

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Notes of a Traveller in England and Wales.

**WALES.** The appearance of Wales is far different from that of England. On approaching it from sea, its lofty mountains, Snowden and Penmaen-Maur, and other bold cliffs, are very picturesque, but give little indication of the delightful associations which the traveller witnesses in passing through the country. The mountains, half clad in rolling vapors, assume a picturesque grandeur, and few countries can produce more glorious mountain scenery than is exhibited in Wales. The mountains are generally half concealed in mists upon which, as the sunbeams fall, they assume hues of the most brilliant nature, which contrast finely with the lofty mountains, round which they play in never ending variety.

The most convenient access to North Wales, is from Liverpool, by steam-packets, which ply daily, to Menai Bridge. The passage down the river Mersey, gives a fine view of the spacious docks, and extensive piers and quays of Liverpool, covered with the multitude of people from every clime. On the opposite side of the river is the new and flourishing town of Birkenhead, with its newly erected spacious docks, which are destined to become formidable rivals to Liverpool. The scenery here is very fine, and the appearance of this newly erected and flourishing town is much more like our American towns than most of those we saw in England. As the steamer glides past the Cheshire coast you pass Rockfort, which commands the entrance into Liverpool. This is a very finely constructed circular fort, mounting about 25 pieces of cannon, all mounted so as to be used with great effect upon vessels approaching the mouth of the river. Near the fort is a light-house, called the Rock-light, which has a revolving light, with 3 different lights—deep red, bright red, and white, exhibited in about 24 minutes. The Cheshire and Welsh coast, along which the steamer proceeds, is studded with villages and signal stations, and on the highest elevations are discovered the telegraphic stations from Liverpool to Holyhead, about 80 miles—stations 8 to 10 miles distant—worked by arms—and intelligence communicated in about 10 minutes. Intelligence of vessels arriving—state of the weather, &c. Steam tugs are sent down from Liverpool to bring up the packets as they are telegraphed.

The floating light, which is a vessel firmly moored in the channel, contains a beacon light, hoisted at its mast head at night, to guide vessels from the shoals, with which the mouth of the Mersey abounds, is in sight. We pass the great Ouns Head, which is the most striking object; it juts out from the main land, and looks like a large mountain in the sea. It is connected, however, with the main land by a low valley. The head can be seen a distance of 30 miles, and as you approach it, it becomes terrific, and especially to the mariner in a storm from the northwest—and many a brave and hardy crew have found their graves at its base. Near the top of Ouns Head, and in the midst of a pasture where the small Welsh sheep, so famous for their superior mutton, are observed, (not larger to appearance from the steamer, than small lambs,) is discovered a church, surrounded with a small enclosure. No habitation is perceptible in its vicinity; yet I was told there were hundreds of people from the opposite side of the head attended worship here on the Sabbath. Here is one of the finest prospects that can be imagined.

The river and valley of Conway is next seen. Conway is a perfect walled town, though very small. Its situation, on the rising ground from the river, is very fine; though after passing the walls into the town its beauty vanishes, as it is very inferior. It has one of the most magnificent ruined castles in the kingdom. It was erected by King Edward the 1st, in 1284—was calculated to hold 2000 men—and is now a most attractive ruin,—still in considerable preservation. The court-yard, and most of the rooms are entire; a portion only of one side of the wall being gone. The appearance of the castle from a distance is very fine. There is a suspension bridge here, built about 20 years ago, and the new railroad from Chester to Holyhead, passes by the tower, under the walls of the town. Soon after passing the mouth of the Conway, the steamer brings you alongside Penmaen-Maur,

the termination of the Carnarvonshire mountains, 1550 feet above the level of the sea, and on its side is seen the great mail road between Conway and Bangor. Soon after passing through Beaumaris Bay, the town of Beaumaris, the county town of Anglesea, with its fine castle, appears, with Bangor on the opposite side of the bay; and here is first seen the Grand Menai suspension bridge, which is the admiration and wonder of the thousands who have viewed it. The plan of the present bridge, on the suspension principle, was adopted in 1818. It consists of an opening of 500 feet between the points of suspension, and there are in addition 7 arches—four on the Anglesea coast, and three on the other, of 60 feet span each; making the whole bridge 910 feet long. There are two road ways, with a foot path in the centre. It was commenced in 1820, and completed in 1826. The suspension chains consist of four strong iron cables—perpendicular iron rods, five feet apart, supporters of the roadway. The largest vessels pass under the bridge without difficulty. The fastenings of these ponderous chains in the rocks are worth examination. The bridge is so firm that carriages pass over it at full speed, without any perceptible effect.

The expense of this bridge was not far from 60,000 pounds sterling. It is a most splendid structure, evincing the triumph of the mechanic arts. Previous to its erection, the intercourse between Anglesea and Carnarvonshire was by boats, and the cattle from Anglesea passed over by swimming across the strait. Frequently they were carried far down into the bay, but few if any were lost.

From the bridge you view a fine monument erected to the Marquis of Anglesea on his estate, to commemorate his services at the battle of Waterloo, where he lost a leg. He still lives, and is extremely popular with his Welsh connection, though I believe he cannot speak a word of the language. His country residence here, and his estate, give evidence of his care and attention to its proper management, both for the benefit of himself and his tenants. He is everywhere spoken of in terms of the highest respect and enthusiasm. I have no doubt from what I heard of him, both in Wales and in London, that he is justly entitled to the good opinion expressed of him, and that if his example was more frequently followed, much of the misery which prevails among the farming population would be avoided.

The appearance of Anglesea, as well as Carnarvonshire, is very different from England. The numerous mountains and lesser elevations afford far less tillable land than is to be found in most parts of England. In many parts there is a want of that neatness and care which so generally prevails in England. Still most of the land is under a very fair state of cultivation, and many of the tenant farmers are wealthy, and have as many comforts and conveniences as can be found in any part of the kingdom.—*Albany Cultivator.*

## An English Baptist Preacher.

The author of the popular sketches in the Boston Atlas (who, by the way, has returned to England whence he will correspond for that paper) grouped together, in a late article, portraits of three distinguished persons, who can have but a very slight affinity for each other, we apprehend, however much the public may be pleased with the variety of the picture. These are none other than a preacher, a fiddler, and a lady-writer. John Howard Hinton, Paganini, and Miss Mitford! Our readers will be most interested in the preacher, of course; and not the less so from the fact that they have heard of him before. Mr. Hinton is the author of a large work, entitled 'The History and Topography of the United States of America.' This has been much circulated on this side of the Atlantic. He has also written various theological works, and has contributed to science a valuable work, entitled 'Elements of Natural History, or an introduction to systematic zoology, chiefly according to the classification of Linnaeus, and aided by the method of artificial memory.'

The sketch-writer informs us that Mr. Hinton's chapel is small—will not hold more than seven or eight hundred people—but that every pew is occupied. He describes Mr. H.'s personal appearance and manner, neither of which can be specially prepossessing. He says, that he generally delivers the commencement of his discourses without any accompanying action, but as he gets into the marrow of his subject, his grimaces and attitudes become almost grotesque, and his eye lighted up with excitement. At times, his voice is inexpressibly sad, and

his tones tremulous and broken—one would then imagine him to be labouring under the most melancholy impressions, and the supposition would be aided by the floods of tears which flow down his hollow cheeks. It has been said that he never preached a sermon without weeping, and this has earned him the name of the Jeremiah of the pulpit. His white handkerchief must be saturated in the course of every sermon—but his are no crocodile tears—the fountains whence they well up are in his heart.

As a profound and original thinker, Mr. Hinton has scarcely an equal, and certainly not a superior, in the English pulpit. In his sermons, new and striking fields of thought are continually displayed. He does not amplify his ideas, but seems studiously to condense them. In the discourses of some preachers a single idea is beaten out like a grain of gold, until it is made to cover a large extent of surface.—Hinton's sermons are studded with the unhammered metal. Many of his views are peculiar, even startling, but he puts them forth with boldness, and adheres to them with pertinacity. Few men's firmness approaches nearer to obstinacy. On the platform, he has been accused of a want of courtesy, and of absolute rudeness to his pulpit brethren; so that, as may be expected, although his excellence and his abilities are admitted, he is not a general favorite—nevertheless, he is vastly popular in a denomination, which in England, now that Hall, Foster, Ryland, Roberts, Fuller, and a few more of like note have been removed by death, has fewer men of genius connected with it than any other. Hinton, it has been said, is the John Knox of the English Baptists. Unflinching perhaps, and careless of popular applause, he speaks out his mind in unmistakable language, and knows not what it is to conceal or compromise a principle.

Mr. Hinton has now for some years been settled in London, as pastor of the church formerly under the care of Dr. Price, the present editor of the Ecclesiastical Review, the organ of the dissenters.

## The Love of Excitement.

The following is selected from a sermon on the 'Snares of Social Life,' by Rev. Wm. Hague. It is published in the American Pulpit, for August.

Those who are most exposed to the evils of social life arising from the love of excitement, are persons passing through that period of youth when the feelings are ever stimulated by the charms of novelty unblunted by the teachings of experience, and when they have few of those responsibilities of position which operate as guards against temptation. The season of which I speak is embraced within the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year of one's age. The man who has reached this latter point safely, and has launched forth into business, has usually enough to task his powers, to quicken his interest in life, and so much to excite all the energies of his nature, that the tranquility of home is welcomed for its soothing influence. But as to the clerk, the apprentice, or the young journeyman, the case is very different. Generally, they have no home whose interests call forth their feelings of sympathy and care; their daily labor is monotonous, they are not forced to grapple with plans and projects which demand great forecast, and which rouse all their higher faculties, and when they finish the jading business of the day, whither shall they go? Oh, happy will it be for them, if then a love of mental improvement shall suggest the book, the companion, or the association, which shall profitably engage those otherwise vacant and heavy hours. And far happier, still, are those in whose breasts there is cherished a lively interest in religion, which shall bind them to the Bible and the closet by the power of authority and of love; which shall lead them to devote their first leisure moments to communion with their Heavenly Father, and the inspired men who wrote his Word; which shall throw a holy spell around the meeting for social prayer, where the soul is calmed, sobered, and elevated; which shall lead them to adopt the business, the cares, and the welfare of the Church as their own; which shall awaken in them strong desires for the everlasting salvation of some beloved friend, or of some moral outcast, who cares not for himself; which shall kindle in their hearts a zealous fellow-feeling with all true Christians, whose most exciting joys and griefs are connected with the fortunes of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and whose constant effort is to speed his cause onward to universal victory. Then, and not till then, may any one safely yield to his natural love of excitement an unrestrained and cheerful play, for then only, does it grasp an object worthy to engross an immortal being, worthy to subordinate all other business to itself,—an object which shall be always expanding in grandeur, and shall ravish the hearts of angels and sainted men amidst the glories of the heavenly world.

## Parental Unfaithfulness.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

How strange it is that the same parent who is so intent on the preferment of his children in the world, should be so utterly listless of their prospects, nor put forth one endeavor to obtain for them preferment in heaven—that he who would mourn over it as the sorest of his family trials, should one of them be bereft of any of the corporal senses; and yet should take it so easily, although none of them have a right sense of God or a right principle of godliness—that he, who would be so sorely astounded did any of his little ones perish in a conflagration or a storm, should be so unmoved by all the fearful things that are reported of the region on the other side of death, where the fury of an incensed lawgiver is poured upon all who have fled not to Christ as their refuge from the tempest, and they are made to lie down in the devouring fire and to dwell with everlasting burnings—that to avert from the objects of our tenderness the calamities, or to obtain for them the good things of this present life, there shall be so much of care and of busy expedient, while not one practical measure is taken either to avert from them that calamity which is the most dreadful, or to secure for them that felicity which is the most glorious. Why there is indeed such obvious demonstration in all this of time being regarded as our all, and eternity being counted by us nothing—so light an esteem in it of that God, an inheritance in whom we treat as of far less value for those who are dear to us than that they should be made richly to inherit the gifts of His providence—such a preference for ourselves, and for the fleeting generations that come after us, of the short-lived creature to the Creator who endureth forever—as most strikingly to mark, even by the very loves and amiable sensibilities of our heart, how profoundly immersed we are in the grossest carnality—that after all it is but an earthly horizon that bound us, and an earthly platform we grovel on—that nature, even in her best and most graceful exhibitions, gives manifest token of her fall, proving herself an exile from paradise even in the kindest and honestest of the sympathies which belong to her—that, retaining though she does many soft and tender affinities for those of her own kind, she has been cast down and degraded beneath the high aims and desires of immortality—accursed even in her moods of greatest generosity, and evil in the very act of giving good gifts unto her children.

The man whose heart is set on the conversion of his children—the man whose house is their school of discipline for eternity—he it is, and we fear he only of all other parents, who lived by faith. If you love your children, and at the same time are listless about their eternity, what other explanation can be given than that you believe not what the Bible tells of eternity? You believe not of the wrath and the anguish and the tribulation that are there. Those piercing cries that are here, from any one of your children would go to your very heart, and drive you frantic with the horror of its sufferings, you do not believe that there is pain there to call them forth. You do not think of the meeting-place that you are to have with them before the judgment-seat of Christ, and of the looks of anguish and the words of reproach that they will cast upon you, for having neglected, and so undone their eternity.

The awful sentence of condemnation—the signal of everlasting departure to all who know not God and obey not the gospel—the ceaseless moanings that ever and anon shall ascend from the lake of living agony—the grim and dreary imprisonment whose barriers are closed insuperably and for ever on the hopeless outcasts of vengeance. These, ye men who wear the form of godliness but show not the power of it in your training of your families—these are not the articles of your faith. To you they are as the imaginations of legendary fable. Else why this apathy? Why so alert to the rescue of your young from even the most trifling of calamities, and this dead indifference about their exposure to the most tremendous of all? O, the secret will be out. The cause betrayeth itself. You have not faith; and, compassed about though you be with Sabbath forms and seemly observations and the semblance of a goodly and well-looking profession, yet if you labor not specifically and in practical earnest for the souls of your children, your doings short of this are we fear but the diseased and lame offerings of hypocrisy—your Christianity we fear is a delusion.