

kind, that all they have to do is get as much of gilded luxury as they can, and that so long as they get a full measure, it signifies nothing what course they take? This is the moral of *Endymion*, which, from beginning to end, never hints at a public motive, never suggests any law of action but success, or makes success consist in anything but money, titles, the society of people of rank, gorgeous furniture and sumptuous dinners. Again, is the lurid light which this piece of oblique autobiography throws on the history of England and Europe during the last forty years to be utterly disregarded? England has poured out blood and money; she has incurred military disgrace, mingled with dishonour, in South Africa and the East; she has had her best Governments overthrown by intrigue, she has had her representation degraded, and her Parliamentary institutions placed in jeopardy; Turkey has been plunged into a hideous war with Russia, and the Eastern question has been flung into an imbroglio which still threatens the peace of the world; Afghans defending their country have been slaughtered, and their women and children driven out to die upon the hills; Zulus also defending their country have been butchered by thousands; all this not for any of those great objects which make up to nations for temporary loss and suffering, not even to fulfil the vision of a grand and soaring, though perhaps irregular, ambition, but to realize a day-dream of Houndsditch. So we have called this ideal, as such it was branded by the keenest observer of character in our day, whose memory is accordingly assailed in *Endymion* with charges as false as they are foul. A distinct perception of the vulgarity of saloon ambition is the best antidote to the attractions of its prize. We would recommend a reperusal of "*Codlingsby*" by "*Sainte Barbe*."