

No doubt great temporary good was effected for England by the death of Strafford, but the permanence of good is ever in proportion with the purity of the means used to obtain it. This act would have been great for Strafford, for it was altogether in accordance with his views. He met the parliament ready to do battle to the death, and might would have been right, had he made rules for the lists; but *they* proposed a different rule for their government, and by that we must judge them. Admit the story of Vane's pilfering the papers not to be true, that the minutes were obtained some other way. This measure, on the supposition of its existence, is defended by those who defend the rest.

Strafford would certainly have come off with imprisonment and degradation from office, had the parliament deemed it safe to leave him alive. When we consider this, when we remember the threat of Pym, at the time of his deserting the popular party, "You have left us, but I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders," we see not, setting aside the great results of the act, and looking at it by its merits alone, that it differs from the administration of Lynch law in some regions of our own country. Lynch law, with us, has often punished the gamester and the robber, whom it was impossible to convict by the usual legal process; the evil in it is, that it cannot be depended upon, but, while, with one hand it punishes a villain, administers with the other as summary judgment on the philanthropist, according as the moral sentiment or prejudice may be roused in the popular breast.

We have spoken disparagingly of the capacities of the drama for representing what is peculiar in our own day, but, for such a work as this, presenting a great crisis with so much clearness, force, and varied beauty, we can only be grateful, and ask for more acquaintance with the same mind, whether through the drama or in any other mode.

Copious extracts have been given, in the belief that thus, better than by any interpretation or praise of ours, attention would be attracted, and a wider perusal ensured to Mr. Sterling's works.

In his mind there is a combination of reverence for the Ideal, with a patient appreciation of its slow workings in the actual world, that is rare in our time. He looks re-

ligiously, he speaks philosophically, nor these alone, but with that other faculty which he himself so well describes.

You bear a brain  
Discursive, open, generally wise,  
But missing ever that excepted point  
That gives each thing and hour a special oneness.  
The little keyhole of the infrangible door,  
The instant on which hangs eternity,  
And not in the dim past and empty future,  
Waste fields for abstract notions.

Such is the demonology of the man of the world. It may rule in accordance with the law of right, but where it does not, the strongest man may lose the battle, and so it was with Strafford.

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To R. B.

BELOVED friend! they say that thou art dead,  
Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,  
Save in the company of the fair and dread,  
Along that radiant and immortal shore,  
Whither thy face was turned for evermore.  
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,  
Never forgetful of that infinite goal;  
Salient, electrical thy weariless soul,  
To every faintest vision always leal,  
Even 'mid these phantoms made its world ideal.  
And so thou hast a most perennial fame,  
Though from the earth thy name should perish quite;  
When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,  
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;  
So in our lives impulses born of thine,  
Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

C. A. D.