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All kinds of Job PRINTING will be executed at a cheap rate.

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NATURAL HISTORY.

CIVET.

This quadruped is two or three feet in length. The hair is long and of a brownish gray colour. It is a native of the warm parts of Asia and Africa. There are three species, all of which are provided with bags for the secretion of a musky perfume, which is very much esteemed, and forms a considerable article of commerce. The Civet is wild and fierce, and is never quite tamed, though many of them are bred for the sake of their perfume, particularly in Holland. It is light and active, and lives upon birds and small animals. It generally preys by night. The Javanese Civet and the Zibet both differ considerably from the common Civet in appearance.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR THOMAS MORE.*

Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England, was the son of Sir John More, judge of the King's-bench, and born in London in 1480. As soon as he came of age he obtained a seat in parliament, where he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry VII. with such force that it was refused by the house. At the accession of Henry VIII, he was called to the bar, and in 1508 appointed judge of the sheriff's court, in London, which was then a considerable post. By the interest of Wolsey he obtained the honor of knighthood, and a place in the privy council. In 1520 he was made treasurer of the exchequer, and in 1523 chosen speaker of the house of commons, where he resisted a motion for

an oppressive subsidy, which gave great offence to cardinal Wolsey. Sir Thomas was made chancellor in 1530, and by his indefatigable application in that office there was in a short time not a cause left undetermined. Sir Thomas wrote several pieces against the reformation, and epistles to Erasmus and other learned men. The best of his works is a kind of political romance, entitled, Utopia, which has been translated into English by Bishop Burnet.

THE ORPHAN OF BATTERSEA,

OR, THE JUDGEMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.*

(Continued.)

She rose the following morning with the melancholy conviction that no resource now remained but the wretched one of supplicating the alms of the charitably disposed in the streets and highways. Nothing but the imperative urgency of the case could have reconciled the meek and timid Dorothy to a mode of life so every way repugnant to her feelings. "We wept when we saw my dear mother laid in the cold and silent grave; but now I rejoice that she was spared the grief of seeing this day," said the sorrowful orphan, when she commenced her unwonted vocation, and experienced the bitter taunts of the pampered menials of the great, the rude repulses of the unfeeling, or the grave rebukes of the stern, but well-meaning moralists who, though they awarded their charity, accompanied their alms with reflections on the disreputable and lazy trade she had adopted. Some there were, indeed, who touched with the sweetness and modesty of her manners and appearance, spake the forlorn one kindly, relieved her present wants and bade her call again; but the number of these was comparatively small: and the bread which she earned so hardly for herself and aged relative, was literally speaking, wept in her tears. While pursuing her miserable occupation she sadly missed the company and caresses of the faithful Constant. "He would have been kind and affectionate," she said, "if all the world had frowned upon her. Her change of circumstances were no alteration in his regard; and, if she were in sickness or sorrow, and other children or scorned her, he appeared to double his endearments; and, while he was

by her side, she did not feel so very lonely — so that it is to be assured of the love of one friend, however humble." Sometimes, too, she thought she should feel less sorrowful if she were assured that he had fallen into good hands.

Meantime, days and weeks passed away, her cloths grew old and her shoes were worn out, and Dorothy, who was accustomed to appear so neat and nice in her attire, was reduced to the garb of the most abject misery; but, though barefoot and sorely pinched with cold and famine, she thought less of her own sufferings than of the privations to which her blind grandmother was exposed.

One evening, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and Dorothy had been begging all day without receiving a single penny in alms, neither had she tasted a morsel of food since a very early hour in the morning, her strength failed her; and, overcome by cold, hunger, weariness, and sorrow, she sat down on a heap of frozen snow by the wayside, and wept bitterly. The river Thames was then frozen over; and she had walked across it on the ice, and was now in the parish of Chelsea. She regretted that she had ventured so far from her home, for she was oppressed with fatigue; and, though she saw the trees and houses on the opposite shores of Battersea so near, she felt as if she could not reach them that night. A drowsy feeling, the fatal effects of cold and hunger combined, was stealing over her: she tried to rouse herself, "for," she faintly whispered to herself, "my poor grandmother will be so uneasy if I do not return; but then," she thought, "how senselessly I could go to sleep here, and forget all my troubles! I am now, only so very, very drowsy," and, though aware that, if she did yield to these lethargic feelings, her life would be the sleep of death, she required some stimulus, more powerful than even that conviction, to dispel the soporific influence of the deadly cold which had seized her tender frame, like a withering blight, and benumbed her faculties. But at the very moment when the shores of Battersea, with their snow-clad trees and houses, were fading before her closing eyes, and she was sinking passively and almost pleasingly into that slumber from which she would never have awaked, she was roused by a dog bounding suddenly upon her with a joyful cry, and licking her benumbed face and hands with the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

"Ah, my dear, dear Constant! is it you?" she exclaimed in an impulsive burst of delight at this unexpected rencontre. The icy bonds of the death-sleep that had enchained her were broken; and she returned the eager caresses of the faithful animal with the rapture of one who is suddenly restored to a long-lost friend: and, starting from the ground with renewed strength and spirits, she exclaimed, "I shall be able to reach home now I have found you, my pretty Constant, my own dear dog!"

"Your dog, hussey?" interposed a serving-man, rudely separating the re-united friends, "I'd have you know that this dog belongs to my Lady More, whose footman I have the honor to be."

"Indeed, indeed, it is my dog that was stolen from me, on the Knightsbridge-road, by a hard-hearted man," sobbed Dorothy; she was going to add, "just such a one as yourself," but she stopped short.

"And pray, my sweet mistress, may I ask how a beggar-wench, like yourself came in possession of a dog of such a rare and costly breed?" demanded the man with a sneer.

"He was given to me, when quite a puppy, by my sovereign lady, good Queen Catherine, who was ever gracious unto me," said she.

"Ho! ho! ho! was she so?" responded the man, bursting into an insulting laugh: "a likely tale, forsooth! you look like a Queen's minion, my mistress, do you not? Well, well, it is not a small lie that will choke you! Good night, my fair courtier, 'tis too cold to stand parleying with you on the matter." So saying, he laid violent hands on Constant; and, in spite of his resistance and Dorothy's tears and passionate remonstrances, he tucked him under his arm, and trudged off.

Cold, hunger, weariness, and dejection, were alike forgotten by the bereaved mistress of Constant at the prospect of a second separation from this faithful friend, whose affecting remembrance of her, after so long an absence, had endeared him to her more than ever; and, without a moment's hesitation, she followed the servant as quickly as her naked and lacerated feet could carry her over the frozen snow, till he arrived at the gates of Sir Thomas More's mansion, which she essayed to enter with him.

"Why, you saucy young jade!" exclaimed he, thrusting her back: "this is a pass of impudence beyond any thing I ever heard of! Don't you know that I am my Lady More's own footman, and Sir Thomas More, my Lady's husband, is the Lord High Chancellor of England?"

"I pray you then to bring me to the speech of her ladyship," said Dorothy, "for the higher she be, the more will it behove her to do me justice."

On this the serving-man, who was aware that his lady was a proud worldly woman,

and by no means likely to resign her favorite dog to a beggar-girl, laughed immoderately. Some of his fellow-servants, who were standing by, joined in his mirth, while others were so cruel as to address many jeering remarks to Dorothy on her appearance, all which she heard patiently, and meekly replied, "The fashion of her clothes was not her choice, but of her necessity, to which she prayed that none of those who reviled her might ever be exposed:" and, when none would undertake to bring her to the speech of Lady More, she seated herself on a stone at the gates of the court-yard, to wait for the appearance of some of the family, though she was exposed to the inclemency of the snow-storms, which beat on the uncovered head of the friendless orphan.

At length she heard the sound of wheels, and the servants came hastily to throw open the gates, crying, "Room, room, for my Lord Chancellor's coach;" and all the daughters of Sir Thomas More, with their husbands and children, came forth to welcome him, as was their custom; for that great and good man was very tenderly beloved of his family, to every member of which he was most fondly attached: yet, when he saw the half-naked child sitting so sorrowfully at his gate, he looked reproachfully upon them all, and said, "How now, have ye all learned the parable of Lazarus and Dives to so little purpose, that ye suffer this forlorn one to remain without the gates in such an evening that no Christian would turn a dog from the fire?"

"Noble Sir," said Dorothy, making a lowly reverence to Sir Thomas, "none of this good family vist of my distress, nor have I applied to them for an alms: the cause of my making bold to come hither was upon another matter, on which I beseech your worshipful Lordship to do me justice."

"Well, my little maiden, it is cold deciding on causes here," said Sir Thomas: "so thou shalt step into my kitchen with the servants; and, after thou art fed and warmed, I will hear thee on thy matter."

Now, though the words "fed and warmed" sounded pleasantly enough in the ears of the cold, half-famished child, yet her attachment to her dog prevailed over every other consideration, and she said, "Alack! noble Sir, though I stand greatly in need of your hospitable charity, yet would it be more satisfaction to me if you would be pleased to hear me forthwith on the matter of my dog, which is detained from me by one of my Lady More's serving men, under the false pretence that it belongeth to her ladyship."

"Go to, thou saucy vagrant! hast thou the boldness to claim my favorite dog before my face?" exclaimed a very sour-spoken and hard-favored old gentleman, whom Dorothy had not before observed.

"Craving your honorable Ladyship's

pardon, nay," replied Dorothy, curtseying, "I do not claim your ladyship's dog, for that would be a sin; but I demand my own to be restored to me, in which I hope I wrong no one, seeing he is mine own lawful property, which a false caiff took violently from me three months ago."

"That agreeth well with the time when your dog Sultan was presented to you, Mistress Alice," observed Sir Thomas significantly.

"Tilley-valley! tilley-valley!" ejaculated Lady More in a pet; that is ever the way in which you cross me, Sir Thomas, making out withal as though I were a receiver of stolen goods."

"Nay, patience, my lady; I went not so far as to decide the cause before I had heard both sides of the question, which it is my purpose to do without farther delay," returned Sir Thomas, smiling: "so follow me into court, both plaintiff and defendant, and I will give judgment between the parties before I sup;" and, with a merry air, he led the way into the servants' hall, where, placing himself in the housekeeper's chair, and; putting on his cap, he said, "Beggar versus my Lady, open the pleadings, and speak boldly."

But poor Dorothy, instead of speaking, hung down her head, and burst into tears.

"How! speechless!" said Sir Thomas: "then must the court appoint counsel for the plaintiff. Daughter Margaret, do you closet the plaintiff, hear her case, and plead for her."

To be continued.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

In our last Number, we spoke of several kinds of materials for writing upon. The article most employed for both writing and printing, and which is unquestionably the best adapted to general use, is PAPER. European or linen paper is made chiefly of linen rags; which after being sorted into different classes, according to their quality, are first carried to a machine, called the *cutting-table*, where they are cut into small shreds or pieces: from thence they are taken to an engine named the *duster*: which is covered with wire-net, and put in motion by machinery, so that by the violence of its motion it separates the dust from the shreds, and forces it through the wire. The rags are reduced to a pulp, or soft substance, in mills, by the joint action of water and cylinders set with iron blades; the stuff is then taken to a repository which supplies the vat, from whence the pulp is drawn to form sheets of paper. The workman has a mould made of wire-cloth set in a frame, the size of the sheet he wishes to make; this he plunges into the vat, and draws out as much pulp as is necessary for one sheet of paper, on which he lays a felt, to absorb the moisture, and thus places, alternately, a sheet and a felt, till he has formed six quires of paper. When

the last sheet is covered with a felt, the whole is pressed, after which the sheets are hung up on cords to dry. The next operation is sizing; which is done by plunging a few sheets together, and turning them in a vessel full of size, into which a small portion of alum is thrown. The paper is now carried to the drying-room, and after being gradually dried, is conveyed to the finishing-room, where it is pressed, selected, examined, formed into quires of twenty-four sheets, and finally into reams, consisting of twenty quires each. This is termed *writing paper*, and is adapted for this purpose by sizing.

There are various kinds of paper, such as blotting, brown, and coarse paper, which will not bear the ink. To these may be added, the different sorts of paper intended for drawing, engraving, or printing, which are not so highly sized as the paper intended for the pen.

Several vegetable substances have been tried as a substitute for linen rags in making paper, the best of which perhaps is barley straw: but the paper made from it will only serve for common purposes; and the unpleasant tinge which it gives, is very hurtful to the sight.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN REFUTED.—Every body knows that the veritable Baron Munchausen relates in his adventures in the polar regions, that sounds as they issued from the mouth were frozen, and remained icebound till the next thaw. The following remarkable refutation of this statement was mentioned by Mr Reid, the President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, before a Committee of the House of Commons: "Sir John Ross told me lately, when I met him in Dublin, that he had no difficulty in conversing at the distance of a mile in a still and silent atmosphere, which often occurs in the Polar regions. Lieut Brown has conversed at the distance of a mile, or upwards, across a frozen lake!" So opposite is this statement from the German Baron's that, as it is known sound increases as the squares of the distance diminish, the sound of the voice in those northern latitudes, even at the respectable distance of three yards, would be three hundred thousand times louder than necessary to be audible; and even during a hard frost the Baron would have been obliged to stop his ears to avoid the deafening sound; a whisper according to this calculation, must nearly equal the report of a canon! The Baron was a sad romancer.

CATCHING COLD.—It may seem a little contradictory that temporary local heat should procure cold, but it is nevertheless true. How soon a person who has been in too close a room, or too near the fire, gets cold and shivering, compared with one who has been in a colder apartment, at a greater distance from the fire, or in the open air. Half the colds and coughs with which

people are annoyed in the winter are owing to their winter habitations being too warm: and those complaints are far more frequent in towns than in the open places of the country. When people go hot into the cold air, the evaporation from the surfaces of their bodies is so rapid, as not only to make them feel cold and shiver, but if it be long continued, to close the little follicles of the skin, which, in the healthy states of the body, remove much of the waste matter that is unfit for the purposes of life; and thus that matter remains in the system, and acts as a poison. Washing with warm water in cold weather has much the same effect; and they who resort to that in order to avoid the temporary influence of the cold, thereby subject themselves to it for the whole day. In summer, warm water is a luxury and wholesome, and almost immediately a cooling luxury: but they who would escape chilblains and frost-biting should avoid it in winter.

Napoleon.—"The solitude of Napoleon in his exile and in his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon: Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizons of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality vanished like a dream. His life, which belonged to history, cooperated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him, can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent, their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downward from the planet of light, rests for a moment over ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe. Bonaparte crossed the ocean, in order to repair to final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens; stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellation sparkling over his head; his powerful glance for the first time encountered their rays. What to him were stars, which he had never seen from his dominions, and which had never shone for his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny: one half the firmament to enlighten his cradle, the other spread its light over his tomb." half reserved to illuminate his tomb." [Littérature.]

Those who are cleanly in their persons and houses, avoid many cutaneous diseases, malignant fevers and contagious influences, besides divers insects.

Unanimity is good at all times.

FOR THE MIRROR.

When life as opening bud, is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas, how hard it is to die.

When just, is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful th' n it is to die.

When one by one, the ties are torn,
And friend by friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die.

When faith is firm and conscience clear,
And words of peace, the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy—'tis triumph then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight
And fims, slow gathering dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

MARRIED.

At Chester, on Tuesday the 6th Dec. by the Rev. Dr. Shreve, Mr. John Davine, to Miss Elizabeth Graves; Mr. Philip Avolt, to Miss Fliza Bontellier. On the 12th, by the same, Mr. George Wm. Jolmore, to Miss Mary Ann Young; all of the Parish of St. Stephen's, Chester.

DIED.

Very suddenly, on Friday, the 16th inst. on the road to Prison, Walter Brown, aged 73 years, a coloured man. He deceased was on his way home from Halifax, driving an ox team, apparently in sound health, but fell down and expired without a groan or a struggle.

On Friday last, Mr. Alexander Mitchell, in the 89th year of his age, and old an respectable inhabitant of this Town, a native of Dundee, North Britain.

On Sunday evening, 25th inst. at 9 o'clock, Thomas Newell, youngest son of Mr. J. Lee.

On Sunday, Mr. Thomas Smith, in the 32d year of his age.

CARD.

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to his friends and the Public, for the liberal patronage which he has been favored since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he has entered into partnership with Mr. JOHN ENGLISH, and his connection with him will continue to be the same. PRINTING of all descriptions on the most reasonable terms, and with despatch.—The office is well provided with Type suitable for Hand-bills, Catalogues, Cards, Pamphlets, Circulars, Blanks, of every kind, &c. &c. H. W. BLACKADAR.

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DECEMBER.

Hark, my soul, the dying year
Softly whispers in thy ear:
"Child of earth, my sun descending,
"Tells me that my race is ending;
"Soon its latest glimmering ray
"Will to darkness die away,
"And my short existence be
"But on page of history."
As the sun of life declines,
And in clouded radiance shines,
By that sober light we view
What before we never knew,
Or if known, but left behind
Little impress on the mind:
Precious golden wealth of earth
Reckons up to little worth;
And we wonder we could chafe,
Ever eager in our race,
O'er the rough and tedious ways,
Through the long and winding maze,
Where we thought that we had seen
Pleasure's smiling fairy queen:
Disappointment heaves her sigh
O'er man's day of vanity.

When life's closing scene is nigh,
When we raise the languid eye,
And the hurrying moments tell
We must look a lust farewell,
Where affection's little hand
All in speechless sorrow stand;
Then the soul expands her wings,
Hovers high o'er earthly things,
And but sees or joy or pain,
Fears her loss or hopes her gain,
Where the pain no respite knows,
Where the joy for ever grows.

HINTS ON ECONOMY.

Perhaps with most of the society in large towns, there is a misrepresentation as to what part of our living costs the dearest. Almost every-body in making their calculations—seem to look entirely at the list of catables, as if those were all that would cost money. We have had some opportunity for observation, and we hesitate not to say that the mere catables for a family, do not, in ~~any~~ make up one of the largest items of family ~~expense~~. Fuel at present is a large item. The ~~cost~~ for clothing with many, especially with those ~~of~~ keeping up appearances is the largest ~~item~~. And last, though not least—is the sum of ~~the~~ nameless little expenditures, for nameless little trifles, which in the course of a year often amount to a large sum. We once had the liberty of looking over the expense book of a family, whose whole expenses for the year were rising 500 dollars—and were not a little surprised to find that the little things, which cost 12-2 cents or less, amounted to about the same as all the other expenditures, —notwithstanding the groceries were bought by the quantity.

How shall we economize?

1. As to FOOD.—Buy the best kind, and when practicable, by the quantity; and never cook a new dish till the last has

been entirely eaten. Some families waste more than they eat, and we are pretty sure that the economy in the matter of food does not depend so much upon the buying as upon the spending of it. ☞ WATER for drink is the cheapest, and we think the best.

II. FUEL.—Make special effort to be informed as to the best means of warming your room, and of retaining all the heat produced; then procure your stove or grate, or whatever else—and be content to use it without a change, till it is worn out. More money is often spent in changes and alterations, than the fuel itself costs. ☞ Do not forget in cold days to keep the doors shut.

III. CLOTHING—Dress decently; may well—but never dress gaudily. And when you have once got a suit of clothes wear them out; even though the fashion should change two or three times during the period. Fashion! what a word alongside of Economy! Fashion! Economy! look at them, and do not forget that one is death to the other. A good surtout—or a nice shawl is just as warm a thing, whether the one be blue or brown; or the other be white, red, or 'Scotch plaid.' It will make but little difference 50 years hence to any of us, how our coats were cut, or our dresses made in A. D. 1838!

IV. SMALL MATTERS—Have a purse sufficiently tight to hold four-penny-bits with strings on it; and do not forget that sixteen of these pieces make a dollar. Therefore take care of them. Let it be understood that you do not often condescend to 'small things'—and your 'small matters' will be small indeed.

"IS SHE ENGAGED?" is a question not unfrequently mooted touching interesting young ladies. It's a pity some generally received sign, bearing upon the question, could not be adopted by the sex. It would satisfy a very natural curiosity and might not be to the disadvantage of the ladies. In a dissenting Chapel in England, a foreigner noticed the ladies' boxes on their benches oddly arranged, some on the left and others on the right side, while others were directly in front. It was found on enquiry, that, married ladies had the box on the right side, young maidens on the left, and those ~~engaged~~ wore them on the front of their benches. A manifestation of this kind, would ~~surely~~ much needless solicitude and anxious enquiry, among those gentlemen who are candidates for ~~marriage~~.

MANNERS.—I make it a point of morality never to find fault with a man for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All ~~men~~ have not the advantages of good society as it is called, to school them in all its fantastic rules and ce-

remonies; and if there is any standard of manners, it is founded in reason and good sense, and not upon those artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation should be extemporaneous, not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same congealing of body and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation, "How are you my old friend."

The faithful in Scripture are compared often to trees, which, though they be well rooted, yet may be shaken; and to Noah's ark, which though it was a safe harbour, yet it was tossed; and to an house built on a rock, which, though it be firm, and cannot be moved, yet it may be removed; and to the stars, which, though they be heavenly, yet are twinkling; and among them, much so the moon, which, with her light, hath yet some dark spots.

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