

But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church! But a few weeks back, crowds were there, kneeling in adoration and prayer; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and what did I now behold?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire; some with merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body; some burnt to a deep brown tinge; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared.

Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel; and farther off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather.

PARKS OF LONDON.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

This seat, on the southern bank of the canal, nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the Park, affords one of the best points of view, embracing the whole extent of the enclosure, from the parade at one end to the esplanade at the other. How boldly and well the Horse Guards fills up the view to our right! There it stands—a plain, honest, erect, downright military structure, on parade, as straight and as stiff as one of its own sentinels on duty. It is not, certainly, a handsome building, but it has the look of being adapted to the business transacted within it; and if it does not please the eye, assuredly does not disgust it, like its gingerbread friend on the opposite side. Behind the Horse Guards we can just see the towering dome of St. Paul's—northward, the light and elegant spire of St. Martin's is visible over the Admiralty—and near it arises, in high contrast, the mustard-pot of the National Gallery—the pepper-boxes not being in this point of view visible. More to the westward, we have Carlton House Terrace, with the column erected to the memory of the late Duke of York—the dense foliage of the trees in the Mall shut out the palace of St. James's, the residence of the Queen Dowager, and the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, from our view.

THE GREEN PARK.

We next propose to circumambulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighboring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a number of unbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending once again by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far famed Constitution Hill, and pause a while to look about us. This little park has its own peculiar beauties—lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence, we see the "Buckingham Palace" to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St. James's Park; behind which rise, in lofty majesty, the twin towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen's Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

On a sunny summer's afternoon, the view from this spot is one of great animation—the royal standard floats lazily over the arch of Buckingham Palace, in the front of which thousands of well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her Majesty's return from her usual ride. Myriads are everywhere reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entree* of St. James's Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction—the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage—the triumphal arch on this side—the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches—the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the Park by Apsley House.

HYDE PARK.

"The scenery of this Park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the north-west of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge Road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this Park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

"On the north side of the Serpentine River, is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the Park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the Home Secretary, as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighboring river.

"At the north-west corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which, being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across the road to Kensington Gardens.

"On the south side of the Park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And on this side are two carriage-roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

"These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

"The open part of the Park was much resorted to till lately for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the Park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty."

This is truly a noble place—more extensive than the Green Park and the park of St. James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one, with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time—a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry. What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback; and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they do have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style!

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad way which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—Kensington Gardens have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming Bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when clearly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken regular avenues of sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in the appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieves the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column, like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdingnag—the vistas between extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to anything the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with a universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense, and the scene altogether of great animation.

REGENT'S PARK.

Although the newest of the Parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Reunion, combining, as it does, all the ex-

cellences of all the public walks of the metropolis—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasantly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years a very considerable quantity of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the Park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to show itself;—whereas, wherever the hand of Mr. John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser circuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and night-cap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St. Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill—behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

THE EAST.

The Christian, when he thinks of the East, remembers "the Man of sorrows, who was acquainted with grief"—follows him in his wanderings in the Holy land—gazes on that bright star of Bethlehem, which led the Eastern sages and the Eastern shepherds to a stable and an infant—listens to the sayings of him "who spake as never man spake," on the Sea of Galilee, on the Lake of Gennesaret, on the Mount of Olives, and in the Temple of Jerusalem—weeps at the Cross of Calvary, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and treads with hallowed awe those plains, or ascends with sacred rapture those mountains, which were once gazed on by that eye which ever beamed love and mercy, and which was itself moistened with tears, when He wept at the grave of Lazarus, or over the then future fate of the Holy City. The pious Jew, when he thinks of the East, remembers that there the first man was created—that there dwelt the first long-lived patriarchs, and the descendants of Noah till long after the Deluge—and that there the great monarchies of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, were founded and flourished. He remembers the land of Judea or Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Arabia, and Egypt. Palestine is pre-eminently dear to him. There the kingdoms of Israel and Judah flourished—there the temple of God was erected by King Solomon—there most of the inspired Scriptures were written—and there, in after ages, one arose who accomplished the all-important work of human redemption, and the Apostles of the Saviour were supernaturally qualified to go forth among all nations to preach the gospel of eternal salvation to a lost and ruined world. In the East, lay the land of Canaan, the land of promise to Abraham and his family, the land of Palestine, named after the Philistines, and that land of Judea, from the tribe of Judah possessing its most fertile division, now more commonly called the Holy Land, as there the ministry of Christ was exercised, and there the obedience, and death, and resurrection, and ascension of our Redeemer took place for our eternal salvation.

What Christian can hear of Syria, and think of Antioch, now Antachia, without remembering that it was there that the Christians were first so called after their Divine master?

There were the mighty Babylon, the humble Bethany, the celebrated Bethsaida, the hill of Calvary, the Cann of Galilee, the well-remembered Capernaum, the rivulet Kedron, the lamented Chorazin, the distinguished Corinth, the famous Damascus, the cities of Decapolis, the beloved Emmaus, the adored Galilee, the awful Golgotha, the destroyed Gomorrah, the often mentioned Jericho, the four-hilled Jerusalem, the dear and worshipped Nazareth, the ancient and venerable Nineveh, the Patmos, so interesting to our earliest astonishment, the Samaria, whose daughter's history has so often been perused with delight, the Sarepta, with whose widow we are so familiar, the Siloam, whose healing waters we have heard of from our infancy, the Sheba, whose Queen has surprised us by her unbounded riches, the Sinai and the Horeb of another dispensation, the Zion, whose children's songs shall constitute the music of heaven, the Sodom, whose destruction we mourn over, the Tarsus, whose Saul afterwards became the glorious apostle of the Gentiles, and the Mount Tabor of Palestine, on which, in very deed, transpired the scene of the Transfiguration.

The philosopher, whether natural or moral, the poet, the linguist, the lover of arts and sciences, the antiquarian, the painter, the sculptor, the historian of ancient days and of bygone centuries, all seek in the records, monuments, and recollections of the East, materials for their minds, tastes, and occupations; and drawing from those vast storehouses of knowledge and of facts, they enrich our libraries, adorn our galleries, and excite a livelier piety in our houses and in our temples.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.