

"In the evening there are also the newspapers to sort. The first step is to put the directions all one way, the second is to sort. The 241 letter-carriers, and the 50 sub-sorters, in all about 290, are employed upon this duty.

"The morning duty of the Post-office consists in unloading the mails, and delivering the letters, that is to say, in

"1. Opening the bags, of which there are 700, and in checking the Deputy-postmasters' accounts for paid letters; 15 persons are thus employed; one person examines a bag in one minute and a half; 10 persons are employed in examining the taxings of unpaid letters, made by the deputy-postmasters.

"2. Sorting; 50 sorters are thus employed for two hours.

"3. Telling, that is, making out bills against every letter-carrier. Ten tellers, assisted by three check-clerks, are employed in this business during an hour.

"4. Delivering; the letter-carriers, of whom there are 241, are to return by a certain time, and are to pay the money charged against them to the receiver-general; also 50 sub-sorters, who are in a situation between clerks and letter-carriers, assist in the early delivery of general-post letters."—*London Mirror*.

### SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.

"Well, Sally," said I, smiling, "am I to lose you on Sunday night?"

"I am afraid so, ma'am," said she, sliding behind the door.

"Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I, "I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you."

Upon this, Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Curry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the fore-finger of her left hand, and said—

"My Mother, ma'am, was a poor woman in Salem, the widow of a sea-captain. He was lost on a voyage, and she fell sick, declining like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, and my mother was very ill. I sent to a neighbour to say I was afraid she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbour sent back she darsen't leave her baby, who was sick; but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come and welcome.

"That was my forlorn night, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My Mother was in a faint all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up; but he found he made me cry more, because it didn't seem somehow respectfully to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he could not comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look, as if he wished he could.

"The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, 'Sally, heat.'

"What mother?' says I, and my heart beat as if it would come through.

"Is there any body with you?' says she.

"Yes, my dear mother, a friend," says I, whispering.

"Will he take care of you?' says she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

"Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn, 'I will take of her, so help me Heaven.'

"She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, sorrowful, but as if she was satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."—*Am. paper*.

[In a late Pearl we inserted an account of the opening of Greenwood Cemetery, near New York. Below is a description of that receptacle of mortality, from the New York Gazette, and some lines on the question, *Who shall be first?*—in allusion to the first interment in the grounds.]

### THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

In point of sylvan beauty, of grand and varied prospect, of rich rurality on one hand, and the gorgeous magnificence of civic splendor and commercial bustle on the other, we have no idea that there is a spot on this continent to vie with it. We know there is not, for there is nowhere else that emerging from a darkened dell of tangled wildwood, where the vision cannot extend itself half a dozen carriage lengths from the spectator, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, another at your very feet of as large a size as some European capitals, are both before you—where you see a bay bearing on its bosom the commerce of a continent, rich in its own beauty as the proudest waters that wash the boasted basis of Vesuvius—where you see the rocky barriers of the Hudson on one side, and the blue billows of the Atlantic on the other, as distant as the visual organs have the power to reach—where the eye catches a distant glance of the finest island that rises out of the water—and Staten is not flattered when we say so—while at the same moment, some ten or a dozen charming towns and villages with their white houses and their tall church spires, add beauty to the bustle

and to the grandeur of the panorama. All this and much more is realized at Greenwood, and what gives peculiar charm to the scenery is, the almost infinite change; every rod of travel has a beauty of its own, and a beauty totally variant from the one you leave. The transition from city to wilderness, from fleets of ships to the deep gloom of overshadowed dingle, where nought save the sombreness of forest solemnity can be seen even under the noonday sun—from a prospect of fifty miles diameter over the loveliest scenery that ever opened upon human vision, to the dark gorge of woodland valley, where you can scarcely see ahead of your horses, is striking in the extreme. The ride round the grounds is at every step a romance, but we do say, that the approach to the little wood-embosomed lake—the lovely Vermontimere of these grounds is more surpassingly charming than any thing that can be found in the State—so grand, we do not say, but certainly the most beautiful, and the visitor will agree with us, if like us, he is fortunate to view the scene with the same accompaniments. Our last visit was extended to twilight, and a company of gentlemen amateurs were on the sylvan hills above us. They struck up a strain of music appropriate to the scene and to the occasion; they then descended to the lake, embarked in the little fairy frigate moored on the margin, rowed into the middle of the water, and sang several glees. The effect was almost magical.

On the whole, Greenwood is in all the essentials of adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, the finest spot that could have been selected.

### WHO SHALL BE FIRST?

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

Who shall be first in snowy shroud,  
To rest beneath the pall and plume,  
Silent amid the weeping crowd,  
A lonely tenant for the tomb?  
Borne silently along the wood,  
Some lonely sleeper soon must be,  
To rest in dreamless solitude,  
'Neath lowly shrub or lofty tree.

Who shall be first—the man of years,  
Or matron of the silv'ry crown;  
Who, tired of life—its toils and tears,  
Would gladly in the grave lie down?  
O many a head hath bowed in grief,  
That years have covered with their snow,  
And many a heart hath sought relief  
From care, the crumbling sod below.

Who shall be first—the man of prime,  
The maiden cast in beauty's mould,  
Cut down in loneliness, ere time  
But half their happy years had told?  
Not manhood's strength, nor beauty's form,  
The tyrant's ruthless arm can stay;  
The heart where health beats high and warm,  
He humbles with its kindred clay.

Who shall be first—the thoughtless youth,  
That boundeth o'er the grassy plain;  
Whose heart of innocence and truth,  
Hath never known guilt's gloomy stain?  
From youthful cheeks, the ruddy glow  
Of blooming health, alas, may fade;  
And lovely forms beneath the blow  
Of dark, relentless death be laid.

Who shall be first—the sinless one  
That sits upon its mother's knee;  
Whose race of life is but begun,  
Alike from care and error free?  
The cheek that ne'er hath blushed in guile,  
The lip that never knew deceit;  
May blanch in death and wear the smile  
Of beauty at the monster's feet.

Who shall be first—who shall it be,  
That broken-hearted friends may weep;  
While bearing to the cemetery,  
To leave in their last, lonely sleep?  
If from the happy throngs—or those  
The tempests of the world have driv'n,  
May all who here in peace repose,  
The first—the last—all meet in heav'n.

Green Mount Cemetery, July, 1839.

DISCOVERY.—Considerable sensation, among the bakers in the city of Edinburgh, has prevailed for some weeks past, in consequence of the discovery of an article possessing all the valuable qualities of the best wheat, and of much cheaper cost. It appears the bread in question is composed of three fourths of wheaten flour, and one-fourth of fine sago, which enables the baker to make a much better loaf at a cheaper rate.

From Captain Maynard's "America."

GALE ON LAKE HURON.

The next morning it blew hard; and as we opened upon Lake Huron, we had to encounter a heavy sea; fortunately, the wind was fair for the island of Mackinaw, or we might have been delayed for some days. As soon as we were in the lake, we made sail, having fifty-six miles to run before it was dark. The gale increased, but the canoe flew over the water, skimming it like a bird. It was beautiful, but not quite so pleasant, to watch it, as upon the least carelessness on the part of the helmsman it would immediately have filled. As it was, we shipped some heavy seas; but the blankets at the bottom being saturated, gave us the extra ballast which we required. Before we were clear of the islands, we were joined by a whole fleet of Indian canoes, with their dirty blankets spread to the storm, running as we were to Mackinaw, being on their return from Manitou Islands, where they had congregated to receive presents from the Governor of Upper Canada. Their canoes were much smaller than ours, which had been built for speed, but they were much higher in the gunnel. It was interesting to behold so many hundreds of beings trusting themselves to such fragile conveyances in a heavy gale and running sea; but, the harder it blew the faster we went; and at last, much to my satisfaction, we found ourselves in smooth water again, alongside of the landing wharf at Mackinaw. I had had some wish to see a fresh-water gale of wind; but in a birch canoe never wish to try the experiment again.

A CRISIS AT NEW YORK.

Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear, and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me.

Not a smile on the countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, care-worn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

THE STATE OF "BARTER" REACHED.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually have stopped payment; they never refuse any thing in New York; but nobody will give specie in change, and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating medium. Some of the shopkeepers told me that they had been obliged to turn away a hundred dollars a day, and many a Southerner, who has come up with a large supply of southern notes, has found himself a pauper, and has been indebted to a friend for a few dollars in specie to get home again.

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and instead of change, you receive I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each "good for one glass of brandy and water." At an oyster shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy.—Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, *skin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments.

Pass on to Boston, where they are

MORE ENGLISH THAN THE ENGLISH.

Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are; that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for the last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a house and a country seat or retreat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston, is very delightful; it was upon you every day and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.