

required ultimately for other services, for increasing populations in the neighborhood of cemeteries, but that the celebration of the Holy Communion would seem to be a very sacred, if not vital, part of the rite of consecration under all circumstances. To this it was added by Lord Rosdale, with much good feeling, that relatives meeting for the last time at a family funeral might wish to receive the Holy Communion, which could not be done unless the Chapel were duly consecrated as a complete Church-of-England Chapel, and provided therefore with the Holy Table, for that purpose. Lord Portman, however, thought fit to mingle in the debate; declared, (which is not the case,) that in the Dioceses of London and Winchester the administration of Holy Communion at such consecrations is "not thought of," and expressed a resolution to coerce the Bishops, if he could, by an Act of Parliament, to consecrate in the way he liked, (which, however, he did not define.) The Bishop of Oxford came to the support of the Bishop of Salisbury, and the discomfiture of Lords Shaftesbury and Portman.

Among bills to be, just now, carefully looked after, may be named the four bills of the Lord Chancellor, [read once in the Lords], for carrying into effect the recommendations of the "Charity Commissioners,"—the "Burial Acts Amendment Bill," [in connexion with which it seems to be Mr. Pellat's design to confiscate still further the dues of the clergy, where any still remain,]—the "Church-Rate Abolition Bill" of Sir William Clay,—the "Dissenters Marriages Bill,"—and the "Cambridge University Bill." Full of mischief as some of these measures are, Churchmen will have little chance of amending or defeating them, if there be any relaxation of attention towards the end of the session.

GENERAL WILLIAMS arrived at Dover on Monday. Immediately the steamer drew alongside the quay, the Mayor and several of the authorities proceeded on board with Colonel Lake, to welcome him to the shores of England. Colonel Lake introduced the Mayor to General Williams, who, on thus being recognized by the large crowd who lined the quay, was cheered most enthusiastically. Loud hurrahs continued to rend the air while the gallant General, who was looking remarkably well, proceeded up the landing-stairs, and did not cease till he arrived at Birmingham's Royal Ship Hotel, where he had arranged to stay for a short period before proceeding to London. Immediately on reaching the "Ship" the corporation presented an address, offering their warmest congratulations on the General's safety, and expressing admiration of the defence of Kars, "scarcely paralleled in the annals of history, not only for the energy and skill of the commander, but also for the courage and endurance, amid the trials of famine and disease, and the horrors of the assault, of those brave soldiers whom it was your good fortune to command." General Williams replied as follows:—

"Mr. Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen—In returning thanks for the honor you have done me, it is in terms inadequate to express my feelings that I do so. Seldom if ever, called on to address a body of ladies and gentlemen such as I now see, I labor under difficulties of no ordinary character; but I assure you I feel most deeply the honor you have done me. I feel it the more, perhaps, in consequence of this day being the anniversary of the day on which General Mouravieff appeared before Kars. (Cheers.) For myself, I thank God for having preserved me through so many dangers, and that it has been my fortune to serve the Queen in such a manner. I am thankful that it has pleased Her Most Gracious Majesty to shower on me so many honours; I am thankful that I have obtained the goodwill of this glorious country; and especially that I have been spared to witness the manifestation of it this day. In addressing an assemblage of my countrymen on landing upon British soil I have more than one duty to perform; and the first is to allude to those brave men who surrounded me in the hour of extreme distress, who were indefatigable in discharging their duty under the trying circumstances in which they were placed, and who supported and cheered me under every difficulty. They never once flagged in the performance of their duties, day or night. By day they were at their posts—at night they were in the trenches. But, while I feel the greatest pleasure in alluding to their glorious conduct, I have a melancholy duty to perform, and a tribute to pay to departed heroism and worth—to the memory of one of my brave companions, Captain Thompson. It was only the day before yesterday, while at Paris, that I heard of his sever illness, and little did I then think that the scenes of this world would soon close upon him. I had looked forward to visiting his mother's house, and cheering him as he had

so frequently cheered me. Unfortunately, unhappily, it has been ordered otherwise. The only consolation which can be offered to his widowed mother is, that her lamented son died a glorious specimen of an English officer. I can assure you that he was never daunted; that when reduced to a skeleton by dire disease he was not prevented from doing his duty day or night. Poor Mrs. Thompson will have the consolation which has been the only consolation experienced by many mothers during the present war—they have given their sons to the service of the country! And if the day comes when the repetition of this sacrifice shall be necessary, I believe there will be thousands who will give up their offspring as readily as the mothers who are now weeping for the loss of theirs: for woe to that nation that forgets the military art! Woe to that nation—woe to that nation which heaps up riches but which does not take the precaution to defend them. I have passed through armed Europe, and I take this the earliest opportunity of uttering a warning to those who forget the military art. Cheers.

I have another duty to perform; and that is, to recall the courage and discipline of those brave Turks under Selim Pacha, their commanding officer, and the Turkish general officers, who supported me in every trying situation, and who, from the first moment of entering the place to the last, were my friends and councillors. I thank them from this spot, and bear testimony to their valour; for it would have been impossible for the Turkish army to show more endurance and true courage than they did. (Loud cheers.) I have another duty to perform, in doing which I turn to our former enemies, now our friends, the Russians. When dire necessity obliged me to go into the camp of General Mouravieff, I went to a brave man, who received me with a kindness and a high-mindedness I shall never cease to remember. An army irritated with dreadful losses and the other casualties of war received me when I went among them, not as an enemy, but as a comrade—received me not with the skin-deep politeness displayed when two gentlemen meet, but with the politeness of the heart. General Mouravieff is a man of the olden time. He is a stern man, but I believe that if there is an honest man on earth it is he. I have heard it said that a project has been debated in England having for its object the presentation of a testimonial of British esteem to General Mouravieff. I can only say that he and his brave army have my greatest esteem. He not only received me kindly, but in the hour of sickness he visited me, and in all my intercourse with him he acted as a brave and chivalrous man should act. In Kars he found a half-starved, half-clothed army. He fed and clothed them. Nor was he less attentive to the wants of those in whom the seeds of disease were sown, and in whom famine had more than half accomplished its deadly work. (Loud cheers.) I must also tell you that in passing through Russia, from one end of the Empire to the other, I have experienced in no small degree the friendship and charm of Russian society. When I arrived at St. Petersburg the Emperor received me in so kind a manner that nothing could have exceeded it. That kindness was again repeated at Berlin, where no man could have been received with greater honor. The King of Prussia and the young Prince, who is at present in England, and who is soon to be allied to England by ties more close and binding than at present, met me at the head of the troops, and treated me with the greatest possible consideration. I return them my most sincere thanks from this British ground. (Cheers.) The kindness and consideration which, as I tell you, were vouchsafed to me in Russia and Germany were repeated in France, when I arrived among our brave allies the French. God grant that that alliance may hold good for many years to come! (Loud and prolonged cheering.) The day before yesterday I was presented to the Emperor, from whom, some time since, I had the distinguished honor of receiving the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour. I was sorry that, having sent it to England, I was unable to wear it upon my breast upon that occasion; and I expressed that regret to the Emperor, and explained the reason, upon which his Majesty immediately rose from his seat and said, 'I will get you another.' In a moment he brought me out the star of Grand Commander of the order, which he presented to me. (Loud Cheers.) I felt that the act was towards the British nation, not towards me; it was totally unexpected and uncalculated for. And now that I have arrived home among you I feel that I am witnessing the happiest days of my life. (Cheers.) Mr. Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen, I thank you most heartily for your kind expressions, and for the consideration with which you have listened to me."

At the conclusion of the speech the usual applause observed on such occasions was thrown aside, and notwithstanding the presence of the ladies a hearty cheer resounded through the apartment. Cheers were also given for Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Mr. Secretary Churchill, as well as "one cheer for the Russian General." The cheer was echoed from the outside of

the hotel, in front of which an immense crowd of persons had collected. Loud calls were also made for General Williams, who on his presenting himself at the balcony in company with the Mayor, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The Mayor also begged Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, and Mr. Secretary Churchill to present themselves at the windows, and the cheering at each presentation was renewed. The shipping in the harbour and the principal houses in the vicinity were gaily decorated with flags. General Williams afterwards partook of a *déjeuner* with the authorities, provided at the Ship Hotel, and then left for London.

LAST MOMENTS AND EXECUTION OF WILLIAM PALMER.

The High Sheriff, Colonel Dyott, accompanied by Mr. Hand, the Under Sheriff, arrived at the gaol soon after seven o'clock, and they at once proceeded to the prisoner's cell, where they found him in earnest conversation with the Rev. Mr. Goodacre, the Chaplain. After a short interval had elapsed, the High Sheriff enquired of the prisoner whether he was ready to admit the justice of his sentence. Palmer replied, at the same time making most energetic gesticulations, "No, I do not. I have been murdered," or "They are my murderers." He did not say to whom he alluded, but he repeated that they were his murderers, and he would not acknowledge his sentence to be a just one. The High Sheriff and the chaplain having remained until the prisoner had been pinioned, they left the cell for a short time, when it was suggested that, at the last moment, it might be advisable again to give the prisoner an opportunity of unbosoming himself, and Colonel Dyott and the Rev. Mr. Goodacre then again entered his cell. At this moment all the preparations were completed. The unhappy man was pinioned, the executioner was standing by him, and nothing was required to complete the fatal proceeding but the signal to move forward to the scaffold. At this awful moment the reverend chaplain in a solemn tone, inquired of the prisoner whether he would not admit that his sentence was a just one, and the prisoner in a firm tone replied, "It is not a just sentence," and the chaplain upon this rejoined, "Then your blood be upon your own head." The prisoner made no reply to this observation.

It was now within a few minutes of 8 o'clock, and a signal being given, the procession, headed by the Chaplain, moved slowly from the condemned cell. Palmer was dressed in a grey prison suit, of the most coarse description, and precisely of the same kind as that worn by paupers. The cell in which the prisoner was confined was upon a gallery, which was reached by a flight of iron steps. The prisoner walked trippingly down these steps, and did not evince the slightest emotion. When he got to the bottom he observed Major Fulford standing with some of the other gaol officials, and as he passed he bowed to him in a most easy off-hand manner, as though he had been passing a friend under the most ordinary circumstances. His coolness and self-possession astonished every one. The distance from this part of the prison to the drop was considerable, and throughout the whole of it Palmer walked with a firm and confident step. When he recognized any of the officers of the gaol, he went up to them and shook hands. During the whole time the Chaplain was reading the burial service, and the Chapel bell was tolling, and hardly any one was unmoved except the prisoner, who, during the whole of the trying scene, did not exhibit the slightest traces of emotion. Upon arriving at the gaol entrance, in front of which the drop was erected, Palmer tripped lightly up the ladder, and of his own accord placed himself under the beam, and the executioner at once proceeded to adjust the rope round his neck. He was then about to retire from the scaffold, when he apparently recollected that he had not drawn the cap over the prisoner's face, and he returned and placed it over his head, and when he had done so the prisoner shook hands with him, and exclaimed "God bless you." The bolt was then drawn, and the prisoner appeared to be dead almost instantaneously. He had a handkerchief in one of his hands at the time that he mounted the scaffold, and upon his falling, his arms appeared almost instantaneously to drop by his side, and he never raised them, and appeared to die without a struggle; and, when he was cut down, the handkerchief was found tightly clenched in his hand, and this was the only symptom of his having made any convulsive effort.

The body, after hanging an hour, was cut down and placed in a shell, and conveyed into the gaol, when a cast of the head was taken by Mr. Bridges, the curator of the Liverpool Phrenological Society, who had obtained the authority of the visiting justices for this purpose. The features bore a placid appearance, and did not exhibit any symptom of the wretched man having died a violent death.

It was computed by competent persons that there were at least 25,000 persons present at the execution, and the number would, no doubt, have been much greater; but from the state of the weather, it having rained in torrents, and almost without intermission, the whole of Friday night, and down nearly to the time appointed for the execution.

Immediately after the cast of the head was taken the body was replaced in the shell, which was then filled with quick lime, and the lid fastened down; and the body was then buried in one of the passages of the gaol, in conformity with the terms of the sentence.

Mr. John Smith, of Birmingham, remained in London on Friday until the latest moment, endeavoring to obtain a reprieve. He then, at the earnest solicitation of the prisoner, started for Stafford; but being too late for the express train from London, he proceeded to Wolverhampton, whence he posted to Stafford Gaol.

It was half-past ten at night before he arrived. The result of his interview with the condemned man is stated in the following telegraphic despatch, which reached a friend in London at half-past one:—

"My interview ended in Palmer's making me pledge myself that Cook's body should be exhumed, and that he was never poisoned by strychnia. Palmer was as cool as though any ordinary question had been discussed. "God help him!"