

of blazing farm-yards, but as the danger is not at his very door, he cares as little about it as if it had been a part of the foreign news. His self-conceit encases him like armour, rendering him invulnerable to all *pity*; so he coolly stirs up the fire, wondering if the farmer fellow will be ruined." Arn't we nice chaps, Frank?

When there is a collision between rail-cars in this country, when snags tear the sides, and high-pressure engines burst the boilers of their steamboats, destroying hundreds of lives—when others are burnt at sea or on lakes, and the most horrible details are given, do they forget to look in the same paper at the state of the market, prices of cotton and the stocks, to say nothing of pork, cheese, lard, and leather?

"Here men," says my lady, "seem to think far more of the criminal than the punishment of crime." Did the writer never hear of Australia, of Van Dieman's Land, and the merciful care which leads Britain, at great expense, to save human life, and give offenders an opportunity of retrieving their characters, and making their peace with their God? I shall just, by way of rejoinder, give you an extract from the *paper of to-day*:—"Murder in Missouri,"—"Murder at the Long House,"—"Deliberate murder,"—"A shocking murder,"—"Attempt to murder and rob,"—"Murder in Hudson County,"—"A Murrelite shot." A little punishment here would not be amiss, I think. Besides, persons are permitted to give bail for the most heinous crimes. What say you of the prevention "in our young country?" All these are another proof, that when persons take the surface from which to form their conclusions, the chances are that nineteen times out of twenty they will be guilty of gross error and misrepresentation—like Baron de Hanssez, of cock-fighting celebrity.

I have never at home seen so much smoking and chewing, nor heard so much swearing, yet it would be very unfair in me to pronounce the Americans a smoking, chewing, swearing nation. Such forbearance would become the *authoress*; and until she acquires the gift of "the Devil on two sticks," she may depend upon it, she will be incompetent to decide, by a flourish, upon the character and merits of the English nation.

"The Americans as well as the English," says Julia, "may feel ennobled in Westminster, for *there* are the great names of a common ancestry—the warriors who made British valor felt, the poets and philosophers who gave undying lustre to the language, long before misrule made America, with unflinching voice, exclaim, '*I will be free!*' Chaucer, and Spencer, and Bacon, and Addison, and Newton, are ours as well as England's." Of course, having taken possession of Oregon, with the full approbation of General Cass, and acquired the navigation of the St. John's River, the next claim will be to Westminster Abbey, and some other odd trifles which they