

writers whom nobody has yet heard of, he dashes *in medias res* with a gusto which shows that the task is a pleasant one, and first shivers a lance against the venerable walls of Oxford, the legacy of our good King Alfred, and after telling us that it has endowments to the extent of £500,000, goes on to detail the wicked manner in which they were acquired, and how miserably they are squandered, in fattening up already overfed churchmen, and pampering the vicious appetites of a young nobility. Now, even granting that all this were true, the taste and the spirit evinced in narrating it, are both poor and paltry. There is not a peasant in England, who knows anything of her history, but looks up to her two great Universities with a feeling of just pride, as having trained and ripened the mightiest intellects that ever inhabited human clay. It does not suit the purpose of the writer to know that they have turned out the ripest scholars the world ever saw—and that many of these far from being sons of the nobility, those Universities have raised from the humblest position, to be the friends and counsellors of princes. Her faults he lightens up with the glaring brand of the incendiary and leveller; her glories he shows not, even with the rush light of the miser, but takes care to keep them in outer darkness. This is impartial view, the first.

Having despatched Oxford, and a few unfortunate Cathedrals—he next falls foul of proprietors of land—and sure enough, according to our author, matters must be coming to an awful crisis—for such grasping, greedy, unfeeling and unprincipled monsters as the nobility and gentry of old England—never existed or can exist in any other portion of the earth. We had always thought that the Englishman was naturally a generous, open, and good hearted fellow—with nothing mean or stingy about him, but it would seem that his principal amusement in his own country, is that of oppressing, grinding, starving, and robbing every one who is within his power. This is a sad state of matters—but to prove that it is true, our author tells us that he had it and a great deal more on the authority of an “intelligent farmer”—that he knew of land being let at the exorbitant price of from £2 to £4 per acre. So have we; nay, even £5 and £6, and the tenants far from considering themselves robbed, were glad to get it. We have some knowledge of the agriculture of the United Kingdom, and will illustrate it by a single example. A farmer took from a landlord, sixty acres of land, at £5 per acre, and planted it with potatoes, and in the autumn sold these potatoes at the rate of £20 per acre, thus making an average profit, after paying expenses, of something like £5 per acre. This to be sure, was before the abolition of the Corn laws, and we daresay profit and loss would not figure so advantageously for the farmer, as previous to that occasion. It would be as tedious as it would be unprofitable, to dwell on all the grievances paraded with so much pains—Absenteeism, Game Laws, Rack Rents, and that nothing may be left out—the *Rooks* are hauled in to swell out the list. It is almost needless to say, that these evils are grossly exagger-