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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

"To please the fancy—and improve the mind."

Vol. I.]

HALIFAX, N. S. JUNE 19, 1835.

[No. 23.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BEAR.

In the Hebrew, this animal is very expressively called the *grumbler* or *growler*.

There are three kinds of the bear known: the white, the black, and the brown. Of the two former the scripture does not speak; the latter kind being the only one known in the Eastern regions. The brown bear says Buffon, is not only savage but solitary; he takes refuge in the most unfrequented parts, and the most dangerous precipices and uninhabited mountains. It chooses its den in the most gloomy parts of the forest, in some cavern that has been hollowed by time, or in the hollow of some old enormous tree. The disposition of this animal is most surly and rapacious, and his mischievousness has passed into a proverb. His appearance corresponds with his temper: his coat is rugged, his limbs strong and thick, and his countenance, covered with a dark and sullen scowl, indicates the settled moroseness of his disposition. The sacred writers frequently associate this formidable enemy with the king of the forest, as being equally dangerous and destructive. Thus, Amos, setting before his incorrigible countrymen the succession of calamities which, under the just judgment of God, was about to befall them, declares that the removal of one would but leave another equally grievous: 'Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! To what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him,' Amos v. 18, 19. And Solomon, who had closely studied the character of the several individuals of the animal kingdom, compares an unprincipled and wicked ruler to these creatures: 'As a roaring lion and a ranging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people,' Proverbs xxviii. 15.

To the fury of the female bear when she happens to be robbed of her young, there are several striking allusions in scripture. Those persons who have witnessed her under such circumstances, describe her rage to be most violent and frantic, and as only to be diverted from the object of her vengeance with the loss of her life. How terrible, then, was the threatening of the incensed JEROBABAH, in consequence of the numerous and aggravated iniquities of the kingdom of Israel, as uttered by the prophet Hosea—'I will meet them as a bear bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart!' Chap. xiii. 8.

The execution of this terrible denunciation, and the invasion of the land by the Assyrian

armies, and the utter subversion of the kingdom, is well known to every reader of scripture.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

This curious tree seems to partake of the nature of two distinct species, the mulberry and the fig, the former in its leaf, and the latter in its fruit. The Sycamore is thus described by Norden: 'I shall remark, that they have in Egypt divers sorts of figs; but if there is any difference between them, a particular kind differs still more. I mean that which the sycamore bears. It was upon a tree of this sort that Zaccheus got up, to see our Saviour pass through Jericho.— This sycamore is of the height of a beech, and bears its fruit in a manner quite different from other trees. It has them on the trunk itself, which shoots out little sprigs, in form of a grapetalk, at the end of which grows the fruit, close to one another, most like bunches of grapes. The tree is always green, and bears fruit several times in the year, without observing any certain seasons, for I have seen some sycamores which had fruit two months after others. The fruit has the figure and smell of real figs; but is inferior to them in the taste, having a disgustful sweetness. Its color is a yellow, inclining to an okre, shadowed by a flesh color; in the inside it resembles the common fig, excepting that it has a blackish coloring, with yellow spots. This sort of tree is pretty common in Egypt. The people, for the greater part, live on its fruit.'

The sycamore strikes its large diverging roots deep into the soil; and on this account, says Paxton, our Lord alludes to it as the most difficult to be rooted up and transferred to another situation. 'If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you,' Luke xvii. G. The extreme difficulty with which this tree is transferred from its native spot to another situation, give the words of our Lord a peculiar force and beauty.

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 of suns in this universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The Solar System, or that to which we belong, has about 30 planets primary and secondary, belonging to it.— The circular field of space with it occupies is in diameter three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and that which it controls

much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbour to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty two millions of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Every sun of the 75 millions, controls a field of space about 10,000,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 billions of miles in diameter! Such however, is one of the plantations of Him—'who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;' he who 'setting up the habit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.'

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

Although much has been said of late, on the subject of Newspaper reading, yet much more remains to be told.

If we would observe the influence which they exert, let us look into families that have been permitted to read them, and those who have not. Here is my neighbor A. whose children enjoy the privilege of a school in common with other children. But he has no paper for them to read, or any books calculated to interest them. Yet he wonders why it is that his children do not improve any more. His neighbor B's children attend school no more than his, but they are much farther advanced. He scolds at his children because they study no more. Now poor A. does not see the cause of this difference.— Neighbour B. takes care to furnish his children with a good paper. They soon take an interest in reading and become good readers; and what is more, they soon gain a stock of general knowledge. But we advance a little farther. One of A's sons, a young man of twenty, happens to visit neighbour B's. The lad of twelve is conversing on subjects entirely foreign to the understanding of his older friend. Every subject which agitates the public mind is familiar to him, which he has gained by reading. Now all this is entirely unintelligible and uninteresting to his non-reading friend, although much older than himself, and he goes home, perhaps with feelings of envy towards his younger friend, thus increasing his disease for mental improvement, and sinks down contented in his ignorance.

Newspapers have more influence on the minds of the community than we are apt to imagine. These silent messengers may be made the vehicle of every form and species of error as well as of truth. If a paper treating on some particular subject go into a family it will often effect more in changing the opinions of its inmates, than the most powerful preaching on the same subject.— This shows the importance of disseminating such papers as tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

There is no hour in the day, and no day in the year, wherein we may not meet with something that will do us good, if we only keep our eyes and our ears open. In the country the bright sun and the blue sky above our heads, the green fields and waving trees, the opening blossoms, and warbling birds around us, all proclaim the goodness of God. In the town or city something or other is constantly taking place of an interesting kind, so that if we go out and come in again without meeting with any thing worth notice, we may depend upon it the fault is our own.

The afternoon sun was throwing his bright beams on the gilt weathercock of the church, and now and then a sitting cloud overshadowed the skies, when the sound of distant music was heard. The shrill tones of the fife, and the hollow roll of the muffled drum, struck mournfully on the ear, for it was no merry tune that they were playing, but a solemn dirge. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and nearer and nearer came the throng from whom it proceeded: it was a soldier's funeral. As the procession advanced the coffin was plainly seen, with the cap of the dead soldier, his gloves and his sword placed on the lid. The drums rolled, and the fifes played a melancholy strain, and the soldiers slowly bore the body of their late companion towards the church-yard, every one with a bit of black crape tied round his arm.

*Slowly they march'd, nor utter'd a word;
Their faces with sorrow were clouded;
As they gazed on the cap, and the glove, and
the sword,
Where he in his coffin lay shrouded.*

As the procession entered the church-yard gates, it was met by the clergyman in his flowing white robe, who pronounced the cheering words, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." After the body had been taken into the church, it was brought into the church-yard, and slowly lowered into the ground. The funeral service was read, the earth rattled on the coffin, and three volleys were fired by the soldiers over the grave. There was little outward ap-

pearance of mourning among the soldiers as they left the burial-ground, though some few who were intimate with the deceased seemed sad.

Did you ever think seriously, solemnly, deeply on death? "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

When the soldiers had departed, and while the drums and the fifes were yet within hearing, playing a lively air, a group of people left in the church-yard began to speak of him who had been just laid in the grave.— Some of them had known him from the time when he first enlisted as a soldier, till the day he breathed his last. When young he was thoughtless, and cared not for divine things, but it pleased God in his latter days to instruct him in the things which belonged to his peace, so that he knew Him whom to know is life eternal, even Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. He had fought many battles, received many wounds, and helped to gain many victories, and it was the intention of his friends to have the following epitaph placed over his grave.

*Though in rude war a soldier brave I stood,
And for my king and country shed my blood;
In later years my chief care was to be
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me.*

One by one the group left the church-yard, the grave had been filled up by the sexton, the burial-ground was closed, and the body of the interred soldier was left to rest in the ground till the last trumpet shall summon the inhabitants of the tomb to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.— The old and young, the grey-headed and the tender aged, have seen a soldier's funeral, even like that which has been described. What more shall we say about it?

A soldier in the prime of life has been committed to the dust. Truly, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

If all that could be said of this soldier was that he had fought at Waterloo, it would not be much; but he had also fought "the good fight," and stoutly struggled against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, not in his own strength, but in the strength of his Redeemer. It would be but little to say that he had obtained an earthly victory, but it is something more to add that he was more than a conqueror through Christ Jesus, his Commander and Leader, the great Captain of his salvation. It is true that he wore a medal at his breast as a proof of his bravery, and that his name was enrolled among those who deserved well of their country, but now he wears a heavenly crown, and his name is written in the Lamb's

book of life, as one of those who shall reign with the King of kings and Lord of lords for ever and ever.

Is there any thing in this which a child cannot understand? Any thing that an old man may not read with advantage? Are we not all, or ought we not all to be christian soldiers, fighting under the banner of the cross? Are we not all, or ought we not all to be looking for salvation?

When we see a soldier's burial, or the burial of any other human being, we should regard it as a warning voice, a gentle admonition, saying to the old, "Prepare to meet thy God, for there is but a step between thee and death;" and to the young, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

STORM-HEAD POINT.

A violent snow storm from the north west had been beating with ceaseless fury on the naked summit of Storm-head Point, the whole of a dark and gloomy day; and when the sun had gone down, and every distant object became obscured in the dusky shadows of the closing night, a dim light glimmered in the valley below the lofty precipices, where, sheltered in a great measure from the stormy tempest, a little cottage stood, hid away in that wild but quiet nook, from the unwelcome visitings of the winter blast. It was the abode, once, of a hardy woodsman, who perished a few winters ago, among the mountains in a cold dark night, while on a hunting expedition, and since had become the occasional residence of a lady and her daughter, who had emigrated to the place from one of the Atlantic cities for causes unknown in the country, and who now gained a precarious livelihood by affording refreshments and a shelter to such hunters as occasionally sought there a cover and repose.

Early on the morning of the day now brought to a close, a singular incident occurred. A young traveller, pale, sick and exhausted sat down in the snow by the path side at the foot of the storm-head; he had become so benumbed with cold as to be unable to proceed, and while gradually sinking in the fatal lethargy which comes in such circumstances the forerunner of death, was accidentally discovered by the poor widow's daughter, and borne senseless to the cottage.

Long the beautiful and affectionate girl sat over the slowly recovering youth with anxiety depicted on her countenance, ministering to his wants, and tending him with a sister's care, while her mother assisted to the utmost her little means allowed in making him comfortable. The stranger when able, thanked his kind benefactress, and assured them of his gratitude, promising to compensate their kindness by every return in his power.

Many days passed away before he left the cottage even after his return to health. He followed Emma wherever she went, and praised her beauty, and her graces, and promised—what he never intended to perform. But his praises and his promises won her in nocent heart. Unpractised in deceit, she judged of others by the pure law written in her own bosom, and gave her heart at last unbindingly to her deceiver.

The day at length arrived when the stranger youth was to depart. He bid a kind farewell to his constant but deeply injured friends, promised most solemnly to return to his adored Emma in a few months, and sailed down the Susquehanna. But in vain they looked for his return at the appointed time. No tidings came—it was even discovered that he had passed his time at the cottage under a feigned name, and had deceived them as to his place of residence.—The poor widow, however, for a long time knew not how cruelly the kindness of herself and daughter had been requited. It was revealed to her, when it could no longer be concealed, and the last consolation of the cottagers, the consciousness of virtue and its accompanying peace of mind was gone.—Grief preyed upon the pale-faced mother—and her daughter pined silently away, a sweet emblem of the fading flowers of the sickly autumn.

The returning summer strewed its robe of green upon the forest scenery, and the grass grew luxuriously around the cottage door; but the mountain reared its bald head unchanged from its ancient barrenness, towards the sky, and the heart of the cottage inmates were even more barren of happiness. One day Emma climbed up to the highest rock of the craggy point that lowered far above the cottage and sat musing with melancholy, in full prospect of a large extent of country, diversified with hill and dale, and winding creeks and rivers. The scene though beautiful was sad to her—above, she looked at the calm, clear sky, and a thought stole across her bosom, which she trembled to entertain, but which still seemed full of sweetness. It would be but a momentary pang, she said, I should not suffer—the rocks below would mangle, but I should be insensible, and while all but this rude and wild and faithless world looks fair and beautiful, shall I not be forgiven if I end a miserable life by throwing myself into the eternity that comes so near me? A voice spoke just behind her—Emma!—she turned—it was the stranger, more bright and beautiful than she had ever seen him in his first ruinous visit. Emma! his trembling lips repeated, and he was at her feet.

He came to redeem his promise; to perform his vows; to save himself from the burnings of a perjured conscience.—He was rich, he was lord of a domain wider than that the eye embraces from Storm-head Point, and

all was Emma's. Her and her mother are happy now.

There is a brief moral to the story. Be virtuous and leave the rest to heaven; and even if erring once, or twice, or thrice add not to crime the double sin of doubting the justice and mercy of providence. Penitence, patience, and persevering goodness seldom end in sorrow, suffering or despair.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF YOUTH.

Natural Philosophy is a very bright ornament of our rational natures: and a course of philosophical experiments should be attended where practicable, by young ladies as well as gentlemen.

History is another accomplishment of youth, and ornament of education. The narratives of the various occurrences in nations, as well as in the lives of particular persons, will furnish the mind with a store of knowledge, whence to derive useful observations, inferences, and rules of conduct.

Biography ought to be pursued with equal zeal. It is equally interesting, and more applicable to the pursuits of common life.—Biography teaches the knowledge of human nature, excites a spirit of emulation, and enables us to surmount the dangers and difficulties which attend our progress though life.

Nor can our education be called completely elegant in so polished an age as this, without something of Poetry. I would not be understood to recommend verse-making to every young gentleman and lady; but reading it in the best authors, to learn to know, and taste, and feel, a fine stanza, as well as hear it. Not is this a mere amusement, or useless embroidery of the soul; it brightens and animates the fancy with a thousand beautiful images, it enriches the soul with sublime sentiments and refined ideas; it fills the memory with a noble variety of language, and furnishes the tongue with speech and expression suited to every subject. It assists us in speech and writing, and adds life and beauty to conversation.

Drawing and Painting are ingenious and graceful acquirements. Well educated youth should have at least some taste of these arts, some capacity of being pleased with a curious draught, a noble painting, a beautiful statue, and other fine resemblance of nature.

But of all the accomplishment of youth there is none preferable to decent behaviour, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant address, a graceful deportment, a hatred of calumny and slander, a readiness to do good, compassion to the unfortunate, with an air and countenance expressive of all these excellent qualifications.—WATTS.

THE SILVER HOOK.

Dr. Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extra-

ordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf, bobbing for little mud eels and eels, "Tom, what a pity it is you don't fish with a silver hook." The young man replied, he "was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this, the Doctor passing that way, saw him out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood.—"What, Tom," cried the Doctor, "you not got the silver hook yet?"

"Indeed, Sir" cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook."

"Poh, poh," replied the Doctor, "go home to your anvil and you'll make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish, than you can catch here in a month."

Diligence to one's employment generally procures a silver hook.

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1835.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—Thus said the wise man, and we earnestly entreat our patrons not to forget that there is a time to pay the printer (see our terms) and since there is a season for every purpose, surely now is the time to thank such of our Subscribers as have already complied with our terms; and to say to those who have not, that the needful from them would both oblige and assist us. We do assure you that if we have not actually lost any thing by our labour for the last six months, we have not gained one farthing—we have paper to purchase and necessarily in our other expenses which we ought and must promptly pay, and unless we are more liberally supported, and regularly paid, we shall be compelled, though much against our will to give up the concern.

The Athol Troop Ship arrived on Tuesday, with detachments of the 34th, 83d and Rifles. The Romney Troop Ship, with the 43d Regt. for New Brunswick, was to sail from Cork about the 9th May.

The Campden Packet arrived yesterday 39 days from Falmouth, we cannot find that she brought any news of importance.—Lord Amherst we hear has been recalled.—Lady Campbell arrived in the Campden.

FRANCE.

The Constitutionnel says that the Minister of Finance, fearful of the responsibility that he might otherwise incur, has resolved not to pay the first instalment of the American indemnity until the Chamber of Deputies shall have declared sufficient the satisfaction that may be offered. According to the Gazette de France preparations are making at the American Legation for the departure of Mr. Livingston, who, the same journal adds, is said by persons belonging to the Embassy to look upon the amendment agreed to by the Chamber of Deputies as a virtual nullification of the treaty.

POETRY.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES—TO MY MOTHER.
By N. P. Willis.

My birth day! Oh, beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas!
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Are this scroll of absent years
Blotted with thy streaming tears.
My own I do not care to check—
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own—
As, if this full sad heart of mine
Were beating closely upon thine.
Four weary years! how looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes?
What trace of time has touched the brow
Whose look is borrowed of the skies
That listen to her mighty prayer?
How is she changed, since he was there
Who sleeps upon her heart always—
Whose name upon her lips is worn,
For whom the night seems made to pray,
For whom she wakes to pray at morn,
Whose sight is dim—whose heart-strings
Str—
Who weeps those tears—to think of her!
I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in other things.
I've wandered beneath many skies,
And tasted many bitter springs,
And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropt away—
But, as those looser leaves depart,
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore,
And leans to those who loved it first,
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud
Was nursed.
Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I rememb'rd in my home?
When those I love for joy are met
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost! I am beloved of thee—
But as the school boy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before,
As turns the maiden out her token,
As counts the miser oft his gold,
So, 'till life's "silver cord is broken"
Would I of thy dear love be told—
My heart is full—mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost
wanderer yet?
Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hailed, and from the shore
Comes out the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—

When part is gain'd, and, slowly now,
The old familiar paths are past,
And entering unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak—
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem,
And I shall grow once more a boy,
And, mother!—'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years.
And, once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright,
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land
forlorn!

APSLEY HOUSE.

The following curious particulars relating to Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park corner, are not, we believe, generally known; they may, however, be relied on as facts. As George II was riding on horseback one day in Hyde park, he met an old soldier, whom he recognized as having fought under him at Dettington, and with great condescension fell into discourse with him. In the course of conversation the King asked him what he could do for him?—"Why, please your Majesty," returned the soldier, "my wife keeps an apple stall on the bit of waste ground as you enter the Park, if your Majesty would be pleased to make us a grant of it, we might build a little shed and improve our trade." The King complied with his request, and the grant was accordingly given him. The shed was erected, the situation was excellent, and the business of the old woman became brisk and prosperous. After some years the old soldier died, and the grant of the land the King was forgotten. The then Lord Chancellor attracted by the eligibility of the situation, removed the old woman's shed, and laid out the ground as the site of the mansion. Alarmed, but not venturing to contend with such a high authority, she consulted with her son, who was articled to an attorney, how she should act in such an extremity. The son calmed her fears by promising to find her a remedy as soon as the structure should be completed. When this was done he waited upon his Lordship to request some remuneration for what he alleged to be a trespass on his mother's rights. The Chancellor, when he perceived the claim to be reasonably founded, tendered a few hundred of pounds as a compensation, which, however, under the advice of her son, the old woman rejected, and on the next interview the son demanded £100 a year as a ground rent, when his Lordship acceded to the proposal, and Apsley House yields to this day the above ground rent to the descendants of an old apple-woman.

CHILDHOOD.

The mind should be formed early, no less than the person: and for the same reason. Providence has plainly indicated childhood to be the season of instruction, by communicating at that period such flexibility to the organs, such attention to the memory, such quickness to the apprehension, such inquisitiveness to the temper, such alacrity to the animal spirits, and such impressibility to the affections, as are not possessed at any subsequent period. We are therefore bound, by every tie of duty, to follow these obvious designations of Providence, by moulding that flexibility to the most durable ends; by storing that memory with the richest knowledge; by pointing that apprehension to the highest objects; by giving to that alacrity its best direction; by turning that inquisitiveness to the noblest intellectual purposes; and, above all, by converting that impressibility of heart to the most exalted moral uses.—*Hannah Moore's works.*

THINGS TO BE LEARNED.

Do not imagine that you must learn every thing from books. They are very useful, to be sure, but there has been very wise men who derived the principal part of their knowledge from the study of things about them. One can learn a great deal from consideration, and a great deal more from thinking alone. This kind of instruction, too, is not irksome.

From the changes of nature, from the different feelings of ourselves, and from the most trifling family occurrences, we may draw conclusions, that will all turn into valuable stock, when digested in a wise head.

People who learn every thing from books are generally deficient in knowledge of themselves, whereas those who study in the world are better able to meet all the varying states to which we are constantly exposed. But do not infer from this that you may throw aside your books as useless—oh, no; one thing explains another. The people who write books, the teachers who instruct you, and the men who have been celebrated for their wisdom, all learned from a thousand little things, and applying them to practice, they have produced the greatest results. Beyond the walls of a school, then, much that is a help to the studies pursued in it, may be obtained.

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