

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## INFLUENCE OF WOMAN ON SOCIETY.

It is generally believed that the influence of women on any given society is, on the average, much greater than that of men. We speak, of course, merely of the domestic state of society, for in politics and in all public matters the men have long enjoyed a complete monopoly. It is thought too, by many, that the influence which women exercise on manners might be employed with equal effect by her on morals, and in that case some very important suggestions will at once occur to every mind. "A Prudent and Moral Mother," remarks this translator, in his Preface, "may, in a great degree, counteract in her family the unhappy consequences of her husband's intemperate or dissolute life, much more than it is possible for an honest and industrious husband to counteract the melancholy effects of the bad conduct of an immoral wife. The wife's sphere is supremely that of domestic life; there is the circle of activity for which she is destined, and there, consequently, she has the greatest influence; and the lower we descend in the scale of society, the greater the influence of woman in her family. If she is unprincipled, the whole house is lost, whilst, if she walks on the path of virtue and religion, she is the safest support of a son, thrown upon the sea of life, or of a husband, oppressed by misfortune or misery, and beset by a thousand temptations. That tender age, in which the very seeds of morality must be sown and fostered in the youthful soul, much more dependant upon the mother's care than upon that of the father—in all working classes it is almost solely dependant on the former. A woman given to intemperance, and what is generally connected with it, to violence and immoral conduct in most other respects, is sure to bring up as many vagabonds and prostitutes as she has male and female children; and I believe I am right in stating, that the injury done to society by a criminal woman is in most cases much greater than that suffered from a single male criminal. Around one female criminal flock a number of the other sex; and ask any police officer what incalculable mischief is done by a single woman who harbours thieves and receives stolen goods, called in the slang of criminals a *fence*. I have taken pains to ascertain the history of a number of convicts, and though my inquiry has been but limited, yet, as far as it goes, it shows me that there is, always without an exception, some unprincipled or abandoned woman, who plays a prominent part in the life of every convict, be it a worthless mother, who poisons by her corrupt example the soul of her children, or a slothful and intemperate wife, who disgusts her husband with his home; a prostitute whose wants must be satisfied with theft, or a receiver of plunder, and spy of opportunities for robberies. It might be said, that man and woman being destined for each other's company, some woman will be found to play a prominent part in the life of every man, and nothing more natural, therefore, than that we find the same to be the case with criminals. This is true, and would only corroborate what I say, that the influence of woman is great; but in addition, I maintain that I found that most criminals have been led on to crime, in a considerable degree, by the unhappy influence of some corrupted female." The writer goes on to remark, that a striking difference exists between the progress of crime in women and in men. A woman who once renounces honesty and virtue, passes with the greatest facility, and with far greater ease than man, to the very blackest crimes. A theft by a woman will so harden her heart, that she will not hesitate to commit a murder, whilst a man will go on stealing for half his life, and recoil at the bare thought of imbruing his hands in the blood of his fellow creature. We may remark too, that most of those crimes which are distinguished by peculiar enormity, those of which the popular annals of almost every country make mention, are almost always perpetrated by women. Poisoning is the crime quite exclusively belonging to them. A book was published in Germany very lately, which gave an account of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and of the woman Gottfried, who in 1831, was executed in Bremen, for having poisoned more than thirty persons, among whom were her parents, children, husbands, lovers, friends, and servants.—*Monthly Review*.

## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

To sum up the view of the English, Scottish, and Irish character, I may observe, that sincerity and independence distinguish the English; intelligence and sagacity the Scottish; and a gay and gallant spirit the Irish. The best qualities, however, are apt to associate with bad ones. The independence of the English sometimes degenerates into coarseness and brutality; the sagacity of the Scottish, into cunning and time-serving; and the gaiety of the Irish, into fickleness and faithlessness. Could we combine the independence of the English, with the sagacity of the Scottish, and with the gallantry of the Irish, we should form almost a god.

Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first, with the cunning of the second, and with the faithlessness of the third, we should form a demon.—*Walker's Physiognomy founded on Philosophy*.

## FROM CRABBE'S POEMS JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

AWAKE, there is no living man  
Who may my fixed spirit shake;  
But, sleeping, there is one who can,  
And oft he does the trial make:  
Against his might resolves I take,  
And him oppose with high disdain;  
But quickly all my powers forsake  
My mind, and I resume my chain.

I know not how, but I am brought  
Into a large and Gothic hall,  
Seated with those I never sought—  
Kings, Caliphs, Kaisers—silent all;  
Pale as the dead; enrobed and tall,  
Majestic, frozen, solemn, still;  
They wake my fears, my wits appal,  
And with both scorn and terror fill.

Now are they seated at a board  
In that cold grandeur—I am there,  
But what can mummied kings afford?  
This is their meagre ghostly fare,  
And proves what fleshless things they stare!  
Yes! I am seated with the dead—  
How great, and yet how mean they are!  
Yes! I can scorn them while I dread!

They're gone!—and in their room I see  
A fairy being, form and dress  
Brilliant as light; nor can there be  
On earth that heavenly loveliness;  
Nor words can that sweet look express,  
Or tell what living gems adorn  
That wondrous beauty; who can guess  
Where such celestial charms were born?

## A DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

TOWARDS evening we entered the dominions of the United Provinces, and had all their glory of canals, track-schuyts, and windmills before us. The minute neatness of the villages, their red roofs, and the lively green of the willows which shade them, corresponded with the ideas I had formed of Chinese prospects; a resemblance which was not diminished upon viewing on every side the level scenery of enamelled meadows, with stripes of clear water across them, and innumerable barges gliding busily along. Nothing could be finer than the weather; it improved each moment, as if propitious to my exotic fancies; and, at sunset, not one single cloud obscured the horizon. Several storks were parading by the water side, amongst flags and ozers; and, as far as the eye could reach, large herds of beautifully spotted cattle were enjoying the plenty of their pastures. I was perfectly in the environs of Canton, or Ning Po, till we reached Meerdyke. You know fumigations are always the current recipe in romance to break an enchantment; as soon, therefore, as I left my carriage and entered my inn, the clouds of tobacco which filled every one of its apartments, dispersed my Chinese imaginations, and reduced me in an instant to Holland.—*Mr Beckford*.

## THE ENGLISH TOAD EATER.

IN this hot bed of sycophancy for the first time starts into life the English toadeater, an animal peculiar to the British islands. He is worth a moment's attention. He is indeed a singular little creature—a strange compound of jarring antipathies. He is essentially se fish, yet practices great self denial. He is haughty and overbearing to his inferiors, yet cringing and submissive to the great. He is dull, tiresome and uninteresting in the society of commoners; but he becomes witty, sprightly, and entertaining in the company of peers. He is habitually late in an engagement with an untitled friend; but he is punctuality itself at the table of a lord. He is a religious animal and implicitly follows the exhortation of the Apostle, 'in forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before.' He cannot afford to have 'odd friends,' and cuts all his old schoolfellows as soon as he has made more glittering acquaintances. He looks down with contempt on the untitled crowd when he has paid successful court to the youthful peer; and the coronet of the baron loses its lustre in his eyes when he can write himself the sworn friend and companion of an earl. Strange to say, he is often a person of large fortune, not unfrequently of good family; but all these advantages he regards only as aggravations of misfortune so

long as he is excluded from the coteries of the great. He begins his career at Oxford, and goes through life unchanged. In the capital he is the jackall of fashionable life, the purveyor of scandal for the boudoir and the drawing room. But peace be with him, and may our country soon be delivered from this noxious little animal and his whole race.

## AN UTILITARIAN IN THE FIELDS.

HE talked to his boys of the beauties of nature that surrounded them, and showed them in what a wonderful variety of ways beauty is a source of pleasure. He bade them listen to the songs of the birds, to the fall of the waters, to the thousand sounds of the earth and air,—teaching them how each added something to the great account of living happiness. When the wind blew in their faces, or the sun shone on their foreheads, or the frost bit the ends of their fingers, he told them how each administered to man's enjoyment. If the air was fragrant with the flowers of spring, or the sweet hay of summer, he explained to them how the organs of smell were made subservient to the same great end; and as they looked upon the tribes of busy creatures partaking of the various food presented to them by their Maker's munificence, he pointed out how numerous their pleasures; how marvellously provided for, how infinitely spread. "See," said he, "the great purpose of Providence; the general lesson of creation—happiness." And the thought again came over Arthur's mind, that anger never made any body the happier.—*Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals*.

## DUNNING AND LORD MANSFIELD.

DUNNING, whose debauched habits often made him late in court of a morning, on one occasion came shuffling into the King's Bench at half-past nine. Lord Mansfield was very vexed. "Do you know what hour it is Mr. Dunning?" Mr. D., pulling out his watch, "Half-past nine, my lord." "I have been here an hour, Mr. Dunning." "Then, my lord, we have been equally irregular; you half an hour too soon, and I half an hour too late." On another occasion Dunning had been strongly contesting a point of law, and urging Lord Mansfield to revise his opinion. "Mr Dunning, I apprehend I sit here, by his Majesty's gracious permission, to decide what is the law; at this rate I had better go home and burn my books." "You had better by half go home and read them," said Dunning aside, but pretty loud.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"What news to day?" said a merchant in New York to his friend lately. "What news?" responded the other, "nothing, only times grow better—people are getting on their legs again." "On their legs," said the first, "I don't see how you can make that out." "Why, yes," replied the other, "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?"

A German prince having in a dream seen three rats, one fat, the other lean, and the third blind sent for a celebrated Bohemian gypsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

## MARIA HAMMOND,

## A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles."—STERNE.

WHAT is the human mind? It is an "aura divina particula," says Horace: "it is material," whispers Infidelity! "it is an essence," replies Religion: "I declare," says my uncle Toby, "I know nothing of the matter." Now I am certain, and will undertake to prove it this minute, that my uncle Toby's answer is the best, the wisest, and indeed the only sensible answer that can be given to the question by man, woman, or child.

Sometime in the month of last November I was sitting in the evening by myself, before the parlour fire, chewing the bitter cud of a vexed spirit. That day a series of petty annoyances had given me the "horrors." Twenty thousand devils as blue as indigo had taken possession of my brain, and were scampering about, grinning and kicking up their heels, in utter defiance of all the most approved exorcisms in such cases made and provided. I tried every expedient—nothing would do. I treated my disorder first phlogistically; that is to say, I drank a glass of brandy and water, hot, with sugar. I was not one iota the better. I treated it anti-phlogistically, that is to say, I took another glass cold without. I felt no better—but at last, recollecting Dr. Hahnemann's theory of medicine—*Similia cum similibus*—or, as he calls it, his "System of Homoeopathics"—and the night being a miserable, suicidal sort of night—a thick fog had fallen, like a wet blanket, over that part of nature's face on which stands the city of London—and my friend Withering being a most wearisome proser, and living at a distance of at least two miles—I resolved to give Dr. Hahnemann's system a trial, and treat my case homoeopathically. So seizing my hat and stick with the air of a man who has taken his resolution, I trudged away through filth and mire, filth and fog, to my friend Withering's.