

on the subject, Mr. James Fergusson. The two most active contributors seem to be the Rev. B. F. Westcott, among whose articles may be especially mentioned those on the Canon and on Daniel, and Mr. George Groves, of Sydenham, who deals with the minor proper names of Scripture—not one of which is omitted.

A work such as this is, for the present at least, beyond criticism: we can only welcome its appearance.

*The Church and the Press; or Christian Literature the Inheritance of the Church, and the Press an Educator and Evangelist.*

A Sermon. By A. Cleveland Cox, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. New York: General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, and Church Book Society.

This able and eloquent discourse is one which is in such thorough harmony with our own purpose, that we cannot but give it the strongest recommendation. It is a noble vindication of Christian literature. It shows what it has been, and what it may still be, what it has done, and what it may yet do. There has been a double tendency in the Church: to underestimate either the Press in general or the Christian Press in particular. The one tendency has led men to a state of pitiable darkness; the other has led them to an almost exclusive study of secular authors. Dr. Cox very ably states the claims of those writers whose genius was modified by a Christian spirit, as compared with those whose writings tend to lead men not only away from the Church but into actual sin. The notes at the end of the volume are not the least valuable part of the whole: they contain an admirably selected list of books suitable for a churchman's library.

*The Children's Guest. Nos. 1 to 8. The Children's Magazine.*

January to May, 1860. New York: General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, and Church Book Society.

The latter of these publications is probably already well known to most of our readers; we can only say that it still maintains its admirable tone. The former is an illustrated newspaper, which appears on the second and fourth Saturdays in every month, and which for excellence of typography and illustrations, as well as of matter, may fairly compare with the most successful of the English juvenile periodicals. The spirit in which it is written is such as to make it a very valuable help in the churchly training of the young. It would be especially serviceable as a reward to children in Sunday schools.

*THE WASHINGTONS: a Tale of a Country Parish in the 17th Century. Based on Authentic Documents. By JOHN NASSAU SIMPKINSON, Rector of Brington, Northants. London: Longmans. pp. 326, lxxxix.*

The registers of Brington, in Northamptonshire, disclose some very curious and interesting facts respecting the ancient family of Washington, from which the great Republican descended. In Henry VIII.'s time Lawrence Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire, settled in the town of Northampton, where he obtained a high position, wealth and influence, as a wool-tapler. He had been bred to the law, and was a member of the honorable Society of Gray's-inn; but his uncle, Sir Thomas Kitson, a wealthy London merchant, advised him to turn his attention to trade, and he appears, fortunately enough for himself and family, to have done so. In 1539, when the monasteries were dissolved and their estates confiscated, Mr. Washington's influence was such, that he obtained a grant of the manor and lands of Sulgrave, which had been the property of the monastery of St. Andrew's, Northampton. Hither he afterwards retired, and lived like a country gentleman, taking his place among the foremost men of the county. His son and grandson succeeded him: but with the third generation came the effects of that curse which has been, with more or less ingenuity, shown to have attached itself to all the confiscated property of the Church. The Washingtons fell into decadence, and Lawrence, the fourth lord of Sulgrave, found it necessary to retire from the place, and to accept the generous offer made to him by his kind and noble friend and kinsman, Lord Spencer, of Althorp, of a comfortable home at Brington. Shortly after this migration, Sulgrave was sold, and passed away from the Washingtons for ever. The change took place in 1606. Lawrence did not, however, remain long at Brington, for, being evidently a man of active disposition, and desirous of having his sons well educated, he moved up to London in a few years, leaving his younger brother Robert in possession of the house at Brington, and entrusting to him and his wife the care and education of his daughter Amy. Robert had no children of his own, and, being a man of small but sufficient means, and of a gentle nature, the charge, we may believe, was not an unwelcome one.

Here then the tale begins. The household of Robert, now Amy included, is expecting the arrival of John Washington, one of the young lady's brothers, a son of Lawrence. The young fellow is a scholar at Westminster, and when he arrives he has much to say respecting King James and the Westminster Play—even then an institution. The following talk will serve to give an idea of the life-like reality with which Mr. Simpkinson has contrived to embody the manners and customs of the day.

"But tell us of the brave doings in London, boy, on the Lady Elizabeth's Highness's wedding. You've had a merry Easter there, folks says, such as has not been seen this many a year."

"'Twas a rare sight, uncle," said John. "I saw the gallant pageant on the river. 'Twas a fight with the Turks they counterfeited, each brave galley and armoies in most triumphant manner, and such noble equipages, and such pleasant, strange, and variable fireworks at night! Then there were right merry masques played at Court before the King's and Queen's Majesties for the good entertainment of the Palgrave and the Princess. But I did not see them. I only saw our own play."

"Your play, John?" interposed his aunt. "What should that be like you with play acting?"

"Oh, aunt, know you not that the King's scholars play each year a Latin comedy? 'Tis part of the school rules, set forth by the late Queen's Majesty. They do it still, and the King comes by times to see us play it. 'Twas put off Christmas last, by reason of the late Prince's death. But we had it at Easter, for the Palgrave's wedding; and his Majesty came."

"And didst thou play, too?" asked his aunt. "What part was thine?"

"Oh, I did not play much," said John, blushing. "I played a young gentleman, aunt; but I had nought to say."

"Bless the lad!" cried out his aunt. "A young gentleman, quotha, with those long legs of his! And didst smile, and perk, and make love, John, with the young gallants?"

"I had nought to say, aunt," answered John, rather tartly. "But I did much displease it. I will not be so perted again. Next year I shall be a squire, and then I can please myself."

"His Majesty is a very learned scholar, I am told," observed his uncle. "Did he seem to relish the entertainment much?"

"Oh, yes," said John; "he laughed mightily, and clapped his hands, and called out, 'Euge, Euge, Optime,' in Latin. And afterwards he made all the scholars pass before him that played, and spoke fair to each of them."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Amy. "what said he to thee?"

"He pinched me on the cheek," answered John, laughing; "and asked me if I had not a sweet, fine, pretty sister. He sure I said yes, Amy. There now; thou wert full fain to be answered."

"But were not all the scholars frightened at him?" said his aunt.

"No," answered John; "he was so free and flow-like with us. But it was mighty pains not to laugh. He speaks so strange, and rolls his eyes, and holds his tongue out of his mouth. And then he said we all gave the Latin wrong, and as no other nation but the English do, and he began to show the Doctor (that's our master, you know), the true fashion of the utterance. Oh, 'twas wondrous laughable. We all turned our faces, that he should not see us laugh. The Doctor might not turn his look you; but I am sure he was fain to do it. His Majesty asked him why he had not taught us right; for he had showed him the manner of it before, and that not once only, nor twice. And we marvelled what he should say."

"What said he then?" asked Mr. Washington.

"He said he humbly begged his Majesty to lay his commands on Master Dean of Christchurch, and on the Master of Trinity College; not to forget, indeed, Master Doan here at Westminster; for that 'twas under them that we owed obedience to his Majesty in all things academic."

"Ha, ha! A stroke smartly served, and the service well taken!" replied the uncle. "And who is the schoolmaster now? Is he not a very learned man, by the name of Doctor Camden?"

"No, 'tis not him now," answered John. "He was master some while ago, when Master Ben Jonson was a boy at school, and Master George Herbert. 'Tis Doctor Wilson now. But Doctor Camden is living still in the cloisters. He is one of the residentiaries. He is a mighty favourite to his Majesty, so they tell, and the most learned man in the three kingdoms."

There is not much story in the tale. Mistress Amy Washington married Master Philip Curtis (as the parish register testifies), and Robert Washington died and was buried according to the same solemn witness. There is a careful and interesting attempt to illustrate the state of religious parties at the time, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself. When the troubles came in King Charles's reign, the Washingtons joined the King's side. Young John had become attached to the Court, and by the favour of George Villiers, was knighted. He fought at Marston Moor, and when the cause was lost, he turned him away from his country, sick and sorry at heart, little recking that there was one day to come from his loins one who was to vex "the Lord's anointed" as sorely as did that very Oliver Cromwell, against whom he had drawn the sword. At the end of the volume are the arms of the Washingtons of Sulgrave—three stars argent in chief—stars that have since been sown over the broad field of the American flag.

Whether it be taken as a work of fiction or an historical document, this volume of Mr. Simpkinson's possesses interest enough to recommend it for general perusal and approval.—*From the 'Clerical Journal.'*

MILTON.—At the early age of thirty-three, Milton undertook to match himself with the giants of intellect and learning who were then reared on the Church's side, "being willing," he says, "to help the Puritans who were inferior to the Prelates in learning." But in this attempt he seems to have felt his own failure, for he acknowledges himself "not disposed to this manner of writing;" and adds, "wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand." In other words, in his Puritanism he did violence to his genius, and made a self-hat marriage, the fruit of which has been his lasting reproach.—*The Church and the Press.*

Dean Milman, in his "Latin Christianity," says of the era of printing,— "Books gradually became, as far as the instruction of the human race, a co-ordinate priesthood."