

PORTRAIT OF ENGLAND.

States have been often compared to the natural body, the government to the head, the middle classes to the trunk and arms, the poorer to the legs. Popular as such comparisons have been, there is little ground for them. The interest of one or two classes has been supposed to be concerned in keeping them up, and the others, not being aware how much depends upon letting a figure be taken for a reason, have acquiesced. There is some truth, however, in the analogy, especially as regards the sophisticate or dressed condition of the body politic; and as the "upper" classes have long been fond of the image, we will accommodate at once their old notion and our unqualified one, by drawing a portrait, the likeness of the most melancholy part of which it will be impossible for them to deny, whatever they may say to the rest. Cruikshank, if we had thee near us, thou shouldst draw it better than we.

First, then, there is the crown of the head,—a real crown,—in very splendid condition, all gold and jewels, worth, probably the subsistence of all the labourers in the county of Kent for a dozen years. This is to be imagined painted in great lustre, fitting for the incrusting pencil of Rembrandt, and casting a light into the surrounding darkness.

Under this comes the head, or the legislature,—no very great head in point of brains, but capably conditioned as to cheeks,—round, rosy with beef and wine, the expression lofty, the eyes looking down,—the whole face lordly, as representing lords, and the character "notorious as the sun at noon-day."

Next comes the "order,"—the aristocracy,—typified by the upper part of the body, and all over orders and ribbons, as rich as can be, panting with asthma. The two arms representing the army and navy, hung on either side, one red, the other blue, each with its epaulet, and one with a sword in its hand, threatening the phenomenon's own legs.

Underneath this is the "part abdomi-nous," the clergy, (magister artis venter) plump, round, strutting in black cloth, distended with dropsy. As the swelling descends, the regions becomes clothed in scarlet, typifying the fox-hunting part of the "squirearchy." The pockets, the monied interest, stuffed with bank-notes and copper, swing apart like a Dutchman's; for the merely monied is not a flesh and blood interest. It consists of the pocket and nothing else. The cloth of this part of the dress is good plain broad-cloth, and the flaps are closely buttoned.

Lo, then! a dreadful change; for the thighs, the farming and mechanical "interests," are shrinking within their shabby clothing, especially the one to the left, which is in green. The other is in

Manchester cotton. Compare these with the condition of the waistcoats and the flaming chest,—to say nothing of the crown.

But who can help thinking of the crown and all, when he sees the legs? Gorgeous is the crown, plump and arrogant the cheeks, gallant the shoulders, flaming the chest, prodigious the abdomen, shabby the thighs; but the legs are bare, shivering, wasted away, and the feet are in the mud! All their blood is drawn upwards: there is reptition in the head: in the thighs weakness and shabbiness; in the legs famine! Oh! what a support to all that upper splendour! What a contrast! What a contradiction! What a shame!

This is England, "the pride of the world!" —*Taller.*

TAXATION.

It is taxation which takes the bread from the labourer, in order that it may be poured in accumulated heaps into the lap of the unproductive sinecurist, placeman and pensioner; it is taxation that enables the great landed proprietor, the fundholder, and the capitalist, to roll in splendour and luxury, whilst the poor and destitute manufacturers and labourers are not able to obtain, by the sweat of their brow, the means of protecting themselves from penury and want; it is taxation which has called into existence the severe and oppressive Corn Laws; it is taxation which has been the principle cause of our manufacturers having recourse to the use of steam power in all their operations; whereby manual labour has been rendered comparatively useless; it is taxation which causes the unequal distribution of the productions of nature to such an extent, that one part of the community not knowing what to eat or drink, revel in every thing that nature, art or riches can supply; while the other part of the community (and that the productive part), are labouring incessantly from morning until night, with the only hope of being able by such means, to keep their families from utter starvation, or from the work-house; and unless the legislature strike at once at the root of the evil, and adopt measures to lessen the burdens of the people, by an immediate and extensive reduction in the taxes, every effort to alleviate the distresses of the country will be totally ineffectual and unavailing. Why does the labourer receive so small a portion of nature's bounty as a remuneration for his labour? Is the earth less fruitful than usual? Is the land less productive than formerly, or are the cultivators of the soil more indolent than their forefathers, and less inclined to reap the blessings which Providence has so bountifully bestowed; or rather is it not the unproductive part of the community, who destroy too great a share of the produce of the country, and thus deprive the labourer of his fair proportion

of nature's choicest gifts. It may be true that the great landed proprietor, the fundholder, and the capitalist, only enjoy what they have the means to purchase, but it is also true that all the wealth of this and every other nation, is produced by the labour of the people, and by that means only; therefore whenever the unproductive part of the people bears too great a proportion to the productive part or labourers, or, in other words, when there are too many drones to be kept out of the honey produced by the bees, the inevitable consequences of such a state of things, is extravagance, wantonness, and luxury on the one hand, and misery, wretchedness, and poverty on the other. That such is the situation of the country at the present moment, is too evident, when we contrast the splendid mansions, the costly furniture, and the sumptuous living of the great, with the miserable hovels, the naked children, and the half-starved and famished appearance of our labouring poor. Such being our situation, no measure for our relief can be effected unaccompanied by a serious reduction in the expenses of the state. —*Bolton Chronicle.*

EUROPE.

THE WAR IN PORTUGAL.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The nature of the present contest in Portugal is totally misunderstood by the British public in three fundamental particulars. In the first place, it is always assumed by the revolutionary press that Don Miguel is an usurper, and that the title of Donna Maria, as the daughter of the elder brother, is indisputable. But this the Portuguese lawyers, proceeding on the constitution of their country, and the precedents of their history, deny. They assert that by the law of Portugal, when a Portuguese King accepts a foreign crown, his right to the throne of Portugal, ceases by the very fact of that acceptance; that the father of Donna Maria had accepted the crown of Brazil before her birth, that he could not communicate inheritable blood to the crown of Portugal to his daughter any more than the Pretender could convey a right to the English crown after the revolution of 1688; and, therefore, that the legal succession opened to Don Miguel as the heir, whose birth was prior to the forfeiture of the crown for the elder branch by that circumstance. As we are not Portuguese lawyers, we cannot determine whether this opinion is well or ill founded. It is enough to say, that it is the opinion of the Portuguese bar, and that their law being a matter of fact to us, must be judged of by their opinion. In the next place, whether Don Miguel is the legitimate King of the Portuguese or not, one thing is perfectly clear, that he is the King of their choice; and this title it is difficult to see how the English King, whose title stands on the revolution of 1688, which excluded the elder branch of the Stuarts, or the French monarch, who stands on the revolution of the barricades, which excluded the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, can with any consistency refuse to acknowledge. Don Miguel has been now for five years in possession of the crown of Portugal, and during that time there has been no sort of attempt on