

fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more. Except Dr. Chalmers, I have not for many years seen so beautiful an old man. . . . Yesterday saw the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession from Bath House second-floor windows; a painful, miserable kind of thing to me and others of a serious turn of mind. The one true man of official men in England, or that I know of in Europe, concludes his long course. The military music sounded, and the tramp of feet and the roll of guns and coaches, to him inaudible for evermore. The regiment he first served in was there, various regiments or battalions, one soldier from every regiment of the British line; about 4,000 soldiers in all. Nothing else in the sumptuous procession was of the least dignity. The car or hearse, a monstrous bronze mass, which broke through the pavement in various places, its weight being seven or ten tons, was of all the objects I ever saw the abominably ugliest, or nearly so. An incoherent huddle of expensive palls, flags, sheets and gilt emblems, and cross-poles, more like one of the street carts that hawk door-mats than the bier of a hero. Disgust was general at this vile *ne plus ultra* of Cockneyism; but poor Wellington lay dead beneath it, faring dumb to his long home. All people stood in deep silence and reverently took off their hats. In one of the Queen's carriages sat a man conspicuously reading the morning newspaper. Tennyson's verses are naught, silence alone is respectable on such an occasion.—*From Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

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TALENT is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.—*Lowell.*

PARTY is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.—*Pope.*