

the famous question, How was the Queen's government to be carried on, and yet he knew it to be right, and honest, and loyal to help to carry it on, and to keep in office the very men whose principles had, as he considered, made all government an impossibility. And shallow talkers think this an evidence of inconsistency, for they point to it as a proof of the Duke of Wellington's selfish desire to appropriate power. The nobler, and we believe the truer, view—the reconciling and the molting estimate—is to believe that, in all such cases, Arthur Wellesley saw but plain intelligible duty. If the University of Oxford deemed him likely to be a good and useful Chancellor, he accepted the office, because it was or because he thought it was, his duty. So with his Premiership—so with his various offices and commands, subordinate or paramount. He would have defended London against the Chartists, or have taken an Afghan command, or have mustered the Kentish Fencibles, or have bored through the drudgery and soppory of the Trinity Board, or have presided at an uncongenial Oxford Encyclopædia—or, if nobly else had been ready he would have sailed in the Channel fleet, or have become a Poor-law Guardian—all on the same simple, if unobtrusive, principle of duty.—He fought the Spanish campaigns, not because he had confidence in Downing-street, or in his recruits or allies, but because it was his definite personal work. He went to the Chapel Royal in the gray morning, because he knew it to be right; and he was present at every levee—and was ever the earliest and the foremost at every ceremonial and pageant, at a drawing-room, and at opera and wedding—because it was expected of him, and he thought it his duty not to disappoint legitimate expectation. In others, this apparent love of the *monstrari digno* would have easily degenerated into the commonplace passion for distinction; but in the Duke of Wellington it was sustained by a high and elevating principle. The Duke was above vulgar vanity. One who recognises duty in minute particulars, and who answers all calls, however trifling or onerous, on that true-hearted, self-devoting sense of duty, must obviously make himself prominent, and fill the public eye. And never did he fill it too largely. Never were those gray hairs unwelcome to any assemblage of Englishmen. Never was that stately presence, even when overcast by the shadow of toil and anxiety, seen in public, but it was cheered as that of our common friend, and councillor, and defender. Can those who witnessed it ever forget his oration at the opening of the Great Exhibition? And it is no small praise to recollect that, to flattery as to misunderstanding, his iron character was alike invulnerable.

#### From the New York Herald.

We publish to-day an account, received by telegraph, from Halifax, of the death of the greatest general England ever produced—the greatest of modern times, Napoleon excepted, and even of the superiority of the Corsican there is some doubt. He conquered Napoleon's brilliant marshals, and then Napoleon himself, who had conquered half the world. It is a curious fact, that he was the last survivor of all the old European generals, and all the marshals whom he had fought against.

#### From the Tribune.

The most important feature of the European news by the Canada, is the announcement of the death of the Duke of Wellington, which took place on the 14th of the present month. In this event, a conspicuous character in modern English history has passed away—a connecting link between the present and past generations—a man remarkable for the skill with which he availed himself of the fortunate combination of circumstances rather than for the pre-eminent intellectual endowments which are usually the condition of

the broad and brilliant reputation which he had long enjoyed.

The rise of Wellington was much slower than that of his great rival Napoleon, but his good fortune proved far more enduring. Napoleon was a genius; Wellington a soldier according to the most approved rules of the art of killing.—Napoleon's star was favored by the French Revolution; Wellington by his aristocratic birth and connections. Had France remained Bourbon, Bonaparte had never won a name in history; had England been a Republic, Wellington had never been famous. Napoleon's inspirations were transcendent; Wellington never missed an opportunity nor squandered two lives where one would suffice Napoleon, though at last defeated and disowned, fills the wider space in History; Wellington has fewer (if any) crimes recorded against him as a man. He was a strict disciplinarian and believed buying whatever his army needed, cheaper in the long run than taking it by force—wherein he differed from his great rival, and was clearly in the right.

#### From the New York Express.

"The mighty dead of England" have just had another great name added to their illustrious line. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, and Field Marshal of almost all first-rate powers of Europe is dead. The conqueror of Napoleon has fallen before that grim conqueror of us all, Death—but not before he had long survived three score years and ten which so few public men on either side of the Atlantic, in these days, seem fated to reach.

The name of Wellington is one which has been too familiar to all the world, during the last half century to make the writing of his history, now a matter of necessity.

England's heroic age may just be said to have died out when Wellington gave up the ghost. While he lived, the prestige of her military powers on the continent still lived, and so did the memory of Seringapatam, Assaye, and other glories of his early career, while winning victories for her at the head of an Anglo-Indian army in Asia. The military splendor of Europe and Asia, in the eye of an Englishman, shone with a living light in the person of Wellington, while France and Frenchmen, it may be said, had never learned to look upon the veteran, but as an obelisk—a monument of their days of humiliation, disaster, and defeat. That monument no longer stands, but on the page of history, and in the remembrances of men. Heaven grant that it may be the last France and England, or mankind anywhere, may have occasion ever to raise again.

#### From a Liverpool Paper.

Dulness reigns supreme. The death of the Duke of Wellington caused some sensation on Wednesday, when the fact was authenticated; for the telegraphic despatch of the previous night left it doubtful whether he had really ceased to exist. In the course of the morning however, all conjecture on this point was solved, and then the parish churches did honor to his memory by their mournful music, and the shops of the principal streets exhibited in their partial closing, an echo of the feeling. Although the deceased hero was always a great favourite with the people of Liverpool, he seems to have had a natural repugnance to enter the town. He has never been here since September, 1830, on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, when poor Huskisson was killed. The unfortunate statesman and the Duke were to have dined together at the Town-hall, at a banquet in honor of the opening of the line; and it was expected that this meeting would have been unusually interesting, as the Duke was then Premier, and he had not seen Mr. Huskisson since he dismissed him from the Cabinet, with the celebrated "There was no mistake, and there shall be no mistake" arising out of the East Redford disfranchisement vote of our late member. But as every one knows, the meeting never took place; for the accident which destroyed poor Huskisson's life occurred soon after leaving town, and the Duke never entered it again. Evidently, the remembrance of this dreadful catastrophe must have been an enduring impression on the Duke's mind; for, although he has been several times in Lancashire during the interval, he has invariably shunned Liverpool. Last year, it will be remembered, when the Queen visited our neighbor, Lord

Ellesmere, the Duke was present and attended the royal entry in Manchester, which was the last time he was in this part of the kingdom.

#### TORONTO RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY

On Tuesday evening, the first quarterly meeting of the Toronto Religious Knowledge Society was held in the Committee Rooms of the Temperance Hall, Rev. Mr. Johnston in the Chair. The meeting was opened with prayer, by Mr. Robert Dick, and the Constitution and Minutes of previous meetings were read by the Secretary, Mr. Charles Fletcher.

Mr. Dick, one of the Directors, then at some length submitted the report of his labours during the past quarter. He stated, that, during that time, with the partial assistance of one agent, he had sold 863 copies of the Scripture Manual, a number of Family Bibles, several copies of the Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Guiding Star, Christian Treasury, &c. His gross cash receipts were 228l. 10s. He had ordered, for a winter supply, other 500l. worth of the Scripture Manual, and had made arrangements for 4000l. worth of miscellaneous religious works, to be furnished at stated periods. While thus pursuing his labours as a colporteur, he had preached in various places throughout the country, on Sabbath Days, and twice a-week on week-nights, at an average, besides addressing Temperance meetings now and again, during the time.

Mr. Fletcher, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke at some length on the labours of the colporteur, —the wide field of usefulness opened up to him in this country—the importance of his labours to those among whom he mingled, as well as to the preparation of his own mind for the successful prosecution of his future ministerial labours. He considered that the student who has come from the study to the pulpit, has only learned half his subject. Mankind, in all their naturally depraved state, should be ever before his mind, and if the student left not the study to mix in some natural way with human nature as it presents itself in the every-day world, he had not yet begun to learn the evils with which he had to grapple, and his message would, in many cases, be ill adapted to accomplish the great end he had in view. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report.

Mr. John Tyner seconded the motion.

Mr. Uro congratulated the Society on the highly satisfactory nature of the report. He had joined the Society to aid in some way in the diffusion of books calculated to improve the mind, while engrossing the attention, but the efforts of Mr. Dick had far exceeded his most ardent anticipations. He rejoiced in the wide diffusion of so excellent works as the Scripture Manual, and the Gospel Plan of Salvation. These works were well fitted to lie side by side, on the shelf, with the Family Bible. Two hundred and twenty-eight pounds worth of such books could not be scattered upon the surface of society without proving an effective antidote to much of the questionable literature, so earnestly diffused amongst us. The perusal of those fascinating and, in many cases, immoral works, not only wasted the time and used up the spare money which ought to be more profitably invested, but they so poisoned the mind as to render it unfit for the prosecution of any beneficial or ennobling study. The results of the Society's labours in the first quarter of its existence afforded a cheering prospect for the future, as it was hoped a number of energetic colporteurs would soon be in the field.

The report was then adopted.

Mr. Dick gave an interesting account of some of his tours through the country, and stated that he had got twenty-five copies of the Scripture Manual entrusted to him by Mr. S.monds, to be distributed gratuitously. The only instructions were, to give them to fugitive slaves who could read, or to any other persons he thought proper. He had distributed five of these,