

to disturb the creed of even a beggar, or as they term it, to save his soul, the number of these zealots, if we could but split them into parties, is too inconsiderable to excite alarm. My chief dependance, however, is on the quiet and easy indifference manifested by the superior orders both of priesthood and people. Deeply engaged as these classes are, in secular affairs, time for settling their own views is with difficulty found, and none whatever for meddling with those of other people. This I consider is a most happy and promising circumstance. Long life to these quiet and right easy disciples of Christ, both the Clergy and laity! Long may their gentle repose continue, for while that lasts never will the sage maxims of Confucius be assailed with the reasonings of the cross.

There are numberless peculiarities among this singular people to which I have not alluded, and on which, did the space of a single sheet of paper permit, passing attention might be given. They are not entirely destitute of genius. Not that I mean to institute any comparison, (for that would be ridiculous,) between them and the inhabitants of celestial dominions. The city in which I now write extends in length from east to west, nearly ten miles, and in breadth from north to south, about half that distance. Within that area about a million and a half of the inhabitants reside. The entire space is intersected with public avenues, along which are placed, under-ground, continuous lines of metallic tube, through which water is supplied, from distant reservoirs, to every house. Other tubes, only less in diameter, are placed in parallel lines, for the conveyance of fire; which is also transmitted from iron reservoirs, placed in the suburbs, in the form of an aerial fluid, wherever light is required. I have seen a man rise to the clouds, tied to the under part of a blown-ous bag of silk. I have seen another descend to the bottom of a river in an iron case, and at the end of an hour come up unhurt; and what is more astonishing than either, I recently observed a company of travellers moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without any visible cause, and as if the carriage-wheels were suddenly endued with instinct and animation. Perhaps you would like to know that the women of this country are highly respectable, and, if I had never seen our own country-women, I should think them beautiful. The worst is, the feet of an English lady are suffered to grow in their natural form, and are of equal size, so that they walk without limping, which you know is monstrous: besides, their foreheads have never been fattened. These as you perceive, are great blemishes, and account for the formalities generally practised. It is a fact, though I fear you will not believe me, that no Englishman can be induced to marry a woman until he has first seen her. Of the commendous and happy method of taking a wife upon report, agreeably with our judi-

icious custom, which goes far to ensure the bargain, they are evidently ignorant. The quickness of your apprehension has no doubt informed you, from the few scattered hints now forwarded, that although the inferiority of these outlandish people is easily seen, their intercourse with us has rendered some of them shrewd and intelligent; but while the precautions I have recommended are observed, and they are ambitious to procure our silks and hyson, compassion to the poor men may be shown with due regard to our safety. I am happy to tell you, that business goes on delightfully. Every one is dependant on our bounty; that is, every one takes tea twice a day. Congoo, that fetches three farthings per pound at Vuchang, sells here for seven shillings. That is good. May the three hundred and thirty millions of our fellow-subjects continue to repose in peace; and may His Imperial Highness never cease to knock his forehead upon the threshold of the gods for increased prosperity. Yours unchanged,

HOEI-TEL-EOU.

The big City, London,
Eleventh Moon, Anno. 4040.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Most or all of our readers must have heard of the romantic episode in the loves and lives of the parents of the celebrated Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; being no less a circumstance than that the father of the Archbishop went to fight the Infidel Saracens in the Holy Land, and while there, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and was nursed by a beautiful young female pagan, who like most warrior's nurses fell desperately in love with the object of her attention and solicitude. After the elder Becket sailed from the Holy Land for England, she became absolutely inconsolable at his departure, and a short time afterwards she secretly left her father's house, with a little money and a few jewels, made her way to Acre, took her passage in a ship bound for England, landed in London—and although she could not speak a word of the language, except the name of the being loved, and only knew a part of this, viz. that his Christian name was Thomas, she went crying that word through the streets of the great city until she found him—soon after which they were married.

Singular as the above story seems, we have to record one to day almost equally singular and romantic. Some time in the course of last year, as one of our fast sailing Liverpool vessels was dropping down the Mersey, with a fair wind and tide, for New York, the hands on board observed a small sail boat in the river astern of the ship containing a party of pleasure, which was upset by a squall. The ship's yards were braced round, her topsails backed, and a boat lowered which made for the party in the water. They were all secured except a young lady who becoming separated from the rest, was

carried down the river by the rapidity of the tide and must inevitably have been lost, had it not been for the watchfulness and intrepidity of the mate of the ship, who instantly jumped into the fore chains, dropped into the water, swam to the drowning girl, and being a strong young man, supported her till the boat reached and took them both up. She was taken on board the ship (which was hove to) until she recovered, when the rescued party were ultimately landed.

Strange to say, the parties all separated without the name of the vessel or any of her people being made known to the rescued parties; and the ship was soon under way for New York. On her return to Liverpool, the mate—who was a fine handsome fellow, and who had not failed to observe, during their short acquaintance, that the lady he had rescued was a very beautiful woman—thought it might not be so much amiss to endeavour to find her out, and enquire after her health. With this object in view, he hurried over a file of Liverpool papers, and found that on such a day, 1834, a party of pleasure in a sail boat, including Miss Mary —, had been rescued from a watery grave by the crew of a vessel bound out; but as several of the vessels (which had been wind-bound) sailed the same day, the name of the vessel was not known. On making further inquiries, he found that the young lady's brother (a surgeon) was one of the rescued people, and that they had left Liverpool and gone to reside in the country.

He obtained leave of absence from the ship, and without any chart or compass to steer by, he mounted a horse and rode out of the town towards Warrington. He had not proceeded half a dozen of miles before his horse took fright, ran off, and threw him violently on his head. He was taken up senseless and carried to the nearest house, which fortunately happened to be a surgeon's. He lay some days in a critical state, and the first object that met his vision on regaining his senses was the form of the fair Mary above alluded to, seated by his bed side, bathing his temples, and officiating as his nurse.—She blushed deeply on perceiving that he recognized her and hastily leaving the room, sent in her brother and an older (but less agreeable) female nurse.—Finding him still too weak to converse, they assured him that he was with friends, deeply sensible of their indebtedness to him, and who were but too happy to have it in their power to contribute to his comfort. He was now convalescent, and sinking into a sound sleep, they left him.

He awoke very late the next day much refreshed; but as neither his host nor the sister made their appearance, he inquired for them, and learnt that they had both been called up in the night, and had gone some distance to attend the dying bed of a near relative. Not thinking it necessary to explain to the old nurse, he did not state to her whom he was, but waited anxiously for the