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CITY MISSIONS:

IN VIEW OF

Our Emigrant Population.

A DISCOURSE on the *Seventy-Second Psalm*,
Delivered in the Presbyterian Church on
Lafayette Square, in behalf of DOMESTIC
MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. DR. SCOTT.

[Published by Request.]

THIS psalm, my brethren, is a metrical prayer. It seems to have been composed by David just before his death, when he settled his own son Solomon's succession to his throne. It is the prayer of a father for his child—the dying blessing of a patriarch upon his son. It is the prayer of a king for his successor, and of a patriot for his country. It is also the prayer of the people for their sovereign. One reason why the aged king clothed this prayer of his affections and of his faith in verse, no doubt, was his desire, that while the people were praising God in holy song, they might, at the same time, be praying for his son. This psalm, considered in its literal application to Solomon teaches:

First, That parents feel a deep concern for the welfare of their children. This is natural and proper. The best thing parents can give their children is the knowledge of God. This is better than gold. Although it is true that parents cannot impart saving grace to their children, yet they can teach them the Holy Scriptures, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Catechism. They can set them an example of faith and godliness. They can use, with unwearied pains, the means of education and of grace. They can pray to God to give their children wisdom and grace to know and do their duty. They can bring them to Jesus by

prayers, precept and example, and Jesus can give them a new heart.

Secondly, David's example teaches us that we should feel a degree of anxiety for the prosperity of our country after we fall asleep with our fathers. It is natural for a pious man to desire that those who come after him on the stage of life, should be more useful and serve God better than he has done. It is a mean, narrow, little, selfish spirit, that cares nothing about the church and the country, when we ourselves are gone to the grave:

"The generous mind is not confined at home;
It spreads itself abroad through all the public,
And feels for every member of the land."

He that is unwilling to do anything for posterity, because posterity has done nothing for him, shows conclusively that his own father has acted on his own principles, and that neither the past, present nor future will feel his loss.

Thirdly, The royal psalmist penned these lines for the use of the people—not only for their enjoyment in singing, but that in their singing they might also pray for his son Solomon, their King. It is an apostolical injunction to fear God and honor the King. We are to pray for all that are in authority that we may lead godly and peaceable lives.

Another, a higher, and a far more important view of this psalm is to consider it as a prophecy of the prosperity and perpetuity of the kingdom of Christ, under the type of Solomon. Even Jewish expositors allow that this psalm refers to the Messiah. There are many passages in it which cannot be applied to Solomon. The pious old king having set his beloved son on the throne, seems to have become transported with joy and gratitude to God, and then to have given utterance to the thoughts that were within him by the spirit of God. In pouring out from the fullness of his pious heart his blessings on the young king, and upon the people, the coming of the great Messiah that was to spring from

the salvation of a sinner, he would not think it a waste of his care or his power to appoint a whole legion of angels, and they would not think it below their dignity to minister to that soul, for whom Christ died!

We can draw no inference concerning the number of angels in existence from the number of human beings who shall be saved; as we are perhaps unconsciously in the habit of doing. This globe is the residence or the birth-place of the heirs of salvation. But this globe is hardly a point in the universe of God. A philosopher has said, (we refer to Herschel,) that he discovered with his telescope, fifty thousand just such suns as ours in that highway of worlds, the milky way, in a space apparently not over a yard in breadth and six in length. And when we think that no two of these suns are probably nearer to each other than twenty billions of miles, and that the starless space between their solar systems is a hundred millions, we have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass brings to our view from one point of space. Again, if we multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, we have three thousand millions of millions of human beings that might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space, one yard by six, which Herschel's glass would discover to our vision! Let us not ask, what is man? but rather if the empire of Jehovah is so extended — if such a multitude of worlds actually exists which he has, in all probability, peopled with intelligent beings, can we set any limit to the number of those spiritual beings — the angels, who are his messengers, appointed to visit all these worlds with the speed of thought, and with the same freedom that they visit this earth? Or shall we draw an inference as to the number of them from the number of inhabitants which this insignificant speck of earth contains?

Let not the reader think we are indulging in useless declamation. If we should even say that legions of angels may be appointed to minister to each and to every one of the heirs of life, we should not surely transcend the limits of Almighty power to have made such provision for the safety of His saints; we should not even transcend the limits authorized by the deductions of natural science, we should not exceed in our estimation of the worth of a soul what God has put on it in the gift of His Son. And who can say that such a defence may not be necessary, when we

know that every heir of salvation is exposed to the fiery darts and the assaults of a host of devils, called *principalities* and *powers*, and spiritual wickedness in high places.

For the Casket.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

BY REV. J. A. LYON.

AMONGST the various places of amusement characteristic of the great metropolis of the world, may be mentioned certain fairy spots, called "Gardens," so elaborately and exquisitely laid off and ornamented that one might almost imagine that the Genii of the Arabian Nights, or Queen Mab herself, of Fairy Land, had presided in their construction. Vauxhall Gardens is, perhaps, the finest in London. It includes some ten or twelve acres, inclosed with a high wall, and contains all that the imagination could devise, or the fancy depict, by way of ornament and picturesque beauty. It is indeed a Fairy Land, containing all manner and kinds of beautiful trees, and shrubbery and flowers — laid off into walks, and bowers, and winding ways, and arbors, and grottoes — ornamented with mounds and little precipices and declivities, and playing fountains, and lakes, cascades, and running, murmuring streams. It is interspersed with beautiful statuary illustrative of classic lore — here is Jupiter with his thunderbolt — there an Apollo with his bow — yonder the Dancing Faun — and there, again, a Venus rising out of the sea — and down that long gravel is a little lake, in which old Neptune, as large as life, with his three prancing sea-horses drives through the water. Here a little Cupid playing with his enchanted arrows — there the grave Minerva, goddess of wisdom, and over the way is the grim Mars, with his shield and helmet, the bloody god of war, &c., &c.

In addition to these there are panoramic views, artificial caverns, and elegant structures of various kinds. In one part stands an immense restaurant, glittering with gold leaf and vast mirrors, and ornamented with artificial flowers, paintings, statuary and miniature fountains. Extending like wings on either side, is a long array of little alcoves fitted up with tables, divans, &c., where visitors partake of ice-creams, and other delicacies. In another place is a most gorgeous

pavillion, or gothic orchestra for the band of musicians; and in front of it is an immense platform, where thousands dance at intervals during the evening, whilst the band is playing. In another direction is a representation of the interior of a palace, where kings and queens and courtiers are seen decked in their royal robes and courtly costumes, and engaged in regal festivities. Over the way is an immense hippodrome, circular in its shape, where astonishing feats in horsemanship, and of physical agility, are performed by men, women and children. And in the rear of that, are the wonderful Stylactite Caverns, dimly illuminated. Far down, in a sequestered, retired spot, is old "Zadoc's Grotto," the fortune-teller, who for a few pennies will reveal the fortune of any one who has faith enough to favor him with a call. In one corner of the gardens is an enclosed space, perhaps an acre in extent, not illuminated, where may be seen the faint outlines of a gorgeous city; columns, monuments, towers, castles, palaces, fountains and colossal statuary dimly appear; and in front of it floats, waving to and fro, a huge balloon, slowly filling with gas, whose greater diameter, when completely filled, is sixty or seventy feet!

These gardens are opened to the public every evening during certain seasons of the year, whither thousands resort. The illumination is splendid and beautiful beyond description. It is effected by means of thousands and tens of thousands of tiny lanterns, or very small semi-globular glass cups, the size of a very small tea cup, of every variety of colors—some are red, some are green, blue, yellow, orange, &c. Little wire handles are attached to these Liliputian buckets, which contain oil, camphine, or some very inflammable substance. These little lanterns are strung along on wires which extend from bush to bush, from tree to tree, from pillar to pillar, from tower to tower, from pinnacle to pinnacle, in all possible directions. And not only so, but these little blazing semi-globes are grouped together into every conceivable shape and fantastic figure. For example, two hundred and forty of them will be so grouped as to represent an immense cluster of grapes; another cluster represents some beautiful bird; a third is a glorious rainbow! In short, every shrub is a burning bush; every tree is laden with blazing fruit; every path and gravel walk is arched with radiance—every statue is wreathed with this glorious brilliancy;

every pinnacle is livid with flame, and the whole space for several acres glitters with the radiant splendor of the countless thousands of these tiny lamps! Behind the orchestra, or gothic pavillion, is an immense battery, similar to that boys play ball at sometimes, fifty feet high and as many broad, the entire surface of which, is covered with these little lanterns, so ingeniously arranged according to their different colors and shades, as to represent an immense painting, or rather a glorious mosaic of fire—and in the centre, in literally blazing letters, these words: "THANKS KIND VISITERS!"

The entertainments of the evening consist, first, of music performed on a great variety of instruments by the band, who occupy the pavillion; and whilst they play, the multitudes dance as they may list, on the great platform in front. Then an interval is allowed for partaking of refreshments, or for surveying the statues, fountains, panoramas or wonders of the place. When at a certain signal, the crowds assemble in front of the rostrum or stage to witness the dramatic and comic performances. After that the bell rings and the doors of the great circular hippodrome are opened, and the anxious thousands pour in like a flood, until every box, circle and tier is filled to overflowing, and witness for an hour or two the astonishing feats there performed. And then the band in the orchestra plays again, and thither the throngs assemble. And thus one kind of entertainment succeeds another in rapid succession, until half-after seven o'clock—then the multitudes rush as though some great prize was at stake, to the dark place where the balloon is now ready to ascend.

Twelve persons, male and female, enter the cars, paying their hundred dollars each, for their passage—now the weights and ropes that held it down, are disengaged—the music plays, the guns fire, the multitudes shout, and the "Great Nassau" sublimity ascends to the clouds! After this, the exhibition of the fireworks takes place, which light up, and play over the pinnacles, domes, spires, and palaces of the aforesaid panoramic city. This I cannot, dare not, attempt to depict—description falters—it is inconceivably grand and beautiful. Thus one species of entertainment succeeds another, until one or two o'clock at night, when the crowds disperse, and retire to their homes and lodgings.

I have given a hasty and imperfect descrip-

tion of one of the places of amusement in London, thinking it might be interesting to the juvenile portion of your readers.

ROBERT HOE: A REMINISCENCE.

BY LAURIE TODD.

IN September, 1805, the yellow fever prevailed to a fearful extent in this city. As I never left town while it was raging, I was sitting in my tent door in the cool of the day, and lifting up my eyes, I beheld a stranger, a rare sight in these fever times. He was moving from Cedar street along Nassau, having his face set toward Maiden Lane. He walked in the middle of the street, and was reading the sign-boards on the right and left. He paused in front of my open door, and mine was the only store open in the block. As he stepped in, he said, "Mr. Thorburn."

"Where did you learn my name?" I inquired.

"I saw it over the door," said he. "I have just come on shore from the ship Draper, from Liverpool. I am a carpenter by trade; my name is Robert Hoe; I am now in my eighteenth year."

Says I, "Robert, was your indenture fulfilled before you left England?"

Said he, "I never was bound, I learned my trade with my father; I can't find work, I have no money; can you recommend me to a house in a healthy part of the city, where I may board till I get employment, when I will pay them honestly."

I knew the heart of a stranger; having been a stranger myself, and there was so much of honest simplicity in his speech and deportment, my heart warmed toward him; I gave him a chair and ran up stairs; said I, "Gude wife, a stranger standeth at our door; shall we take him in?" "If thee pleases," she replied. "If he takes the fever, will thee help me to nurse him?" "I will," she answered. "Thank you, dear, for this; God bless you." "Now," says I, "come and look on his honest English face." The impression was favorable. Says I, "Robert, this neighborhood is accounted the most healthful in the city; you will lodge here; if you take the fever, my wife and I will nurse you; you shan't go to the stranger's hospital." His eyes spoke thanks more eloquent than words.

As he had no business abroad, I advised him to stay at home.

The fever seized him, however, in less than a week. I procured an eminent physician; my wife and I nursed him. In seventeen summers that I have nursed among the sick, I do not think that I ever saw a case so violent but it terminated in death, his only exception. On the fourth day, generally the crisis, the burning fever was coursing through his veins, and drinking up his English blood. His skin burning; dry and yellow, heart-sick, homesick, all-bound sick; and his spirits sunk down to his heels. I sat by his bed-side, he fastened his restless eyes on mine: "Oh, Mr. T., Mr. T., I shall die, I shall die—I never can stand this; and he threw his brawny arms across the bed, as if going to grapple with death. "Die," says I, "Robert! to be sure, we must all die, but you are not going to die this week." In this I spoke unadvisedly with my lips, but I thought of Pope: Pius and his bull, to wit, that the end would sanctify the means. He was under the influence of powerful medicine at this moment; I knew there would be a lull, as the sailors say, soon; and I meant to take advantage of the circumstance, to persuade him to live if possible. *Fancy kills and Fancy cures.* I left him for fifteen minutes. On my return, I felt his pulse; said I, "Robert, you are fifty per cent better already; I hope to see you walk from the bed and sit by the window to-morrow." I sat by his bed, conversing, to cheer his spirits. I continued, "Death is nigh at hand at all times and in all places; but my impression is that you will not die of this attack. I hope to see you a thriving master builder, married to one of the bonny Yankee lasses, and to hold your grand-child in my arms."

From this hour the fever left him. Shortly after this, the fever disappeared from the city. He became a master builder, and died in 1843, aged 56. But his name will never die, while types are set, and printers breathe. *Hoe's Printing Press* is probably the most useful discovery that has blessed the world, since the first sheet was struck from the press. Formerly we paid one hundred and fifty cents for a Bible; now we buy one as good for *twenty-five cents*. It may be said of his sons, (a rare occurrence in this country,) that they are better men than their father, inasmuch as they have added many improvements to their father's plans.