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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

OL. I.]

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1835.

[No. 2.]

PROSPECTUS OF A PERIODICAL, TO BE ENTITLED THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

The Subscriber proposes to publish under the above title, a weekly paper in this Town. It is customary in announcing undertakings of this sort to the public, to give some hint as to their intended character, the proprietor will do in the present instance, depart from the general rule.

The proposed publication will not be devoted to Politics, or to such articles as range under the denomination of News, the Weekly News papers already established in this place being sufficient for these purposes; but it will rather be the view of the publisher to afford to his readers (especially the Juvenile part of them,) articles in Miscellaneous Literature, and selections of an amusing and interesting description. His maxim will be to blend the useful with the agreeable, and having received the promise of assistance from several literary friends, he feels confident that he will be enabled to redeem this pledge.

The *Weekly Mirror* will be neatly printed in a Quarto form. Terms—Five shillings yearly or Three Shillings for six months. To Subscribers in the Country, the numbers will be forwarded in monthly parts, at six and three pence per ann. The price of this publication being so very low, the subscriber cannot prudently proceed with it, unless subscriptions are paid in advance. The first number will probably appear in the early part of this month.

A Title page and Index will be given at the completion of each volume.

JAMES BOWES.

Halifax, January 1, 1834.

Communications for the *Weekly Mirror*, and Names of Subscribers may be left at Mr. George Phillips', Book Binder, opposite the north east corner of Dalhousie College.

LITERARY.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN OF TALENT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.
CONCLUDED.

In the Recollections of Wordsworth we had related the affront which led to Hogg's caricature of Wordsworth's style, an offence which shut out the Shepherd from the society of the amiable poet of the Lakes.

"This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus:—

"It chanced one night, when I was here, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfec-

tion; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking, in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it.

Now, be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincy, and myself, were present, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—"Hout, me'em! it is neither mair nor less than jost a treumpthal airc'h, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets." "That's not amiss.—Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincy's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets? what does the fellow mean?—Where are they?" "Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth; as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-way at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The 'Where are they?' was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincy was leeing, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words."

Appended to this anecdote is a characteristic observation on the poetry of Wordsworth.

"It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottos and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are, the Old Testament, Shakspeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth, and, strange to say, the 'Excursion' abounds most in them."

Just reproof, well timed, is a greater proof of friendship than even just commendation a little out of season.

EDUCATION.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornament—a cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I

have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran into the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uneducated persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them.—Addison.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW PRECEPT;

Or, the Eleventh Commandment.

The eminent Archbishop Usher, being once on a visit in Scotland, heard a great deal of the piety and devotion of the famous Mr. Samuel Rutherford, who, he understood, spent whole nights in prayer, especially before the Sabbath. The bishop wished much to witness such extraordinary downpouring of the spirit; but was utterly at a loss how to accomplish his design. At length it came into his mind to dress himself like a pauper; and on a Saturday evening, when it was turning dark, he called at Mr. Rutherford's house, and asked if he could get quarters for a night, since he could go to no other house at so late an hour for that purpose. Mr. Rutherford consented to give the poor man a bed for a night, and desired him to sit down in the kitchen, which he did cheerfully. Mrs. Rutherford, according to custom on Saturday evening, that her servants might be prepared for the Sabbath, called them together and examined them. In the course of examination that evening, she asked the stranger how many commandments there were? To which he answered eleven. Upon receiving this answer, she replied, "What a shame it is for you! a man with grey hairs, living in a Christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child of six years old in this parish but could answer this question properly." She troubled the poor man no more, thinking him so very ignorant; but lamented his condition

to her servants; and after giving him some supper, desired a servant to show him up stairs to a bed in a garret. This was the very situation in which he desired to be placed, that he might hear Mr. Rutherford at his secret devotion. However, he was disappointed; for that night that good man went to bed, but did not fall asleep for some hours. The stranger did not go to bed, but sat listening, always hoping to hear Mr. Rutherford at prayer; and at length concluding that all the family were asleep, the bishop thought if he had been disappointed of hearing another offering up his desires to God at the throne of grace, he would embrace the opportunity himself, and poured out his heart to God with so much liberty and enlargement, that Mr. Rutherford, immediately below, overheard; and getting up, put on his clothes. Should this have awakened Mrs. Rutherford, she could have suspected nothing of his design, seeing he rose commonly every day at three o'clock in the morning; and if she could have heard one at prayer afterwards, she would naturally have concluded it was her husband. Mr. Rutherford went up stairs, and stood waiting at the garret-door till the bishop concluded his devotion; upon which he knocked gently at the door, and the other opened it with surprise, thinking none were witness to his devotion. Mr. Rutherford took him by the hand, saying, "Sir, I am persuaded you can be none other than Archbishop Usher; and you must certainly preach for me to-day, being now Sabbath morning. The bishop confessed who he was; and after telling Mr. Rutherford what induced him to take such a step, said he would preach for him, on condition that he would not discover who he was. Happy union of souls, although of different persuasions yet not marvellous; God makes but two distinctions among mankind, the righteous and the wicked.

Mr. Rutherford furnished the bishop with a suit of his own clothes, and early in the morning he went out to the fields; the other followed him, and brought him in as a stranger minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him. Mrs. Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast, the family went to the kirk, and the bishop had for his text (John xiii. 34.) "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another;" a suitable subject for the occasion. In the course of his sermon, he observed that this might be reckoned the eleventh commandment: upon which Mrs. Rutherford said to herself, "that is the answer the poor man gave me last night;" and looking up to the pulpit, said, "It cannot be possible that this is he!" After public worship, the strange minister and Mr. Rutherford spent the evening in mutual satisfaction; and

FOR THE MIRROR.

Mr. BOWES,

Sir,—As little attention has been paid by the periodicals already established in Halifax, to furnishing "useful and entertaining knowledge," for the instruction of the juvenile portion of the community, I feel happy to observe that you have announced your intention of devoting a part of "The Weekly Mirror" to instructive and interesting selections, expressly for their perusal. This will stimulate genius, encourage talent, and promote industry among our youth in the pursuit of knowledge.

It has been found in older countries, that the useful information afforded by cheap publications have been productive of the most pleasing and salutary reforms in the general tone of society. The minds of the young have been filled with a spirit for literary research, and the seeds of knowledge implanted therein, which will ripen into maturity as they ripen, and spread the offspring of their fruitful foliage, over the barren and uncultivated soil.

The cheapness of your publication, Mr. Bowes, will enable such young persons as are apprentices, to purchase it, (where there are three or four in one shop,—it would be but a trifle among them—were they to join in taking it weekly,) and enrich their minds with the useful information of its pages.

We have many examples of the great and innumerable blessings conferred upon man by those valuable publications which are yearly issuing from the Press of the Mother Country. The people there are, in general, very intelligent and well informed, and this is owing to the swelling flood of cheap periodicals that is inundating the country—and washing away from their minds those black stains which bigotry and superstition have imprinted. In the United States, publications of all names and descriptions, devoted to literature and science, are daily springing into existence, and shedding the rays of knowledge and wisdom over the land. Shall Nova-Scotia, then, remain last in the walks of literature and science? If not, what will tend to her advancement in those points, more than the diffusion of cheap juvenile publications? Let us encourage them,—they give an impetus to the taste of the young for reading.

I trust, Sir, you will succeed in your undertaking; and sincerely hope that an enlightened public will consider the propriety of giving to their children to read, "Useful and Entertaining Knowledge"—instead of pampering them up with love-tales and romances—which too often prove ruinous and destructive to their moral principles.

I remain, Sir,

Your's truly,

N—.

Halifax, Jan. 20; 1835.

HALIFAX, January 23, 1835.

The proprietor of the Mirror has found it convenient to alter the day of its publication. It will be issued in future on FRIDAY, instead of Wednesday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our paper being in type before we received the communication from "Zamia," it will appear next week. "Z." is admissible.

From the Halifax Journal.

Mr. MUNRO,

I trouble you with the following quotations, because the first is beautifully simple, and fit for the very prayer of innocent Childhood—the second, may warn us against that hypocrisy which, in the best of us, pollutes the purity of life, and abuses that truth of character which is so inherently beautiful—The next should remind us; that there are treasures, which if indeed laid up in heaven, will never rust or canker there.—The last teaches us, to seek for comfort not in the mere locality of the situation in which Providence may place us, but in that inward government and mind which minister true comfort.—It is indeed our feelings which usually

"Give the tone,
To whatever we look upon."

ORION.

From the "Doctor."

The following beautiful lines are offered as having been written by a little girl on her sampler:—

Jesus permit thy gracious name to stand,
As the first effort of an infant hand;
And as her fingers on her sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to feel thy love;
With thy dear children may she have a part
And write thy name thyself, upon her heart."

"All men and women are verily as Shakespeare has said of them, merely players—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen any where except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life.

That which is of the earth, earthly perishes with wealth, rank, honors, authority, and the earthly and perishable things. But nothing that is worth retaining can be lost.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere; and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones.—Every where you may find the selfish and the sensual; the careless and careless; the cunning and the credulous; the working and the reckless.—But kind hearts are also every where to be found—right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues."

Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it least it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flayed with vice.

on Monday morning the former went in the dress he came in, and was not covered.

the name of the present month January, derived from Janus, a heathen god having faces, the one looking before, the other behind. The moral is good,—it teaches us, at the commencement of the year we should reflect on the past and prepare for the future.

FOR THE MIRROR.

Scene and arrival in Demerara in 1829.

The splendid view that presented itself of George Town and surrounding country, was a spectacle which shall not easily be forgotten. The ships of war and the East-India merchantmen were dressed, and their yards manned, and salutes fired. This was delightful and noisy, but common; though such a sight as the cannon presented, very few have ever witnessed.—The wharves—inbeats—on posts—on house tops—rough doors and windows, in short, wherever a human foot could stand, was one huge mass of black faces. It will, I doubt not, be allowed, that this scene was something new and strange to an European landing, and the object of which he could not fully comprehend. Before landing it was whispered amongst the passengers, that the inhabitants of the island were in open rebellion; however, fate decreed otherwise, as on our landing, we were made to understand that the Lord Bishop of Barbadoes had arrived, and therefore we quitted the margin of the river, the barge in which he was, passed slowly along. The emotions of the multitude were truly tremendous; they instantly drew up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs; they danced, jumped, and rolled on the ground; they sang, and screamed—shouted and roared, till the whole surface of the place appeared to become one vast grin of pleasure. Then they gave vent to a thousand wild exclamations of joy and passionate congratulations, uttered with such vehemence, that, new as it was to me, it made me shudder, until I was in a measure restored by a chorus of negro girls in these words. "De Bissop is come again; de bissop is come! He is coming to marry us all."

The Lieutenant-Governor issued a proclamation, commanding all the Members of the Court of Policy and other inhabitants of George Town, to meet at the Town Council Room, to congratulate the Lord Bishop on his arrival among them. The meeting accordingly took place, and during the ceremony, one of the sons of Africa got rather obstreperous, which called for this report from one of the peace-makers, "Silence there! what de matter wid you, what for you make all dat dere noise? Me no tand dat sort of ting—Quaco you one—rascal nega—me take away your cullasse, ya savey da? what for you make de noise? Because you nasty, drunk wid rum—You ought be shamed, me no here massa Bissop wid noise; now de Bissop is come—de King send him from him home na England to take care of us all, he is very much gentleman, and he de King send all de parson—He savey every ting yourself Your wife and your piccaniny do, so Quaco you better no drink rum any more, me done wid you now."

This harangue, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, produced a great effect, and a murmur of applause arose from the assembled black audience. The Bishop then addressed them, and the Governor laid down the law civiliter, so he spake to them spiritually; his manner was really affectionate and impressive, his subject simple and cogent, and he concluded by solemnly blessing, in the name of God, the whole congregation.—They all listened and stared, and was as ignorant of the nature of the address and what was going on, as they were to the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies in France.

VERITAS.

Fresh Water Bridge, Jan. 20.

POETRY.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with resplendent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, tho' scarce with grass o'er grown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey,
To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer.

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
' And if we had, we would not waste."

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
' And will not eat what'er I say,
' Though sure I am the bread's her own,
' And she has tasted none to day."

"Indeed (the wan starv'd Mary said)
' Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
' For yesterday I got some bread;
' He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' deprived of speech—
Isilent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-clod hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart.—

"Before my father went away,
' Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
' Sister and I did nought but play—
' We liv'd beside yon great ash tree."

"And then poor mother did so cry,
' And look'd so chang'd, I cannot tell,
' She told us that she soon should die,
' And bad us love each other well."

"She said that when the war is o'er,
' Perhaps we might our father see;
' But if we never saw him more,
' That God our father then would be."

"She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
' And we no more a mother have—

' Here many a day we sat and cried
' Together on poor mother's grave.

' But when our father came not here,
' I thought if we could find the sea,
' We should be sure to meet him there,
' And once again might happy be.

' We hand and hand went many a mile,
' And ask'd our way of all we met,
' And some did sigh, and some did smile,
' And we of some did victuals get.

' But when we reach'd the sea, and found,
' 'Twas one great water round us spread,
' We thought that father must be drown'd,
' And cried and wish'd us both were dead.

' So we return'd to mother's grave,
' And only long with her to be!

' For Goody, when this bread she gave,
' Said father died beyond the sea.

' Then since no parents have we here,
' We'll go and seek for God around,
' Lady, pray can you tell us where
' That God, our father, may be found.

' He lives in Heaven, mother said,
' And Goody says that mother's there;
' So if she thinks we want his aid,
' I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, come both and live with me—
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God will be your father still.
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

VARIETIES.

HONOUR.

At Madrid, Signor, Alvarez and Don Lopez, two Spanish gentlemen, happened in a public place to enter into a warm dispute; one hot word produced a hotter, and contradictions begot one another like Jews. Signor A., finding his blood grow hot, thought the readiest way to cool it was to let out some of Don Lopez's; accordingly he caught up something and broke his head. On this the debate ended; and instead of urging his argument any farther, drew his sword, which example was followed by the whole company. The two disputants put themselves into a posture of defence, and began a treaty sword in hand. On this their friends found, that on a proper mediation a peace might be concluded, if they could hit on an expedient to adjust some punctilios of honor. They disarmed the two antagonists, and leaving them under the care of two or three friends, the rest retired to argue the point. Many salvos and punctilios were found out, yet none satisfactory in the judgment of their mutual friends; this would too much derogate from the honour of Alvarez, that was not equivalent to the affront Don Lopez had received;

at last Signor Carmillo told the company, that a short memory was no more a reflection on a man of honor than a man of wit; therefore, if their two friends would forget all that was past, the thing was at once adjusted. The proposal was universally applauded, and two persons despatched to whisper it separately to the parties concerned, which they immediately came into; upon this, Lopez and Alvarez were sent for in, and they entered hand in hand, smiling on each other. Alvarez, addressing himself to Camillo, said it had been reported he had struck Don Lopez on the head; but he came there to do himself and the brave Don, justice, declaring upon his honor he remembered no such accident. "And you may depend on it," cried Lopez, "if I had remembered any such thing, which, if true, I could never have forgot, I would have righted myself before now with the blood of my adversary; but Signor Alvarez is my very worthy friend and a man of honor." By this punctilio their lives were saved, and their courage and memory set on an equality.

NINE PINS.—The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every Parliament, who were facetiously called, "Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House long and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering? "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lonsdale's nine pins."

DRUNKENNESS.—What is it that saps the morals of youth, kills the germ of generous ambition—desolates the domestic hearth—renders families fatherless—dishonoured graves? Drunkenness. What makes a man shunned by the relatives who loved him—contemned by the contemporaries who outstripped him—reviled by the very wretches who betrayed him? Drunkenness. What fills asylums with lunatics—crowds ponds and rivers with suicides—our jails with thieves and murderers?—The same destructive vice. He who by precept, whether oral or written, shall succeed in rendering drunkenness detestable, and sobriety an unviolated virtue throughout the land, will confer on the humbler classes of society a boon beyond all price.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope, neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

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