foes. We would only in the outset say to all superiors, whether they be agriculturists, manufacturers, miners, or what else, they must not be the employers merely, but the friends; not only the task-masters, but the protectors of their dependents. To this all must come. Whatsoever power is given to any man and spent upon self is squandered: it is no longer his. He has shown himself un-

worthy of its possession. Let the rich and those in high station remember that though they are on high—yet volcanic fires smoulder beneath the mountain's summit: and their true security is in safe rather than high ground. Let such know that a peaceful and happy people are the solid basis on which to erect a superstructure of greatness, such as can only be raised when 'Property shall acknowledge as in the old days of Faith, that Labour is his twin brother, and that the essence of tenure is the performance of duty.' Let us lay aside our selfishness and learn to care for one another—already the temper is born among us which loves to lend

An arm of aid to the weak,
 A friendly hand to the friendless;
 Kind words, so short to speak,
 But whose echo is endless.

And we have made a determined bound from the ruinous course in which the faithless earthly Philosophy of our time was leading men, and we have chosen our steps at the bidding of that better and Divine Philosophy which Holy Church alone is commissioned to shed abroad upon a sinful world. This spirit and temper of holy faith and true Church temper it must be ours to strengthen. It is the energetic principle which has nerved for stern conflict in other days—and its power is not gone. We believe that it now no longer sleeps. At all events it shall be ours to rouse it—and to show that we were in earnest when we said we would faithfully and fearlessly enforce and maintain the DUTIES of the RICH—and the RIGHTS of the POOR; always remembering that STATION has its divinely appointed honour, which cannot be withheld without injury to those who ought to pay it. Poverty has its claims and its rights on the same terms as Riches—namely, the performance of its duties. And as the Rich owe Protection, and Kindness, and Thankfulness, so the Poor owe Service.

MERRY LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

'HAPPIE AND MERRIE ENGLAND' is our motto. We have said that such she once was, and such, with our assistance, we hope to see her again. But here we are likely to be met by some matter-of-fact people (by which is often meant those who are especially innocent as to all matters of fact,) with the preliminary inquiry as to whether England ever really *was* either happy or merry, or whether the notion is not rather one of those traditional figments which men are wont to take for granted without insisting on much proof; just as venerable old gentlemen are accustomed to look back upon and speak of their school-boy days as being the most delectable section of their existence, the simple truth being that the scars of the Rugby birch have disappeared from their bodies, and the sundry blubberings over difficult tasks vanished from their minds, leaving an indistinct halo of bats and balls, sugar-plums, and holidays, which shine brighter in their memories, and leave a sweeter relish on their appetites than the perpetual leisure and daily feastings of their now uniform and somewhat jaded existence. Such being an objection to our text, *in limine*, it certainly does behove us to prove to sceptics like these that there was mirth and happiness in the world in days of yore; and to bring conviction to their intellects the natural process seems to be a distinct detail of *what* that mirth and happiness was. There is, no doubt, a cloud over the past; and men will estimate by-gone sections of time according to the depth which they can penetrate through its dimness. 'The dark ages,' it has at last begun to be discovered, owe their gloominess not so much to their own intrinsic haziness, as to the feebleness of the optics which are gazing back upon them. As the Rosse-like telescopes of modern industry and investigation are brought successively to bear upon these as yet unexplored portions of the historical heavens, bright twinkling stars are brought out from the hitherto obscure distance, and we find that our ancestors possessed not merely our own complement of physical members, but at least our own grasp of mental power; and as knowledge was then acquired with more mental labour, and the habits and necessities of the times demanded less attention to the common-place occupations of merely 'preparing to live,' the probability is in their favour, that in all intellectual pursuits which did not involve physical and experimental science, they would be at least on a par with us upon whom has shined the peripatetic philosophy of the British Association,—and such we find to have been the case. To look back, for a moment, to the fifteenth and two following centuries,—our telescopes are not yet furnished with lenses of sufficient power to carry us safely much

farther,—of what a lofty character were the studies and even the amusements of the educated classes of that time, compared with those of our own day! When Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and their mighty host of compeers, provided the daily food for the mere *amusement* and *fun* of the people—when Milton wrote masques for private parties among the nobility—when students in college halls enacted Latin farces, instead of priding themselves (as embryo Bishops now do) for being ‘the best oar on the river’—when Hooker and Taylor, and Barrow and Pocock, formed specimens of the ordinary run of preachers to whom even village congregations had then the privilege of listening,—it cannot be said that it was for want of intellectual food that old England was not then ‘merrie and happie.’ But our special business is more with a class below these in station and mental culture. We write *for* all classes; and it is *of* all that we shall naturally be expected to give some account, when we compare the present state of the people at large with their condition in days gone by. ‘What say you, Mr. Reviewer, to the condition of the commonalty of this realm; what of the shopkeeper, the tailor and draper, the horse and man milliner, the gold, silver, white, and black-smith, the country gentleman, and the city apprentice? What were *their* amusements, what was *their* intellectual stature?’ Our present object, Mr. Querist, is to answer the very questions which you somewhat peremptorily and triumphantly propose. We wish to show you that it was, then as always, ‘like master, like man;’ and we are enabled to do so, as far as LONDON is concerned, (and what is London but the type of ‘all England,’ the be-all and the end-all of all that provincial industry can produce, the aggregate of all agrestic wealth, wit, and wisdom?) this, we say, we are enabled to do by a very interesting publication which has lately been sent forth by the PERCY SOCIETY*, one of those now numerous associations lately established for the purpose of digging among our ancestors’ bones, and exhuming their departed relics; and though the product be as often beads and tinsel as sterling metal, yet all is curious if not valuable, as exhibiting what formed the minds or amused the fancies of our fathers of the olden time. Among these societies none have more honestly fulfilled their promises, or more fully satisfied the expectations of their supporters than the ‘PERCY SOCIETY;’ and as the works published by them are necessarily out of the reach of the public at large, we consider that we shall be doing our readers an acceptable service by presenting to them an abstract of the well-compiled work to which we have just alluded, presenting, as it does, a strikingly drawn picture of ‘MERRY LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.’ From this view we think that the *Laudator temporis acti* may safely

* *The Lord Mayor's Pageants, &c., &c.*, by FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, Esq.

venture to draw a conclusion in favour of his own premises, and to assert that, as far as one department of mental cultivation is concerned, the present has no just grounds of looking back with scorn upon the past; and that while among the higher classes the wholesome food supplied from the inexhaustible dramatic stores of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and their contemporaries, has degenerated into melo-drama and extravaganza, the rational amusements of the middle and lower classes have undergone a similar depreciation, and the intelligible and intelligent exhibition of the Lord Mayor's Pageant has sunk down into the inane fooleries and degrading frivolities of Bartholomew fair.

The history of Lord Mayors' Pageants carries us back into the obscure but picturesque era of the Middle Ages. Whether the Norman dynasty brought with them from their original French territories, the tournament, the troubadour, and the dramatic mystery, or founded them in their new and richer domains, and transferred them back to the land of their birth and often of their love, may be matter of historical debate; but certain it is, that it is to that period that we are to look for their commencement; and that while the king or baron had his Joust, and the lady her Trouvère, and the Church her Mystery and Morality, the guilds, or fraternities of tradesmen, had their cognate amusements of shews and pageants, and especially those of the Low Countries, once so wealthy, and which exercised so powerful an influence on the political movements of the middle ages. These companies of merchants, unlike the mere trading societies of the present day, were great patrons of literature and the arts, and employed their vast wealth in reviving a taste for the then dormant literature of classical times, as well as in prosecuting discoveries into those new regions of knowledge which an extended intercourse with as yet unknown and distant nations opened to their view. The London companies followed with a rapid step the bright example set them by those of Flanders. The Hanseatic League found a generous rival in the Mercers' Company. CAXTON was its sworn freeman and apprentice. 'A mercer of London, named William Praat,' encouraged him to translate and print *The Book of Good Manners*; and Roger Thor-nyne, mercer, induced his successor, Wynkyn de Worde, to print his *Polychronicon*. The illustrious GRESHAM derived his idea of what was at first styled 'Britaine's Bourse,' or the Royal Exchange, from the Bourse at Antwerp, constructed in 1531; and the gay processions of the various guilds of Antwerp, its muses, cyclops, gods, musicians, blacksmiths, butchers, &c., of which Albert Durer gives a very picturesque account in a journal of his visit to the Low Countries in 1520, furnished, no doubt, the model on which, *mutatis mutandis*, the Lord Mayor's Shew was afterwards constructed. In these processions, the useful seem to have had a proper and sensible precedence of the ornamental arts. After a long list of worthies, from sailors and

smiths down to breeches-makers, comes a group of jesters, and then fencers, harquebussiers, young and old bowyers, young and old cross-bowyers. The cobblers, inverting the order in which their services are required, precede the shoemakers; and the reason on which the post of honour was thus assigned to them is well worth extracting: 'King Charles the Fifth was fond of parading the towns incog., and thus getting at the genuine sentiments of the people on him and his government. Rambling at Brussels in this way, his boot required immediate mending, and he was directed to the nearest cobbler. It was St. Crispin's Day, and the cobbler resolutely refused to work, "even for Charles himself!" but he invited him in to join his merry-making companions; the offer was accepted, and after much free but good-humoured discourse upon political and other matters, the emperor departed. The next day, much to his surprise, the cobbler was sent for to court, where, contrary to his fears, the emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what he would ask as a suitable reward. He expressed a wish that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. This modest request was granted, and he was told to ask another, when he declared his utmost wish to be that the company of cobblers should take precedence of the shoemakers.'

Mr. Fairholt next proceeds to show, from an examination of an exceedingly curious old representation of the Antwerp processions, engraved on wood by John Jeghers, and published on five folio sheets, about the end of the fifteenth century, that they are so similar to the London exhibitions as almost to be identical. First come mounted trumpeters and kettle-drummers, clothed in the livery of Antwerp, followed by two men on foot bearing the arms of Antwerp and Spain. Then comes a great ship, fully rigged and manned, having fifers and drummers on board, with men in the yards and top-castles. This pageant first appeared in the triumphal entry of Charles the Fifth, and was exhibited to denote the privileges of Spanish trade then conferred upon this city. Smaller ships follow, to denote the extensive trade then enjoyed by her; she having as many as two thousand vessels at one time in the Scheldt. An enormous whale next appears, on whose back sits Orpheus playing on his viol, while a no less harmonious bag-piper walks beside him. The whale is attended by two dolphins, on which sit two boys guiding him with a bridle, 'as a token that the dolphin plays with children; for Pliny says that in still water they allow children to stroke them, and swim upon their backs.' The persons who bear the dolphins are concealed by painted cloths that hang to the ground, resembling water with fish of all sorts (and many not yet classified) sporting therein. The larger whale, which measured twenty-seven feet in length by fifteen feet in height, was contrived to contain a reservoir of water, which, by means

of a pump acting like a bellows, could be made to spout it upon the spectators when it was least expected, and where the mob was most dense. This larger whale was made by the oil-merchants to do honour to the procession, and carried Neptune occasionally. The whale, and the ship, like the dolphins, were hung about with cloths painted with appropriate devices, to conceal the means by which they were moved forward. 'The next pageant,' continues our author, 'is one which belongs equally to the Lord Mayor's pageants—the Triumph of Neptune. He is represented as sitting in a car, the sides of which are carved in the figure of a fish, the canopy shaped like a crown, and fish are suspended from it as ornaments. Amphitrite is seated beside him, and the car is drawn by two sea-horses, guided by infant tritons; he is attended by other tritons, male and female, who sound sea-shells, and before him swim two mermaids, with their glasses and combs.' Next in this marvellous medley we have one never to be overlooked or forgotten—the giant. A pageant without a giant was sure to be little better than an utter failure, from the days of Charles the Fifth down to those of Mr. Alderman Gibbs. Four of these worthies graced the procession in the city of Chester in the year 1564, on the eve of St. John the Baptist; and we are told that on one occasion in Spain, on the festival of Corpus Christi, eight great giants were exhibited. The Antwerp giant, however, had a peculiar propriety in the procession, and had especial charms for an Antwerp mob; so much so, that Mr. Fairholt considers that he may justly be esteemed the proper father of the whole race of European Gog-Magogs. He haunted the place where Antwerp now stands, and exacted a toll at the risk of losing both their hands, from all who passed up or down the Scheldt. At last he is encountered, and his own hands cut off, by Braban, a famous general of Julius Cæsar's (no bad military school), who afterwards gave his own name to Brabant. We have now a veritable Mount of Parnassus, about eighteen feet in height (strange that it is found so difficult to climb!) with the nine Muses, sitting in three rows above each other, playing on musical instruments, Apollo seated at top with his violin, Pegasus on the topmost point, and a figure of Fame placed upon each side of him. Lastly, after various emblematical devices called 'cars of devotion,' comes the concluding and most popular exhibition of the whole pageant—the great *Morality* of the performance, and one which probably produced more edifying impressions on the rising roguery of those equivocal times than all the monkish warnings and friars' frightenings by which the ignorant of these days were deterred from following the devices of Satan. This was the great visible exhibition of HELL-MOUTH, with all its attendant and consequent horrors, which closed and wound up the dramatic scene, and which (as dangerous matter for us to touch,) we think it safest to present to our readers in Mr. Fairholt's own racy language:—

'It takes the form of a monstrous and grotesque head, having a sort of crown of spikes across the forehead, above which sits a devil with four spotted wings, as porter of hell, holding in his hand a hook with three prongs, of the form usually depicted in all infernal scenes from a very early period, as they are exhibited in early illuminations. A devil behind is holding a torch, and the scene is enlivened by a male and female demon in grotesque costume, who dance in comic evolutions to the music of a third demon, who lustily plays on an infernal bagpipe, the chanter of which assumes the form of a serpent.'

'In Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus' *Popish Kingdom*, we are told that usually on the great Catholic feast of Corpus Christi:

The devil's house is drawne about, wherein there doth appeare
A wondrous sort of damned sprites, with foul and fearful looke.

And the descriptive account of the procession at Antwerp in 1685, informs us, that the devils were seen tormenting damned souls, by tearing their flesh with red-hot pincers, or pouring molten gold down the throats of unjust bankrupts and debtors, who were flayed by their tormentors. Drunkards were forced to swallow burning wine, and the whole scene was intended to impress the spectators with a horror of hell torments.'

Precisely in the same manner, and in much earlier times, was hell exhibited to our ancestors in their Mysteries. Among the items of expenditure printed by Mr. Sharpe from the books of the Drapers' Company of Coventry, we meet with the following:—

1537	It'm paide for paynting and makyng newe hell hede	xijd.
1538	It'm payd for mendyng hell hede	vjd.
1542	It'm payd for makyng hell hede	viiijs. ijd.
1554	It'm payd for payntyng hell hede newe.	xxd.
1556	It'm payde for keypyng hell hede	vijjd.
1565	P'd to Jhon Hayt for paynting of hell mouthe	xvjd.
1567	P'd for makyng hell mouth and cloth for hyt	iiiiis.

From the various entries for repairing, repainting, and re-making this pageant, it would appear to have seen rather active service. There is a single item of much curiosity and interest quoted by Mr. Sharpe, among the expenses for 1557,—

It'm payd for kepyn of fyer at Hell-mouthe iiijd.

which shows that some attention was bestowed to theatrical effect in these pageants; and some danger was undergone in bringing fire into the centre of so fragile an erection of wood and canvass. A charge for coals to keep up hell-fire reads oddly enough now.

The devils, that busied themselves after the most grotesque fashion about this pageant, were especial favourites with the people; and indulged in many a jest with the unfortunates who fell into their clutches; and the authors of the old Mysteries sometimes gave them an opportunity to display their vagaries,

by introducing a little episode, such as the cheating hostess of Chester, in the Mystery there performed, with whom the audience could have little sympathy, and would therefore exceedingly enjoy the welcome given her by Satan and the demons:

Welcome, deare darlinge, to endles bale,
Useing cardes, dice, and cuppes small,
With many false othes to sell thy ale;
Now thou shalte have a feaste.

The porter of hell was an important character in the pageant, and is humorously alluded to by Heywood in his *Four P.'s*; where the Pardoner, describing his visit to the infernal regions, declares that the devil who kept the gate and himself knew each other immediately,

For oft in the play of Corpus Christi
He had play'd the Devil at Coventrie.

In the Capper's pageant, the devil had a club made of buckram, painted, and probably stuffed with wool; and from the frequent charges made for painting and repairing it, it would appear that he laid about him with it lustily, to make fun for the spectators. That these demons, like the modern theatrical clowns, were paid extra wages for the extra exertions required from them, is seen from the account for 1565, where we find 'payd to y^e demon xxid.,' while the bishops had but one shilling each, and the angels only eight-pence.

We have dwelt the more minutely upon the history and character of this Antwerp pageant, because we agree with Mr. Fairholt in considering it, if not in some degree the origin, at least more than an average specimen of similar pageants in contemporary and subsequent times, and as throwing much light upon those to which we propose to draw our readers' more particular attention in future numbers—the Lord Mayor's Shews. If, then, our new friends have accompanied us with some degree of patience through the somewhat entangled wilderness into which, by way of introduction of our subject, we have thought it our duty to lead them, we may fairly reckon upon their company along the broad highway of the Lord Mayor's Processions, which now lies straight before them; more especially as we propose to enliven the march by the songs and snatches of the city poets, which, quaint as they may sometimes be, are interesting as pictures of amusements and manners long gone by, and as proofs (as we set out with asserting) that Merry London in the Olden Time mingled wisdom with its folly, and had method in its very madness. Let us then, for the present, in the name of our fraternity,—take leave of our new readers in the concluding language of one of these 'right merrie' pageants:—

My friends, the company on whom I wait
Command me to salute you at your gate,
With their fraternal hearty wishes;—may
Your joys exceed the glory of this day.

May never night approach them, never ill
 Divert them, but be fair and rising still:
 May you in traffic no disaster know,
 Your riches never ebb, but ever flow;
 Piety be your practice, and the poor
 Never go empty-handed from your door.
 May you grow up in honour's seat, and prove
 A subject for your king's and city's love.
 May you live centuries of years, and see
 Yourself still young in your posterity.
 And so your company bids (in your own right)
 Good morrow to your glories, not good night.

IDEALISM; DR. ARNOLD AND MR. WARD.

LORD BACON, it is well known, has given the designation of *Idols* to several false notions, which commonly distort men's judgments, and hinder them from making any real progress in philosophy. His words may, with great propriety, be extended to the conduct of several, in the pursuit of religious knowledge: and idols may be strictly understood in their common acceptation of objects of worship. For idolatry properly consists in attributing the honour which is the right of the Creator alone, to the creature, whether that creature be a substance of wood or stone, or a living being, or an intellectual faculty. It takes place, whenever any work or gift of God is exalted by man from its proper function as an instrument, to the rank of a sovereign authority. Now it is very plain, that of those religious extravagancies which are at present distracting us, the true cause is often to be found in the pernicious habit of setting up the individual fancy, as the arbiter in questions upon which the wisest and best of men, in all ages, have been slow to trust their individual judgment. This idolatry of opinion, which used to be called Conceit, has ever been the fruitful source of heresy and division; and would we account for the dissatisfaction which is entertained towards the Church of England, by persons of very distinct sympathies,—some blaming her protest against Rome; others complaining that the tinsel of the papacy yet disfigures her worship,—we shall find the predisposing cause, in each instance, to be an overweening confidence in the value and practicability of some imaginary model of excellence. Their alleged reason (in which there is abundant self-deception,) is generally this,—that corruptions or deficiencies exist in the Church of England, which hinder, as they think, devotion, spirituality, or some of those sovereign benefits sought from the ministrations of the Church by all earnest men. Now nothing is more common than to lay the blame of disaster or troubles, occasioned by our own errors, upon external circumstances which have really no connexion with them. When men are ill at ease

in their own minds, everything surrounding them is imagined to contribute towards their disquiet. And when once they commit the fatal error of making their own ideal theories the standard of what is right in matters of religion, it cannot fail but that they must see all real objects through a false medium: an incurable dissatisfaction with the actual state of things must follow.

Every Utopia is of course perfect in all respects: and the greatest order and excellence that was ever yet realized upon earth, must fall far short of the airy vision. And thus the excesses of enthusiasm and fanaticism which have in all periods of English history been the most frequent causes of dissent, have arisen from this ill-regulated indulgence of Idealism. They have been struggles to realize certain notions which the course of Divine Providence has never yet permitted.

If proofs be required of these assertions, they are at hand in two well-known works of recent publication*, the productions of minds very different in their power and constitution, but agreeing in this one quality of self-confidence; or to speak more strictly, in an unquestioning exaltation of the standard of excellence each has self-confidently set up as his Ideal or Idol. Each writer is alike dissatisfied with the Church of England, because its actual condition is at variance with his own fanciful theory. The objections of these writers are not directed against her present practice only, but against her very constitution and principles as the home of the faithful in these kingdoms. Each writer treats with disregard her acknowledged defenders, and practically despises her brightest luminaries. Mr. Ward seems to be scarcely aware of their existence, for in such a work as his we have a right to expect frequent reference to their learned labours. Dr. Arnold coolly and contemptuously disdains their assistance†. Mr. Ward, in putting forth his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, has required that it should contain such a systematized body of theology, in three great departments, as has never yet been known in any branch of the Universal Church; and that it should exhibit a sanctity of manners, and a fervour of devotion, which belong to angels, and to the very few who on earth make near approaches to their perfection; but which sanctity and which fervour can never without hypocrisy be even externally the characteristics of the entire body of that visible Church which, until the end, is to be composed of the evil as well as the good, tares no less than wheat. Dr. Arnold has formed a scheme for what he calls a Church, which is purely imaginary, because irreconcilable with all that the testimony of antiquity and past time, and the most learned and venerable authorities have taught us are essential

* *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, by Rev. W. G. WARD, M.A.
Fragment on the Church, by THOS. ARNOLD, D.D.

† See Preface to Third Volume of *Sermons*.

towards its constitution. Both have set themselves up as lawgivers: and both quarrel with the Church of England, because she is not conformed to a state of things which never yet has been, and so long as human nature exists upon earth, perhaps never can be.

The conclusion arrived at by each of these writers is a strong proof of the common proverb, that extremes meet. Mr. Ward would seem to be a Romanist in everything but name: he acquiesces in her system, and tolerates her corruption and superstition*. Like some of the visionaries of popular romance, he first forms in his mind an extravagant picture of perfection, and then proceeds to identify this imaginary portrait with an actually existing object, whose blemishes he partially overlooks, whose very deformities he mistakes for beauties.

On the contrary, Dr. Arnold abhors Romanism, and, for want of sufficient knowledge or thought, falls into the common mistake of confounding some of the essential features of Catholic Christianity with the usurpations and corruptions of Popery. He differs also from Mr. Ward in not having assimilated his ideal to any living object. In fact he seems to consider the Church, to use the language of the Schoolmen, to be a thing *in posse*, not *in esse*; as possible, not actually existent; and because the Church of England has a Priesthood, because she holds that Ecclesiastical Government is vested in the successors of the Apostles,—in short, because she believes and teaches what has ever been believed and taught,—he holds her to be mistaken and corrupt. So that both agree in slighting the appointed Messenger of Heaven, and in worshipping that Golden Image that each has severally set up.

The fact is, that both err in the extravagant indulgence of private judgment: that is, of notions entertained in very despite of all moral and historical evidence. They are dissatisfied with the teaching which has been thought sufficient by minds of at least equal piety, of far greater powers, and of learning far more extensive. They alike dispute the efficacy of a system, whose full resources they have not tried. They deny the abilities, or soundness, or holiness of men with whose writings they are scarcely acquainted, of whose lives they are contented to be ignorant. When Dr. Arnold, in one of his letters, denies the attribute of greatness to any one of our divines, except Bishop Butler; when, in another, he avows that he had discontinued reading them, because, as far as he had gone, they had not satisfied him, what unprejudiced student of English theology but must more than doubt the soundness of his judgment, nay, suspect him of great intellectual arrogance? When in a treatise like Mr. Ward's, written expressly upon the system of the English

* 'We find, *Oh most joyful, most wonderful, most unexpected sight!* we find the WHOLE CYCLE of ROMAN DOCTRINE gradually possessing numbers of English Churchmen.'—WARD'S *Ideal*, p. 565.

Church, we find so few references to the authoritative divines of that Church, who but must doubt his competency to discuss the matter he has taken in hand? Both alike, though after a different fashion, slight the attestation of antiquity to sound doctrine. Mr. Ward laughs at English Churchmen, because they appeal to that testimony in support both of the Catholic views which she has cleared of the incrustations of Popery, and of those which she has preserved from the mutilating hand of Dissent: and insinuates that there is a more powerful and important argument which she neglects: though what that is he does not clearly explain. Dr. Arnold, according to his wont, doubts the evidence of antiquity upon any subject, sacred or profane, and the same spirit which makes him sceptical as to ancient history, causes him to slight the attestation afforded, by the voice of the Ancient Church, to the existence of certain fundamental doctrines, and to an uniform system of Church Polity, in its government and legislation by Bishops and Priests. His desire for the Unity of the Church, (though very sincere, according to his notion,) is a desire for a thing merely nominal: for his 'Unity' is a mere comprehension of the greatest discordance in doctrine, and in discipline too: his 'Church' is an assemblage of teachers without mission and without authority, and of a people without obedience. In Dr. Arnold we have a striking proof of the danger of latitudinarian views like these in matters of polity. When once a slight is cast upon the testimony of the early Christians, of those nearest to the Apostolic time, as to the existing facts of Church discipline and order, it must follow that the faith in the authenticity of Scripture is shaken, for this is based, as far as external proofs go, upon the same evidence. Accordingly, we find Dr. Arnold questioning the authenticity of some portion of the prophecies of Daniel: even some which form the cardinal points of received prophetic interpretation. Had he lived to follow out his own system, it is to be apprehended he would have ended, like the Socinian, in disbelieving any portion of Scripture whatever, that could not possibly be reconciled to his notion. And when once Scripture is tampered with, from what error of doctrine are we safe? or rather, what is our faith, what are the foundations of our religion? What do we believe, and why?

It is very remarkable what slender allusions to Scripture either Mr. Ward or Dr. Arnold make when expounding their views. This is of itself an important circumstance, which ought to be of use in restraining those who are inclined to be dissatisfied with our Church. They will find that these two writers have not appealed to, or made use of those ample means by which the faith of the Church of England ever has hitherto been regulated. They both pay more regard to their *own* wishes or fancies than to the testimony afforded by the lives of good and holy men, who have found in our Liturgy and ordinances, in the sermons and treatises both of laymen and clergymen, ample

means for instruction and edification. And they both seem to forget or overlook this important consideration, that it is our plain duty to keep to *THE TRUTH*, to the real doctrines of the Church, and never to suffer their importance to be weakened in our minds by thinking upon the superior advantages supposed to be afforded by other Communions, in exciting devotion, or ministering to religious feelings.

There is a formidable attempt now making, by more than one religious party, to draw off susceptible minds from our Church by the specious method of holding up the corruptions and deficiencies alleged to exist within her. Now, since the days of our Lord himself, no Church has ever existed without practical abuse of some kind or other. But the attempt to create dissent by means of exhibiting these is by no means new. If the argument were worth anything, then the ancient Jewish Church ought to have been deserted by its more pious members; for practical corruption existed in it to as high a degree as ever has been known in any Christian community. If our Church affords us means of grace, the carelessness or irreligion of our neighbours cannot affect their validity to ourselves. And the wickedness of the multitude by no means proves the want of power in the system of the Church to those who will submit to it; for the multitude has ever been wicked, and even the Lord's ministry itself was rejected by them.

In all the late attacks upon our religious system, there is nothing new. By Mr. Ward, indeed, they have been urged with greater vehemence and bitterness than has hitherto been practised by any one within our pale. His earnestness may have an effect with many; but this adds no weight whatever to his arguments, or rather to his declamation. Men as earnest and sincere, and as much alive to the existence of practical evil, and far more active in its redress, have found a refuge and sufficiency in the system he condemns. Dr. Arnold's visionary notions are nothing more than what have been in substance entertained in all ages of the world: it is nothing more than a scheme of comprehension, which all experience shows to be impracticable. That scheme is utterly hopeless till men are agreed upon what are fundamentals, what essentials—what may be open questions, what irrevocable articles of faith. To both, Goldsmith's words are eminently applicable: 'I ask pardon for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before.'

As Mr. Ward's sincerity may influence some, so we believe that any attention which Dr. Arnold may secure will be owing to the various attractive features of his character. But it is unwise and dangerous to suffer considerations of personal qualities, however amiable and attractive, to influence the principles of religious truth, which are stern and inflexible. The founders and promoters of some of the worst heresies have been men distinguished for personal qualities of the most attractive kind.

And we may charitably believe that in teaching their pernicious doctrine, they were often self-deceived: although in most instances we may trace their errors to some defect in their training, and especially to a radical neglect of *self-discipline*.

When men who hold sound Church principles are attacked both by men of Popish and latitudinarian tendencies, they have a strong reason for believing that their course is the true one. This is an old maxim: Aristotle could propound it, and there is nothing whatever in the circumstances of later times to make it questionable. The Romanisers and Romanists still persist in saying that we should do very well if we would superadd something to what we have. The latitudinarians and dissenters in general consider our system the next best to that which they either in theory or in practice hold; and think we should do very well if we retrenched or relaxed somewhat. From the commendation and objection of each we may make this just surmise, that we are holding to the middle course of *Truth*.

Considerations like these can never become out of date. But we must remember besides that individual Christians are not legislators; are not called upon to invent new systems, but to make the best use of that under which Providence has placed them. They have quite enough to do with realities, and with the means of edification placed within their power, more ample than men are commonly content to use, even those who make the loudest outcry about their wants. And for the heavy evils and defects which surround them, (which must ever prevail in the world,) they would find one of the surest correctives in that truly Christian spirit, which is less indulgent to human fancy, and is more obedient to the will of God.

But it must be borne in mind, that we have been speaking of the *system* of our Church, as exhibited in her public documents, and as exemplified in the lives and writings of her holy men. To be guided by these is a matter altogether different from that of acquiescing in the abuses which, to an extent the most deplorable, exist within her. There never was a nation upon earth so blessed by Providence with special blessings. Perhaps there never was a nation which so awfully neglected them. We cannot, we dare not, shut our eyes to the evils which surround us. We must not flatter ourselves by dwelling on the improvements which in some respects may have partially taken place within the last few years; for to our shame be it spoken, these bear no proportion whatever to the means of amelioration within the power both of clergy and people.

We have no right to contrast our condition with that of any other nation upon earth, as far as regards our zeal, activity, or piety. This would be mere pride, (and all pride is sin,) even were it true that the contrast was in our favour. But who that really looks at home, can say that it is? Have selfishness, vanity, the love of self and of our own opinion and fancies, the

resistance to lawful authority, the indifference to public devotion, the repugnance to self-denial and to real holiness of mind, and the contempt or neglect of the poor,—have all these frightful evils diminished to any extent? Are we quite sure they are not increasing? Let any man who loves the Church, who loves God and his brother, who yearns for the return of humility, obedience, and peace, first look at one of our newspapers, and what a picture of our condition will he see exhibited in the wranglings and bickerings, the personal abuse, and the *will worship* which almost every column at present exhibits. But then, what is the cause of this? The *system* of the Church of England? Why, every page of her Prayer-Book, every provision she has made for furthering her great work, bears witness against us, and shows that we have fallen into this state, not from obeying, but from neglecting her; and that after all, so far from being insufficient for us, she contains more abundant advantages than her children ever think of using, Mr. Ward and Dr. Arnold being eminently among the number of those who have committed this wilful and inexcusable neglect.

In reading for the last time the above remarks, it has occurred to us that exception will be taken to our censure upon two distinct grounds. As regards Dr. Arnold, it will be said we have infringed upon the rule *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*: and in reference to Mr. Ward it will be urged, that it is ungenerous to attack him now that he is liable to be brought under the operation of University pains and penalties.

Our answer in each case is simple. As regards Mr. Ward, the article was in type before any such proceedings were announced as those that have been since made public; and in respect to Dr. Arnold, the book which is published after the decease of its author, cannot be noticed in his lifetime. As respects them both, we have said not a word to impugn the motives of either, but have simply put our readers in possession of what appears to us to be at the root of all disaffection with the Church of England, whether the objectors are found in the Romanizing or the ultra-Protestantizing ranks.

HISTORICAL BALLADS,

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.

No. I.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY PLANTAGENET.

I.

'GIVE me the ring,' in accents weak, the dying Henry said,
As with a mighty effort he upraised himself in bed,
Then pressed the precious token of an injured father's love
Fast to his heart, and clammy lips that scarcely now could move.

II.

Then to King Henry's mercy he most heartily commends
The rebel lords of Aquitaine, and all his guilty friends,
And prays him that his knights and squires may have their wages due,
'To me they have been loyal men, albeit false to you.

III.

'My lord archbishop, order now the ashes to be spread,
And put me on the sackcloth, and draw me from the bed,
And lay me on them near the door, for sinner such as I
Who lived unlike a Christian man, unlike to one should die.'

IV.

His servants, lo, with many tears, the shameful halter bring,
And round the neck they tie it of the penitent young king,
And draw him from his princely couch, and lay him on the floor;
Alack! did ever prince die on so sad a bed before?

V.

'Oh! bury me at Rouen; grant me this my last request:
My bones beside my grandfather's* in peace could never rest,
For he was true and faithful, and a good and loyal son,
And happy was the race, though brief, which in this life he run.'

VI.

The good archbishop shrives him, and bids him not despair;
He receives the blessed Sacrament, and breathes his parting prayer.
He is dead, alas, the brave young prince; his soul hath passed away—
May God that soul assoilzie in the dreadful judgment day!

* Prince Geoffrey Plantagenet, buried at Mans.

THE VIA MEDIA.

WE were on the point of stating again the oft-stated question of extremes in religion, when our mind's eye reverted to a very pertinent paper in the *Tatler*: and as we cannot expect every reader's recollection to be as fresh as our own, we subjoin a literal reprint of that paper; for although there are many particulars in which the remarks it contains are irrelevant to our present position, yet there is much in it which may serve to instruct as well as amuse, although more than a century and a quarter have passed since it was written.

Even virtue, when pursued with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame*.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the *Political* Barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my *Ecclesiastical* Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The *Church* Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was some time Vicar of *Bray*. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died *Vicar of Bray*. As this Glass was at first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, *viz.*, 'Extreme Heat, Sultry Heat, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just Freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.'

It is well known that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern *virtuoso*, finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions

* FRANCIS' *Horace*, Ep. I. Bk. vii.

about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors: one of them is a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtile piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through everything that it is put into: and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford manuscript has it, in the scull of an ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure; which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my Paper :

Ignorance.

Persecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

THE CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmness.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation; the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good *Englishman* wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when it once begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying 'Popery;' or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, 'The Church is in danger.'

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation: but at Will's, to my great surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houses, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went farther into the city, until at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I stayed about the Exchange, as also while I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain: and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs, in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do anything that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuit even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High Church and Low Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification: but are only given to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

THE riches which thou treasurest up are lost; those thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

THERE is no misery more true and real, than false and counterfeit pleasure.—ST. BERNARD.

APPARENT and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemn'd; but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

ECCLESIASTES XII. TO VERSE 8.

I.

REMEMBER thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 While th' evil day is far away,
 Nor the sad year approaches near;
 While yet thou hast no cause to groan
 And ask, "Ah whither's pleasure flown?"

II.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 While sun and moon are not gone down,
 While stars and light are yet in sight,
 Nor rain and cloud, and cloud and rain
 A sad vicissitude maintain.

III.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 The day is near when watchmen fear,
 When arms shall quail and knees shall fail,
 The few that grind shall move with pain,—
 Dark be the windows of the brain.

IV.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 Thou shalt not roam: O stay at home,
 Thou useless guest, at costly feast!
 The small bird's chirp shall make thee start,
 And music soothe no more thine heart.

V.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 The trailing root shall trip thy foot;
 Thine head shall be as th' almond tree;
 An insect's weight shall press thee down,
 And fear shall come and joy be gone.

VI.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 Now thou art come to thy long home;
 The mourners meet in the gay street:
 The silver cord that tied the soul
 Is broken, and the golden bowl.

VII.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 The wheel beside the fountain dried
 No more essays the stream to raise:
 The dust shall mingle with the clod,
 The spirit shall return to God.

VIII.

Remember thy Creator in the spring-time of thy life!
 All that thou wert, all that thou art,
 Is vanity, is vanity,
 All that thou shalt be till thy death
 Is vanity,—the Preacher saith.

MORDAUNT BARNARD, *Anwell.*

A CORNISH TOUR A CENTURY AGO.

THE original of the following letter addressed by the celebrated antiquary Charles Lyttelton, then Dean of Exeter, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, to his brother George Lord Lyttelton, has been placed in our hands by the present noble owner of Hagley; and its graphic terseness and racy humour almost tempt us to regret the ill-considered rapidity with which railroads dance us from one place to another; and the brevity and looseness of description with which we think our friends must be saucy to quarrel because Rowland Hill has relieved them from paying a full price for an empty sheet. We are sorely tempted to turn the good Dean's letter into a text for an Homily—but it is better perhaps to leave something to be supplied by the reader's imagination: and therefore we will content ourselves with directing his attention to the fact, that the following letter contains the record of more than one practice of the olden time, which gave our nobility and gentry a hold upon the *affections* as well as the *attentions* of their dependent neighbours.

Dear Brother,

Exeter, May 16, 1752.

I was happy in your kind Letter on my arrival at Dr. Amphlett's on Sunday Evening, which was forwarded thither from Exeter, and so gave me a speedy opportunity of paying Mr. Hoskine the money the next day with my own Hands. It seems Luxmore declined laying so much down for you the last year, which, methinks, was an ill return for all the Favours you had done his Family. Had I known before of your being a Subscriber to the Oakh^r. Char. School I should have taken care to have paid the money regularly without waiting for a particular order from you.

By a Letter I received yesterday from Molly West, I find Kitty and Billy are gone to Spa, notwithstanding your remonstrances and advice to them to defer it till another year. I wish her Strength be equal to her Spirit, but fear she is ill able to bear Sea-sickness and the fatigue of so long a journey. I am concerned to hear my Sister Lyttelton is so much out of order, and that poor Major Rich still continues in so dangerous a way. I doubt his Illness has affected my Lady's spirits, and therefore cannot help dreading the consequences of his Death, in case that should happen. I had thought of going myself to Tunbridge had not my Stomach kept well, and the Defluxion on my lungs continued so long upon me; but I must not now think of Steel waters, but rather of Bristol or Buxton, if I drink any this Summer: but as the late warm weather has almost quite removed my Catarh, I flatter myself I shall have no occasion for waters of any kind this Summer.

I think your intended excursion, both now and in Aug^t. cannot well fail of affording you a good deal of Pleasure; if you have leisure while you are at Bristol, I would wish you to see RADCLIFF Church there, which is esteemed one of the finest Gothick Buildings in the kingdom, it was built in H. 7th's time, a good Age for that style of Building. If Billy be not returned from Germany time enough to

accompany you into Wales, I will most gladly wait upon you thither, tho' I have seen all the places you propose visiting. As you seldom read News Papers 'tis probable you may have overlook'd the enclosed Advertisement, and I imagine you will be glad to have the work now it is translated from the Spanish. By the extracts which Mr. Folkes made and read to the society from Don Antonio D'Alloa's Papers some years ago (from which these Volumes are composed) I should expect to find a great many new and curious observations in the larger Work, especially what relates to the Natural History of the Cordelleras and its neighbourhood. You will present my Compl^{ts}. to your agreeable Fellow Travellers, and tell Miller I had his letter yesterday, and return him abundance of Thanks for the Paper he enclosed in it. Now to give you some little account of my late CORNISH TOUR. On Sunday was sev'night I left Falmouth after morning service was over, accompanied by Mr. Borlase, who gave me the meeting at Truroe the Friday before, and after viewing some amazing Rocks and Druid monuments, arrived early in the evening at Lady Vivian's at Trelowarren. The situation of Trelowarren is so bad, the country all round being wild and dreary to the last Degree, that nothing would have carried me thither but the prospect of finding a *sweet* Bed to sleep in, which is seldom to be had at the Inns in Cornwall, for both the Houses and Beds stink worse than a Pig-stye; but I had the satisfaction of finding there all kind of good Accommodations, and what must please an Antiquary, both the House and its Inhabitants an exact Picture of the old style of Living in good Queen Besses Days. You pass thro' a pair of Gates into a Quadrangle, the left side consisting of a handsome Chapel and large Eating Room, the right, a huge Kitchen and other Offices, in Front is the Mansion House, the entrance of which leads you directly into a spacious Hall, furnished with Calivers, Cross Bows, Hunting Poles, Militia Drums, and Stag Horns. The Furniture of the Parlour and Bed-chambers are in the same Style, especially the latter, where you see the Labours of the Female *Vivians* in work'd Cloth Hangings, point Lace Beds, &c., for several Generations past: but the greatest curiosity of all is the old Lady herself, with her Children and Grand-children all around her.

After the Ceremony of kissing both Old and Young was performed, for this is Cornish Custom, we were refreshed with a Glass of Sack, (it should have been *Hippocrass* to have suited the rest of the entertainment,) and then proceeded in great Form to Chapel, (where Prayers are regularly said twice a-day,) and in the like Form return'd to the Parlour to Supper an Hour before Candle Light. The Old Lady eat a pound of Scotch collops for Supper, and wondered I could not do the like. The next morning Mr. Borlase and myself set out after Breakfast for the Lizard Point, and returned back to Trelowarren to *our* Dinner, though the old lady's Supper. Our Way lay through the Goonhelly Downs, which are no other than boggy, naked, barren moors, with not a Tree or even a Shrub to be seen for 8 or 9 miles riding. At the end of these Downs you come to a miserable Village, and a mile further another rotten moor brings you to a *Glyn* or narrow Vallow, the sides of which are sow'd as it were with vast masses of Rag-Stone. At the Top of this Glyn we left our horses and descended into the Vally on foot. When we arrived at the extremity of it, a natural Arched Entrance thro' a vast Red Rock led us into the finest piece of Scenery

that sportive Nature ever produced; on the right hand you see the boldest Rocky shore glistening with spars and mundicks, and enamell'd with a thousand different hues. Under these Rocks the Sea has form'd Cavities large enough to admit of twenty People commodiously in each Cove; from one you see a little arm of the Sea, which at low Water comes within less than twenty Yards of you, dashing its waves against a vast Rock that stands entirely detach'd from any other. From another Cove you have a sight of the Ocean, but agreeably interrupted on the right hand by an immense high broken Rock detach'd, like the former, from the Rocks which join the main Land; and this Rock, as well as all the others, is alike enamell'd with the most beautiful Colours, and decorated with Samphire and other Sea Plants which hang down from several parts of it. It is impossible, without your Poetical Genius, to do justice to this singular Scene, for there are a Thousand Beautys still to be described, which a dull narration will give you no Idea of. The excessive shining Whiteness of the Sand, and several small Basons full of Limpid Sea Water, which the Tide leaves behind when the Sea is out, the various Windings and Turnings which the different Groups of Rocks oblige you to make in traversing this splendid Court of Neptune, ought all to be taken into the Description, but the Task is too great for me, and therefore I must refer you to Mr. Borlase's Drawing for the general Idea of the Place, and for the singular beauty of the stones which these rocks consist of, to a small specimen, which I shall bring with me to HAGLEY.

N.B. The name of the Place is *Kinance*, very near the famous Soapy Rock at the Lizard Point, which you know is the most Southerly Point in Great Britain. Miller will find it in the Map near *Landewenock* Parish. On my return from hence to Trelowarren, I call'd at the Lizard Village upon an old man, who was reported to be 111 years of age, but on talking with him, I think he is not so old by six years; however, he is old enough to remember very well a dispute between a Blacksmith and Tanner in his own Parish, the one a Royalist the other a Parliamentarian, concerning Charles 2nd right to the crown, just before the Restoration, which did not end till they had thrashed each other stoutly, but the honest Cavalier had the better of his Antagonist, who was at last willing (as the old man told me) to let the King come quietly home and enjoy his own. This antient Cornu-Britain has all his senses perfect, except his Hearing, which he has not quite lost, never was blooded in his Life, and seldom took Physick, nor ever had the Small Pox. On Tuesday morning we left Trelowarren, went to Helston and Godolphin, where we dined, and in the Evening reach'd Mr. Borlase's near Penzance. *Godolphin* is not near so good a house as Lady Vivian's, and is situate in a worse Country, if a worse can be found. I cannot, therefore, but honour my L^d. *Godolphin's* Taste for rejecting such a horrid spot, tho' it has been the Seat of his Ancestors for ages, and at the same time keeping a constant Family of Servants, and a Table for the exercise of Hospitality and the Relief of the Poor. There remain some good Family Pictures by Cornelius Johnson and Lely; and in the Hall is a Clock, which was taken at the siege of Bullodyn by one of his Ancestors. Miller would have been pleas'd with a sight of the old Wardrobe, where I remark'd some curious Pink'd Silk Wastcoats and Petticoats, which are not to be match'd even in the Green-

Room at Drury-Lane Playhouse. In a former Letter to my Father, which you had the perusal of two Years agoe, I described the beautiful Situation of the *Mount*, with its charming accompaniments, viz., *the Bay, Penzance, Market Jew, &c. &c.* therefore, I shall not here trouble you with it, but hasten to release you from this tedious Epistle, after observing that from hence to the Land's end nothing occurs remarkable, except several noble Druid monuments and fine Sea Prospects. The Land terminates in a vast Groupe of Rocks, from which you see the Islands of Scilly, at about 9 leagues distance; on the right the Bristol Channel, and on the left that of St. George. Tho' all this Tract has an appearance of great Poverty, and the Houses in general miserable Cottages, yet they differ I believe from all other Cottages in Europe, scarce one in twenty wanting a *Sash-Window*, such is the fondness these People have for this kind of ornament in their houses. I would indeed forgive them if they confined it only to their Houses, (tho' it looks very odd in a thatch'd low mansion,) but they have also sash'd all their Churches in these Parts, which ill suits the Gothick Simplicity of these Antient Buildings. The winters are so mild in this part of Cornwall, that *Aloes, winter cherry,* and other Green-House-Plants thrive well here in the open air, and this even at Trelowarren, which, from its exposed situation, is not near so warm as the neighbourhood of Penzance. At the latter I saw last week Green Peas in the Market, which would have been esteemed too old by nice Palates, and this on the 7th instant. I am truly sorry to hear the Admiral's disorder in his Leg is broke out again. I hope he or his secretary, Capt^a. Hood will soon tell me that he is better, for I am anxious for him.

Adieu my dearest Brother,

Your ever affectionate and obliged,

CHAS. LYTELTON.

I thank little Tom for his Letter.

WINTER is called a dull season; and to the sensations of some, the enjoyments of others, and, perhaps, to the vision of all, it is a most cheerless period. This is so universally felt, that we always associate the idea of pleasure with the return of spring; whatsoever our employments or occupations may be, though its sleety storms and piercing winds may at times chill the very current in our veins, yet we consider it as an harbinger of pleasurable hours and grateful pursuits. We commence our undertakings, or defer them till spring. The hopes or prospects of the coming year are principally established in spring; and we trust that the delicate health of the blossoms round our hearths, which has faded in the chilling airs of winter, may be restored by the mild influence of that season. Yet winter must be considered as the time in which Nature is most busily employed; silent in her secret mansions, she is now preparing and compounding the verdure, the flowers, the nutriment of spring; and all the fruits and glorious profusion of our summer year are only the advance of what has been ordained and fabricated in these dull months.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—CHURCH RESTORATION.

- I. CHURCH ARCHITECTURE SCRIPTURALLY CONSIDERED, *from the earliest Ages to the present Time.* By the Rev. F. CLOSE, A.M. Hatchards.
- II. *Remarks on the Rev. F. Close's 'Church Architecture Scripturally considered.'* By the Rev. THOMAS KERCHEVER ARNOLD, M.A., Rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Rivingtons
- III. *A Reply to the 'Remarks,' &c.* By the Rev. F. CLOSE. Hatchards.
- IV. *An Examination of the Rev. F. Close's 'Reply,' &c.* By the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD. Rivingtons.
- V. The RESTORATION of CHURCHES is the RESTORATION of POPERY; *proved and illustrated from the Authenticated Publications of the Cambridge Camden Society:* a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Cheltenham, on Tuesday, November 5, 1844, by the Rev. F. CLOSE, A.M., Perpetual Curate. Hatchards.

WE have read these books of Mr. Close's with sorrow and shame; with sorrow, to think, that when a protest is needed against Romish innovation, one should be raised which goes to the destruction of so much that is sound and Scriptural, earnest and zealous, within the limits of good Churchmanship itself; and with shame, to see that there can be found in the ranks of the English Clergy, one who, coming forward to rebuke and to forewarn, is so signally ill fitted, by bitterness of temper and shallowness of knowledge, for this important work. It has rarely been our lot to meet with so many inaccuracies in the same number of pages; and never to witness such intolerance of correction and rebuke, even when most richly deserved, and temperately administered.

The Church of England, after many lamentable years of indifference or inaction, has at length awakened to a sense of the responsibilities which rest upon her. Meanwhile, the influences adverse to her work of Christianizing the people have increased to a fearful extent. She finds vast districts abandoned to Dissent in all its forms. From the so-called orthodox Dissenter, to the openly avowed Infidel, in all the various shades of unbelief we find only this one master-colour common to them all—opposition to her faith, her sacraments, and her ministry. As might have been expected, immorality and profaneness have had their corresponding growth. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Christian Church, was there so vast a field of duty open before her members. Whether we read, or hear, or observe, the same awful facts are ever present to us: the religious degradation of our people, the comparative absence of self-denial and true charity; the neglect, even to derision, of the precepts of our

blessed Lord, and the doctrines preached by His Apostles: luxury, costliness, and abundance loading the mansions of the rich, and the semblance of these pervading even the middle classes, while the hardest measure of unsympathizing economy is dealt out to the poor. And what wonder if, in this state of things, the parish churches of the land, the gathering points of all holy and charitable association of feelings, have deeply suffered. The bond is broken which knit together our parishes as one man, in their assemblies in those Houses of Prayer: they endure not as seeing Him who is invisible: His name and His praise are no longer words of power: if the parish church is crowded, it is only by the frail tenure of the life of a man that such tenancy is maintained: it is *man* that is worshipped, man's voice that is listened to; and the humble and laborious Minister of Christ has, amidst his toils, the painful forethought, that a breath may scatter his people when he is gone from them, as a breath gathered them when he came among them. And if he turns to the church where he ministers, little indeed does he find there, in most cases, calculated to inspire his people with respect, or to give them a permanent object amongst themselves, which may minister to a wish for religious unity. Squalid and half-ruinous as those buildings have been allowed to become, they are only known to many of his parishioners, by the annual calls upon their purse for their mean and insufficient repairs; or if they notice them, it is only to draw a contrast between the comfortless and rubbishy state of the church, and the snug warmth of the dissenting conventicle. And since as men see so will they judge, the result has been that the Church has lost, or at least does not possess, her just influence over numbers who in other days would have been her willing-hearted children.

Church Architecture Scripturally Considered, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, is the title, not of a pamphlet, but of a book of more pretension, a 'systematic attempt' to overthrow certain principles commonly held sacred by Churchmen; this attempt being justified in the writer's mind by the progress of certain 'evils perilous and growing,' now rife among us. Whether Mr. Close or his binder be responsible for the device which adorns the cover of this treatise, nothing could more aptly describe the contents. A gilt street-front of a modern church of the true *compo-site* order is presented to us, 'worthy,' we suppose, 'to stand among the abodes of wealth or rank, by which it is chiefly furnished with guests:' while the back of the volume offers us the other end of the same building, *minus* the gold; the part, we presume, which is turned away from the eyes of men, and therefore need not be adorned. Can it be that the *author* or his publisher, acting in the spirit of the book, has given us a symbolic representation of the idea of a Christian church according to Mr. Close? And, will our readers believe, that this is indeed the drift of the argument in this work, that

Churches are not to be to Christians places of joy, or objects of their affection and reverence: but that, being from their aim and employment loathsome and sickening, whatever adornment they may receive must have no reference to the Gospel which is preached in them, or the Sacraments which are administered, but must only be such as to make them good enough for the rich and gay, and fit to stand among their sumptuous palaces!

Now in freely criticising this extraordinary argument, we must premise that we have no sympathy with Romanizing tendencies. We lament, as much as Mr. Close can do, the unwise proceedings of some persons among us, who are overstepping the clear line of demarcation which divides us from Rome: and the main reason why we lament these proceedings is, not that we conceive there is any danger of our *people* becoming extensively infected with a superstition, from which, perhaps, they were never further removed; but because such tendencies obstruct and thwart our progress to purity and holiness, and by them weak minds are scandalized, and kept back from love and obedience to the Church. Mr. Close may conceal from himself and his readers the fact, but it is well known to all who choose impartially to observe, that there are among us great numbers both of clergy and laity, dutiful and affectionate sons of the English Reformed Church, anxious to see her restored to her efficiency, her discipline, her hold upon the people; abhorrent from any superstition of any kind; hating the name and existence of party in the Church; devoting their money to God's poor and God's house, and their lives to God's service; and yet these men would one and all be by Mr. Close accused of going themselves, and leading their people, in the direction of Rome. And why? simply because they hold that God's house, being the House of Prayer for all nations, is to be ordered according to the will of Him who purified it of all inappropriate and unseemly things: because they hold that buildings raised for holy purposes may well in their form and furniture bear some allusion to those purposes; or at least better such allusion, than emblems of paganism: that as the spire tells of their heavenward objects, so the cross may remind us of that tribulation through which the kingdom of heaven must be attained. For our Reformers did not think, as Mr. Close does, that we cannot have crosses without worshipping them, but were clear-headed and wise-hearted enough not to be ashamed of that emblem either in their sacred buildings or their sacred services*, because Rome had superstitiously abused a reverent custom, and yielded practical adoration to a material symbol.

Now upon such persons as these, supposing Mr. Close's book to have proved what it signally fails to prove, and to be as conclusive as it is fallacious, would it not inflict a heavy blow and

* *Ex. gr.* The use of the Cross in Baptism.

a great discouragement?' Let us, with this question before us, briefly follow him through his argument. The Christian Churchman of England believes his Parish Church to be the House of God: a joyful and hallowed place; into which he is exhorted to enter with thanksgiving and praise. He reads in Scripture the most reverent and affectionate expressions applied by holy men, and by our blessed Lord Himself, to this House: and that, not in virtue of any transitory observances, but from consideration of it being that very House of prayer and praise, which he finds it to be. And thus rejoicing in God's temple on earth, he waits his appointed time in faith and patience, when by Divine Mercy he shall be removed to be a pillar in God's temple in heaven, and to serve Him day and night in that temple. Now to all this Mr. Close tells him: You are mistaken. There is no temple on earth: there will be no temple in Heaven! The house of Prayer in which you delight, is no subject for your delight; it is a 'lazaretto for infected souls*.' 'Sin,' not thankfulness, 'has raised the pile!' All the reverence, all the affection of the Israelites of old, passed away with the dispensation under which they lived; when our Lord spoke of the House of Prayer for all nations, He intended no allusion to the time when all nations should worship in it; you will find no temple in Heaven, therefore cherish no such feelings as your present ones, or you will soon find yourself the victim of dark and fatal errors.

Now in writing the above, we are well aware that in general terms Mr. Close has (*Reply*, pp. 11, 12), disclaimed the desire to produce such effects as these. But is a man to be at liberty to advance the premisses, and to disavow the conclusion? We put it to any candid reader of Mr. Close's book, whether such be not the plain inference from its argument and tendency: and if it be so, then we ask whether Mr. Close is to be considered as the helper, or the hinderer, of the great and godly work of furthering among us God's truth and God's service by means of the faithful members of God's Church.

But we must notice some of the steps of Mr. Close's argument to which we have as yet only referred.

First, because Mr. Close has placed it first in order; 'there is to be no temple in Heaven.' Now it is to us most strange, that the idea should never have dawned on Mr. Close's mind, that in almost all which he here says, he is refuting his own argument. He states, and rightly, the reason why there will be no (material or symbolic) temple there; viz., because the LORD God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it; and with admirable naïveté he winds up the sentence by saying,—

Churches, temples, ordinances, sacraments, are the means by which God reveals himself to His people now—but there will be no temple there†!

* *Church Architecture*, p. 21.
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† *Ibid.*, p. 17.

Exactly so: and being such, the fact of their being done away in the state of fruition no more makes them sad and mournful things, than the light of the sun is a mournful thing on earth, because the redeemed will not need it in heaven.

Indeed, this whole passage, to which we have several times referred, containing the 'lunatic asylum' comparison, is one which we hope and pray that Mr. Close himself may yet live to recoil from with as great aversion as the better part of his readers have done. We fear, however, that in order for this to be accomplished, that most pernicious practice must be got rid of in preaching and writing, so common with Mr. Close's school, of sounding to us the sad strains of human depravity and misery, *and there ceasing*—without striking the joyful and triumphant notes of God's praise to which every Christian Pastor should on all such occasions proceed.

Now with regard to the next, the 'no temple in Paradise' argument, surely Mr. Close might have reflected that his 'stilted prose' cannot decide a matter about which the greatest scholars have been in doubt, and into which it were idle to enter, since we have absolutely no data upon which to decide it. How ill qualified, however, in scholarship and knowledge of Scripture, Mr. Close is to enter on the enquiry, let the following blunders prove, pointed out by Mr. Arnold, but not fully exposed:

What evidence is there, . . . that our first parents were contemplating an act of worship when 'they were WALKING in the garden in the cool of the day?'—(Close's *Reply*, p. 9.)

Now we do not read that our *first parents* were walking, &c., but that 'they heard *the voice of the LORD God* walking in the garden in the cool of the day.' But it may perhaps be thought that Mr. Close only draws an inference, or is imaginative, as he was before. No such thing. Here is Mr. Close's *pointing* of the verse in question: 'And they heard the voice of the LORD God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day.—(*Reply*, p. 8). Hence it appears, that he conceives 'walking,' &c., before which he places a comma, to refer to Adam and Eve. This of course will in a moment be decided by the Hebrew, the Septuagint, the Vulgate, or any version in which singular and plural inflexions appear. Now in all of these, the participle is in the singular, in apposition with 'the LORD God:' in the Hebrew, וַיִּשְׁמַע אָדָם; in the Septuagint, *περιπατοῦντος*; in the Vulgate, *deambulantis*. Is this quite excusable, even in 'the pastor of a populous parish:' is this 'rightly dividing the word of Truth?'

But again, Mr. Close (*Reply*, p. 9, line 7) calls our first parents' hiding themselves from the presence of the LORD, *an event before the fall*, (!) and on this he founds an argument, wound up with no little contempt for Mr. Arnold, by saying, 'Surely never was there a bolder hypothesis hazarded on a more baseless foundation!' to which echo may answer, *Surely never!*

Space will not allow us to dwell on Mr. Close's extraordinary

views of the state and worship of the Patriarchal Church: that 'perhaps they walked more nearly with God than believers since have done.' (p. 24) that 'they needed not the oft-repeated sacrifice and the blood-stained altar' (*ibid*): to the first of which sentences it might be objected that on such a supposition, the covenant of the Gospel has not been fulfilled, and we are none the better for the manifestation of the Godhead in flesh: whereas after an enumeration of these among other worthies, the Apostle states that God hath 'provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect:—and to the latter it may be answered, that such an assertion is most unwarranted, for that all the indications which we have of the worship of that period point to *ordained sacrifices of living animals*.—(Gen. iv. 4, 7. v. FABER on *Primitive Sacrifice*.)

After this it will scarcely be credited except by those who are accustomed to the suicidal character of Mr. Close's style, that he says, having stated that *there was neither altar nor sacrifice in Egypt*, (does he forget *the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover*, Exod. xii. 27?)

To this, in great measure, may be attributed the rapid decline of the Israelites from the service of the God of their fathers soon after the death of Jacob and Joseph.—(p. 28.)

And yet he himself has been dwelling with rapture almost poetic, and admiration tinged with something like disparagement of the state of believers under the Gospel, on the purity and nearness to God of those who, according to him, had neither altar nor sacrifice, and leaving his readers to infer that their superior sanctity was connected with this circumstance. Verily this is blowing hot and cold with one and the same breath.

Our readers have seen, we trust, on how flimsy a foundation Mr. Close's argument rests, as far as the giving of the Mosaic Law. It is in fact, nothing but mere conjecture, and that conjecture directly opposed to the spirit of the few hints which are furnished in Scripture, and to the opinions of those who, unlike himself, consult and pay attention to the original language of the Pentateuch. Which of the two carries the most weight, we need hardly ask our readers to judge.

And yet he states with amusing assurance,

Above two thousand three hundred years of the world's existence have rolled by, and as yet no kind of temple is raised to the worship of Almighty God.

Now even supposing this demonstrated and giving Mr. Close also the sentence paraded in capitals on page 32, which asserts the same of *three thousand years, or one half of the world's present existence*, what does it all prove, but just what we might expect to find from the analogy of Providence, that the dealings of God in choosing and establishing His people were not sudden but gradual: nor irrespective of circumstance, but adapted to each successive state of the family and nation whom He had

chosen, so that when they were strangers seeking a country, His tabernacle moved with them, and it was not till they were planted in the mountain of His inheritance, that there was also made a place for Him to dwell in—a Sanctuary which His hands had established. (Exod. xv. 17.)

But the next part of Mr. Close's argument is more positively offensive. We are unwilling to quote the ascription of motives to the Most High, which, besides savouring, to us at least, of irreverence, is most directly contrasted with the statements of Scripture. Let any student of Scripture compare the prophecies in Deut. xii., where it is repeatedly asserted that the LORD would hereafter in the land of promise 'choose a place out of all the tribes, to put His name there,' with Psalm lxxviii. 67, 68, 69, 'Moreover He refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim; but chose the tribe of Judah, the Mount Zion which He loved: and He built His sanctuary like high palaces, like the earth, which He hath established for ever:' and then say whether the whole of this part of Mr. Close's argument is not founded on misapprehension. Nor is it difficult to see what that misapprehension is. Let us carefully read the message of Nathan to David in 1 Chron. xvii. (*not half of it*, which Mr. Close has quoted, p. 34, but the whole,) with David's prayer following, and we shall see what the *burden* of the message is. The stress throughout is upon the circumstance that Israel had been as yet, and even in David's time, *in motion and unsettled*, and that *therefore* the LORD had not commanded them to build Him a temple, but had gone from tent to tent, and from one tabernacle to another: that for this same reason David, having been a man of war and change, was not to build it; but that his son, a man of rest, should build it, when the children of Israel should be planted in their place. In chap. xxii. 6—10, we find this stated by David himself as the reason. So that there appears in Scripture no ground for the strange perversion given to this passage by Mr. Close to serve the purposes of his argument. Nay, there is everything against it: the commendation of David's purpose (1 Kings viii. 18): the revelation of all the order and furniture of the temple by the Spirit unto David (1 Chron. xxviii. 12, 19,) the expressions, too numerous to quote, but familiar to all, from God Himself, of love for His temple, and commands to His people to reverence it: all these come in but strangely after Mr. Close's assertions. And as to what he states in page 34, and, which, for reasons mentioned above, we refrain from citing, let us only ask, does not the Spirit of the LORD by the Prophets, so far from tracing superstition to the temple as its source, constantly call the people back *from* their superstitions to the purity of God's worship in the sanctuary—and do we not find, that whenever the Kings of Judah wished to combat superstition, the restoration of the temple was one of their first objects?

As we pass on, error after error, perversion after perversion, seem to crowd thicker upon us. Mr. Close says, (page 42) after insisting very strongly on the circumstance that the first temple was the only one in which the LORD ever dwelt,—

We have seen how far inferior in every respect the second temple was to that of Solomon: not merely in its extent, costliness, or decorations—nor simply in its deficiency in typical emblems, but chiefly in this,—that God the LORD never entered it, never dwelt in it.

To this statement we would oppose not only the whole spirit of the prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah, but the plain and decisive assertion of our Blessed Lord, (Matt. xxiii. 21,) spoken of *this very temple*, ‘Whoso shall swear by the temple, sweareth by it, and by HIM THAT DWELLETH THEREIN.’ (!)

Yet again: Mr. Arnold has cited Hooker as ‘not thinking any place so good for the performance of worship as a church, neither any exhortation so fit as that of David, *O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness.*’ On this Mr. Close remarks:—

That so great a writer should quote the words of David thus, as really applicable to a beautiful building, is surprising! could Hooker really think that ‘the beauty of holiness’ meant the beauty of a stone building which was not then erected? yet the quotation otherwise has no force: and if so, it argues a want of spiritual discernment.

That is, we suppose, the words ‘beauty of holiness’ are to be spiritually understood. Now observe the modesty of this passage. Mr. Close, who *does not know what these words mean*, who has never investigated the subject, but takes up with the second-hand interpretation which he finds current, is surprised at, and accuses of want of spiritual discernment one who, setting authority out of the question, might at least, being learned, and judicious, and pious, have been presumed to have ascertained the meaning of the words before he quoted them. Let us see how the matter stands. The words rendered ‘beauty of holiness’ in Psalm xxix. 2, xcvi. 9, and 1 Chron. xvi. 29, (הַיְדֹרֹת־קֹדֶשׁ) and in the margin, ‘the glorious sanctuary,’ are by the LXX. rendered ἐν αὐλῇ ἁγίᾳ αὐτοῦ, and by the Vulgate, *in atrio sancto Ejus*, ‘in His holy court.’ In the other place where they occur, (2 Chron. xx. 21,) it would baffle the most determined partisan to give them the spiritual interpretation. Mr. Arnold has well observed that in all these places they seem to refer to the beautiful vestments used in the temple service: or perhaps, the beautiful order and array of the ministers employed in it.

Now Mr. Close’s *error* here, one common to his school, is, that he loses the type in the antitype. All the beauty and adornment of the temple was symbolic and typical; but it does not therefore ‘argue want of spiritual discernment’ to maintain that David speaks of the material temple, in a passage where he clearly *does so*. This mistake runs through Mr. Close’s reasonings: *e. g.*, The hearts of true believers are the proper and highest residence of God under the Gospel dispensation.

Granted: and granted also that all material temples, their worship and appurtenances, are subservient to, and representative of, this most glorious of all temples. But this will not do for Mr. Close: because the hearts of true believers are in the highest sense the temple of God, *therefore* there is no material temple!

But our quarrel with the passage above-cited is not mainly on account of its partaking of this fallacious error, but on account of its arrogant spirit in pronouncing a sentence of condemnation on one, who, whatever Mr. Close may think of his authority when it makes against him, was at least by consent of all a learned, judicious, and pious writer. Would that Mr. Close himself, by the signal absence of the two first of these qualities, had not cast such a cloud as he has done on the acknowledged presence of the latter!

Mr. Close's conduct of his argument through the history of the New Testament has been so ably exposed by Mr. Arnold, that we need only refer our readers to his two excellent pamphlets; adding, however, one or two remarks. Here, as before, all that Mr. Close advances is based upon mere conjecture, and that unwarranted and improbable. The assertion that sanctity of places was abolished, contrasts rather strangely with the assembling, again and again, of the Apostles in (not *an*, but) *the* upper chamber in which the Lord's supper had been instituted. The endeavour of Mr. Close to prove that the descent of the Holy Ghost was not in the temple, will not probably produce much effect upon the unbiassed reader of the second chapter of the Acts, who will remember that besides the *fact* of the temple being the place of resort at the festival of Pentecost, where the people would hear the Apostles speaking with tongues, the analogy of the proceedings of the Church, hardly leaves room for any other supposition, when we reflect that, until the descent of the Spirit, *the upper chamber* was their constant place of meeting; but no sooner has that taken place, than we find them *continuing daily in the temple*. What could have produced this change in the place of resort, but its having been the place of the fulfilment of the promise of the Father?

But Mr. Close asserts, (could he not here also have used more reverential language?) that our Lord dissevered His Christian institutions *as much as possible* from TEMPLE Ordinances; and that it was His purpose to abolish sacred localities in introducing the Christian dispensation,

Mr. Arnold had met this assertion by adducing the Christian festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide, and stating that their exact coincidence with the Jewish Passover and Pentecost did not bear out what Mr. Close maintains.

Mr. Close's answer to this is too curious to be omitted:—

And is this seriously intended to refute a statement which had reference to 'the words and deeds' of our blessed Lord only? Can any-

thing be gathered respecting the mind and will of *Christ* from the subsequent institutions of his Church, that is, of mere men? Did our Lord, or even his Apostles, institute Easter and Whitsuntide? Thus it is that things human and divine are continually mingled together by certain writers, as if the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and of his uninspired Church were equal.—(*Reply*, p. 19.)

Now, in answer to all this, will Mr. Close be so good as to say what *gave rise* to the festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide? for that is the question. Is it not obviously the point insisted on by Mr. Arnold, that our Blessed Lord, in choosing these exact times for His Resurrection and the Descent of the Holy Spirit, did not *separate* Christian Ordinances *from*, but *identified* them *with*, the temple ordinances? And what is Mr. Close's escape from the inference, but a subterfuge? But mark the consequence: men cannot employ subterfuges with impunity. Mr. Arnold has spoken of the great events of Redemption by the familiar and household names of the annual commemorations of the Church. According to Mr. Close, this Church, the body of the faithful, is the true temple of God in which His Spirit dwells: and yet, the moment it suits his argument, their institutions are worthless, they become mere men, uninspired! Again, if Mr. Close be pleased thus to sneer at the *yearly* festival of the Resurrection, will he point out to us upon what authority the observance of the *weekly* festival of the Resurrection rests? If a Jew had presumed to neglect the *seventh* day, God's appointed Sabbath, and to keep the *first* day, he would have incurred God's severe displeasure: by what authority have *we* made the change? Might not every word of the above quotation have been used with regard to the Lord's day, as well as to Easter and Whitsuntide? and would not Mr. Close be one of the first to reject such an inference as would thence be drawn?

Thus is the first and greater part of Mr. Close's *Church Architecture* employed:—the great conclusion of his argument being, that under the Gospel the sanctity of places is done away, and there are, properly speaking, *no churches at all*. In order for Mr. Close to be consistent with himself, a consecrated church should be his abomination: nay, any fixed or settled building at all undesirable; but seeing probably the madness of such an opinion, he curiously enough states as his conclusion, 'That the churches in which Christians worship should, as to external decoration, harmonize with the genius of the Christian dispensation.' A conclusion to which we have nothing to object, provided always Mr. Close be not its interpreter.

But here we must break off, promising our readers to recur to the remainder of *Church Architecture* on another occasion: and to review Mr. Close's extraordinary statement, that 'the Restoration of Churches is the Restoration of Popery.'

A RECOLLECTION OF ROSAS.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

It was a *moral* end for which they fought ;
 Else how, when mighty thrones were put to shame,
 Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
 A resolution, or enlivening thought ?

SPAIN, poor fallen Spain! Another revolution in that ill-fated country excites the regrets of the worthy, as an additional proof of the utter political ruin of a fine nation; one which of erst wielded the balance of European power. Her exhausted resources, prostrated strength, murderous proscriptions, and contempt of honour, excite the deepest disgust in minds which recognise her former chivalry, and really deplore her fall. This train of thought recalled the remembrance of the year 1808, when the Spaniards everywhere started up simultaneously, as if moved by one indignant soul, into an attitude of defence and defiance, and declared eternal war against perfidious France, to the astonishment of all Europe, including the man who caused it.

On this signal occasion, Catalonia was terribly in the way of Napoleon's designs,—and as one of our earliest combined exploits took place here, in a war which eventually hurled that gentleman from his throne, we are tempted to say a word or two on the fall of Rosas. England and Spain, though at war with each other at the outbreak of the French plot, quickly came to a right understanding, and *Viva Fernando Settimo!* was the mutual war-cry: 'tis a pity the individual rallying-point was so worthless a man. The presence of the British men-of-war stationed on the coast of Catalonia, rendered the most essential support to the Patriots. Their officers and crews co-operated with the utmost alacrity in every service where the naval force could be employed for their advantage; and the ships afforded an asylum to the unfortunate fugitives, whenever the successes of their reckless enemy left no other refuge for them. All ranks on board cheerfully submitted to inconvenience and privation on their account, giving up every little comfort for the accommodation. The enemy were repeatedly driven from the beach by the cannonade of the ships, and the fire from their boats, in covering the retreat of the Patriots, or in dislodging the French from their positions along the coast, when within range of our shot. Unfortunately the imbecility of the Spanish councils was too soon apparent, for most of the public measures were retarded and embarrassed by apathy and extreme mismanagement. The rival jealousies of the Patriot chiefs completed the mischief of such weakness; for instead of being actuated by an honourable and practical detestation of their foul invaders, they were too often occupied with schemes to ruin and

supplant each other. Meantime the people at large were moved with a full desire for the expulsion of the common enemy; and the Catalan peasant, amidst all his misfortunes, preserved his spirit and persevering activity; every new enormity committed by the French,—and such were of constant occurrence,—only excited a keener sense of his wrongs, a more implacable hatred towards the perpetrators, and a more determined resolution to subdue them.

Such was the state of affairs in the north of Spain, within a few brief months after the gloriously memorable outbreak of May, 1808; when, stung by their reverses at Saragossa and Gerona, the French were determined upon breaking-in the province of Catalonia. After devastating the country around Barcelona, a force of five thousand men was dispatched against Rosas, it being looked upon as a key to the important fortress of Figueras.

Rosas is a town and citadel at the bottom of a great bay of the same name, where the Pyrenees enter the Mediterranean Sea. The town is composed of a single street of white-washed houses along the water's edge, to the eastward of the citadel; the latter is a large irregular pentagon, without a ditch or covered-way, in poor repair and equipment, and still bearing marks of its noted siege in 1793, by General Perignon. On the coast hills beyond the town is a well-known fort called Trinidad, the *Bouton* of the French, which communicates by a narrow and steep road between the slope of the hill and the beach. It is a compact structure surmounted by a small light-house, and though commanded by the rocky crags adjacent, it made a stout resistance in 1793. From hence to the extreme cape, the land becomes picturesque from the variety of its intricate parts, contrasting with the blank and uninteresting plain below Rosas, where lowly dwellings and neglected farms evince misery.

The Bay of Rosas is formed by the Medas islands on the south, and Cape Norfeo, a Pyrenean promontory, on the north, comprising a length of about twelve miles: it is quite clear of rocks and shoals, and the soundings are so regular that large ships may conveniently anchor within cannon-shot. They generally bring up off the town in from fifteen to seven fathoms water, and smaller ones in from five to three and a half fathoms, where they ride very securely, being exposed to south-east winds only, and these seldom blow home. The *tramontana*, or north wind, often rushes violently from the Pyrenees, but as it blows fair for sailing out of the bay, it can do no harm to a vessel riding there. It is never greatly frequented; but in order to maintain possession of the Lampourdan, as the surrounding parts are called, and to secure supplies by means of the sea, it is necessary to hold Rosas. Hence the movement of the fell invaders.

The unexpected spirit which the Spanish peasantry displayed,

had sorely galled the enemy, and irritated the French generals to an unprecedented degree; and the consequent extortions and butcheries of Duhesme in Catalonia, had already acquired for him the cognomen of *THE CRUEL*. Proclamations were abroad in all directions, enjoining the most coercive measures for the suppression of the *rebels*, as the Patriots were termed, and rapine and violence rioted in excess around Barcelona. Great, therefore, was the consternation when, about the beginning of November, authentic accounts were received that the French were advancing to attack Rosas. The men made a display of indignation, but the terrors of the women and children were very distressing. It is true the garrison consisted of nearly three thousand men, but they were ill-paid, ill-fed, and, like the citadel itself, but ill-found.

Fortunately the British flag was flying in the bay at this critical moment, to the joy of the inhabitants, and the confusion of their enemies; for the asylum given to many of the former, greatly reduced the plunder of the latter. The *Excellent*, of seventy-four guns, commanded by Captain John West, together with the *Meteor* bomb-ship, Captain Collins, lay within point-blank range of the shore, where they were shortly afterwards joined by the *Lucifer* bomb, under the late well-known brave officer, Captain Robert Hall. Every assistance was immediately rendered; and the Spanish and English, so recently at war against each other, were now zealously engaged in a common cause. The garrison was reinforced with the marines of the *Excellent* (with the exception of an officer and twenty-five men, who had been previously dispatched to Fort Trinidad,) and a strong party of seamen.

On the evening of the 6th November the French troops were observed in motion between Figueras and Castillera, and on the following morning they had complete possession of the heights adjacent to Rosas. On the same day at noon, a small body of the enemy entered the town, which in an instant was cleared of its remaining inhabitants, who either fled to their own fishing vessels, the British boats, or the citadel, for protection. Shouts and cries announced the successful advance of the French; but a well-directed fire from the *Excellent* and *Meteor* compelled them precipitately to retire. On the 7th they advanced towards some houses and ruins in the rear of the town, which they occupied as an advanced post; and this position they finally retained, although repeatedly dislodged by the shot and shells from the citadel and the ships. On the 8th, at noon, observing that the French were hard pressing a body of Miqueletes, or Catalonian militia, Captain West was induced to make a dash in their favour. Accordingly he suddenly made a sortie for the citadel, at the head of 250 of the *Excellent's* seamen and marines, who sallied out in a style that astonished the French, and suspended their pursuit of the Catalans. Our men advanced with great

spirit, and showed an excellent front; but the superior force of the French, who endeavoured with their cavalry to surround the British, compelled the latter, after having succeeded in their object of rescuing the Miqueletes, to retire within the fortress. Several seamen and marines were wounded, and Captain West had his horse shot under him in this novel encounter, but they regained their quarters without losing a man. Hearty were the *vivas* and congratulations of Governor O'Daly and the Dons, and preparations were made for extremity.

Meantime the men-of-war kept the French out of the deserted town, and prevented their making a lodgment there for several days. On the 9th a large breach was made in the walls of the place, but it was repaired in the night, principally by British seamen, so that the enemy could hardly have been aware of the damage they had done. The support thus given to the Spaniards drove the French to alter their measures, and compelled them to proceed by rules of art, where they hoped to have carried all by a *coup-de-main*. Ample time was thus afforded to the ruling powers, to take energetic steps for the relief of so important a post. *Mais hélas!* it was a Spanish government. The assistance thus rendered by Captain West was represented to the Junta as an attempt of that officer to possess himself of the place; and the sapient Junta believed, or affected to believe the tale!

The French maintained an occasional fire until the morning of the 15th, when about a couple of hundred of them, with a reserve of two thousand, made a most resolute assault upon Trinidad; yet so well were they received by the garrison and the marines, that it was altogether unsuccessful. In a second assault, with increased numbers, two of the outer gates were broken open; but, by a steady and well-directed fire of musketry and hand-grenades from the fort, the French were, a second time, obliged to retire, leaving their leader, a chief of brigade, and several other officers and men, dead under the walls. Five of our marines were wounded.

As there was every symptom that the French intended a third assault, Captain West, by means of a rope-ladder, threw in a reinforcement of two officers and thirty marines; of whom only one man was slightly wounded, although the party had bravely entered during an incessant fire of musketry from the besiegers. But the latter saw cause finally to adopt other measures for the present, and occupied themselves in constructing batteries to drive the ships further from the shore: and in this they succeeded.

On the 21st the Excellent was relieved by the Fame, of 74 guns, Captain Bennett; who, finding the citadel and Trinidad closely invested, and the Spanish garrisons in a deplorable state, withdrew his marines on the 23rd, and shortly afterwards retired from the coast, leaving the Meteor and the Lucifer to witness

the catastrophe. And thus was Rosas virtually abandoned to its fate.

Another struggle, however, was yet to be made. On the 25th, the *Impérieuse* frigate, commanded by that brave and seaman-like officer, Lord Cochrane, anchored in the bay. The captains of the bomb-vessels soon acquainted him with the situation of affairs; and Captain Hall, in particular, suggested the necessity of impeding the French to the utmost, even in cases where there should be no hope. Lord Cochrane went himself to examine the state of Fort Trinidad; and, finding that the Spanish garrison was on the point of surrendering, threw himself into the walls, with fifty of his seamen and thirty marines. The resources of his active mind were immediately called into full play, and excited the admiration of all. In his official report to Collingwood, Lord Cochrane says:—‘The arrangements made, I need not detail to your Lordship; suffice it to say, that about one thousand bags, besides barrels and palisadoes, supplied the place of walls and ditches; and that the enemy, who assaulted the castle on the 30th with a thousand picked men, were repulsed with the loss of their commanding officer, storming equipage, and all who had attempted to mount the breach.’

Valour and skill, however, could only oppose temporary obstacles to the overwhelming force against them. On the 5th of December the citadel of Rosas capitulated; and, considering further resistance in Fort Trinidad impracticable against the whole French army, Lord Cochrane fired the trains for exploding the magazines, and re-embarked his men. Thus fell Rosas: but though admitted to be the key of Figueras, it could not obtain one of the conditions, namely the sea communication; and within a year of Lord Cochrane’s exploit, a whole French convoy was either burnt at their moorings, or brought off, by our boats, in the face of a heavy fire from the war-vessels, the citadel, Trinidad, and the troops.

We must not close this ‘recollection’ without a word upon the great bulwark of Catalonia, the far-famed Figueras, a fortress which was intended to be a master-piece in the art of fortifications. It stands on the summit of an eminence about half a mile from the town of the same name. Its form is pentagonal, with bastions, ditches, and bomb-proof works prodigally distributed to ensure impregnability. There are accommodations for fifteen thousand men, besides horses; as well as capacious store-houses for provisions and muniments of all descriptions. Every part is casemated, ramparts, barracks, hospital, church, stables, magazines, and cellars. When some English officers were expatiating on its apparent efficiency, the Abbot of the Franciscan Monastery in Figueras exclaimed, ‘It is, indeed, a fine fortress; yet, with all its advantages, it has never withstood anything deserving the name of a siege. In fact, in time of peace it belongs to us, but in time of war to our enemies.’

One of his auditors took the liberty of asking, how that came to pass? The Abbot made no verbal reply, but with a significant shrug motioned with the fingers of his right hand, as if counting money into the palm of his left one.

Such is the reliance placed by the Spaniards on the honour, integrity, and patriotism of their defenders!

BALLAD.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, M.A.

I.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain;—
 Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain;
 The morning is before you, and glorious is the sun;
 Rise up, and do your blessed work before the day be done.

II.

'Come help us, come and help us,'—from the valley and the hill
 To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still:
 The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food;—
 Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.

III.

Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and in purse,
 Behold a safe investment which shall bless and never curse!
 O who would spend for house or land, if he might but from above
 Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness and love?

IV

Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing balm,
 The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep the calm:
 Already mounts the darkness,—the warning wind is loud;
 But ye may seek your fathers' God, and pray away the cloud.

V.

Go throng our ancient churches, and on the holy floor
 Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneeling poor;
 Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,
 'Spare, spare, O Lord, thy people;—O cast us not away.'

VI.

Hush down the sounds of quarrel, let party names alone,—
 Let brother join with brother, and England claim her own:
 In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant, clerk, and lord:
 Sweet charity your banner-flag, and GOD FOR ALL your word.

MUSIC AT HOME.

CONCERTED MUSIC, AS A DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL RECREATION.

AFTER a century or more of *exhibition*, amateur as well as professional, it seems very likely that Music will, ere long, again be generally turned to account as a social recreation,—that after a long course of dissipation, she will return to the spheres she is so well fitted to adorn,—the fireside and the home-circle.

How far the practice of the musical art has been discouraged, how far its reputation as a humanizing agent has suffered from its long and almost exclusive use as a vehicle for individual display, those only can know who, loving it dearly, have yet ears to hear and patience to consider even the groundless scruples of conscientious people.

That Music may be made the handmaid of Vice is indisputable; that she is not of necessity such must be as obvious. But it is vain to deny, that in the *exhibition* of great individual musical skill, there is danger, to auditors as well as to performers, that too much store be set on an accomplishment not inseparably connected with high moral, or even intellectual qualities. Moreover, it must be admitted, that in all individual display there is a tendency to rub off, from the manner if not from the mind, the bloom of that modesty, which—always associated in our minds with a something of reserve—is one of the greatest charms, more especially of the female character.

Ha you mark'd but the fall o' the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?

says an old Poet; and we are as little prepared as our forefathers, to find our countrywomen 'prepared for every possible contingency,' or 'no longer to be astonished by anything.' The majority of us, it must be confessed, have still a sneaking kindness for the paradox, 'not the least charm of a young Englishwoman is her ignorance.'

Most unwillingly would we be understood to imply, that the self-possession required for the efficient display of individual skill in music or aught else, whether by man or woman, is necessarily purchased by the sacrifice of modesty or virtue; but an exchange may be made instead of an addition; and the addition is in most cases unnecessary. For without doubt the purposes of High Art will be served most efficiently, by restricting individual display to those rare instances, where God's good gifts seem brought together, that they may be an example and a delight to many.

From all such objections, well or ill founded, Concerted Music, rightly used, is entirely free. And by rightly used is meant, not the infliction on the patience of an unwilling audience of those never-ending, still-beginning, instrumental trios and quartets, or worse still, those 'arrangements' of symfonies 'compressed

from the score,' which unlike models of mountains and pyramids, give less idea of the form of their originals than their *size*; with all the accessories of amateur rosinning, amateur tuning, and amateur independence of time*, in which the 'Fanatico' is wont to display his vanity and ignorance. Nor by concerted music rightly used, do we mean the subjecting one's guests to the mesmeric influences of that lugubrious class of 'Glees' (un-etymological people never can understand why they are so called) with which loyal and patriotic gentlemen of a certain age, are wont to be soothed after the healthful stimulus of tavern sentimentality, or 'high and dry' toasts. Neither have we in our minds anything in the least like a modern musical party. For in general, nothing in the world is got together with such a coil of preparation as a modern musical party; certainly of nothing in the world is the result so strangely disproportionate to the means used to make it successful. To the true musician, it is, usually, a source of unmixed annoyance; to the man who, in the common sense of the term, 'hath no music in his soul,' it is a chaos, an ever-pregnant source of mystification: and all this because amateurs in general neither use the right music, nor use it rightly.

The truth is that our classifications of music want revision and addition. We have in general pretty clear notions of the difference between Sacred Music and Secular; *i. e.*, when connected with words: what the essentials of Sacred *Music* are, may be worth considering another time. We know in what respects an Oratorio differs from an Opera; and these two again, from what is called Chamber Music. But Chamber Music presents many varieties, and on the face of it branches off into two great divisions—Music for the *Listener* and Music for the *Performer*—the music in which the Composer has addressed himself to those who *hear* it, by bold and striking effects, and that music in which care for those who '*make*' it, is shown in a pretty equal distribution of interest among all the parts;—exhibitional music and social music.

It is to this latter Music we would wish to see more of the talent of our young composers, more of the research of our antiquarians, and most of the attention of our amateur students, directed: in its creation and resuscitation, the former will most certainly raise their own reputations and best serve their art; in its interpretation the latter will find the most deep and lasting delight,—it is for them, *food*, not stimulus. With the *exhibitional* works of the great masters of harmony,—for the true rendering of

* There is a story (we think in Miss Hawkins' *Anecdotes*) of an amateur violin pupil of Dr. Cooke, who on his attention being drawn to the fact that one or two *rests* had escaped his notice, at a moment when he thought he was 'getting on' famously, replied, 'These trifles are all very well for you who get your living by attending to them, but they are nothing to me!'

which great mechanical skill (the result of a life's labour) is the smallest essential, the Amateur is deeply concerned as an auditor or as a critic; as a performer he can only meddle with them, at the risk of making them unintelligible, and himself ridiculous. But with another class of music he has every concern; for he may be at once its auditor, its critic, and its performer.

We speak of that music of which the best specimens and the greater portion are due to what is called 'the Madrigalian Era,'—the latter part of the sixteenth century,—an era, during which the composer required no intermediate agency to make his thoughts intelligible, but addressed himself directly to those who were at once his artists and his public. That he did so with success,—that this free intercourse between producer and consumer worked well,—that there were 'readers' for these works we know: the fact indeed is evidenced in their number alone; of the greatness of which, as well as of their intrinsic excellence, every day's research adds something to our knowledge.

The musical reader will forgive us, if, addressing ourselves rather to those who are just finding out 'what music is, and what it is made of,' than to him, we bring under notice (not for the first time) a passage from the opening of a Book of Instructions in Music*, published at the end of the sixteenth century; as a fragment of much evidence that might be adduced, to show not so much the estimation in which music was then held, as the extent to which it was generally cultivated.

Polymathes. Stay, brother Philomathes: what haste? Whither go you so fast?

Philomathes. To seeke out an old friend of mine.

Pol. But before you goe, I pray you repeate some of the discourses which you had yesternight at Master Sophobulus his banket: for commonly he is not without wise and learned guests.

Phi. It is true, indeede. And yesternight there were a number of excellent schollers, both gentlemen and others; but all the propose, which then was discoursed upon, was Musicke.

Pol. I trust you were contented to suffer others to speake of that matter.

Phi. I would that had beene the worst: for I was compelled to discover mine owne ignorance, and confesse that I knew nothing at all in it.

Pol. How so?

Phi. Among the rest of the guests by chance, Master Aphron came thither also, who falling to discourse of Musicke, was in an argument so quickly taken up and hotly pursued by Eudoxus and Calergus, two kinsmen of Sophobulus, as in his owne act he was overthrowen: but he still sticking in his opinion, the two gentlemen requested me to examine his reasons, and confute them. But I refusing, and pretending igno-

* *A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke. Set down in the form of a Dialogue,* by THOMAS MORLEY.

rance, the whole company condemned me of discourtesie, being fully perswaded, that I had beene as skilfull in that art, as they tooke me to be learned in others. But supper being ended, and musicke bookes (according to the custome) being brought to table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested vnfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought vp; so that, vpon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnorimus, to make my selfe his scholer.

With every allowance for the involuntary exaggeration of an enthusiast writing about his own pursuit, this picture bears internal evidence (were other wanting) of truth. Doubtless, ladies and gentlemen of the sixteenth century would have 'demanded where' a man who could not sing 'was brought up.' How fortunate for some of our contemporaries that this test of gentility is no longer applied. What would become of our grand juries?—of our county balls? Perhaps in the general emergency to get up a quorum or a quadrille, we should be obliged to make professors of music, gentlemen, by law!

Of great individual instrumental performers, during the Madrigalian Era, we read next to nothing; of great individual singers about as much; but we *do* read again and again, that every great house had its 'chest of viols,' and almost every house, small as well as great, its 'set of part books.' And therefore, we know, that at a period when the manlier virtues of English character flourished with a strength and luxuriance that we are accustomed to think can scarcely be exceeded, a knowledge of music was more generally spread than has ever been the case since.

And the domestic scene from the drama of musical life, which we find in Morley, is not the only one we have to look back upon. We know that the sitting-room and the refectory were not the only places for the exercise of a talent so widely diffused. The same skill that gave a charm and an intelligence to the Madrigal or Round, lent its aid to many a 'Service high and Anthem clear.' At the time when Ecclesiastical music at home and abroad had reached its highest point, there were few, perhaps no great Performers, but vocal music was commonly practised, and the power of singing from notes widely diffused. Music became the 'handmaid of Divinity;' not by the display of rare excellence in individuals, but by the combination of many voices, perhaps of great, but certainly not of *distinguished* excellence. Doubtless there is an indissoluble connection between the highest and the lowest powers: doubtless, it may be shown, that the Senior Wrangler or the 'Double First' has something to do with the smallest village school's smallest pupil, and that unless the former take his honours, the latter will not be taught his letters. But what is true of money is true of man; 'take care of the

pence and farthings, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' There is as little fear of a deficiency in the supply of great artists as of great scholars; they, (the pounds,) can take care of themselves; but the small scholars and the small artists, (the pence and farthings,) must be *cared for*. If a general cultivation of art have anything to do with real civilization, if the musical art, in particular, have anything to do with the solemnity and power of public worship—the *people* must be taught to sing.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

<p style="text-align: center;">I.</p> <p>ANOTHER year completes its round, Another year its course begins— And girt for conflict we are found, Or in our sins.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">II.</p> <p>And time will be as time hath been— An interchange of hopes and fears, Of lowering sky and glowing scene, And smiles and tears.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">III.</p> <p>A season fraught with direst woe, To laggard souls that idly bask— But bliss to those who boldly go On to their task.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IV.</p> <p>The task to battle every hour, With ghostly foes, and deadly ill, And their own hearts, a hidden power More deadly still.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">V.</p> <p>That awful task they dare not shun— Imposed by Baptism's holy vow, Whose sign as soon as life begun, Shone on their brow :</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">VI.</p> <p>When brought like that blest Babe who wrought Our freedom from the ancient rite, And through His guiltless suffering brought Our life to light.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VII.</p> <p>Oh ! not in riot nor in sin— Not with the world's unholy glee— But, Lord, the year we would begin With thoughts of Thee.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">VIII.</p> <p>Mindful that we were early laid Like Thee in holy arms, and given To God's high service, sealed and made The sons of Heaven.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IX.</p> <p>And so may each succeeding year, In Thee be finish'd and begun, Till all our tasks be ended here, And Heaven be won. Δ.</p>
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THE soldier labours to make his companion valiant; the scholar endeavours to have his friend learned; the bad man would have his company like himself; and the good man strives to make others virtuous. Every man will naturally endeavour to communicate that quality to others which may be predominant in himself. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of time, liken us to itself. The choice, therefore, of the company we keep is one of the most weighty actions of our lives. If we choose ill, every day renders us worse than we were; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, which is ever sinking us down to vice; but if we choose well, we have a hand of virtue gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those who, in buying an earthen dish, were so particular in seeing that it had no cracks or defects; and yet would be careless in the selecting of their friends, and so take them with the flaws of vice.—OWEN FELTHAM'S *Resolves*.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

EÖTHEN; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East.*

'From the East'—the wonderful East! the land of the gorgeous empires of other days! the land where first the dove found rest for her foot going forth of the Ark far over the mighty but subsiding waters! the land where the Patriarchs of old fed their flocks in the pastoral valleys—where the people of Jehovah for forty years wandered in the sandy deserts—mysterious Egypt—sacred Palestine! 'the hill of Sion, the joy of the whole earth!'—how do memory, fancy, imagination, religion concur in anticipating delight and instruction from everything which relates to 'the East!' So felt we on taking up 'EÖTHEN;' the title, though somewhat fanciful, had yet a pregnant meaning, which was still further explained by the motto on the title-page from old Herodotus, and seemed to promise a feast of purely eastern dainties: and our thoughts flew back to scenes of other years when we ourselves had wandered almost on the borders of the wonderful and mysterious land, borne upon the bluest of all seas, (*πορφυρεα θαλασσα*) where the Sun truly 'goeth forth as a giant to run his course'—silvering the waves with a more intense radiance and shining with an almost intolerable splendour.

The season, moreover, when the book comes to us, the season of Advent, had directed our thoughts to the event which the CHURCH at this time commemorates: the song of the Angels upon the green uplands of Judæa: the star which was 'seen in the East;' the stable and the manger at Bethlehem—the flight across the desert into Egypt and the return to Nazareth—all these were vividly in our mind's eye, and the localities of all these events we perceived by a rapid glance through the book were visited by the writer, and how delightful to have the testimony of an eye-witness regarding the scenes where first the INCARNATE GOD appeared upon earth in the swaddling bands of helpless Infancy!

We sat down, therefore, with our mind somewhat subdued; and disposed to be edified as well as to be pleased. We expected to find a book suitable to the season, and to the present subject-matter of a Christian's thoughts; or at least we reckoned upon finding nothing which could shock our feelings or our prepossessions. We regret to say that we have been grievously disappointed. The book consists of clever and brilliant sketches of scenes which are brought vividly before the eye of the reader; but

* London: Ollivier, 1844. pp. 418.

whenever any reference is made to sacred subjects it is usually accompanied with a sort of irreverent scoffing, as if the writer was ashamed of his better feelings. The fasts, and holy days of the Church: religion in general: the plague: holy scenes and holy places, all come alike to his taunting, scoffing pen! His aim is to be brilliant and sparkling, and he is so; but the glitter of his language and sentiment is often like that of the fabled fruits of the Dead Sea,

. which tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

Indeed he frankly confesses that

his narrative conveys not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any 'well-constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received at the time of his rambles by a headstrong, and not very amiable traveller, whose prejudices in favour of other people's notions were then exceedingly slight.—Preface, p. vi.

Again, he says,—

It is right to forewarn people that the book is quite superficial in its character. I have endeavoured to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the works of others, and it appears to me that my efforts in this direction have been attended with great success: I believe I may truly acknowledge that from all details of geographical discovery, or antiquarian research; from all display of 'sound learning and religious knowledge;' from all historical and scientific illustrations; from all useful statistics; and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free!—Preface, p. vi.

After this most frank avowal one must be sanguine indeed to expect to discover in his pages models of decorous expression, or correct thinking: some 'display of learning and knowledge' shall we find, but neither 'sound' nor 'religious'—'statistics,' but not such as are 'useful'—'reflections,' but not 'good or moral.' His journey commences at Semlin, whence he travels through the Servian forests to Belgrade and Constantinople: the following are fair specimens of his style both as to matter and manner.

The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down and on over shelving and hillocky paths through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of cast-away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big, wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks or cranes sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun; or (as you approach the Bazaar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers, with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiseless upon the crumbling soil of an eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again and again you meet turbans, and faces of men, but they

have nothing for you, no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn—they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow—as a 'seasonable,' unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose to be revealed hereafter.—pp. 7, 8.

And again,

There are few countries less infested by 'lions,' than the provinces on this part of your route; you are not called upon 'to drop a tear' over the tomb of 'the once brilliant' any body, or to pay your 'tribute of respect' to anything dead, or alive; there are no Servian, or Bulgarian Littérateurs with whom it would be positively disgraceful not to form an acquaintance; you have no staring, no praising to get through; the only public building of any interest which lies on the road is of modern date, but it is said to be a good specimen of oriental architecture; it is of a pyramidal shape, and is made up of thirty thousand skulls which were contributed by the rebellious Servians in the early part (I believe) of this century; I am not at all sure of my date, but I fancy it was in the year 1806 that the first skull was laid. I am ashamed that in the darkness of the early morning, we unknowingly went by the neighbourhood of this triumph of art, and so basely got off from admiring 'the simple grandeur of the architect's conception,' and 'the exquisite beauty of the fretwork.'

In almost every page we find the same half sarcastic, half ludicrous mode of speaking,—which may be amusing enough when applied to common objects and incidents of travels, though it wearies and palls upon one even then; but which becomes most offensive when applied to objects of religious interest. What can be in worse taste or feeling than the following; he would speak with some toleration of heathen rites; but he has no respect for the scruples of Christians.

The number of murders committed during Lent is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary, (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts,) will be in an apt humour for enriching the shrine of his saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbour. The monies deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by the priest; the priests are married men, and have families to provide for; they 'take the good with the bad,' and continue to recommend fasts.

Then, too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of Saints' Days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one-third out of the number of days in the year are 'kept holy,' or rather, *kept stupid*, in honour of the saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the Saints' Days of the Greeks in Smyrna are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London; that is to say, in a steady and serious contemplation of street-scenery. The men perform this duty *at the doors* of their houses; the women *at the windows*, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as

utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for the keeping of Saints' Days.—pp. 79, 80.

And in a strain still more flippant he affects to excuse himself for thus 'chiming in with some tuneful cant,' and closes the chapter with sentiments which would have been appropriate enough in the mouth of a Pagan some two thousand years ago, but are most unseemly in that of a Christian. This flippant scoffing quite spoils what would otherwise be striking and beautiful. In the descriptions of certain localities nothing can be finer: for instance—

I ascended to the height on which our Lord was standing when he wrought the miracle. The hill was lofty enough to show me the fairness of the land on all sides, but I have an ancient love for the mere features of a lake, and so forgetting all else when I reached the summit, I looked away eagerly to the eastward. There she lay, the sea of Galilee. Less stern than Wastwater—less fair than gentle Windermere—she had still the winning ways of an English lake; she caught from the smiling heavens unceasing light, and changeful phases of beauty, and with all this brightness on her face, she yet clung so fondly to the dull he-looking mountain at her side, as though she would

Soothe him with her finer fancies,
Touch him with her lighter thought*.—p. 163.

And again, when on the shores of the Dead Sea, he says,—

I went on, and came near to those waters of death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, all all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever, the dead, and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth—no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long silent years.—p. 190.

Had we inclination and space we could point out several passages which are plainly plagiarisms from Lamartine, particularly an anecdote relating to Lady Hester Stanhope, which is given at greater length in Lamartine: and the like in another place, where he describes his feelings and actions at Nazareth. Indeed, nearly the same route seems to have been taken by both, the chief difference being that Lamartine's travels *end* where those of our author's *begin*, at Semlin. And we cannot forbear to add with a feeling akin to shame, that in all matters relating to our holy religion, the sentiments and reflections of the former are immeasurably superior to the flippant scoffings of the latter; the low tone, lightness and frivolity, almost induces a fancy that the authors of the two books have changed countries!

* Tennyson.

In some future number we may draw the attention of our readers to the sterling difference between the descriptions of our Author, and those of other travellers over the same charmed and charming, the same enchanted and enchanting tracts of country. Our object now has been to warn our readers against the flippancy and irreverence of a writer, who sets all right and decent feeling at defiance, but whose unbridled thoughts have the advantage of a witty and brilliant dress, and to caution them against the seduction of an attractive title-page, an unusual frontispiece, and a gay drawing-room exterior, all of which belong to the volume before us.

For, strange to say, as our Author quits sacred scenes, he takes leave of his ribaldry. In the latter part of the book there are fewer flippant scoffings; the fact is, he seems less tempted to ridicule by the 'worldly pyramids' and the 'unworldly sphynx,' than by objects of a more holy character. And what makes matters worse, there are really some redeeming points in the narrative, and we almost feel that we may forgive the writer much, because of his honest testimony on the passage of the Red Sea, by which he demolishes 'the Oxford theologians and Milman their Professor;' and 'the plausible *hydrostatical notion* of the fellows of Trinity,' which he says 'it is difficult to reconcile with the account given in Exodus, unless we can suppose that the words *sea* and *water* are there used in a sense implying dry land.'

An Essay on Topographical Literature, &c. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A*.

It is a very happy omen for the future that we no longer think ourselves wiser than all who have preceded us. In the formation of Antiquarian, Archæological, Topographical, and Architectural Societies, whose business it is to make us acquainted with times gone by, we hail an omen of returning diffidence, and diffidence is one external mark of excellence. The work we have before us, is apparently designed for private circulation, 'Fifty copies printed' being upon its title-page. It does credit to the powers of investigation of its veteran author; and the glossaries, one of them explanatory of the peculiar terms used in the 'Domesday Survey,' and the other of such general topographical and archæological words as are employed in the manuscript [and published works of old authors, have an interest especially their own. We shall look anxiously for the next publication of this Society, a *Topographical History of Kington St. Michael*, Mr. Britton's native parish, which is to contain a copious memoir of John Aubrey.

* London; printed for the Wiltshire Topographical Society: Nichols, pp. 56.

Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese. By the Author of *Soldiers and Sailors**.

A very gay and attractive, and, as far as a hasty glance will permit us to judge, a very amusing and unobjectionable work. It has a religious tone, but not a very distinctive one. Still it is something to have writers of this class showing any care for religious feeling: for with too many of our describers of travel, religion has been the last thing they thought of. When the Church at home better fulfils her duty and her high behest as the Evangelizer of the nations, travellers abroad will more instinctively own her sway. The work has twenty very effective illustrative plates, though we cannot think that much has been won for Chinese reputation, as regards the physical development of the people, in giving a portrait of the Emperor.

It may amuse our readers to read the estimate of a 'China-man' of our vast London:—

Afar in the ocean, towards the extremities of the north-west,
 There is a nation, or country, called England:
 The climate is frigid, and you are compelled to approach the fire;
 The houses are so lofty, that you may pluck the stars!
 The pious inhabitants respect the ceremonies of worship,
 And the virtuous among them ever read the sacred books.
 They bear a peculiar enmity towards the French nation;
 The weapons of war rest not for a moment between them.

Their fertile hills, adorned with the richest luxuriance,
 Resemble, in the outline of their sunmits, the arched eyebrows of a
 fair woman;

The inhabitants are inspired with a respect for the female sex,
 Who in this land correspond with the perfect features of nature;
 Their young maidens have cheeks resembling red blossoms,
 And the complexion of their beauties is like the white gem.
 Of old has connubial affection been highly esteemed among them.
 Husband and wife delighting in mutual harmony.

The two banks of the river lie to the north and south;
 Three bridges interrupt the stream, and form a communication.
 Vessels of every kind pass between the arches,
 While men and horses pace among the clouds (fogs),
 A thousand masses of stone rise one above the other,
 And the river flows through nine channels.
 The bridge of Loyang, which out-tops all in our empire,
 Is in shape and size somewhat like these.

The towering edifices rise story above story,
 In all the stateliness of splendid mansions:
 Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance,
 And streams from the rivers circulate through the walls.

* London: Grant and Griffith. 12mo. pp. 316.

The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices,
 Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings;
 And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;
 The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level.
 Each being crossed by others at intervals;
 On either side perambulate men and women;
 In the centre career along the carriages and horses:
 The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
 During winter the heaped-up snows adhere to the pathway;
 Lamps are displayed at nights along the street-sides,
 Whose radiance twinkles like the stars of the sky.

The fair sex will owe their eastern correspondents no love for the value set upon them, as that value may be gathered from the following lines, descriptive of the different feelings which pervade a family whether a son or a daughter is born.

When a son is born,
 He sleeps in a bed;
 He is clothed in robes;
 He plays with gems;
 His cry is princely loud.—
 But when a daughter is born,
 She sleeps on the ground;
 She is clothed with a wrapper;
 She plays with a tile;
 She is incapable either of evil or good:—

It is hers only to think of preparing wine and food
 And not giving any occasion of grief to her parents.

As a specimen of the general writing of the book, we would extract from the twenty-eighth chapter the following:—

The manners and customs of so strange a country as China, as a matter of course, must be strange to an European. Those who have not paid a visit to the Celestials, have heard such odd accounts of them, that to suppose them thinking, speaking, or acting, eating, drinking, or dressing, marrying, or burying, rejoicing, or mourning like English people, is hardly a supposable case. If it could be proved to be true, that the Chinese were like other people, the fact would yield disappointment, and not pleasure. You may, however, rest satisfied that their manners and customs are odd, and that

The Chinese have a Chinese way
 In all they think, and do, and say.

In China a man may be said to purchase his wife, and young people are pledged to each other at a very early age. If I were asked what qualities in a woman stood highest in the estimation of a Chinaman, my answer would be, affection, obedience, fidelity, and a grave and dignified deportment, to which must be added the charm of little feet, without which all the rest would be sadly undervalued. Among her accomplishments, skill in music, embroidery, and painting on silk, must be numbered. Lowly as females are estimated in China, a Chinaman regards his countrywoman as the fairest and best in the world. If he

did not do this, he would deserve to be bamboosed, and bastinadoed with his own tail, knotted for the occasion, into the bargain.

Seldom is a marriage contracted in China without having recourse to astrology and divination. When the parents of a marriageable young man have discovered by the aid of the diviner, that omens on the earth, the flight of birds in the air, and the stars in the heavens are in favour of his being happy, if united to any particular young lady, a 'go-between,' (and what country is there beneath the skies where 'go-betweens' are not to be found?) is employed to treat for the lady; a written promise of marriage is obtained, and suitable gifts are presented on the part of the would-be bridegroom. When the nuptial day is fixed, which is first ascertained by astrology to be a lucky one, and preparations made for the marriage ceremony, the young man, adding another name to his own, meaning to love and cherish, wears a tuft of scarlet as a symbol of the joy of his heart, and the young lady, changing her manner of dress, and altering the braiding of her hair, puts on a thoughtful demeanour, and hides herself in deeper seclusion.

Among the presents given by friends on the day of nuptials, tame and wild geese, as emblems of fidelity and domestic virtue, are usually found, nor is it an uncommon thing to have the figure of a goose carried in the marriage procession. The bridegroom and his friends, with a posse of attendants, go with a highly-ornamented chair to fetch home the bride, with plenty of music and plenty of lanterns. To describe the procession is somewhat difficult, varying as it does in different cases; but usually if the parties are of any consequence, it is swelled out by a long train of hired persons, with dresses of different kinds. If there were less show, and more affection in Chinese marriages, the change would be for the better; but indeed the same remark may be made of European marriages, though not with equal propriety.

In Chinese marriage processions may often be seen a goodly stock of comforts for the storehouse, the cupboard, and the larder, and a goodly show of furniture for the habitation;—jars of sweetmeats, wine, and spirits; chairs, tables, gay cushions, and ornaments, to say nothing of the fowls in their cages, and the fat hog grunting in the painted palanquin in which he is carried. The band of music, the red-robed musicians, the image of a four-footed dragon, the splendid chair covered with gold, bearing the bride, and the large sedans that follow, make an imposing scene.

Music and songs await the bride on her arrival at the dwelling of her husband, where an apartment is ready prepared, and delicacies are spread on the table. The wine-cup is handed to them, and the marriage contract is sealed by each sipping a little of its contents. The family gods are worshipped by the young couple on the following day, and on the third the bride visits her parents in state. For a full month the ceremonies are prolonged, when the parents of the bride give to their son and daughter the crowning nuptial feast.

I wish I could say, that after marriage the young bride was uniformly treated with respect and kindness. Where there is true affection, this is, in some degree, the case, but as marriages are not the result of affection in China, so it follows, in the greater number of cases, that the wife is a mere drudge. She is altogether in the power of her husband, who, if he do not absolutely break her bones, may chastise her at his own pleasure. If she be not patient, uncomplaining, obedient, diligent,

and obliging, she is soon taught that her husband can play the tyrant. Chinamen are not allowed to see those whom they wed till they are betrothed to them: how can they be expected to dwell together in affection?

‘This custom of itself is quite enough to make us thankful that we dwell in a Christian country. Let the sleek heads then enjoy, as well as they can, their lanterns and lacquered boxes,—their beads, bamboos, birds’-nests, and butterflies,—their carvings, chopsticks, and china,—their fans, flower-stands, and pictures of five-clawed dragons, and make the best of their customs while we value ours.’

The book abounds in amusing anecdotes, sharp *points*, and hasty *pickings*.

Can Woman regenerate Society?*

‘A startling question, not well put.’ Such was our impression on taking up this little volume. We like not the use of terms which theology has made her own in any but the sense to which theology assigns them. We say candidly, then, that our feelings were hostile to the book when first we encountered it, simply for its title. But knowing that the beauteous fruit may have an ashy taste, and that the diamond boasts of but a rough exterior, we did not put down this book without going beyond its title-page. And no sooner did we find ourselves in the midst of the Introduction than we turned to the first page thereof to give it fair play, and we loosened not our grasp of the book until we had mentally devoured its every line. We scarcely remember to have been more struck with any book of similar size: it is a work which possesses an originality and freshness peculiarly its own. What can be more *naïve* than the following?

The heads of the one sex have been educated, or filled at least, at the expense of their hearts, while the case has been just reversed in regard to the other; the feelings of woman having been forced as in a hot-house at the expense of her understanding. Were the system somewhat reversed in regard to both, how beneficial would be the consequences; were virtue to be regarded as an endurable whole, not frittered into shreds and patches with male and female names tacked to them, how much better would it be for both parties.

We think the authoress of this work (for that it is one of themselves who is vindicating woman’s prerogative is avowed,) would do well to *modify* some of her statements as to the Creator’s design in the relative position of male and female; for, without, as we believe, intending it, she appears to do much to interfere with Scriptural statement upon this point. Still, take the book as a whole, it is one which says severe things without unkindness; and one in which the smart of the lash is followed by the healing balm of the remedy. We are not afraid of this work having general circulation and attentive reading. Women

* London: John W. Parker, 1844. pp. 183.

would be none the worse, and men much the better, for its perusal. That the writer is a single woman one can plainly see; that she is such from choice, as thinking it the state most likely to conduce to her happiness, one may not doubt: and thus there is much true wit and no disappointed acidity in the following:—

Young persons, nay persons from twenty to seventy (so ridiculous have we become,) cannot meet a few times, without some love affair being gossiped about, given out as a hint, that if they are not in love they ought to be so, or else it is very imprudent, and such other absurdity; until it has become absolutely dangerous for a Victoria shawl to say, 'How d'ye do?' to an Albert surtout. Were women to earn their own livelihood, or succeeded to an equal inheritance of property with men, we should hear less assuredly about falling in love from them, and on the other hand were men somewhat occupied with higher ideas, as well as with business, less of it even from them. The necessity for women working for themselves is now, however, becoming glaringly apparent.

As a sample of the morals and manners of the refined nineteenth century,—the model for future ages!—we behold young ladies so susceptible that they fall in love at a mile's distance, and young gentlemen so terrified thereat, that they very prudently keep out of the way, since marriage is becoming every day an affair more and more seriously expensive; in fact, scarcely to be entered upon in these bad times. It will be a day of regeneration when man and woman can meet, without their brains being full of imaginary phantoms; when it will be found *possible* to converse about other things than love, and when a woman may befriend a man, or a man a woman, without reference to what a witty authoress calls the 'zoölogical distinction.'

I am not so foolish as to assert, that the fears of the young man, or old man, (for it is all one, so that he be but a man,) are needless. So far from this, we must be aware that unsuspecting youths, as well as sagacious old bachelors, are drawn into engagements, and even marriage, ere they know what they are doing, so great is the demand for husbands. Still I must exonerate those who are oftener dupes and victims to their elders, than projectors of such schemes themselves; I mean the young girls, who would associate with their young male companions, without much risk of falling in love, were they only left to themselves. For surely it is not meant to be asserted in earnest, that we are ready, or that it is our nature, to fall in love with any man and every man whom chance may throw in our way, though such a belief is acted upon, (like many other absurdities,) helped not a little, I must say, by the vanity of young men, who *as men* deem themselves irresistible. Whereas, were nature permitted to speak, and not artifice, the matter would wear a different aspect, and the pretensions of vanity and the delusions of imagination be laid low enough.

In sober truth society is in danger of becoming a wilderness to the eye though a fertile plain in reality, from the mere *gossip* of match-makers. It certainly is a wanton cruelty that unmarried folk may have no friendships without being charged with love-making, and that marriage is to circumscribe intimacy by

the limits of man and wife. The following passage, with which we shall conclude this notice, would be doubly valuable if there were not the all but implied opposition to Scripture, that the husband's tyranny *justifies* the wife's disobedience.

Nothing, however, seems at present to be known, than the one rule of 'Wives obey your husbands!' no matter how silly, how absurd—nay, indeed, in many instances, how ruinous the command may be. The duty of the wife *means* the obedience of a Turkish slave, while the husband believes himself empowered to be of a like imperiousness with the follower of the turbaned prophet. It is a curious fact, that we never hear the faintest echo of that equally distinct command, 'Men, love and honour your wives!' It seems to be taken for granted, that women have many obligations in this state to perform, from which men are free; but this is far from being the case: the obligations being the same, and equally binding upon both, though from the perverse training to which the sexes are subjected, the whole weight is laid upon those who, from the very falsehood of their education, are the least able to bear it. Woman, chained and fettered, is yet expected to work miracles. Man, however, deems himself free to do as he likes; to spend his money and time as he pleases, and to scold his *patient Griselda*, should she dare to remonstrate about extravagance, waste, indolence, or idleness. *Her* business is to love! suffer!! and obey!!! the three articles of woman's creed. She must on no account reason or suppose herself wiser than her protector and legislator, even should he bring her and her children to beggary. The misery which women often suffer, from the recklessness and speculative folly of their companions, is incalculable; only to be understood by those who have thus become victims to the obstinacy and self-will of those upon whom they depended—nay, upon whom they were forced to depend—for subsistence.

Essays written in the Intervals of Business.*

The man must have good confidence in the excellence of his matter who could choose to send forth his thoughts under a title so unpromising to the generality of ears. And the writer of these essays may safely feel that they will command attention on their own merits. Were it only for the sound common sense which is to be found in every page, these essays are worth the printing and the reading. But they have an additional value inasmuch as it is the common sense of a mind which owns its debt to revelation that is everywhere conspicuous. The philosophy of these papers is Christian philosophy; and the author, without making any parade of his creed, or using religion as a stalking-horse to favour, is not afraid to measure every-day life by the standard of a life beyond the grave. That man is immortal; that his ever-conscious soul will one day be again enshrined in the body whose identity will be preserved amid its glorious transfiguration, is evidently present to the mind of the

* London: Pickering, fcap. 8vo. pp. 146.

writer of these essays, as a truth the knowledge of which should make the Christian a better subject and a kinder fellow-creature than a heathen could ever become. We began to mark for quotation, but we have bewildered ourselves with choice. We shall, therefore, simply assure our readers that the book is worth reading, and keep our extracts for another department of our Magazine: and yet we will find room for one short passage.

Contentment abides with Truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than that you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

How can the Church Evangelize the World? A Sermon. By THOMAS LITTLEHALES, M.A., Rector of Sheering*.

A very striking, most seasonable, and highly important sermon, stating with remarkable force the Divine Law of Christian Endowment, and establishing beyond controversy that

if we would adequately provide for the evangelizing our own people at home, our colonies and the heathen abroad, we must return to those first principles from which our own endowments, churches, and parochial system originally sprung; that we must teach every man the duty and blessing of giving carnal for spiritual things, according to the ability and the rule of proportion which God has given; and that then only, when we take the Church as a whole, with each one of her integral parts in full operation, and humble ourselves, to act by faith and obedience rather than by sight and expediency, can we hope to see her capability effectually revived.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding, at the Ordinary Visitation, 1844. By ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M.A., Archdeacon of the East Riding†.

A Charge delivered to a body of clergy by one invested with a defined amount of jurisdiction over them should be safe from external criticism so long as it is presented only to those whom it officially concerns. But when it is printed for general circulation, it does not carry with it to the public at large that authoritative claim to a favourable consideration which should be conceded to it in its more restricted sphere. But at the same time, persons in ecclesiastical station are not merely the officers of a locality—they are *pro tanto* the organs of the Church, and their advice should therefore be considered with respect, though their decisions may not always stand the test of the candid reason and well-informed judgment to which an appeal is made by the publication of that which, but for publication, would be purely an authoritative document. It will be observed that we

* London: Burns, 1844. 8vo. pp. 15.

† London: John Murray, 8vo. pp. 34.

do not here pretend to determine the extent of authority which a Charge has in its own peculiar province. We are merely stating that of that authority, be it small or be it great, it is for the most part shorn when it appears in the shape of a pamphlet for general circulation.

When, however, as in the case of the Charge whose title stands at the head of this notice, the decisions and the advice are not the mere dogmatic assertion of the writer, but are offered to the consideration of the reader in connection with the train of thought and reasoning of which they are the legitimate result, it is the less necessary to settle the extent of this authority; and we can with great confidence recommend this document to those of our readers who wish to see the important questions of the Authority of the State to legislate for the Church; the Education of the People; Church Building and Church Restoration; Solemnity and Uniformity in Public Worship; the increase of the Episcopate; and Family Devotion, temperately, though of necessity briefly, handled. The Archdeacon's remarks on the last-mentioned subject strike us as especially well judged; the more intimately the character of the Prayer-Book is reflected from our ordinary life, the better will it be for us as individuals and as a Church. We had marked several passages for quotation: but we must content ourselves with the following just remarks on the inadequacy of the English Episcopate to the needs of the English Church.

Our altars are served by ten times as many priests as in the time of Elizabeth, but Confirmation and Orders are not ministered by more hands than were found needful for a tythe of our population. This evil, my reverend brethren, can hardly be remedied till the residue of the clergy follow your example, and petition Her Majesty to grant that opportunity of synodical deliberation, which she is pledged to concede to their request, but its existence sufficiently accounts for the popular ignorance. Formularies and canons will never teach the mass of mankind, whose instruction must be experience, and the key to whose faith lies in the usages of the age. Till the episcopate, therefore, is so far increased, that its functions can be adequately developed,—a thing at present notoriously impossible—what marvel if our people believe the Bishop to be only a check upon the actions of the clergy, and that his functions might be as easily discharged by any commissary of the crown. Indeed, it is to be feared, that this notion is not confined merely to vulgar minds. Now it is in vain to tell such persons of those more sacred objects of this order which our service book declares; the ancient maxim, *Ecclesia et in episcopo*, is a mere unpractical statement till it is exhibited in action.

The Archdeacon is right. Plain matter-of-fact persons have no tangible idea of the value of Bishops. Nor will they in any sufficient manner realize the blessings of which Bishops are the Divinely-commissioned ministers, still less that there are certain peculiar blessings of which the Bishops are the only authoritative

dispensers, until our temporal rulers remember that consecration to the office of a Bishop does not confer either the power of being everywhere at once, or insensibility to fatigue: and until as a result of this conviction some sufficient steps are taken for the subdivision of our overgrown dioceses into folds, of which the Bishops may be physically able as well as morally willing to take an active, real, and personal oversight.

This is, however, too wide a subject to be discussed here. We can but express our hope, that this most important topic will obtain that share of attention, in high places, which cannot be much longer safely withheld.

College Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, with complete sets of Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham University Examination Papers. By the Rev. WILLIAM BATES, M.A., Fellow, Lecturer, and Hebrew Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge*.

One of the most cheering signs of the present times is the growth of Catechetical works amongst us. Mr. Bevan led the way by his *Help to Catechising*, followed by the reprint of Bishop Nicholson's *Exposition of the Catechism* in the *Anglo-Catholic Library*; Mr. Watson, of Cheltenham, has given us a *Catechism on the Book of Common Prayer*; Dr. Wordsworth entered upon a much wider field in his most valuable *Theophilus Anglicanus*; and here we have an able and learned Lecturer of one of the Colleges in the University of Cambridge presenting us with a Catechetical Treatise on Ecclesiastical History. We cannot possibly conceive a book more indispensable to the youthful student,—and it has this charm, that it is an invitatory to study as well as an epitome of research. There certainly is a danger now-a-days, that men should be tempted to take all their learning second-hand; and while it is well that facilities are offered for making the acquaintance of ancient writers in an English dress, we hope that as soon as the hurry and bustle of catching a glimpse of every newly opened mine of treasure is over, the ecclesiastical student will calmly settle down to explore the rich veins of golden ore which run in such lavish profusion beneath the surface of the by-gone literature of the Christian Church. It is not easy to give specimens of the execution of such a work as this in pages like our own; but a short account of the subjects treated of in it will have interest. We have first a sketch of the Literature of Ecclesiastical History. The work then follows the stream of the Church's Annals from its origin, through its early privileges and early trials, until the assembling of the Council of Nice, with which our Author opens the second chief division of his book.

* London: John W. Parker, 1844. pp. 420.

The following extract will have particular interest in these days, when the very foundations of our faith are called in question:—

Q. What doctrine does our Church hold on the form of Church Government?

A. She asserts that it is evident 'from Scripture and ancient authors,' that three orders of the Ministry are necessary for constituting a Church.

Q. Whence are their names derived, and to what officers of the Jewish Church do they correspond?

A. Bishop is derived from *Ἐπίσκοπος*, an inspector of others; Presbyter or Priest is derived from *Πρεσβύτερος*, a superior in age and station; and from *Διάκονος*, one who serves or ministers, comes Deacon; who severally corresponded to the Jewish High-Priest, Priests, and Levites.

Q. Why were the successors of the Apostles called Bishops?

A. Probably because the term had already been used by the Septuagint translators, in which the apostasy of Judas is foretold, 'his *ἐπισκοπή* let another take.'

Q. Quote the sentiments of some of the ancient authors.

A. Clemens Romanus thus expresses himself: 'So also our Apostles knew by our Lord Jesus Christ, that contentions should arise on account of the ministry. And, therefore, having a perfect foreknowledge of this, they appointed persons, (the first-fruits of their conversions, to be bishops and deacons, c. 42,) and then gave a direction in what manner, when they should die, other chosen and approved men should succeed in their ministry.' (*Clemens Romanus*, c. 44, translated by *Chevallier*.) Ignatius, in his *Epistle to the Magnesians*, says, 'As the Lord did nothing without the Father, being united to him, neither by himself nor yet by his Apostles, in like manner do ye nothing without the Bishop and the Presbyters.' *To the Trallians*, 'Let all reverence the Deacons as Jesus Christ, and the Bishop as the Father; and the Presbyters as the Council of God, and the Assembly of the Apostles. Without these there is no Church.' Irenæus says, 'We are able to give a catalogue of the names of those who were appointed Bishops by the Apostles, and their successors, even to our own times.' Tertullian, 'If there be any heretics that venture to date from the Apostles, let them make known the originals of their Churches; let them unfold the roll of their Bishops so coming down from the beginning, that their first Bishop had for his ordainer and predecessor some one of the Apostles, or of Apostolic men, so he were one that continued steadfast with the Apostles.' Cyprian, 'Bishops are rulers who succeed the Apostles, *vicariâ ordinatione*.'

Q. How are Bishops derived from God?

A. Our Saviour was made the head of the Church by his Father, and consecrated by the visible descent of the Holy Ghost; he appointed the Apostles and sent the Holy Ghost to them, and commissioned them similarly to appoint others until his second coming.

Q. How does Scripture and practice bear out this view?

A. Immediately after the ascension the Apostles appointed Matthias, and for fifteen hundred years no other form was admitted than that of Bishops, who successively ruled over the clergy as well as the people.

Q. What other fact bears out this view?

A. That even heretics of all kinds, with the single exception of Aërius, (who was anathematized for his departure from this mode of government,) acknowledged the necessity of having Bishops for their governors.

Q. Quote the opinions of two writers of our own on this subject.

A. Hooker (*Eccl. Polity*, vii. 5, 10), in concluding his argument in favour of Apostolical succession, says, 'Let us not fear to be herein bold and peremptory, that if any thing in the Church's government, surely the first institution of Bishops was from heaven, was even of God, the Holy Ghost was the author of it.' Bishop Pearson on Ignatius says, 'No writer of the second century ever gave to a Presbyter the title of Bishop, or that of a Bishop to a Presbyter.'

Q. Is the same person ever called a Presbyter and a Bishop?

A. He was a Presbyter as to his personal character, a Bishop as to his official capacity, or, as Theodoret expresses it, 'The same persons were once called both Bishops and Presbyters; but those who are now called Bishops were formerly called Apostles; for in process of time the Apostolic name was reserved for those who were really Apostles.'

Q. How come the Apostles to speak of Churches being governed by Presbyters?

A. The Apostles themselves being the real Bishops were not called upon to make the distinction between the Presbyteri and Episcopi.

Q. What order did St. Paul establish?

A. That persons appointed by his own sole authority should perform all the duties of a Bishop with respect to the Presbyters and Deacons, and that he was to complete arrangements which the Apostle had left unfinished.

Q. Does any other Apostle speak of individual governors of the Churches?

A. St. John in the Revelation speaks of every one of the seven Churches of Asia as having a head called an Angel.

The Second Part takes us from the assembling of the Council of Nice to the commencement of the Reformation. The heresy for which Nestorius was condemned in the Council of Ephesus is thus stated:—

Q. On what occasion did the Nestorian controversy break out?

A. Anastasius, a presbyter of Constantinople, and friend of Nestorius, in a public discourse delivered A.D. 428, inveighed against the title Θεοτόκος, or Mother of God, which was now more frequently attributed to the Virgin Mary, in the Arian controversy, than it had formerly been; and gave it as his opinion, that she ought rather to be called Χριστοτόκος, i.e., Mother of Christ, since the Deity can neither be born nor die, and therefore the Son of Man alone could be born from an earthly parent. Nestorius applauded and defended these sentiments, but was opposed by some monks, who maintained that the Son of Mary was God incarnate, and stirred up the populace against his doctrine.

The writer having noted that Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, was the chief opponent of Nestorius, then states briefly the

course pursued by him to procure the condemnation of the latter, gives the reason for the Council not coming to an unanimous decision, and then proceeds:—

Q. A want of regularity has been alleged against the general Council of Ephesus. Does this affect its authority? Was Nestorius condemned unheard?

A. As the whole Church at length approved of the sentence; as Nestorius was called on three times for his defence, and was only condemned after his writings had been examined; as a considerable delay took place before he was finally deposed; there cannot be any reasonable doubt of the justice of the sentence.

The Third Part contains the History of the English Church, and the inquiry is conducted with singular tact, much research, and a very learned familiarity with the subject.

The value of the book to the young ecclesiastical student is much enhanced by its containing a very complete set of Examination Papers, proposed as tests of theological proficiency in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Great Britain, from the Conquest to the Reformation. By H. BOWMAN, Architect*.

We have before us the first eight parts of a very attractive work now in the course of monthly publication. It is one of a number, now happily on the increase, in which we have faithful and professional accounts in detail of the better specimens of our elder Ecclesiastical Architecture. The work consists of well-executed lithographic plates (in some instances, coloured), of the exterior and interior views and arrangements of our Parish Churches, with ground-plans and working drawings of the several portions of the building. These drawings, all of which are good specimens of their separate class, are accompanied with a beautifully printed letter-press, containing for the most part a history of each Church, and a description of the general features and details of the several Churches, with which we are thus made familiar, without moving from our fireside.

To the mere antiquarian the work is not addressed, but the architect and lover of the architectural achievements of mediæval times will find sufficient to interest and instruct them. It would be well if the former would consult this and every other work published in a similar style and from them take the models of their new Churches: rather than thinking that merit consists in peculiarity. It is a happy thing that greater attention is now being paid to the best models of ancient architecture: for it was hardly possible to look upon a modern church without blushing for the ignorance, or being angry with the impudence of the designer. Men are so conceited that they

* London: John W. Parker.

will all be inventors whether or no they possess the power to originate.

To this work all may turn for information without going away disappointed: here they will find elevations, sections, plans and other details carefully and accurately delineated: stained glass introduced in colours, and all drawn to a scale, so that they will be easily adapted to use. The Churches which have hitherto been illustrated are those of Norbury, Derbyshire; Lambley, Notts; Castle Rising, Norfolk; and Chaddesley-Corbet, Worcestershire. The details of Chaddesley-Corbet are very interesting, and the elevation very beautiful. The font is most curious.

We shall look with interest for future numbers.

The Virgin Martyr. By PHILIP MASSINGER; with six Designs by R. F. PICKERSGILL, Esq*.

As a publisher's gem this is unique. The Virgin Martyr's tale is given to the world in a pure virgin dress; and the plates are far above anything one usually sees in illustrations. The poem itself is a tragedy, 'the plot of which is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Dioclesian's reign, (about A.D. 303,) with a fury hard to be expressed, the Christians being everywhere, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.'

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.*

Mr. Burns is resolved to allow no rival in the elegance of his books for the young. This is one of his most successful efforts, and we are much mistaken if this little book is not our most popular new year's gift. Printing, paper, embellishment, binding, all is first-rate; and the Rhymes, and Tales, and Jingles are the familiar inheritance of our nurseries, though there are several emendations here and there. There is hardly a single unobjectionable rhyme which is not here; and the assurance of the compiler in the preface that those have been excluded which morally were of a questionable tendency has been well realised. No wonder Mr. Burns aspired for the sanction of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice, to whom it is inscribed. The book is worthy of the Palace. And it is quite true that few of the many works which have appeared will bear comparison with this as a splendidly illustrated book.

AN ESSAY ON FICTION.

INTRODUCTORY TO A SERIES OF SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED WRITERS
OF FICTION FROM SIR PHILIP SIDNEY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE history of Fiction commences with the history of Poetry; and the earliest specimen of Romance may be found in the legends of the *Iliad*: but any attempt to ascertain the sources, and trace the progress of this beautiful stream of literature, would lead us beyond the necessary limits and the more peculiar object of these remarks. The Romances of Chivalry might alone claim a chapter to themselves. Sismondi divides them into three distinct classes; the first devoted to the celebration of King Arthur; the second to Amadis de Gaul; the third to Charlemagne and his knights. The oldest prose-romance, which is, however, interspersed with metrical passages, is supposed to be Tristan of Leonois, either written or translated by Lucas de Gast, about the year 1170*. The earlier specimens of Greek and Latin fiction are excluded from this inquiry. A new æra of romance, observes Mr. Hallam, began with *Amadis de Gaul*, derived, as some have thought, but upon insufficient evidence, from a French metrical original, but certainly written in Portugal, though in the Castilian language, by Vasco de Lohezara, whose death is generally fixed in 1325. This romance is in prose; and through a long interval seems to have elapsed before those founded on the story of Amadis began to multiply, many were written in French during the latter part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, derived from other legends of chivalry, which became the popular reading, and superseded the old metrical romances, already somewhat obsolete in their forms of language.

English romance was not the birth of the soil; but it owed much to the celebrated Caxton, whose translation of the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye* was published at Cologne, in 1471. This book was sold for more than one thousand pounds at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale. In the reign of Henry VIII. appeared versions of *Artus de Bretagne*, and *Huon of Bourdeaux*; but the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, written in Latin, was the only production of the age in which the workings of genius can be discovered. Inspired by the spirit of Plato, More was not afraid of trusting to his own invention; and the intrepidity of his sentiments, and the general justice of his reasoning, entitle him to be considered a burning light in a very dark and tempestuous period of our history. The *Utopia* deceived Budæus, in the same manner as the graphic pictures of De Foe impressed the

* HALLAM'S *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 18, and ROQUEFORT, *Etat de la Poesie Française*, p. 147.

mind of Dr. Meade. It has been ascertained from a letter of Erasmus that the *Utopia* was printed in 1515.

The exploits of Palmerin and Amadis delighted the Elizabethan Court, and continued to flourish until the ITALIAN TALES superseded the romances of chivalry. To the same class belonged the *Ornatus and Artesia* of Emanuel Ford, and the *Pheander* of Henry Roberts. The *Euphuus* of John Lyly appeared about 1580, and rose into such wide popularity as to introduce a species of affectation known by the name of Euphuism. Dunlop notices its three characteristics—1. a constant antithesis; 2. a perpetual display of learning; 3. an overflowing abundance of similes, for which Lyly was ridiculed by the poet Drayton. Among the disciples of this school may be mentioned Lodge, from whose *Rosalynd*, Shakespeare borrowed the plot of *As you like it*; and Greene, the dramatist, whose life may point a moral, though it can never adorn a tale; his story of *Philomela*, inscribed to Lady Fitzwaters, has been reprinted in the *Archaica*. The style is deformed by the absurdities of his Master; but Sir Egerton Brydges commends the selection of circumstances, which anticipates the skill of a later age, and is the more remarkable, when we contrast it with the prolixity of Sir Philip Sidney. The character of Philomela Sir Egerton considers to be drawn with many traits of generous and saint-like purity. It is a legend of female virtue triumphing over temptation. Greene also wrote a tale called *Arcadia*, which preceded the publication of the Romance of Sidney about three years; it is, however, immeasurably inferior to that celebrated work both in sentiment, incident, and expression. Sir Philip Sidney must be regarded as the first English writer who imparted modulation to our prose. The influence of his example may be traced in the sweeter selection and more harmonious combinations of imagery and diction, which soon began to be developed both in poetry and prose.

The seventeenth century, so rich in the higher efforts of the imagination, offers little to a survey of Fiction. The Duchess of Newcastle, who abstained from any revision of her works, 'lest it should disturb her following conceptions,' indulged herself in some heavy compositions, and realised her own definition of romance; that it consisted of 'a number of impossibilities put into a methodical discourse.' Her *Comical Tales in Prose* are neither witty nor very decorous. The *Parthenissa* of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, published in 1664, was more successful; but its unfinished state seems to prove the careless indifference of the age. Towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second, one Aphra Behn produced some novels, which participated in the noxious qualities of her comedies. Her *Oronooko*, however, contains several pleasing passages. The *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manley is preserved only in the verse of Pope, and the serious tale by the Hon. Robert Boyle, *The Martyrdom of Didymus and Theodora*, has long been forgotten even in name. De Foe

opened a purer fountain, and gave to fiction the endearing aspect of truth,—his History of ROBINSON CRUSOE is the most beautiful narrative in the treasures of fancy, and to the youthful mind has long been delightful as it is beneficial: a gentle and devout spirit of religious feeling pervades and moralizes all the writings of De Foe. Sir Walter Scott has defined Romance to be a fictitious narrative in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon marvellous or uncommon incidents; and a Novel to be a fictitious narrative, differing from the Romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events, and the modern state of society. The Romance will belong to the ruder, and the Novel to the more polished epoch of existence. In the former class may be placed the TALE of a TUB, and the TRAVELS of GULLIVER, which, under the mask of fiction, were poignant satires upon mankind. The first is the most brilliant and the second the most popular work of Swift. A new æra opened with the publication of Richardson's PAMELA in 1730, written with the noble intention of promoting the cause of religion and virtue: 'considerate readers,' the Author said in the Preface, 'will not enter upon a perusal of the piece before them, as if it were designed only to divert and amuse.' Pamela was succeeded by the JOSEPH ANDREWS of Fielding; a work, if estimated by its literary merits, far superior, and possessing one character—Parson Adams—with whom every reader is familiar, and to whose simplicity fame has given a proverbial currency. Fielding died at Lisbon, in his forty-eighth year, while his rival lived to paint a companion portrait to the saint-like Clarissa, in an individual displaying every Christian grace, to whom he gave the name of Sir Charles Grandison. The greatest works of Fielding had appeared almost simultaneously with those of Richardson; TOM JONES having been published in 1747, and *Clarissa Harlowe* in the following year. Their intellectual characters were not less widely opposite than their moral. The grave and virtuous Richardson carried into his fictions the modest and serious manners which he practised in reality; while Fielding, in drawing the boisterous squire and the man of intrigue, was only copying himself. Richardson possessed pathos and wanted humour; Fielding overflowed with humour, and was almost entirely destitute of pathos. We say almost, for his AMELIA contains one or two scenes of domestic tenderness; and in TOM JONES we sometimes see the sympathy and the benevolence of a good man. Richardson had the greatest power of affecting the heart, and Fielding of diverting the fancy: virtue may weep over the sorrows of Clarissa; vice never feels abashed by the history of the FOUNDLING. Coleridge, indeed, preferred Fielding: 'to take him up,' he observed, 'after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, or a breezy day in May.' He might be the most agreeable, but he certainly was not the *healthiest* writer. Eight years

after the publication of *Pamela*, a new candidate for fame broke upon the town with the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, in which Fielding might have recognised a kindred humour to his own, but gushing with a more vivacious intemperance, and characterized by a more fearless hardihood of application. With skill inferior to that of his celebrated contemporary, Smollett was endowed with a genius of even ampler capacity. He was a negligent artist, but a powerful writer. No English author has rivalled the rich and brilliant colouring of those homely scenes of coarse and common life which he delighted to delineate.

Fiction, like poetry, seems to put forth its richest fruit in clusters. In the same year, 1759, Johnson's *Story of Rasselas*, and the first part of the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, were given to the public; and not long after the *Vicar of Wakefield* obtained that tribute of popular admiration which it has since continued to enjoy. It is a curious circumstance that four of the most daring humorists of modern times should have been connected with the priesthood—Rabelais, Scarron, Swift, and Sterne. The last of the four, indeed, borrowed largely from those authors, with whom his genius appears to have associated with the greatest familiarity. Recent researches have shown him to be not less copious, than audacious, in his plagiarisms. Dr. Ferrier, in his very interesting illustrations of Sterne, has traced many of the grotesque incidents in *Tristram Shandy* to some of the early French writers with whom Sterne was conversant,—he enumerates Rabelais, Beroalle, D'Aubigne, Bouchet, Bruscombelle, and Scarron. The quotations of parallel passages from these authors are very amusing. But Sterne did not confine his imitations to foreign works. Bacon, Blount, Bishop Hall, and particularly Burton, furnished him with thoughts and expressions. The *Anatomy of Melancholy* afforded him a rich quarry; and he dug out the treasure with no sparing hand. Probably the history of Literary Plagiarisms contains no specimen of more consummate confidence than the attack upon copyists in *Tristram Shandy*, stolen almost verbatim out of Burton. Dr. Ferrier has also contributed a chapter upon the personages of *Tristram Shandy*, with anecdotes of Dr. Slop, which throw considerable light upon the book. Dr. Slop is supposed upon traditional and circumstantial testimony, to have been Dr. John Burton of York. Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman have not been identified with any living individuals; but the author is known to have intended the gay and benevolent Yorick as a portrait of himself. Dr. Ferrier supposes the plan of the *Sentimental Journey* to have been suggested by such pieces as the *Voyage of Chapelle*, or Fontaine, which differed from the English author's narrative principally by being written in verse. But, after these deductions have been made from his originality, Sterne will still be entitled to admiration for the skill with which

he has employed his acquisitions. He never stole a jewel to set it in lead. Under all the heavy mass of absurdity and coarseness which he suffered his fancy and his learning to heap up, there is a spark of genius always burning, and which continually shoots up in a clear and beautiful flame. Sterne is to be blamed, not for borrowing, but for concealing his obligations.

The remaining productions of the eighteenth century need not detain us. The *Fool of Quality*, by Henry Brooke, in 1766, has been compared to the shorter and simpler tale of Goldsmith; and Mackenzie, in his *Man of Feeling*, caught some of the spirit, without any of the license of Sterne.

About the same period the first specimen of modern Romance was presented by Horace Walpole in the *Castle of Otranto*, 1768, which was followed in 1777 by the *Old English Baron* of Clara Reeve. Walpole has related the history of his famous Tale in a letter to Mr. Cole, March 9, 1769.

Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story,) and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing, in the least, what I intended to say, or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. Add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my Tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness, but, if I have amused you by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content.

The *Castle of Otranto* has been fortunate in its critics; Byron eulogised it, and Scott has commended it in very high terms.

The moonlight vision of Alphonso, (he says,) dilated to immense magnitude, the astonished group of spectators in the front, and the shattered ruins of the castle in the back ground, are briefly and sublimely described. The applause due to chastity and precision of style—to a happy combination of supernatural agency with human interest—to a tone of feudal manners and language, sustained by characters strongly drawn and well discriminated—and to unity of action, producing scenes alternately of interest and grandeur; the applause, in fine, which cannot be denied to him who can excite the passions of fear and of pity, must be awarded to the author of the *Castle of Otranto*.

Of the modern Novel it is unnecessary to speak, and of the Author of *Waverley*, in particular, criticism would now be idle, as it would be unprofitable; we may apply to Scott, with far greater propriety, Johnson's observation upon Garrick, that his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the

harmless sources of amusement. But he had erected his monument before he was removed from amongst us; the Magician has completed the most beautiful structures of his art before his wand was broken. Many of his tales will perish only with the elements of human society, for they have linked themselves with the tenderest feelings of the heart, and the brightest recollections of the scholar. When we behold a sister, labouring in the labour of love, we think of Effie Deans; and at the name of Ivanhoe all the splendid scenery of a chivalrous age glows upon our eyes.

With these prefatory remarks we shall be ready to introduce from time to time, selections from the various writers in Fiction to our readers, and will begin with

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Although supposed to be written about the year 1580, the first edition of the *Arcadia* appeared in 1590. Its success was immediate and lasting; before 1633 it had reached an eighth impression. It was written during Sidney's temporary seclusion at Wilton, occasioned by a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford; and Zouch conjectures the plan to have been suggested by the *Arcadia* of Sannazzarius, which was printed at Milan in 1504. It was published after the death of Sidney by his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, for whose entertainment it had been composed. They who read the *Arcadia* with any view to a story, will not be rewarded for their trouble. It is a pastoral romance, containing many fanciful descriptions conceived in a spirit of poetry, and abounds in generous and noble sentiments. The style is often sweet and melodious, and embellished with many picturesque epithets, which might have attracted the eyes of Shakespeare. Cowper happily characterised Sidney in the *Task* as the

..... warbler of poetic prose.

Musidorus, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Laconia, is discovered by two shepherds, Strephon and Caius, who conduct him to their country:—

THE TRAVELS OF MUSIDORUS INTO ARCADIA.

Now, sir, thus for ourselves it is, we are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers; and, therefore, neither in skill nor ability, of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this. Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence; and even upon the next confines, there dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafeth much favour unto us; a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted, that no news stirs, but comes to his ears; for his upright dealing so beloved by his neighbours, that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service; and by the great good-will our prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway not

only in his own Arcadia, but in all those countries of Peloponnesus. And (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit: so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ears as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend; and, therefore, you must labour for it. Besides, the comfort of courtesy, and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting.

Musidorus (who besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow,) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and, therefore, they took their journey together through Laconia, Caius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind, supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal, (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following, than overthrown by withstanding,) they gave way to it for that day and the next, never troubling him either with asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolour dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortune, which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and, lastly, to vouchsafe conference. So that the third day after, in the time that the morning did shew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, and the nightingales (striving one with the other, which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow,) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree, (which that night have been their pavilion,) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, claimed the dam's comfort. Here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her voice music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a shew, as it were, of an accompaniable solitariness; and of a civil wildness. I pray you, said Musidorus, (then first unsealing his long-silent lips,) what countries be these we pass through, which are so divers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other having no store, but of want?

The country (answered Caius) where you were cast ashore, and

now are past through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil, (though in itself not passing fertile,) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of this estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants, (by them named Helots,) hath in this soil as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so inhospitable as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor of the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken. But this country where now you set your foot is Arcadia, and where hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds—a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW YEAR.

DURING the night succeeding the first day of a new year, a man was at his window. He raised his eyes towards the azure vault of heaven, where floated the stars, like snowy flowers of the water-lily on the bosom of the tranquil lake; he cast them downwards to the earth, which contained, among its millions of inhabitants, none so wretched as himself, deprived alike of happiness and tranquillity, and rapidly sinking to the grave. He felt that he had already descended sixty of the steps that led thither, and that the harvest he had reaped from the seed sown in his youth, was crime and remorse. His health had failed, his heart was desolate and repentant, and his old age miserable. He recollected the days of his youth, and recalled that solemn hour when his father had placed him at the commencement of two paths; the one leading to a tranquil and happy country, covered with verdure and fertility, lighted by a cloudless sun, and resounding with soft harmony,—the other leading to an endless domain, enveloped in thick darkness, the abode of serpents, and infected with poisons. Alas! the serpents had stung him to the heart, the poisons had stained his lips, and he felt that he had erred.

Again he raised his eyes towards heaven, and cried in inexpressible anguish:—‘Oh youth, return again! Oh father, place me again at the entrance of the paths of life, that I may make a different choice!’ But his youth and his father were beyond recall. He beheld the meteors rise from the marshes, play over them for a brief space, and then disappear; and he said to himself, ‘So passed the days of my folly.’ He saw a star shoot from its sphere, traverse the heavens, twinkle, and vanish; ‘Such has been my course,’ cried he; and the stings of repentance pierced his heart still more keenly. In thought, he recalled all the men of his own age; those with whom he was familiar, and those comparatively unknown, who had been children with him, and who, scattered over the earth, had become the happy fathers of families, the friends of truth and virtue, were now passing this first night of the new year in peace and happiness, unalloyed by remorse. The sound of a

clock, from the tower of the church, announcing the lapse of another step of time, now broke the stillness, and sounded in his ear like a holy chant, recalling to him the memory of his parents, the hopes they had once breathed for him on this solemn day, the lessons they had taught him, hopes which their unhappy son had never realized, lessons by which he had never profited. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, he could no longer gaze on that heaven now the abode of his father. He cast down his eyes to the earth, and his tears fell fast on the snow by which it was covered; he groaned; and, in his despair, he again cried, 'Oh youth, return to me again!'

And his youth did return to him,—for all that had passed was but a dream, which had thus disturbed him on the first night of the new year. He was young still—his faults only were real. He blessed God that his youth had not passed away; that there was still time for him to quit the path of vice, and to re-enter that of virtue, and thereby gain admission to that happy fertile country.

And now, my young readers, if, like him, you have wandered from the right path, seek, like him, to regain it, lest this terrible dream should typify your fate—lest the time should come when, worn down with grief and despair, you cry, 'Return, bright season of youth!' and for you that bright season shall return no more!

[From the French of Madame Guizot; by E. M. M.]

I CAN never hear a stray note of any of our national airs, without being carried suddenly back to the mountains and valleys of old Scotland, amongst which I have rambled so much and so often. I remember once in particular, when wandering far away in the interior of India, I heard accidentally Smollett's beautiful lines, beginning,—

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,

repeated by a countryman. The effect was instantaneous, and reminded me of Humboldt's theory, that there occur, occasionally, magnetic shocks so deeply seated in the heart of the earth, that they affect the magnetic needle at the same instant of time, on spots ten thousand miles apart. As I felt the invisible, but indissoluble, chord of national sympathy, thus casually touched in a foreign land, vibrate home again, I owed and paid much gratitude to the poet, who by the graphic magic of his numbers, could thus annihilate both time and space, and give me, even amidst the gorgeous teak forests of Malabar, so true a taste of the superior attractions of my own distant Fatherland.—CAPT. BASIL HALL.

NOTES ON THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

JANUARY is usually the coldest month in the year. The thermometer has a range of from 20° to 50° Fahr., the extremes of an ordinary winter. In very severe seasons, however, it has fallen to 10° or 12° ; and sometimes to 0° or zero, and even to -3° or -4° , that is, three or four degrees below zero. On the contrary, in mild winters a temperature of 58° has been attained in the open country, and once, in 1828, in the neighbourhood of London, Mr. Howard noticed it at 64° . The mean temperature of the twenty-four hours upon a long average of years is two or three degrees above the freezing point; so that continued frost is an exception to the general law of the climate. The mean temperature of London is about two degrees higher than that of the surrounding country; but the difference exists chiefly at night, and is greatest in winter, and least in spring.

Although we are accustomed to complain of our climate as being extremely variable, yet a very moderate attention to meteorology is sufficient to prove that the climate of the same place possesses a remarkable steadiness. And it is to this constitution of the earth as to climate, that the constitution of the animal and vegetable world is precisely adapted. 'The differences of different climates are provided for by the existence of entirely different classes of plants and animals in different countries. The constancy of climate at the same place is a necessary condition of the prosperity of each species there fixed*.'

On the present occasion this 'constancy of climate' may be illustrated with respect to temperature. Other atmospheric phenomena will be noticed in subsequent months.

'It is easy to see, with a little attention, that there is a certain degree of constancy in the average weather and seasons of each place, though the particular facts of which these generalities are made up seem to be out of the reach of fixed laws. And when we apply any numerical measure to these particular occurrences, and take the average of the numbers thus observed, we generally find a remarkably close correspondence in the numbers belonging to the whole, or to analogous portions of successive years. This will be found to apply to the measures given by the thermometer, the barometer, the hygrometer, the rain-gauge, and similar instruments. Thus it is found that very hot summers, or very cold winters, raise or depress the mean annual temperature very little above or below the general standard.

'The heat may be expressed by degrees of the thermometer; the temperature of the day is estimated by this measure, taken at a certain period of the day, which period has been found by experience to correspond with the daily average; and the mean annual temperature will then be the average of all the heights of the thermometer so taken for every day in the year.

'The mean annual temperature of London thus measured is about fifty degrees and four-tenths. The frost of the year 1788 was so severe that the Thames was passable on the ice; the mean temperature of that year was fifty

* WHEWELL, *Bridgewater Treatise*.

degrees and six-tenths, being within a small fraction of a degree of the standard. In 1796, when the greatest cold ever observed in London occurred, the mean temperature of the year was fifty degrees and one-tenth, which is likewise within a fraction of a degree of the standard. In the severe winter of 1813-14, when the Thames, Tyne, and other large rivers in England were completely frozen over, the mean temperature of the two years was forty-nine degrees, being little more than a degree below the standard. And in the year 1808, when the summer was so hot that the temperature in London was as high as ninety-three and a half degrees, the mean heat of the year was fifty and a half, which is about that of the standard*.

Careful records of the thermometer in different parts of the world tend to show that every spot on the earth's surface has a tolerably fixed mean annual temperature; thus, that of Petersburg is 39°; of Rome, 60°; of Cairo, 72°. By collecting such observations as these from various places, 'the surface of the earth can be divided by boundary lines into various stripes, according to these physical differences. Thus, the zones which take in all the places having the same or nearly the same mean annual temperature, have been called *isothermal zones*.'

As the cold 'strengthens,' several animals fall into their winter state of torpor, seeking for this purpose such hiding-places as are adapted to their wants. Holes in the earth, hollow trees, thick bushes, caves, or ruins, are selected, and in some cases the spot is lined with dried herbs, grasses, and moss. Here, protected from intense cold, hibernating animals sleep away the severe weather, without requiring food, and, strange to say, without actual need of air. Experiments made on torpid animals have proved that they can exist in that state, not only in confined portions of air, but in an atmosphere which would cause instant death to an animal in its active condition. In fact, they almost wholly cease to breathe.

Those birds which have not left the country in search of more genial climes, are now driven to various resources to procure food. Industriously do they peck among the moss, and in the clefts of the bark of trees, for the insects that find shelter there, and in accordance with their habits, more or less nearly do they approach the dwellings of man, and become dependants on the bounty of the inmates.

At this season few insects come openly abroad except the small winter gnats that play about running water in fine weather, and these afford a scanty meal to the wagtail; or small slugs, and earth-worms, that creep forth in mild weather, and are soon pounced upon by the diligent robin, ever prying about to discover such fare.

During this month, when the majority of the nights have their temperature at or about the freezing point, we are not to expect many objects of interest in the vegetable world; still they are not altogether wanting. Evergreen plants never look so bright and beautiful as when spangled with hoarfrost and illumined by the rays of a winter's sun. Thus, when annuals have died off, and a large proportion of perennials lie buried deep in the fostering soil, with perhaps a mantle of snow for a covering, then do we see in full perfection the ivy, the holly, the bay, the laurel, and other welcome evergreens, shining forth in full luxuriance; then too the cheerful blossoms of the *laurustinus* enliven our shrubberies, and the berries of hip and haw

* WHEWELL.

look brilliant and tempting. China roses still yield their faint perfume in some sunny corner; the garden anemone also ventures to peep forth; perhaps even a stray snow-drop will unexpectedly show her face; while the black hellebore, or Christmas rose, and its relative, the foetid hellebore, or bear's foot, exhibit their blossoms. The Japan quince, the sweet coltsfoot, and the Japan allspice, are also in flower.

This is also a good season to observe the mosses, an inconspicuous but wonderful class of vegetables. Inhabiting every latitude and every climate, they perform their Maker's purposes in clothing the barren rock with soil, formed by their successive growth and decay, until it is fit to sustain plants of larger growth. Thus by the instrumentality of these humble weeds the barren coral reef may, in the course of ages, be converted into a smiling and verdant isle, fit for the reception and sustenance of human beings. Linnæus called these plants *servi*, or slaves, and it has been well remarked that 'though they have no master but their Maker, they are universal and most assiduous labourers in the system of God's creation.'

'Winter,' says Miller, 'is called a dead season; so it is to appearance, although nature is now busily employed in preparing her gaudy garments for summer. Take but a brown hard bud from the hedges, dissect it, examine it well with the aid of a microscope, and there you will find the young leaf or tender blossom coiled up in its unsightly sheath, which, when unfolded, displays the green velvet richness which will ere long open its beauty. Look at the naked branch of a fruit-tree; how barren it appears! No leaf, no blossom, nothing that pleases the eye—it seems fit only for the fire; yet beneath its rough rind there is a mighty Mechanist at work, forming the substances of leaf and bark, bloom and fruit—an unerring Hand guiding the juices through thousands of invisible channels—an unfailing Alchemist, who will hang the rugged bough with golden fruit before autumn. Who doeth these things?'

'Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder; to cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth? Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath generated it? The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.' Job chap. xxxviii. 25—30.
