

Listen to part of the response given from the Queen of modern cities—the metropolis of mighty *enlightened* England!—

“ See yonder place,* where pining Industry,
Plies late and early at the cheerless loom ;
Slave to the caprice of his fellow worm ;
Dependent on the whim of fashion’s flies.
Little the haughty damsel, as she flirts
In the gay ball room, or the grand saloon,
Or moves in state through palace labyrinths,
Gorgeous and vast, uprear’d by Labour’s might,
Thinks of the heaving heart and hopeless cheer
Of him whose hand produced the splendid robes,
With which she decks her beauty ;—in her mind,
She hears not raised the suppliant cry for bread
Made by his offspring, nor beholds the look
Of dark despondency a mother gives,
When thinking of the ill paid toil of him
Whose lot she shares ; though oft without even that,
When o’er the land stalks Panic. No ! Tho’ thought
Of such realities would mar the joy
Of pride and fashion in their revelries.
Reflections such as these were never made
For high-bred maidens, born to pout and laugh,
And sing their lives away, even though their smiles,
Should purchased be by dark despair and crime
’Mong thousands of a population great.
Visit the dens and alleys out of view,
Thrown back, obscured by the broad sweeping streets
Which eager Profit hath monopolised,—
Then tell us of our greatness ! Rags and filth,
Yielding the germs of sickness and of death !
Where thousands know not when the sun goes down,
How they shall live and pass the coming day ;
Thousands, who, by imposture’s tricks and lies,
Feed on the credulous and ignorant ;
Thousands, when night her sable curtain draws
Over the land, go forth like ravenous wolves
To feed on plunder. See them as they pass,
Moving along that narrow lane, a group
Of motley figures. Watch that squalid form,
The remnant of what once was youth and beauty
Blighted and dirty as the ill-paved street,
On which she walks. Her red and swollen eyes
Tell of the poison with which care is drown’d
In mad excitement. Following on, behold
The rough and brutal slave of lust and drink,
Compared with whom the savage of the wild,
Were civilized and great ; with many more
Of either sex, outcasts from peace and hope,
Lost to all thought of shame or decent pride ;
Children in misery’s garb, sporting around,
Train’d in these scenes of dark depravity ;
By parents, neighbours, influenced for ill ;
Doom’d to the curse of ignorance and all
The galling miseries of perverted *sense*.
See also in each favour’d public spot,
The Fiend of Gin display his “ palaces,”
With tempting bait to lure within his net
The multitude. Nor small indeed that power ;
For wide his might extends : numbers of dens
Does he command, in which, day after day,
Thousands are sacrificed. That staggering crowd
Of men and women, aye, and fragile youth
Which meet the eye, proclaim in colours true
The influence of this social pestilence.”

Turn we from London’s pale and fevered victims, to the manufacturing capital of the world,—the babel of steam and spinning jennies, and what are the social and domestic results of our productive system as there embodied ? Thus answereth the author :—

“ Despair and misery hath many a home
Within its precincts ; many a wretched den
Hath fell disease usurped, and ignorance
Polluted many a dwelling with its curse.
List to those bells, whose tones borne on the breeze
Sweep swiftly by ; then mark yon factory gate
Ope wide its portals, as it vomits forth
A crowd of human beings. On they pass,
Stunted and pale ; flowers doom’d to quick decay
In an ungenial soil and atmosphere.

* Spitalfields.

Children in numerous groups move on. Their cheeks,
No more lit with the roscate gleams of health ;
Their laughing eyes, and limbs once light and free
As heaven’s unfetter’d winds which play around
The mountain’s top, now dull and weaken’d,—clothed
In rags and filth : the little helpless slaves
Of wealth and commerce ; victims, whose weak hands
Build up our manufacturing power and greatness,
Caged up to tend and follow the revolves
Of intricate machines, day after day ;
Mere drudging helots, born to serve the ends
Of selfish Profit ; to drag out in pain
A feverish existence ; then to die
Without once knowing what it was to live.
Thousands beside, in that great human crowd,
Live but to suffer, tortured with the pangs
Of keenest hunger, as the bread of life
Is snatched by some more favour’d rival slave.
Canker’d and rotten in its inmost heart
Is that great seat of commerce. Lust and Crime,
In wild luxuriance ranify throughout,
Poisoning the source of life. Fraud and Deceit
Sit in high places feeding on the wrongs,
Which daily lacerate the public weal.
Gross Selfishness, supreme o’er every head,
Tramples Benevolence beneath his feet,
Transforming all into a den of knaves
Eager to cheat, where’er credulity,
Or ignorance may furnish willing dupes.”

Alas ! alas ! are these “ the words of soberness and truth,” or the wild reveries of the poet’s brain ? Are these indeed the effects of our noble discoveries ? Hath science only revealed her all but omnipotent powers to smite puny man to the dust of physical and moral degradation, instead of elevating his whole being ? Stand forth ye grave and sage Political Economists, and gainsay, if ye can, the horrid picture.

In the third canto the author proceeds to prophesy the future. At its commencement, he uses the tomahawk and scalping-knife upon two mighty errors, we have somewhere previously classed together as twin monsters and sources of misery ; namely, the doctrine of original sin, (so profitable to the priests) and of a constant excess of population as compared with subsistence, the great and profitable—no, not profitable, but profitless—doctrine of the Malthusian economists. With great force and beauty he describes the discovery of the new sciences of man and society by Mr. OWEN ; and incidentally draws a beautiful picture of New Lanark, where the principles upon which they rest, were tried, and proved with such success ; but although sorely tempted to extract from this portion, our limits warn us to hasten to a close, and we desire to present our readers with the author’s glowing description of the “ New Moral World.”

“ Look on that land,
Far as the eye extends spreading its plains,
With numerous happy dwellings, clean and fair,
Distributed with equal care around
The sweetly pleasing scene. Whither are fled,
Those smoky dens of life which once arose
On that same land, the narrow lanes and holes,
Sickly and dark, which caged its multitude ?
Gone with the things that were ; moulded anew
To lovelier forms.” * * * * *
“ The captive’s chains have fallen, the human mind :
Purged of impurity, and deep embalm’d
In charity and wisdom, needs no bonds,
No dungeon’s gloom, no cruel forms of law,
To force kind deeds, and mild and loving words,
Or bind the Social Scheme in unity.
Gone is the gilded palace, which arose
In pomp and proud pretension, side by side
With the dim cheerless hut of poverty,
Dingy and comfortless ; the drones gay hall,
The shed of labour, full of creeks and holes,
Dreary and cold : and in their place we see
Fair mansions built, combining taste with strength,
Pleasant to look upon and neat within,
Nor crowded on each other, but array’d
In squares and crescents, in whose open breasts