driven into a morass, which instantly closed upon them. This story was not generally believed to be authentic till the bodies of a man and horse, in complete armor were dug up there many years afterwards. We might add that in digging a well in Somersetshire, pigs were dug up, well preserved in peat, their bodies entire, and in various postures.

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REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The title of this paper may lead the reader to imagine that it is political—it is not; at least, not exclusively. Its object is to bring before the eye a brief review of the wonderful change which has taken place in governments, institutions, manners, arts, science and manufactures since the year 1800. The result of such a review, in itself by no means uninteresting, will be, in our opinion, a conviction that never was so much done, in the same space of time, since the world began, especially as those revolutions more particularly relate to, and affect Britain and British society.

Before we bring this inquiry to bear directly upon our own circumstances, and the position of our own country in the scale of European nations, it may be necessary to take a cursory view of other states, and the alterations which their characters and constitutions have undergone during the last thirty-four years.

In France, at the commencement of the century, there existed a consular government,—Buonaparte being First Consul,—a Government raised upon the ruins of a sad and memorable revolution; in 1802, Buonaparte became Consul for life; in 1804, Emperor; in 1808, he deprived the Pope, who crowned him, of his territories; in 1809, he divorced his wife; in 1810, he married Marie Louise. Between the commencement of his career and its close, he created three kingdoms—Bavaria, Saxony and Wirtemberg. He made his brother Joseph, King of Spain; his brother Louis, King of Holland; his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia; his brother-in law Murat, King of Naples; and his son-in-law Eugene, Viceroy of Italy. Facts astounding in themselves, not more strongly illustrative of the revolutions of the present century, as connected with France and its Emperor, than as exhibiting the *generality* of revolutions as to the other nations in which those family promotions were made.

Keeping our eye, then, upon France, we see, in 1814, the exiled and renounced Bourbons restored to their throne—Russian Cossacks bivouac in the Champs Elysees, and English soldiers mount guard at the Tuilleries—Buonaparte is banished to Elba—his family are dethroned and degraded—from Elba he escapes and returns to Paris—is again in the ascendant—reigns for his hundred days—and then, by a series of victories, crowned and consummated by that of Waterloo, is beaten down never to rise again; unable to escape, he makes a merit of surrendering to England, and for the sake of peace in Europe, is sent to St. Helena, where he dies. On his departure the Bourbons again succeed; Louis XVIII dies at a good old age in his palace, and is succeeded by Charles X. The son of the Duc de Berri, murdered before his infant's birth, is heir presumptive to the throne—a new revolution breaks out—Charles X abdicates—his ministers are tried and imprisoned for life—the throne is occupied by his nephew, as Citizen King of the French—the son of Bounaparte dies—the widow of the Duc de Berri is imprisoned—marries a second husband—has another child—and France, altogether in the strictest alliance with England, her oldest and most inveterate enemy, is only kept from a new revolution by the unflinching severity of the 'liberal' King, who was forced upon the throne by the last one. All these events have occurred during this century.

In Portugal, after the measures of the French had driven the Prince Regent and his family to the Brazils, the English rescued that country from French tyrannny. In 1821, the King (as he had then become by the death of his father) returned to his throne; in 1820, his eldest son, Don Pedro, formally dissolved the union between Brazil and Portugal, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Brazil; Don John VI died in 1826, when Don Pedro claimed the crown of Portugal for his daughter, Donna Maria; Don Miguel, second son of Don John, claimed the throne, as the law of the land and the decree of Lamego warranted. In the meantime, a revolution occurred in Brazil, and the Emperor took to flight. His son, a child, is now the Emperor. The struggle between the brothers is too familiar to need a word of remark; the claim of Don Pedro for his daughter is at present successful, and Donna Maria, a *child*, occupies the Portuguese throne.

Spain, on the renewal of the war in 1803, was compelled by France to take active measures against England; in 1804, she declared war against us; in 1805, Nelson, with his heart's-blood, bought us the glorious victory of Trafalgar, in which the Spanish fleet, combined with that of France, was destroyed; in 1808, Buonaparte threw off the mask as to Spanish affairs; Charles IV abdicated, and Ferdinand VII was proclaimed. At this period Charles IV was induced to throw himself for safety on Buonaparte's kindness. Then it was that Buonaparte invited Ferdinand to come and meet him on his road to Madrid—the King was deceived and went—he arrived at Vittoria, where he was surrounded by French troops, and where he received a letter from Buonaparte, addressed to him, *not as King*, but as Prince of Asturias, assuring him that he (Buonaparte) not only as *his* friend, but as the general protector and benefactor of Europe, was visiting Spain merely with a view to make such reforms as might be most agreeable to the popular feeling, and best tend to the pacification of the country.

Upon the receipt of this friendly communication, Ferdinand continued his journey to Bayonne, where he dined with his illustrious friend and patron; and, after dinner, heard from his Imperial host that he thought it good to fill the throne of Spain, by placing one of his own brothers on it. Ferdinand found himself in fact a prisoner, and was shortly after compelled to renounce his crown at the desire of his father, expressed in the presence of Buonaparte himself, to whom that father had the day before sold his kingdom and his birth-right for a stipulated sum.

This compulsory step caused the patriotic revolution in Spain. Joseph Buonaparte arrived at Madrid to assume the regal power; but the inherent force of the nation was irresistible, and he was driven from his precarious dignity. Then came the Peninsular war, with all its glories, and its expenditure of blood and treasure. In 1814, Ferdinand returned to his country. He married four times, and by his last wife had one daughter, which daughter he proclaimed heir to the throne, to the exclusion of his brother. Don Carlos, at his brother's death, asserted his claim to the sovereignty, with, as it is said, the support and concurrence of a great majority of the people. Foreign interference has hitherto thwarted the views of Don Carlos, whose consort, harassed by misfortunes, privations and anxieties, has fallen a victim to persecution, and died in a parsonage-house of a village near Gosport. The success of the widow of Don Ferdinand has enabled her to proclaim her daughter as Queen of Spain, she herself assuming the title and character of Regent. By this revolution, for such it is, the Spanish throne is occupied *by a child*.

Belgium and Holland have been separated; Antwerp has been besieged by the French; the Prince of Saxe Coburg, widower of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has been made Prince of the Belgians, and married a daughter of the occupier of the French throne. The affairs of Greece, which have been so long unsettled, are as unsettled still, with this difference, that England has furnished her with a king, in the person of Prince Otho of Bavaria, whose revenue is derived from this country, but whose period of domination is fortunately not to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty.

In Russia, after the murder of Paul, Alexander succeeded, and did not die without some suspicion of foul play. He was succeeded by his brother, Nicholas the First, whose elder brother, Constantine, with a most remarkable diffidence, or indifference to imperial sway, declined the throne in his favor.

It must be evident that if the extent or pretensions of this paper would admit of our taking a review of the public affairs of all the nations in the world during the period to which it refers, it would exhibit a series of mutations calculated equally to justify our opinion of the eventfulness of the last thirty-four years with those we have hastily touched. Our chief object is, however, to look to results as relating to England herself.

In England, the circumstances connected with the succession have been complicated and extraordinary. In 1820, George the Third died, having survived his fifth son, the Duke of Kent, six days. The Princess Charlotte died, with her infant, in 1817; Queen Charlotte in 1818; the Duchess of York in 1820; in 1821, Queen Caroline; in 1827, the lamented Duke of York; in 1828, the Queen of Wirtemberg, Princess Royal of England; and in 1830, his late Most Excellent Majesty. The present King has no surviving issue; and the crown devolves hereafter upon the daughter of his late Majesty's fifth son—*a child*.

In 1814, the electorate of Hanover was erected into a kingdom, the crown of which belongs to the King of England, but is separated from it whenever a queen governs this empire; consequently, upon the accession of the Princess Victoria to the British throne, the Duke of Cumberland, as next heir to the crown, becomes king of Hanover—the Salic law, in that kingdom, excluding females.

There are peculiarities of circumstance in this mortality of the royal family, (which it would neither be right, nor, indeed, have we space to enter into them, even if it were,) which render the course and order of these events very remarkable. Not less so have been the casualties by which the Ministers of the Crown and many eminent men have been removed from their stations during the period to which these observations refer. After the death of Pitt, avowedly accelerated, if not actually caused, by his devotion to his country, how soon died his great opponent, Fox? Lord Grenville is dead; Percival was murdered; Lord Liverpool stricken by a calamity which left his body living after his mind was dead; Windham and Huskisson, both victims of accidents; Canning prematurely lost, and Londonderry fallen by his own hand; Nelson, and Moore, and Abercrombie in battle; with a host of heroes equally deserving the tears and praises of their countrymen.

Remember that such men as Thurlow, Erskine Gifford, Law, Kenyon, Grattan and Curran, have lived and died within this century. In literature, wit and poetry, can we forget Sheridan, Murphy, Cumberland, Cowper, Byron and Scott? In science, Banks and Davy; in art, West and Lawrence; or the stage, Siddons and Kean.—All these are gone—faded from the scenes which they exalted and adorned. We mention but the very leaders, but, taking every branch of art and science into calculation, the aggregate loss within the last thirty-four years, will, hereafter, when time and reflection shall have overcome jealousy and envy, be found vastly to exceed that which this country ever sustained during any other period of equal duration.—

But now let us look at things less unquestionable. In the present century, the bright career of the Duke of Wellington may be said to have been run; for although his services before and up to the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, had raised his character and spread his fame, it was in this century that his celebrated battle of Assaye was fought. From his arrival in Europe, until the year 1815, he gained that series of victories which have immortalized him. But that is not all that we have to illustrate our point; besides the glorious days of Oporto, Vimiera, Talavera, Buzaco, Salamanca, Badajos, Vittoria, Nive, Toulouse, St. Jean de Luz, the Pyrenees and Waterloo, we are prepared to show that more general actions were fought, and more lives lost by the fortune of war from 1800 to 1815, than ever were fought in a period of ten times the same extent;—among them, Marengo, Alexandria, Austerlitz, Corunna, Aspern and Essling, Wagram, Barosa, Albuera, Borodino, Lutzen, Toplitz, Leipzic, Orthers, Ligny, besides others amounting to nearly two hundred general actions. It has been only because Nelson at Trafalgar, established the sovereignty of Engand on the seas, that we have not to record equal triumphs of our navy to those which have graced our army.

But then let us see what has taken place in civil life. England has been united with Ireland; the Test and Corporation Acts have been repealed; thirty millions of taxes have been removed; the Roman Catholics have been emancipated; slavery has been abolished; Parliament has been reformed; the poor-laws have been changed; the Constitution of the Church of Ireland has been altered; several bishops have been reduced; the East India Company's privileges have been abrogated; the Bank has resumed cash payments; bank notes are now a legal tender; the game laws have been repealed, since hich time poaching has increased in a tenfold degree; beer-houses have been permitted, in order to better the morals of the lower classes, which have produced drunkenness and all its evils to an unparalleled extent; for humanity's sake, forgery has been made punishable with transportation and not death, since which forgery has increased very much in the same ratio as drunkenness and poaching. It would, however, greatly exceed our limits, as we have already said, to enter into minute details of the wonderful alterations which strike the senses most forcibly, and which from circumstances and localities are most familiar; reserving to ourselves for some other opportunity a more elaborate working out of our proposition.

During this century, England has acquired the Cape, Ceylon, Curracoa, Demerara, St. Eustatius, Mauritius, Bourbon, Madeira, Malta, Martinique, Senegal and Surinam—several of which have been ceded. But what are these, and what her conquests in Egypt?—what her successful warfare at Nepaul or in the Burmese country?—what her wonderful extension of territory in India?—what her capture of Algiers?—what her sovereignty of the Ionian Islands?—what the recollections of the share she has borne in the glories of the world, under Providence, compared with the strides she has made in art, science and mechanism, since 1800.

In 1800 would any man have believed—and in 1800 men fancied they travelled at an extraordinary pace—would any man have believed that he could leave London in a stage coach in the morning and eat his supper by eleven at night in Manchester? or if his credulity could have been stretched so as to admit of such a possibility, would he have suffered himself to be told with impunity that if he chose, instead of supping at Manchester, he he might proceed to Liverpool in one hour and three quarters—a distance of thirty miles—that he might steam himself over to Dublin in time for breakfast next morning, all of which he may now do, supposing the conveyances ready? but as it is, without any hurry or trouble, a man breakfasts at the Bull and Mouth at London on Monday, and breakfasts in Dublin on Wednesday, according to the ordinary and established rule of stage coach, rail road and steamboat travelling.

Well then, say we, this introduction of steam, or rather its application to vessels and locomotive carriages has been—and it is in its infancy yet—one of the greatest strides in so short a space of time. Next comes gas. Let any body read Mr. Davies Giddy's, now Mr. Davies Gilbert's, formal denunciation in the House of Commons of the bare idea of obtaining light ann profit from gas, and the case will be made as strong as we can wish it. Not only is the use of gas as a light universal, but if any body will take the trouble, or rather give themselves the pleasure, of visiting the Gallery of National Sciences, in the Lowther Arcade they will find cookery peformed by gas in the most perfect and satisfactory manner.

Within the present century, vaccination has superseded, nay annihilated, that tremendous affliction the small pox—an event to which the general increase of the population may, in a degree, be attributed, despite the evidence to the contrary afforded in the maudlin report of the Drunken Parliamentary Committee of the present year. Again, reducing as we must our sphere of observation, for want of room, let us look at our own metropolis within the present century; hovels and alleys have disappeared and palaces and terraces risen in their places. Look at those splendid bridges, Waterloo and London—the vast iron bridge across the Thames in the city, and the extremely useful one at Vauxhall—see those stupendous works, the West India Docks, East India Docks, London Docks, St. Catharine Docks, Surry Canal Docks, all erected within this century—the magnificent Custom House, the healthy and spacious Bedlams, the London University, the King's College.—Within this century, Ranelagh has vanished from the earth, the Pantheon has become a bazaar, every theatre in London, except the Opera House, which has just risen from a conflagration, has either been burnt or pulled down—Covent garden, Drury lane, the the English Opera House, the Surry Theatre once, and Astley's twice, have been burnt and rebuilt—the Haymarket pulled down, the Royalty pulled down, both rebuilt and the latter under title of the Bronswick, destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

Carlton House, with all its splendour and gaities, and all the associations of wit and mirth, has with the noble and joyous company which made its walls ring with festivity, vanished. The Prince! Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Hanger, Erskine, the Duke of Norfolk, and fifty others, are in their graves; the scene of their revels exists no more, splendid terraces and magnificent squares occupy its site. The wretched streets between Pall mall and Oxford street have given place to grand and commodious drives and promenades.

The interior of St. James's Park, which was a swampy meadow for the dull diversion of smoke-dried cows, has become a beautiful garden; and Buckingham house, built in the full uniform of bad taste—"red with white facings"—has given place to a palace much censured originally, and latterly much disfigured; but which still is a palace worthy of the country. In the Regent's Park, groves, canals, villas, parades, dioramas, (what did we know of dioramas in 1800?) crescents and terraces, ranges of splendid buildings occupy a space previously monopolized by grazing cattle; while a navigable canal, which circumvents London and forms a military ditch round her assailable parts, in case of rebellion, brings all the commodities of the world floating to the very doors of warehouses in the most inland part of the metropolis.

In order to tranquilize the country, we have fifteen judges instead of "the twelve"—we have also "a vice chancellor" to moderate the rigours of the law; and we have what is more to the point, a Sir Somebody Macadam, who, by breaking the stones over which we used to travel, has more successfully conduced to tranquilize the town than any thing else in the world, except, perhaps, the New Metropolitan Police, which has utterly and entirely exterminated the ancient race of watchmen, except, we believe in the case of one deluded old veteran, who, under the special auspices of the Protestant Bishop of London, and the Popish Duke of Norfolk, still continues to howl at the moon in St. James's Square. In consequence of this Macadamization, the Londoners no longer measure distances by being on or off the stones, and are whisked in wet weather over noiseless masses of mud pudding, in hearses painted of lively colors, called omnibuses, vehicles of French origin—in which they are packed by dozens; or whirled through the thoroughfares in hack cabriolets, carriages of which no human being in 1800 had any defined or undefined notion.

Of greater things, look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, at the tunnel under the Thames,—even unfinished as it is, and unprofitable as it ever will be, it is a triumph of science and perseverance—look at those bridges, hanging, as it were, in air, spanning arms of the sea, which, in 1800, no man would have thought possible by such means. That pretty toy, the Chain Pier at Brighton, is a toy that no man would have imagined in 1800. Who, in 1800, would have expected to find water without digging for it? Who would have engraved upon stone? Who would have thought of calculating sums by machinery? Who would have thought of stuffing cushions with iron for softness? Who would have worn a caoutchouc cloak or India rubber shoes to keep them from the wet? or who would have fancied it possible to make gin up the chimney while he was making bread in the oven?

Look, too, at society. The young men drink nothing—in 1800 they drank deeply; in 1800 a man who smoked would have been voted a beast; now the vulgar, under-bred shop-boys smoke about the streets, because they have heard that their betters do it elsewhere. Smoking was introduced during those campaigns to which we have already alluded, and then there were millions of reasons for its use; now nobody but the lowest and vulgarest continue the practice;—and what makes this custom as absurd as it is filthy is the justifications which these simpletons offer, by quoting it as a foreign custom; in no foreign city is this nastiness permitted in the street—it may be in Paris, but that under the citizen-king is exactly the place for it.

Look at our balls: in 1800, modest women danced modestly, and let the conversation which passed between two partners, standing as far distant from each other as people ordinarily do in a drawing-room, be what it might, it could do no harm in the way of example. Within this century, it has become the fashion for a delicate girl, who would, as Fielding's "Huncamunca" says, "shudder at the gross idea" of man's advance, to permit herself, and be permitted by her mother—ay, or her husband—to flourish about a room to a wriggling German air, with a strange man's arm round her waist, and her delicate hand upon his brawny shoulder. This thing is called a waltz; there is another of the same character, called a gallopade, where the same operations are performed, and in which, instead of turning the woman about till she gets giddy, the fellow makes no more ado, but clasps her up in his paws and hurries her right on end from one corner of the room to the other.

A dance, to be sure, existed at the time of the "Spectator," which must have been something of the sort; for the old gentleman says (No. 67, vol. i.), "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, but I am sure, had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation." This appears aptly to describe those irritating indecencies—the modern waltz and gallopade.

Another extraordidary change has taken place in London society; we mean the universal introduction of clubs and hotels. In 1800 it was remarkable that London had scarcely any hotels, while all other cities were full of them: now almost every second house in the streets below Grosvenor Square is a hotel. Clubs were rare, and used by no means as clubs are now; White's, as old as Hogarth's time—Brookes's and Boodle's—the Cocoa Tree, Graham's, and another, were all. The Union, which existed within this century, was a regular gambling club, and was held first at what is now the ordinance office, Pall Mall, and subsequently in the house now occupied by the Bishop of Winchester, in St. James's square; but all these were clubs of recreation and amusement, of conversation or dissipation. Now see the difference. Crockford's, with the best cook and coffee room, rears a splendid front, and well may, for its members are of the first class, and the aspersions cast upon it of the falsest character. The Travellers' is a magnificent House; they play high in the evenings, but no game of chance that we know of. The Junior and Senior United Service Clubs—invaluable institutions—where our gallant defenders are enabled, upon their shamefully small half pay, to enjoy the comforts and luxuries they have so gallantly earned, at an easy rate. The Union, a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing Cross, to inhale the fresh air as it draws from the Park through the funnel by Berkeley House, out of Spring Garden, in their bay window; and the Athenæum, where the mixture of whigs, radicals, savans, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and Members of both Houses of Parliament, together with an exceeding good average supply of Bishops, renders the melange very agreeable, despite of some two or three bores who "continually to dine," and who not satisfied with getting a six shilling dinner for three and sixpence, "continually do complain."

Then there is the Wyndham Club, held at Lord Blessington's house, in St. James's Square, and called after Lord Nugent, who founded it: the two University Clubs: the Clarence, mischievously called the Clearance, because it was established upon getting rid of some disagreeable members; and the Oriental Club, which as its name implies, consists of the curry and rice gentlemen from India with their calico shirts and limber legs, and which the young women who sweep the crossing at Tenderton street (where *par paventhese*, there has been within this century founded a Royal Academy of Music) invariably call the Horizontal Club. All these places—and there are one or two others, especially one called the Garrick, near Covent Garden, and another in broad street, called "the City,"—have been established upon a principle of economy, and on a scale of comfort and elegance which would have sounded like Hebrew to the unaccustomed ears of the world of 1800. The Carlton Club we have not noticed, because its splendid house in Pall Mall remains unfinished, owing to, what certainly was not known in 1800, a strike among the unionists. However, the Carlton is altogether a superior body, and ranks with, and perhaps above, the original White's, Brooke's and Boodle's.

We must restrain ourselves—mercy to our readers compels us to stop, at least for the present, satisfied that, as far as we have gone we have made out our case, and promising to continue what we flatter ourselves is not an altogether uninteresting subject, upon some future occasion.

Cincinnati is the greatest "Pork market" in the known world. The number of hogs slaughtered annually, and the perfection and science to which the art of "hog killing" has been brought, is indeed astonishing. The business of butchering is carried on distinct from that of packing, and by different persons. The most extensive establishment of the kind is the one on Deer Creek, owned and conducted by John W. Coleman. At this place, last year, 100,864 hogs were slaughtered. There are four houses situated at different points on the ground occupied, which is a lot of eight acres—the ground is divided into pens, some forty or fifty in number, where the hogs of each owner are put by themselves preparatory to the massacre. About 40 men are employed in each house, and each has his separate and allotted duty to perform; and receives on an average about $1 25 per day. Each house has two scalding tubs, one at each end, so that the work of "death and destruction" goes on double in each building. At each end of the house is a small pen, into which they crowd 40 or 50 hogs, or as many as can possibly be got in; then walks in on their backs the dark and bloody executioner, holding in his hand a large sledge hammer, with which he deals death to the unoffending victims—after which they are dragged inside the house, a knife passed into the throat, and after bleeding a few seconds, thrown into a kettle of hot water; from thence to a block, where the bristles are scraped off with iron scrapers, made expressly for the purpose—then strung up by their hind feet and dressed—thence removed to another room, where they remain to cool until morning, and then taken on wagons to the packing houses. It is but a little over *one minute from the time the executioner enters the pen and knocks the hog down, till he is strung up and dressed*. The bleeding, scalding, scraping, stringing up, and inside dressing is all accomplished in about a minute. This will be thought marvellous, but it is no more strange than true. I have frequently witnessed with astonishment the operation. At one of Mr. Coleman's slaughter-houses, he has a man that opens, removes the offal and completes the dressing of three hogs in a minute—to this man (who is a sort of King among the hog-killers) he pays $2½ per day.

They can slaughter at each of the houses, and have them completely dressed and strung up, (preparatory to removal in the morning to the packing houses,) *six hundred and fifty in a day*, which is altogether, at this one establishment, *twenty six hundred*—and this done from day-light in the morning until dark, say at this time about eleven hours, allowing 30 minutes for dinner. Mr. Coleman informed me that he has already killed this fall between 50 and 60,000, and has been at work but three or four weeks—the only pay he receives is the offal, consisting of rough fat, soap grease and bristles—this is generally worth nett 20 to 25 cents each hog. It is supposed that he cleared at this business last season, (and the season lasts but about three months,) some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. The whole number of hogs killed last year, in the city and vicinity, is ascertained to be a little rising *one hundred and twenty three thousand*.—Deer Creek is a stream running into the Ohio river on the eastern suburb of the city—about half a mile up the stream these slaughter-houses of Mr. Coleman are situated—and during the whole 'hog season,' this stream, from the houses to the river, is running blood, and generally goes by the name of 'bloody river."

Others are engaged in the slaughtering business, but not on so large a scale as Mr. Coleman, who is what Yankees call a 'smart' man.

From the slaughtering houses, the hogs are conveyed in large wagons that hold from 25 to 40, to the various packing houses, which are situated in almost every part of the city, and there weighed, cut up, packed, &c. The purchasers pay for them as per the weight after being dressed. These packing houses are upon the most extensive scale. The capital employed every year in the 'hog business' is immense, probably about two millions of dollars. One of the most extensive packing houses in the city, is owned and conducted by Miller & Leo—their building is of brick, three stories high, 120 feet long, 60 wide, with out buildings, sheds, &c., that cover for aught I know an acre of ground. These men, who are very enterprising, have a high reputation for the uniform excellence of their Pork, as also for their superior Hams; their 'sugar hams' are said to be as good as any cured in any part of the Union. There are other 'Pork houses' equally large and on as extensive a scale. At one of these large Pork Houses they can pack and have ready for shipment two hundred and fifty barrels of pork in one day, and I am informed, upon a pinch, three hundred barrels could be turned out, and that with thirty men in about fourteen or fifteen hours. It is indeed, astonishing, the rapidity with which they put a hog out of sight, when they once get fair hold of him. As at the slaughter houses, a perfect system is kept up, every man has his allotted duty to perform, and there is consequently no interference with each other; every thing goes on like 'clock work'—when the hogs are received they are first weighed by the weigher, then passed to the "blocking men," who place them on the several blocks, (two are generally used) when they are received by the "*Cutters*," and are very quickly despatched; the various qualities separated and