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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CAMELEON.

The Cameleon is a sort of lizard, about ten inches long, with a tail of nearly the same length. He is to be found principally in India, Africa, and Arabia. It has often been said that the Cameleon lived upon air, not having been seen to take any other food. The truth, however, is, that he can go a long time without food, and, when he does eat, his food is small flies and insects. He fixes his eyes upon them, and then darts his very long tongue at them, and draws them into his mouth, so that he might appear to be merely drawing in the air. It has been said, too, that this creature changes its colour to green, blue and black, or whatever it pleases. This is not true, though there are some variations in the shades of colour according to the different lights the animal is in.



ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy is the science which treats of the heavenly bodies, their motions, periods, eclipses, magnitude, &c. In the diagram above, the orbits of the planets are represented in the order in which they move round the Sun, which is placed in the common centre of their motion. 1. Mercury; 2. Venus; 3. the Earth, with her Moon; 4. Mars; 5. Jupiter, with four moons; 6. Saturn, with seven moons.—The two planets whose orbits are within that of the earth, are termed inferior, or interior planets; and all the others, whose orbits are beyond that of the earth, are called superior, or exterior planets.

The Sun is a vast globe of light,—a million times larger than our earth; but all the planets are dark bodies, having no light except that which they receive from the Sun.

The nearest Planet to the Sun, is *Mercury*. It is 36 millions of miles distant from the Sun, round which it revolves in 88 days: its diameter, or thickness, is about 3000 miles. This planet can seldom be seen by the naked eye, because it is so near the Sun that it is lost in its overpowering brightness; but when it is visible, which is a little time before sun-rise, or after sun-set—it presents the appearance of a little silver-hued ball.

The Planet next to Mercury is *Venus*, she is sixty millions of miles distant from the Sun, round which she revolves in 225 days. She is nearly as large as our Earth. Venus is the most beautiful Star in the heavens; and sometimes shines so bright, as to give shadows to houses, trees, &c. When she appears in the West, after sun-set, she is called the Evening-Star; and when she is seen in the East, towards day-break she is called the Morning-Star.

The third planet in order from the sun is our *Earth*, accompanied by the Moon.—The earth turns round upon its axis in 24 hours, and thereby causes day and night. It goes round the Sun in a year, and by this motion we have the seasons, which are called Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.—The motion of the Earth is not unlike a top, when you spin your top, it runs round in a circle, and also moves round its axis—the former resembles the Earth's yearly motion, and the latter its daily motion. The Earth is an object of such great importance to us, and so much is known respecting it, that a further description of it must be reserved for a future number.

The *Moon* is called a secondary planet, because it attends on the earth, and travels round it in the space of a month.—The diameter of the Moon is computed to be about 2,160 miles. The connection of the Moon with our Earth, her services in often affording us light in the absence of the Sun, in subdividing the year into months, regulating the ebb and flow of the sea, and the various phenomena she presents to our notice, renders her an object of much interest to the astronomer.

Mars occupies the orbit next to that of the earth, as appears from the figure where its name is inserted. The diameter of Mars is about 5900 miles, his distance from the sun, about 144 millions of miles, round which it revolves in about 1 year and 11 months.

At a great distance beyond Mars, revolves *Jupiter*. He is about 490 millions of miles from the sun, and revolves round him in about 12 of our years; Jupiter is the largest planet in the solar system, being above a 1000 times larger than our Earth, he has 4

moons, which move round him in certain periods.

The most remarkable planet in our system is *Saturn*, which is nearly 900 millions of miles from the sun, round which it revolves in about 30 years of our time; the diameter of this planet is about 67,000 miles, it is attended by no fewer than 7 moons to "cheer the gloom of night." The uninformed eye imagines not, when it is directed to this little speck of light, that it is looking upon one of the most stupendous of the planets, when viewed through a telescope, it appears surrounded by a bright double belt, which, at certain times, gives it a very beautiful appearance.

COMMON THINGS.

No. 8.—WATER.

How common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a water-fall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buz of spindles, which, under the direction of their fair attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silk-worm.

Is any one so insensible as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth, to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew in its nightly visits to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun!—And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs, and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest. This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness, and its elegant crystals. The snow, too—what is that but the same pure drops thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand. And does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air, and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew, and the

abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle, and shuttle, are moved by this faithful servant? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens? Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to make others feel, and that by feeling himself, that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLANDER; OR OLD MOLLY THICKENS.

Tell me not of the Cæsars and Alexanders who in their turns have governed the world, for their condition was so much above mine, and such a period has passed by since they lived, that I cannot hope to gain any thing by the influence of their example; but give me one solitary instance in common life, of a person governing their tongue, and I will listen to you for an hour; ay, for two hours! and do my best to profit by the example. I could give you fifty instances of slander, but where shall I find one person who, in passing through the world, adopts the christian and kind-hearted resolution, "I will take heed that I sin not with my tongue?"

Thomas Stanley was a hard-working, honest man, and lived at a small house at no great distance from the finger-post at the skirts of the town. Now Thomas had, somehow or other, got possession of an excellent recipe for making ginger-beer, and had established a snug little trade in disposing of his refreshing beverage. Good ginger-beer is a very pleasant drink in summer, and Thomas certainly did right in endeavoring to gain a trifle by the sale of his refreshing liquor; especially as he could still work at his employment of gardening, while his wife, served their customers. It was a cheerful sight to see Sarah Stanley neatly dressed, cutting the strings, and drawing the corks of the ginger-beer bottles, on a hot summer's day, as they went off pop! pop! one after another.

One time Thomas had a job on hand in his garden, which required a great deal of water, and as dirty water was quite as good as clean water for the purpose, he fetched it from a neighbouring horse-pond, instead of drawing it from his own little well, where the water was as clear as crystal. Unhappily for Thomas, as he came back from the

pond, he met old Molly Thickens, the veriest gossip in the place. Her tongue was always going, and what was worse, it was always spreading some ill-natured slander.

Molly Thickens was not one who would plainly tell an untruth of another. She went to work in a way that was much safer for herself, and much more dangerous to the objects of her slanders; for every report which she spread abroad was accompanied by the remark, that for her part, she could not believe it to be true. Directly that she saw Thomas Stanley with a yoke across his shoulders, and a bucket on each side, filled with black, dirty water, she stepped in first to one neighbour's house, and then to another, to say that she hoped Thomas Stanley was not going to make ginger-beer with the water from the horse-pond! Indeed, for her part, she could not believe that he would do such a thing. In a very little time the report spread far and near, that Thomas Stanley was laying in a store of dirty water from the horse-pond, for the purpose of making his famous ginger-beer. Several of the neighbors were on the look-out, and there was Thomas Stanley sure enough, carrying water in two buckets from the pond. This was deemed proof positive; they would not have believed it, but they had seen it with their own eyes, and Thomas was condemned without further investigation.

All this time Molly Thickens was, as she said, good naturedly endeavouring to contradict the report, for she went everywhere declaring that it was a sad tale which had been told of Thomas Stanley, but that she could not bring her mind to believe that it was true.

I have somewhere read of a man who, wishing to injure a baker who had enraged a crowd of people, cried out, "Don't nail his ear to the door! don't nail his ear to the door!" in consequence of which the exasperated crowd, who never would have thought of doing such a thing, immediately nailed the ear of the unfortunate baker to the door-post.

Now thus it was with poor Thomas Stanley, for old Molly's declaration, that she could not believe the report, made others believe it, or excited a suspicion of its truth.

When Thomas first heard of it, in the consciousness of his innocence he paid but little attention to the rumour; but when it gained ground, he made an attempt to clear himself of the charge.

In former times ignorant people used to try a supposed witch, by throwing her into the water; if she swam she was a witch and deserved to be burnt to death; if she sank, and was drowned, then she was acquitted of her witchcraft, but, in either case, she lost her life. Poor Thomas was tried pretty much in the same manner, for while he was quiet, one half of his neighbours cried out, "O! his conscience condemns him,

he knows that it is of no use to contradict the truth."—And when he bustled about to deny it, the other half cried out, "If his conscience was clear, he would not take such pains to persuade people of his innocence.

The end of all was, that not a bottle of ginger-beer could Thomas sell, and he and his wife were obliged to quit a neighbourhood where every body suspected them of evil. Thus were too honest persons ruined by a slanderous tongue, while Molly Thickens, the slanderer, sought a reputation for kindness, by declaring louder than ever, that though all the world seemed to condemn poor Thomas and Sarah Stanley in the affair of the ginger-beer, for her part, she could not bring her mind to believe it was true.

A TALE.

There was a man by the name of Hayes, who in consequence of I kuow not what violation of laws, had betaken himself to that region along our frontier, which the king of Netherlands thought proper to recommend the abandonment of not long ago. Hayes had been educated, was a fiery, intrepid fellow.

'Sir,' said he to me one day, 'I am a sad fellow—very childish, very wicked, and of course very wretched. I am a fool I know—but I can't help it. I never see a fur cap of that color, pointing to his own which lay steaming on a settle before a huge roaring fire—on the head of a boy, without feeling as if I could cry my eyes out. I have been, what you told me you or ce were—a husband and father, a proud father and a happy husband. You remember the fires we had in 1825? Well, I had camped out that fall, and was making a fortune; how, and with what view is nobody's business. You needn't stare—I saw the question rising in your throat; well I had left my wife; no matter why; incompatibility of temper, if you like.—All I have to say is, that she was altogether too good for me. Had she been more of a woman, and less of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a hunted outlaw.—Oh, you needn't stare. I've told you about all I mean to tell you on that head. Well—we separated—in plain English, I ran away from my wife, taking with me only one child—my poor dear Jerry—the only child I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the evil one put it into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with blue and grey eyes, and took with me the only one that resembled me. Ah if you could but have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sunshine, though black as jet. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well for nearly three years, when one day I received a letter from my wife, saying

that Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue eyed babies, were in their graves. Two were drowned in each other's arms—the other died of a broken heart—a mere baby—but it pined itself to death after I disappeared—she told me so, and I believed her—asking for *farler, poor farler*, a hundred times in a day, and whenever it awoke in the night; and dying—literally dying with that word upon its lips. My wife added, that she was coming home. What could I say? I knew that I had wronged her; that I was a fool and a mad man; but what could I say? Well, our arrangements were made and I set off to meet her—leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him, until I got back. To be sure that he would not go astray, I had tied a Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, to the post of his cradle bed—telling him to stay there until I returned with his mother, which would be in the course of that afternoon or towards night-fall.

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a low, steadier, though much altered tone.

“Well—Sir—we met once more—and she forgave me; and we were happy. And so, I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle, and we started together—two as happy human creatures as there were upon the face of the earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt, on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half-way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep, and dreaming of his mother—his dear new mother as he called her, and persisted in calling her from the moment I told him that she was coming to live with us. Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten her. Suddenly as we were descending the top of a hill, our horses began to snort—my wife caught my arm, and as I turned toward her, I saw the whole western sky in a preternatural glow. Before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the hand of death were upon me, I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only urge my wife to follow—and clapping spurs to my horse I rode straightway toward the fire. Once only, did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further.

Well, I arrived at the place; and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry.—Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes, as if in search of something. At last and with great difficulty, she recollected enough to

say, that she had seen the fire in time to escape with my boy—that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had not ran far, she sat down to rest herself, looking toward the path by which we were expected—that some how or other she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered was, something little Jerry had said about going back to untie poor Carlo! My heart died away within me. I knew that I was childless—I *knew it*—don't talk to me—I *knew it*. And it was so. When I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by the fire and a little way off lay my poor boy, with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the madhouse, at Philadelphia—and here am I. Heaven forgive me!—*Family Pioneer*.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Continued.

When a man is terrified he is always disposed to exaggerate. And if one has been frightened by some trifle, to save himself from exposure to ridicule, he magnifies the trifle into something truly appalling, hoping thus to save his reputation. Though a man may not mean actually to tell a lie, the temptation to exaggerate under such circumstances is too great to be withstood.—This principle, if duly considered, will account for much that is incredible in these narrations. I will here introduce one of the best authenticated ghost stories that ever was told, and which for a long time remained perfectly inexplicable, but which was accidentally explained. This apparition appeared in the town of Plymouth, England. We quote from Sir Walter Scott. ‘A club of persons connected with science and literature, was formed at the great sea town we have named. During the summer months the society met in a cave by the sea-shore; during those of the autumn and winter, they convened within the premises of a tavern, but for the sake of privacy, had their meetings in a summer house situated in the garden, at a distance from the main building. Some of the members to whom the position of their own dwellings rendered this convenient, had a pass key to the garden door, by which they could enter the garden and reach the summer house, without the publicity or trouble of passing through the open tavern. It was the rule of this club, that its members presided alternately. On one occasion in the winter, the president of the evening chanced to be very ill. Indeed, was reported to be on his death bed. The club met as usual, and from a sentiment of respect, left vacant the chair, which ought to have been occupied by him, if in his usual health. For the same reason, the conversation turned upon the absent gentleman's talents, and the loss expected to the society by his death. While they were upon this

in lancholy theme, the door suddenly opened, and the appearance of the president entered the room. He wore a white wrapper, and a night cap around his brow, which had the appearance of death itself. He stalked into the room with unusual gravity;—took the vacant place of ceremony—lifted the empty glass which stood before him—bowed around—put it to his lips—then replaced it on the table, and stalked out of the room, as silent as he had entered it. The company remained deeply appalled. At length, after many observations upon the strangeness of what they had seen, they resolved to despatch two of their number as ambassadors, to see how it fared with the president, who had thus strangely appeared among them. They went and returned with the frightful intelligence, that the friend, after whom they had inquired was that evening deceased. The astonished party then resolved that they would remain absolutely silent, respecting the wonderful sight which they had seen. Their habits were too philosophical, to permit them to believe that they had actually seen the ghost of their departed brother. At the same time, they were too wise men, to wish to confirm the superstition of the vulgar, by what might seem indubitable evidence of a ghost. The affair was, therefore, kept a strict secret, although as usual, some dubious rumors of the tale, found their ways to the public.

To be Continued

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1835.

Arrivals from England since our last, have brought English papers to the 21st March—Trade is said to be in a prosperous state.—In the House of Peers, Lord Brougham presented a petition from the House of Assembly of Canada, complaining of grievances, &c. Viscount Canterbury (the late Speaker of the House of Commons) has been appointed a Commissioner to Canada. He is generally considered to be well qualified for the office. It is supposed that he would be entrusted with full power to settle all differences, *if he can*.—The report of the Church reform Commissioners was to be presented to Parliament on the 21st March, it is said to be an elaborate and ably drawn up document.—Vice Admiral Sir P. Halket, has been appointed to succeed Vice Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, in the command of the West India and North American Stations.

The French Ministry has been again formed. No further proceedings have taken place in the Chamber of Deputies respecting the American question. The members of the Committee had called for additional papers.

A heavy shock of an Earthquake was experienced at St. Thomas' on 11th Feb. last—the shock lasted about 25 seconds—the report one and a half minutes.

HYMNS FOR GOOD FRIDAY AND
EASTER SUNDAY.*Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*

Isa. liii. 4.

"Stricken, smitten and afflicted,"

See him dying on the tree!

'Tis the Christ by man rejected!

Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!

'Tis the long-expected prophet,
David's son, yet David's Lord;

Proofs I see sufficient of it:

'Tis a true and faithful word.

Ye who think of sin but lightly,

Nor suppose the evil great;

Here may view its nature rightly,

Here 'tis guilt may estimate.

Mark the sacrifice appointed!

See *who* bears the awful load!

'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,

Son of man, and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation:

Here's the refuge of the lost:

Christ's the rock of our salvation:

His the name of which we boast:

Lamb of God for sinners wounded!

Sacrifice to cancel guilt!

None shall ever be confounded

Who on him their hope have built.

Behold the place where they laid him.

Mark xvi. 6.

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder,

See the place where Jesus lay;

He has burst his bands asunder;

He has borne our sins away.

Joyful tidings!

Yes, the Lord is ris'n to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:

By his death he overcame:

Thus the Lord his glory raises;

Thus he fills his foes with shame:

Sing ye praises!

Praises to the victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions

Come from heav'n to meet their King;

Soon in yonder blessed regions

They shall join his praise to sing.

Songs eternal

Shall through heav'n's high arches ring.

VARIETIES.

READING.

Reading is an invaluable art. It is a key which can unlock all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. It furnishes a pleasing employment and solace for the hour of solitude, and fits for appearing in society with advantage. It enables a man to avail himself of the knowledge and experience of others, with whom, but for reading, he would have had no medium of communication. It brings him into familiar acquaintance with whatever may concern his present

or future well-being through time and eternity.

But, like every other machine of vast power, there is a proportionate danger of its becoming the instrument of destruction. Books have been made subservient to the purposes of vice as well as of virtue—the vehicles of every thing that is polluting and profane; and the young cannot be too cautious in making their selection.

A taste for reading is, in itself, desirable and commendable. It has been the means of keeping many a young man from imbibing a taste for the public-house, the ball-room, or the gaming-table. Every young man will do well to connect himself with some society by means of which he may be furnished with a judicious selection of profitable books. There are many subjects on which mines of pleasing and interesting information invite the research of the student, and which are now happily treated of in so simple and common-sense a manner, as to render them intelligible to persons of an ordinary education. Biography, history, travels, geography, mechanics, natural and experimental philosophy, and general science, will afford a pleasing variety to every unperverted taste.

LETTER WRITING.

Few subjects connected with a system of practical education, are more important or more neglected than letter-writing. On no subject, perhaps, can so much be done in so short a time. Many in our country, both children and adults, would receive a great advantage from one hour's practical instruction on this subject. If they could be informed of the most proper shape for folding letters, it would prevent much deformity in our letter-bags, and post-offices, each of which bears constant testimony of a great defect in early education.

The direction of letters as they are presented to public view, corresponds, in its awkward bungling character, with the folding, and might be improved, in many instances, by a few minutes instruction.

If the inside of letters, whose external appearance gives such infallible and such frequent proof of ignorance, or rather of defects in education, should be examined, they would make still louder calls for instruction in this indispensable branch of education. In one instance a letter was neatly and properly executed, except one defect, and that one defect ruined the whole. The spelling, the pointing, the commencement of paragraphs, the date, the address, the signature, the folding, sealing, and directing, were all well executed, but the use of a small letter, instead of a capital, for the pronoun I, completely ruined every thing else which would otherwise have appeared well. And how is a person to know that a small i is not equally proper with a capital I, except he is informed? And in how

many of the public schools in our country, upon which the greater part of our population depend for their education, is there any opportunity for children to receive this information? But it may be said, and it is hoped with truth, that but few in our community need that information. But they may need it on some other point scarcely less important, and equally easy to communicate.

Perhaps it is unnecessary, if it were practicable, to specify any size or shape which is most proper for letters; but it may be observed that it is probably that a common fault to fold them too large, especially too wide. Three inches by five is perhaps, for ordinary letters, as good a size and shape as any other. To give a common letter-sheet this form after it is folded, the first leaf may be folded in three equal divisions, and then the ends so turned as to give it the proper length, when bringing over the last leaf will complete the form.

In the direction, the name of the person appears best perhaps to occupy about the centre of the letter, with those of the town and county beneath.

LEARN TO STOOP.

Related in a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Mather.

The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking when I withdrew, when he said hastily *Stoop! Stoop!* I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me you are young and have the world before you; *Stoop*, as you go through it; and you will miss many hard thumps. This advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people, by their carrying their head too high.

A word by grammarians used in our tongue
Of such a construction is seen,
That if from five syllables you take away one
No syllable then will remain.
Mo-nosyllable.

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