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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BURYING BEETLE.

A foreign naturalist gives a very interesting account of the industry of this insect. He had often remarked that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of three or four days, often in twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in the garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it had been buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving any thing particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcase for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half filled with earth and properly secured, and upon the surface of the earth two frogs. In less than twelve hours, one of the frogs was interred by the two beetles: the other two run about the whole day as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried.— He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day in the morning the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening, it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of

this experiment was that in fifty days four beetles had interred, in the very small space allotted to them, twelve carcases: viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days.

THE MIRAGE.

The Rev. T. H. Horne observes:—To be thirsty in a desert, without water, exposed to the burning sun without shelter, and no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain: the eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell; a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brains appear to grow thick and inflamed. All these feelings arise from the want of a little water. In the midst of all this misery, the deceitful morasses appear before the traveller at no great distance, something like a lake or river of clear fresh water.

If perchance a traveller is not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner: the more he advances towards it, the more it recedes from him, till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks, where the water is he saw at no great distance? He can scarcely believe that he was so deceived; he protests that he saw the waves running before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water.

The phenomenon, here described, is produced by a diminution of the density of the lower stratum of the atmosphere, which is caused by the increase of heat, arising from that communicated by the rays of the sun to the sand with which this stratum is in immediate contact.

This phenomenon existed in the great desert of Judea, and is expressly alluded to by the sublime and elegant Isaiah, chap. xxxv. 7, who, when predicting the blessings of the Messiah's spiritual kingdom, says, "The glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty soil bubbling springs."—*Bp. Lowth's Translation.* And it is not improbable, that Jeremiah refers to the serab or mirage, when, in pouring forth his complaint to God for mercies deferred, he says, "Wilt thou be altogether unto me as waters that be not sure?" (marginal reading of Jeremiah, chap. xv. 18.) that is, which have no reality.

Professor Paxton observes:—Often as the thirsty traveller pursues his journey, a broad expanse of water, clear as crystal, seems to open to his view; and, faint and weary under the fierce sunbeam, he gazes

on the unexpected relief with ineffable delight, and fondly anticipates a speedy termination to his present distress. He sees the foremost camels enter the lake, and the water dashed about by their feet. He quickens his pace, and hastens to the spot; but to his utter disappointment the vision disappears, and nothing remains but the dry and thirsty wilderness.

Rae Wilson remarks.—

About three o'clock I perceived the turrets and sycamore trees of Rosetta, at which time I found myself greatly exhausted from oppressive heat and fatigue; and, like other travellers, was deceived by the mists and apparitional lake* so celebrated under the name of the mirage or *alscrab*, the illusory lake of the desert, which, even at a very short distance, had the most perfect resemblance to a vast sheet of water, with trees planted in it at certain distances, and reflecting every surrounding object as a mirror. We fancied this watery wilderness to be an insurmountable barrier to our reaching Rosetta, and that our guide had mistaken the proper track through the desert; but as we advanced, the supposed lake and its objects vanished: so powerful was the optical delusion. This prospect is at first sight cheering, but ultimately is most delusive. The traveller quickens his steps to reach the place where he hopes to quench his thirst, and feels the bitterness of disappointment; in truth, an *ignis fatuus* is not more tantalizing. Even swallows in great numbers swim over these imaginary pools. This singular phenomenon is in all probability that which is alluded to by the Prophets and psalmist; and it may serve to point out how false are the objects pursued by men of the world, and how like these streams of the desert.

THE SMOKY CHIMNEY.

Abel Graves was a hard working man, and his wife was a decent woman, and each was disposed to add to the comfort of the other; but though they did all they could, they had a sad enemy to their peace, which often disturbed them. This was none other than a smoky chimney, which so continually annoyed them, that they were frequently as peevish as though they had a delight in provoking each other. When Abel came home at night and would have enjoyed his meal in a clean house, and by a bright fire, he had to listen a full hour, to the complaints of his wife, who declared to sit in such a smoke as she did, all day long, was unbearable. Abel thought it bad enough to endure the smoky chimney, but to bear at the same time a scolding from his wife, for what he knew not how to avoid, troubled him sadly, and many a

half-hour did he sit brooding over his troubles, and contriving how he could cure this smoky chimney.

One night when the smoke was making its way in every direction, except up the chimney, and Abel was puzzling his brain, and trying to hit upon some plan to lesson the evil, a neighbour of his, a slater, popped his head in at the door. "Abel, said he, "you are in a pretty smother, and so you are likely to be, until you place a slate or two at the top of your chimney, to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When the neighbour was gone, Abel Grave determined that on the morrow he would do as he had been advised, and put some tiles on the top of his chimney.

By the time he had made this resolution, another neighbour, a glazier, made his appearance. "Master Grave," said he, "why your chimney gets worse and worse. I tell you what, you may try a hundred schemes, but none of them will do till you put a whirl-a-gig in your window. That is what you want, and you will have no peace till you get one."

Away went the neighbour, and Abel began to think about a whirl-a-gig in his window, but was a little puzzled whether to try the whirl-a-gig or the tiles.

"Hallo! Abel," shouted a third neighbour, a bricklayer who was passing by, "here's a pretty smother! I suppose you mean to smoke us all out."

"No, no!" said Abel, "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself, to wish to torment anybody else with it; nobody knows what a trouble it is to me."

"Why, now replied his neighbour, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured directly. I was plagued just in the same manner, but a few bricks put all to rights, and now, I have no trouble with the chimney at all."

This account set Abel Grave off a wool-gathering once more, and whether to put slates at the top, to brick up closer the bottom of the chimney, or to have a whirl-a-gig in the window, he did not know.

He mused on the matter before he went to bed, woke two or three times in the night, and pondered it over, yet when he got up in the morning, he was as little decided as ever.

Just as he was about to set off to his work, old Abraham Ireland came by. Now Abraham had the character of being a shrewd, sensible old man, which character he well deserved, so that he was often consulted in difficult cases.

Abel, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said he, "about my chimney, for it is the plague of my very life, it smokes so sadly."

"What have you done to it?" inquired old Abraham.

"Why, as to that," replied Abel, "I have done nothing at all but fret about it,

for one tells me to do one thing, another another. The slater tells me to stick some slates at the top; the glazier advises me to have a whirl-a-gig in the window; and the bricklayer says nothing will do but bricking up the chimney closer; and so, among so many different opinions, I am more puzzled about it than ever."

"There may be some sense in what they all say," said Abraham, pondering the matter, "and if I found it necessary, I would take the advice of all three. Suppose," said he, "you tried the first which is the easiest to do; put a slate or two at the top, and if that will not do, have a whirl-a-gig in the window, and if both of them will not cure the smoke, why then brick up the chimney a little closer. The next best thing to that of knowing what will cure a smoky chimney is, to know what will not cure it, and you are sure to find out one or the other."

No sooner was old Abraham gone, than Abel went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time, had put the slates on the chimney-top. When Abel returned from his work at night, his wife told him that the house had not smoked quite so bad as it did before, but that, still it was not fit for any human creature to live in.

Next morning Abel went to the glazier, who in the course, of the day, put a ventilator in the window, which many people call the whirl-a-gig. This mended the matter surprisingly. Abel was pleased to find so much improvement, but as the smoke still did not go right up the chimney he set off to the bricklayer, who, the following morning, bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draught quicker, so that when Abel once more returned home, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire, a good-tempered wife, and a house as little troubled with smoke as any house in the parish.

"Well, Abel," said old Abraham Ireland, who had called to know how the improvements were going on, "you and your wife are able to see one another now."

Abel told him what he had done, and that his chimney was quite cured.

"I am right glad of it," replied Abraham, very heartily; and the next time you get into a difficulty, instead of wasting your time and fretting over it, and snarling with your wife, listen to the advice of others, weigh it in your mind, think on the most likely means to get rid of your trouble. and proceed directly to put it in practice; for this plan will cure a thousand troubles, quite as well as a smoky chimney.

"So was FRANKLIN."—"O you're a 'prentice," said a little boy the other day, tauntingly, to his companion. The addresser turned proudly around, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered, "So was Franklin."

The motto of our infantile philosopher contains too much to be forgotten, and should be engraved on the minds of all,

What can better cheer a man in humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and best of earth—the greatest statesmen—the brightest philosophers and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession?

Look at Cincinnatus? At the call of his country he laid aside the plough and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay—he "beat his sword into a plough share," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was a farmer; next a commander-in-chief of the host of freedom—fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression; next, called to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a President of the largest republic on earth; and lastly, a farmer again.

Look at FRANKLIN! He who "With the thunders talked as with a friend, And waved his garland of the lightning's wing. In sportive twist."

What was he! a PRINTER! once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face, but her blank, hollow look could not daunt him.—He struggled through a harder current than most are called to encounter—but he did not yield. He passed manfully onward, bravely buffetting misfortune's billows, and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous Ben Johnson? He was first a brick-layer or mason! What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer.

But shall we go on, and call up in proud array all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died, who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received their first lesson in the school of affliction? Nay, we have cited instances enough already—more than enough to prove the point in question;—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointment well nigh sink your despairing soul! Have courage! Mighty ones have been predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark!

Do you despise your honorable stations—and repine that you are not placed in some nobler sphere! Murnur not against the dispensation of an all-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth; that riches dishonestly gained are a lasting curse; that virtue and uprightness work out a rich reward; and that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And when dark disappointment comes, don't wither at her stare; but press forward

and the prize is yours! It was thus with Franklin; it can be thus with you. 'Tis well worth contending for, and success may attend you; and the "stars" will be brighter than the "stripes."—*Record of Genius.*

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

"At a public house in Scotland a soldier stopped to take some refreshment. He was ushered into a room where the landlord happened to be making merry with some neighbors, and the soldier being a man of wars and travels, he highly entertained them with stories. At length one of the most inquisitive Highlanders asked him what was the most cruel sight he had ever seen in his life. He answered he had seen many a revolting sight, but something connected with the massacre of Glencoe beat them all! and there he saw fifteen men bound hand and foot, then placed side by side on a bench, and sixteen musket-balls fired through their stout hearts! Upon this the landlord took an occasion to go out, and beckoned one of his neighbours to follow.

"I now understand," said he, "that this red coat was at the murder of my father, for he was one of those sixteen men; I am resolved to run him through with my dirk this instant." "Agreed my brave Donald, said the neighbour, but first let him entertain us with more of his adventures." They went in together, sure of their prey, requested him to continue his narrative.

"About dawn," continued he, "we were under orders to quit Glencoe, passing by a brook, we heard the scream of a child. The captain said to me, "Go, Duncan, destroy that child if it be a male, if a female spare it." I found a decent looking woman forcing a corner of a blanket in which it was wrapt into its mouth, to prevent it crying and thus to save it. My heart melted with pity—I told the captain it was a female child."

Upon this the landlord exclaimed, "I was that infant, in my mother's lap! often has she told me the tale with tears of gratitude! I had a little while ago resolved to slay you; but now, put of that red coat, and be as one of my brothers forever!" So saying, he called his aged mother and related the circumstance to her, who was sensibly affected at having the deliverer of her child pointed out to her. His discharge from the regiment was purchased, and he is now an inmate and faithful servant in the employ of the inkeeper.

THE MONTHS—No. 10.

October was called by the Saxons "wyn monath," or wine month, it being the season for making their domestic wines. The weather is generally clear and settled. The temperature of the atmosphere is gradually subsiding to coldness. The gradual manner in which the seasons advance & retire deserves

our admiration and praise.—We calculate on the return of the seasons, and provide, with respect to clothing, food, &c. accordingly.—The trees now assume the rich livery of autumn; as the season advances, the colours become more rich and diversified.

"The fading many colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark."

One particular circumstance, connected with the present season, ought not to be overlooked; it is, that the falling of the leaf indicates not the death, but the life of the tree. If a branch is broken or cut off, while in full leaf, or struck by lightning, the leaves wither, but remain on. To produce the natural fall of the leaf, the branch must live while its leaves die, and are thrown off by the retreat of the sap, and the contraction of the sap vessels.—Hence in a transplanted tree, if the leaves that were on it at the time of its removal drop clean off, there is reason to believe that the sap has retreated to the root, and will put forth, with renewed vigour, on the return of spring; but if the withered leaves still cling to the tree, there is reason to apprehend that it is dead.

The attentive observer may now find abundant source of admiration, in noticing the various ways in which the seeds of the vegetable kingdom are dispersed, and their future propagation provided for. Many are furnished with plumes or wings, and are spread far and wide by the wind; others, lay hold of whatever passes them, and are carried to distant places. In some parts of England this month is particularly chosen, on account of its mild temperature, for the brewing of malt liquor designed for long keeping, which is therefore called *OLD OCTOBER*.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1835.

The New-York American has the following paragraph:—

Halley's Comet was observed by Professor Anderson, of Columbia College, on the morning of Saturday, the 19th, a little before 2 o'clock, visible to the naked eye, and again this morning still more distinctly, about the same hour. It may be readily seen as he informs us, with an ordinary opera glass, by any one who knows its place. It should be looked for in a range with two stars of the third magnitude, in the knees of the Twins, and as much above the higher stars as that is above the lower. About 1 o'clock this Constellation may be seen a little to the north of the eastern part of the heavens.

The Astronomical Hoax Explained.—The town has been agape two or three days

at the very ingenious astronomical hoax, prepared and written for the Sun newspaper, by Mr. Locke, formerly the police reporter of the Courier and Enquirer. Mr. Locke, is an Englishman by birth, is a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, and was intended for the church.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is rather singular that the news from the Moon should have made its appearance in the Sun.

His Majesty's Ship La Pique sailed from Quebec on the 17th inst. for England. Lieutenant-General Lord Aylmer and Lady Aylmer were Passengers in her.

H. M. S. President was expected to leave Quebec for this Port on the 23d inst.

MARRIED—

At Philadelphia, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. David W. Bardine, Mr. William Ryall formerly of Saint John's Newfoundland, to Isabella Ann, youngest daughter of the late, Mr. Hugh Blackadar, of this town.

Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Rector of St. George's, Mr. Edwin Clarke, to Miss Mary Westray, second daughter of Captain John Stairs.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Mr. Henry G. Laurilliard, to Miss Margaret Matilda, third daughter of the late Mr. John Rogers, of this place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. James Alexander Haverstock, to Miss Maria Hilpert, both of this place.

DIED—

On Saturday last, Henry Green, youngest son of Mr. William Morton, of this town, aged 2 years.

Monday morning, Richard Fenerty, in the 25th year of his age, son of the late Thomas Fenerty.

WILL BE PUBLISHED

On or before Saturday, the 17th instant, AN ANSWER

To the Rev. THOMAS TAYLOR'S Letters to WILLIAM JACKSON, on CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

Price 6d. October 2, 1835.

EDWIN STERNS,

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JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced business in the Building at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, where he is prepared to execute all Orders in the Printing line; and hopes to merit a share of their favors.

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H. W. BLACKADAR,
Halifax, July, 1835.

POETRY.

OCTOBER.

*Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moanings of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.*

*Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice—
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?—
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!*

*I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.*

*When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in Zephyrs from the West,—
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast:
Through Summer fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.*

*How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new—
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe—
Then Pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.*

*Alas for Time, and Death, and Care,—
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.*

VARIETIES.

CHRISTIANITY, considered simply as an agent for civilizing and ameliorating society, an instrument for repressing the passions, softening the manners, and refining the pleasures of the human race, is abundantly entitled to the respect and gratitude of the benevolent and philanthropic; but, when regarded as having dispelled the darkness and uncertainty that shrouded the high-

est intellect of the Pagan world, and opened to the vision a new existence, in very deed bringing life and immortality to light, affording the sincere believer in its truths, amidst the heaviest misfortunes and severest afflictions, an unfailing and triumphant source of consolation and support in the hope of a blessed hereafter, it should command the strongest affection and profoundest veneration of *all mankind*.

YOUTHFUL LIFE.—Whenever I want to be exquisitely happy, I call to my recollection the passionate emotions which throbbed in the bosom when it counted about eighteen summer suns. The age of romance, fancy and imagination too often ceases at five and twenty, but there is no pleasure so exquisite as the first sensation which female loveliness excites in the bosom of a romantic youth. It approaches to the extacies of a higher existence. The object of his thoughts seen afar off is sufficient to put him in a flame. The very green sward which she treads acquires the character of holy ground. The house in which she resides kindles the flame of devotion. But how soon all these fine feelings subside in the bosom of man! The flame of love, as it is called, is only of a short duration in the breasts of the male sex. It glows, and flames, and hurls for a few short years on both sides of twenty, and then sinks down forever. The heart of women is different. Love and affection are the absorbents of her whole existence. Man has a hundred other objects.

OUT OF SORTS.—When a man is worried, and gets into an ill humor at matters going wrong, we sometimes say, "he is out of sorts." The origin of this expression is to be found, we think, in the technicality of a printing-office. The term "sorts" is applied by printers, to types, in reference to the due proportions of the various letters which they must have before them in composing. Type foundry, in furnishing a font of types, have certain rules to go by in making up the proportions of the different letters, some being used much more than others, and this assortment is called "sorts." When, therefore, a compositor runs out of any particular letter, so as to be obstructed in his work, he is said to be "out of sorts."

How to multiply Courage.—A gentleman passing through a certain street, spied a little boy busily employed in inflicting rather heavy blows on his pate, just behind the ear, with a brickbat. Being desirous of knowing what sin so young a child had committed, which required so extraordinary a penance, he asked the boy why he was pounding his head so violently. "Oh, sir," said the lad earnestly, while the big tears chased each other down his cheeks, that great Bill Smith called me a har yesterday, and I'm tryin' to raise the bump of

combaticness, so as to give him a good lickin' to-morrow."

SAGACITY IN A DOG.—An officer in the 41th regiment, who had occasion, in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man that was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watched for a person with polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice—and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England.—He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight after he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

Time.—An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

LOW COMPANY.—He that sinks into a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our family our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

Society is cemented by laws, upheld by religion, endeared by manners, and adorned by arts.

Happiness is the health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But *write*, for so 'tis written right.