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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, APRIL 1, 1836.

No. 11

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.

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 KANGUROO.

There exist three species of the Kangaroo, all of which are natives of New Holland. The principal of these is the Great Kangaroo, which was first discovered in 1770, by some of the persons who accompanied Captain Cook. It often measures nine feet in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds. The head and neck are very small, while the lower parts gradually dilate to a very great size; the fore legs are hardly nineteen inches long, while the hinder ones, which are perfectly bare and callous beneath measure three feet seven inches. The head bears some resemblance to that of the deer, having a mild and placid visage; the ears are moderately large and erect, the eyes full, and the mouth rather small. The general colour is a pale brown, inclining to white underneath. From the great difference in length of the fore and hind legs, the pace of this animal consists in vast springs, or bounds, which are said at times to exceed twenty feet in length. It can with ease leap over an obstacle above nine feet high. In its state of rest, it sits erect on the whole length of the hind feet, supporting itself by the base of the tail; which is occasionally used as a weapon of defence, and is of such prodigious strength as to be able to break the leg of a man at a single blow.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANDREW KIPPIS.

Andrew Kippis, an English divine and biographical writer, was born at Nottingham in 1727. He was a writer in the Monthly Review some time; and in 1761 had a share in a periodical work, called the Library, which failed. Two years afterwards he was chosen philological tutor in the academy for the education of dissenting

ministers. In 1773 he published a Vindication of the protestant dissenting Ministers, with regard to their late Application to Parliament, which brought him into a controversy with dean Tucker. In 1777 he became the editor of the new edition of the Biographia Britannica. Five volumes of this work were published in his life-time, and the greatest part of the sixth was prepared before his death. In 1788 he published the Life of Captain Cook, in one volume, 4to. and the same year a Life of Dr. Lardner, prefixed to his works. Dr. Kippis was also the writer of the History of Knowledge, &c. in the New Annual Register, and a variety of other pieces, particularly sermons and tracts. He died in 1795.

MARY MARGARET KIRCH.

Mary Margaret Kirch, a learned woman, who distinguished herself by her skill in astronomy, was born near Leipsic in 1670. She married M. Godfrey Kirch, an able astronomer, and assisted him in his astronomical observations, and in the calculation of his Ephemerides. When the king of Prussia founded the academy of sciences at Berlin in 1700. M. Kirch was appointed astronomer, with a pension. In 1702 she discovered a comet, of which her husband published their observations. In 1707 she made a discovery of a remarkable aurora borealis, of which mention was made by the academy of science at Paris. Mr. Kirch died 1710, and the year following his widow published a discourse on the approaching conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, &c. She died at Berlin in 1720. Her son *Christian Frederick* was astronomer to the academy of sciences at Berlin, and acquired great reputation by his observations. He died in 1740, aged 46.

THE VILLAGE—No. 6.

BETSY JONES.

How great, how unbounded is the goodness of God! There are seasons when it so melts my heart that I could weep like a child. This morning I walked in the Knolly field, one of the most pleasant spots that I know, admiring the beautiful creation of the Almighty. The clear blue sky was dappled with white fleecy clouds, and the beams of the all-glorious sun was shooting in every direction. The distant mountains were partly seen, and partly hidden by a white

mist, which rolled rapidly away before the sunbeams. The woods, the groves, the trees, were beautifully clothed with their freshest foliage; the birds were warbling forth their liveliest songs, making the heart glad, and the spirit cheerful, while the waters of the running brook, and the more distant river, glittered here and there, where the sun shone upon them.

It was a sight to call forth the thanksgivings and praises of the young and old. In some fields men were at plough; in others the merry haymakers were at work; while the morning breeze from the clover and the newly made hay was delightful.

Such a display of the providence of God, called forth, in some degree, in my breast, the remembrance of the richer displays of his grace; and while I stood gazing with wonder on the works of the Creator, my heart was melted by the mercies of the Redeemer. If such be the beauty of earth, what will be the glory of heaven! If here we can feel so much thankfulness and joy, what shall we feel when in His presence, where are to be found "fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore?" While we see the promise fulfilling, that, "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease," let us believe in every other promise contained in the word of God especially in that which says, Jesus Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

As I turned down the narrow lane which leads from the Knolly field, I saw little Betsey Jones, the shepherd's daughter, standing with a child in her arms, tending two ewes and lambs. Betsey is a little creature herself, and yet she was trusted with the care of an infant child, as well as of the sheep and lambs in the lane. She is quite a favourite of mine, being the most tractable and obedient little girl I ever knew. How desirable it is that simple-hearted and confiding children should have the best of instruction poured into their undoubting minds.

As I stood near little Betsey, a boy came down the lane with a dog, and she had enough to do to keep the sheep and lambs together. Then came a man driving some sheep before him, when Betsey laid down the infant gently upon the green grass, to keep her sheep and lambs from wandering away with the others. I told Betsey that, while

she kept the sheep and lambs from wandering, she ought not to forget to put up a prayer to God, for Christ's sake, to keep her heart from wandering from his commandments.

Just then Betsey's mother came up to take the child, so Betsey and I walked together to the river side, where some sheep were being washed. The sheep were penned up together with hurdels, close to the water. A man stood in the middle of the river to wash them, and another man brought them to him one by one from the pen. When the man in the middle of the river laid hold of a sheep, he threw it on its back, taking care to keep its head just above the water; he then splashed the water about, and washed away all the dirt that he could from the wool on the sheep, and then left the poor animal panting, and half frightened to death, to swim out of the river in the best way it could; and glad was the poor sheep to reach the land. "Betsey," said I, "we should pray to be cleansed from our sins, as the sheep are washed in the river. The little child looked innocently up at my face, and said that she would do so.

At no great distance from where we were, Betsey's father, the shepherd, was shearing some sheep which had been washed the day before; for it is proper that the wool should be quite dry when taken from the sheep's back. Betsey went to speak with her father, and I walked with her. Two large sheets were spread upon the barn floor, and the shepherd and another man were shearing away the wool from two sheep which lay on their backs, panting on the barn floor.

At one part of the barn two men were employed in examining the teeth of the sheep which had been shorn, and in drawing out such as were decayed. I asked the shepherd if it was a general custom with shepherds in other parts to examine the teeth of their sheep. He replied that he believed it was not, the greater was the pity. "A sheep," said he, "cannot get fat unless he eats well; and no sheep can eat well while he has bad teeth in his head." There was a good deal of sound sense in this remark of the shepherd.

Betsey had sat down on one corner of the sheet on the barn floor, to mend a hole in her pinafore; for she was brought up in habits of industry, and never lost time in idleness which might be usefully employed, and she always carried her thimble and needles and thread in her pocket.

"Do you not think, Betsey," said I, "that the poor sheep will go on their way more comfortably this hot weather, when the wool has been taken from their backs?" "Yes, sir," she meekly replied. "And do you not think that we should pray to have every thing taken away from us which at all hinders us from getting forward towards heaven?" "Yes, sir," again said Betsey, her mild blue eyes raised up to my face.

The sheep which had been sheared, and had their teeth examined, were now driven into another pen, where a man dipped an iron with some letters upon it, into a kettle of hot pitch; he then pulled the iron out of the pitch-kettle, and pressed it against the sheep's back, leaving the mark of the letters there in pitch. I asked Betsey why they put the pitch letters on the sheep's backs? "That people may know that they belong to master, sir," was her reply. "Ought we not then, Betsey, to pray that God would put a mark upon us, that we may be known to belong to our heavenly Father?" "Yes, sir," replied she; and again went on mending the hole in her pinafore.

The shepherd sent home a few things by his little daughter Betsey; and just before I parted from her, near the gate which leads through the wood, I asked her what she should pray for when night came, and she kneeled down by her bed side.

"I shall pray, sir," said she, "to God, for Christ's sake, to keep me from wandering from his commandments; to wash away my sins; to take away from me every thing that hinders me in my way to heaven; and to put a plain mark upon me, so that every body may know that I belong to him."

Oh, that every child who reads this account would put up, with the same simplicity, this prayer of Betsey Jones; and like her, every night, when she prays to God, think over what has passed that day which may remind her of him. Then she may say, in the words of the hymn—

"Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th'embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast."

YOUTH.

When certain renowned matrons of Sparta were exhibiting their ornaments to the admiration of beholders, one noble woman presented her four sons, and said with triumph, *these are my treasures*. She had spent many years in instilling into their minds principles of virtue and patriotism—she had watched the first dawning of reason to avail herself of the opportunity for giving a proper bent to their feelings and inclinations—she had labored until they received and adopted her sentiments, and made them a part of their own. Their principles thus early formed had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until these young men were now ready to go wherever duty called, and to engage vigorously in whatever required their services. Well then might the heroic mother exult in view of her treasures, and challenge comparison with the possessions displayed by associates. Justly might the palm of victory be awarded her, for who performs a higher duty than the parent who educates children properly, who trains them up in the way they should go?

It cannot be doubted that to the influence of parental example and precept on the tender mind we owe those illustrious personages whose names adorn the pages of our country's history. No question but the pious instructions which little George received amid the pastimes of childhood were instrumental in laying the foundation of that greatness which distinguished Washington. The pious and devoted Dr. Payson is believed to have been indebted in a great measure under the blessing of heaven to the instructions of a godly mother. Such examples show youth how much they should prize the instructions and counsel of parents, seeing that if attended to, they may lead them to respectability, happiness and usefulness; and especially do they show the children of pious parents how highly they are favored. Youthful friends that have pious parents who are accustomed to teach you the way of life, whose hearts are bound up in you, and whose voices you have often heard in supplication for you, go kneel before the Lord and thank him for this his loving kindness.

Parental instruction is of the first importance in forming the youthful character, and nothing can supply the place of efforts made by the kind parent in the family circle; but there are also other invaluable means of cultivating the moral powers. The most important of these means is afforded by our Sabbath schools. In them the principles of the Bible are inculcated and made interesting; a habit of punctual attendance upon divine worship and a love for the Sabbath are acquired which will probably make these youth ornaments to society. So many good influences are exerted on the minds of Sabbath scholars, those who attend any considerable time are, generally speaking, obedient, orderly and virtuous children; and they usually become respectable and useful citizens. Universal observation and experience confirm the truth of these remarks.

Youth and children are our country's hope. They will soon occupy the stage of active life, and to them we must look for the completion of the great work of benevolence already commenced. Much has been effected with the present generation in the cause of temperance, but thousands are so accustomed to do evil that they will never learn to do well. King Alcohol has encircled them with a three fold cord not easily broken. Children are bound by no such chains, they have acquired no such evil habits: let then a correct sentiment on the subject be imbibed by them, and the cause of intemperance is soon ended. Who does not see that if achieved at all, the victory must be achieved by them, and that upon them great labor should be bestowed? The same holds respecting every other evil which infests us, and every species of reform which it is desirable to advance; our children must bring them to a termination. Now these children's minds must be rightly

impressed, or they will pursue the ways of vice in maturer years; and what is better calculated to produce the right impression than Sabbath schools? Let a constant and general attendance of our youth upon S. S. instruction be secured, and ere long error and delusion will be dispelled like mountain vapors before the morning sun; our country will be saved from threatening dangers, and its inhabitants become that happy people whose God is the Lord.

THE DIFFERENCE, OR OSCAR AND WILLIAM.

Oscar and William were brothers. Whether at school or at home, their early years passed pleasantly away. Their parents industrious, it was a peaceful and happy family. All things around them looked encouraging. A few years and a cloud gathered over their brightest prospects, the man sought to add to his enjoyments by participating in the dread pleasures of the cup. His dreams at first were unfrequent and light; but occasionally drinking a little did not satisfy the growing appetite. He began to tarry long at the wine, and the little cloud which when first seen cast but a partial shadow upon their landscape of prosperity, had now grown thick and dark, and seemed threatening to inundate every earthly thing that promised them bliss. Himself both drank and mingled the cup to his family; the children in their innocence drank.——Years elapsed; the father still indulged; the boys were almost men, and it was feared would tread their father's steps. The farm was gone, and they compelled to inhabit a humble place. The family was increased, the means of its support were diminished—they were poor.

Oscar saw the unfortunate steps of his father and followed in them; for although he could but know the end they led to, he had imbibed a love for spirits which was not easily to be restrained. William saw and considered; he too had been taught to drink, but disdained to succumb to a habit that entailed such ruin. He saw and felt the wretchedness into which the family was brought, and resolved never again to taste the accursed thing. He has kept his resolution.——The father went to the grave with a lingering sickness; and though he seemed for the last two months to regret his intemperance, it doubtless had shortened his days, and he had the remorse natural to the reflection, that he had misapplied the talents given by his Creator, was about to leave his family in poverty, and a son ruined by his example.

Oscar's history, as far as filled out, can be told in a few words: He is now twenty-five years of age; what of his earnings could be spared after poorly clothing himself, has been expended in rum; he is now a laborer by the day or the month, and all that can be got and spared, paves his way to ruin. His character is poor, his friends few, and there is little hope but he will soon lie down in sorrow.——William is a youth of much

promise, the chief earthly hope of a widowed mother and helpless orphans, who are now blessed by his industry. Reader, behold the difference between these youths under the same circumstances, and remember that William's course and William's happiness may be yours.—*Morning Star*.

MANUAL LABOR AND MENTAL CULTIVATION.

My conviction—not lightly taken up, but the result of long and earnest thought—is, that daily occupation with manual labor is in no way incompatible with the highest mental cultivation and refinement; that so far from the exercise of mechanical employment daily, for a moderate time, being detrimental to the mental powers, it has on the contrary, a decided tendency to strengthen them; and that if those who are at the present serving the public in the capacity of writers, were to employ several hours a day in mechanical labor, their bodily health would be improved, and their writings would take a character of vigor, startling even to themselves. They would find the workshop a more healthy atmosphere than the drawing room. There is no reason, save ignorance, why anything like degradation should attach to the character of the working mechanics. There is no reason, save ignorance, why they should not have dwellings as good as their employers, as to all the purposes of comfort. There is no reason, save ignorance why they should not have good and well prepared food for the body, and access to books of all kinds, for the proper culture of the mind. There is no reason, save ignorance, why they should not have access to lectures of all kinds, and picture and sculpture galleries, and museums, far more imposing than anything the world has yet beheld. There is no reason, save ignorance, why the great body of the working people should not possess, in addition to all that is necessary for the comfortable maintenance of the body, all the pleasures of mental refinement, which are now only within the grasp of the very rich.—There is no reason, save ignorance, why the ruling powers of state should not be in their own hands, and all else, save only the excitements of ostentation and expensive sensibility.—*Tait's Mag.*

ERRORS OF MANKIND.—It is singular to look back upon the errors of the human race, and to observe with what zeal even the strongest minds have followed error, than which, to the most uninformed of the present day, nothing could be more absurd. Among the questions to which the old metaphysical writers devoted their talents, were the following:—Can angels pass from one point of space to another, without passing through the intermediate points? Can more than one angel exist at the same moment in the same physical point? Is virtue good because it has intrinsic goodness, or has it intrinsic goodness because it is good? Is the mind's freedom of choice an entity or a quid-

dity? Can angels visually discern objects in the dark? Can they exist in a perfect vacuum? and if they can, is that vacuum perfect? Can a mode exist without a substance?—Although we can scarcely peruse these profound queries without a smile, is it not possible that future ages will find among our philosophers themes of discussion equally useless and absurd?

FOR THE MIRROR.

LUKE xxiii. 34.

"Father forgive them," Jesus cried,
When to the cross his limbs were nail'd;
And thus he prayed before he died,
For those, who at him mock'd and rail'd.

Forgive them, for they do not know,
How vile the crime they perpetrate,
And may these crimson streams that flow,
Thine anger quell, thy wrath abate.

What boundless love to guilty men!
'Twas for our sins, he thus did bleed,
And suffer'd agonizing pain,
That we might from the curse be freed.

And shall our hearts deny him room,
When He has thus such pity shown?
No! let us cry, "sweet Saviour come,
And in our hearts set up thy throne."

B. B.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

The following list of lectures has been arranged for the remaining evenings of the present course:

April 6—J. W. Nutting, Esq.—On the influence of Literature and the Fine Arts on national character.

13th—Mr. Gossip—On the Pendulum, illustrated by models prepared for the purpose.

20th—Dr. Stirling—On Science and Human Knowledge.

27th—Mr. A. McKenzie—On the evil effects of Ignorance, as it affects individuals and nations.

May 4—Mr. Joseph Howe.—On the moral influence of Women.

11th Geo. R. Young, Esq.—On Novel reading, its uses and abuses.

Mr. A. M'Kinlay, V.P. has now in preparation a course of Lectures on Chemical Attraction and Affinities, which will be delivered in the early part of the next course.

By the Committee,
John S. Thompson, Sec'y.

DIED.

On Saturday Morning, of Whooping Cough, Agnes, daughter of Mr. David Allison, aged two years and ten months.

Monday Morning, Josephine, daughter of Capt. Evening, in the 3rd year of her age.

Monday Morning, Elizabeth Bland, aged 20 months, third child of Mr. Michael Tobin, Jun.

At Boston, on the 18th inst. M. Wm. Ackland, aged 33 years, a native of Quebec, and for several years a resident of this town.

On the 31st ult. Sydney Breton, youngest Son of Lt. Colonel Loring, L.F.O. aged two years and eight months.

POETRY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY H. C. BROOKS, A. M.

The morning sun,
In splendor bright,
Gilt Salem's towers
With living light,
And strook'd the fair ethereal blue
With tints of gold and purple hue;
Earth bloom'd in loveliness and grace,
And rob'd in smiles was nature's face;
But soon the fading sun grows pale,
Quench'd are his beams o'er tower & vale.
The quaking earth
In sunder raut—
The rocky hills,
The battlement—
The bursting tombs
Disclose their dead:
The saints forsake
Their earthly bed;
And midnight gloom
Veils earth and skies,
For, "Lo! the God
Of nature dies."

RESURRECTION.

He is not here; but is risen. LUKE XXIV. 6.

THE Lord, who late was dead,
Now lives; then haste away,
And through the world the tidings spread,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

His triumph is complete,
Let all his people say;
And let ten thousand tongues repeat,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

Let all his people sing,
For well his people may:
The theme is sweet, of hope the spring,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

On him our souls rely,
Desponding thoughts away;
We know 'tis true, and sing with joy,
THE LORD IS RISE'N TO-DAY.

VARIETIES.

TRANQUILITY.—Tranquility is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in short feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however great and honorable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them and retire to

some calm sequester'd spot;
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

THE TEAR.—A Tear is what? 'Tis the overflowing of the cup of sensibility—the index to a soul fraught with feeling—the ailment of a heart drooping in solitude—with the base, 'tis the arms of warfare against the innocence of loveliness, simplicity and beauty; with women, 'tis the shield of defence to arrest the wily and insidious—her weapon of offence to the cold, the obdurate, the unfeeling, with the parent 'tis the blessing of age on the offspring of youthful vigor and affection; with the child, 'tis the supporting staff of filial piety; with friends, 'tis the token of the communion of souls; to the afflicted, 'tis the ministering angel of consolation—the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit—the dew of sympathy of the withering flowers of sorrow.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.—The visible works of God speak to us with a commanding eloquence. The sun, that fountain of life and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move, the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet visisitude of seasons; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them; the bow bent—by the hands of the Most High—which compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals; the great and wide sea, with its innumerable inhabitants;—all these instruct us in the mysteries of faith and the duties of morality.

A DEVOUT SPIRIT.—Without this your imagination may be charmed, your sensibility excited, and your mind enriched; but your heart will continue at "enmity with God," and your life uninfluenced by his precepts. The waters of the sanctuary may flow over your soul, yet fail to fertilize and refresh; the manna which should serve for food, will give no nourishment; your spiritual knowledge, like the carved cherubim and palm-trees of the temple, will breathe no life and yield no fruit.

SNUFF TAKING.—Every professed inveterate snuff taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes one minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, amounts to one day out of ten, and this amounts to thirty six days and a half, in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life, will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

LOOK IN THE BIBLE.—Some gentlemen of a bible association lately calling upon an old woman in New Orleans, to see if she had a bible, were severely reproved with the reply, "Do you think gentlemen that I am a heathen, to ask me such a question? Then addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them ocular demonstration that she was no heathen. Accordingly the bible was brought, nicely covered, and on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well how glad am I that you have come; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these three years, and did'nt know where to find them."

WIT.—At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions of Alexander and his officers, the enigma given was, "What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer started up and said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted by this witty reply, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

ELOQUENCE.—The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest; the secret of Rienzi's eloquence was in the mightiness of his enthusiasm. He never spoke as one who doubted of success. Perhaps, like most men who undertake high and great actions, he himself was never thoroughly aware of the obstacles in his way. He saw the end, bright and clear, and overleaped, in the vision of his soul, the crosses and the length of the path; thus the deep convictions of his own mind stamped themselves irresistibly upon others. He seemed less to promise than to prophecy.

Return Good for Evil.—This commandment seems more calculated to individual consolation than for the purpose of exciting others to do good: for it will generally be found that those whose hearts are prone to evil, are incapable of appreciating the motives which actuate others "to forget and forgive," and that it makes no further impression than suspicion and surprise. The heart of a really bad man is never susceptible of good feeling, but is steeled against kindness by the suspicion of its disguising an evil purpose.

Liquid Tobacco.—On Wooburn-green, at a beer shop, may be seen the following announcement:—"Licensed to sell beer by retail. And tobacco to be drunk on the premises."

Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, &c. for sale at this office.