

beliefs of the king, their father, followed up these to their legitimate consequences, and so died members of the infallible Church. They did exactly what Sibthorp and Miss Gladstone have done. The one, a careless debauchee, declined sacrificing anything for the sake of a creed loosely held by him at best, and which, in his gayer moods, he occasionally abandoned for the indifferency of infidelity; the other, an honest bigot, acted up to his adopted beliefs, and so forfeited the crown. And hence the claim and standing of the high-born lady who now occupies the supreme place in the Government of the country. Can there be a more legitimate object of solicitude to all in a time like the present,—to all, at least, who are at once loyal subjects and true Protestants,—than her preservation from the dangerous contagion of the *transition* beliefs and doctrines, and from that perilous process of change which produced of old so great a national revolution, and which is so palpably operative in the apostacies of the present day? If, as indicated by the course of events, Popery be fast rising by the deceitful slope which Puseyism supplies, and rising, as prophecy so clearly intimates, only to fall for ever, it were well, surely, that the daughter of our ancient kings should be on her guard against its insidious approaches. It involved princes of her blood in its former fall; nor is it a thing impossible that, misled by the counsel of other Lauds, other princes may share in its final ruin. But we digress.

There is little of an intrinsically pleasing character in the visit of George IV., and not much in it particularly characteristic, except perhaps of the monarch himself. It was much a matter of show,—a masque on a large scale. There was little that was real in it, save the enthusiasm of the people. It was, however, a masque enacted under the superintendence of a great genius,—the first scene-painter in the world,—not very worthily employed, perhaps, in designing