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NATURAL HISTORY.

CIVET.

This quadruped is two or three feet in length. The hair is long and of a brownish gray colour. It is a native of the warm parts of Asia and Africa. There are three species, all of which are provided with bags for the secretion of a musky perfume, which is very much esteemed, and forms a considerable article of commerce. The Civet is wild and fierce, and is never quite tamed, though many of them are bred for the sake of their perfume, particularly in Holland. It is light and active, and lives upon birds and small animals. It generally preys by night. The Javanese Civet and the Zibet both differ considerably from the common Civet in appearance.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR THOMAS MORE.*

Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England, was the son of Sir John More, judge of the King's-bench, and born in London in 1480. As soon as he came of age he obtained a seat in parliament, where he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry VII. with such force that it was refused by the house. At the accession of Henry VIII, he was called to the bar, and in 1508 appointed judge of the sheriff's court, in London, which was then a considerable post. By the interest of Wolsey he obtained the honor of knighthood, and a place in the privy council. In 1520 he was made treasurer of the exchequer, and in 1523 chosen speaker of the house of commons, where he resisted a motion for

an oppressive subsidy, which gave great offence to cardinal Wolsey. Sir Thomas was made chancellor in 1530, and by his indefatigable application in that office there was in a short time not a cause left undetermined. Sir Thomas wrote several pieces against the reformation, and epistles to Erasmus and other learned men. The best of his works is a kind of political romance, entitled, Utopia, which has been translated into English by Bishop Burnet.

THE ORPHAN OF BATTERSEA,

OR, THE JUDGEMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.*

(Continued.)

She rose the following morning with the melancholy conviction that no resource now remained but the wretched one of supplicating the alms of the charitably disposed in the streets and highways. Nothing but the imperative urgency of the case could have reconciled the meek and timid Dorothy to a mode of life so every way repugnant to her feelings. "We wept when we saw my dear mother laid in the cold and silent grave; but now I rejoice that she was spared the grief of seeing this day," said the sorrowful orphan, when she commenced her unwonted vocation, and experienced the bitter taunts of the pampered menials of the great, the rude repulses of the unfeeling, or the grave rebukes of the stern, but well-meaning moralists who, though they awarded their charity, accompanied their alms with reflections on the disreputable and lazy trade she had adopted. Some there were, indeed, who touched with the sweetness and modesty of her manners and appearance, spake the forlorn one kindly, relieved her present wants and bade her call again; but the number of these was comparatively small: and the bread which she earned so hardly for herself and aged relative, was literally speaking, wept in her tears. While pursuing her miserable occupation she sadly missed the company and caresses of the faithful Constant. "He would have been kind and affectionate," she said, "if all the world had frowned upon her. Her change of circumstances were no alteration in his regard; and, if she were in sickness or sorrow, and other children or scorned her, he appeared to double his endearments; and, while he was

by her side, she did not feel so very lonely — so that it is to be assured of the love of one friend, however humble." Sometimes, too, she thought she should feel less sorrowful if she were assured that he had fallen into good hands.

Meantime, days and weeks passed away, her cloths grew old and her shoes were worn out, and Dorothy, who was accustomed to appear so neat and nice in her attire, was reduced to the garb of the most abject misery; but, though barefoot and sorely pinched with cold and famine, she thought less of her own sufferings than of the privations to which her blind grandmother was exposed.

One evening, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and Dorothy had been begging all day without receiving a single penny in alms, neither had she tasted a morsel of food since a very early hour in the morning, her strength failed her; and, overcome by cold, hunger, weariness, and sorrow, she sat down on a heap of frozen snow by the wayside, and wept bitterly. The river Thames was then frozen over; and she had walked across it on the ice, and was now in the parish of Chelsea. She regretted that she had ventured so far from her home, for she was oppressed with fatigue; and, though she saw the trees and houses on the opposite shores of Battersea so near, she felt as if she could not reach them that night. A drowsy feeling, the fatal effects of cold and hunger combined, was stealing over her: she tried to rouse herself, "for," she faintly whispered to herself, "my poor grandmother will be so uneasy if I do not return; but then," she thought, "how senselessly I could go to sleep here, and forget all my troubles! I am now, only so very, very drowsy," and, though aware that, if she did yield to these lethargic feelings, her life would be the sleep of death, she required some stimulus, more powerful than even that conviction, to dispel the soporific influence of the deadly cold which had seized her tender frame, like a withering blight, and benumbed her faculties. But at the very moment when the shores of Battersea, with their snow-clad trees and houses, were fading before her closing eyes, and she was sinking passively and almost pleasingly into that slumber from which she would never have awaked, she was roused by a dog bounding suddenly upon her with a joyful cry, and licking her benumbed face and hands with the most passionate demonstrations of affection.