

mons aint the people of England. That was the grand mistake Peel made: he thought it was, and studied it accordingly. What was the consequence? In my opinion, he knew more about the feelings, temper, tone and trim of the representatives, and less of the represented, than any person in the kingdom. That man did more to lower the political character of the country than any statesman since Walpole's time. He was a great man, I admit; but unfortunately, a great man's blunders are like accidents in powder-magazines—send everything to the devil amost. There is a sliding scale in men's reputations now: he not only invented it, but taught them how to regulate it according to the market. But let bygones be bygones. What can't be cured, must be endured. To return to where I was, I say agin, the House of Commons aint the people of England.'

"'Very true,' said his Lordship.

"'Well,' sais I, 'since the Reform Bill, that House don't do you much credit. You talk to the educated part of it, the agitators there don't talk to you in reply; they talk to the people outside, and have a great advantage over you. A good Latin quotation will be cheered by Lord John Manners and Sir Robert Inglis, and even Lord John Russel himself; but Hume talks about cheap bread, unevarsal suffrage, vote by ballot, no sodgers, no men-o'-war, no colonies, no taxes, and no nothin'. Well, while you are cheered by half-a-dozen scholars in the House, he is cheered by millions outside.'

"'There is a great deal of truth in that observation, Mr. Slick' said he; 'it never struck me in that light before—I see it now; and he rose and walked up and down the room. 'That accounts for O'Connell's success.'

"'Exactly,' sais I. 'He didn't ask you for justice to Ireland, expecting to convince you; for he knew he had more than justice to Ireland, while England got no justice there; nor did he applaud the Irish for your admiration, but that they might admire him and themselves. His speeches were made *in* the House, but not addressed *to* it; they were delivered for the edification of his countrymen. Now, though you won't condescend to what I call wisdom, but what you call 'popularity huntin' and soft sawder,' there's your equals in that House that do.'

"'Who?' sais he.

"'Dear me,' sais I, 'my lord, it is two o'clock. Uncle Sam is a Salem man, where the curfew bell rings for bed at nine o'clock. I shall be locked out, I must bid you good night.'

"'Oh!' sais he, 'I am very sorry, pray come again on Friday evening, if you can; we have lost sight of the subject I wanted to consult you about, and instead of that we have talked of everything in general and nothing in particular. If you can't come—('I am afraid it's onpossible,' sais I, 'my lord')—will you be so good as to