

of my former numbers stigmatised the detestable spirit of avarice that prevails here, the adoration that is exclusively paid to wealth, and the absorption in that one vile and low pursuit of all the feelings of humanity and honour, of all the enjoyments of love and literature. I will make this the subject of an essay at my first leisure, and shall take for my text the following eloquent passage from one of Dr. Dodd's sermons.

"How amiable, how useful, how excellent is benevolence! Would you see it in a clearer exhibition, (as light is most distinguished by shade,) place by the side of our good man, the selfish, sordid, low-minded being, whose grovelling soul is ever bent to earth, and his own miserable interests; who never lifts his lowering eye above the sphere of his own advantage; and whose actions are continually directed by the invariable needle of private good: a wretch, who is never communicative, but when he expects a greater return; wishing to draw all to himself; but never willing to disperse abroad in blessings to others; GREEDY AS THE SEA, AND BARREN AS THE SHORE."

But to the letter.

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Dear Sir.—A resident of this city for several years, my attention has been naturally drawn to what appears to me to be the ruling passion of the greater part of its inhabitants. Wealth, which, it must be owned, is in every country, more or less, a main object of pursuit, seem to be here the only one. So great is its influence that those passions and feelings inherent in our nature, are apparently subservient to its views. Love pays it homage with the most abject submission; friendship, that sweetener of life, (or what goes here by the name,) is only to be found at its shrine. Even those civilities which pass between man and man are regulated by its arbitrary sway. It is surprising with what extreme politeness and attention that man is treated whose finances seem to be in flourishing condition; while the poor,