

He hit off Mr. Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge), when that gentleman first entered the Commons, admirably: "Silvery mediocrity;" and we know other hits which paint with the skill of a Reynolds, while they scorch and slay.

How he characterized Sir Robert Peel as a man who "had all along, for thirty or forty years, traded on the ideas of others;" as one whose "life had been one great appropriation clause;" who had "ever been the burglar of other men's intellects;" how he described his speeches as "dreary pages of interminable talk; full of predictions falsified, pledges broken, calculations that had gone wrong, and budgets that had blown up—and this not relieved by a single original thought, a single generous impulse, or a single happy expression;" how he branded his policy as "a system of matter-of-fact, yet so fallacious; taking in everybody, though everybody knew he was taken in; a system so mechanical, yet so Machiævellian, that he could hardly say what it was, except a sort of hum-drum hocus-pocus, in which the order of the day was moved to take in a nation;" how he called on the House of Commons "to dethrone a dynasty of deception, by putting an end to this intolerable yoke of official despotism and parliamentary imposture"—all this is familiar, and a good deal more of the same sort, and from the same immediate quarter.

When Mr. Gladstone was disestablishing the Irish Church, Mr. Bright said that he had often longed for the removal of the gigantic evil, and now the time was come and the man. The clock was stopped that day and just

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