

House,' Dickens seems to have some definite aim in view and labours to accomplish it. His pictures of the miserable condition of children at school as depicted in life at 'Dotheboys Hall,' though exaggerated, are inimitable. That he struck deep at the root of the matter, was proved by the excitement his book occasioned among the Yorkshire teachers, and the great improvement that has taken place in schools in that district. The author doubtless, if he did not actually experience some of the miseries he has related, encountered them accidentally or heard of them from those who were living witnesses of their enormity and cruelty. More than the admirers of the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby' testify that that publication had great influence in ameliorating the condition of those who were sent to receive their education in the sequestered parts of England. That it caused enquiry to be made into their state by those in authority and that such abuses can no longer exist. If so then in the name of gentle innocent childhood we thank Charles Dickens from our heart. We honour him for the bold manly spirit that dared to strike a blow for poor and wronged children, who were helpless to succour themselves, and we even forgive him for much of the nonsense with which he has since surfeited us. It was a worthy effort in a noble cause, and his rapidly succeeding work 'Oliver Twist' stands upon the same ground and has the same merit. Mr. Dickens has made the overseers of alms and workhouses ashamed of themselves as far as one human pen could do. By the cutting lash of ridicule he has held them up to contempt; and the generous, the humane, and the merciful have come forward to see that such iniquities as he points at shall not be practised in a christian land. In the name of little children, again, we thank Mr. Dickens—he has been a friend to the friendless—leaving obsequiousness and flattery toward dignitaries with those who could so demean themselves, he has acted the part of a man and a christian. A father himself, he felt and wrote for those helpless and injured children whom God had deprived of their natural protectors, and had Mr. Dickens yet pursued the same course, had he gone on still toiling for his suffering brethren, endeavoring to root out wrong wherever it existed—using alike the weapons of pathos and ridicule until he had accomplished his end, we would have been the last to write a word in his disfavour. But he has turned away from his lofty and legitimate calling. In his endeavour to be witty he has forgotten to be wise, and unless his latest work 'Bleak House' shew that he is again in earnest in endeavouring to strike at the root of some great abuse, and bringing his whole energy to bear against it, we think so surely will the author of 'Oliver Twist' lose character as a philanthropist, and descend to the ordinary level of a commonplace humourist, who thinks more of his own profit than the sufferings of his fellow beings. We trust this will not be the case—that he will return to his former good intention ere the breath of flattery and luxuriousness of wealth have spoiled him forever.

Before concluding these remarks, we must not forget to allude to his