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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

[Vol. 1.]

HALIFAX, JULY 24, 1835.

[No. 28.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

SPORTS OF INSECTS.

It is not generally known that some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements, after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs, much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics of insects, are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says he observed a small species of ants, which, in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says, that in all cases, after being carried to a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise.

It was among the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings. "I approached," he says, "one day, to the formicary of wood ants, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in a state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennae with astonishing rapidity, while they patted, with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures, which resembled carressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by the mandible, foot, or antenna, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack. They fastened upon each other's shoulders, or bellies, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observe in their real quarrels. They presently abandoned those which they had first seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some who were so eager in their exercises, that they pursued several of the workers in succession, and struggling with them for a few moments, the skirmish only termina-

ting when the least animated, having overthrown his antagonist, succeeded in escaping and hiding in one of the galleries. In one place, two ants appeared to be gambling about a stalk of grass, turning alternately, to avoid or seize each other, which brought to my recollection the sport and pastime of young dogs when they rise on their hind legs, attempting to bite, overthrow, and seize each other, without once closing their teeth. To witness these facts, it is necessary to approach the ant hills with much caution, that the ants should have no idea of your presence; if they had, they would cease in a moment their plays or their occupations, curve up their tails and emit their venom."

THE STUDY OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

Many, with unwearied diligence, pursue the progress of nature in the growth of a plant, or the formation of an insect. They spare neither labour nor expense to fill their cabinets with every curious production; they travel from climate to climate; they submit with cheerfulness to fatigue and inclement seasons; and think their industry sufficiently compensated by the discovery of some unusual phenomenon. Not a pebble that lies on the shore, not a leaf that waves in the forest, but attracts their notice and stimulates their inquiry. Events, or incidents, that the vulgar regard with terror or indifference, afford them supreme delight; they rejoice at the return of a comet, and celebrate the blooming of an aloe, more than the birth of an emperor. Nothing is left unexplored. Air, ocean, the minutest object of sense, as well as the greatest and most remote, are accurately and attentively scrutinized. These researches are laudable, and suited to the dignity and capacity of the human mind.

A NATURAL HYGROMETER.

One of the most obvious indicators of a change in the moisture of the atmosphere, that we know of, is the pappus or down of the dandelion. The top of each seed is surmounted by a small stem, the remains of the style, which for convenience, we will call the axle-tree; at the end of this is the down disposed in rays like the spokes of a wheel. In fine weather, when the air is dry, these rays are flat or at right angles to the stem that supports them. If the air is moist, or the vapour is beginning to condense, we see these same rays rising so as to form a sort of cup. A few days before these observations were penned, the writer observed one morning that these rays were flat: on the following morning they were seen approaching, and on the third, when the rain was falling, they were ranged nearly side by side. If a promised excursion is at any time

placed in doubt by the lowering appearance of a cloudy morning, our readers may obtain a hint from the down of a dandelion, when its level rays, by indicating dryness in the air, would seem to teach them that the ruffled clouds were only labouring to disperse themselves.

VOYAGE FROM HALIFAX TO BERMUDA.

(Concluded.)

The next thing to be done was to get in the jib-boom, in order to ease the bowsprit. In effecting this rather troublesome operation, one of the primest seamen we had fell overboard. He was second captain of the fore-castle, the steadiness of whose admirable skill as a steersman had, one day, elicited the complimentary remark from the captain, that he must surely have nailed the compass card to the binnacle. On this, and other accounts, he was so much esteemed in the ship, that more than the usual degree of regret was felt for his melancholy fate. I saw the poor fellow pitch into the water and watched him as he floated past, buoyant as a cork, and breasting the waves most gallantly, with an imploring look towards us, which I shall never forget. In less than a minute he was out of sight. A boat could hardly have lived in such weather, and no further attempt was made, or could have been made, to save him, than to throw over ropes, which all fell short of their mark. Although we soon lost all traces of him, it is probable he may have kept sight of us, as we drifted quickly to leeward under our bare poles, long after we had ceased to distinguish his figure in the yest of waves.

This gale, the first I ever saw, was also, I can recollect, one of the fiercest. It lasted for three days, totally dispersed our little squadron, well nigh foundered one of them, the Cambrian, and sent her hobbling into Bermuda some days after us, with the loss of her main-mast and all three top-masts.

The rock of the islands of Bermuda is of a very soft coarse freestone, full of pores; so soft, indeed, that if it be required to make an additional window in a house, there is nothing to be done, we are told, but to hire a black fellow, who, with a saw, could speedily cut an opening in any part of the wall.

There is nothing more remarkable in this singular cluster of islands than the extensive coral reefs which fend off the sea on the northern side, and stretch out in a semi-circular belt, at the distance of two or three leagues from the land. On these treacherous reefs we saw many a poor vessel bilged, at moments when, from seeing the land at such a distance, they fancied themselves in perfect security.

They tell a story of a boatman who, it was said, lived by these disasters, once going off

to an unlucky vessel, fairly caught among the coral reefs, like a fly in a cobweb, not far from the North Reef. The wrecker, as he was called, having boarded the bewildered ship, said to the master,

"What will you give me, now, to get you out of this place?"

"Oh, any thing you like—name your sum."

"Five hundred dollars?"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried the other. Upon which this treacherous pilot kept his promise truly to the ear, but broke it to the hope, by taking the vessel out of an abominably bad place, only to fix her in one a great deal more intricate and perilous.

"Now," said the wrecker to the perplexed and doubly-cheated stranger "there never was a vessel in this scrape, that was known to get out again; and, indeed, there is but one man alive who knows the passage, or could, by any possibility, extricate you—and that's me!"

"I suppose," drily remarked the captain, "that for a consideration you would be the man to do me that good service. What say you to another five hundred dollars to put me into clear water, beyond your infernal reefs?"

This hard bargain was soon made; and a winding passage, unseen before, being found, just wide enough, and barely deep enough, for the vessel to pass through, with only six inches to spare under her keel, in half an hour she was once more in blue water, out of soundings, and out of danger.

"Now, master rascallion of a wrecker," cried the disentangled mariner, "tit for tat is fair play all the world over; and, unless you hand me back again my thousand dollars, I'll cut the tow rope of your lifevish-looking boat, and then, instead of returning evil for evil, as I ought by rights to do, I'll be more of a Christian, and do you a very great service, by carrying you away from one of the most infamous places in the world, to the finest country imaginable—I mean America. And as you seem to have a certain touch of black blood in your veins, I may chance to get good interest for my loan of these thousand dollars, by selling you as a slave in the Charleston negro market! What say you, my gay Mudian?"

THE MECHANIC'S CHOICE.

"The gay bells of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille,
And each admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one of country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art."

A short distance from the little village of Robbinsville there lived a poor, but pious family by the name of Ellins. They had an only daughter Emeline, who at the time of which we speak, was just entering her seventeenth year.—She was a good girl, and the pride of her aged parents, to whom she was every thing. By her unceasing industry she

maintained them in their declining years, and with her cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits, she preserved them from melancholy and discontent. A happier family than this was no where to be found. They had a small garden in front of the little cottage, where they raised a few vegetables, which were planted and nurtured by Emeline herself,—for she would not suffer her aged father to do the least work whatever. The old man, she thought, was too feeble to labour, for more than ninety summers had rolled over his head. As you passed by on a fine summer's morning, you might have seen this happy family, seated in the garden, under the shade of the trees, the old man leaning on his staff, with his aged partner at his side, both laughing heartily at the playfulness of the lovely Emeline—who would be sitting near them, sewing.

A few miles from the cottage there lived a wealthy gentleman, who had retired from business, having amassed gold and silver sufficient to render him what the world calls independent. He had a large family of children, but they had all died, save his youngest daughter, Amanda Morrison—for such was her name—had received her education in the city of New-York. Perhaps it is unnecessary for us to say that she had been taught every thing calculated to render the daughter of a wealthy man accomplished,—Music, dancing, waltzing, painting, drawing, &c. Withal, she was not only 'accomplished' but exceedingly beautiful: her disposition would have been good, had it not been that she was so accustomed to having her own way.

She was indulged in every thing, and had been from a child. Her ears were eternally saluted with commendations on her beauty, her qualifications, &c., which also conspired to render her proud, haughty, vain, insolent, crabbed, and, finally, coquettish. She became so lofty, at last, that she supposed there was nobody in the world like herself.—Nobody so rich, or so beautiful, or so accomplished!—She looked with contempt on Emeline Ellins, of the cottage.

In the village of Robbinsville there dwelt a young man named Edwin Summers, an industrious and worthy mechanic. He possessed a large share of talent, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was received into all society, and welcomed to the houses of the rich and respectable. He became intimate with Mr. Morrison. Edwin was about 21 or 22 years of age at this time. He was remarkable for beauty, admired for his talents, and respected for his many virtues; and such was the universal esteem in which he was held that not a few of the wealthy inhabitants of Robbinsville, contemplated offering him their daughter's hand and fortune. Among these was Mr. Morrison.—Amanda indeed, had more than once intimated to her father that she would not object to such a proposal. Finally, after a lapse of some months, during which time Edwin had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Morrison's—the thing was actually proposed. It

was so sudden, so unexpected by the young man, that he was struck with astonishment and could hardly believe his own senses. The idea of his marrying a girl possessing an immense fortune, never entered his mind. He gave no definite answer; but promised to consider the subject. Soon after he mounted his horse, and bent his steps homeward. It was a beautiful moon light evening,—every thing around looked smiling and cheerful. The moon shed her beams over hill and dale, orchards, meadows, fields of wheat, rye and corn. The evening dews glistened upon the high grass that waved gently in the breeze, on each side of the road that Edwin travelled. As his horse leisurely walked on, choosing his own pace, the youth soliloquized:—

"I shall be independant if I consent. And she is a beautiful girl! Why should I linger out my days in moving the Jack-plane—acringing servant? When Saturday night comes I must wait on my employer to get the pitiful amount of my hard earning, as though I was a poor contemptible negro slave! If I marry this girl, I shall be wealthy, honourable, grand: people will court my favour—I shall ride in my carriage—shall have my guns, and hounds and horses; I can go where I please, when I please, how I please. Money will be at my command—my name may be spread throughout the civilized world—great men will court my favour, and—"

"Yet thou mayst be unhappy!" said a person who stood at a neat little white gate that opened in front of a small cottage on our hero's left hand. The fact was, that Edwin had been carried away by the thoughts of greatness, &c., that had risen up before him, and which had completely gained an ascendancy over him. He had forgotten every thing but Amanda Morrison, and her fortune; and his horse, who knew he was accustomed always to stop at the little cottage when passing that way, had actually walked up to the gate, and stopped, without the rider's notice. Emeline had gone out to receive him, and had heard the few last words he uttered. He looked fondly at her, and jumping from his horse, and placing his arm around her, said,

"Dear Emeline, I am a fool; and your presence just at this moment has made me sensible of it! You will forgive my folly, will you not?"

He then told her all that had happened, and concluded by saying that he would rather have the pretty little Emeline Ellins for his wife than all the heiresses in the world. She laughed heartily at him for his folly, and often afterward plagued him about the "rich Miss Morrison." Soon after, with the consent of all parties, Emeline and Edwin were married, and the young man has often said that he is sure he enjoyed more real happiness with her in one hour than he would have done in his whole life with Amanda Morrison. Indeed, a happier couple than Edwin and Emeline Summers I have seldom seen; though she of them, even now, rallies him about the rich heiress.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The story about the person called by this name is said to have originated in the circumstances here related. We present them as we find them, for the information of our young readers. The account differs a little from that given in Semprino's Biographical Dictionary. The individual there called "Alexander Sulkirk, a Scotch adventurer, born about 1680. He made several voyages to the South Seas, in one of which having a quarrel with the commander, the latter set him on shore on the island of Juan Fernandez, with a few necessaries, where he lived three years. In 1709, he was taken off by Captain Woods Rogers, of Bristol."

When Capt. Watling and his company escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, they had left a Mosquito Indian on the island, who was out hunting goats when the alarm came.—This Mosquito man, named William, was the first and true Robinson Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude. Immediately on approaching the island, Dampier, and a few of William's old friends, together with a Mosquito man, named Robin, put off for the shore, where they soon perceived William standing ready to give them welcome. From the heights, he had seen the ships the preceding day, and, knowing them to be English vessels by the way they were worked, he had killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage of the cabbage tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and running up to him, fell on his face at his feet! William raised up his countryman, embraced him and in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted him up, and they renewed their embraces. "We stood with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the surprise, tenderness and solemnity of their interview, which was exceedingly affecting on both sides; and when these their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with him in the woods his gun and knife, and a small quantity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition was expended, by notching his knife into a saw, he cut up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he converted into harpoons, lances, and a long knife. To accomplish this, he struck fire with his gun-flint and a peice of the barrel of his gun, which he had hardened for the purpose in a way he had seen practised by the buccaniers. In this fire he heated his pieces of iron, hammered them out with stones, sawed them with his jagged knife, or ground them to an edge, and tempered them; "which was no more than these Mosquito men were accustomed to do in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them." Thus furnished, William supplied himself

with goats' flesh and fish, though, till his instruments were formed, he had been compelled to eat seal. He built his house about half a mile from the shore, and lined it snugly with goat skins, with which he also spread his couch or *barbescue*, which was raised two feet from the floor. As his clothes wore out, he supplied his want also with goat skins, and when first seen, he wore nothing save a goat's skin about his waist.—*Edinburg Cabinet Library.*

RATHER NEW.—Tempor a Mutantur.—Some of our readers will be not a little surprised to learn that they have made a mistake in their reckoning of time, and that instead of 1835 it is now 1840. An article in the North American Review on the divisions of time, states that there was no attempt made to reckon the years from the time of our Saviour's birth till 527, when Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, suggested it. There being no historical record, and the science of astronomy being then very imperfect, the only method adopted was to compare sacred history with profane, but this science has been brought to such advancement, that it is now easily ascertained when the eclipse happened which Josephus relates to have occurred during Herod's last illness, (4710th year of the Julian Period,) and knowing that the birth of our Saviour took place before that event, and knowing that the time fixed upon by Dionysius was in the 4714th of the Julian period, it is perfectly plain that the Christian era commenced four years at least sooner than the period commonly supposed, and if it had been correctly determined, the present year would be 1839 or 40 perhaps 41. The mistake has never been corrected, because it is impossible to determine the precise year of the nativity, and any alteration would confound all historical dates. We have heard solitary individuals threatened with being 'kicked into the middle of next week,' but this unceremonious thrusting forward of the entire Christian world five whole years, is such a leap in the dark, over a frightful chasm, that we are not fully prepared for it. The child that was honestly born in the good year of 1835 will find to day to be almost six years old, and he who died yesterday has been in his grave half a dozen years. Besides, the money lender's notes are all outlawed, though taken this month, and provisions that were fresh this morning are kept over to 1840. There is no help for it, they must serve us. If we felt sure of anything, it was that this is the year 1835. But, alas! even time itself is compelled to yield to the restless spirit of the age, break up all its old associations with the years and hours, and to leap headlong into futurity.—*Am. Tra.*

"**JUAN FERNANDEZ.**—This lovely island, on which Alexander Sulkirk was cast away, and thus gave rise to the novel of Robinson Crusoe, has been lately swallow-

ed up by the recent earthquakes which have destroyed a great portion of Chili, South America."

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1836.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the following Gentlemen to be a Board for the Management of the Asylum for the Poor in the Town of Halifax :

Hon. Joseph Allison; George N. Russell, John Clark, John Spry Morris, Mat. B. Atmon, James W. Nutting, John Howe, jr. Dr. Lewis Johnston, Hugh Bell, Thomas Williamson, William Lawson, jr. and Wm. M. Allan, Esquires.

By the *Cordelia*, which arrived yesterday in 6 days passage, we received Boston Papers to the 17th instant.

BOSTON, July 17.

INDEMNITY BILL PASSED.

The brig Isaac Glason, which sailed from Rochelle on the 10th June, arrived at New-York, brings word that the Indemnity Bill passed the Chamber of Peers on the 12th.—The captain can give no positive information in what shape, but he believes as it was sent from the Chamber of Deputies. Mutual congratulations were exchanged between the French and Americans, at Rochelle, on the termination, as it was considered, of all the difficulties.

Distressing Shipwreck.—The schr. Crescent, Joseph Roderick, of and for Albany, bound to Quebec, came in contact with brig Baltic, from New-York for Bath, on the night of 12th inst. 15 miles east of Block Island, and sunk in five minutes, carrying down Capt. R., Mrs. Ruth Williams, and two children, of Nova-Scotia, and Mr. Joseph Wilson, passengers, and Robert Dickenson and John Smith, seamen.

☞ *M. A.* is received—we should like to have the remainder of the letter before we publish the first part.

MARRIED.

At Windsor, 16th July, by the Rev. William C. King, Rector of University Church, Thomas George Suther Esq. Bachelor of Arts, of King's College Windsor, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Hon. James Fraser, of Halifax.

DIED.

At Bedford Basin, on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Story, wife of Mr. Marshall Story, in the 66th year of her age.

At Dominica, of the yellow fever, on the 23d ult., Thomas B. McGill, a promising young man only son of Mr. William McGill, Merchant of Liverpool, N. S., in the 15th year of his age. He was much beloved, and has left a large circle of friends to mourn and lament this bereavement.

On Thursday 17th inst. after a protracted illness, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs. J. W. Adams, of this Town. Sunday evening, 12th inst. Mrs. J. W. Adams, aged 85 years.

POETRY.

THE OCEAN.

*The Ocean hath its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury in the waves,
Beneath them there is none.*

*The awful spirits of the deep,
Hold their communion there;
And there are those for whom we weep,—
The young, the bright, the fair.*

*Calmly the weary seamen rest,
Beneath their own blue sea;
The ocean solitudes are blessed,
For there is purity.*

*The earth has guilt, the earth has care,
Unquiet are its graves;
But peaceful sleep is ever there,
Beneath its dark blue waves*

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

The first English Printer. Born, A. D. 1412;—Died, A. D. 1491.

Of all the arts invented by the ingenuity of man, the art of printing is in some respects, the most important: and certainly none has a closer bearing upon the best interests of our race, both in time and eternity. When books were only produced by the tedious process of copying by the pen, they were necessarily expensive, and could only be obtained by the rich. All who are fond of reading, and desirous of mental improvement, will naturally regard with interest the inventor and improvers of this noble art, and to them a brief account of the first English printer, cannot fail to be acceptable.

William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent. In his time, learning was less cultivated in England than in most of the continental countries, and few obtained even the slightest degree of education. The children in our Sunday schools have superior advantages to many of the higher classes in those days. The parents of Caxton, however, performed their duty to him. "I am bounden," says he, "to pray for my father and mother, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I got my living, I hope truly." He was apprenticed at the proper age, to William Large, a mercer, of London, and afterwards mayor. Those called mercers were then general merchants, dealing in all kinds of goods. Having served his apprenticeship, he took up his freedom in the mercers' company, and became a citizen of London. He afterwards spent some years in visiting many countries on the continent; and in 1464 he was appointed ambassador to the court of the Duke of Burgundy. He perfected his knowledge of the French language, gained some knowledge of the Flemish or

Dutch, imbibed a taste for literature and romance, and at a great expense made himself master of the recently invented art of printing. He returned to England in 1472, and brought with him the art he had learned; and thus gave the first impetus to the increase of knowledge in this country. The first book he printed in England, was either a treatise on the "Game of Chess," executed in Westminster Abbey, or another entitled the "Romance of Jason;" though he had previously printed abroad, in 1471, the "Recuyell of the History of Troy," translated by himself from the French.

To the inestimable art he had thus introduced, he was ardently attached, and in the cultivation of it he was indefatigable. Beside the labour of superintending his press, he translated not fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages, though advanced in years. In 1480 he published his "Chronicle," and his "Description of Britain," usually appended to it. These works were very popular, and passed through various editions.

Caxton was a great admirer of Chaucer, and published two editions of his "Canterbury Tales." The whole number of distinct works which issued from his press was sixty four. He was buried in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, to which he left some books.

He was a man of good sense and sound judgment; steady, persevering, active, zealous, and liberal in his services to that important art which he introduced into England, and for which he is entitled to the gratitude and admiration of all succeeding ages.

ON THE UTILITY OF FOREIFTS.

I recollect, when I was a boy, a plan which used to be adopted in my father's family, at the return of the holidays, and which was found to be very useful. It was this. Being about six in number, we each of us agreed to forfeit a half-penny for every ungrammatical or improper expression which either of us employed in conversation. The money thus obtained, was devoted to the promotion of benevolent objects. An account was kept of the mistakes and errors which any of us made, and thus we were enabled to ascertain the faults which we most commonly committed, and against which we should guard with the greatest care. By these plans we were led to think before we spoke, we were mutual checks against improprieties, and we gradually found that the style of our common conversation was much improved, and our knowledge of grammar increased.

I have recently, in conjunction with some friends, adopted nearly a similar plan with respect to *early rising*; by which many valuable hours have been already redeemed from sleep. We have agreed that each of us would keep a regular daily account of our time of going to bed, and of rising; and that every individual, who slept longer than *seven hours*,

should forfeit one penny each morning. When we meet together, which is generally once a week, we compare accounts, and put the fines into a Box.

Having thus recommended the plan of forfeits, it may be necessary to make two or three observations. There are many faults like those two I have mentioned, for which young people probably would not be punished by their parents or masters; but which are certainly very reprehensible, and should be diligently avoided. It is this class of faults to which I think forfeits are peculiarly applicable; and if young persons voluntarily imposed them on themselves, they would find an easy method of correcting bad habits, and of acquiring various excellences.

HALF OF THE PROFIT.

A Nobleman, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious, except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot, Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share." "What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman, "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly." "You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your own gate in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot." "Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

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