

DR. PUSEY PREACHING IN THE CATHEDRAL OF OXFORD.

When Dr. Pusey had ascended to the pulpit, one of the audience, who was a stranger like myself, whispered to me if I recollected having seen Mr. Cobden, the Member for Stockport, and if I did not think Dr. Pusey resembled him to some extent. I answered then with an unqualified "No," that there was no resemblance; but this was hastily said, perhaps because he was about to speak, and because I was eager, as the death-like stillness of the thousands there showed them all eager to hear him speak—to hear what sound the voice of that man had, of whom the world had recently heard so much.—When he spoke there was a mildness, and earnestness, and ease, and clearness in his manner of speaking, that resembled Mr. Cobden's style very much. Were the latter gentleman sixty years of age instead of forty, and were he over those twenty years which lie between this and 1863, by the same course that he is now pursuing, or is said to pursue—that is, by working hard intellectually, and starving himself on cold water and the merest fragments of substantial food, he might very probably present to us that withered appearance which the Regius Professor of Hebrew in Oxford University now presents. But even then, those enormous organs of intellect, as seen lying above Mr. Cobden's eyebrows, would distinguish him under any circumstances, at any time of life, from the Professor. Dr. Pusey has no remarkable development of the reflective faculties, as seen phrenologically, nor as heard in his discourse of yesterday, nor, so far as I can discover, as shown in his literary productions. But phrenologically he is strong in the higher regions of the brain—in veneration, hope, wonder, ideality, and so on. The earnestness of his manner of preaching carries to his hearers the belief that his mind feels his doctrine to be truth, and the largely developed regions of wonder and veneration so visible to the eye will leave no one who sees him at liberty to doubt that he is under the influence of those sentiments.

The doctor's first proceeding when he ascended the pulpit was to close the door and kneel down in prayer for the space of eight or ten minutes, during which the organ played, and a few boys, feeble in voice and vexatiously out of tune, sang a piece of music, to what words I could not ascertain, which is commonly sung, and very commonly better sung, in the churches and chapels of Scotland under the name of "Handel's hundred."

When the doctor stood up, this sweet but ill-used piece of music was allowed to make its escape in the echo of the roof as soon as the current verse was ended; and neither it nor any other piece was again disturbed. There was no more singing.

The doctor read a prayer. It began by invoking a blessing on our sovereign lady Queen Victoria, on his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, on his Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, on her Royal Highness Victoria Princess Royal, on her Majesty the Queen Dowager Adelaide, and on all other members of the royal family. Having gone through these illustrious personages, it proceeded to his Grace Arthur Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; it included the Vice-Chancellor, all the heads of colleges, fellows, and schools; it included the archbishops, the bishops, and all the clergy, their ranks duly specified; it included the ministers of state, the "great council of Parliament," and all magistrates; it invoked the blessing of "prosperity and peace to God's holy Catholic Church, and especially this portion of it." It blessed God for giving unto them the founders and benefactors of the University, and particularised by name "King Henry the Eighth;" and having expressed a hope concerning them, much in the way that I have understood "Prayers for the dead" to be uttered (though by the lowness of the doctor's voice at that passage, I am not certain as to each word), the Lord's Prayer was read, to which the people, or some of them, said "Amen!" and thus came to a brief end the only prayer of the day; and these were the only subjects included in it.

Dr. Pusey next read out his text. It was Matthew, xxvi. and 28—"For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." He opened his discourse by remarks on the "Divine love," much in the way preachers usually preach on such a text. The first of his sentiments which I observed as in any way peculiar to himself, were not doctrinal but circumstantial. Speaking of the "holy joy" that the Christian feels in the contemplation of this divine love, he said—"Would that we could at all times live under its influence, rather than hold vain disputations on the question of whether some of us have spoken too much of it or too little. Would that, at all seasons of holy rejoicing, and especially at this season of Easter, we could rejoice under the Divine love, rather than question each other's knowledge of it; rather than seek to fathom that which is unfathomable!"

These sentiments were expressed in a subsequent part of the sermon, at a period when they did not seem to me to be so appropriate as at first; because the doctor proceeded to enlarge on the nature of the Divine love, and the sacrament of the "Holy Eucharist," and very soon arrived at a point which I believe has been the main subject of dispute ever since the reformation, between the Roman Catholic Church on one side, and Protestants of all denominations on the other, namely, the doctrine of transubstantiation. He did not use the word, well known as that word is; he used plainer words, and plainly and repeatedly said that communicants, in partaking of the sacrament of the "Holy Eucharist," drank the blood and ate the flesh of the body of the Saviour. He spoke pointedly and somewhat bitterly of the negligent habits of the University men as regarded their due attendance on, and due preparation for, religious ordinances. He said that though this was the University of Oxford, and though he was preaching in the Cathedral Church, they were not as well supplied with the conveniences for joining in the sacraments as in some village churches; nor did they avail themselves of the opportunities they had of performing that bountiful, indispensable duty of joining in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist so frequently as they should do, which should at least be once a week. He referred to the opinion of "St. Andrew" (did not say who St. Andrew was) for the enforcement of the doctrine of the "Real presence;" and several times he quoted St. Chrysostom and other saints. Only once, so far as I could observe, did he quote the Scripture, having again and again reiterated his doctrine of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and deplored that divisions should exist in the Church, he concluded; pronounced in a few words the benediction, and the people dispersed.

Now, I hope that no believer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church will think that an opportunity is here given to say something against his faith. I do not write of a subject to say that Dr. Pusey's doctrine of the "Real presence" is untrue; but to say that such doctrine is not of the Church of England. As a matter of private opinion it might be of little public importance. But the assertion of the clergy being able to perform miracles, which this doctrine leads to, is of public importance; and the inevitable schism which it will lead to, in every respect, religiously and politically of the most profound importance. Three weeks ago the Oxford University paper quoted a passage, as worthy of approval, from the lecture of one of the professors. The passage stated that it would be well for us, now that we heard so much said in favour of education, "to be taught how to live for the good of society, they should be taught how to 'live for the good of their own souls.'" This antithesis may be admissible in a religious sense, but the practical meaning of it is, that there should be no secular education, no education but that of the Church, which, as she is, by the voice of her most conspicuous and most potent teacher, putting forth the pretence that she can work miracles, must be guardedly observed.—That the English Church, with her newly-adopted paraphernalia of candles, crucifixes, relics, and miracles, or the Scotch Church, with her arrogant assumption of superiority to the civil power; that both of them, were they to unite the attributes of Papal Rome, which divide between them, would succeed in turning back the tide of progressive civilization, we have no reason to fear; there is not even the remotest possibility of their temporary success. What we do to fear is in consequence of their failure. They are

both insane. Each day their madness becomes more manifest. Each day there is a new symptom of impending suicide.—The danger to society will be seen in the holding of the inquest when their dissolution comes—if they should be mad enough to go on as they are going.

In the Cathedral, yesterday, I observed several parties holding conference together while the Doctor was preaching, particularly when he uttered some of the startling, and new to the Church of England, doctrines. And I observed, while some listened with reverent attention, of whom might be those who are said to pay that homage to the Doctor that more sober Christians pay to Almighty God; others had, perhaps, through disrespect to Dr. Pusey, lost all reverence for the ministers of religion who were there with him. When still in the Cathedral, I heard some one near me naming certain of the learned and venerable doctors present, one of whom was called "Potato Dick," a name affixed to the reverend gentleman, I understand, in consequence of his having spoken at some public meeting approvingly of five millions of the poor "rejoicing on potatoes."

It is a fact that in Oxford, which may be called a town exclusively engaged in the manufacture of Churchmen, there is, perhaps, more practical infidelity than in any other town of its population in the kingdom; and its politics are either the narrowest Toryism or the wildest Liberalism. And it is not less worthy of note that female prostitution and general vice is there found to a degree not known in towns where wealthy idlers are more rare, and industrious employment for rich and poor more common. There is at present an attempt made by the tradesmen not dependent on the University to have the Colleges rated for the relief of the poor. This attempt is resisted by the trustees of the College funds. But the other party persist in the justice of their efforts. They say they are legally and morally justified; legally, because the Colleges are not exempted from assessment; morally, because the town is heavily burdened with old servants of the University, for whom no provision is made, and illegitimate children with their mothers, girls from the rural districts, who come and are seduced and deserted by the collegians.

I have not heard yet what the University men are saying of yesterday's sermon; but I understand it contains doctrines which Dr. Pusey has not heretofore ventured to utter in public.

ONE WHO HAS WHISTLED AT THE PLOUGH.

LONDON.

London is a city concerning which extraordinary notions are entertained by persons who have never seen it. "Some," writes the author of "The World of London," "call it Babylon the Great; others facetiously style it the 'Village.' Coleridge called it the 'Leviathan.' Cobbet stigmatised it as the 'Wen;' the author of the 'Fool of Quality' (Brooke), who was at times rather poetical, denominated it a mausoleum of dead souls—a vast psychological cemetery. These high authorities are all wrong; London is neither Babylon the great, nor a Leviathan, nor a wen—in short, we may say of London, what the late ingenious Mr. Abernethy said of life: "Life, Gentlemen, said Abernethy, is life; and London, Gentlemen, say we, is London!" It is clearly impossible to make comparisons concerning a thing which has no likeness upon earth. London is unique. Though Pekin is as populous, it has neither the commercial nor actual substantiality of London—it has no bank with four millions and a-half of bullion stowed away in its cellars for years' end to years' end, like the "Great House" in Bartholomew Lane—its bamboo houses bear no comparison to the ten thousand acres of bricks and mortar that London consists of, even after taking the large amount of lath and plaster with which the bricks are said to be largely faced.

Monsieur Say, the French political economist, was not far out when he exclaimed, that "London is not a town; it is a province covered with houses;" for there are fifteen square miles of them. The author under consideration, however, more happily designates it "a collection of neighbourhoods," the city proper having, in fact, gradually extended its arms to embrace every city, town, and village within its reach. This aggrandisement began west of Temple-Bar, whence, having stretched a brick and mortar limb along the Strand, it took in the village of Charing and the whole city of Westminster. Old-Bourne (corrupted by cockneys into Holborn) was its next victim. Northward, it has embraced whole towns; to wit, Portland-town, Somers-town, and Camden-town; Pentonville, Islington, Hoxton, nor Tottenham, have not now a separate existence. The manufacturing districts of Clerkenwell, Spitalfields, and Bermondsey, have merged into the immense mass. Bethnal-Green, Mile-end, and Poplar, have lost their individuality. The borough of Southwark is only a borough by courtesy; and St. Giles's "in the fields" is several miles from anything green; though it is the chosen locality of emigrants from the Emerald Isle, Camberwell, Peckham, Kennington, and Vauxhall—naturally divided from the great city by the river Thames—are artificially joined by bridges and houses "in linked causeways long drawn out." Like Rabelais's giant, London swallows up towns, cities, and villages, the importance of which has completely dwindled away, and they are sunk to the degradation of being considered mere "neighbourhoods." The consequence of this enormous extension is that "of positive and decided impressions; the first and strongest the stranger wandering through London feels, is an idea of its illimitability. It is to him not only a world, but it is a world without an end, spreading its gigantic arms on every side. It is an eternity of town, without beginning and without end—an ocean filling the mind of the bewildered wanderer with the idea of amplitude infinitesimally extended. Let the adventurous traveller take his station in the heart of the city, and thence set out on a voyage of discovery to the end, if there is such a thing, of this great American sea-serpent of a town. Miles upon miles of narrow dingy streets, crammed to repletion with waggons, threatening to crush him between their ponderous wheels and the contiguous wall, indicate the city whose enormous wealth and splendour are to the ignorant eye but poorly evidenced by dingy warehouses, dark alleys, and retired counting houses, where the office lamp for ever burns an eternal fire before the shrine of Mammon." It is quite a topographical science to "know town and well;" and there are very few even thorough-bred cockneys who are perfect in that knowledge; although amongst them it is deemed a great acquirement. We have heard of two citizens who were discussing the merits of Von Humboldt, the traveller. "You cannot doubt he is a great man," said one; "consider his researches in Asia and South America." The other shook his head, and replied, "Maybe he gets on well enough in foreign parts, and knows his way among the Rocky Mountains; but I'll be bound he'd be puzzled to find out 'Change Alley, or to give the geographical position of Crown Street, Seven Dials.'" Doubtless the distinguished geographer would have shown some ignorance on these points, for even Londoners themselves cannot always find their way about the place of their birth. It is said that a certain marquis residing in Belgrave Square desired his son to transact some business for him in the city. The young lord looked puzzled, and ran for the map. When the carriage was announced, he anxiously inquired, as if alarmed at the distance—"where he had better change horses?" Though this story may seem apocryphal, another instance of the same kind of ignorance is perfectly authentic. It is well-known that a highly talented secretary to the admiralty once inquired, "in his place" in parliament, the whereabouts of Russell Square.

Though the various neighbourhoods of which London is composed are amalgamated in one enormous whole, yet this does not in the least assimilate the various races of men who, to the number of nearly two millions, occupy the vast metropolis. "Notwithstanding" truly remarks Mr. Murray, "all that might reasonably be presumed to the contrary, of the efficacy of immense attrition and perpetual cohesion with other nations and other men that London affords, in rounding off the hard angles of national peculiarities, it so happens, unfortunately for the theory, that there is less intercourse between the natives of different nations in London than at the several seaports of the respective countries. The truth is, whether as regards individuals or masses of men, the world of London is the very worst world in the universe to rub off national or individual peculiarities of thought or action. There, let a man be of what humour he may, he will

meet with men of his humour; let a man be of what country he may, he will meet with men of his country; and, as a state of solitude in crowds is a state of torture, it is not to be wondered at that the solitary man finds sympathy in the society of other solitary men; or that an exiled people cling fondly to the countenance and support of compatriots who feel with them the like wants and the like necessities. Eccentricity of any kind is not, cannot be tolerated in a country place. Eccentric old women were, not many half-centuries ago, burned on suspicion of being witches. In London, on the contrary, there is no eccentricity too eccentric; no solitary not indulged with solitude; and whether a man chooses to stand on his head or his heels, so that he stands out of the way, makes not the smallest difference to any human being save himself. There is no place where the isolation of an individual man is more complete than in London." As the solitary seek and obtain solitude, so people possessing congenial tastes and humours have every facility for herding together in London; hence the various neighbourhoods present each a distinct species of inhabitants. It was evidently thus a hundred and thirty years ago, in the Spectator's time. "When I consider," he reflects in his paper for June 12, 1712, "this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Chesham, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together." This is exactly true of London in its present extended form.

* According to the census of 1841, the inhabitants of London numbered 1,870,726, exclusive of travellers.

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