

country is so vast, whose numbers must become so immense, when she is densely filled, to have laid out their capital on a narrow, contracted scale? I should say not, and if there is an error at all, it is surely on the safe side. How has "the project deceased?" are not the Western States rapidly filling up—is not the site annually becoming more central as regards the population, and was not that precisely the anticipation?

Such remarks are not the less irritating, because they are unjust. Julia's fibs provoke, although you know them to be fibs. "Boz" has no excuse for an offensive tone of this sort—it was unprovoked—not called for in defence of any of the institutions of his own land. He is now continuing the same thing, in conducting *Chuzzlewit*, to this country—the number I have seen is an exaggerated caricature, having no existence beyond his own brain, and tending to interrupt a harmony which he had better have used his talents to promote.—Adieu, yours.

HUNTING SONG.

When coursers are mounted at dawn of the morn,
How lightly the sportsman's heart bounds;
For his soul's all on fire when he hears the sweet horn,
And the loud thrilling cry of the hounds.

The steed proudly shares the wild joy of his lord,
And madly pursues his career,
High bounding o'er hedges, and skimming the sward,
Till he snorts at the death of the deer.

And oh! the delights that await us at eve,
When blithely encircling the board,
The heart of its care and sorrow takes leave,
While the nectar in brimmers is poured.

The name old Nimrod had never come down,
With glory so great to our day,
But that he ne'er thought it dishonored his crown,
To join in the cry "hark away."