

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON OF CHESTER.—In our last week's journal we recorded the death of Rev. Augustus Clarke, Archdeacon of Chester, and Vice Dean of the Cathedral. On Thursday, the 13th inst., the last ceremony of interment was performed within the fabric of the lady's Chapel. The body of the deceased was privately borne through the precincts to the north porch, which is contiguous to the residential house; the Revs. Chancelor, Rector, and the minor Canons, bearing the pall, followed by John James Clarke, Esq., and the Hon. Rowland Winn, chief mourners, by the Bishop of the diocese, the curates of his parishes, and private friends. The procession was met by the gentlemen of the choir and the chorists, habited in their surplices and was tolled through the cloisters into the broad aisle, the organ pouring forth its deep and solemn dirge for the dead. The very Rev. the dean, attended by the sacristan officiated on the mournful occasion.

The venerable deceased had concluded the patriarchal term of 85 years. For some time before his death he was in a precarious state. Age had compassed the evening of life with manifold infirmities, which, with the most acute sufferings, prevented him taking that dignified part he was wont to supply in the performance of cathedral worship. But those who heard cannot forget that time when he delivered the convincing address and read the inimitable liturgy of the Church of England with the melodious voice and the pure intonation of his own. He was also the vicar of Neston and of Eastham in the latter parish, where he chiefly resided the last 20 years, his character was known and appreciated for an ingenious frankness of heart, with a most winning and conciliatory address. He was especially given to hospitality; was highly esteemed by the circle he moved in for his natural liberality of his disposition; and (what sheds a brighter lustre still upon his memory) most affectionately beloved by the poorer members of his flock, to whom his benevolent hand was always open, and his sympathy most feelingly extended.

The late archdeacon was a finished gentleman of the old school, and much noticed by several members of the Royal family, more particularly by the Princess Augusta and the Duke of Clarence, whose senior chaplain he was, before his Royal Highness's accession to the throne. Among other friends, he enjoyed the intimate and lasting regard of the reverend Herbert, the late Bishop of Exeter, who was his school-fellow and contemporary; and of Dr. Majendie, late Bishop of Bangor, to whose only sister he was married. These, and most of his early friends, had gone before; his wife, his son, who fell gallantly at Pezay, and his daughter-in-law, preceding him only by a few short months. A vigorous constitution, ever sustained by the most temperate habits, left him still to traverse the wilderness, amidst the lingering labours and sorrows of the fourscore years. His data penta dies inter-

In early life he was a man of an open temper and of the most active and persevering habits. For many years he diligently discharged the duties of a magistrate, and took a watchful interest in the charitable and religious institutions of the county. He was sincerely and firmly attached to the constitution and established religion of his country; ever constant to one line of politics, and always tenacious of those views and principles with which he was imbued from his youth. This disposition of character marked his career to the goal. Disciplined to every change in the political and social world, he remained the time-honoured beacon of the past, respected by all who could appreciate the "good old rule," and if with a feeling of regret, yet with a tone of allowance, could say,

"Old times were gone, old manners changed." During the whole course of his illness he humbly submitted to, and patiently acquiesced in, the tedious and painful dispensation which he was called to pass through. Conscious that he was but a pilgrim and a sojourner, as all his fathers were, he looked up with serene and holy confidence to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; and on the bed of pain and languishing, when "those that looked out of the window" were gathered round, he exhausted his feeble strength by repeating the prayers of the church, which he so loved and admired, and which were indelibly impressed on his memory, when she had nature sunk at length in a sleep so tranquil that the members of his family, who watched the whole sick bed with the most devoted and unwearying attention, did not even the moment of the precise moment their aged parent departed in sweet peace.

The Archdeacon was Senior Canon of the Cathedral. By the vacancy thus occasioned in the chapter, the body is reduced to the constitution which he was called to pass through. Conscious that he was but a pilgrim and a sojourner, as all his fathers were, he looked up with serene and holy confidence to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; and on the bed of pain and languishing, when "those that looked out of the window" were gathered round, he exhausted his feeble strength by repeating the prayers of the church, which he so loved and admired, and which were indelibly impressed on his memory, when she had nature sunk at length in a sleep so tranquil that the members of his family, who watched the whole sick bed with the most devoted and unwearying attention, did not even the moment of the precise moment their aged parent departed in sweet peace.

On Monday, the Lord Bishop of Worcester consecrated a new Church which has lately been erected at Heddlod, near Rowley Regis, when there was a large attendance of the neighbouring clergy, and many of the children of the parish. His Lordship delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse, and a liberal collection was afterwards made.

Lord Hardinge, feeling for the "spiritual wants of a distant part of the parish of Penhurst, in which a church has been erected, has sent £1,000 towards building and enlarging a church chapel there."

BILDERICK, ESSEX.—Mr. Edward Dewhurst, the Independent Minister of this place, has denounced the principles of Dissent, and given in his adherence to the Church. He is shortly to be ordained, and is preparing himself for the Ministry of the Church of England. Mr. Dewhurst is the son of the late Mr. Dewhurst, of Bury, formerly a leading Minister among the Independents of that town.

PARISH CLERK IN ORDERS.—The Rev. C. E. Douglas, B. A., has been appointed parish clerk of Brighton, under the Act of 7 and 8 Vict., intituled "An Act for better Regulating the Offices of Lecturers and Parish Clerks;" he is appointed by the Rector, and afterwards licensed by the Bishop, to perform all such spiritual and ecclesiastical duties as are performed by stipendiary Clergy. This is the first case of the kind in the diocese of Chichester.

CONSECRATION OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF KINGSTON, IN SURREY.—The consecration of Kingston Hill Church, took place a few days since. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the Bishop of Winchester, and a large congregation of clergy and laity, attended. The Bishop of Winchester officiated, and after the interesting ceremony had concluded, the illustrious and distinguished party-honoured Mr. W. O. Hunt, of Coombe Wood House, with the company of a number of gentlemen, presented to the Bishop of Winchester, a valuable offering, which, by His Royal Highness, with the other guests, departed. His Royal Highness expressed himself much gratified with the entire proceedings.

PLEASANT TRAIT.—In one of the churches of this city, on Sunday evening last, the worthy Rector, pleading for his distressed fellow countrymen in Ireland and Scotland, in accordance with the Queen's letter, took for his text Luke 14. 11. "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat let him do likewise." In the course of his address the speaker said, that although he did not mean to press the literal acceptance of the text, yet that he would be glad to be the medium of receiving any donation in the shape of superannuation or cast-off clothing. At the conclusion of the service, whilst the vestry were counting over the collection, a parishioner, a working mason, sent in a very good great coat, worn, substantial, and in excellent condition, which in the interval he had gone and fetched, and requested the acceptance of, saying he had another at home, and could well spare this. The gift was cordially appreciated.—British Mirror.

The Bishop of Oxford consecrated a new Church at Tisbury, near Oxford, dedicating it to St. Lawrence, on Thursday. It appears that many years ago the old church, from its dilapidated state, was pulled down; and although the village belongs to one of the richest societies in Oxford—Magdalen College—the parishioners have been without a church from that time until the present structure was raised.

and hell itself, should stand amazed; wherein God himself should suffer, not only in the form of a servant, but under the action of a malefactor; wherein the everlasting happiness of all mankind, from the first creation of the world to the final dissolution of it, should be transacted; in which you might see the venom and poisonous strength of our sins wrung into one bitter cup, and that put into the hands of the Son of God to drink the very dregs of it; in which you might see the gates of hell broken to pieces, devils conquered, and all the powers of darkness: were there, I say, but such a sight as this, so dreadful and yet so glorious, to be now represented, would you not all desire to be spectators of it? Why, I invite you to it this day; only come, and come with faith, and you may see the Son of God slain, the blood of God poured out; you may see Him, who takes away transgressions, numbered himself among transgressors; you may see him hanging on the soreness and tenderness of his hands and feet, all our iniquities meeting upon him, and the eternity of divine wrath and vengeance contracted into a short space, and as beams through a burning-glass, made more violent and scorching by that contraction. Come, therefore, and see, and let your eye affect your heart with deep and bitter sorrow, that ever you should imbue your hands in the blood of your Saviour—that ever you should be his executioners and murderers—that ever you should be his murderers and murderers—let your eye see him who should squeeze so much gall and wormwood into the bitter cup of his passion.

And when you have thus wept over your dying Lord, let joy and gladness again fill your hearts, for he is risen. He is risen from death to life, from earth to heaven; by the one, to confirm our faith; by the other, to prepare our glory.

THIS WORLD AND HEAVEN.

(By the Rev. W. Pridden, M.A.)

A heart that is fixed upon "all the fullness of God" can afford to forget the temporal want to which it may now be exposed; a soul that is wrapt up in the contemplation of its heavenly inheritance has good cause for undervaluing "the sufferings of this present time," when they are placed in comparison with "the glory that shall be revealed in us." The sight of that lofty, but not inaccessible height of Christian perfection, which rises up in eternal sunshine before us, is quite sufficient to carry us through the difficulties of the journey, to render us insensible of the privations or evils which it may fall to our lot to encounter by the way. We suffer as weak creatures, children of fallen parents, subject to vanity, brought under bondage to corruption. We shall be glorified as "children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." And how can any, or all the sorrows and the wants,—the brief sorrows, the mere earthly wants,—of mortal men be brought at all into comparison with the rejoicing, the endless rejoicing, of the sons of God?

The hope which the Christian possesses is truly called an anchor of the soul; and it is by this hope alone that he can be protected from the continual fluctuation of spirits, the tossings to and fro, the alternations of vehement desire and disappointed expectation, whereby the minds of all who seek for satisfaction in worldly objects are sure to be agitated. In life there is always something wanting to render life completely satisfactory. In infancy, the child eagerly desires to escape from that happy state, which is to all capacity, a state of bliss. In youth, the young man, amidst the gayety of his early part of existence is adorned, insensible to the blithe melody which floats sweetly and freshly upon the breath of life's new-born day,—he turns away from the goods he possesses, and his thoughts are fixed upon those he does not possess; and the delights of childhood valued, but his heart beats high with the future anticipations of the man. And when manhood at length arrives, are human beings at all nearer to the enjoyment of complete satisfaction? Can the flower of our strength, the non-tide vigour of our day of life, the full perfection (so far as perfection can here be reached) of all our powers, whether of mind or body, can all these advantages suffice to fill up the craving void of our wishes, to satisfy "the earnest expectation of the creature?" Not they. And if these things were otherwise, as complete as they are incomplete, as excellent as they are imperfect, one thing must needs be wanting, which is *continuance*. What human being, conscious of the presence within him of an immortal soul, could ever rest entirely satisfied with a strength that must soon decay, with a knowledge that shall speedily fade, a memory that must become weak, a life that must ere long depart, a body, however healthy and vigorous now, which a few, a very few, years will assuredly return, a mere mass of dust and ashes, unto the earth from which it came? In age, there is yet less to satisfy us. If the life that may possibly be measured by years, or even by scores of years, be brief and unsatisfactory, much more so the life which admits of no longer measurement, from season to season, than that of months, weeks, days, or hours. The young person desires what he has not yet; the middle aged would fain keep or increase what he already possesses; but the old, "if in this world only he has hope," is, indeed, "of all men most miserable." He fondly, vainly, bitterly regrets that which he has lost—that which he well knows, is never to be regained. Thus it is that, without reference to any other outward circumstances, every age of life may be shown to have its peculiar cause of anxiety, every stage of our earthly being its own feeling of unsatisfactoriness. Thus it is that through fear of death we are all our lifetime subject to bondage.

Numberless are the other causes of want of satisfaction in this life, which every age must feel and every person experience. In whatever quarter we may be tempted to "set up our nests on high," as though we could place ourselves above the reach of evil, in that quarter we are almost sure of being, sooner or later, disturbed and disappointed. There is nothing in our condition here at all capable of filling up the desires, and realising the anticipations of a being originally created after the image of God, and gifted with a living soul. Imperfection is the mark set upon things below. Now, we were at first made capable of perfection, and are still capable, through the Divine mercy, of being restored to our lost inheritance.

The whence arises in all men an anxious expectation of the future, a positive inability to rest entirely satisfied with what is before us. To these feelings we confess that Christ's followers are not less, nay, even more, subject than other men. Whilst it is our duty and our wisdom to be contented in the world, it would be a vain and wicked attempt to aim at being contented with the world. And this is a difference always to be borne in mind, forming indeed one grand distinction between those that are and those that are not servants of Christ. Like our great example we must be patient and resigned; we must meekly endure the present state of things, although we "love not the world, neither the things of the world." Christ was resigned and patient in the highest degree; but was He satisfied and contented with the world? No, He was not. He was contented with the world, but He was not satisfied with the world. He was contented with the world, but He was not satisfied with the world. He was contented with the world, but He was not satisfied with the world.

Christ exhibited in the holy communion. I know we are apt to wish that we had lived in the time of Christ's abode here upon earth; that we had been conversant with him as his disciples were, to have seen both his miraculous actions, and his no less miraculous passion. Why, truly, the disciples' sight of these things hath no advantage at all above our faith. If we can but act faith in this ordinance, which we are this day to partake of, these things will be now present to us. Then shall we see Christ crucified before our eyes; yea, and crucified as truly and really to our faith as ever he was to the sense of others. This can carry us into the garden, and make us do more than that, even watch with him in his agonies. This can carry us, without being befriended by acquaintance, into the judgment-hall, to hear his whole trial and arraignment. This can lead us, with the multitude and crown of people, to his cross; and, in this ordinance, we may see his body broken and his blood poured out, and hear him crying, "It is finished," and see him at last give up the ghost. All this the holy sacrament doth as lively represent to the eye of faith, as if it were now doing. Consider: were there a sight to be represented, at which heaven and earth,

heavy night sweat and the morning chill, soon convince me that my days of diligence are gone by, and that I can only wait with patience till I shall please our good God to restore my lost strength and activity; or, what is more probable, till He shall be pleased to call me away from this my earthly abode. Be not dismayed at this prospect, my sister, for the close coffin and the dark grave have no terrors for me; "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God."

THE PIOUS BISHOP HORNE.

(From the Banner of the Cross.)

All sorts of churchmen unite in applying to Bishop Horne the goodly epithet *pious*. How comforting is it, in these days, when names, which, by their want of any definite meaning, speak all manner of evil against those to whom they are given, how comforting is it, in such days, to reflect, that even pious Bishop Horne was set as a mark for such arrows. Hear his indignant appeal, against such treatment. "But is it not hard to require, that when a clergyman only preaches the doctrine and enforces the duties of Christianity from the Scriptures, his character shall be blasted and himself rendered odious by the force of a name, which, in such cases, always signifies what the imposer pleases to mean and the people to hate? If a man preaches Christ that He is the end of the Law and the fullness of the Gospel—"you need not mind him, he is a Hutchinsonian!" If he mentions the assistance and direction of the Holy Spirit, with the necessity of prayer, mortification and taking up the cross—"O, he is a Methodist!" If he talks of the divine right of Episcopacy and the power of the keys, with a word concerning the danger of schism—"Just going over to Popery!" What! Hold! You don't mean to say that pious Bishop Horne had to protest against being called a Puseyite? You don't mean to say that any body, in his sober senses, suspected or insinuated that he was "Just going over to Popery?" You don't mean to say that he held those opinions which now provoke such a reflection? Friend, answer your own questions, after having read an extract from a charge to the clergy of Norwich, his own diocese, by this same pious Bishop Horne; a charge which, borne down by his increasing bodily infirmities, he was unable to deliver, and which was given to his clergy through the press, that so, to use his own words in the preliminary advertisement, whenever he should be called hence, he might leave some testimony of his regard for them and attention to their concerns. He was on the eve of his departure for that better world, whither in heart and mind he had long habitually ascended, so that his words are invested with the peculiar sanctity of a dying saint's instructions. Before giving the extract, let us note the temper of the man as it is manifested in the preface to his commentary on the Psalms, one of the best of books, for daily use; not to be read, by any Christian, without improvement and delight. Speaking of himself he says, "He has written to gratify no sect or party, but for the common service of all who call on the name of Jesus, wheresoever dispersed, and howsoever distressed upon the earth. When he views the innumerable unhappy differences among Christians, all of whom are equally oppressed with the cares and calamities of life, he often calls to mind those beautiful and affecting words which Milton represents Adam as addressing to Eve, after they had wearied themselves with mutual complaints and accusations of each other:—

In offices of love, now we may join
Each other's burden in our share of woe. B. x. v. 958.

Enough has been given to the arts of controversy. Let something be done to the studies of piety and a holy life. If we can once unite in these, our tempers may be better disposed to unite in doctrine. When we shall be duly prepared to receive it, "God may reveal this unto us." And now to the extract from the charge of this amiable and pious prelate, from the charge of this amiable and pious prelate, from the charge of this amiable and pious prelate.

Under the head of "the constitution and use of the Church of Christ," he thus writes: "But salvation is a gift of grace; that is, it is a free gift to which we have no natural claim. It is not to be conceived within ourselves, but to be received, in consequence of the christian calling from God Himself, through the means of His ordinances. These, can only be received, at first by His effect, but by God's own appointment; by succession, immediate appointment and afterwards, by succession and derivation from thence, to the end of the world. Without this rule, we are open to imposture and can be sure of nothing: we cannot be sure that our ministry is effective, and that our sacraments are realities. We are very sensible that the spirit of charity must never admit this doctrine, yet the spirit of charity must never permit it. Writers and teachers who make it a point to give no offence, treat these things very tenderly, but to give, in certain cases, gives no offence, will for that reason, give them no instruction. Light itself is painful to weak eyes, but delightful to them when grown stronger and reconciled to it with use; and he who gave like the character of a man into whose heart the love of his own kind never entered. Other instances might easily be found.

It is confessed that there was in those warlike times great temptation to the abuse of power, and greater space for the exercise both of conspicuous crimes and great virtues. Let a true knowledge of history teach us, while we abhor the one to admire and venerate the other; and not to condemn them in the mass, because our corrupt age has been pleased to dwell more on the evil than the good. This is my meaning, gentle reader, when I try to remind you that there were virtues in these old Peers of England, which no true lover of his country can forget, and which all who love virtue will seek to imitate.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BODY AND THE SPIRIT. (From the Gospel Messenger.)

THE SPIRIT.—Sister, dear sister, tell me what hath happened thee that thy former energy is so sadly lost? In other years we were used to work together with so much pleasure. I would each day plan out a course of action; and thou, ever alert and vigorous, didst cheerfully perform, hour after hour, the "daily task, the trivial round," or the more uncommon occurrences which will sometimes infringe upon daily occupation. How happily the hours used to pass! what can be more delightful than a constant course of active duty? But now I have laid out a series of useful labour, or looked around on neglected employments, longing to see all as in former times; but thou dost shrink from the performance, or at best dost execute my wishes in a negligent and unwilling manner. Tell me, dear sister, what can have caused this sad and universal change?

THE BODY.—Oh! sister, blame me not for what it is not in my power to prevent, and what our heavenly Father has been pleased to lay upon me. I, too, look back with delight upon those years when we were used to spend our time in constant activity, endeavouring to discharge our duties to those around us, and to obey, as far as human nature in its frailty can, the commands of our God; but those days are gone. Disease—slow, wasting disease—has robbed me of all my once boasted strength. Often, when I lay my weary limbs to rest, I feel refreshed, and think when morn shall return to enliven the earth, I shall feel more able to do those things which thou hast so often urged, and which I know to be so needful. But the

honour, he grew proud, and not only held those cheap who had made him so, but pecked and drove them from him. The birds held an assembly to consider how they should act, in consequence of the treatment they received from this bird whom they had clothed, and who now despised them. The peacock said, "He is too finely dressed in my feathers: I will take them from him." Said the falcon, "so will I mine." The other birds said they would do the same, and immediately began to unfeather him. The bird, on seeing this, humbled himself greatly, and acknowledged the honours and wealth he had received; and that his fine feathers were not his own, for he had come into the world naked and featherless; and those who had feathered him might, if they chose, retake them. He cried out for mercy, and promised, henceforward, never to risk, by pride or presumption, the loss of his feathers. The gallant birds who had plucked him, seeing him thus humbled in his department, restored his feathers; but said, on giving them back, "We shall gladly see thee fly among us, as long as thou shalt bear thyself meekly, for so it becometh thee; but if ever thou shalt act arrogantly, we will pluck thee bare, and leave thee in the naked state we found thee." Thus, my fair sirs," said friar John to the cardinals, "will it happen to you. The emperors, kings, and princes of the earth, have given you wealth, and power, and possessions, that you may serve God; but you expend it in pomp, luxury, and all extravagances. It was his intention that these should be prudently and governed, and not with pomp and pride as is now done; for which the Lord is wroth, and his anger will be much increased against you in times to come. Should the nobles cease themselves from giving support to the church, and grow cold in their devotions, and perhaps retake what they have given, it must speedily be destroyed."

Thus spoke friar John to the cardinals, who were much astonished thereat, and would have put him to death, but they could not find out any just cause for it. They suffered him to live, but confined him a close prisoner; for he proposed such deep questions, and examined so closely the Scriptures, that he might perhaps, had he been at liberty, have led the world astray. However, many things were seen to happen, which he had foretold in prison, and which he proved from the apocalypse. His proofs saved him sometimes from being burnt, and some of the cardinals took compassion on him, and did not oppress him as they might have done.

THE BARONS OF ENGLAND. (By the Rev. Edward Charton, M.A.)

It has been the fashion with too many modern writers to call in question the virtues of the old champions of our native soil, who defended the frontier against Scotland and France, rescued the Christian states in the East, and secured the great Charter of the subject's liberties. "If any sparks of liberty were struck out," says the conceited Horace Walpole, "it was not owing to the separate virtue of force or steel, but to their collision." Good, from the advocate who came forward to defend the injured virtues of Richard III. "We know," says Mr. Hallam, "that a nobility is always insolent." "The Great Charter," says Bishop Warburton, "was wrested from the Crown by a factious, turbulent, and ambitious Barons, into whose hands the love of the people never entered."

This is a severe sentence. We have a striking character of one of the Barons who opposed King John, drawn by one who knew him, in the account of a Baron whose seat was at the castle of Dunelm, where his ruins are still visible. "Nothing human is perfect," says Gyraldus, "and to know everything, and offend in nothing, is rather the attribute of God than of man. But I think it worthy of mention, that in his ordinary discourse it was this nobleman's custom to set the Lord always before him, saying, 'I have often been described, and it might seem a mere repetition to add my own impression; still accounts of him are so widely different, that there is room for an additional one, where so little opportunity of judging has existed in the short glimpse that a passing interview affords. I think it must be impossible not to be struck with his masterly composure of manner, voice, look, gesture, and eye; and I would even hope, that one who has gone through scenes of such tortuous and precarious adventure, and has acted a part in the annals of which history must judge,—and let it be remarked, that we understand next to nothing of the principles of pre-existing in the field of eastern ambition,—has had time to make amends for the act of his early career, by yielding his acquired power with something of the firmness and impartial justice which is the only real glory of either sovereign or subject. The character of Mohammed Ali is a mixed one; it fell to become those who have been indebted to him for continuance of his private protection, they need not on that account be supposed to extenuate the cruel acts through which he waded to his power, or justify a rebellion against his lawful master; they are not called upon to judge; and I, for my own part, can never forget the debt which I owe personally to one whose firmness ensured me civility and hospitality wherever I went, without, however, implying the smallest approbation of the course which enabled him to bestow it."

FRIAR ROCHETAILLADE AT THE COURT OF ROME. (From Froissart's Chronicles.)

While writing of these dissensions that happened in my time both in the state and in the church (which was somewhat shaken thereby), and it is to be understood that the great disorders which were actually like hypocrites, it comes to my remembrance how in my young days, during the reign of Pope Innocent, at Avignon, there was confined in prison a learned clerk, called Friar John de la Roche-taille. This friar, as I have been told by several privately, for it was never talked of in public, foretold, while in prison, many of the great events which would happen shortly in the world, more especially those that related to France. He prophesied the capture of King John of France, and the misfortunes that were to befall the church from the pride and arrogance of those who governed it. It was said, that during the imprisonment he was brought to the Pope's palace, when the Cardinal of Ostia, commonly called Cardinal of Arras, and the Cardinal of Auxerre, disputed with him on these subjects. Friar John gave them for answer the following apologue: "In former days a bird was hatched without any feathers. When the other birds heard of this, they went to see him, for he was fair and pleasant to look on. Having considered, that without feathers he could not fly, nor without flying live— which, however, they were determined to assist him in, for he was a prodigiously handsome bird—they resolved that every bird should give him some of his feathers. The best feathered gave most, so that he was soon enabled to fly. The other birds said much pleasure in seeing him. When this bird saw himself thus in feather, and that all the birds paid him great

THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

(From the Rev. Henry Formby's Visit to the East.)

Our first care was to prepare for a return to Europe, and if possible to obtain an interview with the pasha before quitting the country. It was the season of the fast of the Ramadan, and no public business is suffered to be transacted until after sunset. This caused the hours of evening to be entirely occupied with hearing and receiving intelligence from the different officers of the government, and the consul appeared unable to present us in form. Owing to Mr. Waghorn's kindness, we were received as his friends; and I shall long remember our interview. At about half-past six we came to the palace to wait the sunset, which is the signal for prayers to begin. As I had been selected to act as mediator between Aty Bey the French interpreter and our kind introducer Mr. Waghorn, we walked up the palace stairs in time to witness the public prayers which during this month are the prelude to business. Nothing could, in all appearance, be more devout and reverential, the pasha himself appearing to join with due solemnity. When these were over, we entered a handsome room surrounded with a lofty crimson velvet drape, exhibiting in its decorations the peculiar taste of the East, in which though the separate execution of the several parts was indifferent, yet the whole presented a pleasing appearance. We were introduced; and Mr. Waghorn was asked to sit beside the pasha, who retired to a corner of the divan, and began questioning him respecting the events that the interval between the last mails had brought to pass in Europe. The complete command which he appears to have over his features did not allow the smallest anxiety to be apparent; although, during the time of our visit, the events that have since happened in 1840, were doubtless to his perfect knowledge, preparing in the diplomatic conclaves of Europe, and European intelligence must therefore have been to him of extreme importance; still an apparently easy conversation ensued, which passed first into French, and subsequently into Turkish by his interpreter, chiefly relating to the various little incidents of newspaper intelligence that had come to pass. Amongst other things, said Mr. Waghorn, tell his highness I read in a book lately, that himself, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, were born in the same day. The pasha received the intelligence with a slight inclination, and replied by some indifferent question. We were now disturbed by the entry of some message that took the pasha's attention, and in a little while, at the request of the interpreter, who informed him that several friends of Mr. Waghorn were remaining outside the palace, very desirous of the honour of an interview, he graciously asked them all to enter. The whole party were accordingly introduced in due form, and his highness retired to his corner, where he receives all strangers. The conversation turned chiefly on a few points of comparison between his own dominions and those of the sultan; of the extreme civility of all his officers to Europeans; of the great safety of travelling under the protection of his name. When this last observation was made to him he replied, "Some years ago, one of your countrymen, an *grand milord*, expressed to me a wish to visit the Pyramids; I was obliged to send him with an escort of 300 soldiers well mounted,—now ladies may, if they please, go up alone." Throughout the whole interview his replies were in general of the short, sententious and apothegmatic form, that one would imagine suitable to the mouth of a dignified eastern sovereign; and we could not but feel the charm of a man who, in the midst of a court of princes, could be so much as the consciousness of an effort. We took our leave exceedingly gratified at thus having seen and spoken with a man, whose name is stamped upon the history of his times as having done more to bring the manners, customs and religion of the East in contact with the West than any eastern potentate before him. He has often been described, and it might seem a mere repetition to add my own impression; still accounts of him are so widely different, that there is room for an additional one, where so little opportunity of judging has existed in the short glimpse that a passing interview affords. I think it must be impossible not to be struck with his masterly composure of manner, voice, look, gesture, and eye; and I would even hope, that one who has gone through scenes of such tortuous and precarious adventure, and has acted a part in the annals of which history must judge,—and let it be remarked, that we understand next to nothing of the principles of pre-existing in the field of eastern ambition,—has had time to make amends for the act of his early career, by yielding his acquired power with something of the firmness and impartial justice which is the only real glory of either sovereign or subject. The character of Mohammed Ali is a mixed one; it fell to become those who have been indebted to him for continuance of his private protection, they need not on that account be supposed to extenuate the cruel acts through which he waded to his power, or justify a rebellion against his lawful master; they are not called upon to judge; and I, for my own part, can never forget the debt which I owe personally to one whose firmness ensured me civility and hospitality wherever I went, without, however, implying the smallest approbation of the course which enabled him to bestow it.

CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

(From Fuller's Church History.)

He was conscientious, according to the principles of his devotion; witness his care in keeping a constant diary of the passages in his life. Now, he can hardly be an ill husband who casteth up his receipts and expenses every night; and such a soul is or would be good, which enters into a daily scrutiny of his own actions. But such who commend him in making, condemn him in keeping, such a Diary about him in so dangerous days. Especially he ought to untangle it from talking to his prejudice, and should have garbled some light, trivial and jocular passages out of the same. Whereas, sure, the omission hereof, argues not his carelessness, but confidence, that such his privacy should meet with that favour, of course, which in equity is due to writings of that nature.

He was very plain in apparel, and sharply checked such clergymen whom he saw go in rich or gaudy clothes, commonly calling them of the Church triumphant. Thus, as Cardinal Wolesey is reported the first prelate who made silks and satins fashionable amongst clergymen, so this archbishop first retrenched the usual wearing thereof. Once, at a Visitation in Essex, one in Orders (of good estate and extraction) appeared before him very gallant in habit; whom Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London openly reproved, showing to him the plainness of his own apparel. "My Lord," said the minister, "You have better clothes at home, and I have worse;" whereat the bishop rested very well contented.

He was not partial in preferring his kindred, except some merit met in them with his alliance. I knew a near kinsman of his in the University, scholar enough, but somewhat wild and lazy, on whom it was late before he reflected with jealousy, and that he amended. And generally persons promoted by him were men of learning and abilities, though many of them Arminians in their judgment, and I believe they will not be offended with my reporting it, seeing most of them will endeavour to justify and avouch their opinions hereafter.

Covetousness he perfectly hated. Being a single man, and having no project to raise a name or family, he was the better enabled for public performances, having both a price in his hand, and a heart also to dispose thereof for the general good. St. John's in Oxford, wherein he was bred, was so beautified, enlarged, and enriched by him, that strangers, at the first sight, knew it not; yet, it scarce knoweth itself, so altered to the better in his former condition; insomuch that almost it deserveth the name of Canterbury College, as well as that which Simon Islip founded, and since hath lost its name, united to Christ Church. More buildings he intended, (had not the stroke of one axe hindered the working of many hammers,) chiefly on churches, whereof the following passage may not imperitously be inserted.

It happened that a Visitation was kept at St. Peter's in Cornhill for the clergy of London. The preacher, discoursing of the fruitfulness of the ministerial function, proved it from the Greek deduction of *Advocatus* or "Deacon," so called from *advocare*, "dust," because he must laborare in arena, in pulvere, "work in the dust," do hard service in hot weather. Sermon ended, Bishop Laud proceeded to his charge to the clergy, and observing the church ill-repaired without, and slovenly kept within, "I am sorry," said he, "to meet here with so true an etymology of *Diocesan*, for here both dust and dirt too, for a deacon (or priest either) to work in. Yea, it is dust of the worst kind, caused from the ruins of this ancient house of God; so that it pitieth his servants to see her in the dust." Psalm cii. 14. Hence he took occasion to press the repairing of that and other decayed places of Divine worship; so that from this day we may date the general mending, beautifying, and adorning of all English churches, some to decency, some to magnificence, and some (if all complaints were true) to supererogation.

But the Church of St. Paul's the only Cathedral in Commonwealth dedicated to that apostle, was the masterpiece of his performances. We know what one sacrilegiously said of him, that "he plucked down Puritans and property, to build up Paul's and prerogative."—But let impartial judges behold how he left—and remember how he found—that ruinous fabric; and they may conclude, that though intending more, he effected much in that great design. He communicated his project to some private persons, of taking down the great tower in the middle, to the spurs, and rebuild it in the same fashion, (but some yards higher,) as before. He meant to hang as great and tunable a ring of bells, as any in the world, whose sound, advantaged by their height and vicinity of the Thames, must needs be loud and melodious. But, now he is "turned to his dust," and all "his thoughts have perished;" yea, that church, formerly approached with due reverence, is now entered with just fear,—of falling on its decays repaired; and is so far from having its old reparations, that it is daily decayed in its new cheerful countenance, (wherein gravity and quickness were well compounded,) of a sharp and piercing eye, clear judgment, and, abating the influence of age, firm memory. He wore his hair very close; and, though, in the beginning of his greatness many measured the length of men's strictness by the shortness of their hair, yet some will say, out of antipathy to conform to his example, his opposites have therein indulged more liberty to themselves. And thus we take our leave of him, whose estate (whether so great as to be envied at, nor so small as to complain of) he left to his heir and sister's son, Mr. John Robinson, merchant of London, though his main title to compound with Parliament before he could peaceably enjoy the same.

Lord F. † I insert this passage from Froissart because it is curious and interesting, and not without its value in the cause of truth. It may, perhaps, be some infringement of the principle, "Vultum deorum severum arca dicitur," but it is quite in keeping with the genius of the age to which the incident belongs, and shows what even a friar could think of the Pope's prerogative in the 14th century.—En. Church.