

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

It may not be unamusing, perhaps not uninteresting, to consider the mode, in which some of the various classes of London society dispose of themselves upon the Sabbath.

The rational Christian goes to the church in an exhilarating spirit of grateful devotion to God, and universal charity to mankind; feeling persuaded that the most acceptable homage to the Creator must be the happiness of the creature, dedicates the rest of the day to innocent recreations, and the enjoyment of domestic and social intercourse.

The bigot enters his Salem or Ebenezer, hoping to propitiate the God of unbounded benignity, by enforcing systems of gloom and horror; by dreadful denunciations against the rest of mankind, and ascetical self-punitions. He holds with the Caliph Omar, that we must make a hell of this world to merit heaven in the next. In all probability he is a vice-suppressor, and hating to see others enjoy that which he denies himself, wages a petty but malignant warfare against human happiness, from the poor boy's kite to the old woman's apple stall. If in good circumstances, he orders out his coachman, footman, and horses, to go to chapel; that the world may at once know his wealth and his devoutness; yet dines upon cold meat, to let the Almighty see that he does not unnecessarily employ his servants on the Sabbath. Music on this day is an utter abomination; and if he had his will he would imprison the tumbling waters for making melody with the pebbles; set the wind in the stocks for whistling; and cite the lark, the thrush and the blackbird into the ecclesiastical court.

The man of fashion cannot possibly get dressed in time for church: the park is his *maison*;—there is no other place to ride in;—he hates walking;—lounges at the subscription house, and votes Sunday a complete bore, until it is time to drop in at the Marchioness's in Arlington street.

Jammed in by other carriages, and sometimes unable to move from the same spot for hours together, the woman of fashion spends her Sunday morning in the ring, exposed to sun, wind and dust, and the rude stare of an endless succession of oriental vulgarities.

Half filling his *siwy* and substantial carriage the rich citizen rides from his country house to the church, fully impressed with the importance of the duty he is performing, and not altogether un mindful of the necessity of acquiring an appetite for dinner. He has moreover, a lurking hope, that his supplications may not have an unpropitious effect on the fate of his missing ship, the *Good Intent*, on which he is *short insured*; to strengthen which influence, he deprecates to his son the irreligious omission of the introductory and concluding prayer in the newly printed bills of lading; compares the same impropriety in the form of modern wills; and informs him that most of the old mercantile legers had the words *Laus Deo* very properly printed in their first page. His wife, fat, and fine, with a gorgeous pelisse, and a whole flower garden in her bonnet sits opposite to him, and, as they go to church to abjure all pomps and vanities, their rich liveried servant, with fifty bobs and tags dangling from his shoulder, clatters up the aisle behind them, to perform the essential offices of carrying one little prayer book and shutting the door of their pew. Whatever be the rank of those who practice this obtrusive and indecorous display, it is of the very essence of vulgar upstart pride and constitutes an offence, which the beadle of every parish ought to have special orders to prevent.

The City Dandy and Dandissette, arrayed in the very newest of their septenary fashions, pick the cleanest way to the Park, and leaving the verdant sward, unbragous avenues and chirping birds of Kensington Gardens, to the nursery maids and children, prefer taking the dust and enjoying the crowd by the roadside, accompanied by the unceasing grating of carriage-wheels in the gravel.

The maid servant having a stout new bonnet, asks her mistress's permission to go to morning service; and, when her fellow servants enquire what the sermon was about, exclaims, with a toss of head, "I always told Mary what the flirting of that fellow Tomkins would come to—spite of all his fine speeches about the banns, they wasn't no more asked in church than I was."

The labourer, or mechanic, who was formerly enabled to refresh his feet in the grass of the green fields, and recreate his smokedried nose with the fragrance of a country breeze, can no longer enjoy that gratification now that London itself is gone out of town. He prowls about the dingy swamps of Battersea or Mile-End, with a low bull dog at his heels, which, he says, he will match for a gallon of beer, with e'er a dog in England. Being of the same stock with the cockney young lady, who pathetically lamented that she "never could *hezhasperate*

Haich," and then innocently enquired "whether the letter *ze* was not a *woopell*?" he, with a scrupulous inaccuracy, misplaces his H's, V's, and W's. At Vauxhall he stops to buy an ash-stick; because, as he argumentatively tells Bill Gubbons, his companion, "I always likes a *hash* un." However numerous may be his acquaintances, he never meets one without asking him what they shall drink, having a bibulous capacity as insatiable as that of a dust man, who, beginning at six o'clock in the morning, will swallow a quart of washy small beer at every door on both sides of a long street.

The more decent artisan, having stowed four young children, all apparently of the same age, in a hand cart, divides with his wife the pleasure of dragging them, for the benefit of the country air, as far as Mother-Red Cap in the Hempstead road, where he ascends into a balcony, commanding a fine view of the surrounding dust, smokes his pipe, drinks his ale, and enjoying the heat of the high road, as he lugs his burden back again, declares that "them country excursions are vastly wholesome."

CORONATION.

Court of Claims.—Sir Geoffrey Squint, claimed to look awry upon his Majesty's liege subjects at the banquet; sir G. to be fasting. Allowed.

Sir Nimbleton Legges claimed to cut three capers for his Majesty's divertisement in Westminster Hall, and do the same by deputy. Allowed, the said sir N. being an alderman.

Terence Swigall Esq. of Dublin, presented a petition to be allowed to drink for his Majesty, when his Majesty should be laid under the table. Rejected, his Majesty having the strongest head in Europe.

Giles Grumbleton, Esq. claimed to grunt three times after the banquet, and to have three pigs tails and a ram's horn in a tin box, from the city of London.—Allowed.

The Lord Mayor of London, claimed on behalf of the city, to taste his Majesty's turtle soup and to have all that remained in the pots. Allowed.

His Majesty was also pleased to order that a place in the procession should be provided for sir Hans Snickerstaugh, of his Majesty's Kingdom of Hanover; the said, sir Hans to be dressed in 15 pair of breeches, 3 coats, and 7 waistcoats, each garnet to be half of orange and half scarlet, and to carry the grand standard of Hanover, a large cheese, surmounted by a dried rat and two onions.

Knowles Crawlton, Esq. claimed a place at the banquet, to eat out of a wooden trencher, and to swear at the cookery and have the trencher. Allowed—but to find the trencher himself. It was also declared to be a prescriptive right of all the good people of these realms to grumble at their dinners.

The master of the horse claimed to cut two somersets and a half over his Majesty's saddle on the ground, and to have three hairs from the tail of his Majesty's horse. Allowed—the said hairs to be plucked under the inspection of a committee of the commons, and the judges of the court of exchequer. Allowed.

The honorable company of brewers, by their president claimed to drink 2 pots of ale with his Majesty. The right hands of his Majesty and the president to be joined, and their right legs resting on the back of a chair; and have the pots.—Allowed—but his Majesty to drink by deputy; his temperate habits allowing him to drink nothing stronger than 4th proof whiskey.

The universities of Cambridge and Oxford, by their Chancellors claimed to send two wranglers to wrangle and chop logic on London bridge, with all the good people of the realm. Allowed.

Mr. Toupee, his Majesty's barber general, claimed to walk in the procession, with all the various wigs on his head, for the last 500 years, surmounted by a barber's basin; and to shave all the pigs in England for 40 days. Allowed.

The societies of the Inns of Court; claimed to walk in the procession, attended by their clients. Allowed—but recommended their clients to stay at home, his Majesty not wishing to have poverty in the procession.

The Royal College of Surgeons, by their president, as the true and legal successors of ancient and right venerable company of barbers and surgeons, claimed to extract 2 teeth and draw a horn spoonful of blood from his Majesty, by leeches immediately before the pouring out of the holy oil. This cause presenting some nice points, the court adjourned to take counsel. In this cause, previous to the next meeting of the court, there will be a solemn argument before 12 judges, on 2 points. 1st. That inasmuch as his Majesty's teeth have all decayed, whether the extracting of 2 false teeth, is within the meaning of the charter of the college; and 2d that inasmuch as whiskey has been substituted in his Majesty for blood, whether the drawing of a fluid from his Majesty's veins, is by the common law of England, in all cases a drawing of blood. We have it from good authority, that a cabinet council was called on Sunday last to decide how

long it will be necessary to postpone the "august and sacred ceremony," in order to train leeches to hard drinking, in order to go through the operation without flinching, should the question be decided for the college.—*National Advocate*.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

Mr. Patrick Mulroony, of scholastic celebrity, published his pretensions to public support, in the following very accomplished advertisement:—

MR. PATRICK MULROONY

"Is just arrived from high hand to the town of Ballyclough.

"Beg leave to acquaint the Comynalty, the Nobillittee and Ginty hereabouts, that he intends teaching Young Ladies and Gintlemo all sorts of Learning, and as he does not wish to be circumlocutions he begs leave to make mention of the following branches of Edification:—He teaches the Primer and Reading meedays, in all its various ramifications; English Grammar that in most correctest manner—likewise Spelling and Aretmatic, also the follow ded and alive Languages.—Hi and Lo Duch, Algibra, Fortyfications, the Use of the Globes, Navigation, and Riting, with many other thing to amuse and amuse to mation, all on the following Terms—For elderly young Gintlemo, impence each quarter; for Young Ladies not rising 12, 12 ester only Childer, a fibry bit.—Each Scollar to provide himself with pens and ink, and pencils and slats. Those Scollers who learn to rite must bring six sheets of whitened brown paper to rite upon for a copper book—the same time not forgetting to bring a sod of turf under their otter.

Any Lady or Gintlemo misdoubting what Mr. Mulroony has communicated, begs they will question any of de boys here present.

N. B. If they can't pay money, Mr. Mulroony will take it out in praxies.

MODERATE WISHES THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

There would be a far greater proportion of happiness in this world, if mankind, instead of continually grasping for more than they can obtain, would set reasonable bounds to their desires.—There must necessarily be misfortune and distress in the world: but the comforts and pleasures of life can always be made greatly to counterbalance those calamities, and their attendant evils. Contentment renders a mess of pottage more savory to the palate of the cottager than the richest viands are to those who are rolling in wealth; but whose insatiable thirst for gain will not allow them to think they have enough. Our countrymen are constantly murmuring. Turn which way we will, we are sure to have our ears saluted with the cry of *Hard Times*. And many paragraphs in our country newspapers, particularly those from the western states, are of such a desponding and gloomy nature, that if they should chance to find their way to Europe, they would believe us to be little, if any better off, than the peasantry of the Emerald Island, or the half-starved manufacturers of Manchester. And what cause have we thus to murmur and complain? It is our happy lot to live under an excellent government, administered by men of our own choice. We have a fruitful country, with a varied, yet healthful climate, that enables us to produce an abundance of the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. True, our country has suffered for two or three years past, from a change in the commercial world, and in consequence of our own extravagance. But have we not enough to eat, to drink, and to wear! Our fields wave with the golden corn, our meadows with luxuriant burdens, and our orchards yield a rich variety of delicious fruits.—And, if for the want of a market for our surplus produce, we are not able, as formerly, to amass fortunes in a day, we have still abundant cause for gratitude to that Almighty Being who causes so many blessings to "cluster around our dwellings." We have only to curtail our expenses, to affix reasonable bounds to our desires, to be industrious, economical, and contented—to be happy. Nor riches, nor fame, nor what the world calls pleasure, will give us happiness; and if we search the world around, we shall find at last that *moderate wishes* are the source of what generation after generation have labored in vain to find. The following story is a beautiful illustration of what we have here advanced:

"The youthful shepherd, Manacus, being in search of a stray lamb from his flock, discovered in the recesses of the forest a hunter, stretched at the foot of a tree, exhausted with fatigue and with hunger. Alas! shepherd, he exclaimed I came here yesterday in pursuit of game; and have been unable to retrace the path by which I entered this frightful solitude, or discover a single vestige of human footstep. I faint with hunger—give me relief, or I die! Manacus, supporting the stranger in his arms, fed him with bread from his scrip, and afterwards conducted him through the intricate mazes of the forest in safety.

"Manacus being about to take leave of the Hunter Eschiquis, was detained by

him. Thou hast preserved my life, shepherd, he said—I will make thee happy. Follow me to the city. Thou shalt no longer dwell in a miserable cottage, but inhabit a superb palace, surrounded with lofty columns of marble. Thou shalt drink high flavored wines out of golden goblets, and eat the most costly viands from plates of silver. Manacus replied why should I go to the city? My little cottage shelters me from the rain and the wind. It is not surrounded by marble columns, but with delicious fruit trees, from which I gather my repast; and nothing can be more pure than the water which I draw in my earthen pitcher from the stream that runs by my door. Then on holidays I gather roses and lillies to ornament my little table; and those roses and lillies are more beautiful, and smell sweeter, than vases of gold and silver.

"*Eschiquis*.—Come with me, shepherd, I will lead thee through sumptuous gardens, embellished with fountains and statues; thou shalt behold women, whose dazzling beauties the rays of the sun have never tarnished, habited in silks of the richest hues, and sparkling with jewels; and thou shalt hear concerts of musicians, whose transcendent skill will at once astonish and enchant thee.

"*Manacus*.—Our sun-burnt shepherdesses are very handsome. How beautiful they look on holidays, when they put on garlands of fresh flowers, and we dance under the shade of our trees, or retire to the woods to listen to the song of birds! Can your musicians sing more melodiously than our nightingale, blackbird or linnet! No, I will not go to the city.

"*Eschiquis*.—Take then this gold, and it will supply all thy wants.

"*Manacus*.—Gold is useless to me—My fruit-trees, my little garden, and the milk of my goats, supply all my wants.

"*Eschiquis*.—How shall I recompense thy kindness, happy shepherd? What wilt thou accept from me?

"*Manacus*.—Give me only the horn that hangs to thy belt. Horn is not easily broken, therefore it will be more useful to me than my earthen pitcher."

The hunter, with a smile, took the horn from his belt, and presented it to the shepherd, who hastened back to his cottage, the abode of contentment and happiness.—*Gessner*.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 17.

DISCOVERIES ON THE CANAL.

The operations on the eastern section of the Grand Canal have advanced to Schenectady flats, within two miles of this city. The work is progressing with remarkable spirit, and promises completion much sooner than its warmest friends had originally expected.

At a point 11 miles west of Schenectady, in the town of Florida, several curious things have been discovered; partly aboriginal, and partly European. To the former, belong the following articles:

1. Human Skeletons, consisting especially of the teeth, skulls, and bones of the extremities.
2. Teeth of carnivorous animals, apparently of dogs.
3. Arrow-heads made of flint-stone.
4. Fragments of pottery or earthen ware.
5. Ashes and pieces of charcoal.

Under the latter head may be classed certain other things recently found; such as

1. The blade of a large knife.
2. A stout nail, whose point is bent up as if driven against a hard and resisting body.
3. Several plates of brass, which probably belonged to cartouch boxes.

But, perhaps, the most curious of all, are the shells of large fresh water muscles, that produce pearls. These lie bedded in the soil about 12 feet below the surface; and show, as they are hove out, their bivalve forms, and their pearly lustre.

All these relics were collected by Mr. Joel Canfield, and are now in the possession of Alonya Potter, Esq. of Union College.

These disclosures of the materials, that are concealed under ground, furnish the antiquarian and the naturalist interesting matters for speculation as to the operations of the arts and of nature in past times.

WONDERFUL.

UTICA, JULY 24.

There is not perhaps, on the earth, a more wonderful scene, than in the town of Trenton, county of Oneida and State of New-York—a scene that comprises at once the pleasing, the beautiful, the grand, the solemn, the majestic, the sublime, the awful, the tremendous, all that can command the delight, the transport, the admiration, the awe, and the astonishment of the mind. Other stupendous miracles of nature, the Falls of Niagara, the Funza of the Andes, the Pistill Rhaidr of North Wales, &c. &c. have been sounded in the trumpet of fame, attracted the attention, received the visits, and gratified the curiosity of the traveller: But the most wonderful cataract of Trenton, though only two miles from the village of Oldenbarneveld, which is on

the great Post Road from Albany to Sackett's Harbor, has, because never duly announced to the public, been passed by thousands, who have journeyed from the city of New-York and other more distant parts, in order to witness the Falls of Niagara, and who would even have renewed their journey to Trenton, had they been apprised of that extraordinary combination of curiosity and wonder with which that cataract is attended. It is unjust that so interesting an exhibition of nature should remain longer in obscurity, and the curious traveller be defrauded of that enchanting gratification, which it never fails to afford its visitors.

It is however vain to attempt a description with the pen. Even the inspiration of the poet must prove unsuccessful in leading the imagination to comprehend the reality. Suffice it to say, that, as wonderful as the celebrated Falls of Niagara are, those who have visited both, have given preference to the cataract at Trenton which, though it does not oppress and stun the senses with its appalling thunder, or can boast of the waters of all the lakes descending in a sheet of 150 feet perpendicular, yet extends its diversified scenery between two and three miles with several lofty falls, perpendicular and acute, beautiful, grand and sublime. They are the falls of East Canada Creek. The river has worn down its bed of limestone more than a hundred feet—has shewn out the lofty sides in various fantastic forms—presenting elevated towns—fortified castles, and grand amphitheatres, the permanent roof of overhanging mountains, concave and convex curvatures in geometrical order, that now welcome the descending stream, now turn the mad torrent from its course, and force it upon opposite rocks. On a level with its waters, and windings at its side, the visitor is furnished with a smooth pavement, from which the river has retired for his accommodation, sometimes retreating forty or fifty feet, that the large party may walk abreast, then crowding them into small platoons, then compelling them to march Indian file, then forcing them to climb the side rocks, to creep round over hanging projections, when it suddenly opens upon them a most stupendous and enchanting scenery, where more than can be described arrests the vision of the eye, where the cloud towering *hemlock*, the other evergreens, crowding to the verge, from a station of 150 feet aloft, bend over their tall heads, and reach forward their branches to witness the wonders beneath, conspiring, by their verdure contrasted to native rocks, to embellish with a beauteous charm the superb majesty of the grand exhibition. But why am I insensibly led to paint what nature alone is here able to display, I will only add, that amidst its great variety of curiosities, are petrifications of divers animals, which thousands of years have supported and swam together in this once yielding element, now converted to adamant—among which are fish of several sorts and dimensions, from nine inches to four feet in length, lying horizontally in the different strata of solid rock 50 or 100 feet below the general surface. He who visits this wonderful scenery, will desire to visit it again; and those to whom it had been described confess, *uno ore*, that the half was not told them.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Oldenbarneveld, July 23, 1821.

Newbern Prices Current.

MERCHANDIZE.	FROM	D. C.	TO D. C.
Bacon	lb.	9	10
Beef		2	6
Butter		25	30
Bees-Wax		30	
Brandy, French	gal.	2	25
do. Apple		40	45
do. Peach		75	85
Corn,	bu.	2	50
Meal,	bush.	7	80
Cotton,	lb.	15	
Coffee		27	28
Cordage		12	14
Flour,	bu.	6	7
Gin Holland	gal.	1	25
Country		40	
Pine Scantling	M.	7	50
Plank		16	20
Square Timber		1	50
Shingles, 22 inch		1	50
Staves, W. O. hhd.		15	18
do. R. O. do.		7	10
do. W. O. bbl.		5	7
(Heading, W. O. hhd)		18	20
Lard	lb.	8	6
Molasses	gal.	1	30
Tar	bbl.	1	30
Pitch		1	30
Rosin		1	50
Turpentine		1	50
do. Spirits	gal.	25	
Pork, prime,	bbl.	7	50
Do. Mess		10	11
Rice	cwt.	3	50
Rum, Jamaica		1	10
do. W. I.		80	
do. American		80	
Salt, Alum	bush.	70	
do. Fine		65	
Sugar, Loaf	lb.	22	
do Lump		18	
do. Brown	cwt.	5	20
Whiskey	gal.	5	50