

# CHRISTIAN

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"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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## ALL THINGS EARNEST.

Time is earnest,  
Passing by;  
Death is earnest,  
Drawing nigh.  
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?  
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest;  
When 'tis o'er,  
Thou returnest  
Nevermore.  
Soon to meet Eternity,  
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest;  
Solemnity  
Float its voices  
Down to thee  
O thou mortal, art thou gay,  
Sporting through thine earthly day!

Hell is earnest;  
Fiercely roll  
Burning billows  
Near thy soul.  
Woe for thee! if thou abide  
Unredeemed, unsatisfied!

God is earnest:  
Kneel and pray,  
Ere thy season  
Pass away—  
Ere be set his judgment throne—  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest—  
Bids thee "Come!"  
Paid thy spirit's  
Priceless sum.  
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,  
Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refusest!  
Wretched one!  
Thou despisest  
God's dear Son!  
Madness! dying sinner, turn!  
Lest his wrath within the burn.

When thy pleasures  
All depart,  
What will soothe thy  
Fainting heart?  
Friendless, desolate, alone,  
Entering a world unknown?

Oh, be earnest!  
Loitering,  
Thou wilt perish:  
Lingering  
Be no longer—rise and flee;  
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee!

[N. Y. Independent.]

## LONDON IN A. D. 1685.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

(Concluded.)

"We may easily imagine what, in such times, must have been the state of the quarters peopled by the outcasts of society. Among those quarters one had attained a scandalous pre-eminence. On the confines of the City and the Temple had been founded, in the thirteenth century, a house of Carmelite friars distinguished by their white hoods. The precinct of this house had, before the Reformation, been a sanctuary for criminals, and still retained the privilege of protecting debtors from arrest. Insolvents consequently were to be found in every dwelling, from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their

asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants; and thus Whitefriars became the favorite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of 'Rescue' bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet-street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers. Such relics of the barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee-house where Dryden was passing judgment on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton.

"It was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place. And those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. \* \* \* It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and left; and only a narrow tract of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm to tug them out of the slough.—But in bad seasons the traveller had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. \* \* \* The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroy, going to Ireland, was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from St. Asaph to Conway.—Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk a great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with great difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne, on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants, to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex none but the strongest horses could, in winter, get through the bog, in which, at every step, they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue several were upset and injured. A letter from one of his gentlemen in waiting has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted,

except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud. \* \* \*

"Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow-heath on the great western road, and Finchley-common, on the great northern road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping-forest, even in broad daylight. \* \* \*

"The mode in which correspondence was carried on between distant places may excite the scorn of the present generation; yet it was such as might have moved the admiration and envy of the polished nations of antiquity, or of the contemporaries of Raleigh and Cecil. A rude and imperfect establishment of posts for the conveyance of letters had been set up by Charles the First, and had been swept away by the civil war. Under the Commonwealth the design was resumed. At the Restoration the proceeds of the post-office, after all expenses had been paid, were settled on the Duke of York. On most lines of road the mails went out and came in only on the alternate days. In Cornwall, in the fens of Lincolnshire, and among the hills and lakes of Cumberland, letters were received only once a week. During a royal progress a daily post was despatched from the capital to the place where the court sojourned. There was also daily communication between London and the Downs; and the same privilege was sometimes extended to Tunbridge-wells and Bath at the seasons when those places were crowded by the great. The bags were carried on horseback day and night at the rate of about five miles an hour. \* \* \*

"No part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the newspapers. In 1685 nothing like the London daily paper of our time existed, or could exist. Neither the necessary capital nor the necessary skill was to be found. Freedom, too, was wanting, a want as fatal as that of either capital or skill. The press was not indeed at that moment under a general censorship.—The licensing Act, which had been passed soon after the Restoration, had expired in 1679. Any person might therefore print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon, or a poem without the previous approbation of any public officer; but the judges were unanimously of opinion that this liberty did not extend to gazettes, and that, by the common law of England, no man, not authorised by the crown, had a right to publish political news. \* \* \* The 'London Gazette' came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, an account of a skirmish between the imperial troops and the Janissaries on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, an announcement of a grand cockfight between two persons of honour, and an advertisement offering a reward for a strayed dog. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. Whatever was communicated respecting matters of the highest moment was communicated in the most meagre and formal style. Sometimes, indeed, when the Government was disposed to gratify the public curiosity respecting an important transaction, a broadside was put forth giving fuller details than could be found in the Gazette: but neither the Gazette nor any supplementary broadside printed by authority ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the purposes of the court to publish.

The most important parliamentary debates, the most important state trials, recorded in our history, were passed over in profound silence. \* \* \* People who lived at a distance from the great theatre of political contention could be kept regularly informed of what was passing there only by means of newspapers. To prepare such letters became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. \* \* \* It is scarcely necessary to say that there were then no provincial newspapers. Indeed, except in the capital and at the two universities, there was scarcely a printer in the kingdom. The only press in England north of Trent appears to have been at York. \* \* \*

"How scantily a rural parsonage was then furnished, even with books the most necessary to a theologian, has already been remarked. The houses of the gentry were not more plentifully supplied. Few knights of the shire had libraries so good as may now perpetually be found in a servant's hall, or in the back parlour of a small shopkeeper. An esquire passed among his neighbours for a great scholar, if Hudibras and Baker's Chronicle, Tariton's Jest and the Seven Champions of Christendom, lay in his hall window among the fishing rods and fowling pieces. No circulating library, no book society then existed even in the capital. \* \* \* As to the lady of the manor and her daughters, their literary stores generally consisted of a prayer-book and a receipt-book. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit. \* \* \*

"The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died.—At present only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season and London in the cholera. \* \* \*

"It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's-inn-fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the