

the last sheet is covered with a felt, the whole is pressed, after which the sheets are hung up on cords to dry. The next operation is sizing; which is done by plunging a few sheets together, and turning them in a vessel full of size, into which a small portion of alum is thrown. The paper is now carried to the drying-room, and after being gradually dried, is conveyed to the finishing-room, where it is pressed, selected, examined, formed into quires of twenty-four sheets, and finally into reams, consisting of twenty quires each. This is termed *writing paper*, and is adapted for this purpose by sizing.

There are various kinds of paper, such as blotting, brown, and coarse paper, which will not bear the ink. To these may be added, the different sorts of paper intended for drawing, engraving, or printing, which are not so highly sized as the paper intended for the pen.

Several vegetable substances have been tried as a substitute for linen rags in making paper, the best of which perhaps is barley straw: but the paper made from it will only serve for common purposes; and the unpleasant tinge which it gives, is very hurtful to the sight.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN REFUTED.—Every body knows that the veritable Baron Munchausen relates in his adventures in the polar regions, that sounds as they issued from the mouth were frozen, and remained icebound till the next thaw. The following remarkable refutation of this statement was mentioned by Mr Reid, the President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, before a Committee of the House of Commons: "Sir John Ross told me lately, when I met him in Dublin, that he had no difficulty in conversing at the distance of a mile in a still and silent atmosphere, which often occurs in the Polar regions. Lieut Brown has conversed at the distance of a mile, or upwards, across a frozen lake!" So opposite is this statement from the German Baron's that, as it is known sound increases as the squares of the distance diminish, the sound of the voice in those northern latitudes, even at the respectable distance of three yards, would be three hundred thousand times louder than necessary to be audible; and even during a hard frost the Baron would have been obliged to stop his ears to avoid the deafening sound; a whisper according to this calculation, must nearly equal the report of a canon! The Baron was a sad romancer.

CATCHING COLD.—It may seem a little contradictory that temporary local heat should procure cold, but it is nevertheless true. How soon a person who has been in too close a room, or too near the fire, gets cold and shivering, compared with one who has been in a colder apartment, at a greater distance from the fire, or in the open air. Half the colds and coughs with which

people are annoyed in the winter are owing to their winter habitations being too warm: and those complaints are far more frequent in towns than in the open places of the country. When people go hot into the cold air, the evaporation from the surfaces of their bodies is so rapid, as not only to make them feel cold and shiver, but if it be long continued, to close the little follicles of the skin, which, in the healthy states of the body, remove much of the waste matter that is unfit for the purposes of life; and thus that matter remains in the system, and acts as a poison. Washing with warm water in cold weather has much the same effect; and they who resort to that in order to avoid the temporary influence of the cold, thereby subject themselves to it for the whole day. In summer, warm water is a luxury and wholesome, and almost immediately a cooling luxury: but they who would escape chilblains and frost-biting should avoid it in winter.

Napoleon.—"The solitude of Napoleon in his exile and in his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon: Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizons of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality vanished like a dream. His life, which belonged to history, cooperated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent, their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downward from the planet of light, rests for a moment over ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe. Bonaparte crossed the ocean, in order to repair to final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens; stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellation sparkling over his head; his powerful glance for the first time encountered their rays. What to him were those which he had never seen from his dominions, and which had never shone for his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny: one half the firmament to enlighten his cradle, the other spread its light over his tomb." *Half reserved to illuminate his tomb.* [See *Anteubian's Sketches of English Literature.*]

Those who are cleanly in their persons and houses, avoid many cutaneous diseases, malignant fevers and contagious influences, besides divers insects.

Unanimity is good at all times.

FOR THE MIRROR.

When life as opening bud, is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas, how hard it is to die.

When just, is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful th' n it is to die.

When one by one, the ties are torn,
And friend by friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die.

When faith is firm and conscience clear,
And words of peace, the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy—'tis triumph then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight
And limbs, slow gathering dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

MARRIED.

At Chester, on Tuesday the 6th Dec. by the Rev. Dr. Shreve, Mr. John Davine, to Miss Elizabeth Graves; Mr. Philip Avolt, to Miss Eliza Bontellier. On the 12th, by the same, Mr. George Wm. Jolmore, to Miss Mary Ann Young; all of the Parish of St. Stephen's, Chester.

DIED.

Very suddenly, on Friday, the 16th inst. on the road to Prison, Walter Brown, aged 73 years, a coloured man. He deceased was on his way home from Halifax, driving an ox team, apparently in sound health, but fell down and expired without a groan or a struggle.

On Friday last, Mr. Alexander Mitchell, in the 89th year of his age, and old an respectable inhabitant of this Town, a native of Dundee, North Britain.

On Sunday evening, 25th inst. at 9 o'clock, Thomas Newell, youngest son of Mr. J. Lee.

On Sunday, Mr. Thomas Smith, in the 32d year of his age.

CARD.

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to his friends and the Public, for the liberal patronage which he has been favored since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he has entered into partnership with Mr. JOHN ENGLISH, and his connection with him will continue to be the same. PRINTING of all descriptions on the most reasonable terms, and with despatch.—The office is well provided with Type suitable for Hand-bills, Catalogues, Cards, Pamphlets, Circulars, Blanks, of every kind, &c. &c. H. W. BLACKADAR.

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