

national degradation and impotency,—of ever-recurring defeats, and inefficient, disastrous wars,—of unavenged insults to the British flag,—of English fleets chased into the Thames by the victorious enemy,—and of English towns burnt unavenged on its shores. Surely it were well to have some means of relief at hand from such thick coming forces. The antidote of the central marble is imperatively required. It opens up, amid the darkness on either hand, a vista of surpassing glory. We see England throned in the midst of the nations,—her armies victorious in all their battles,—her navies sweeping the seas, invincible,—her voice of thunder resounding all over the world in behalf of religious liberty and the rights of man, and all over the world feared, respected, and obeyed,—good men everywhere living in peace, however little friendly to the magnanimous Cromwell,—and the sword of persecution dropping from the terror-palsied hand of the Papacy.—*October 1, 1845.*

---

### THE THIRD FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WAS there ever an age of the world like the present! The painted scenes in a theatre do not shift before the eyes of the spectators more suddenly, or apparently more on that principle of strong contrast on which the poet and the artist rely for their most striking effects, than dynasties and forms of government in the times in which we live. The biography of Louis Philippe could belong to but one period in the history of the species.

It will be eighteen years first July since the writer was employed, on a clear, beautiful evening, in the immediate neighbourhood of a busy sea-port of the north of Scotland, all alive at the time with the turmoil and bustle of the her-