

"presence," and not one of the "swinish multitude," whose only business on earth is to work and pay taxes, and who are no more to be admitted into Courts than the dogs and crows. And when, at the appointed time, I had wended my way through swarms of fierce dragoons and bristling bayonets, and through another crowd in motley garb, looking as though they had come from the stage-company of Astley's, then every form I had to undergo, and circumstance of the occasion, would be such as to imply that I was an animal of an inferior species ushered into the presence of an earthly deity. For that, the kneeling; for that, the term "Majesty" itself was made.

What mean these challenges of trumpets and these flourishings of sabres? What, but the boasting of the stronger and plundering party over the weaker and plundered! There, too, stand the knights of the gab, in wigs and gowns, who are hired to prove that whatever is, is right.

But, besides the Idol, and the drums and trumpets sounding, and the heroes and heroines in melo-dramatic costume, there is a ragged and dirty crowd outside, "the background of the picture." They are free, perhaps, but they are ignorant and degraded. "Brutal," too; because you placed ignominy upon them at their birth, and made their childhood familiar with shame. You taught them that neither should industry nor good conduct ensure respect. Respect! that was for the high-born, and not for such as they. There they stand looking on, the hereditary fags and drudges, at the hereditary and privileged idlers. So close up