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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, MARCH 25, 1836.

No. 70

The Weekly Mirror,

Printed and Published every Friday,
BY H. W. BLACKADAR,
At the Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.

WHERE
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.

JESSE'S "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY."

The late Gilbert White in his Natural History of Selborne, one of the most delightful books in the English language, says, that "if stationary men would pay some attention to the districts on which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete bounty histories."

To this remark the public are indebted for the little volume now before us; for it was his passage which first induced Mr. Jesse, during his various rides in his Majesty's parks, to the fulfilment of his official duties,* to note down the observations which occurred to him, on subjects relating to natural history. The time thus employed afforded him, he says, both instruction and delight; and in the process of becoming the instrument of leading others to enjoy equal pleasure with himself in studying the works of nature, he has been induced, to present the world with the result of his observations under the modest title of 'Gleanings in Natural History.' The volume consists of such a body of authentic anecdotes, descriptive of the peculiar habits and economy of different birds, animals, and insects, as were perhaps never before got together, all tending to awaken that degree of curiosity which promotes inquiry, and to create in the mind of the reader a passion for the study of nature—a study not only delightful in itself, but inevitably tending to promote virtuous and kindly feelings, and to increase our admiration of that Being by whose infinite power and wisdom all things were made.

The following are extracts.

* Both horses, dogs, and indeed many other animals give extraordinary proofs of their intelligence and

* Mr. Jesse is Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c.

reflection. I have known horses open a door or a gate which was fastened with a small latch—a proof that they must have been aware that it was the cause of the door keeping shut. Others will rub off their head stalls however tightly fastened, knowing that it occasions their confinement to one place. I saw a raven lately at the inn at Lyndhurst in the New Forest, which had a chain of about three feet long fastened to a ring round its neck. Whenever the bird fled or hopped about, it always gathered up the chain in its mouth, to prevent the weight of it hurting its neck. A gentleman of my acquaintance has a pig, which stands upon her hind legs and reaches the branch of an apple tree, which she shakes either with her mouth or forefeet, to make the apples fall, that she may feed upon them—a proof almost of the existence of a reasoning faculty. However, apparently pigs may be asleep in calm weather, the moment the wind rises, they hasten to the nearest apple or oak trees, aware that the wind will shake down food for them.

Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner, and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favourite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

A dog which has been left in a room by himself has been known, either from hunger, or a wish to get out, to ring the bell. This he has done, not in one or two instances, but in several. This appears a strong proof of reflection.

Some of the woodpecker tribe, in excavating a hole in a tree for the purpose of incubation, will carry away the chips to a distance, in order that they may not lead to a discovery of their nest. Quails have such a perfect knowledge of the approach of the autumnal equinox, that the day of their arrival in Malta, is marked on the almanacks of the island at 22nd the 22nd of September, and varies every year with the equinox."

The following is an instance of the ingenuity of birds adopting expedients in building their nests to obviate inconvenience. A farvette (*Sylvia hortensis*) had twice built her nest in some ivy against a garden wall and twice her labour had been fruitless, the nest having been blown down by some high winds. The third time she prevented the recurrence of a similar accident by attaching a piece of worsted to a branch of the ivy, weaving it around on the outer side of the nest, and carefully fastening the other end of the worsted thread to another conveniently situated branch.

I have now in my possession the pendant nest of a golden crested wren, which has been suspended to the slender branches of a fir tree by means of threads. The threads have been curiously twisted round and round the branches, and then fastened to the edge or rim of the nest. By this means the nest is suspended, and vibrates backwards and forwards with the least touch.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES II.

It was said by the witty Duke of Buckingham, That Charles the Second might have done well if he would, and that James

would do well if he could; an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to form a good sovereign.

His industry and attention to business were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money; he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire; and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court: but he was never carried into any excesses that trench deeply upon the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were to be judged only by his conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irresistible. James, to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious prejudices. He could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, while he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any intrenchment on the royal prerogative.

Among several articles containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shows that the delu-

sion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish.

James abdicated his throne in 1688. and died in 1700.

PALM SUNDAY.

He sat in his old oaken chair all the while,
Indulging his favourite employ,
And talk'd of the customs of old, with a smile,
When his grandfather was but a boy.

Who would not walk twenty miles with a pack on his back, any day, to witness the observance of a good old English custom! The manners of our forefathers are fading fast away; but we should endeavour to retain such parts of the usages of olden times as are worth possessing. Come, then, if you are looking forward with hope, be persuaded for a moment to look back with consideration. It will not hurt you to know somewhat of those customs which were observed by your great grandfathers and grandmothers. We cannot get too much knowledge, if we apply it to a proper purpose.

Sellack church is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Wye, with a hill to the south. Up this hill is a pathway so steep that it appears, as you look at it from the river, to lead up towards the clouds. It is pleasant to see the beams of the morning sun gilding the weathercock, and glittering on the running water as the ferry-boat crosses the river.

There are a few excellent monuments in the church, and whether at the dawn of day or at eventide, Sellack wears such a retired and peaceful appearance, that the stranger is sensibly drawn to muse amid the gray stones of the burial ground.

In the neighbourhood resides a clergyman so corpulent and fat that he rides his horse, on a Sunday, not only to the churchyard but into the church, straight along the middle aisle up to his pew door. At the end of the service the horse again enters the church to take back his master.

But it is not the church, nor the river, nor the ferryboat, nor the rising and setting sun; neither is it the churchyard, nor the corpulent clergyman, nor his horse, that you are called to reflect upon. No! It is on the old English custom which is still kept up at Sellack on Palm Sunday.

On the square tablet of benefactions fastened against the wall inside of the church, it is recorded that the sum of five shillings per annum was left by one of the Scudamore family, to be expended in cake and ale by the parishioners on a Palm Sunday. The intention of this bequest was to promote peace and good fellowship throughout the parish.

Now, among the ill nature, the bitterness, the wrangling and jangling that is so con-

tinually taking place in this bad world, how desirable it is that all possible means should be used to promote kindly feelings one towards another! There are thorns and briars enough in the world without our perversely planting more in each other's bosoms. He who encourages in his own heart, and in the hearts of others, emotions of good will to all around, is more deserving of a monument to his memory, than he who sacks a city, or conquers a kingdom.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, a substantial, gray-headed farmer was seen walking slowly, with a stick in his hand, down the bank leading from Baysham farm to Sellack church. Ever and anon he turned out of the pathway to call on the cottagers by the way side, to see if they were getting ready to go to church. Farmer Jones had seen more than three-score and ten Palm Sundays pass over his head, and was going, once more, in the character of churchwarden, to distribute the cakes at Sellack church. Farmer Jones was a regular church-goer, and was generally the first to pass through the white gates into the burial ground. No sooner did he enter the church than he proceeded to the corner where he usually sat, and was in a little time joined by his two sons William and Edward. The farmer took up his bass-viol, his son William put his flute to his mouth, and Edward began to hum a psalm tune: all this time the congregation were assembling.

The old schoolmaster was teaching some half dozen children their catechism near the communion, but he soon left them to join the choir. It was not long before Bades was seen among them, and a few other singers. Old Powell took up his parchment roll to beat time; Farmer Jones drew his bow bravely across the strings of his bass-viol; William brought out the best tones from his flute; Edward was quite in voice, and an anthem was gone through in a very creditable manner.

During the service, the young rogues near the communion, were left to themselves, the schoolmaster being engaged in the choir. When kneeling down, one little girl began to pull off pieces from the corner of her dog-eared bible, a graceless lad opened his mouth, and tried to push the end of a small prayer book into it, while another leaned over the bench, wet his finger with his tongue, and made crosses on the broad flat stones.

When the service was over Farmer Jones took up a basket, well filled with cakes, something like cross-buns, and handed a cake to the minister, saying at the same time, "Peace and good neighbourhood." The minister broke off a piece of the cake, and soon left the church. The honest farmer then went round to the rest of the congregation, offering a cake, and repeating the words, "Peace and good neighbourhood to them all. It was an easy matter to do this where he felt no kind of ill will, but to

offer a cake to one who was at variance with him was a more difficult piece of business.

Now it happened that Farmer Jones had had a quarrel with a neighbour of his, an old lady, about the trespass of a pig, they felt a great deal embittered one against the other, and when the farmer went round with his basket he pondered in his mind whether he should offer a cake to the old lady or not. Before, however, he got to her pew, he thought that the very custom of giving palm cakes was meant to set aside contention and angry feelings, so he determined to do his part towards a reconciliation. The old lady had no expectation that Farmer Jones would humble himself so far as to look over the quarrel about the pig, and when he offered her a cake and pronounced the words, "Peace and good neighbourhood," her heart melted, and her angry feelings gave way. "Do you say so? Do you say so?" said she, then putting forth her hand she broke off a piece of the cake with apparently as much pleasure as if the farmer had given her a pig. Thus, in this instance, the palm cake made friends of enemies, and answered the end, which it was intended to effect, of promoting "Peace and good neighbourhood" among those who would otherwise have been opposed to each other.

After giving a cake to every man, woman, and child in the church, the worthy farmer filled a silver cup with ale, of which every one drank, the farmer replenishing the cup when it was empty.

It was a pleasant sight to see old and young grouped together in the churchyard. Some stood in the porch; some by the stone cross; and some on the gravel walk. Farmer Jones, as he walked through them, had something to say to them all, and many a bow and many a courtsey were made to him as he slowly proceeded to the churchyard gate.

The same sum was left to the adjacent parishes of Hentland and King's Cople to be spent in cakes and ale on Palm Sunday, the custom, however, has been discontinued in those parishes, nor is it unlikely that, in a few years, it will cease altogether, but not so long as farmer Jones occupies Baysham farm. He is too fond of old British hospitality, and old British customs to abandon them. Baysham farm is the strong hold of the manners of our forefathers. The well filled cup, the abundant board, and the hearty welcome, are as necessary a part of the establishment as the chairs and the tables. Hard work, good farming, and comfort within doors, is the motto of the place.

Now as it is equally desirable that young people should live together in affection, it is that their elders should dwell in peace, let this account of Palm Sunday influence you in your behaviour to your companions, for the young, the old, the high, the low, the gentle, and the simple, ought universally to adopt the maxim, "Peace and good neighbourhood," throughout the world.

Weekly Mirror

The following interesting letter was addressed to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford Ct.

JERUSALEM, April 31st, 1835.

Often, dear madame, have I thought of my obligation to address you from missionary ground, and still oftener have you been the subject of conversation with Mr. Smith and myself since our agreeable call at your house. A few days since, while wandering over some of the sacred places of this interesting city, we came to the fountain which furnishes the "Pool of Siloam." I said to my husband, "I will write to our friend before I leave Jerusalem," and he plucked a tiny flower from that memorable spot, that I might enclose it to you. As we ascended from the Pool itself, which stands in the "King's garden," after bathing our hands and tasting its soft and limpid water, I thought how your poetic pen would gain additional inspiration from such a spot, and I almost wished that you were with us. In that garden Solomon built a house for Pharaoh's daughter, and its location and verdure, even now, indicate its former beauty and adaptedness. Yet nought remains of the splendor of the days of Solomon and of Herod the Great. The glory is departed.

This being the verdant season, it is the most favorable period for visiting Jerusalem. Zion and Olivet, the vale of Cedron and the garden of Gethsemane, appear green and beautiful under the brilliant rays of the same glorious sun which once illuminated them; the birds, too, sing sweetly as ever, and "while marble columns, palaces, &c. have crumbled into dust, the simple flower of the field grows and multiplies forever."

I am not surprised at the tenacity with which the Jews attach themselves to their former capital, or that in the ignorance of the spiritual nature of the Messiah's kingdom, they should still cherish expectations of future glory to their nation.

If you wish to know what mankind have lost in breaking away from their allegiance to the rightful governor of the universe, come hither. And if you would then wish to realize what Christ has done for his recovery, go back to America. The most trifling comforts there, which you have been accustomed to regard as accidental, will then appear, as they really were, to have been purchased by his love. Personal cleanliness, the orderly arrangement of a house, to say nothing of matters of greater refinement and taste, would strike you as features of the kingdom of purity and love, in distinction from the kingdom of confusion and darkness which exists here. But I need not dwell on this subject for your information, neither upon the interesting locations of this vicinity, as the recitals of those who have preceded me have doubtless made you familiar with them.

Since arriving in Jerusalem we have made two excursions, each occupying about three days.—The first was to Bethlehem, Hebron, and the cave of Adullam, the second to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. We tasted of "the water of the well of Bethlehem," for which David so longed when he was in the cave of Adullam. Those very mountains and valleys re-echoed the sweet sounds of his harp, when he wandered over them with his father's sheep, and there he doubtless composed many of his choicest psalms of praise to the author of so much beautiful scenery. "In the same country," too, did angelic voices sing higher praise to him who also sent "peace on earth and good will to men." We visited, the subterranean apartments of a convent, where are shown the stable and the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid; but I would recommend to the christian who wishes to enjoy and profit by a short tarry in this region, not to waste his time and energies in resorting to the places which are marked out as the identical scenes of such and such events. The incredulity and disgust thus excited tend rather to exhaust the minds and to interfere with those simple and agreeable feelings which would naturally arise in the breast, if not to take the place of them altogether.

A cold rain prevented us from pitching our tents in the plain of Mamre which is in Hebron, though in this patriarchal mode we had spent most of our nights since leaving Beyroot. We found a comfortable shelter in the house of the Governor, who is a Turk. I was particularly interested in a call at the house of a Jewish Rabbi there, in which, it being the week following the passover, we were entertained with unleavened bread, wine from the grapes of Eschol, honey, fruit, &c.

After encamping two nights in the valley of the Jordan, and bathing in its waters, drinking at the fountain of Jericho which Elisha cured, and spending two or three hours on the barren shore of the Dead Sea, we returned to Jerusalem over the same road which our Saviour took in his last journey hither. I say the same because if there had ever been a better, or even another, this, much of which is cut out of the solid rock, would never have been made.

Next week we expect to set our faces homeward by the way of Sychar, Nazareth and Tiberias, taking with us our widowed sister Dodge and her little girl, who will become residents in our family at Beyroot for the present.

Your attached friend;
SARAH L. SMITH.

SUBLIME CONTRAST.—Whoever stands on a lofty mountain, should not merely look at the gold which the morning sun pours on the grass and flowers at his feet, but he should also sometimes look behind him into the deep valley where the shadows still rest, that he may the more sensibly feel that the sun is indeed a sun! Thus, it is also salutary for the disciples of Christ at times, from the kingdom of light to cast

forth a glance over the dark stage where men play their part in lonely gloom, without a Saviour, will see a God!—[Tholuck.

WHOLESOME ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money, and you cannot pay. Be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it destroys liberty, and makes some virtues extremely difficult.

FOR THE MIRROR.

23rd. PSALM.

My Shepherd is the Lord most High,
He dwells in heav'n above;
My various wants he will supply,
And fill me with his love.

In pastures green he makes me lie,
Where heav'nly flowers grow;
And gentle streams he leads me by,
Where living waters flow.

Should I backslide he'll not forsake,
My soul he will restore;
And lead me for his own name sake,
In paths both safe and sure.

Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
I nothing have to fear;
For God his promise will fulfil,
His staff support me there.

My Table Lord thy hand dost spread,
In spite of all my foes;
Thou dost with oil anoint my head,
My cup quite overflows.

O let thy mercies follow me,
While I on earth do move;
And may I ever live with thee,
In that bright world above.

A. Z.

Head Quarters, Halifax,
23d March, 1836.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief, has been pleased to appoint James Compton Hume, Esq. M. D. to be Surgeon of the 1st Halifax Regt. Vice Dr. Alexander Wallace, retired.

EDWARD WALLACE, A. G. M.

DIED.

On Monday morning, Isabella Ramney, youngest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. aged two years and 8 months.

Of whooping cough, after a few days illness, John Inglis, youngest son of the Hon. Enos Collins, aged 4 months.

At Dartmouth, on Thursday last, Mr. James M. Eusburg, in the 48th year of his age, leaving a wife and four children, to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and parent.

POETRY.

TO A FIRST BORN.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,
With thy sweetly smiling face,
To a busy world of grief and care,
Theroin to take thy place!
To share its fame and glory,
Its pleasures and its charms;
Thou art welcome to thy mother's breast
And to thy father's arms.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,
Mid the humble and the proud,
As one of many millions here
To join the heartless crowd;
To fill the place of others
In death but gone before;
Thou art welcome to each relative,
A blessing to adore.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,
And may happiness be thine;
Around thee are examples fair,
The best and rarest shine;
Inheritance of honors,
If thou canst follow them,
Thou hast innocence, thy best safeguard,
And virtue's diadem.

Thou art welcome, little stranger,
To thy mother's fondest care,
To thy father's first protecting hand,
His hope, his joy to share.
Thy pathway lies before thee,
The just or the unjust,
With the faith in heaven above thee,
And God to put thy trust.

VARIETIES.

THE BIBLE.—The importance of the Bible, as a guide to future happiness, is so generally admitted, its value is so universally understood, that any comment upon its excellence seems, at first thought, to be unnecessary, if not impertinent.—But it is believed that a very small portion of the community entertain a full sense of its influence, when properly studied, in forming the youthful mind to virtue, and preparing the understanding and the heart for those duties and trials to which it is destined in advancing life. The Bible should be used as a class book in every school. It should be put into the hands of all children, after they have well learned to read, when they are supposed to be capable of understanding many of its precepts, if not its doctrines, and appreciating the beauty of its language, and the excellence of its history. A portion of it should be assigned to the highest class in school every day, as a regular study, and questions should be asked from it, and explanations given respecting its history, its biography, and its elevated and purifying principles, with that familiarity which may render it more interesting, and that seriousness and respect which its holy origin and its sacred precepts demand. No teacher should regard his school as complete, without a good class in the Bible.

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—About a century ago, saith tradition, when clergymen were not so plenty as they are now, a young gentleman and his dulcinea were anxiously awaiting the happy day, which was to see them united in silken bonds of matrimony. They resided on the north side of the Tomhenick creek, and the clergyman who had been engaged to tie the knot lived on the south side of the creek. As the fates would have it, heavy rains fell previous to the nuptial day, which rendered the creek impassable. Its waters were rising, and its current becoming more rapid every hour. The clergyman arrived at the time appointed at a point where he had been in the habit of fording the creek; it was much as life were worth to attempt it on this occasion. He turned his horses head to return, when he was hailed by two voices on the opposite side of the stream—they were those of the bride and groom, who engaged him to stay. After some debate it was agreed that the ceremony should proceed. In the mean time the friends of the betrothed arrived, from the bride's house in the neighbourhood. Then was presented a singular spectacle, 'the like whereof was never seen before,' and probably will not be again. The clergyman read the marriage service on the margin of the creek, while the parties stood on the opposite side. After the ceremony was over, the groom tossed a few guilders across the creek, which the clergyman, led up and pocketed as his fee, mounted his horse and proceeded homeward, and the married couple did the same.

RICHES.—What are they? Who is rich? Is it he who has fifty thousand dollars, or a million of dollars? Kings are beggars sometimes on their thrones, and merchants whose ships float on every sea; yet a poor mechanic has enough to lend. To be rich is to want nothing—to have no wishes which you cannot gratify; and the terms 'getting rich' should not mean laying up money, but retrenching superfluous desires. Napoleon, with his imperial power, was more a slave than a common soldier, who received a certain stipend a day, however mean. Wealth brings wants—'hills mount on hills, and Alps on Alps arise.' It is compatible with true independence. Diogenes was richer than Alexander. The one had all he desired in the warmth of the sun; the other, although master of a world, wept over the narrowness of his power.

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance last, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked.—He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

ODD SCRAPS FOR THE ECONOMICAL.

The true economy of housekeeping is simply the art of gathering up all the fragments, so that nothing be lost. I mean fragments of time as well as materials. Nothing should be thrown away so long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling that use may be; and whatever be the size of a family, every member should be employed either in earning or saving money.

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but it is not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up for himself the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten shillings, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay, deserves no praise,—he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason: it would be real charity to check this feeling; because the good he does may be doubtful, while the injury he does his family and creditors is certain. True economy is a careful treasurer in the service of benevolence; and where they are united, respectability, prosperity, and peace will follow.

If you would avoid waste in your family, attend to the following rules, and do not despise them because they appear so unimportant: "many a little makes a mickle."

Look frequently to the pails, to see that nothing is thrown to the pigs which should have been in the grease-pot.

Look to the grease-pot, and see that nothing is there which might have served to nourish your own family, or a poorer one.

See that the beef and pork are always under brine; and that the brine is sweet and clean.

Count towels, sheets, spoons, &c. occasionally; that those who use them may not become careless.

See that the vegetables are neither sprouting nor decaying: they are so, remove them to a drier place, and spread them.


Examine preserves, to see that they are not contracting mould; and your pickles, to see that they are not growing soft and tasteless.

Attend to all the mending in the house once a week, if possible. Never put out sewing. If it be impossible to do it in your own family, hire some one into the house, and work with them.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick yarn in strong hot vinegar and dry it.

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil, then washed in warm suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

Cream of tartar, rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleanses them very much.

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