

bly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning. At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and after a short time interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the house to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake. The opposite party had, indeed, resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the house. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's heart, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the house and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with grey worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but, when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time: I must do it,' and rising, put off his hat to address the house. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory; gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatized from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own persons. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; he had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary; language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, 'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament; bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than 20 musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest.—It is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell, 'O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!—He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not got common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitehall, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then, pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard; next to Martin and Wentworth. There are two whores-masters; and afterwards, selecting different members in succession, described them as common and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the Gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard, and ordered them to clear the house.—At these words, Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door.—Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'Is it you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night, that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allen took advantage of these words, to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what he had done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with

peulation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the Clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.—*Lingard's History of England.*

**CHARACTER OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.**—As General Foy has been at some pains to misrepresent the character of the British Soldiers, I will set down what many years' experience gives me the right to say is nearer the truth than his dreams. That the British Infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his robust frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe, and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty, and his movements free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing; nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant, and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of eminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution, uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring; no despatch gave his name to the applause of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surprising fortitude the severest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unremoved, and, with incredible energy, overthrow every opponent, at all times proving that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him? The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations have given the first place, amongst the European infantry, to the British; but, in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the latter stands higher in the estimation of the world.—*Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula: Vol. III., just published.*

**A PIOUS PINCH.**—During the better days of Presbyterianism—when the ministers' stipends were one half less, and their labours of love one half more—snuff-taking was reckoned among the foolish vices, and of course was considered a luxury not to be countenanced by the cloth. One worthy divine, however, had swerved a little in his youth from the virtue of total abstinence, and among other College sins that had beset him, that of snuff-taking clung to his reverence with unconquerable tenacity. He never, however, forgot his gravity so far as to indulge in a pinch during sermon, until one close, warm, weary afternoon, when the hearts of the congregation were heavy, and his own eyelids threatened every moment to follow the example of their neighbors. He hemmed, stamped and struck the pulpit till his fingers dinned but all would not do, for the clouds were charged with electricity, the kirk was heated like a bakers oven, and the drowsy audience were fast dropping away into the balmy dominion of Morpheus. At this critical juncture, the minister's eye caught an honest countryman in the act of opening a huge mull, and resuscitating his drooping spirits with a hearty wheezer. 'Ah! John!' exclaimed the divine taking out his own snuff horn, 'I see what ye're about there! yer taking snuff, John!—Ye needna deny't!—Here's the way you did, John: Ye took out yer mull this way, see; and ye took a pinch as big as that, John; and ye played this, and this-iss-iss, (inhaling nearly a goupin of macabos) which is a great sin, John!—But to resume our discourse, &c.' There was no more sleeping in the kirk that afternoon at least.

**THE REAL SOURCE OF WEALTH.**—In the Anglo-Saxon treatise of Elfric, before noticed, a passage occurs to the following effect:—'Every throne which standeth aright, standeth upon three pillars, the priest, the warrior, and the labourer. The priest prayeth day and night for the welfare of the people; the warrior defendeth the people with his sword; the labourer tilleth the earth, and worketh for the livelihood of all. And if any one of these three pillars be broken, the throne will be overturned.' From the nature of the materials of history, the palace, the cathedral, and the castle will always be the most prominent features in the picture; and we are therefore apt to forget, that the indwellers of these proud and towering structures ultimately depend upon the cottage and the barn. All worldly wealth is derived from the fullness of the earth, and it is by the weal or wo of the peasant that the prosperity of nations is principally to be defined. The importance of appreciating the real situation of the cultivator may be best illustrated by very homely imagery. Supposing that, to-morrow, each and every man in England, from the King downwards, were to be deprived, by the wand of a magician, of breakfast, dinner, and supper, without a coat to his back, or a bed to lie on,—in this case, it is very certain that all affairs would come to a stand. Of course, such a state of things, as to the whole nation, is impossible,—but it always must exist with respect to a part of the community. So long as the hungry bellies are in the minority, there will be general peace and tranquility, whatever the individual privations of those hungry bellies may be,—but if, unluckily, the hungry happen to be in a majority, the country will always be disturbed and unhappy, notwithstanding the goodness of its constitution, or the excellence of its laws. And whatever may be the importance possessed by the intrigues of the cabinet, or the successes of the tented field, the course which operates most steadily is the course of the plough. I have enlarged upon this subject, because, in various parts of this history, I shall enter more fully into the ancient relations of landlord and tenant than is usual in works of this description. But I must not forget that I am the teacher of a family,—and I can confidently assure my younger readers, that if they live to grow older and wiser, they will find more real pleasure in such facts than in the most brilliant fictions of romance.—*History of England Family Library.*

**READING.**—The book does not deserve even to be read which does not impose on us the duty of frequent pauses, much reflecting, and inward debate, or require that we should often go back, compare one observation and statement with another, and does not call upon us to combine and knit together the disjecta membra. It is an observation which has often been repeated, that, when we come to read an excellent author a second and a third time, we find in him a multitude of things that we did not, in the slightest degree, perceive in a first reading. A careful first reading would have a tendency, in a considerable degree, to anticipate his following crop. There is a doggerel couplet, which I have met with in a book on elocution—

"Learn to speak slow: all other graces

Will follow in their proper places."

I could wish to recommend a similar process to the student in the course of reading.—Toplady, a celebrated Methodist preacher of the last age, somewhere relates the story of a coxcomb, who told him, that he had read over Euclid's Elements of Geometry one afternoon at his tea, only leaving out the A's, and B's, and crooked lines, which seemed to be intruded merely to retard his progress. Nothing is more easy than to gabble through a work replete with the profoundest elements of thinking, and to carry away almost nothing, when we have finished.—*Godwin's Thoughts on Man.*

**INVENTION OF PRINTING.**—The principle of printing, the employment of a solid type or letter for the purpose of taking an impression by means of a coloured pigment, (and which is only a variation of the effect produced by the die or seal, was certainly known to the Romans. Stamps, with raised letters, exactly like our printing types, excepting that they are not moveable, and by which the Romans produced short inscriptions, are yet extant. Common tradesmen employed such stamps for printing the labels of their wares. The ancient Visigoths in Spain printed their 'paraphs' or 'signs' flourished with knots and monograms, which they affixed to their deeds and charters. These are instances upon a small scale; but we know of one entire and very important volume produced by the process of