

Philadelphia, October 1, 2318.—This city, now so flourishing, has added, by an act of the assembly, thirteen new parishes, all of which are extremely well built, and every house has the excellent recommendation of being covered with iron. The population of this place, and suburbs, has been computed lately, and is stated at two millions of souls. The markets here are kept in the strictest order, and no filth is seen about the streets. The method of keeping the markets clean we recommend to general notice. The waggons with ten wheels are used for this purpose; and, as they pass through the markets every hour, the people throw into them all waste whatever. For this purpose a small tax is levied, which the inhabitants pay with pleasure, as it conduces so much to their own comfort.

*To be continued.*

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INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

How chang'd the manners of the times  
 If tombs the truth declare:  
 If true the tenor of these rhymes,  
 What virtues flourished here!

Praises of husbands, fathers, wives,  
 Appear on every stone;  
 By some near witness of their lives,  
 Attested every one.

Forgive, ye sacred shades around,  
 A sympathetic tear!  
 No wonder that bad men abound,  
 For all the good lie here.



BY S. C.

Her love, O 'tis young and 'tis tender,  
 A peach yet un-mellowed her kiss;  
 Her eyes—heav'n only could lend her,  
 Constellations of bliss, set in bliss.

To say nought of the kind heart sending  
 Each pulse to the cheek's soft hue,  
 As suns in their rich descending,  
 Give skies a deep blush for blue.

I sought me that love with feeling,  
 As pure and chaste as the eye,