

staring the ashes in the grate out of countenance!

Lord Harry! If I had such a block of a husband, I'd scare up the ghost of a lover, somewhere, if there is any wit in woman!

From the London Working Man's Friend.

A DAY'S ESCAPE

'Let us escape from city ways, and take a little holiday in the country.'—

LAMBE.

THE love of country scenes and country pleasures exhibits itself in various phases of our city life; and, whether we gaze upon a picture in a gallery, or, escaping from the bustle and turmoil of the dusky streets, taste the pure air of heaven that's 'lying by the violet,' the feeling is the same; and this unquenchable, unextinguishable love of nature it is, amid all the foul temptations of the world, that keeps us pure, and teaches us that the glory of God's handiwork is better than the gain of silver and gold. This feeling it is that crowds our parks on summer evenings, and fills the vans to overflowing that wend their dusty way to suburban pleasaunces like Hampton Court and Richmond—and we never gaze upon a picture representing trees and water, hill-side landscape or rustic porch, the deep forest glade or the tiny bit of garden before a labourer's cottage, the breezy downs or even the well-stocked farmyard, without thanking God in our hearts that he has made us so pleasant an abiding place.

It is not that there is a deficiency of rare sight to be seen, or piquant excitements to be experienced, or anxieties to be suffered in the crowded towns, that the escape into the country becomes a pleasant relief; it is that the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time, travels more slowly to our senses amid the woods and green leaves murmuring; it is that the spinners and knitters in the sun—the bee and butterfly and gaudy-coloured moth, and humming insects of a thousand hues—are never seen amid the din and bustle of the crowded highway: it is that the roses of the spring throw out their scent more bountifully when no dull house-wall intervenes between them and the sky; it is that the faint gleaming of the dappled east—the mountain's misty top, where wild birds wheel and whoop—the music of the sunny air, that thick around the woodland course hums gloriously—come welcome to the sad and weary senses of the town-kept wanderer; it is that beside the brink of haunted stream or down among the depths of woodland dells, the voice of nature comes in gentlest whisper and breathes into our heart of hearts, saying to our envyings, and heart-burnings, and ambitions, and hatreds, and littlenesses, and covetousnesses,—Peace, be still!

Now, if the contemplation of a picture, or a little trip out of town give rise to good and improving thoughts; if they make a man return to his daily toil with a better resolution and a firmer hope, then are picture-galleries and railroads, steamboats and covered vans, especial messengers of comfort to the world.

And this occasional 'escape' has other and more important 'missions' to fulfil; it teaches the world's workman that there are better things to occupy his mind than the sordid cares of life—it gives him hope to bear the brunt of the battle and the heat of the day—it inspires him with manly courage to face the dangers and disagreeableness of poverty—it disarms temptation of half its seductive power, and makes him feel himself, as he stands erect in the fields beneath God's sky of blue, that, though a little lower than the angels, he is made in the image of his Maker.

The world has been a long time considering this knotty problem—a long time debating this question of a people's amusement; and there are some—they are of the old fashion, though, and slow to understand that which they were never taught—even now, who doubt the good, that comes of parks and pleasure-gardens for the poor; some who cannot comprehend what mere workmen want of elegances—who think that the poor have nothing to do but work, and go to church on Sundays in their best. They lie under a great mistake—a wilful and most destructive error—which, unless it be corrected speedily, will bear upon its darkened wings the tempest and the cloud of disaffection. No; it is a better thing that men should lift their voices up to heaven in fields, and woods, and pleasant places in humble thankfulness and praise, than that they should meet together in the crowded and pestiferous byways of great cities to curse the rich and grumble at the hard times. The rich cannot do everything to ameliorate the condition of the poor, but they can do much; they can teach men that labour is honourable—that toil is the natural inheritance of the sons of Adam—that they feel and sympathise with honest industry—that they are willing to encourage all who aspire to good—that the barriers of society are not erected in a proud and exclusive spirit, never to be broken down; in a word, they can bestow on their striving fellow men, a noble and enduring gift, a gift beyond all reckoning and estimation, the gift of Education—

'That source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy.'

NATURE.

The laws of Nature in the external world are the same as the thoughts within ourselves. The former are the external thoughts which science unfolds, and by which all things are regulated, though they are unconscious of it themselves; the latter are the same external thoughts, but produced in our-

selves. Thus, wherever a variety of natural laws co-operate under one governing unity, we find every where a fullness of ideas; and I maintain that our inner sense, which is constructed in conformity to the same laws, comprehends this as the Beautiful. * * * While the fountain floats before our senses, in some degree as a still image, though at the same time the falling drops are constantly leaving their position, and are succeeded by fresh ones, the light naturally comes to us with all the tremulous motion which the reflection from incessantly changing objects must produce. I do not only mean the change of the position which the drops sustain; there are besides two other circumstances to consider,—one is the frequent change of form in every drop from inward vibrations, and which occur so rapidly that the impressions they produce are indeed undistinguishable, but which give a peculiar character to the reflecting light; the other consists in this, that the series of drops are really composed of large drops, and very large intervening ones. The eye thus receives a complete series of inwardly connecting impressions, which in no wise resemble those produced by transparent and immovable bodies. * * *

Without a previous sense of the inner life of reason, that which might otherwise be called beautiful would be dead. That which is full of life arouses it in ourselves; and this feeling of life appertains to the complete enjoyment of beauty. What a rich variety of inward activity we behold in that fountain,—were this to be separated from it, all besides would leave but a faint impression!—*Orestes's Soul of Nature.*

From Alfred Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON:

LET us bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation:
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
When laurel-garlanded leaders fall,
And warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

A people's voice! we are a people yet,
Tho' all men eise their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers.

We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of most unbounded reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And help the march of human mind,
Till crowds be sane and crowns be just;
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.
And O, remember him who led our hosts:
Respect his sacred warning; guard your coasts:

His voice is silent in your council hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lower
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power.
His eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth teller was our Edgland's Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

Lo the leader in these glorious wars,
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him whom cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him; Christ accept him.

A LAST LOOK

There is a feeling that resembles death, in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding day, it may be, happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation for ever. The boy your father's spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarterdeck, as the gigantic ship bends over to the breeze; the tears have dimmed his eyes, for mark! he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

The Politician.

From the London Times.

FUNERAL OF WELLINGTON.

SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

It is, of course, impossible to give any idea of the simple and magnificently bold proportions of this great Christian temple to those who have not seen it, or some similar building by which they can form a standard of comparison; still less was its aspect on Thursday capable of being rendered to strangers by any word-painting. Even those who best know the building, which the genius of Wren has made the architectural *chef d'œuvre* of London, could scarcely have recognized it without a little preparation as it then appeared. A faint twinkling circle of gas jets ran flickeringly round by the base of the great dome, lighting up the limbs and features of the actors in the huge subjects painted on the concave walls above, and seeming to endue them with a doubtful life. In a line with the base of the dome, and stretching from capital to capital, of the pilasters which in equal partition mark out the walls of nave and transept throughout the length and breadth of St. Paul's, the same simple but most effective decoration was called into use, and lighted the base of the semi-circular roof with a line of bright fire. Sweeping round the area covered by the dome, a grand circle of seats rose from the floor to furthest available height in the rear, spreading far into the transept, in receding rows, and coming abruptly to a space of not more than four or five rows deep where the broad pillars at the end of the nave, cut off its further extension. The floor of the nave was covered with a black baize or cloth, and at each side was a long bench, extending from the entrance to the circular area under the dome, behind which rose for the space of three or four feet, a wooden partition, decorated at intervals of two or three feet, by escutcheons of the late Duke, on black satin with white borders. Behind this partition were situated the seats intended for the military and naval officers present at the ceremony, placed tier upon tier, so as to command a view of the procession to the area. Over the western entrance and the sides of the transept were galleries, which were very speedily filled with privileged ticket holders. The seats at each side of the organ were also crowded, and the wide expanse of benches reserved for peeresses and their friends, which spread from the organ loft almost to the floor of the area, were occupied by ladies, most of whom were in deep mourning. In the centre of the area beneath the dome, was placed a frame about eight feet high, by the same length, and by a breadth of five feet, covered with black cloth, and some seats or hassocks were arranged around it of the same colour, with white borders. Directly in the centre of the south semi-circumference of the area was fixed the seat of the Lord Chancellor. Behind his Lordship's seat were the places reserved for the House of Lords. To their right, on the south-east side of the area, were the places reserved for the generals and other high officers of our service. Opposite to the Lord Chancellor's chair was placed that of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and behind it were the seats reserved for members of that honorable body. On the left of the Commons sat the *corps diplomatique*. On the right of the Commons were the corporation of the city of London and the other corporations which had sent representatives. On the right of the corporations was the deputation from the University of Cambridge, while directly opposite to them, on the other side, and on the left of the Lords, came the deputation from the University of Oxford. It was intended at first, that the four rows in front on each side of the nave, should be occupied by military and naval officers, but the struggle to get in at the early part of the morning, was so great, that the lines of red and blue were somewhat broken in upon and diversified by black and white.

At first the general impression left by the scene was rather cold and unsatisfactory. The seats were not quite filled. The temporary population of the cathedral was shifting and fitful, and some occasional sunbeams rather impaired the effect of the gas illumination. The surpassing interest of the occasion, however, soon overcame the influence of all such trivial drawbacks. As the eye gazed the picture was filling with every colour and with every touch of art. It grew from a mere black, gaunt skeleton framework of wood and stone, and sombre faces and heads, lighted by serpentine gas jets, into a vast dome, with wide spreading arms and wings, which embraced within its grasp all that this great empire can produce of genius, science, and statesmanship.

From the time the doors were opened—about seven o'clock—the numbers continued to increase very rapidly, and as the arrangements for setting down the visitors, excellent and extensive as they were, did not meet their eagerness, many of them left their carriages and walked to the cathedral. The early morning was dark, windy, and wet, but with rare good fortune for such a time of the year, the sight seats in the streets were favoured with fine weather, for it cleared up as the day advanced, though a biting cold wind, which was whistling down the western entrance along the nave, searching the very bones of the spectators, reminding them forcibly and unceasingly that it was an English autumn outside. Many put handkerchiefs over their heads; and at last the cold became so intense that most of the persons in the nave were compelled to put on their hats, notwithstanding

ing the sacredness of the place. The old generals, with true military punctuality, were amongst the earliest arrivals, and the quarter of the area appropriated to them was filled very speedily. The old admirals were equally exact, and every eye in the cathedral was soon directed to that quarter where orders stars, ribands, and crosses, glittering on bright scarlet and blue, told of men who had served their country and had fought by the side of the great warrior whose remains were approaching their last home. Sir C. Napier with his eagle face, moving stiffly along from the effects of his old wounds—his brother Sir William, with a frame, if possible, still more shattered by ball and perforated by bayonet,—Lord Gough, with his noble soldierlike bearing, Lord Seaton, Lord Combermere, Sir James M'Donnell, Sir A. Woodford, Sir W. Cotton,—these and many another gallant veteran, called men's mind back to the day when Wellesley led his ill-provided levies against the disciplined battalions of the great Emperor, and taught a generation to soldiers who are yet amongst us the way conquer.

About ten o'clock the Duc de Bradant and Comte de Flandres, sons of the King of the Belgians, entered the cathedral. They were dressed in the uniform of their respective regiments, the Guides and Lancers, and were attended by Colonel le Conte de Moerkerke, Conte de Briey, and Sir B. Carswell. The young Princes who attracted a good deal of attention, took up their places in the left amphitheatre.

Soon after the members of the House of Commons began to make their appearance in detachments as boat after boat conveyed them to Paul's stairs. Meanwhile, as every minute passed, the mass of uniforms grew denser and brighter to the eye, as the wearers climbed up from the floor to the nave and took their places in the front seats above, which were filled in a line, not very much broken, three or four deep, from end to end on both sides of the passage, with the officers of every branch of the service. As the sunlight shot obliquely in through the windows, and cast its rays down from the amber-coloured blaze of the gas, it fell with wonderful effect on the varied hues to be seen in the body of the cathedral. Here were the generals all scarlet and gold, dotted with admirals in blue and white; there the diversified uniforms of the representatives of foreign Powers, where Count Walewski displayed the uniform of France, though 'our old ally,' Austria, was absent; again, the sable of Peers and Commons, the red and purple gowns of the corporations, the black robes and white and red hoods of the university deputations, and the immense array of faces rising pile after pile, and diminishing into mere specks in the distance, beneath the arches in the upper galleries. At 11.35 the military bands outside the western entrance struck up a dead march, which they played at intervals till the procession approached, and the funeral bell tolled solemnly, blending with the strains of the music in mournful unison. At 11.35, also, the 83 Chelsea pensioners, having black wands in their hands, marched into the nave in two lines, and, wheeling round, sat down on the seats beneath the rows of officers.—

The poor fellows seemed tired enough, and, with the steadiness of the old soldiers, who had seen too much of the world to be interested in anything they scarcely looked at the splendid preparations around them. They were followed by the men selected from every regiment in the service which had taken part in the procession. In quick succession followed, in groups, the various bodies assisting at the ceremonial from the Horse Guards to the cathedral. Officers of the army, of the navy, of various foreign services—the great Ministers of State, and the judges, moved slowly onwards, filling up the nave with a rich stream of colour on which the eye rested without fatigue, while every accession added to the interest of the scene. The procession entered in the order which had been observed throughout. As each flag and guidon was carried to the area of the place whereon the coffin was to lie it was planted in due order by the bearer.

The Commons, nobly headed by the Speaker, moved to their places; among those present, in addition to those already named, were Mr Disraeli, Sir J. Pakington, Mr Beresford, Mr Christopher, Mr Walpole, and about 300 other hon. gentlemen.

Next came the Lords, preceded by the Lord Chancellor, in state. Then came the marshals and generals of Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands, and Hanover, in gorgeous uniforms, moving slowly onward towards the area, amid the strains of sad music, till they formed in two glittering columns around the resting-place of the bier.—At a quarter past twelve the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, heading the clergy and the choir, proceeded slowly up the nave from the organ to the entrance to receive the remains of the great Duke. Clothed in white, with black bands and sashes, the procession, thus headed, moved in two streams of two and two, through the dignified and richly attired assemblage till they halted at the door, where they drew up in column four deep. A considerable delay took place in removing the coffin from the funeral car, which tended somewhat to impair the effect of the solemn ceremonial. For nearly an hour this untoward stoppage excited the anxiety of the spectators, who could not understand the cause of it; but at length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir