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The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and adjoining north of Mr. Allan McDonald's.

WHERE

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

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum payable in advance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE NAUTILUS.

This is a very curious shell-fish. The shell is so formed that it serves all the purposes of a boat to the animal that inhabits it. In calm weather, the Nautilus rises to the surface of the water, and spreads its arms out of its shell, and makes them answer the purpose of ears, the two hinder ones serving as rudders: it then lifts up a sort of double thin membrane, which Providence has given it, and this answers the purpose of sails. It can turn these sails in whatever direction it pleases, and thus catch the advantage of the wind. In this way, the extraordinary creature is sent forward by the breeze, like a ship under sail. When it perceives any danger nigh, it immediately draws itself up in its shell, and sinks to the bottom. The manner in which it sinks or rises is truly beautiful and wonderful. The shell is very thin and light; and, in the sort of Nautilus which we are here describing, it is divided into several separate apartments, and it is therefore called the chamber Nautilus*. The animal lives in the largest of these, but he has a sort of hollow tube, which passes through a small hole in the walls, which separate these chambers. By means of this tube, he can fill all his chambers with water, and then he becomes heavy, and will sink. When he wishes to rise again, he can, by means of the tube, get rid of the water, and he becomes light, and rises to the top of the water. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and this little animal may indeed be called wonderful. And so, in truth, may every creature that the Almighty has made.

It is thought that the ancients learned the art of sailing from observing the Nautilus. Learn of the little Nautilus to sail.

Spread the thin ear, and catch the driving gale.

* The Paper Nautilus has a shell like paper, and has only one apartment; but he has the same power of rising in, or rejecting water.

BIOGRAPHY.

NELSON.

Horatio, Lord Nelson, has been appropriately designated the "*Prince of Enterprize*," was born in 1758. His consummate skill and daring intrepidity advanced the naval superiority of the British nation to a height and splendour before unparalleled. — He was mortally wounded in the ever-glorious battle of Trafalgar, but his dying hours were cheered by the complete assurance of triumph, and the conscious satisfaction of knowing that "every man had done his duty." His body having been brought to England in his own ship, the *Victory*, was enclosed in a coffin made out of the mast of *L'Orion*, which blew up in the *Battle of the Nile*; and being thence conveyed to *Greenwich Hospital*, was laid in state during three days. It was then removed in grand procession, by water, to the Admiralty, and on the following day, 9th January, 1806, was conveyed to *St. Paul's*, and there interred with all the honors which a sorrowing country could bestow. The ceremonial was concluded by the verse and chorus — "*His body is buried in peace—But his name liveth evermore.*"

Saw ye the streets when NELSON died,

When his funeral train drew near—

The troops arrang'd on every side,

The people gazing in the rear?

I saw the streets when NELSON died!

When his funeral train drew near,

Not one brave heart but deeply sigh'd,

Not one fair cheek without a tear!

A nation's grief bedew'd his grave,

Devotion mourn'd him as her own!

For, in the battle, truly brave,

He fear'd th' Omnipotent alone!

THE HEAVY CROSS.

Though heavy the barden on thy back;

Though heavy and rough the road;

A cheerful eye, and a hopeful heart

Will bid a thousand cares depart,

And lighten every load,

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbours would have been on good terms together; but, unluckily for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tanhouse, he muttered and grum-

bled all the way there and back, because his neighbour could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it sours his sweetest enjoyments; and plants stinging nettles in all his paths.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favorite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning to night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse to Mr. Starkey's, to make some excuse for not paying up what was due, when he met his neighbour Hullins, who was as regular as clockwork in his weekly payments. The very sight of Hullins was as bad as physic to Hodgkins, who, as he nodded his head in reply to Hullins's salutation, looked as surly as a bull about to run at a pointer dog.

Hodgkins entered the tanhouse, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent by his landlord, Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbor, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every farthing. "Yes, yes," replied Hodgkins, "some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths: Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got."

"Hullins has a pension it is true," said Mr. Starkey, "but he carries a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg, as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you now do, notwithstanding you might in that case have a pension."

"Not I," replied Hodgkins; "if I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good day's work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I fancy that his pension makes it light enough to him; the heaviest cross that I know of is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent."

Now Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humour, and well knowing Hodgkins disposition to repine,

he felt disposed to convince him, if possible that the lightest cross soon becomes heavy to a discontented spirit.

"I tell you what, Hodgkins," said he, "I am afraid that you are hardly disposed to make the best of things: however, as you think that your neighbour Hullin's cross is so very light, if you will undertake to carry one much lighter, you shall live rent free as long as you abide by the bargain."

"But what sort of a cross is it that you mean to put on my shoulders?" inquired Hodgkins, fearing that it might be something to which he could not agree. "Why," replied Mr. Starkey, fetching a large lump of chalk and making a broad cross on Hodgkins's back, "that is the cross, and so long as you like to wear it I will not ask you for a farthing of your rent."

Hodgkins at first thought that his landlord was only joking, but being assured that he was quite serious, he told Mr. Starkey that he must look for no more rent from him, for that he was willing to wear such a cross as that all the days of his life.

Away went Hodgkins chuckling within himself at his good luck, and thinking what a fool of a landlord he had got to let him off so easily from paying his rent. Never was he in a better humour than when he entered his cottage. Every thing seemed to go on right, he laughed, and joked, and seemed in such high spirits, that his wife, who well knew that he had been up to the tanhouse on a gloomy errand, could not at all account for it.

Hodgkins having seated himself with his back to the cupboard, his wife had not seen the cross on his coat, but no sooner did he turn round to pull up the weights of the cuckoo clock, than she cried out, with a shrill voice: "Why, Hodgkins were have you been? There is a cross on your back a foot long; you have been to the public, and some of your drunken companions have played you this trick to make you look like a simpleton, as you are; come, stand still, and let me rub it off, or every fool in the village will be laughing at you." "Let it alone," said Hodgkins, turning quickly round, "I won't have it rubbed off. Go on mending your stockings, and let my coat alone." "But I won't let it alone," replied his wife: "do you think my husband shall play the fool in that manner? No, that he shan't; I'll have every bit of it off before you stir out of the house."

Hodgkins knew very well that his wife was not easily turned when she had once set her mind upon a thing, so striding across the cottage he hastily made his escape, banging the door after him with all his might. "An ill tempered vixen!" muttered he to himself, "I would have told her of my good luck had she been quiet, but now she shall know nothing about it."

"Halloo, Robert," cried old Fallows the bricklayer, as Hodgkins, turned round the

corner, "who has been playing you that trick? why your back is scored all across. Come here, and I will give you a dusting." "Mind your own back, and let mine alone," said Hodgkins surlily, making the best of his way forwards.

"Mr. Hodgkins," cried little Patty Stevens, the huckster's daughter running after him, "if you please there has somebody been making a long score all down your coat; mother will rub it off for you if you will come back." "You and your mother had better mind your red herrings and treacle," replied Hodgkins, sharply, leaving the little girl wondering why he did not stop to have his coat brushed. No one else noticed the cross on Hodgkin's back, till he got near the blacksmith's shop, where the butcher and the blacksmith were talking, the butcher cutting a piece of elder, to make skewers; and the blacksmith, with his arms across, leaning on the half door of his shop. "You are just the very man I wanted to see," said the butcher, stopping Hodgkins, but before he had spoken a dozen words to him, old Peggy Turton came up in her red cloak and check apron. "My stars!" cried old Peggy, gathering up her apron in her hand, "why, Mr. Hodgkins, your back is quite a fright? but stand still a moment, and I'll soon have it off." When Hodgkins turned round to tell old Peggy to be quiet, the blacksmith roared out to the butcher to "twig Hodgkins's back." "He looks like a walking finger-post," cried the butcher. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, "I warrant ye his wife has done that for him, for spending his wages at the Malt Shovel." There was no other method of escaping the check apron of Peggy Turton, and the laughing and jeering of the butcher and blacksmith, than that of getting off the ground as soon as he could: so calling poor Peggy a meddling old hussy, and the other two a brace of grinning fools, he turned the first corner he came to, feeling the cross on his back a great deal heavier than he had expected to find it.

Poor Hodgkins seemed to meet with nothing but ill luck, for just before he got to the school all the scholars ran boisterously into the road, ripe and ready for any kind of fun that could be found. Hodgkins was illtempered enough before, but when he saw all the boys hallooing and spreading themselves along the road, he was in a terrible taking, expecting every moment to hear a shout from them on account of the cross on his back. This took place directly after, and fifty young rogues, full of frolic and fun, waving their caps, and following Hodgkins, shouted out as loudly as they could bawl. "Look at his back! look at his back!" Hodgkins was in a fury, and would perhaps have done some mischief to his young tormentors had it not been for the sudden appearance of Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, who at that moment came out of the school-

room. The boys gave over their hallooing for Hodgkins directly told Mr. Johnson that they were "an impudent set of young jacks-anapes, and everlastingly in mischief." Mr. Johnson, who had heard the uproar among the boys, and caught a glimpse of Hodgkins's back, replied, mildly, that he would never encourage any thing like impudence in his scholars, but that perhaps Hodgkins was not aware of the cause of their mirth he assured him that he had so large a chalk mark on his back, that it was enough to provoke the merriment of older people than the boys, and advised him by all means, if he wished to avoid being laughed at, to get rid of it as soon as possible. Hodgkins said peevishly that his back was "nothing to nobody," and muttering to himself, walked on, feeling his cross to be heavier than ever.

The reflections which passed through Hodgkins's mind were not of the most agreeable description. It was, to be sure, a rare thing to live rent free; but if every man, woman, and child in the village were to be everlastingly tormenting him, there would be no peace from morning to night. Then again, even if his neighbours got used to the cross on his back, and said nothing about it he knew that his wife would never let him rest. On the whole, the more he considered about it, the more was he disposed to think that the bargain was not quite so good a one, as he, at first, had taken it to be.

As Hodgkins went on towards the Malt Shovel, he saw, at a distance, his landlord, Mr. Starkey, and directly after, to his great consternation, his neighbour, Samuel Hullins, came stumping along, with his wooden leg, in company with Harry Stokes the carpenter. Now Harry Stokes was quite the village wit; and Hodgkins dreaded nothing more than to be laughed at by him, in the presence of Samuel Hullins. His first thought was to pull off his coat, but then, what would Mr. Starkey say to that? Not knowing what else to do, he took refuge in the Malt Shovel, but soon found the house too hot to hold him; for when those who were drinking there began to laugh at the cross on his back, both the landlord and landlady declared, that no customer of theirs should be made a laughing-stock in their house, while they had the power to hinder it. The landlord got the clothes-brush, and the landlady a wet sponge, and Hodgkins was obliged to make a hasty retreat, to secure his coat from the sponge and clothes-brush of his persevering friends.

When Hodgkins left home he intended to go to a neighbouring village, about some work which he had to do, but his temper had been so ruffled by old Fallows, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, and Peggy Turton, as well as by Mr. Johnson, and his scholars, the company at the Malt Shovel, and the landlord and landlady, that

he determined to get home as soon as he could, thinking it better to be railed at by his wife, than to be laughed at by the whole village.

If you have ever seen, on the first of September, a poor wounded partridge, the last of the covey, flying about from place to place, while every sportsman he came near had a shot at him, you may form some notion of the situation of poor Hodgkins as he went back to his cottage: sometimes walking fast that he might not be overtaken, sometimes moving slowly that he might not overtake others. Now in the lane, then in the field; skulking along as though he had been robbing a henroost, and was afraid to show his face. The cross by this time had become almost intolerable.

No sooner did he enter his cottage door, than his wife began: "And so you are come back again, are you, to play the tomfool! Here have been half-a-dozen of your neighbours calling to know if you are not gone out of your mind. It ever there was a madman, you are one; but I'll put that coat in a pail of water, or behind the fire, before I will have such antics played by a husband of mine; come, pull off your coat! I say, pull off your coat!"

The fiercer a fire burns, the sooner will it consume the fuel which supports it: and passionate people, in like manner, exhaust their strength by the violence of their anger. When Hodgkins found that there was no prospect of peace night or day, at home or abroad, so long as he continued to wear his cross he of his own accord rubbed it from his back.

The next Monday, Hodgkins went up to the tanhouse betimes, with a week's rent in his hand. "Ah, Robert," said Mr. Starkey, shaking his head, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. It is a good thing to encourage a contented disposition, and not to envy others, nor unnecessarily to repine at the troubles which God has been pleased to lay upon us. Let this little affair be a lesson to us both, for depend upon it, we never commit a greater mistake than when we imagine the trials of others to be light, and our own crosses to be heavier than those of our neighbours."

IT IS NOT IN THE FASHION.

How many families who are now suffering in poverty and wretchedness might have been comfortable and happy or perhaps independent; and instead of requiring the assistance of others to relieve their wants, would have been in a situation to dispense the blessings which wealth bestows to many a miserable being like themselves if they had not been the slaves of "Fashion."

Thousands have offered incense

At thy altar—and thousands still
Tread in her mazy labyrinths
And are lost.

It is to be regretted that such a blind fanaticism (if I may so call it) in following the fashions of the day should ever have caused

the ruin of a single individual; but I am sorry to say that proofs are not wanting in every city, village or hamlet, to satisfy any reasonable mind that many of the wretched degraded beings who may be seen staggering along the public streets, or the highway, with bloated visage and clothed in rags and filth, were once the "votaries of Fashion." Now suppose, gentle reader, we point out to you in definite and obvious terms what we mean by "Fashion," lest from the above you mistake our meaning.—There is, you know, "fashion" of dress, a la Francaise or a la Anglais, the strict votaries of which must change their costume pretty often if they wish to be considered "fashionable" or rank among the "bon ton" of society. And alas! how many have been utterly ruined even by striving to keep up appearances of wealth, when poverty with all its miseries was staring them in the face. Hundreds of young men who wished to appear "comme il faut" at a ball, assembly or fashionable "soiree," have at the expense of honour and reputation, engaged an "elegant suit" of their tailor for which they knew it was impossible for them to pay, and at the same time incurred other expenses which they could not liquidate, and thus blindly passing beyond the limits of their income, have step by step been drawn into other "follies" which finally ended in irretrievable ruin! I do not mean that extravagance in dress alone is altogether the cause of poverty and misery, but I do say it is an advanced step towards it. For instance a young man commences business when he has attained his majority. He has no capital, or at most but a few hundred dollars, which he expects perhaps to double or even quadruple in the course of a year. Having arrived at that period of time, he finds his anticipations fully realized. Prosperity gains him friends, and "fashionable" ones too, and this young man finds himself surrounded by a train, who invite him to take a ticket to the next ball, or assembly; he consents, and of course must have a new coat, and a "fashionable" one too, no matter how nice and tidy his 'best' may be which he had but a few months before; "it is not in the fashion." Wishing to appear in as fine style as any of his young friends, the coat or perhaps a suit, is purchased at an expense of some 50 or 60 dollars, and when the evening arrives he attends the ball, dances till a late hour, complains of the headache the whole of the next day, and is entirely unfit for business. A short time after he receives an invitation to a "fashionable soiree," to attend which some other articles of dress must be purchased, that he may appear "comme il faut" in this society. Thus he begins his career by extravagance in dress, and finally becomes extravagant in every thing else; wastes his time in balls, assemblies, routs, theatres, &c, till at length he acquires such a zest for "pleasure" (if pleasure it may be called) that business is entirely neglected, he finds

his income insufficient to meet his expenses, or rather extravagances, and ruin is the consequence.

These are facts which cannot be controverted, for they are of daily occurrence. Many a happy and promising family has been reduced to poverty and wretchedness by striving to imitate or follow the fashions of the day. The principle cause of many failures and bankruptcies may be traced in many instances to extravagance and a blind devotedness to fashion. Young men of the present day wish to appear at setting out in life, in as fine "style" as any of their neighbours, whether their means are adequate or not to support it.—Consequently, without calculating the expense, they enter the matrimonial state, hire a house at a rent perhaps of 400 dollars per annum, for none but a modern built house will answer, as "it is not in the fashion." Then furniture must be purchased to suit the modern dwelling. "Soirees" must be given at an expense of one hundred or two hundred dollars, and what is the result?—Too often, alas; poverty, degradation and misery!

Young man! this piece of friendly advice would I give you; if your coat "is not in the fashion," if it be only decent, wear it till you have counted the cost of a new and "fashionable" one.—*American Traveller.*

MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Twining, Color Sergeant—Thomas Wisely, 88th Regiment, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Sergeant Major Cunningham, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade.

DIED.

On Friday, at Dartmouth, Miss Charlotte Kaler, eighth daughter of Mr. Henry Kaler, in the 20th year of her age.

Sunday morning, Mr. David Keith, in the 62 year of his age.

Tuesday morning, Mr. John Nevil, aged 73 years—At Picton, on the 30th ult. Henrietta Carr—Narroway, daughter of James and Mary Narroway, of that town, aged 16 years.

In the Poor House, on the 20th April, Mary Dobin, aged 70 years, a native of Ireland.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M'Donald's Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer's wharf—where all kinds of **JOB PRINTING**, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.

H. W. BLACKADAR.

April 15, 1836.

Wanted, at the Printing Business, a Boy of about 14 years of age.—Apply at this Office.

POETRY.

TURN THE CARPET ; OR THE TWO WEAVERS.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

What with my brats and sickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almost tired of life :
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state :
His house so fine ! his wealth so great !
Heaven is unjust, you must agree,
Why all to him ? Why none to me :

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the person preaches,
This world—indeed I've thought so long—
Is ruled methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, where'er I range,
'Tis all confused and hard and strange,
The good are troubled and oppressed
And all the wicked are the blessed.

Quoth John our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus to blame our Makers laws
Part of his ways we only know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou dear Dick, hast well begun ?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare !

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed,
For where's the middle, where's the border,
The carpet now is all disorder.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits,
Because you reason like a lout,
Why, man, my carpet's inside out.

Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen ;
This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, strength and grace
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beautiful upper side.

But when we reach the world of light
And view the works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear
Then shall we praise what here we've spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned.

Thou'rt right quoth Dick no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble
My impious doubts are put to flight
For my own carpet sets me right.

SKETCH OF NEW-ORLEANS.

[We copy the following from the Cincinnati Journal. It is an extract from a letter written by a correspondent of that paper.]

New-Orleans was settled by the French 116 years ago. It has been a theatre on which all the passions of the human heart have had full play. Here many have become rich, and many ruined. Here some have stood like the ocean rock, and breast the current of vice : while others have been dashed and destroyed.—The city stands on the circumference of a deep curve formed by the Mississippi. It is about 3 miles long, and is intersected by 9 streets running parallel with the river, and 12 perpendicular to it. In the middle of the curve is a large square, or place d' armes, surrounded by an iron palisade and adorned by three venerable edifices—the cathedral, city hall, and a building in which the courts of the state are held.—Among the prominent objects which meet the eye as you pass through the city, are 2 markets, apparently well supplied with meats, and vegetables, fruits and flowers—3 banks beside the branch bank of the United States, two hotels, two orphan asylums—the one for males containing about fifty orphans, and that for females 115—a court-house, a jail, a custom-house, two theatres, a nunnery, and a hospital, which is an ornament to the city, and an honor to the state. During the last year more than six thousand patients have been the inmates of this monument of Christianity. Besides the Catholic churches, there are in the city, one English, and one French Protestant Episcopal church—one Baptist—one Methodist.

The forest of masts which crown the vessels that fill the bosom of the city, furnish an imposing spectacle. About 250 vessels, 20 steam boats, and 2500 sailors are now in port. On some weeks the arrivals and departures of vessels are at least 75.

The gambling houses in this city, licensed by the powers that be, are said to pay each to the city, from 5,000 to 7,000 dollars yearly ! But who can calculate the loss of morals, and industry, and happiness, and character, and souls, which is the natural and necessary result !

The other day I attended a sale of slaves in the exchange. In one unaccustomed to such scenes, it excited no enviable feelings. The first spontaneous emotion of my heart was, that God never made men and women to be sold like beasts, or bales of cotton, and to be separated from each other, and from their children, as I saw them separated.

There were 33 in the Lot to be sold. As a specimen, I subjoin the prices of a few. Willis, 18 years old, brought 1400 Dollars ; Jack, 29, 1200 Dollars ; Adams, 20, 1300 Dollars ; Tom, 16, 1175 Dollars ; Dick, 30, 1000 Dollars ; Bill, 14, 660 Dollars ; Mañinda, 29, 500 Dollars.

LETTERS.—People should be careful in writing familiar letters, that no improper thought, no coarse or vulgar expression escape them. Spoken in familiar conversation, it would soon be forgotten. Once written, it is on record against them, and may be read and judged long after the mind that conceived, and the hand that wrote have passed from the remembrance of the world. Write familiarly—write affectionately—write playfully, if you will—but never vulgarly. It matters but little that you tell your friend to burn your letters—nine times in ten he does not comply with your request—the letter is mislaid, or your friend dies, and your thoughts, intenaed but for one eye, are seen perhaps by many—perhaps by some who will use them to your hurt. Never write what you would blush to speak.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor string will cost him any thing. He who has it should only draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny, at the bottom. The servants of industry are known by their livery ; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, 't poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the rugged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve—industry or idleness.

MORAL HABITS.—Education without moral principle is a curse rather than a blessing. It is like putting a sword sharpened and furbished into the hands of a maniac. It is giving nerve to the arm, whilst scattering firebrands, arrows and death. Soon, alas ! too soon, the child becomes the creature of habit. No parental influence is necessary to turn his feet into evil. You need not only sleep over his character and condition for a few of the first years of his life, and his bent to vice and ruin has become strong. You may see in his almost infant bosom the growth of unholy passions, and of base propensities, which forbode a prodigious harvest of all that can wring and break a parent's heart. Leave your darling son without moral instruction, and while others are drinking of the ' wells of salvation' let him spend his Sabbath as he lists, and you will not be permitted to wait until the uplifted veil of eternity discloses to your agonized eye the curse. No, you will see it—you will taste something of its bitterness in this world. This neglected son will break out in frequent and angry strife with his little brothers and sisters ; he will be coarse and profane among his playfellows ; he will be loud and insolent towards his parents, and in all human probability plunge deeper and deeper in shame, and obduracy, and crime, until an early grave will cover a loathsome wretch from the view.