

British statesmen of the age, inscribed within circles of bright gambouge, of a size proportionate to their influence, revolved as planets around it. Some of the larger ones had their satellites. *Georgium Sidus* (George III.) possessed as his moons the class of men known as "the friends of the King." Pitt also had his numerous satellites, and so had Fox. There was a good deal of complexity in the system,—

"With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

But the great centre of all,—the vast attractive mass towards which all gravitated, and round which all revolved,—was the Treasury, with its bushels of golden guineas. And round this attractive circle, alike bright and solid, the great statesmen of London and the smaller statesmen of Edinburgh will continue to revolve in these as certainly as in former times; and it would be idle to dream of any other condition of things with respect to the old governing parties, whether Whig or Tory. But not the less is it a duty on the part of men who love their country sedulously to watch over an influence of this biasing kind, and on proper occasions to strive hard to counteract it. And by no class could it be more effectually counteracted than by a class who for themselves could have nothing to look for or expect. And such a class the five-pound householders would scarce fail to approve themselves. A scarlet coat, associated with a letter-carrier's office, might now and then be found for a compliant working man who voted as he was bid; but there could be no loaves and fishes found for so great a multitude as that of the five-pound householders.

Nor would we deem them an unsafe class in the main. They would be found to comprise the great bulk of the membership of all the evangelical Churches, but few indeed of the lapsed classes. Nay, we know not that we could draw a better or more practical line of demarcation between these