

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 9, 1836.

No. 47

## The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bator'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.

### QUADRUPED.

If we descend by a regular gradation from man to those animals which approach nearest to him in their nature and habits, we must assign the first rank to quadrupeds. Even those that least resemble us, when they erect themselves in an upright position, show striking marks of their affinity. In their internal structure, we shall perceive that they enjoy many advantages superior to those of the lower tribes of nature. They are placed above the class of birds, by bringing forth their young alive; and they are placed above the class of insects, by having red blood circulating through their veins.

Even in the passions of man, we find in some species of quadrupeds no contemptible rivals. What can equal the attachment of the dog to his master? What eagerness does he show to obtain his caresses; what docility in obeying him; what emotion, what anxiety, what sorrow when he is absent; what joy when he returns; even over the grave that contains his dust, this faithful friend has often been known to breathe his last. Where among us is friendship expressed with greater energy.

The head of quadrupeds is usually calculated for their manner of living. In some it is sharp, to enable the animal to turn up the earth in which its food lies; in some it is long, to give room for the olfactory nerves, as in dogs, which hunt by the scent; in others, it is short as in the lion, to give it the greater strength and fit it the better for combat. The teeth are also fitted for the nature of their food; some being sharp for tearing and dividing flesh, and some calculated for pounding or grinding vegetable substances. The feet of some quadrupeds are webbed, for swimming, while others are armed with sharp claws for rending their prey. The stomach is also proportioned to the nature of their food.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### RAPHAEL SANZIO.

Raphael Sanzio, was born at Urbino in 1483. By studying the best masters in painting, he soon rose to eminence, and merited the appellation of divine Raphael. He also excelled as an architect, and was employed in the building of St. Peter's, Rome. He came to an untimely grave in consequence of his addiction to licentious pleasures, dying at the age of thirty-seven years. By the general consent of mankind, he is acknowledged to have been the prince of painters. He excelled in beauty and grace.

### MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti, was not only a great painter, but sculptor and architect. He was even an elegant poet. In architecture he surpassed all the moderns, and he was the greatest designer that ever lived. The early displays of his genius, raised so great a jealousy among his youthful rivals, that one of them struck him with such violence on the nose, that he carried the mark to the grave. The most celebrated of his paintings, is the last judgement. His architectural abilities are best displayed in the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the building of which he completed. His style is that of grandeur and sublimity, united with the utmost simplicity and beauty. Sir John Reynolds declared, that the last word which he wished to utter from the academic chair, was the name of Michael Angelo. Description can convey but a very imperfect image of

"Buonaroti's ear,

"Midst epic glories beaming from afar."

only the sight can give one an idea of his peculiar excellence. He lived 90 years.

### KATE BOND:

OR, THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BE GOOD.

"Get away, you naughty little witch!" exclaimed Kate Bond to her sister Ada, a little creeping baby, who sat on the carpet tearing a bit of something she had picked up—"Get away, I say, or I will push you over."

"Why, Kate—how can you allow yourself in speaking so harshly to your little sister?" said Mrs. Bond.

"My sister!—my to, ment you mean, mother! Only look here—Ada has torn and quite spoiled this gold paper that I had cut to trim Frank's box, I declare I never will try to make anything again;"—and the passionate girl threw the box

she was making, and all the materials from her to the farther end of the room; among these things there happened to be a saucer of carmine that Kate valued very much—the saucer struck a chair and was broken into a dozen pieces; the box, too, which she had been making, being of card paper, newly pasted, burst asunder, and there was sad havoc among the choice treasures of Miss Kate Bond. She only grew more angry at the sight of the mischief she had wrought, and not well knowing what to say, she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

Mrs. Bond did not, for several minutes, speak to her daughter. She knew that it was not sorrow for what she had done that made the passionate girl weep: many persons will weep when they are angry; but Mrs. Bond was a very prudent woman, and she knew that it would do little good to talk to an angry girl. So she waited till the storm of tears subsided, and then quite calmly said—

"Kate, will you tell me why you have so afflicted yourself?"

"Why, don't you see, mother, that my things are all spoiled, and I was making a Christmas present for Frank," sobbed the poor girl.

"Yes, I see that you have thrown them all away—but why do you cry about that? you chose to destroy them."

"Oh, mother, did I not tell you that Ada had torn my gold paper?"

"But I have gold paper, my child, plenty of it—I would I have given you some, and assisted you to cut the trimming for the box. Why did you not apply to me in your trouble?"

"I could not, mother—Ada made me so angry."

"And how could you allow yourself to be angry with a baby that does not know her right hand from her left. She had no intention of doing any mischief—she just tore a small paper that she found on the carpet—that was all—and you were angry with your dear little sister!"

"She is a little fool!"—exclaimed Kate, raising her voice again and reddening with rage.

The tears gathered in Mrs. Bond's eyes as she gazed sorrowfully on her daughter.

Now Kate was a passionate, self-willed child, and had always given her parents a great deal of trouble, yet she had kind feelings; and after she had done wrong, and grieved her mother and all treated her sisters and brothers, she always regretted it, and made promises that she never, never would be naughty again: but the very next time that she felt cross, no matter what was the cause, she would again be unkind, perhaps violent.

But now, when she saw her mother's eyes fill with tears, and felt that she was distressing that tender parent who had done so much for her, she relented, and running to the sofa on which her mother was sitting, she threw her arms around her neck and sobbed—"Forgive me, do forgive me this time, and I solemnly

promise that I will behave better; I never will be so angry again."

Mrs Bond put away the curls that had been, in the agitation of the moment shaken over her daughter's face, and tenderly kissing her cheek she said—I will rely on your promise, Kate—I shall pray that you may receive strength to keep this solemn promise, and, my child, if you feel at any time tempted to be angry, remember that God sees you, that the blessed Saviour and the angels are looking down from heaven upon you. Think of this, and you surely will not dare allow your anger to appear—and for the wicked thought in your heart, you must pray to God to forgive it."

Kate kissed her mother, and her little sister Ada, and then gathered up the fragments of her her carmine saucer, and box, and other articles. When she had nicely arranged all these she came to her mother's side again, and asked if there was anything more she could do.

"Not at present, my child—you had better now go to your own chamber and think for a little time, of the promise that you have made; and if you write it down it will assist in keeping it in your mind. The great danger with your temper is that you forget your good resolutions."

"I know it, mother—but how very hard it is to be good!"

"Do you think so, my love? Now tell me what very hard things the good have to perform?"

"O, I do n't know what in particular—but it does seem to me very hard. Some persons can be good easy enough I suppose. There is Lucy now—why she is always happy; nothing ever happens to provoke her or disappoint her."

"Indeed,—Why, I thought she was disappointed last week, the day she was to have gone to visit the Asylum for the Blind, you recollect how it rained—and did not Charley overturn his vase of wax flowers the other day, and break that beautiful passion flower—and only yesterday little Ada tore the cameo seal off Lucy's note you remember—and then she has a sister Kate who often wears her calash and gloves and *sometimes* mislays these articles, and takes other liberties which, if Lucy allowed herself to find fault, might furnish cause of complaint."

"O, I know it, mother, I know it! Lucy is the best sister and the best girl that ever lived—but then she has *naturally* a pleasant temper."

"And you, my daughter, have a strong mind and can control and regulate your temper if you will try. This you have solemnly promised to do. Let your motto be 'remember'—and your prayer 'Lead us not into temptation,'—and your sentiment,

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see—

The mercy I to others show

That mercy show to me."

"A merry Christmas! merry Christmas!"—shouted Charley Bond, popping in his round, curly head through the half-opened door of his sisters' sleeping apartment.

"A merry Christmas! my dear sisters," echoed Frank Bond in a more quiet tone, as he pushed the door wide open. Lucy was not there; but Kate, startled from a sound sleep, awoke out in an angry tone, as she rubbed her eyes—"What do you mean by making such a noise, you block-heads?—shut the door I say."

"Why, Katy, how lazy you are!" cried Charles. "See it is light, broad day light, and

it is Christmas day, and we are to have our presents you know, Katy, so do rise. I have been up this half hour."

"Yes, and it took me half an hour good to wake you, Charley, do n't boast over your sister," said Frank. "Come, come, let us go and find Lucy"—and off the boys ran to the parlor, the quicker as they saw that Kate looked frowningly, and they knew she could scold.

Kate arose and dressed herself in great haste, fretting all the time because Lucy had not wakened her. She entirely forgot, for the moment, her promise to her mother, and her eye flashed with the anger that was in her heart. Poor Katy! How much trouble her violent temper gave herself as well as her friends. An angry person is always unhappy.

Lucy was the eldest child, a sweet-tempered, considerate, helpful little lady of about thirteen years old. Mrs Bond was an excellent woman and a most tender and exemplary mother, but she was often ill, and had hardly strength to govern her children. But Lucy never needed any correction—she was *naturally*, as Kate said, of a most sweet and amiable disposition. If Dr. Spurzheim had examined her head he would have said that she did not need any law to control her—she was conscientious. She had a high forehead, and the top of her head was expanded, so that there were large organs of *reverence*, *benevolence*, *conscientiousness*, *love*, and *ideality*, as a Phrenologist would say—and these organs, when predominant, give a peculiar charm of goodness to the character. Fortunate is the person who has a high head from the ear up to the middle of the crown, and then the forehead swelling up high and broad at the temples—so say the phrenologists, and Lucy had just such a head as a phrenologist would doze on—

"And Katy?"

I must in truth say that Kate's head was not, phrenologically speaking, as good as Lucy's. She had a high head at the back part of the crown exactly on the place on which the Indians call the scalp, and where the phrenologist says that the organs of *self-esteem* and *love of approbation* are situated—she had a very fine forehead, however, much like Lucy's, only not quite so high—and she had the back part of the head largely developed, where that organ with the long name, *Pilo-progenitiveness*, meaning the love of children, and *adhesiveness*, or the organ of the love of friends, are situated. Kate had both these organs large, and she loved her friends dearly, and little children, and young animals of almost every sort, were her delight. She always had a number of pets—but then her large *self-esteem* made her exacting and imperious,—and she had *firmness*, which lies next to *self-esteem* on the top of the head, also very large; and *combativeness* was by no means small, so that, on the whole, her head was one that showed she must be governed, either by herself, or by some friend.

To be continued.

'BE COURTEOUS.' 1st Epis. Peter, iii. 3.

Every thing in character and in manners, which contributes to make a man a Christian, helps also to make him a gentleman. So that the most complete Christian is really and truly the most finished gentleman. If all men partook of the spirit of the Bible, and governed themselves by its precepts, Chesterfield might be laid on the shelf, and a more polished state of society than he

ever dreamed of would every where be seen.

And the manners of such an age would possess an excellence to which the studied courtesy of fashionable life is an utter stranger; they would be the unvarnished picture of the heart. In running the mind over the items of good behaviour, which distinguish the conduct of a gentleman, we meet with none of any importance which a Christian is not bound to practise by the terms of his profession.

Is it a breach of good manners to use profane or obscene language? so does the Gospel explicitly command 'swear not at all,' and 'put away all filthy communication out of your mouth.' Is it ungentlemanly to bandy mutual revilings? so is it unchristian to render 'railing for railing.' Is it an outrage upon gentle breeding to appropriate to one's self comforts or conveniences, when others are present who are equally entitled to enjoy them? the Scripture also enjoins, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' And thus might we multiply parallels until a combined character should be formed in which the Christian would behold the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ, and the man of just sensibilities, and finished manners, should recognize his beautiful of a polished gentleman.

We have sometimes looked upon Christian society with these principles in our mind, and have been shocked to observe in what light esteem many Christians appear to hold the common courtesies of life, not remembering that the servant of the Lord must be *gentle unto all men.*

When we have seen a Christian, in his own house, neglecting his company, giving no heed to conversation addressed to him; but attending rather to some species of self-gratification; when we have seen him at the table of a friend helping himself to the choicest viands, and eating as if he were striving for a wager; when we have found him possessed of memory very treacherous of others' interests or business or comfort, while it was signally retentive of whatever concerned himself, we have wished to present him with a phylactery, inscribed in a mammoth characters with the injunction of the Apostle, 'BE COURTEOUS.'

When we see a Christian brother in a deliberative assembly, evidently kindled by the heat of debate, ready to discomfit his antagonist by any means, pouring upon him a flood of invective, or sapping his character and undermining his forbearance, by ungenerous hints and vexatious insinuations; when we see him ready at all the trickery of intrigue and underplot, which are hardly tolerated in a promiscuous political assembly, we long to sit at his elbow, and, like the slave in the triumphal car of the Roman generals, whisper frequently in his ear a gentle check upon his besetting sin. Would not the Apostles admonition: *chasten and*

christianize his demeanor—' *be courteous.*'

When we hear a minister of the 'meek and lowly' Jesus thundering his anathemas from the pulpit, with the boisterous confidence of a town crier, or when we see him stooping from his lofty duties to dabble in foul personalities, availing himself of the sanctity of his office, and the 'es triplex circa pectus' of his situation, to indulge in rudeness which common civility would exclude from a parlor, and common prudence would forbid to use in private pastoral intercourse, we are strongly tempted to rise in our pew, interrupt the discourse, and beg to propound as a text, part of the eight verse of the third chapter of St. Peter's first Epistle—' *BE COURTEOUS.*—*Christian Witness.*

**THE WINTER—THE POOR.**—The high price of almost every article of living at the present time, often leads the benevolent, who have a heart to feel for the wants of others though their own are supplied, to inquire, "What will the poor do for fuel and food, during the approaching winter?" It is well to think, thus early, on this subject. That the poor will not be able to supply themselves with food and fuel, in a great many cases, during the coming winter, if its severity is like that of the last, is unquestionable. That they must not be left to perish in this Christian land, is equally unquestionable, though they must inevitably suffer if the present prices continue.—How, then, and by whom, must their sufferings be mitigated.

To answer this inquiry, we must, probably, search after the cause of their poverty. What is it that exposes them to pinching wants? Why have they not laid up something during the summer, to meet the demands of winter? How comes it that in this land of abundance—in this land where there is often more labor needed than can be obtained, and where the price of labor is high, how comes it that the close of autumn finds them without funds for defraying the expenses of winter? Doubtless no one answer can be given, which would cover every case. There is a diversity of causes, if we take the whole range of poverty in our land. There are sickness and accident, and disappointment, and other dispensations of providence, which leave some destitute of the means of providing food and fuel during the winter, after all their care and industry, and economy. Such cases call for the warm sympathy and generous relief of the charitable. Then there are widows, all whose efforts and sacrifices are not sufficient to procure more than enough to meet the daily commands of their fatherless children.

#### INSANITY.

There is no end to the false impressions and delusions with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to

see a man laboring under the fancy that he was a tea-pot.—And when the physicians endeavored to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a tea-pot," and forming a semi-circle with one arm by placing his hand upon his hip, he said, "there is the handle," and thrusting out the other arm, "there is the spout."—Men have believed themselves converted into barrels and rolled about the streets. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the stairs, clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England even fancied himself metamorphosed into a seven shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting, as a particular favor of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, they would not give change for him. Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battling against them. A sea captain in Philadelphia, believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania hospital believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the very stall in the market on which his flesh was sold, previously to his animating his present body. One man believes his legs to be made of butter and with the greatest caution avoids the fire; another imagines them to be made of glass and with extreme care wraps them up and guards them with wooden boxes when he goes out to ride. A Prince of Bourbon often supposes himself to be a plant, and taking his stand in the garden, would insist upon being watered in common with the plants around him.

#### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

—Do not press your children too much during their early years on the subject of religion. Show them by your example, that it is the object of your own reverence; but suffer their religious principles to form gradually as their understandings open. Do not make religion appear to them a burden; do not lay them under unnecessary restraints; do not let them see religion clothed in a dress repulsive to their youthful minds. To insure its making a good impression on them, let it be clothed in its native colors of attraction. Study to make them regard it as an object of veneration, but at the same time, what it truly is, as a source of cheerfulness and joy. Do not let them regard the Sabbath as a day of gloom and restraint. Take them with you to the house of God, and accustom them to regard institutions of religion with reverence, but do not compel them, during the rest of the day, to remain immured within the walls of your own house. Allow them the reasonable indulgence useful to their health, rational itself, and no way inconsistent with their religious character; while the refusal of that indulgence has just the effect of making them regard the return

of the day as a day of penance and mortification, instead of hailing it as a day of joy.

**AMERICAN SILK.** Mrs Kimball of Hopkinton, appeared at the Fair of the Merrimac County, N. H. Agricultural Society, in Concord, on Wednesday, clad in rich and durable Silk of her own manufacture. She procured the mulberry trees, raised the worms, reeled, twisted, colored, and wove the silk with her own hands.

**ANGLING.**—The following anecdote which we have seen printed somewhere, is capital. "Any'ting pite you dare?" inquired one Dutchman of another, engaged in angling. "No, Hans." "Well, notta pite me, too."

#### HALIFAX ELECTION.

At ten o'clock on Monday last, the Poll was opened for the Election of two Representatives for the County and two for the Township.

**STATE OF THE POLL—MONDAY, 4 o'clock, P. M.** For the Town—Starr, 78; Forrester, 73; Murdoch, 52; Bell, 30. County—Howe, 164; Lawson, 80; Annand, 62; Gladwin, 10.

**TUESDAY—Town—Starr, 218; Forrester, 189; Murdoch, 121; Bell, 104. County—Howe, 495; Annand, 252; Lawson, 232; Gladwin, 22.**

**WEDNESDAY.**—At the close of the Poll in Halifax. For the Town—Forrester, 423; Starr, 385; Bell, 318; Murdoch, (when he resigned) 156. County—Howe, 877; Lawson, 457; Annand, 407; Gladwin, 45.

**Mechanics Institute.**—Mr. Donald will lecture on Phrenology next Wednesday evening.

#### MARRIED.

On Sunday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Uniocke, William M. Shearmen, R. N., to Sophia Frances, third daughter of Mr. Christopher Mathews, of the Royal Naval Dock Yard.

#### DIED.

Friday morning last, after a lingering and severe illness, Mr. James Long, Merchant.

#### STATIONARY, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms:

**WRITING PAPER** of all kinds, Drawing and colored Paper.

**BLANK BOOKS**, various sizes.

**SCHOOL BOOKS** of all kinds, and a variety of cheap Historical and other works, Children's Books.

Slates, Penknives, &c.

Also, 100 reams Printing Demy Paper; Writing do of various sizes, and a large assortment of Blank Cards.

November 4.

J. MUNRO.



### THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

(By the Right Rev. Bishop DOANE of New Jersey.)

Lift not thou the wailing voice;  
Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth;  
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,  
Ransomed now the spirit lieth:  
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth,  
Full the song of triumph swelleth:  
Freed from earth and earthly failing,  
Lift for her no voice of wailing,

Pour not thou the bitter tear;  
Heaven its book of comfort open;  
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,  
But as one who always hopeth:  
Humbly here in faith relying,  
Peacefully in Jesus dying,  
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,  
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

They who die in Christ are blest,  
Ours then be no thought of grieving;  
Sweetly with their God they rest,  
All their toils and troubles leaving:  
So be ours that faith that saveth,  
Hope that every trial braveth,  
Love that to the end endureth,  
And, through Christ the crown secureth.

**COLD WEATHER.**—As winter is fast approaching, and limbs will probably be frozen, we deem it an act of mere humanity, to give a few words of advice, which may probably save some fingers and toes, and the reader may be certain that we speak the words of experience.

Wear shoes, which will give the bones and muscles of the feet free play. The animal heat is sufficient unless at a very low temperature. Indian mocassins are still better. In dry weather, they are a perfect defence against cold; in wet, it is never cold enough to paralyze the system.

If you should chance to freeze a hand or a foot, never go nigh a fire to thaw it unless you wish to loose a finger or a toe. Stay till a tub of ice-cold water can be procured, and then plunge the frozen member into it. Then you will feel acute pain and lose the skin of the frozen part, perhaps the toe or finger nail—never mind—they will soon be renewed.

If, on the other hand, you thaw your frozen digits at a fire, they will shortly exhibit one black mass of corruption, the flesh will fall from the bone, and the dry bones will protrude, till mortification or the surgeon's knife removes them.

There is danger that mortification may take place even when a proper course of thawing has been used. In such a case, wear a loose glove or stocking, crammed as full of pulverized charcoal as it will hold. It is a most powerful anti-putrescent, and we have known it to prove efficacious in a great many instances.

If you freeze your nose or ears, apply a handful of snow to them. It is the sudden change of solid to fluid, that is dangerous. Fishes may be kept for years in a frozen state and be restored to life by a gradual thaw. We have more than once witnessed the fact. If the effect of cold should render you sleepy or apathetic, beware how you yield to your benumbed feelings, or you are gone. You may, perhaps, remember the case of Banks and Solander; lost and benighted in Terra del Fuogo—if not, we will give you an example of the danger of sleeping from the effects of cold from our personal experience.

Half a score years ago, a party of soldiers were descending Rum River on the ice. The day was intensely cold, and towards the close of it, a private was observed to lag behind. No notice was taken of this, as it was a thing of frequent occurrence, and the party proceeded to encamp. But when the night grew dark, and the straggler did not appear, all were in alarm. In the morning a few men went back to find the absentee. They found that the man had turned into the woods and had attempted to make a fire. He had stricken a spark, placed a handful of twigs upon it, and had knelt down to blow the flame. In this posture Death laid a cold hand upon him and the ravens had picked out his eyes. He was buried in his bent posture, and we saw the three volleys fire over him.—The same exertion which this man used to strike a light, would have enabled him to reach the camp, which was only a mile distant.

We once froze our feet, to all appearances stiff, to the ancles; but we did not run to the fire. On the contrary, we danced bare-foot in the snow, though there was no feeling, till cold water was obtained. When we put them into the tub, a thick scum of ice rose to the surface. We lost the skin and the nails but not a joint. We have never stood upon a warm foot since. The effect of one thorough freezing adheres forever.

Having lived years in a much colder climate than this, we have had some opportunity to study the operation of extreme cold, and if experience amounts to any thing, we can say that the precautions we have recommended are infallible.

**GETTING AHEAD.**—The New York Commercial noticing some fur caps exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, by Shuppard Brown, who received the silver medal last year, relates, as worth telling for encouragement to others, his brief history. He is a young man, and first engaged in the manufacture of skins and furs in 1832, with a respectable house in New York, receiving six dollars a month and his board. In 1833, his wages had got up to seven dollars and a half per week, but not content with this, he managed to borrow fifteen

dollars, which he laid out in skins. These he dressed and made into caps, in his leisure time, and sold them for one hundred and fifty dollars. Encouraged by this success, he made a great effort and succeeded in borrowing three hundred dollars, and commenced business on his own hook. In 1835, he dressed and worked up skins to the amount of seven thousand dollars, and this year his business will probably exceed fifty thousand dollars. So much for enterprise, skill and industry.

So late as 1784, an American vessel arrived at Liverpool, with eight bags of cotton, which were seized, under the belief that America did not produce that article; and now her produce is 300 millions of pounds, the greater part of which is consumed in Great Britain; and it is a remarkable fact that the native country of the Sea Island cotton is supposed to be Persia! The Carolina rice, which sells at 5d. per lb. whilst the best India rice sells at only 2 1-2d., originated in a single bag of East India rice given by Mr. C. Dubois, of the East India House, to an American trader. All the coffee of the West Indies originated in a single plant in the hot houses of Amsterdam. How pregnant are those examples—and how much may the act, even of an individual, change the face of a country.

### NOW PUBLISHING.

#### The Christian Gleaner,

(NEW SERIES)

An independent Religious Periodical.

THIS Work embodies at a cheap and accessible rate, much diversified information of the most important and interesting character—chiefly selected from a variety of Periodical and other works extensively circulating both in the old and new world. It has for its chief object in its selections—To expose the evils of sectarianism, and to promote in its stead, the union of all Christians upon a Scriptural foundation.—To incite to the knowledge, belief, and practice of the Apostles' doctrine—The restoration of primitive christianity.

The Christian Gleaner is published in monthly numbers, each containing 24 pages octavo on good paper—12 numbers to constitute a volume.—The price of a vol. 6s.

Subscriptions will be received at the Drug Store of Mr. John Naylor, at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. Mueckinlay, and Mr. John Munro and at the Printing Office of H. W. Blackadar.

Eight numbers already published to be had as above.

### H. W. BLACKADAR,

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

One door north of Mr. M'Donald's Tobacco-  
Manufactory, and nearly opposite

Bauer's Wharf.

☞ Pamphlets, Cards, Catalogues, Hand-  
bills, Blanks, and Printing in general, exe-  
cuted with neatness, and at a very cheap-  
rate.

October 21, 1839.