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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, JANUARY 13, 1837.

No. 52

## 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 cheap rate.

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

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### CHINCHILLA.

This pretty little animal is a kind of mouse and is about eleven inches in length, with a very long tail. It is found in Chili. Its fur is of a beautiful gray color, mottled with white, and is much used for caps, muffs, &c.

### GNU OR GNOO.

An antelope five feet and a half long, of a brown color, with an erect mane, and long hair upon the tail. It has strong horns, flattened at the root, bent forwards, and turning up into a pointed hook. Its body resembles that of a horse. It is a fleet and fierce animal, found in Southern Africa. When travellers meet with a herd, they sometimes hoist a red handkerchief, which excites these creatures in such a manner that they come prancing about, and then fly away at a rapid bound.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### JOHN BROWN.

John Brown, of Haddington, long professor of divinity among the burgher seceders, was born in the year 1729, at a little village called Kerpool, in the county of Perth. His early education was much neglected, owing to the death of his parents before he was twelve years of age. Afterwards, however, he applied sedulously in private; and before he was twenty, had attained an intimate knowledge of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. The acquisition of these languages without the assistance of a teacher, appeared so wonderful to the unlearned that a report was circulated far and wide, that young

Brown had acquired his knowledge in a *sinful* way, that is, by intercourse with Satan! In 1750 Mr. Brown was licenced to preach by the burgher seceders, to whom he had early joined himself. He was soon after settled at Haddington in East-Lothian, where he unweariedly laboured about 40 years. He was appointed by the associate burgher synod, to superintend the progress of the studies of young men destined for the ministry in their connection: and this important office he long filled with much applause. He published several works of high repute in the religious world, particularly a "Self interpreting Bible;" a "Dictionary of the Bible;" being the substance of lectures delivered by him as professor of divinity; and "Meditation," in which he displays a vivid fancy. He died at Haddington June 19, 1788. He was twice married and had the satisfaction of living to see two of his sons by the first marriage rise to eminence as preachers in the same church whose interest he had long warmly espoused.

### ALPHABETICAL WRITING.

When Alphabetical Writing first came into use, is uncertain. Very great and learned men have held different opinions on this subject. How thankful ought we to be that the truths connected with our salvation are not left in such obscurity, but are clearly revealed unto us by the Almighty himself.

Dr. Shuckford, in his "sacred and Profane History of the World connected by a work which will afford you more instruction and pleasure as though you shall be able to read any of Alphabetical letters began very early in the second world, (after the dispersion of mankind, not long after the dispersion of mankind, (See Gen. xi. 8.) Alphabetical letters were perhaps invented in both Assyria and Egypt, and to one or other of these two nations, all other countries are indebted for them." But Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Commentary on Lev. c. xxxi. 18, informs us, that Dr. Wender, in his History of Knowledge, thinks it probable, that the Ten Commandments, written by the finger

of God, on two tables of stone, were the first writing in Alphabetical characters ever exhibited to the world, though there might have been writing in hieroglyphics or symbols prior to this. The Law was written, not at the command of God, but by God himself; as it is expressed, (Exod. xx.v. 12,) "The tables of stone which I have written."

There is little reason to doubt that the Alphabetical Writing had been long in use before a knowledge of it passed into the nations of Europe. According to the most accurate accounts, letters were brought into Greece by Cadmus, a Phœnician, who lived about the time that King David reigned over Israel. The Latins, or Romans, received their letters from the Greeks about one hundred and fifty years after Cadmus brought them into Greece; and the characters now in common use have been derived from the ancient Latin. The ancient order of writing was from right to left, and the Hebrew is still written this way; but the motion from left to right being found more natural and convenient, this method was adopted by all the European nations.

The English alphabet contains twenty-four letters, or if we reckon j and v consonants, twenty-six; the French, twenty-three; the Chaldee, Hebrew, Samaritan, and Syriac, twenty-two each; the Arabic, twenty-eight; the Latin, twenty-two; the Spanish, twenty-seven; the Dutch, twenty-six; the Italian, twenty. But are we not that with amazement, when we see characters, by about twenty or twenty-seven and arranged, being variously representing visibly whatever are capable of being conceived or thought within the compass of human knowledge. Is it then to be wondered at, that some have called writing a Divine Art? Doubtless, the Holy Ghost, the great source of wisdom, has aided and directed the feeble mind of man through all the progressive stages of this astonishing discovery.

Writing is one of the principal means by which we derive our knowledge. Had it not been for this, we never should have known a thousand things discovered in former ages; and should have had very little acquaintance with what is doing in the other quarters of the globe. But, in some sense, it annihilates (destroys) distance of both time and place, and brings us at once into the presence of the inhabitants of

the remotest ages and countries. There is one circumstance, especially, which renders this art infinitely valuable to man; because the records of our eternal salvation have been put, by the direction of Almighty God, into writing. Had it not been for this, there could have been no Bible, nor could we have been directed to those Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. Let us praise God for this inestimable gift, and labour to profit by so great a blessing.

#### THE LAST BELL.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved, and, I believe, the only girl that ever loved me: any how, she was the only one that ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part "my love and me." It came to pass in the course of my history, that in order to accumulate a little of this world's "gear," that I might be the better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the wherewithal so much desired. How many awains have been compelled, like me, to leave the home and the girl they love, to wander in search of gold! And—and good gracious!—how many have been disappointed! Most of them, perhaps; for though they may have obtained the gold, like me, may be, they did not get as much as they wanted. But to the piazza.

adwell, we were sitting in the piazza, of our way be supposed, were talking waiting for the separation. We were that ever saluted our welcome sound steamboat bell. It is known, the who know any thing of steamboat that their bells give two warnings to those who have engaged for a voyage—the second is a signal for starting.—You may rely on it we talked fast; we thought fast, and abbreviated our words into such ragged sentences that no body but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang! the sound rolled over Mr. Harris's corn-field and water-melon patch to the piazza, like the knell of hope, and I sprang upon my feet and trembled like an aspen. "O George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the "big tears came over her eyes of blue" "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he rose

like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been packing away cider. "Do no such thing," he repeated; "and George," he continued, "carry this advice with you to the grave, and it may be of service to you, 'never wait for the last bell!'" I was off like a chased deer—the last bell rung as I approached the steamboat, and I had scarcely time to get on board before she was pushed from the wharf. On my passage I had time for reflection, and after a few flutterings at my heart, occasioned by the separation from its idol, I composed myself to cool reasoning, and the conclusion of the whole matter was that it was dangerous to wait for the last bell. My career in the search of pelf has in a degree become successful; but I verily believe, had not the old farmer told me "never to wait for the last bell" that I should now have been as poor as I was the morning the farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lovely Helen.

I came to the big city, took lodgings at a hotel, and any person who has lived at a hotel but for a single day can rehearse the dangers of waiting for the last bell. I did it once—it was the day I entered—and I lost my dinner. I have always been ready for the dinner bell since then, and the first stroke has found me at the table. I mingled with mankind, and I saw thousands who were waiting for the last bell. In business they were slow, and bargains slipped by them. In the payment of their liabilities they were backward, and their credit suffered.

For six months I was a clerk; it was a short apprenticeship, but my never waiting for the last bell—that is to say, my doing every thing I had to do in the right time—won a place for me in the affections of my employer, which induced him to offer me a partnership. I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rung it found me ready. I have been in business and married nine years, and I have yet not caught napping when the bell

Now I will say a few words to just beg leave to say a thing of waiting for the last bell. When I arrived at Baltimore, I waited on some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation. One was soon offered, which I was told had been refused by four young men, to whom it had been offered before I came to the city. The salary was low, but, said I, "They are waiting for the last bell," and I do not slow in accepting it; and glad I am of it, for it was the making of me.

Shortly after I became a partner in my present business, our custom having increased considerably, we advertised for an additional clerk; the salary at the beginning was the same that I had received; many called who were out of employment, but they seemed as if they had rather wait for another bell and refused—I know them all, and the young gentleman who accepted is worth four times as much as any of them—Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it until you can get a better:—remember the common adage "half a loaf is better than none"—and be assured that if you are worthy, be your first offer what it may, if it be respectable, it will lead you onward—upward.

I once knew a young man of first rate business abilities, but he formed the disgusting habit of stopping at the tavern wherever he could make the opportunity: here he always waited for the last bell, reluctant to leave while he could spare a moment: he is now an habitual drunkard, and if he is not careful, the last bell of life will find him in a bad condition—it will be hard for him to bid a long farewell to his last glass. Life is short—hours fly with wind's rapidity—and he who habitually puts off until the last bell, the affairs which claim his immediate attention, will come out, according to Farmer Harris's prediction, "at the little end of the horn."

Shakspeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." My young friend, he who waits for the last bell can never take this tide at the flood; the man only who is watching to embrace the first opportunity can have the least hope of success.

Young ladies I have a word for you. In the street I live in, there is a lady who has been seven years in choosing her partner for life. She is handsome, and pretty well off, and she had several respectable offers, but she was waiting for the last bell; and she is likely to remain to the last a belle, for she is turned of thirty, she will agree to take the first proposal that is made her; but perhaps it is too late, and she must bide her blessedness forever.

Now I beseech you my dear young friends, all of you who may read this little sketch, put not off for to-morrow what you can do to-day; this is the true meaning of the injunction which has been of so much service to me.—Whenever you feel a disposition to postpone any thing, no matter how trifling, remember the words of Farmer Harris, "Never wait for the last bell."

## WRONG TO BE SICK.

"I take the ground that a person has no right to be sick" said an eminent physician of this city, the other day.

But you have a cold yourself; we observed, "Yes," said he; "but I ought not to have one. I caught it foolishly. While in a perspiration last evening, I took off my coat, and though I at length began to feel chilly, I neglected for some time, to put it on. Now common sense ought to have taught me—or any other person—that I should not be likely to get rid of my chill by remaining with my coat off. But I neglected to attend to myself and now am suffering the just consequences. And thus it is with most of our diseases. We bring them upon ourselves, by breaking the organic laws in one way or other, and then we must suffer the penalty."

How true are these sentiments? And yet we fear another century will pass, and many millions of human beings only live out half their days, before such sentiments will be generally received and acted upon.

If the public should ever get their eyes open on this subject, we shall not find them on the one hand worshipping their physicians, or like Balaam turning aside to seek "enchancements" or incantations; nor on the other despising them. Physicians—if wise—are a class of citizens whose influence is too valuable to be lost, if it could only be properly directed. We want them to teach us how to prevent disease; and it is very much to be regretted that their talents and their skill should be forever misplaced by being expended in "patching up," when it would be far better to prevent the necessity of it.

**WORLDLY INTERCOURSE.**—Men may deal and traffic with others of a loose conversation, and not lose their seriousness, nor be discouraged from a holy preparation for a better life. St. Paul could converse with Nero, and St. John with Herod; Daniel with Nebuchadnezzar, and David with King Achish. So also the first christians had commerce with the worst of heathens; and he that lives in the world, or has any considerable concerns in it, is forced to keep some correspondence with men of ill principles and worse practices. But there is a great difference between travelling through Ethiopia, and dwelling there. The former may not, but the latter infallibly will, change the complexion.

**YOUTHFUL PIETY.**—Suppose that you now defer religion, and should be saved at a ninth or an eleventh hour, think of the remorse prevented, the active good omitted, the privileges enjoyed, the blessings diffused by those who walk with God "from youth even to hoar hairs." Think of the temptations they escape, the sorrows they never feel, all suffered, and all felt, by those who enter the vineyard later in life. And think,

oh think, of the fearful uncertainty which hangs over your future course in life. Resolve now, act now.

**MISFORTUNE.**—Is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices, which, with a great blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to any one, in short, but our-elves. Our own head and heart are the heaven and earth which we accuse, and make responsible for all our calamities.

All men might be better reconciled to their fate, if they would recollect that there are two species of misfortune, at which we ought never to repine:—viz: that which we can, and that which we cannot remedy; regret being, in the former case unnecessary, in the latter unavailing.

## THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

At the close of our first volume we asked the question "Shall we go on?" and were encouraged by some addition to our subscription list, and by the advice of many friends who approved of the course we had pursued, to go on for another year, which the present number has brought to a close.—It will be seen by a notice published in another part of this paper, that we have entered into partnership with Mr. John English, and in connection with him now conduct the "Acadian Recorder," a long established and well known paper, and we trust by improvements which we shall endeavor to make, and by an impartial line of conduct to render it still more worthy the support of our fellow townsmen. With respect to the "Weekly Mirror," we have been requested by several of our subscribers not to give it up, but however willing we might be to continue it, our present subscription list will not warrant it. Should we receive sufficient encouragement we might be induced to resume the publication—we have to thank such of our subscribers who, agreeably to the terms of the Mirror, paid us in advance; and those who have not paid will much oblige us by meeting the demand we now have to make upon them.

## STATIONARY, &amp;c.

The Subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms:

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November 4.

J. MUNRO.

**RUTH AND ORPAH.**—They that are professors only, and make a show of religion for sinister purposes, are like Orpah; in times of affliction, they will kiss their mother and begone. But true christians, like Ruth will cleave to her, stay by her, live and die with her, and never forsake her.

## The Acadian Recorder.

Mr. HOLLAND having transferred his Press to the Subscribers they now come forward to solicit the patronage of those who have hitherto supported this paper. Aware of the responsibility they have taken upon themselves it is not without a portion of diffidence that they appear before the public. They have no claims upon the gratitude of the country for great services performed, and greater which they intend to perform. They cannot say that the medals which made them think themselves useful for it is business has yielded to the opinions of numerous and respectable friends. They are merely two young men about to establish themselves in the business to which they have been brought up, and which they hope to conduct in a satisfactory manner, who come forward as humble suitors to solicit the patronage of many to whom they are personally unknown. They know that upon their own industry and judgment, the character of the Paper must in a great measure depend, that it must speak for itself, and that it would be ridiculous to boast of the ability with which it will be executed. But they wish to state the principles by which they mean to be guided in publishing the political opinions of which the Acadian Recorder may be the vehicle.

Being convinced by the history of past times that it has been only under forms of government similar to our own that nations have ever risen to eminence and that the two parties which are always found in every popular government have been the principal means of rousing and bringing into action those talents which made their country flourish, their paper shall always be open to essays upon important political subjects, expressed in decorous language. And although they do not pretend that they shall never be affected by party feelings yet as the cause of truth requires that both sides should be heard, and as good and wise men are often found in opposite parties, they pledge themselves always to publish opposite opinions with fairness and impartiality.

As it is generally believed that there is, and room for improvement in our Army individuals and discourses are frequently being published, which would be very wise a portion of their paper they would gladly of this kind, if their country to command be so kind as to furnish them with them.

In attention to information upon this point useful of all arts, they will be thankful for any hints upon subjects important to the Fisherman or the Merchant, or upon the means of furnishing profitable employment to the laboring class during our long winters.

It will be perceived that they are disposed to beg for much, but should they be so fortunate as to receive it, they hope and trust that it will not make the givers poorer. Whether this will apply to their solicitations for subscribers to their paper, will as before observed, be decided hereafter; but they, of all men, should least venture at present to hazard a conjecture upon this subject.

JOHN ENGLISH.  
HUGH W. BLACKADAR



## 1st. KINGS, CHAPTER 19.

By James Whytt, Esq.

There was a wind that rent the rock,  
And blew its fragments in the air,  
Echoed around an awful shock.  
But still the Godhead was not there.

The wind had scarce forgot to rove,  
And silence had begun her reign,  
When, from the mountain to the cave,  
An earthquake rent the ground in twain.

Next from a flame the mountain groaned,  
Which burnt with unrelenting ire,  
But Deity was not enthroned.  
Or in the earthquake or the fire.

When these phenomena, alas!  
Could gender nothing but despair,  
A voice it echoed thro' the pass,  
Borne on the bosom of the air.

It was a voice so still and small,  
That e'en the prophet dared not move,  
He listened to its dying call.  
It was the melody of love.

So may the law its terrors sound,  
And drive enjoyment far away,  
Strike the offender to the ground,  
And make him curse his fatal day.

But winds may blow and earthquakes start,  
And fire descend from heaven above,  
And naught shall melt the sinner's heart,  
But the still voice of Jesus' love.

### SELF-EDUCATED MEN AND A WISE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

We hear much said about self-educated men, and a broad distinction is made between them and others; but the truth is that every man who is educated at all, is, and must be self-educated. There are no more two methods in which plants grow. One method in which plants grow, and cast upon you, be blown by the chance on the northern side of Egypt, or per-hill, and may there germinate and take root, and do battle alone with the elements, and it may be so favored by the soil and climate that it shall lift itself in surpassing strength and beauty; another may be planted carefully in a good soil, and the hand of tillage may be applied to it, yet must this also draw for itself nutriment from the soil, and for itself withstand the rush of the tempest, and lift its head on high only as it strikes its roots deep in the earth. It is for the want of understanding this properly, that extravagant expectations are entertained of instructors, and of institutions, and that those who go to college sometimes expect, and that the community expect, that they will be learned of course, as if they could be

inoculated with knowledge, or obtain it by absorption. This broad distinction between self-educated men and others has done harm; for young men will not set themselves efficiently at work until they feel that there is an all-important part which they must perform for themselves, and which no one can do for them.

And here I may mention, that from this view of the subject, it is easy to see what it is that constitutes the first excellence of an instructor. It is not his amount of knowledge, nor yet his facility of communication, important as these may be; but it is his power to give an impulse to the minds of his pupils, and to induce them to labor. For this purpose, nothing is so necessary as a disinterested devotion to the work, and a certain enthusiasm which may act by sympathy on the minds of the young.

On these points there are different views, and views substantially the same may be involved in different classifications. I may however remark briefly, as my limits compel me, that a wise system of education will regard man.

First, as possessed of a body which is to be kept in health and vigor. It is now agreed that the health of the body is to be one great object of attention, not only for its own sake, but from its connection with a sound state and vigorous action of the mind.

Second. A wise system of education will regard man as possessed of intellectual faculties whose object is truth. It is upon these faculties that education has too often spent all its force. In cultivating these, we are to point out the great sources of prejudice to which mankind are liable in their search after truth, to strengthen the memory, to exercise the judgment, to teach the mind both to comprehend and carry on general reasoning, and to descend to details; we are to make distinctions, and go back to first principles, being always careful to quicken and keep in exercise all that there is of that most uncommon quality, good common sense. As far as possible, knowledge is to be communicated; but we are not to aim so much at giving the world men whose minds are already full, as those who have the power of attention, and habits of analysis, and of labor, and investigation, and of intellectual power of communication.

Third. A wise system of education will consider man as having faculties whose object is beauty. That part of our nature whose object is beauty and sublimity (for the word expresses it exactly) does not probably receive its due share of attention, and is sometimes wholly overlooked. The cultivation of these emotions is by some powerful, though dry intellects, rejected as effeminate, and they are often buried up amidst the pursuits of ambition and of wealth. But it is not for nothing that nature addresses herself to this part of our constitution in a thousand forms, and with a thousand voices;

that she has so frequently united beauty with utility, and even stamped it with an independent value by often setting it alone. It is not for nothing that she has consulted appearances by painting the flower, and turning the glossy side of every leaf to the eye, and dipping in gold the plumage of the bird, and bathing in its purp of hues the coming and the parting day. Nor was it merely to impart a transient pleasure; but it was that the exercise of this part of our nature might throw a refining and softening influence over the rest, and to teach us to carry the principles of taste into our inward and outward conduct. If there is nothing morally good in these emotions, yet are they naturally allied to goodness, and seem to be its twilight; they are the transition step in the creation, from mere matter, to moral worth and beauty. And if but little can be done, which is by no means certain, to cultivate directly this part of what may be called the emotive or affective part of our frame; we at least need not overlay it, and carry forward education as if it did not exist. We may appreciate it, we may dwell upon it, we may favor to some extent the operation of circumstances in eliciting it.

Fourth. It is hardly necessary to say that a wise system of education will regard man as possessed of a moral nature, the object of which is goodness.

This implies the combined action of the rational and affective nature of man, and is their consummation and final cause. The union of cultivated intellect and refined taste with moral corruption, however common, it may be, is monstrous; and if there are institutions, the legitimate tendency of which is to produce that result, they are a curse to the community. As in the intellect we endeavour to form the mind, if I may be allowed the expression to self-progress, so in morals we are to endeavour to form it to self-government. This gives us our principle in moral education. Evil is in the world, and must be met. This world was intended to be a place of trial, and if a scheme of optimism can be made out upon any supposition, it is upon this. Temptation cannot be excluded. It leaped the walls of Paradise, and the frontier which we have to guard is far too wide to enable us to prevent its incursions. Our main reliance must lie in strengthening the citadel. There should be no needless exposure; there should, if possible, and this is the point to be attended to, be none till there is strength to meet it. The youth must, if possible, be prevented from tasting the cup of Circe, till we have shown him the swine that had once been men; he must be kept from the fascination of the serpent, till we have shown him its fangs; and having done this, we must commit him to his own keeping, and to God.

Bill's of Lading, Seaman's Articles, &c. &c. for sale at this office.