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Weekly Almanack.

April—1836.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
11 Wednesday - -	4 39	7 21	3 8	8 37
12 Thursday - -	4 38	7 22	3 27	9 20
13 Friday - -	4 37	7 23	3 47	9 57
14 Saturday - -	4 36	7 24	4 8	10 32
15 Sunday - -	4 35	7 25	Sets.	11 7
16 Monday - -	4 33	7 27	8 47	11 40
17 Tuesday - -	4 33	7 27	9 48	ev. 15

New Moon 15th, 9h. 28m. morning.

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Committee for May:

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The Garland.

THE HILLS.

The hills!—the 'everlasting hills!'
How peerlessly they rise,
Like Earth's gigantic sentinels
Discoursing in the skies,
Hail! Nature's storm-proof fortresses,
By Freedom's children trod;
Hail! ye invulnerable walls—
The Masonry of God.

When the dismantled pyramids
Shall blend with desert dust,
When every temple "made with hands"
Is faithless to its trust,
Ye shall not stoop your Titan crests—
Magnificent as now!
Till your Almighty architect
In thunder bids you bow!

I love the torrents strong and fierce
That to the plain ye fling,
Which gentle flow'rs drink at their goal,
And eagles at their spring.
And when arrested in their speed
By winter's wand of frost,
The brilliant and fantastic forms
In which their waves are tossed.

Glorious ye are, when Noon's fierce beams
Your naked summits smite,
As o'er ye Day's great lamp hangs poised
In cloudless chrysolite:
Glorious when o'er ye sunset clouds,
Like broidered curtains lie—
Sublime, when through the moonlight looms
Your spectral majesty.

I love your iron-sinewed race—
Have shared their rugged fare—
The thresholds of whose eyrie homes
Look out on boundless air:
Bold hunters, who from highest clifts
The wild goat's trophies bring,
And crest their bonnets with the plumes
Of your aërial king!

I love the mountain maidens—
Their step's elastic spring
Is light, as if some viewless bird
Upbuoyed them with its wing;
Theirs is the wild, unfettered grace
That art hath never spoiled,
And theirs the healthful purity
That fashion hath not soiled.

Mountains! I dwell not with ye now,
To climb ye, and rejoice—
And round me boometh, as I write,
A crowded city's voice:
But oft in watches of the night,
When sleep the turmoil stills,
My spirit seems to walk abroad
Among ye, mighty hills! [*Knickerbocker.*

Miscellanea.

JOHN SMITH.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

By the Liverpool packet, a double letter, folded and sealed in a way which led to the belief that money was enclosed, and addressed to Mrs. John Smith, was received at our post-office. It had not long been deposited in its proper box, before a short, fat, smirking little woman made her appearance at the window, and, in a broad Irish accent, inquired, "Have you iver a letter for Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, here is one for Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Catherine Smith—is that your name, good woman?"

"No, that's not it—my name is Bridget."

"Ah, here is one. Pray, what is your husband's name?"

"Out on the vagabone, his name is John."

The clerk was about to give the letter to the woman, but his experience had taught him that John Smiths were as plenty as blackberries; and he held it back, while he asked a few more questions. "And where did you expect a letter from, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, from Cincinnati or New Orleans, or thereabouts. The villian John Smith (that I should say so!) promised to write me these two months, and not the bit scrape of his ugly pen have I seen at all at all."

"But this letter is from Liverpool, my good woman, and of course is not for you."

"Liverpool did you say! Oh, the ruffian, has he then deserted me entirely, and gone back to the ould country?"

"Supposing he has, you would probably expect to receive money from him."

"Is it money you mane? Sure then you have put your fut in it. The saddle is on the tother horse. It would be asking for money, not sending me any, that John Smith would be after. No, no, sharp's the eye that ever sees the colour of John's money more nor himself, and the man where he buys his whisky."

"I fear, if that is the case," said the clerk, "that I shall not be able to give you this letter. It appears to contain a large sum of money, and must be for some other person of your name."

The woman went away grumbling and scolding and vowing "it was all a chate," and threatening, if there was law in the land, she would have her letter. In about an hour after, a tall, sallow-looking man, whose straight black hair, keen eye, and Indian gait, denoted him as one of that portion of our countrymen who style themselves, "half-horse, half-alligator, and a little touch of the snapping turtle," walked up to the place of letter delivery.

"I say, stranger, I want a letter for John Smith."

"There is none addressed to that name," said the clerk; "but here is one for Mrs. John Smith."

"Ah, that's me, or what's the same thing, it's my woman; so shell it out here in a little less than no time."

"Stay a moment, my friend; where did you expect a letter from?"

"Whar from!" exclaimed the Kentuckian in surprise. "Look here, stranger, I reckon you want to poke fun at me. Now let me tell you, I'm a pretty considerable sort of a chap—I'm a ring-tail roarer, all the way from Salt River. So, none of your cock-loftical cavorting about me, or I'll be into you like a streak of lightning?

"I merely wish to know where you expect a letter from, to avoid mistakes, as there are so many John Smiths. This letter contains money."

"That's why I want it. And so you're gwaing [going] to keep the letter for the sake of the shiners. Maybe you think I ar'nt worth no money. I tell you what, stranger, my old man's a heavy dog, and thinks no more of a hundred dollars (State Bank, you see, and not the rale specie) than you do of a hundred cents. Why should he? Ar'nt he a director, and what account is money to him?"

"But this letter is from England. Your father is not an Englishman, is he?"

"Look [illegible] me, jist step out here, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life. Englishman! I reckon if you had seen me at Orleans, with old Hickory, you would'nt a' thought there was much English blood in me, though there war a pretty considerable smart chance of it on to me. And my wife's rale Kentuck' to the backbone, too: none of your half-and-half Yankee thrash. If the letter's from England, she should'nt touch it, if it contained ever such a powerful heap of money." And so saying the stranger turned indignantly from the office, satisfied that a letter from England could not be intended for him or his.

The next applicant for a letter for John Smith was a small dapper gentleman with hair of a reddish cast, light eyes and sandy complexion. The bosom of his vest was traversed in every direction with strings of silk braid and safety chains, and his collar was rolled back with great precision, so as to display to the best advantage a curiously plaited bosom to his linen, and a set of gilt mounted studs, with which it was adorned. His upper lip was shaded with one dozen or twenty hairs, which, as the weaver said of the threads of his carpet, were not as neighbourly as they should be; but they glistened with bear's grease, and had been forced with infinite pains from their bristling to a supine position, so that they presented quite a smart apology for mustachios. Our beau was highly indignant that a post office clerk should dare to question him or withhold a letter addressed "to his lady"—but said it was no more than might be looked for under a rascally Jackson administration—told him with impressive earnestness that he was a gentleman—threw his card down with the look of an angry Cæsar—and uttered mighty threats in a very weak and effeminate voice, which was not without a certain quaver, that seemed to denote that the speaker was not altogether sure whether the intermediate wall afforded a protection to his exquisite person. The clerk, however, receiving no satisfactory answers to his enquiries, was not intimidated into giving the dandy the letter, and the disappointed applicant walked off in a most unbecoming passion.

A long blue-eyed, red-cheeked, raw-boned, awkward-looking man, from "down cast," was next to ask for the much-claimed letter for Mrs. John Smith; he was succeeded by a chubby negro woman, and a thickset, heavy-looking Dutchman followed her. None of them, however, gave satisfactory answers to the questions which the careful clerk thought it his duty to ask, and were obliged to go away as they came. At last a small pretty woman, with high cheek bones, rosy complexion, dressed in a neat close habit, a gipsy hat, having altogether a John Bull air, came to the postoffice window and modestly asked if there was a letter by the Liverpool packet for Mrs. John Smith. Noticing that the clerk felt some little hesitation at giving it to her, she authorised him to break the seal, telling him what amount of money it would probably be found to contain, and one or two other facts which would establish her claim beyond doubt. The contents of the letter proved her right to it, and, much to the joy of the clerk, the troublesome epistle passed out of his custody.

The Indian Suttee.—The place appointed for the suttee was about three hundred yards from the bank of the river, and we could both hear and see the natives (several thousands being assembled) long before we came to the shore; and their shouting, together with the beating of the dumdums and gongs, and the blowing of horns, could almost have reached Calcutta. We landed in some degree of state, the gentleman being preceded by his peons with their silver sticks and maces, and guarded by natives with spears. A loud and deafening shout was sent up on our approach, and a lane was opened for us to advance to the immediate scene of action. Upon a platform made of bamboo, and raised about three feet above the ground, was the corpse of an aged man of a rather high caste; it was wrapped in cotton, well saturated in ghee (a sort of clarified butter) and cocoa-nut oil; the face was exposed, and materials of a light combustible nature were not only piled about the body, but laid at a convenient distance to throw upon the living sacrifice, and hasten the consummation. Several Brahmins were muttering round the platform, and a number of devotees, nearly the whole of them in a state of acquired deformity, were practising their abominations, and undergoing torture with the most patient endurance. We waited some time, till at length the widow of the deceased was brought forward by her relatives, among whom were two of her own sons. She had passed the age of youth; but there were still the remains of matronly beauty about her, and it was evident that she had been well drugged with opium: there was an unnatural glare in her eyes, but a heavy expression of countenance, the effects of the narcotic; yet she divested herself of her ornaments, and presented them to her companions with considerable grace, and then, being assisted on to the platform, she embraced the dead body with much apparent affection. Again she returned, and conversed calmly with her friends: and the official gentleman, whose duty it was to ascertain whether the act was voluntary, addressed her in Hindostanee, and received clear and distinct answers—there was no evidence of fear nor apprehension of pain. The Brahmins offered up what appeared more like incantations than prayers, and every thing being ready, ghee and oil were smeared over every part of her, and she once more ascended the platform amidst loud shouts and the discordant noise of the native instruments. The woman embraced her sons who had ascended with her, and as soon as they came down she placed herself near the body of her late husband,—face to face. At this moment my very heart sickened at the thought of self-immolation by so horrid a death; but there certainly was a great deal of excitement in the spectacle. The tranquillity with which the widow had gone through the previous ceremony,—the calmness with which she laid herself down, had something superhuman about it, that produced high-wrought feelings; and though pity mingled with disgust were predominant, yet it was impossible not to honour the courage that could thus brave the prospect of a death of torture. Combustibles were liberally strewed over the bodies of the living and the dead, and oil and ghee were plentifully poured over all. The pile was lighted, and at first a smothering cloud of smoke arose that concealed the victims, or rather the place where they were extended; in a few seconds, however, it burst into a clear and raging flame that must have almost instantly reached the woman, and there was a struggle and a piercing shriek; but the former was prevented by two long bamboo poles being placed across the bodies and forcibly held down, and the latter was immediately drowned in the vociferations of the multitude, and the noise of the deep-sounding gongs that were beating incessantly. The effluvia arising from the burning was at first extremely grateful to the smell, on account of the quantity of sandal wood and fragrant spices that had been profusely scattered amongst the combustibles; but this was succeeded by a stench so horrible, that we were glad to make our escape to the budgerow,—no very easy task, as, notwithstanding our escort, our way was much impeded by crowds of men who entreated alms. One of these, I well remember, had kept his fist closed, without unclosing it till the nails had grown right through the back and appeared at the back of his hand; another had a large iron hook thrust into his side; and a third had an iron skewer through his tongue, which was hanging out, and prevented his shutting his mouth. One of these fanatics had walked on his knees till his legs had withered, and were turned up, almost like shrivelled parchments on rollers, behind his thighs. All were filthy, dirty, and particularly a muscular man as black as a negro, whose matted hair could not have been much less than two fathoms in length. At last we got on board, and I naturally made inquiry why such an horrible system was not prevented. Policy was alleged as one cause; but there was yet a more forcible one,—the want of education to dispel the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, added to a fear that forbidding it would render the sacrifice more a point of honour amongst the natives, and would lead to secret murder. For myself, I could not contemplate, without shuddering, the fact of two sons (the eldest not more than fourteen) cheerfully assisting in the murder (for to the mind of an European it is nothing short of murder) of their mother, and gratitude swelled my heart that I was born in a country where the affection for the maternal parent is one of the best, as it is the chiefest characteristic of its inhabitants. I could have died sooner than have given my mother a moment's bodily pain; but these youths rendered their aid in offering up the being who brought them into the world, in the horrible manner I had witnessed. "When," thought I, "will the glorious light of true knowledge be diffused over the whole earth, and man be taught to worship his Creator in spirit and in truth?"—*United Service Journal.*

Whigs and Tories.—People wonder that the Whigs never remained long at the helm, but have always been compelled to give way to the Tories; this seems to me very natural, and even necessary. The former have always prepared and accomplished the great changes, and, during certain critical periods, have assumed the office of bold physicians; but their mode of treatment was not so well adapted to the usual course of things, and, in days of calm, the nation returned to its ordinary regimen. If the Tories had always done what was right, and at the right time, the Whigs would never have come into power. The Tories negligently suffered the watch to run down; then came the Whigs and wound it up again. Having done this, they retired or were forced to do so. The idol of the false Tories is the *vis inertiæ*, that of the false Whigs, the *perpetuum mobile*. But centrifugal as well as centripetal force was necessary for regular motion: and how much more complex and varied are the motions of all that really has life!—*Raumer's England.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury.—Yesterday I dined at the Archbishop of C——'s, a very courteous, polished, and intelligent man, who has always conducted himself with great moderation, though he naturally endeavoured to preserve the Church as much as possible, and only to remedy its defects; but he is certainly obliged, like many others, to oppose abuses more decidedly than before. The difference between the church of England and that of Germany might be inferred from this single dinner; it would have exhausted a month's or a year's revenue of our clergy, if silver knives, forks, spoons, plates, dishes, and covers were to be provided. *Too much*, according to the rigid Presbyterian standard; *little*, if compared with our old archbishops and Bishops. The same rule cannot apply to all, and if the immense disparity of fortune be tolerated and approved among the laity, there may be also gradations among the clergy. A poor Church is not the best on account of its poverty, and where the sons of the distinguished and the rich refrain from entering the Church, and where there is no encouraging prospect, defects of another kind will surely creep in.—*Ib.*

The National Debt.—If this bugbear, the national debt, has lost much of its terrors on closer examination, does not the other face of this Janus-head appear the more ruinous? Whatever complaints and prophecies are now uttered in this respect, cannot surpass what was said by Davenant on the same subject, more than a hundred years ago. Like him, many political economists, looking only at the naked figures, assert that England is taxed ten times as high as Poland for instance, because every tax-payer has to pay a sum ten times as large. But if the Englishman, in spite of this nominally tenfold amount of his taxes, eats, drinks, lodges, and is clothed better, obtains more enjoyments for the mind and body, and in the end has far more left than the Pole, where is the taxation the highest and most oppressive?—*Ib.*

Apophthegms.—*Appetite.*—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like. * * *Audience.*—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes. * * *Bait.*—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third. * * *Plagiarists.*—Purloiners, who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket. * * *Saw.*—A sort of dumb Alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.—N. B. A bona-fide alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in "modern instances." * * *Speculation.*—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter. * * *Tinder.*—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.—*The Tin Trumpet.*

Mice.—Mice seem to have been regarded with some sort of superstitious reverence by the ancient people of the earth. In the Egyptian hierography, the figure of a mouse was understood to typify some unexpected and complete destruction by divine interposition. Apollo in Crete and the Troad, had the name of Smintheus, as being the patronising deity of these gentle animals, to whom he was supposed to have communicated some of his own talent of divination, so that they are enabled to foresee the destruction of the tenement in which they may happen to be lodged, and to make their escape in good time ere the tenement tumble—a faculty which we have transferred, less classically, to rats, a more unamiable and unpopular quadruped. Mice have obtained celebrity by being prominent agents in three transactions—two of profane, the third of divine history. Ashdod, in consequence of the captivity of the ark, was smitten with multitudes of mice; as a trepass-offering to remove which, five golden mice were presented to the judges of Israel by the lords of Philistia. Sennacherib's army, when on the point of invading Egypt, was, according to Herodotus, assailed by a countless army of these animals, who, by devouring their bow-strings, shield-straps, baggage, &c. foiled the invader, and incapacitated him for completing his object. On another occasion, when a colony of the Teneri issued from Crete in quest of settlements in Asia Minor, they were encouraged and authorized, by an oracular response, to make their abode in that place, where the *earth-born*, or Indigenes, should emerge from their dens, and make an assault upon them. This happened to them near Amaxitus, a town of the Troad, where, as they lay encamped during the night-time, a countless host of field-mice emerged, swarming from underground, and began to nibble away the leathern part of their armour, their baggage, and eatables. Considering these *indigenous* creatures as the fulfilment of the oracle, they settled there; and erected a temple in Chrysa to Apollo Smintheus, or Appollo of the Mouse, with a statue of the god, appropriately having a figure of a mouse under his foot. Some geographers have thought that the country called Mysia had its name from this circumstance of the mouse.

Anecdote of the Plague.—A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old, of a whole family, dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of cantagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length, the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them and in two days she was no more."

Rev. John Wesley's Chapel.—This, if I was rightly informed, is one of the largest Dissenting places of worship in London. The sexton showed us the building and pointed out the place where sleep the remains of that extraordinary man, who once held listening thousands here in breathless attention. I felt a thrill run over me, as I stepped up into the pulpit, and stood in the very spot, from which the great founder of one of the most flourishing denominations in the United Kingdom, so often addressed his early followers. It is not necessary for a person to abjure Calvinism or even to be influenced by the slightest methodistical biases, in order to admire such a man as John Wesley. I am sure of it, from my own experience. How gladly would I have seen that venerable form, and heard that persuasive voice. Not that I should have disturbed his repose, had it been in my power. But as I can never cease to admire the men of whatever sect, who stood up for evangelical piety, in a suffering and degenerate age, so it would be quite impossible for me to visit the very place where they worshipped God, and tread upon their ashes, without strong emotion. Certainly he was a man of wonderful forecast and sagacity, as well as eminent piety, unquenchable zeal and prodigious labors. He was born to command—not by the power of the sword, but by a high moral and religious influence—not by the *help* of the secular and ecclesiastical arm, but in *spite* of it. The time will come, I have no doubt, when John Wesley will have swayed more minds, and will have left a deeper impress of himself upon human society, than Napoleon Buonaparte; for the image of the *Conqueror* will nearly vanish with the first generation, while that of the *Reformer* seems likely to retain much of its original freshness, and to multiply its impressions, for ages to come. The remains of Dr. Adam Clarke lie near to those of Mr. Wesley.—*Rev. Dr. Humphrey's Tour.*

Bunhill Fields.—This is a very ancient and extensive burying ground, lying on the city road and not far from Wesley's Chapel. I spent an hour perhaps, in walking over it and reading the inscriptions upon the tombs of the great and the good. And in looking at the time-worn monuments of John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, Dr. Owen, Dr. Waugh, Dr. Gill, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Winter and many other once burning and shining lights in the church, I felt as if I was treading upon holy ground! Perhaps it was wrong. Perhaps my veneration for the noble army of martyrs and confessors, and puritan worthies, slumbering here, carried me further, for the moment, than was altogether safe, though I hope it did not. I am quite sure, that I was never in so interesting a cemetery before, and from what I could learn of its history, I doubt, whether there is any other spot on earth, of equal extent, where so many sleep in Jesus as here. For ages it has been the favorite resting place of exalted piety. During those times which tried men's souls from the fires of Smithfield, down through several succeeding reigns, the puritans and non-conformists, are said to have preferred this to every other place of sepulture; and the greater the number of those who through much tribulation entered the kingdom of heaven, were buried at Bunhill Fields, the greater became the desire of enjoying the same honor.—It is natural, and who will say that it is wrong? Who that goes out to bury a dear and pious friend, is not comforted, if he can lay those precious remains by the side of those whom he has reason to believe have entered into the same glorious rest? And what christian is there, who in looking over the burying place where he expects soon to lie himself, does not feel, that it will be a privilege to sleep with the friends of that Redeemer whom he loves and adores?—*Ib.*

Broadway and the Boulevards.—The long line of Broadway, with its crowded sidewalks, showy shops, and numerous hotels, at once transports you back to Europe; and, were it not for the sprinkling of black faces with which the mass is checkered, one might imagine oneself in Paris, on some portion of the Boulevards not altogether familiar to the eye, but offering most of the points needful to prove identity, from the monkey and hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyard, the *blouse* of the carman and *conducteur*, to the swagger of the citizen soldier, and the mincing step and "*tournure charmante*" of the *belles*. The fronts of the *cafés* and hotels, too, as you pass along, you perceive to be covered by chairs occupied by similar loungers to those on the Boulevards.—*Impressions of America by Tyrone Power.*

The Harlem Road.—In the cool of the afternoon, if there chance to be any cool, it is a common custom for the young men of all classes to drive or ride some five or six miles along the north avenue—an excellent road leading to the pretty village of Harlem; and on this line, about sunset, the amateur of horse flesh may see done the fastest pace in the trotting world; double horse waggons, of the neatest and lightest construction, gig, sulky and saddle, all are alike borne along by trotters or pacers at a speed varying from the pair that are doing their mile in three minutes, to the sulky or saddle nag, flying at the rate of a mile in two minutes, thirty seconds.—*Ib.*

Railways.—Wander whither you will, take any direction, the most frequented or the most secluded—at every and at all points do these lines of railway intercept your path. Each state, north, south and west, is eagerly thrusting forth these iron arms, to knit, as it were, in a straiter embrace her neighbours: and I have not a doubt but, in a very short time, a man may journey from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico coastwise, with as much facility as he now does from Boston to Washington, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, which may be at this day performed within forty hours, out of which you pass a night at New York.—*Ib.*

The Author's Object in Writing.—I seek only to describe America as I saw it—a mighty country, in the enjoyment of youth and health, and possessing ample room and time for growth, which a few escapades incident to inexperience and high blood may retard, but cannot prevent. Heaven has written its destinies in the gigantic proportions allotted to it, and it is not in the power of earth to change the record. I seek to describe its people as I saw them—clear-headed, energetic, frank, hospitable; a community suited to, and labouring for their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort. This is and will be their lot for probably another generation. To those, then, who seek scandalous inuendos against, or imaginary conversations with the fair, the brave, and the wise, among the daughters and sons of America, I say, read not at all; since herein, though something of mankind, there is little of any man, woman or child, of those with whom I have reciprocated hospitality and held kind communion.—*Ib.*

The Author's Advice at Breakfast in a "Liner."—The signal is made, the covers drawn; and appetite or no appetite, here is temptation for all. If the incipient voyager will benefit by my experience, as he might well have down by an example, had we been happy enough to possess his amiable society on board the *Europe*, he will develope his main battle against the mutton chops *au naturel*; the gossip over a slice of broiled *Virginy* ham, with an egg or twain, while his souchong is getting pleasantly cool; then, having emptied his cup, flirt with a couple of delicate morsels raised from the thin part of the salted shad fish, and which shad, for richness and flavour, is surpassing. To his second cup he will dedicate the upper crust of a well baked roll with cold butter; and, after having duly paused a while, choose between Cognac and Schiedam for a *chasse*. If he will yet walk with me, I say try Schiedam, in absence, reverently be it spoken, of Isla or Innishowen.—*Ib.*

The Author's Patriotism.—I give back in love of country to no man, and to no foe under heaven would I yield up one jot due to Britain's well-won supremacy, but to the United States we may surely spare without envy the leaf she has so hardily plucked from our thick laurels. The glory of having given her birth, language and laws, she cannot rob us of; this will endure until her mountains crumble; and all else she has acquired at the expense of Britain, Britain can well spare, and still stand foremost on the roll of fame.—*Ib.*

The President of the United States.—As viewed on horseback, General Jackson is a fine soldierly, well preserved old gentleman, with a pale wrinkled countenance, and a keen clear eye—restless and searching. His seat is an uncommonly good one, his hand apparently light, and his carriage easy and horseman-like—circumstances, though trifling in themselves, not so general here as to escape observation. His personal friends, of whom I know many most intimately, speak of him with great regard, and describe him politically as one whose singleness of purpose and integrity of mind, in all that relates to his country, can never be fairly impeached upon any tenable ground. With these friends, without regard to rank or station, he lives at all times on the most familiar terms. When in his neighbourhood they visit him as they have ever done, without finding the slightest increase of form; and, over his cigar the President canvasses the events and receives the opinions of the day with all the frankness of an indifferent party, neither affecting nor enforcing mystery or restraint. His address is described as being naturally fluent, pleasing and gentlemanlike.—*Ib.*

The Euphrates Expedition.—The Pasha of Egypt lately asked an Englishman to tell him why, instead of sending the Steamboats round by the Persian Gulf, the British Government preferred incurring the enormous expenses of conveying them over land across mountains without roads, and the marshy plains of the Anek? The traveller declared his inability to answer the question. 'This experiment,' said the Pasha, 'has been tried by the English, let me tell you, in order to ascertain the practicability of marching an army with its artillery and waggon-train from the coast to Bir, embarking it there on rafts down to Bussoorah, and directing it from that point either on Bushire or India, as circumstances may require.' [Is not this Russian prompting? 'The brat is taught his lesson.'—*Shakspeare. Brat* in the Russian language means *brother.*]

A Nation put in Quarantine.—Speaking of slavery in the United States, and of Mr. Abdy's able exposure of the horrors of the system as carried on by the Americans, the *Westminster* Review says, "It is the right of the civilized world to combine in placing them (the Americans) in quarantine till they are less discreditable to their ancestors. Will any Englishman sit at meat with a nation that *sell one mother by weight?*" This alludes to a practice prevalent in the slave-dealing States of disposing of the young slaves of from three to eight years old by weight, so that the heavier they are the more valuable are they to the American man-sellers!