

our way into the very heart of the city, as fast as the thick and increasing stream of passengers will allow us. That crowded street leads to the Forum; this building on our right is the temple of Fortune; to our left is the street Agrippa, leading to the great Baths; yonder is the Theatre of Marcellus, and the temple of Janus; and here we are at the Palatine Mount, which we must ascend slowly, in spite of your eagerness, for the gown'd nation, as you may perceive, are a grave and dignified people, and affect a manly composedness in all their gestures and proceedings. Now that we have gained the summit, you will leave unnoticed all the other glories of the city, in order that you may rivet your eyes upon this stupendous and magnificent enclosure, stretching from the hill on which we stand, for more than a mile in breadth, to the Esquiline Mount, and entirely surrounded by a spacious portico, supported by three rows of columns, and embellished by a profusion of sculpture and statuary. It is the newly built palace of Nero, called the Golden House. Within the spacious grounds, which contain every variety of wood and water, hill and dale, interspersed with temples, pleasure-houses, and baths supplied with sea and mineral waters, are ploughed lands, meadows, fish-ponds, and preserves for wild beasts and game.

Come! shall we pass through the enclosures, and take a peep at the interior buildings? Remember, we are invisible, and instead of fearing the challenge of those Praetorian soldiers stationed at the guard-house, we may boldly make our way through the very midst of them. Said I not sooth?—Here we are in the gardens, the marble statues of which are on every side finely relieved by a luxuriant back-ground of trees and rare plants. Is not the palace a most glorious structure? Nay, do not draw back. Those fierce-looking body-guards of the Emperor will not arrest our progress, they are not even conscious of our presence. See! we are in the vestibule: yonder colossus in the center, one hundred and twenty feet in height, represent Nero himself, is the work of Zenodorus the statuary. Let us pass onward and ascend the great staircase, in spite of the gigantic German body-guards, and the crowd of servants stationed at its foot. Here we are in one of the dining rooms wainscoted with ivory, the panels of which, turning upon pins, form moving pictures. This second apart which is circular, and perhaps the finest of whole, represents the heavens, and imitates, by its rotatory motion, that of the celestial bodies. Pass we on to yonder smaller and plainer chamber, secured with double doors and another guard, in spite of which impediments we have made our way within it. Seated on a table on which musical instruments are placed, and having a strong box on the floor beside him, you behold a man about thirty-two years of age, with a large stomach and little legs, his small eyes enveloped in fat, his thick throat and chin joined together. Pallid and bloodless, his complexion and skin has the appearance of pork; the upward turn of his chin indicates cruelty, while his fair hair, slight legs, and the somewhat handsome form of his features, convey an expression of effeminacy. A little behind him, leaning on a chuck-headed stick, and casting at her companion a scowl of malignant defiance, stands a toothless withered hag, whose countenance, distorted by every hateful passion is like a map of Pandemonium. That man is the Emperor Nero; the heldame is Locusta, the celebrated poisoner, whose murderous art has been put in frequent requisition by her present associate.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—Every mind manufactures for itself its own sublimity and beauty. The sublime is sympathy with power, as the beautiful is sympathy with kindness. Burke, and many after him, have made discourses on the sources of sublimity, talking of terror as one of them. In that which is terrible there may be sublimity, but it is not sublime to him who fears until he has ceased to fear; for fear is antipathy to power, and sublimity is sympathy with power. Under the influence of fear, the mind gathers itself up shrinkingly, like a frightened snail; it retreats into its innermost possible fastnesses, and has no sympathy with that which is around it; but when the danger is over, or out of the way, there is a creeping out of the shell, an expansion of the eye, to gaze on the glory of the retreating storm—then it is sublime. Who has not seen a little, bustling bantam-cock, wearied by some yelping cur, run screaming, fluttering, shrieking, and trembling about from side to side of a village street, till at length the worried dog retreats, or is driven from its malicious pastime, then the little cock sets up a loud cock-a-doodle-doo, which is a manifestation of the sentiment and sensation of sublimity. The fear is gone, and with it goes the antipathy to power, which is naturally succeeded by a sympathy with power.—*New Monthly Mag.*

The meddling policeman List, who arrested the promenaders on the last day, ought not to be taken as a specimen of the whole force, for it must be admitted List is the very worst part of the cloth.

Though Sir Robert Peel pretends his opinions are not to be bought, he at least makes no secret of letting them out!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

SONG—OH! SKY-LARK FOR THY WING.

Oh! Sky-lark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At Heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the springs in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
Oh, Sky-lark! on thy wing!

Free, free, from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise,
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But, oh! the silver cords,
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest returning
How soon my love would bring,
There, there the dew of morning,
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing.

POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

FROM THE FIGARO IN LONDON.

AIR.—OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft o'er my tea and toast,
When I a speech have sported,
I take the MORNING POST,
To see how its reported.
The frequent "bears,"
'Continued cheers,'
The witty things ne'er spoken,
The "oh's" left out,
And nought about
The coughs with which 'twas broken.

When I behold it all
In columns neat and taper,
Precisely made to fall
By Brougham's in the paper,—
I feel like one,
Who's really done
A thing too bright to sully,
And dream with head
As thick as lead,
That I'm the modern Tully.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

The Duke of Wellington confessed that he was not one of those who considered—
Lord Eldon said it was not now his place—
Lord Wharnclyffe said that he should not oppose the second reading of the Reform Bill, and would take part—
The Marquis of Londonderry declared he must be mad—
Lord Plunkett owned himself too much interested
Lord Ellenborough observed he had always flattered himself—
Sir Robert Peel said he had never objected to receive—
Sir Charles Wetherill said he might be thought foolish—
Earl Winchelsea was not competent—
Sir H. Parnell regretted he was not in a situation—
Lord Brougham said that he thought the Tories were very properly opposed—
Lord Ashley said he should feel much pleasure in being permitted to re-ent—
Lord Ellenborough, in reply to the charge of his being a sinecrist, observed that he had nothing to do—
Lord Lyndhurst said that he must oppose the Bill for making Members of Parliament liable to arrest, as he should not feel himself at liberty—
Mr. Hunt said it would be madness in him to offer a Cheque—
Earl Grey declared he had no desire to create—
Lord Wharnclyffe thought he might improve—
The Duke of Wellington said that seeing Lord Grey in his place—

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.

TO THE FUTURE ELECTORS OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

THE great point of every real friend of his country to look to, in returning a Representative to Parliament is, what is the chief danger to be apprehended during his continuing to hold the reins of the state? from what quarter does the wind blow most fiercely? and where is the rampart of liberty and order to be strengthened by the patriotic and good? In former times during the days when the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and should be diminished, it was strongly urged upon the people, that it was from the Crown that the peril to freedom was then to be apprehended, and that it was the duty of every true patriot to return such members as would set themselves against any further encroachment of royal power.—Is that the quarter from which danger is now to be apprehended? Is it from the undue influence of the Peers, or the overwhelming power of the Crown, that the public freedom is now threatened?

The House of Peers is overthrown: that great and steady weight, which hitherto steadied all the movements of the political machine, is now thrown off, and is never in future to be relied on in contemplating its movements. The Crown, shorn of half its former influence, by the reduction of the expenditure, and embarrassed by an almost insolvent treasury, is surely no longer the object of dread. Any one who should now talk of its power as formi-

dable, would, as Dr. Johnson long ago said, have been crying fire during the deluge. All the conservative elements in the constitution, therefore, have now been dissolved, except such as are to be found in the House of Commons. If, therefore, the former proportion of Conservative members only is returned, the progress of revolution will be rendered inevitable; because experience has proved that the proportion, even when supported by the Aristocracy, and for long by the Crown, was not a match for the Democracy. It is indispensable, therefore, unless we are at once to be launched without rudder and compass upon the ocean of anarchy, that the Conservative party be greatly strengthened in that branch of the legislature which may now be styled the National Assembly, and that this bulwark of order, removed from so many other quarters, should be materially strengthened in the only remaining one where they can be restored with the least prospect of success.

In the choice of men to discharge those important duties, the great thing to look to is firmness of mind, and uprightness of public and private character. Eloquence, talents, information, are valuable in the leaders of a party, and they have not been wanting in the late arduous contest on the Conservative side. But the qualities wanted in the great body of their followers are firmness and integrity, and the only evidence of their existence is to be found in the Former Lives of the candidates. If they have been distinguished for upright conduct as men and as citizens; if they have usefully and honourably discharged their several duties; if they have not hesitated, in trying times, and in opposition either to the influence of the throne or the mandates of the crown, to stand forth as the defenders of the institutions of their country; if they have been humane and munificent in private life; if they have shown that capacity for managing their own concerns which is so imperiously required of them in undertaking those of the country; if their names are to be seen at the head of all useful and beneficial institutions; if, in a word, they have showed themselves qualified, in Milton's words, 'to discharge faithfully and honourably all their duties as men and citizens, whether in peace or in war;' then they are the fit men to be entrusted in perilous times with the destinies of the state. But if they have shown, by their previous lives, that they are not actuated by these principles; if their regard for the poor has been shown only in stimulating their passions, and their love of freedom only in encouraging democratic usurpation; if they are harsh or unfeeling landlords, faithless or profligate husbands, or reckless and desperate adventurers; if they have squandered their estates, ruined their fortunes, or compromised their reputations; if they are arrogant and haughty in their private life, and selfish and uncharitable in their intercourse with the poor; if, in short, they have used the people only as an engine to raise themselves and their party into power; then they may depend upon it that they are not the men to whom political power can with safety be intrusted. They will use it only as a means of advancement, ruin the lower orders by neglecting their interests, and disqualify them from righting themselves by inflaming their passions. They will flatter them as long as it suits their purposes to do so, and let them go when they have no longer an object to gain by such conduct; they will precipitate the nation into a career of innovation to which there is no end; and, having ruined the people by their extravagance, betray them by their baseness. It is by such men that the cause of Revolution has in all ages been most promoted; and it is by characters of a different stamp that its fury has ever been averted; by those who have scrupled to discharge their duty in the most perilous times; who have disdained to flatter popular passion when it was led astray; and who, without attempting to disturb the peace of all the world, have sought only to save it when 'twas wildest.

Finally, let the electors in every part of the country consider what is the tendency of the revolutionary measures now in progress upon the RELIGION of the state; and what is the character, in this respect, of the allies with whom they have been connected during the late Reform contest. It is notorious, that in all other countries, the overthrow of religion has speedily followed the triumph of the democratic party; that in France, the throne and the altar fell together, and ten years elapsed, during which there was neither Sunday observed, nor children christened, nor the communion administered, nor prayers offered up in France. No one can be so blind as not to see, in the present distracted and disastrous state of that country, the consequence and the punishment of that terrible and unprecedented chasm in the religious education of a whole generation. Those who are destitute of all feelings of piety, and ignorant of the truths of judgment to come, are always the first to revolt against the restraints either of government or virtue in this world. If, therefore, the electors of Great Britain wish to destroy the faith and religion of their fathers—if they would see Sunday abolished, churches closed, the dead buried without any service, children named without a blessing—if, in a word, they would see the Christian religion extinguished in this Island—the ark where it has hitherto remained safe during all the fury of the deluge—they have nothing to do but support the Revolutionary candidates at the next election. The measures of innovation which they propose, will lead to the total destruction of religion in this empire, just as certainly as they did in France, and that equally whether their supporters wish, or do not wish, that ulterior effect to follow. Men whose minds are unhinged in their ideas of governments and social order, will not long remain subject to the restraints of the Christian faith.

But let not any one imagine that by pursuing this insane career he will succeed in overturning the Christian faith, or add religious to political innovation. The Gospel will prove in the end too strong for its enemies; here, as in France, the sad consequences of irreligion will be felt, and the nation be compelled, as there, to resume its observances. But though the Christian faith will rise triumphant over all its enemies, the nation which discards, the generation which forgets it, will be destroyed; and future ages turn to France and England, as to Sodom and Gomorrah, as the terrible examples of the retributive justice of the Deity. Now is the time to check this fatal career: now is the chariot at the edge of the precipice, a little longer and it will be precipitated into the abyss. Unerring wisdom is now preparing for us a more lasting punishment than fire and brimstone; the punishment of our own passions and vices. These passions have been vehemently excited by the late changes in the constitution,—their farther indulgence will prove fatal to every principle of order and devotion. Unless all who revere their religion, and love their country, now combine to resist the farther progress of innovation, the day of salvation will be lost. The torrent of revolution rendered ungovernable, and Britain, with all its millions, consigned for ever to the waves.