

The Bazaar.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—ACTS XVII. 11.

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CEASE YE FROM MAN, WHOSE BREATH IS IN HIS NOSTRILS.—Is. ii. 22.
From creatures of a day can smile or frown
Affect thy time: selt? If that within
Be low and sordid, can they bear thee up?
If lofty, can their bidding cast thee down?
Why should a high-born spirit care to win
From gifts of man's caprice a golden cup?
From praise of fellow-worms a tinsel crown?
Over the hidden penance can they have power
To whom no answering thought thy soul could bind?
Cease thou from man: and be thy glorious dower
The bright approval of the Heavenly Mind:
And thus the suffrage of Earth's good and wise,
Thy chosen few,—thou meritest to find.
Thou need'st not more,—and more thou wouldst not
prize.

A. W. M.
Episcopal Recorder.

THE DELIGHT OF KNOWING GOD.

Suppose a machine, the sight of which would raise, and discoveries in its contrivance gratify, our curiosity; the real delight, in this case, would arise from its being the effect of skill and contrivance. The skill in the mind of the artificer would be an higher object, if we had any senses or ways to discern it. For, observe, the contemplation of that principle, faculty, or power, which produced any effect, must be an higher exercise of the understanding than the contemplation of the effect itself. The cause must be an higher object to the mind than the effect.

But whoever considers distinctly what the delight of knowledge is, will see reason to be satisfied that it cannot be the chief good of man: All this, as it is applicable, so it was mentioned with regard to the attribute of goodness. I say, goodness. Our being and all our enjoyments are the effects of it: Just men bear its resemblance: But how little do we know of the original, of what it is in itself? Recall what was before observed concerning the affection to moral characters; which, in how low a degree soever, yet is plainly natural to man, and the most excellent part of his nature: Suppose this improved, as it may be improved, to any degree whatever, "in the spirits of just men made perfect;" and then suppose that they had a real view of that "righteousness, which is an everlasting righteousness;" of the conformity of the divine will to the law of truth, in which the moral Attributes of God consist; of that goodness in the sovereign mind, which gave birth to the universe; and, what will be true of all good men hereafter, a consciousness of having an interest in what they are contemplating; suppose them able to say, "This God is our God for ever and ever?" Would they be any longer to seek for what was their chief happiness, their final good? Could the utmost stretch of their capacities look further? Would not infinite perfect goodness be their very end, the last end and object of their affections; beyond which they could neither have, nor desire; beyond which they could not form a wish or thought?

Consider wherein that presence of a friend consists, which has often so strong an effect, as wholly to possess the mind, and entirely suspend all other affections and regards; and which itself affords the highest satisfaction and enjoyment. He is within reach of the senses. Now, as our capacities of perception improve, we shall have, perhaps by some faculty entirely new, a perception of God's presence with us, in a nearer and stricter way; since it is certain he is more intimately present with us than any thing else can be. Proof of the existence and presence of any being, is quite different from the immediate perception, the consciousness of it. What then will be the joy of heart, which his presence, and "the light of his countenance," who is the life of the universe, will inspire good men with, when they shall have a sensation, that he is the sustainer of their being, that they exist in him; when they shall feel his influence to cheer, and enliven, and support their frame, in a manner of which we have now no conception? He will be, in a literal sense, "their strength and their portion for ever."

When we speak of things so much above our comprehension, as the employment and happiness of a future state, doubtless it behoves us to speak with all modesty and distrust of ourselves. But the Scripture represents the happiness of that state, under the notions of "seeing God, seeing him as he is, knowing as we are known, and seeing face to face." These words are not general or undetermined, but express a particular determinate happiness. And I will be bold to say, that nothing can account for, or come up to these expressions, but only this, that God himself will be an object to our faculties; that he himself will be our happiness, as distinguished from the enjoyments of the present state, which seem to arise, not immediately from him, but from the objects he has adapted to give us delight.

To conclude: Let us suppose a person tired with care and sorrow, and the repetition of vain delights which fill up the round of life; sensible that every thing here below, in its best estate, is altogether vanity. Suppose him to feel that deficiency of human nature, before taken notice of; and to be convinced that God alone was the adequate supply to it, what could be more applicable to a good man, in this state of mind, or better express his present wants and distant hopes, his passage through this world as a progress towards a state of perfection, than the following passages in the devotions of the royal prophet? They are plainly in an higher and more proper sense, applicable to this, than they could be to anything else. "I have seen an end of all perfection. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so length my soul after thee, O God. My soul is athirst for God; yea even for the living God; When shall I come to appear before him? Flow excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! And the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of thy wings: They shall be satisfied with the plenteousness of thy house: And thou shalt give them drink of thy pleasure, as out of the river. For with thee is the well of life: And in thy light shall we see light. Blessed is the man, whom thou choosest, and receivest unto thee: He shall dwell in thy courts, and shall be satisfied with the pleasure of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in thee: they shall walk in the light of thy countenance. Their delight shall be daily in thy names; and in thy righteousness shall they make their boast. For thou art the glory of their strength; and in thy loving-kindness they shall be exalted. As for me, I will behold thy presence in righteousness: and when I awake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it. Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy presence is the fulness of joy and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore."—Bishop Butler, *Sermon upon the love of God.*

AUTHORITY OF THE APOSTLES' CREED.

That in the more ancient times there was no one form generally fixed and agreed upon, to omit other arguments that persuade it, is hence probable, for that the most learned and generally knowing persons of those times, when in their apologies against disbelievers for Christianity, or in their assertions of its genuine principles and doctrines against misbelievers, they by the nature and sequel of their discourse, are engaged to sum up the principal doctrines of our religion, they do not yet (as readers did require, and they could hardly have avoided doing, had there been any such constantly and universally settled or avowed form) allege any such; but rather from their own observation of the common sense agreed upon, and in their own expression, set down those main doctrines wherein the chief churches did consent; as may be seen by divers of them, especially by Tertullian, the oldest of the Latins, if we compare several places wherein he delivers the rule of faith, (as he constantly calls it, that is, such a summary of Christian principles by which the truth of doctrines concerning matters therein touched might be examined;) wherein I say he delivers such rules of faith to the same purpose in sense, but in language somewhat different, yet never referring to any standing and more authentic form. Among these forms, that which now passes under the title of the Apostles' Creed (about which we discourse) seems to have been peculiar to the Roman Church, and that very antiently, (as to the chief articles thereof, for it appears that in process of time it hath been somewhat altered, especially by addition;) and because it had been used from such antiquity, that its original composition and use were not known, was presumed to have derived from the Apostles, the first planters of that church (as it was then usual to repute all immemorial customs to be deduced from apostolical tradition;) or possibly because the Roman Church (as in common belief founded by the two great apostles, Peter and Paul) was by way of excellency, called the apostolical church, and the succession of Roman bishops *sedes apostolica*, so whatever belonged to that church obtained the same denomination; and among the rest the Roman symbol might, for that reason, be called *symbolum apostolicum*; that is, *symbolum ecclesie apostolice*. For that it was compiled by joint advice, or by particular contributions of all the Apostles, is a conceit sustained by very weak grounds, and assailed by very strong objections; as that a matter of so illustrious remarkableness, and of so great concernment, should be nowhere mentioned in the Apostolic Acts, nor by any authentic record attested, (and, indeed, had it been so testified, it must have attained canonical authority;) that it was not received by all churches; and that those which used the substance thereof were so bold therewith as to alter and enlarge it, are considerations ordinarily objected thereto; but that which most effectually to my seeming doth render such original thereof altogether uncertain (and doth amount almost to a demonstration against it, I mean against the truth, or, which is all one in matters of this nature, its certainty of being composed by the Apostles,) is that which I before intimated; viz: that the most ancient (and those the most inquisitive and best seen in such matters) were either wholly ignorant that such a form, pretending the apostles for its authors, was extant, or did not accord to its pretence, or did not at all rely upon the authenticity thereof; otherwise (as I before urged) it is hardly possible that they should not have in most direct and express manner alleged it, and used its authority against those wild heretics who impugned some points thereof.

Nothing can be more evident than such an argument (as it was more obvious than not to be taken notice of, so it) must needs carry a great strength and efficacy with it; and would have much more served their purpose, for convincing their adversaries, than a rule (of the same sense and import) collected from their own observation, and composed in their own expression; and that argument, which they so much insist on drawn from the common consent of the apostolic churches, could not have been more strongly enforced, (nor the ground thereof more clearly evidenced,) than by propounding the attention of this form, if such an one there had been commonly received and acknowledged: and if they were ignorant or uncertain thereof, afterwards could not be more skillful or sure in the point. I speak not this with intent to derogate from the reputation of this Creed, or to invalidate that authority, whereof it hath so long time stood possessed; for, as for the parts thereof, which were undoubtedly most ancient, the matter of them is so manifestly contained in the Scripture, and, supposing the truth of Christianity itself, they are so certain, that they need no other authority to support them, than what Christianity itself subsists on; and for other points afterwards added, they cannot, by virtue of being inserted there, pretend to apostolical authority; but for their establishment must insist on some other base. It is, in general, sufficient (that which we acknowledge) to beget a competent reverence thereto, that it was of so ancient use in the principal, and for long time (till ambition and avarice, and the consequences of general confusion, ignorance, corruption, over-spreading the earth, did soil it) the fairest perhaps and most sober church in the world; that it was, I say, in so illustrious a place, so near the Apostles' time, made and used, (and might thence seem probably to derive from some of them,) may conciliate much respect thereto; but yet since it is not thoroughly certain that it was composed by any of them, nor hath obtained the same authority, with their undoubted writings, whatever is therein contained must be explained according to and be proved by them; and cannot otherwise constrain our faith. —Dr. Isaac Barrow's *Exposition on the Creed.*

THE HIGHLAND GLEN.

Time of plenty.—I will not stop to tell of sketching and climbing, and of boggy swamps that threatened to impede our way to the most desirable points of view. I will only say that we were thoroughly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, when, after some hours spent in exploring, we turned our steps towards a "house of refreshment" which our boatmen had pointed out. They had promised to announce our approach, and accordingly we found the table spread with fresh-made oat-cake, still hot and crisp, a large bowl of rich cream, fresh butter, a bottle of whisky, and a drinking-horn.

The "house of refreshment" was, however, nothing more than a rough Highland hut, situated at the foot of the old road up the glen, if road that could be called which was formed of a succession of vast ledges of rock from three to five feet high; such as it is, it is the only opening among the mountains, that bare and rugged, rise abruptly on all sides, and it is bordered by a narrow track, down which the drovers still conduct their flocks and herds, unless when it is flooded by the mountain torrents, that rush thundering through the glen, and discharge themselves through a chasm in the rock to the left of the hut, forming one of the small streams the feed that lake. A huge, shapeless mass of rock rises just opposite this rustic shelter, and must serve to break the violence of the blasts that sweep the glen, though it also hides the romantic beauties of its entrance.

A little group of three or four children were clambering over the rocks, and dragging huge branches of the bracken, which they had been out to get, as litter for the favourite cow that stood in a byre or shed at one end of the hut. At the sound of their ringing laughter they drew near, a rough, wiry-headed tabby cat, that had been basking in the sun, put up her back, and after leisurely stretching herself and pawing and rubbing herself against each in turn, turning up her green eyes as if she expected a caress in answer to her greeting. The bracken was dragged to the cow-shed, and then with a yell of self-gratulation, or of hunger, we cannot precisely say which, the whole number rushed into the room we occupied, and as suddenly disappeared through a side door.

Our meal dispatched, and neither waiter nor hostess appearing, we had leisure to survey the apartment. The centre was supported on what was literally a roof-tree, for a venerable beech, that had, perhaps, been the original attraction to the site, still upheld the simple framework of the roof, raised aloft on its double-twisted stem, selected, doubtless, for its promise of double strength. In one corner of the room stood a solid oaken chest, the receptacle of the meal that supplied the family with food; opposite was a bed, or rather shake-down, for it was on the floor, but looked very clean and comfortable; on the third side the peat was giving out its red heat from a spacious hearth, and indeed induced such a feeling of suffocation, that we would fain have opened the window for a little fresh air from the mountains. The massive frame-work, however, was not made to open; it seemed calculated rather to exclude light as well as air, for the proportion of glass was small indeed; so in despair I went to the side door, and in opening it, nearly tumbled through, for the earth (there was no flooring) had sunk so much at the threshold as to have left a sort of trench. I recovered myself and stepped over, and there were the four barefooted urchins with their curly heads and their rosy cheeks, the very picture of health and glee, standing round a three-legged stool on which their mother had set a large bowl of smoking potatoes and milk. They were sipping and eating, and just as I entered the room, the elder boy having fished up a particularly attractive, floury bit of potato between his finger and thumb, ran to the baby, a fine child of some ten or eleven months old, who was sitting on its mother's knee, and began to cram its tiny mouth with the delicious morsel which broke and crumbled and fell into the infant's lap; the petted baby smiled and laughed, and helped to pick up the crumbs, and put them, not into her own mouth, but her mother's. "That's a braw lassie, aye to gie the bit and sup afore you tak' it yourself;" and the child, at the sound of its mother's voice, turned to her, and forgot the potato and nestled in her bosom, and she bent her head over the bonnie wee thing, and gave it a long fond kiss, as though it had been her first-born. She was seated on a low oaken bench, such as in England is called a settle, and a light screen behind her prevented her seeing our entrance.

We stood for a moment looking on the scene of simple, domestic happiness before us, and then introducing ourselves by a few words of greeting, to the group around the bowl, we thanked the hostess for our reasonable refreshment, and asked what we should pay. "Oh, naething, just naething," was the reply; "ye're wanderers and frae frae hame, and ye're welcome." We remonstrated. She shook her head, saying, "God has gien us plenty, and he bids us use hospitality, and ye winna gainsay his bidding, so just gang in peace," she added, laughing good humouredly, "for ye're frae—, I guess, and ye'll hae a long pull hame."

It was indeed getting late, and the thought of four hours on the lake in the dark, had a hurrying tendency, so pointing to the Bible and hymnbook on the shelf above the children's bed, we bade her remember us in their evening worship, and slipping some silver into the children's hands, we took our leave. We had not gone many yards before we met a Highlander with a net at his back, and a basket of fish before him, and the shout of delight which in another moment burst from the cot, proved him to be, as we had supposed, the father of the group within. Before we had gone far, we heard a sonorous voice raising the evening hymn, and anon the sound of shrill and infant voices mingling with it. We could not stop to listen, but we joined in heart, and as a fresh breeze from the mountain passed brought the sweet sounds once more to our ear, we fervently exclaimed (as again they died away) in the words of their native poet—
"May he who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Yet, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

Time of Famine.—Eighteen months had passed over

the Highland cottage, and in their brief course had swept away almost all that it had once contained of the appliances of domestic usefulness and comfort; for the scarcity which had been felt on the partial failure of the general failure of the following year, advanced through the successive stages of privation and destitution, till it might now truly be said in the simple, but emphatic language of Scripture, that "the famine was sore in the land," for "their food had been destroyed, and means of purchasing other food they have not."

It is about the second week in January 1847, that we would again introduce our friends to the home of the McKenzies. An air of desolation now reigned around it,—all was still. There was no hum of children's voices making glad the lonely glen; the fowls that had gathered round the cottage-door were no longer to be seen, the pig-stye was empty, the stream was frost-bound.

The thatch which had been secured by birch twigs linked together in the Highland fashion, and kept down by a great stone suspended from the twisted ends, and dangling in front, was half off. The elder-bush that had grown beside the shed was gone, and its hollow branches no longer creaked in the wintry blast, for when labour was scarce, and peat was three times its usual price, any thing that would serve for firing was little likely to be spared. The interior of the cottage offered a sad and striking contrast to the scene of joy and plenty it had presented before.

The table, formerly so hospitably spread for us, was gone; the meal-chest, the children's bed, the comfortable settle, each in its turn had been parted with for food; the inner door was broken, and there were the bairns, no longer fresh, rosy, full of life and vigour; they had ceased to attend the school; they had ceased to climb the over-hanging rocks, and splash and dabble, like so many wild birds, in the stream that foamed beneath the ledge on which the cottage stood. Poor children! they were all lying huddled together on a mattress, with a dirty blanket over it; their old pet the grey cat curled up among the group. They were scarcely covered, for the one scanty, tattered garment which did not reach the knees, showed the deep poverty that had fallen on the parents. They were anxiously waiting for the hour when the little portion of milk which the wretched half, no, not half-fed cow still yielded, was to be divided among them. It was now three days since they had tasted any other nourishment, and McKenzie and his wife began to think it would be better to sell or kill the cow, than thus to see their little ones pining away beneath the united pangs of cold and hunger. But there had been no fire upon the hearth that day; for the few peats that remained were husbanded to dress the meal that they were daily hoping might, through some providential channel, come to them. And the children awoke at night, crying with cold; and one of them sobbed, and said,—"Collie is always warm. Oh! mother, let me gang sleep wi' Collie; for Robin and Moggie are like the frost to me." The father spoke not, but he went to the shed and led in the poor miserable-looking cow, that staggered from weakness as it stepped over the stones at the door. He brought it to the side of the children's bed, and when it lay down, they stretched themselves upon it, and the gentle creature, that in happier days had been caressed and often wreathed with garlands of the broom and heather by them, turned its head and fixed its large mild eye upon them, as though sensible of their sufferings and pleased to minister to them; and for some hours suffering was forgotten in sleep.

The following morning work was brought that there was work to be had at —, across the hills, and that perhaps McKenzie might be able to get some. He sighed heavily, but he nodded assent, and, bidding his wife get the Bible from the shelf, and beckoning to the children to come and stand around him, he read the twenty-third Psalm, and his voice became firm and clear as he said,—"I shall not want;" for he said it in David's spirit, and he believed it in his heart, and the sense of his failing strength that had clouded his brow, gave place to the assurance of faith, as he read the promise of the Staff that is of power to support the weak. And when he had prayed that in the night of the promise he might go forth, he sang the hymn as usual; and it was a hymn of praise, so that the passing stranger might still have thought it went up from light and happy hearts. And so, indeed, it did; for how "shall the righteous be made sad, whom I have not made sad?" saith the Lord God.

The morning-worship over, McKenzie started on his long and toilsome walk. The embankment, which was the scene of labour, was full ten miles off over moor and mountain, but he got there after two hours' hard walking, and applied for employment. He was received, and at the end of the day was paid one shilling for his toil; and he went further ere he turned towards his home, to spend his earnings in meal for his family. It was late ere he reached his cabin; his little ones had cried themselves to sleep. His wife, after watching long for his return, oft turning to her sleeping children in the sickness of hope deferred, and then again straining her eyes to look through the casement for her husband, had seated herself at the foot of the bed with her hands clasped tightly together, the indication of a strong mental effort to repress the feelings of anxious suspicion that were busy at her heart, and thus McKenzie found her. He showed the bag of meal, and told her that he had no doubt of being employed at the embankment while the works were in progress; but as he spoke, his words became tremulous, his hand dropped, and he would have fallen, if his wife had not supported; and half dragged him to the bed. Reader, you have read in books of fancy and fiction, scenes of imaginary faintings from imaginary sources of emotion and suffering, and, perhaps, you have wept at them; and for such imaginary distresses, your tears were enough, nay, all too much. They will not suffice here. McKenzie had walked ten miles to his labour. He had honestly put forth all his strength to his appointed task, he had made a circuit of six miles to get the oatmeal for his children ere he set out on his homeward path. "All this he had done; and he had not tasted food that day. His wife succeeded so far in reviving him, that he raised his head and looked around, but he could not speak. She looked for a sup of milk in the earthen

jar—their only remaining vessel of any kind,—but it was empty. The poor respited cow gave what she could—a scanty supply, all thin and watery, and unlike the rich abundance she had formerly yielded; still it was precious, and as Margaret saw the colour stealing over her husband's wan face, she was thankful that Collie had been spared. If they could but manage to keep her alive still; but the skin hung in huge wrinkles over the projecting bones, and, except the dry and withered bracken, fodder there was none for her.

To kindle the few smouldering peats that lay upon the hearth, and to prepare a mess of porridge for her husband, was Margaret's next care, but McKenzie protested that he was abundantly refreshed already, and that he was too sleepy to wait for the cooking of the porridge. Margaret urged him, but he would not be persuaded, and they closed the day with prayer and reading, and together joined in praising Ilm who had made good his promise in the morning, and supplied their need,—"I shall not want;" and as they lay down on their heather mattress with their little ones, all sense of want was gone, and filled with the consciousness of their Heavenly Father's presence with them, and of his love towards them, his everlasting love in Christ Jesus, they slept in peace! Reader, what would they have had to sustain their fainting spirits, if they had been living without God in the world?

[The above is taken from a little work by Matilda Wrench, which commences with an account of a visit to the Serpent's Fall, at the head of Loch Leven, and besides the extract we have given of the time of famine, relates many further details of suffering in the family till the time when substantial relief was brought to those who survived. The incidents are stated to be all facts, and the work is, by permission, dedicated to Queen Adelaide.]

DR. HAMPDEN'S NOMINATION TO THE EPISCOPATE.

From the *European Times*, December, 18, 1847.

The following important correspondence has taken place in reference to the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford:—

"My Lord,—We, the undersigned Bishops of the Church of England, feel it our duty to represent to your lordship, as head of her Majesty's Government, the apprehension and alarm which have been excited in the minds of the clergy by the rumoured nomination to the see of Hereford of Dr. Hampden, in the soundness of whose doctrine the University of Oxford has affirmed, by a solemn decree, its want of confidence. We are persuaded that your lordship does not know how deep and general a feeling prevails on this subject, and we consider ourselves to be acting only in the discharge of our bounden duty, both to the Crown and to the Church, when we respectfully but earnestly express to your lordship our conviction that if this appointment be completed, there is the greatest danger both of the interruption of the peace of the Church, and of the disturbance of the confidence which it is most desirable that the clergy and laity of the Church should feel in every exercise of the Royal supremacy, especially as regards that very delicate and important particular, the nomination to vacant sees. We have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient servants,

"C. J. LONDON. "RICH. BATH & WELLS.
"C. WINTON. "J. H. GLOSTER & BRISTOL.
"J. LINCOLN. "E. SARUM.
"CHR. BANGOR. "A. T. CHICHESTER.
"HUGH CARLISLE. "J. ELY.
"G. ROCHESTER. "SAML. OXON.
"To the Right Hon. the Lord John Russell, &c."

"Chesham-place, Dec. 8, 1847.

"My Lords,—I have had the honour to receive a representation signed by your lordships on the subject of the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford. I observe that your lordships do not state any want of confidence on your part in the soundness of Dr. Hampden's doctrine. Your lordships refer me to a decree of the University of Oxford, passed eleven years ago, and founded upon lectures delivered fifteen years ago. Since the date of that decree Dr. Hampden has acted as Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and many bishops, as I am told, have required certificates of attendance on his lectures before they proceeded to ordain candidates who had received their education at Oxford. He has likewise preached sermons, for which he has been honoured with the approbation of several prelates of our Church. Several months before I named Dr. Hampden to the Queen for the see of Hereford, I signified my intention to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and did not receive from him any discouragement. In these circumstances, it appears to me, that should I withdraw my recommendation of Dr. Hampden, which has been sanctioned by the Queen, I should virtually assent to the doctrine that a decree of the University of Oxford is a perpetual ban of exclusion against a clergyman of eminent learning and irreproachable life, and that, in fact, the supremacy which is now by law vested in the Crown is to be transferred to a majority of the members of one of our Universities. Nor should it be forgotten, that many of the most prominent among that majority have since joined the communion of the Church of Rome. I deeply regret the feeling that is said to be common among the clergy on this subject. But I cannot sacrifice the reputation of Dr. Hampden, the rights of the Crown, and what I believe to be the true interests of the Church, to a feeling which I believe to be founded on misapprehension, and fomented by prejudice. At the same time I thank your lordships for an interposition which I believe to be intended for the public benefit. —I have, &c.

"J. RUSSELL.
"To the Right Revs. the Bishops of London, Winchester, Lincoln, &c."

By some mistake the name of the Bishop of Exeter did not appear in the above list. The Bishop accordingly opened a correspondence to the same effect, on his own account. These proceedings have but little influence on Lord John Russell, as the order for a *congé d'élire*, and a recommendation of Dr. Hampden, appeared in the Gazette of Tuesday last

Second statement of the Destitution committee.