

ergies from which it is, to a great extent, taken. The essential qualities of devotional eloquence, conciseness, majestic simplicity, pathetic earnestness, and supplication, embodied by a profound reverence, are common between the translations and the originals. But in the subordinate graces of diction the originals must be allowed to be far inferior to the translations. And the reason is obvious. The technical phraseology of Christianity did not become a part of the Latin language till that language had passed the age of maturity, and was sinking into barbarism. But the technical phraseology of Christianity was found in the Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French long before the union of these two dialects had produced a third dialect superior to either. The Latin in the Roman Catholic services, therefore, is the Latin in the last stage of decay. The English of our services is English in all the vigor and suppleness of early youth. To the great Latin writers, to Terence and Lucretius, to Cicero and Cæsar, to Tacitus and Quintilian, the noblest compositions of Ambrose and Gregory would have seemed to be not merely bad writing, but senseless gibberish. The diction of our Book of Common Prayer, on the other hand, has directly or indirectly contributed to form the diction of almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished nonconformists, of such men as Robert Hall and David Hume.—*Macaulay.*

### News Department.

From Papers by Steamer Niagara, July 5.

#### ENGLAND.

A General Order states that the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has had the honor to receive her Majesty's commands that Major-General Sir William Fenwick Williams, Bart., K.C.B., be appointed to the command of the garrison at Woolwich, vice Lieut-General Whymster, C.B., resigned:—

"Viscount Hardinge has the greatest pleasure in notifying to the army this further mark of her Majesty's approbation of the conduct of so distinguished an officer.

The foresight and skill which marked all his arrangements in preparing the defence of Kars—his heroic conduct in repelling the assault of a brave enemy—leading the troops of her Majesty's army, aided by a small but devoted band of officers whose names will be a record in history—his constancy under sufferings and difficulties of the most appalling kind—his moral command over a large and famishing garrison, reduced at length to their last ration—have made the reputation of Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars a source of great pride to the artillery corps to which he belonged, to the army at large, and to his countrymen, who are equally loud in their admiration of his splendid achievement.

"The Field-Marshal cannot resist on this occasion expressing the universal sentiment of respect felt throughout the British army towards General Mousaviéff for the generous treatment which Sir Fenwick Williams and his garrison received from that distinguished Russian commander."

The past week was one of great oration to General Williams, the hero of Kars. The Corporation of London have voted him the freedom of the city, which is to be presented to him, accompanied by a sword valued at 100 guineas:—

At the Trinity House banquet, on Saturday week, as the last toast, Prince Albert proposed "the guest," coupling with the toast the health of that hero—(cheers)—whom Providence had allowed to return to them, after almost superhuman trials, and whose name would be imperishably connected with the history of British valour and endurance, "General Williams the hero of Kars." (General cheering.) General Williams rose, and thanked the distinguished company for the honor they had done him, and alluded to the expressions of kindness which he had everywhere received since his return to this country.

On Thursday he laid the foundation stone of the chapel of Harrow School, to be built as a memorial to the Harrovians who fell in the late war. In addressing the assemblage, he brought forward prominently on this, as he has done on every opportunity, his comrades at Kars. There was Colonel Lake, a Harrow man, Captain Teesdale, his aide-de-camp, and then there was my secretary, Mr. Churchhill, (and laying his hand on that gentleman's shoulder, the gallant General said, "Come forward, Churchhill, and draw him forward, he himself appearing much affected). Mr. Churchhill has (continued General Williams) though a civilian, done

great good in the service of his country." The gallant soldier continued:—

"I have addressed you collectively, but now I will say a word or two to the Harrow boys I see around me. It is strange that we all try to be thought well of after death, and the more we progress the more that feeling will be spread. Now of the list of names that Dr. Vaughan has read to you, of those Harrovians who fell in the war, it was my honour to know two or three of them well. Among others there is Major-General Estcourt, whom I always knew to be one of the best officers. Then there was Captain Peckell, who had title and fortune, was the only son, and yet he preferred honour and glory to staying at home. It is impossible to portray the fortitude of that noble man, and I feel sure if there had been two or three sons in that family they would have been given up their country. I therefore hope that those examples may be borne in mind by the Harrow boys I am now addressing. If they die in glory; if they live, they live for honour and reward. (Cheers.) Then, coming to the question of education, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that I feel very glad to think that positions in the army are to be thrown open to public competition. Of that I am very glad, but I must observe that we have not the books to teach those who are to become candidates. I hope the press of this country will take the matter up, and have the best works on the continent translated, for without proper elementary instruction nothing can be done."

Lord Palmerston, who was present, added a few words, urging the boys to take example from those who had fallen, and the gallant defender of Kars.

The military clubs have taken their part in the hearty welcome given to the hero. The Duke of Cambridge presided on Monday at a grand dinner at the United Service Club; but the grandest demonstration, so far as the speeches being reported, was at the Army and Navy Club. Covers were laid for one hundred and ten, and the chair was taken by Colonel Daniel, who, in proposing the toast of the day, said he could pay their guest no greater compliment than a noble Turk had done when he said "General Williams was no end of a man." The cheering that followed the toast is described as an exhibition of enthusiasm rarely before witnessed. Round upon round of cheering continued in rapid succession for several minutes. It was a grand scene, and the general returned thanks. In doing so, he said:—

"When I look around this room, and witness this scene, and then call to mind that I was one of the original members of the club—that out of the five and twenty years I have been in the army, I have passed three and twenty in foreign service, and that whenever I returned to England, either for recreation or on account of ill-health, this has been my home—that in this room I have breakfasted and dined day by day—I say to myself that if, for the day, I first put down my name as a member of the club, any man told me that I would live to see such a day as this, I would have conceived that he was whispering nonsense to me. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, assure you that what I say I feel; but the honours and encomiums which have been passed on me must not be accepted by myself alone. My career—whatever it may have been—which has received so much honor by history is associated with that of both my brother officers who are here this evening. But I must let you see Col. Lake, there sits the man who is continually by my side, working by day at the fortifications, and watching unceasingly by them at night. There, too, sits Teesdale. Alas! Thompson is no more. I cannot present him to you, but I can assure you that they never would have lived until the eventful day of the 29th of September, if I had not upon them the iron hand of discipline. For day by day they were engaged with the enemy, and it was by my stern word of command which preserved them up to the last day of the struggle. Let me also point out to you my young secretary, a youth whom I took with me from his mother, and who proceeded by step in his career, until the eventful day, when he commanded a battery; he did, I assure you, essential service to our cause. I wish to associate myself with these my gallant companions in arms, to share with them the honor which you have heaped upon me. I have a sacred duty to perform, in bringing to your notice the constant encouragement which I received from the Minister of State whom I was particularly engaged, I mean Clarendon. His despatches, when they arrived among us, produced, as it were, a kind of electric shock, which impelled us to go on. We were not the time a melancholy

crew; we were laughing, we were merry, we were like men that would not be extinguished. We were surrounded by very great difficulties, but whenever the despatches arrived they produced a most extraordinary effect upon us. Not only were these despatches read among us, but there were numerous private letters read from that nobleman, and if we had not on the receipt of them exerted ourselves to the utmost of our power, and valued our lives at the worth of a straw, we should not have been worthy of the name of Englishmen. I can assure you that the very officers who served with me were ready to die for him. On a former occasion, at the banquet at the Trinity House, I had an opportunity of returning my thanks to Lord Palmerston, another nobleman with whom my career began. It was Lord Palmerston who sent to these countries. I had returned four or five times before I came under Lord Clarendon. I received from Lord Palmerston the greatest kindness and the greatest consideration, and to that kindness and that consideration I assure you I owe my present position. This, gentlemen, is what I particularly wished to say with regard to myself and the English army.

I must now tell you about the glory of the Turkish army—men who, when I came to them, were starving—were without clothes—men without hope; but such was their confidence in the efforts which I was able to make for them, that they stood by me in the most gallant manner. No troops on earth could have behaved better than those men—for instance, on one occasion at the battle of the 29th September, about which you have all read—(loud cheers)—they had been working all day and watching all night at those fortifications; but I wish to speak to you particularly about the 29th of September. They were not on this occasion an unruly, undisciplined force behind walls, but well-disciplined soldiers, standing behind their entrenchments. Colonel Lake could tell you what they did, for no one could help admiring their courage, their discipline, their file fire, their rolling fire. I assure you that neither the Guards of London nor those of Paris could have surpassed them. From early dawn till an hour after midday that fire continued—the noise of a thousand drums never ceased for a moment, therefore you may suppose what soldiers they were. When the enemy got into those intrenchments which, in consequence of the absolute necessity for them, were for the time unmanned, they were driven out again by those brave little fellows at the point of the bayonet. (Enthusiastic applause.) There is also a sacred duty which I have to perform, because, when you recollect how much blood has been spilt for the defence of Turkey, we must all feel some gratification in knowing that there is still some vitality in that country—(cheers)—and that if Turkey be true to herself, and if foreign nations will hold a high tone towards her, she is safe from the power of Russia, which will never prevail in small. There is one point more to which I wish to allude before I sit down, and that is, that although I was not serving with the army in the Crimea, I was attached to and received my instructions from, that great and good man who unhappily did not live to see the result of the war—I mean Lord Raglan. (Cheers.) The last moments of that gallant nobleman were embittered, and greatly so, from the want of system which we experienced when we began the war. We had, in fact, been asleep for forty years, and when we went into the war we were sent out half awake. I cannot adequately describe to you the joy, the almost electric shock, which was caused by the arrival of the news of the victories of that gallant army in the Crimea, while we were in the centre of Armenia. When the story of Alma, of Ickerman, and afterwards of the fall of Sebastopol, was brought to us, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of those fine Turks, and you may easily suppose what our joy and enthusiasm were at hearing the welcome news of the glories achieved by that brave infantry which never yet turned its back on a foe. (Loud cheers.) I say that infantry which never turned its back, which from the days of Wolfe has been the foundation of our greatness, whose courage nothing can shake, or ever will shake.—(Loud cheers.) In this respect I believe that our army is second to none. (Cheers.) I believe, my good friends and brother officers, I have said all that it is necessary to say upon such an occasion as the present. You may imagine the emotions which I feel. I could and would say many things more, but I think that at the dinner-table there should be some limit to speeches; and therefore I conclude with proposing all your healths."

Colonel Lake having modestly returned thanks for the staff which accompanied General Williams, the