

## George Augustus Sala. (Preface of Temple Bar)

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## TEMPLE BAR.

## Prospectus.

We cannot plead as an excuse for ~~calling~~ <sup>time worn</sup> calling our new Monthly Miscellany Temple Bar that it will be either written or printed or printed in the ~~vicinity~~ <sup>vicinity</sup> edifice which divides ~~London~~ <sup>London</sup> from Westminster. The books of an ~~eminent~~ <sup>eminent</sup> banking firm are, we believe, kept in Temple Bar; while according to some city legends it is there, the unhoisted man in traps has his humilages, and each evening the vanities of Lord Mayor's shows perpetually polishes his brazen panoply. Yet we have, as we think as clear a right to ~~claim~~ <sup>claim</sup> our ~~prospective~~ <sup>prospective</sup> after Sir Christopher Wren's architectural whim at Sylvanus Urban had so flung a wood cut of St John's gate on the side-page of the Gentleman's Magazine. So while Temple Bar is essentially metropolitan, and ~~is a~~ <sup>is a</sup> link connecting the glories of the Strand and Fleet Street — our editor will abide in the quiet and our publishing office will be in the last named thoroughfare — Temple Bar belongs not only to London, but to England. Indeed those born within the sound of Bow Bells have grown so habituated to the sight of the gay old structure ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> as scarcely to regard it, whereas never a country cousin comes to town without gazing at Temple Bar with mingled curiosity and affection; and when that long-promised new zealand visits the metropolis it ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> not be, ~~as if~~ <sup>as if</sup> a ruined arch of London Bridge that he will fix his camp-stool, but rather in the room above Temple Bar — by permission of Nipper Child — that he ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> sit up his easel, and whence he will be enabled to sketch Somerset House towards the west and the Temple gates towards the east. This Magazine, then, shall be called

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because the great tide of cosmopolitan humanity is for ever flowing through its arches; because the country and the town, the island and the continent, on foot, on horseback and in carriage, give each other undivided by Temple Bar; because we consider woodcut of the Bar by way of frontispiece to be far more significant of our purpose in establishing a Magazine for Town and Country Readers than an engraving of the Royal arms, or of the Rose, Shamrock and thistle, or of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Marble Arch <sup>which</sup> we might have placed on the "Great Bell of St Paul's" or on "Gog and Magog" or on "London Stone" as a title but we are content to place upon Temple Bar. We could give five hundred reasons for our choice. The Bar is not only ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> appointed with much that is famous in English history but with nearly all that is memorable in English literature, and from our portland window in Temple Bar we shall see brave old Doctor Johnson strolling up Fleet Street with James Boswell, and haughty Bishop Warburton coming to visit Oliver Goldsmith, and the Spectator gliding towards the Temple gardens with Sir Roger de Coverly and young M. de Voltaire, his first visit to England taking the usual note of the excellent people who cut off the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> tails of horses and the heads of kings. We shall remember that in Temple Bar we are close to the renowned haunts of Raleigh and Jonson and Massinger and Spenser — of Wycherley of Congreve and of Pope; that the immortal wild cats were ~~haunted~~ <sup>haunted</sup> used to haunt the "Mermaid"; the "Devil" and the apollo "Dove" all passed beneath Temple Bar; that it was at the "Cock" that Alfred Tennyson beheld the plump-fed waiter, taster and old poet, and felt that perpetual lack of presence ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> vexes public men; that the "Rainbow" and the "Milk" yet flourish; that the old thoroughfare to Ludgate is yet the centre and headquarters of English thought and English art and seems with printing houses, bookellers store, newspaper offices, engravers studios and bookbinders workshops, and that so our immediate right, looking eastward, is yet the grand old monastery of Loup and Laines and chivalry where the Knight of the Temple yet ride on one horse, where Mr Arthur Pendennis is yet ~~detained~~ <sup>detained</sup> the George Worthington at chambers in Lamb and Flag Court and where we meet many a young gentleman of the Inns of Court "will bring ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> learning and brilliance not too highly appreciated in the special pleaders ~~office~~ <sup>office</sup> and, in what we can make of them at Temple Bar.

The price of our Magazine will be one shilling. We believe that the days of half crown serials are definitely fled. Ours we wish to place within the means of every section of the reading community; and our patrons ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> be in a position to admit that what we shall give them once a month for a shilling could not — quantity and quality considered — be sold

