

COFFEE-HOUSES.

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.  
The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might, indeed, at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation, had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances, the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. The first of these establishments had been set up in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle classes went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news, and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators, to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The Court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the State. An attempt had been made during Danby's Administration to close the coffee-houses; but men of all parties missed their usual place of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The Government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked, that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home; and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet-street or Chancery-lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from those places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion had its own head-quarters. There were houses near St. James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth at theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the houses, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go, for in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent-garden and Bow-street, was sacred to polite letters.—There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, and a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether "Paradise Lost" ought to have been in rhyme. To another, an anxious poetaster demonstrated that "Venice Preserved" ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in Cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook, by the fire; in summer, it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossa's

treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe who, in the year 1685 rose to the largest practice in London, came daily at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow-street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.—*Macaulay's Hist. of England from the Accession of James II.*

Seamen's Friend.

A Moral Machine.

A GREAT moral machine has been constructed for the evangelization of this world. It was not completed all at once, but additions and improvements have been made from time to time, as the exigencies of the case seemed to demand. We see in this machine the handiwork of many men, but it possesses a wonderful unity of design, and a delightful adaptedness to the end for which it was constructed. It is divided into several apartments, each of which has some specific design, while all unite in the furtherance of the same great, general end. Let us enter one of these apartments, and examine it for a while. Let us take a view of that part which is intended for the benefit of seamen. Here we will meditate.

Until within a few years, the seamen of our country have received but little attention, but their character and wants are beginning to receive something of the attention which they deserve. It is of the highest importance that the sailor should be a Christian, for, wherever he goes among the benighted nations of the earth, he is taken as the representative of enlightened, Christianized America. Forming their opinion of American Christians and Christianity, from the example and influence of such men as our sailors have for the most part been, we do not wonder that the heathen in many cases, prefer to cling to their hereditary and cherished forms of worship, rather than to exchange it for a religion which is but little, if at all, better than their own. Very often sailors have nearly undone all that years of toil and anxiety, on the part of the faithful missionary, have been able to accomplish. Now, if all our sailors were Christian sailors, what a mighty influence would they exert, in favor of the truth as it is in Jesus. Each sailor would himself be a missionary. He would also be a living exemplification of the power and purity of our holy religion. The sailor, if a Christian at all, is a whole-souled one, a faithful one. On the other hand, if he has never yet left the service of Satan, he serves his master with a wonderful zeal and faithfulness. He never goes half way, and stops there. Whatever he does, he does with his might. The influence of the sailor abroad, then, is a reason why he should be one object of the Church's alms and prayers.

The peculiar dangers which attend him, furnish another reason. His home is on the changing deep. Now, he glides calmly on, over an unrippled sea; but anon, that calm sea is upturned from its lowest depths, and its surges dash about him, and break over him, and bear him down for ever. Now, the sun shines brightly, and the favoring breeze wafts him steadily on; but soon, the clouds gather blackness, and the tempest rages, and he sinks, to be heard of no more, until the sea shall give up its dead. Ah! how many a one has thus left the world, his sins all unpardoned, and his soul unsaved. In such a situation, how much does he need a more than earthly support. Yes, the sailor is a man, and has an immortal soul, a guilty soul, and he must repent or perish. He must, he will either enter the haven of eternal rest, or be driven down upon the coast of despair, and wrecked forever. Every year, many brave sons of the sea are thus wrecked, and what is done for their rescue, must be done quickly. Gloriously has the work been begun, and thus far prosecuted. The Bethel Flag now streams from the mast of many a gallant ship, showing that thence, each morning and evening, the voice

of prayer and praise ascends to the God of the sea. And many are the souls plucked as brands from the burning, in answer to those prayers. The stubborn will has been subdued, the lofty look brought low, the flinty heart broken, the tiger softened to the lamb, the bold, hardened transgressor transformed into the meek and childlike disciple of the cross, and prepared not only for the storms that beat upon the deep, but to encounter the fury of the last great tempest.

The efforts of the friends of seamen are primarily directed to their spiritual welfare, but their temporal food is by no means neglected, as the sailors' homes and churches, and savings' institutions of our land, abundantly show! Those are indeed "homes" to the wanderer, who has no other which he can call his own.

Such are some of the thoughts which crowd upon us, as we sit musing in this apartment of our great moral machine. We do not think enough of the sailor, we do not pray enough for him, we do not labor enough.—We must do more, we will do more.—*Boston Recorder.*

Temperance.

A CLERGYMAN'S APPEAL TO CLERGYMEN, IN BEHALF OF TEMPERANCE.

Is it proper for clergymen to preach upon temperance? That any should call this right in question, may seem strange, but yet it is true, and by some in the Church too. Some of the "sacramental host" say that "it is not preaching the Gospel." But it seems to me that no one in the Church, or out of it, will maintain this position unless they love rum and use it. This, I think, must be the cause of their opposition, or of their opinion.—"Wine is a mocker," and if wine, how much more "strong drink"? It made the priests err in vision, and stumble in judgment; why then should it not make the people? I think that those who are of opinion that ministers have "no business" to preach upon temperance, err in judgment from the same cause.

Ministers certainly have good authority for preaching on this subject. They are required to "preach the Word." Does this mean a part, or the whole? "Preach the Word," the whole of course. Then I can find a large number of texts in the Word from which nothing but temperance can be preached. For example, Isaiah xxiv. 9: "They shall not drink with a song, strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it." Prov. xx. 1: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Prov. xxiii. 20: "Be not among wine bibbers." Isaiah v. 11: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them." 22d verse: "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

I might add many more of the same character, but how could a minister take any of these for a text, without preaching on temperance? And why not preach upon them, as well as other passages? Surely they are vastly important, and important to be preached upon, seeing that intemperance is one of the crying sins of the land. I see not how a preacher can do his duty and not preach upon this subject.

Paul felt that it was his duty to preach upon it, and under circumstances that exposed him to imminent peril. And so faithfully did he do it, that the guilty monarch trembled before him. I see not how a man can be a faithful minister, that does not use all his influence against intemperance, and do all he can to stay its desolations. A minister that will keep silent on the subject for fear of displeasing some of his wine-bibbing supporters, is not fit to be a minister. He is no Paul. He cannot in his dying hour say with him, "I have fought a good fight."

Brethren in the ministry! are you doing your duty on this subject? You can do more than any other men in the cause of temperance. A minister has more influence over his people than any other man; if he is what he should be, his people will respect his opinions as well as his person. His opinion will be law with a great many of them. One minister who will countenance wine-drinking, or brandy-drinking, by his example, or justification of it by his silence, will confirm more in intemperance than all others.

For one, I feel as much bound to do what I can to put a stop to the evils of intemperance, as Sabbath-breaking, profanity, or any other evil; and if all the clergymen would

come up to the work and do what they might and ought, it would save thousands of lives, dry an ocean of tears, annihilate half the miseries of the human race, and put a stop to nine-tenths of the crime and pauperism of the land. Come up to the work, my brethren, come up to the work.—*Massachusetts Cataract.*

A SHIP AMONG ICEBERGS.

It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence, of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grotesque, fanciful, and beautiful icebergs and icefields surrounded on all sides, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glittered in the sun, (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straits) like threads of silver twining round ruined palaces of crystal. The masses assumed every variety of form and size, and many bore such a striking resemblance, to cathedrals, churches, columns, arches and spires, that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the floating cities of Fairy land. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along, with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which, from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and unruffled as the surface of a mill-pond. Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our unceremonious intrusion on his domains. Now, and then, however, my reveries were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with huge lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed, and found it necessary to force our way into the next. These concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring; but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice-pieces, and was besides built expressly for sailing in the northern seas. It only became annoying at meal times, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own, over the shoulder of its owner, instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed, and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship, however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollect, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool on the ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather sceptical on this point. It was excellent, and might almost compete with the water from the famous spring of Crawley.—*Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.*

Economy in Sleeping.

It is difficult to determine how long a person should sleep, as different persons differ constitutionally, some requiring more sleep than others. But one thing is certain—that some boys sleep far more than is necessary, lying in bed eight or nine hours, when seven would be sufficient. Some lie so long that they become fatigued or tired with inaction.

If a boy sleep an hour too much each day, he will lose fourteen or fifteen days in a year which will amount in ten years to nearly half a year; in fifty years to more than two years.—This is an important subject. Life is short, and we have a great deal to do in this brief period. How absurd, then, to waste in indolence, in a dormant, senseless state, so large a portion of precious time, which can never be recalled!

If a person would excel in any pursuit, either in business or study, he must husband his time, and sleep no more than is necessary for refreshment. The object of sleep is to give rest to the body and mind, and fit them for renewed and vigorous action; and he who sleeps merely to kill time or waste it, that it may not hang heavy on his hands, is indulging in a habit that will become so fixed, after a while, that it will give character to the whole boy and future man.

Let every boy consider whether he is wasting in bed the most precious hours of his life, and make an estimate on the loss. Let him calculate how much he might learn, or what useful branches of study he might pursue, in the time now wasted in sleep—in a state of oblivion. Thousands of persons who shudder at the terrible thought suggested by the doctrine of annihilation, practice every day upon that very principle at which the soul recoils with horror.