said to be yet decided, whether public life is a line of duty or a game.

—Mr. Trevelyan's work on "The Early History of Charles James Fox" is a very lively book, showing in a curious manner the influence of Lord Macaulay's style on the mind of his nephew. It is almost too lively; there is something smart in every sentence, and the reader grows weary of unfailing pungency, while attention is not seldom drawn away from the matter to the form. A good style is that which interposes nothing between the fact or thought and the mind to which it is presented. But Mr. Trevelyan has done his work, and made us as thoroughly acquainted as we can desire ever to be with one of the dirtiest episodes in political history. Such was the rule of aristocracy! A putrid sea of the most selfish intrigue, of the most shameless corruption, of the foulest jobbery, of the vilest venality, combined with the most scandalous neglect of the public service and of all the great ends of government. The king himself is the arch-corruptionist, and runs half a million sterling into debt on his civil list, in providing bribery with what His Majesty is pleased to call its "golden pills." In the political arena the perfidy, treachery, and falsehood are not less revolting than the corruption. Aristocratic pride of the most insolent type will stoop to the most unutterable acts of meanness for place and pelf. Noblemen and gentlemen, in whose eyes a family alliance with honest industry would be a crime, and who were scandalized beyond measure at the thought of seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds a member of Parliament, were bought by the score, not only with places and pensions, but with hard cash thrust into their hands to carry a disgraceful peace. One of them was not ashamed to draw a large salary as the holder of the sinecure office of Turnspit in the King's Kitchen. Their private morality was on a level with their public virtue, and there was scarcely one of the whole noble crew who was not a drunkard. It may be safely said that