

clothes, or you are a dead man !” would your Lordship take pet, bristle up your languid energies, and cry with a querulous voice, “Do you think, Sir, that I am to be frightened ?” My Lord, my Lord, there is a moral malady in England, more deadly than the physical one, which I trust we shall escape—that malady is **DISCONTENT**. Why quarrel, then, with advice ? Why swallow the salts, and refuse the oil ? Why declare, that to caution is to terrify, and to warn is to insult ?

Peer. All this is very fine. But I think the case must be put thus : either there is one strong and bitter feeling against the aristocracy, or there is not. If there exist that feeling, we are doomed already. We can but defer our fate—let us rather meet it bravely, and die in the first ditch, not the last. If there does not exist that feeling, it would be madness in us to encourage a democratic change in the country, while we are able, if not to prevent, at least to modify it.

Commoner. I thank you, my Lord, for your frankness ; and this, I believe, is the common view which your party take of the question. As right and just notions on this point are, then, of great consequence, let us here pause for a moment. You have read the work called “The Tour of a German Prince.” You may remember (or if not, you may deign to turn to a review on that work in this Magazine,) how much the Tourist comments upon the aristocratic tendencies that in this country pervaded all classes two years ago. It is what every observant foreigner then and before remarked of us. There was, at that day, in this great country, no feeling against the aristocracy. Our vice ran the other way. You were by far the *safest*, the *most powerful*, the most solidly based portion of the state. You are now in danger—you allow it. You have become the most obnoxious, and in a revolution, would be the most exposed, body in the community ; so much so, that even the Whig noblemen suffer for the dislike to the Tory, and Lord Althorp and Lord Grey are sometimes suspected to be insincere, merely because they are known to be Lords. This change, my Lord, from power to weakness, from safety to danger, from a servile homage to a calumniating hatred, ought, suffer me respectfully to say, to teach your assembly one truth, which it seems resolved not to learn, and that resolution is the cause of all the obscure and confused notions which men less intelligent than your Lordship have formed on your side of the question—that change ought, I say, to teach you in what your strength consists. It does not consist in your estates ; it does not consist in your Norman pedigree, or your Saxon gold ; it consists solely in **Public Opinion**. When you talk of devising the press and the popular clamour, your boast may be very sounding, but it is very irrational. You are despising the foundation of the House you inhabit, and crying, as you sit on the roof, that you care not a straw what may become of the kitchen. **Public Opinion** was in your favour, and you were strong ; **Public Opini-**