

# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



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## The Weekly Mirror,

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WHERE

All kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at a cheap rate.

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### CUTTLE FISH.

**Cuttle Fish:** this singular creature, which is about two feet long, has eight arms or claws, and two tentacula; with these it lays fast hold of any thing that comes in its way, and when once it seizes any thing, it is difficult to loosen its hold. The body is of a reddish brown color. The eyes are as large as those of a calf, and surrounded with silvery rings. The mouth is horny, and hooked like the bill of a parrot. It is so strong that the animal can break to pieces the shells of the animals on which he feeds. When he is pursued, he squirts out a black liquor, which rendering the water as black as ink, enables him to escape his enemy. The Romans used this liquor for ink. There is a bone in this animal which is converted into that useful article of stationery called pounce. If this fish be taken into a dark room and cut up, it is said to illuminate the whole place, when taken out of the water, it makes a noise resembling the granting of a bour.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### GEORGE ABBOT.

**George Abbot,** an English prelate, born in 1562, at Guilford, in Surry, where his father was a weaver. He was educated at the grammar school of that place, from whence he removed to Balliol college, Oxford, of which he became a fellow. 1597 he was chosen master of University college. In 1599 he was made dean of Winchester, and the year following vice-chancellor of

Oxford. He was one of the divines employed in the present translation of the Bible. In 1609, he was made bishop of Litchfield and Coyentry, from whence, the same year he was translated to London, and in 1610, to Canterbury. A sad misfortune happened to him at the close of his life:—being at the seat of Lord Zouch, and exercising himself in the park with a cross bow, he by accident shot the keeper instead of the deer. He attended king James on his death-bed, and assisted at the coronation of Charles I. About the year 1627, he was banished to his house near Canterbury, and the archiepiscopal authority put into commission; but when the parliament met, he was restored to his office. He died at Croydon in 1633, and was buried in the church of the Holy Trinity at Guilford, where he endowed an hospital. His writings are mostly polemical, except a geographical description of the world.

## THE ORPHAN OF BATTERSEA, OR, THE JUDGEMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE. (Continued.)

Then Mistress Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas's eldest daughter, with a benevolent smile, took the abashed, trembling girl aside; and, having, with soothing words drawn the particulars of her melancholy story from her, she advanced to the front of Sir Thomas's chair, leading the weeping orphan by the hand, and attempted to humor the scene by opening her client's case, after a witty imitation of legal w-serjeant; the manner of a grave to detail the but, as she proceeded under which the dog was recognized, and again taken from the wretched orphan, she, by imperceptible degrees, changed her style to the simply pathetic terms in which the child had related the tale to her—the language—the unadorned language of truth and feeling, which never fails to come home to every bosom. All present, save my Lady More, who preserved a very aigre and impene-

trable demeanor, were dissolved in tears: as for the poor plaintiff, she covered her face with a part of her tattered garments, and sobbed aloud; and the council herself was compeller to pause for a moment to overcome her own emotion, ere she could conclude her eloquent appeal on her client's behalf.

"Thou hast pleaded well, my good Meg," said Sir Thomas smiling through his tears on his best beloved daughter; "but now must we hear the defendant's reply, for the plaintiff ever appeared in the right till after the defendant hath spoken: so now, my Lady, what hast thou to say in this matter?"

"My lady hath to repeat what she hath too often said before, that Sir Thomas More's jests are ever out of place," replied my Lady in a huff.

"Nay, marry, good Mistress Alice, thou have nought better to the purpose to respond, I must be fain to give judgement for the plaintiff in the case."

"Tilley-valley, Sir Thomas! thou art enough to provoke a saint with thine eternal quibs and gibes," replied the Ladyship: "I tell you the dog is my property, and was presented to me by an honorable gentlemen, one Master Rich, whom you, Sir Thomas, bought well; and he said he bought a dealer in such gear."

"Which deal," said Mistress Margaret from my chair.

"Nay, but, daughter Margaret, how knowest thou that Sultan was ever the wench's property?" retorted Lady More sharply.

"Well, answered, defendant," said Sir Thomas: "we must call a witness whose evidence must decide that matter. Son Roper, bring the dog Sultan alias Constant, into court."

The eyes of Dorothy brightened at the sight of her old companion; and Sir Thomas More, taking him in his hands, said, "Here now I am placed in as great a strait as ever was King Solomon, in respect to the memorable case in which he was called upon to