

# JOHN BUNYAN.

THE BEDFORD STATUE.—ADDRESS BY DEAN STANLEY.

[From the London Standard.]

Yesterday a colossal statue of John Bunyan, the gift of the Duke of Bedford to that town, was unveiled with some ceremony and amidst general rejoicing. The famous author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was, as every one knows, born at Elstow, a village about a mile and a half from Bedford, and his after-life sufferings and labours are so identified with the town that no more appropriate place for the memorial to him could be found. The spot on which the statue is placed has no direct reference to any incident in Bunyan's career. It is, indeed, at almost the farthest point from the site of the prison in which he was incarcerated, but it is admirably adapted to give full effect to the noble work of the sculptor. It is placed in the south-east corner of St. Peter's green—a small square of beautiful green sward, and in the background stands the picturesque Norman church, dedicated to St. Peter, and is well planted, garden like graveyard. The artist is Mr. J. E. Boehm, of Fulham-road. The features are modelled from a contemporary portrait in the possession of the Rev. — Clive, and the attitude, at once characteristic and dignified, is that of a preacher, with an open Bible in his hand, and behind his feet his chains, typical of his imprisonment. The height of the figure is about ten feet, and the dress is that of the period. It has been most successfully cast in bronze by Messrs. Young & Co., of the Eccleston Works, Pimlico, and is in every respect satisfactory. The statue is placed upon the pedestal formed by a single block of granite, five tons in weight. On the front and two sides are basso-relief, the subjects being taken from the "Pilgrim's Progress." That on the south represents Evangelist directing Christian to the wicket-gate; that on the front is the conflict with Apollyon; and that on the north side the Three Shining Ones pointing out to Christian the Celestial City. They are all designed and executed in the highest style of art. On the fourth side of the pedestal is the following inscription:—

"It had eyes lifted up to Heaven  
The best of books in his hand,  
The law of truth was written upon his lips.  
It stood as if it pleaded  
With men."

On the bronze tablet beneath the statue is an exact copy of the well known autobiography, "John Bunyan."

The event was observed as a general holiday, flags were flying in every direction, the church bells rang merrily throughout the day, and the weather being remarkably fine the streets were filled with well dressed ladies and gentlemen. Soon after one o'clock the Mayor, Town Clerk, Aldermen, and Councillors, preceded by the mace bearers and the insignia of their official position, together with the principal inhabitants, marched in procession from the Shire Hall to St. Peter's-green. There a substantial platform had been erected adjacent to the statue, which stood enwrapped in cerements as it were of canvas.

Amongst the company were Lady Augusta Stanley, and a large party of the ladies of the locality, Earl Copwer, the Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Bassett, M. P. for Beds, Messrs. Polhill Turner, Whitbread, and the members for the borough; Mr. Jas. Howard and Mr. Magniac, two ex-members; Dr. Coombs and the borough magistrates; the Rev. C. Berton, rural dean; the Dean Westminster, Dr. Allison, Dr. Brock, the Rev. J. Copner, rector of Elstow, the Rev. John Brown, &c.

Silence having been obtained, the Mayor said: "Fellow townsmen, it is now about 200 years since John Bunyan pursued his great work in this neighbourhood—a work not only beneficial for his own times, but for all succeeding ages (cheers). "Pilgrim's Progress" is a work which, except the Holy Scriptures, has been more widely circulated than any book ever produced before or since. It is to be found in the palaces of the great, the mansions of the wealthy, and the cottages of the poor—"Bunyan's Pilgrim lies that sleep upon. A genius, rare but rough, was honest John." (cheers). Indeed the very poorest child in the land may possess it, for I have here (holding up a copy) an edition of 400 pages, clearly and nicely printed, the retail price of which is one penny (cheers). The Duke of Bedford, with noble munificence, has raised this statue of John Bunyan to be placed here on this pedestal on St. Peter's-green (cheers). You will find in all the great cities in Europe numerous statues in honor of historic personages, but people pass them by without notice, and why? It is because they are placed in situations which are in no way connected with the deeds or the lives of the persons commemorated. Our statue of Bunyan stands upon a site directly the reverse of those failures. He passed his life in this town and in the surrounding villages. Little more than a mile from this pedestal was the place of his birth; and what is of still higher importance not many yards from this spot is the prison in which he suffered that long and tedious twelve years' confinement (cheers). See, then, how suitable it is that this memorial of "the glorious dreamer" should be placed in this situation (cheers). The statue will be now uncovered by the hands of Lady Augusta Stanley, who has greatly honored us by undertaking the task (loud cheers). It is a wonderful work of art of gigantic proportions, and I do not know a similar work in England equal to it. It is a great credit, not only to Mr. Boehm, the sculptor, but to Mr. Young, the founder, who has followed the model admirably (cheers).

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The Mayor, who occupied the chair, commenced the proceedings by stating that he had received letters of apology from Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Chas. Reed, the last of whom expressed a hope that the meeting would not forget Bunyan's fellow-prisoner in Bedford Gaol, Thomas Marston, of Luton, from whose daughter the present Recorder of London claimed direct descent. After some excellent remarks upon the life and character of Bunyan, the Mayor called upon the Dean of Westminster to address the meeting.

Dean Stanley, who was received with great cheering began his address as follows: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where there was a den?" These words have been translated into hundreds of languages, and the question has been often asked, where was that place and where was that den? The answer given has always been—The name of that place is Bedford, and the name of that den Bedford Gaol. This it is which has given to the town of Bedford its chief—may I say, without offense, its only title to universal and everlasting fame (cheers and laughter). It is exactly 200 years since Bunyan resolved upon what to him was a great venture, namely, to publish that work which has given to Bedford this immortal renown, and Bedford to-day pays back some part of the debt she owes to him. I shall not, however, surrender without a struggle the share which England at large has in our illustrious townsman to your local columns. Something of the national and cosmopolitan character of Bunyan's works was probably owing to the wandering gipsy life he led in his youth as a tinker, and in the more serious journeying in his after life in what may be called his episcopal visitations. If I follow the track of the young soldier, whether in the Royal or the Parliamentarian army (it is not certain which), when he so narrowly escaped the shot that laid his comrade low at the siege of Leicester, we still find that he probably obtained there the material for the "Holy war" and the "Siege of Mansoul." When I was exploring "the Pilgrim's Way" to Canterbury I was much impressed with the ingenious theories of one of the Officers of the Ordnance Survey, who held that the pilgrim of the 17th century, John Bunyan, caught the idea of the Hill of Difficulty and the Delectable Mountains from the hills through which that track meanders, and might he not from his early visit to London have obtained the notion of Vanity Fair? At any rate, we know that crowds attended his preaching at Zoar Chapel in Southwark, and he rests in the grave of his hoist, Standrake, the grocer, in the venerable cemetery of Bunhill-fields. These however, will not compete with his birthplace, which he first worshipped, and which he never left until his death. He passed his life in this town and in the surrounding villages. Little more than a mile from this pedestal was the place of his birth; and what is of still higher importance not many yards from this spot is the prison in which he suffered that long and tedious twelve years' confinement (cheers). See, then, how suitable it is that this memorial of "the glorious dreamer" should be placed in this situation (cheers). The statue will be now uncovered by the hands of Lady Augusta Stanley, who has greatly honored us by undertaking the task (loud cheers). It is a wonderful work of art of gigantic proportions, and I do not know a similar work in England equal to it. It is a great credit, not only to Mr. Boehm, the sculptor, but to Mr. Young, the founder, who has followed the model admirably (cheers).

Lady Augusta Stanley then came forward, and with the assistance of Mr. Young, unveiled the statue, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude, a military band in attendance playing the national anthem. The Mayor then called upon the Dean of Westminster, who was received with cheers, and said—The Mayor has asked me to say a few words, and I shall obey him by making them very few. The Mayor has done his work, the Duke of Bedford has done his work, and I now ask you to do your work; and that is, if any of you do not read the "Pilgrim's Progress" do it without delay, and those who have read it a hundred times read it for the hundred and first time; and having done so, then follow out in your lives the lesson which "Pilgrim's Progress" teaches, and you will all be a better monument of John Bunyan than even this magnificent statue that the Duke of Bedford has given your town (loud cheers).

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## An Editor.

"Matilda, did you ever see an editor?"

"No Sir,—but I believe it is something made out of wood, ain't it?"

"Not exactly, my child. An editor is a machine much in use for pumping ideas into the world. It derives its motive power from force of circumstances, applied through the medium of numerous promises to pay." It is fed with old newspapers, ink, and writing paper. It requires constant oiling with courtesies extended to this office, in the shape of a pitchers of cock-tails, &c. They are not of much value to their owners, however, and hardly repay their owners the trouble of taking care of them, for they are for everlasting getting out of order, and besides they wear