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## The Weekly Mirror,

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

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### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### THE FRIGATE BIRD.

The habits and manners of the feathered race possess so much of intrinsic interest, and display so much of the wisdom of the Almighty, that we cannot for a moment wonder at the delight which a mind rightly tuned experiences in the study of this department of the kingdom of nature. The examination of a single feather may lead to the most important deductions; its lightness, its warmth, its fitness, are at once evident; but in addition to all this, an experienced naturalist will be able to tell by the index alone which it affords, the habits, the leading features, nay, often the very genus to which its possessor belongs; so marked is the evidence of design—so clearly are the means in connexion with the end.—Let us, to illustrate our position, take the frigate-bird (*taehypetes aquilus*, Vieill.) as an example.—This bird is among the most singular of the feathered race: while on the one hand its place in nature would appear, from its webbed feet, to be among the water birds that sport on the ocean's surface, on the other hand, its rapacious habits ally it to the falcons, or the birds of prey that strike their quarry on the wing. The truth is, that it forms the link which unites these two extremes of a long chain of gradations, and either party may claim it with almost equal propriety. Although an ocean-bird, its province is not the water, but the air; it neither swims nor dives, nor rests on the billows like the gull. Its feet are indeed webbed, but the webs are very partial: the tarsi or legs, as they are generally called) scarcely half an inch in length, the whole limb very short, and covered to the feet with long loose feathers; the tail is long and forked, the wings of extraordinary spread, and the general plumage deficient in that close and silky texture which always characterizes a bird whose *habitat* is the surface of the deep. Its conformation, on the other hand, as manifestly declares it to be aerial;—aerial, not with the land below, on which it may repose and rest when weary—but aerial with the ocean below, on which it never rests, and which, affording it its food, does all that is required.

The frigate-bird is to be met with principally between the tropics, hundreds of leagues from land, to which, except for the purpose of hatching its young, it never resorts. It is ever on the wing, often soaring so high as to be scarcely visible, at other times skimming at a moderate distance from the water, and darting with the rapidity of an arrow upon any unfortunate fish which approaches the surface so as to be within the reach of its beak. The flying-fish are its special prey: driven by the dolphin out of the water to trust to their fan-like wings, they are pounced upon by this voracious bird, who, not content to limit himself to the procuring of food by his own labours, the gulls and other sea-birds that have made a successful capture, and obliges them to give up their booty.—We have said that he is met with hundreds of leagues from land; in fact there is but one purpose, that of hatching and rearing the young, for which this bird ever resorts there; under ordinary circumstances, it continues ever on the wing over the ocean, reposing on outspread pinions in the higher regions of the air, where, without any effort, it can remain suspended. The strangeness of this fact will be removed, when we inform our readers of the mechanical contrivance with which the bird is furnished. Beneath the throat is situated a large pouch, capable of being distended with air from the lungs, with which, as well as with the hollow bones of the wings, it immediately communicates. The bones of the wings themselves, besides being hollow, are extremely long and light—thus this pouch or sack beneath the throat, and these tubes, are filled with rarified air, forming an apparatus analogous to a balloon, which requires little else but the wings themselves to be spread, to be enabled by its buoyancy to sustain the weight of the body in the atmosphere.—The length of the male, including the long forked tail, is three feet; expanse of wing, eight; the air pouch, red; the general plumage dark umbre brown. Its motions in the air are very graceful and sweeping. It is said to build in rocks or tall trees; but of its nidification little is correctly ascertained.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### WILLIAM FALCONER.

This ingenious poet was born about 1730, and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh, all of whose children, with the exception of William, were either deaf or dumb, William received such common education as might qualify him for some inferior employment, and appears to have contracted a taste for reading, and a desire for higher attainments than his situa-

tion permitted. In the character of Arion, unquestionably intended for his own, he hints at a farther progress in study than his biographers have been able to trace:

"On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour  
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;  
But soon Adversity, with freezing blast  
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast,  
Forsom of heart, and by severe decree  
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea."

It must indeed have been with reluctance that a boy who had begun to taste the sweets of literature, consented to serve an apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel at Leith, which we are told he did when very young. He was afterwards in the capacity of a servant to Campbell the author of *Lexiphanes*, when purser of a ship, Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation; and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to repeat with some pride, that he had once been his scholar.

Falconer, probably by means of this friend, was made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked during her passage from Alexandria to Venice, and only three of the crew saved. The date of this event cannot now be ascertained; but what he saw and felt on the melancholy occasion made the deepest impression on his memory, and certainly suggested the plan and characters of his celebrated poem. Whether before this time he had made any poetical attempts we are not informed. The favours of a genuine muse are usually early, and it is at least probable that the classical allusions so frequent in "The Shipwreck," were furnished by much previous reading.

He is supposed to have continued in the merchant service until he gained the patronage of his Royal Highness Edward Duke of York, by dedicating to him "The Shipwreck," in the spring of 1762; and it is much to the honour of his highness's taste that he joined in the praise bestowed on this poem, and became desirous to place the author in a situation where he could befriend him. With this view, the Duke advised him to quit the merchant service for the royal navy; and before the summer had elapsed, Falconer was rated a midshipman on board Sir Edward Hawke's ship the Royal George, which at the peace of 1763, was paid off.

His *Marine Dictionary* was published in 1769, before which period he appears to have left his naval retreat at Chatham for an abode in the metropolis of a less comfortable kind. Here depressed by poverty, but occasionally soothed by friendship, and by the affectionate attentions of his wife, he subsisted for some time on various resources. In 1768 he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to be admitted a

partner in the business which that gentleman afterwards established.

No reason can be assigned with more probability for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the pursership of the Aurora frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India, Messrs Vansittart, Scrofton and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends conceived the hopes that he might eventually obtain lasting advantages. The Aurora sailed from England on the 30th September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is, that she foundered in the Cosambique channel.

#### SQUIRE JENKINSON.

Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. He had a noble mansion, fine pleasure grounds, and a beautiful carriage drawn by beautiful horses. His table was supplied with every luxury, and his friends were the most cheerful companions in the world, but still Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. Sometimes he went to bed early, and sometimes he went to bed late; but, whether late or early, it was just the same. "There is no peace for the wicked," and there was no rest for Squire Jenkinson.

He applied to his friends, who told him to take exercise, and to drink an extra glass of grog before he went to bed. He applied to his doctor, and he gave him laudanum, and opium; but in spite of exercise, and grog, and laudanum and opium, no sound rest could he obtain. At last he consulted Thomas Perrins his gardener. Now Thomas Perrins was a humble christian, and well knew that his master feared not God; that he was unjust, cruel, and oppressed the widow and the fatherless, and that his conscience troubled him; so Thomas told him, that old Gilbert Powel, who lived hard by on the waste land, always slept famously, but that perhaps he wore a different kind of a night-cap.

Mistaking the meaning of Thomas Perrins, away went Squire Jenkinson with one of his best night-caps in his pocket, to exchange it for that of old Gilbert Powel, which he had washed and well aired; and when night came, he went to bed in good spirits, hoping to have a comfortable night's sleep: but no! though he put it on in all shapes, and placed himself in all postures, Squire Jenkinson could get no rest.

As soon as the sun rose, he hastened to the cottage on the waste land, to know how Gilbert Powel had rested, when Gilbert told him that he thought he had never had a better night's rest in all his life. and was quite delighted with his new night-cap.

Perplexed and cast down, Squire Jenkinson then went once more to his gardener, to tell him of the ill success which had attended his plan of borrowing the night-cap of Gilbert Powel!

"It cannot be Gilbert's cap," said he, that makes him sleep so soundly, for he wore one of mine, and he tells me that he never had a more comfortable cap in his life."

"Ay, master," said Thomas Perrins, shaking his head significantly, as he leaned on his spade, "but to my knowledge he wears another cap besides the one you gave him, the cap of a quiet conscience, and he who wears that is sure to sleep well, let him wear what other cap he pleases."

#### FOR THE MIRROR.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—Heb. 12. 6.

The text quoted was the principle which actuated every action in the life of my old friend R. and surely no man ever took such pains to convert blessings into chastisements, and benefits into stripes as this person.—He commenced this course from a very early age, and the effect it had upon his conduct was in many instances ludicrous, and if any one rejoiced in the good things of this world, my friend equally rejoiced when he could call any passing occurrence, an affliction to himself. Nothing grieved him so much as a congratulation—Ah! my dear fellow, you do not know how agonizing is the very thing upon which you felicitate me, believe me, if you but knew the wretchedness I experience, you would sympathize, not rejoice with me.—Did any one, condole with him upon any misfortune no matter how slight, the text was immediately applied—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,"—and how can I expect to escape the miseries incident to mortality, but I ought to know—"Whom the Lord, &c." and I trust I am under the influence of Grace, and that I am indeed one of those to whom the Lord extends favor, judging from my misfortunes and unhappy state of life.—In short his life was by his own imaginations made continually uneasy, and he looked upon himself as a peculiar object of the care of his Creator, little considering that Pride was the foundation of his misery.—In fact—R. was an idle man—with more of temporal good than usually falls to the lot of man, with a family calculated to make him happy—in the enjoyment of health, with many friends around him he was miserable. He had been, as I before said, early imbued with his peculiar ideas—and I may add, he earlier was taught, that every means of personal gratification was at his command.—Too indolent by disposition to be dissipated to enter into the wild though exciting pleasures of those around him—too indolent to store his mind with knowledge

derived from the experience of sages—too indolent to enter into the area of politics, or to embark in any speculation of either science or art, he sunk by degrees into the idle man—"Yawning and gaping at the passing crowd."

R. was now forty—still his favorite text remained his solace, and as yet no real misfortune had reached him.—The scene is now to be changed. His Bankers failed, after receiving his last three months interest and dividend, which with the balance then in their hands comprised all his ready money. He had allowed the balance to accumulate to pay off a certain sum due upon the purchase of a landed estate, which his agents, the friends of his bankers had invested for him—As usual he left every thing to them, and they in return left every thing to him, that is the parchment upon which the deeds were engrossed, perhaps some one shilling's worth for the £20,000 he had paid, vanished with the Estate.—This was a blow to his pride, yet he held up, and quoted this misfortune as another exemplification of the truth of the version of the Text. He was to take his own words, a happier man, for "whom, &c." By degrees all went, some one way, some another.—Then when want actually stared him in the face he was compelled to do something for his support—"To dig he was unable, to beg he was ashamed."

To be continued.

L.

#### LOSSES IN FAMILIES.

Many families grow up and live long together without the bond of their affections being once either strained or broken.—They know that death is a common lot of humanity; they see it daily carrying off neighbors and acquaintances. Some of their own relations have felt its power; and they have thus become familiar with all the symptoms and fashions of eternal woe; but the destroyer has never intruded on their sacred domain. Year after year, diseases have prevailed around them, and made successive inroads upon every fire side; but theirs has still escaped. They thus become in some measure singular and isolated from the rest of the world, their hearts certainly not steeled against its sympathies, but not deeply exercised in them. If a mother remain long inconsolable for the loss of a child, they think that she is not altogether blameless. "All must die," some member of the establishment will remark; "some are early cut off; some are spared long, but the stroke will come. Why then contend against what we cannot help? Resignation is both absolutely necessary and it is proper. Besides, our duties are not ended when those who are dearest to us are taken away: we must still attend to our own interests, and make provision for those who are dependent upon us. The business of life must not be interrupted." "It's all true you say," was the reply we once heard given to a female acquaintance by a woman of humble rank.

in Scotland, who had endured serious family bereavements: 'but, oh woman, it's plain you never lost a hairn!'

Such a family as that we have been describing, have never had their attachments towards each other greatly tried. There has been no occasion for a display of indignant unforgiveness on the part of the one, or of unwaried persevering love from another. Their feelings are all of an equal cast. This quiet however is broken in upon at last. A son, perhaps, in the pride of his days, is seized with a greivous disease. His mother watches him with anxiety, but she entertains almost a certain expectation that he will speedily be restored to his former health. None of the symptoms are decidedly aganist hope—the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by previous ailments; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks: but all maladies have their crisis; and she thinks, every night, that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick-bed! How she watches his looks, and catches up the faintest expression of a desire on his pallid countenance! Her hopes of his recovery daily become weaker and weaker. Her first expectations of his recovery vanish. Every look of the attending physician is watched with anguish almost indscrivable, and she now seriously apprehends the very worst. The features of her son at length assume the rigid and sunken aspect of those of a corpse, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye before it skuts in everlasting rest.

Thus the delusion comes to an end; and when the child of her affection, perhaps the expected prop of her declining years, at last breathes his last on her bosom, she feels as if some cord that bound her heart had forever given way. Who can pretend to describe her sufferings, as, stretched afterwards on a couch which almost seems her own death bed, she gives way to grief which any attempt to interrupt or soften is felt by all her friends as if it would only be an impertinence? The whole frame seemed convulsed; moans of deepest anguish seemed to issue not from the organs of speech but from the heart itself; and ever and anon, as the terrible image of her dying son, with the horrors of the neighboring death chamber, comes into her mind (for it will not be banished) she utters frantic cries which pierce the ears of all within the limits of that sorrow-stricken house. When language is found, it is employed in exclamations which testify the love and admiration she felt towards her son—a love far transcending, she now thinks all she ever experienced regarding the rest of her children. The rest, indeed—the fortunate living—seem as nothing in her eyes; it appears to her as if she had never loved any but him who now lies so powerless, so forlorn; and whom she is never to see again. Ah! beautiful—my brave! as the tragic poet has finely expressed a mother's feelings

on such an occasion—him whom every body loved and admired—who was always so cheerful and affectionate—can it really be—for, after all she has seen, this question will occur—that you are no more!

*Japhet in Search of a Father.*—This work is from the pen of Captain Marryat, the distinguished author of *The "Kings Own," "Peter Simple,"* &c.—The greater part of the story was, we believe, originally published in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and it has now been reprinted in 3 volumes. It is a history of very entertaining adventures, embodying scenes in various grades of society, and it does great credit to the invention, tact and discrimination of the gallant Captain.—*London Paper.*

## FOR THE MIRROR

PRAISE. S. M. AIR.—'Dover.'

Come let us praise the Lord—  
The "Lamb of God" we'll praise,  
We'll sing of Him with one accord,  
And hearts and voices raise.

So did the saints of old,  
In joyful songs unite;—  
Sing of the Lord, his wonders told,  
His wisdom, power, and might.

So should believers now,  
Sing of the Lord alone,  
Let self, and all things here below,  
Lie low.—and JESUS crown.

JESUS! thy name is sweet,  
Thy precious to our ears,  
Thy power, thy grace, thy love are great,  
O! calm our rising fears.

O take us to the Mount!  
And show us what was done,  
When Christ died there on our account  
And did for sin atone.

He died that we might live,  
He lives;—let us adore  
To Father, Son, and Spirit give,  
All praise for evermore.

A. Z.

*The Weekly Mirror.*

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1836.

H. M. Packet Pigeon, Lieut. Harvey, arrived on Wednesday morning, 44 days from Falmouth, bringing London dates to the 7th, and Falmouth to the 9th January—They do not contain any news of general interest.

The King of the French in his Speech at the opening of the Session of the Chamber, says with respect to the American Question:

"I regret that the treaty of the 4th of July, 1831, with the United States of America, should not have yet been completely carried into execution. The King of Great Britain has offered both to me and to the United States his amicable mediation. I have accepted it, and you will share in my desire that this difference may terminate in a manner equally honourable to two great nations."

The Minister of Foreign Affairs has informed the President of the Chamber of Deputies, that he is ready to present to the house all the official documents and correspondence relative to the American question.

King Leopold marked the anniversary of his birthday by an act of pardon to 79 soldiers condemned for various military faults.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—Lord John Russell has issued the customary announcement to the Ministerial Members of the House of Commons, previous to the assembling of Parliament on the 14th of February, in which he requests their presence on that day, "as business of great importance will be immediately brought forward."

It is stated that there is much activity displayed in the naval departments of Russia, and that orders have been given to increase the Navy of the Empire.

Ireland continues to enjoy unparalleled tranquillity. Such is the gratifying announcement made by the Lord Lieutenant, in reply to an address from the County of Westmeath.

H. M. Packet Ranger, a beautiful slyph-like model of a ship, sailed from Sheerness for Falmouth, on the 27th December.—On which day the Racer arrived at the Great Nore, from the Halifax station, having been on shore. A Court Martial is to be held on her captain and officers during the week at Sheerness.

PORTSMOUTH, Jan. 6.—A court-martial was held on board the Howe 120, on Wednesday last, at Sheerness, on Commander James Hope, of H. M. S. Racer, for running that vessel on shore on the Coast of Labrador. The Court sat from ten in the morning till seven in the evening, and determined, after hearing a verbal but very able defence from Commander Hope, that he should be admonished, on the ground that the lead had not been kept going, no cast of it having been taken for an hour before she struck.

Boston Papers received by the Western Express contain President Jackson's special Message respecting the French Question, in which he says:—"The Government of Great Britain has offered its mediation for the adjustment of the dispute between the United States and France. Carefully guarding that point in the controversy, which as it involves our honor and independence, admits of no compromise, I have cheerfully accepted the offer."

The Speech of the King at the opening of the French Chambers, was received at New-York on the 10th instant.

Extract of a Letter from St. John's, Newfoundland, dated January 24, 1836.—"The *Tay* has not arrived, and I suppose never will; there has been some tremendous gales off this coast—vessels from the Continent have reached the Banks, and had to be ar up again, we have heard of the arrival of some at Oporto, after getting as far as the Banks, 70 days out—many vessels are yet missing. The Small Pox is still raging here, from 6 to 8 are buried every day."

The brig Condor from hence arrived at Cork in 32 days passage.—She experienced a violent gale, on the 15th Dec., in which, her Captain, Athol, was unfortunately washed overboard and drowned.

DIED]—In this Town, on 19th Inst. Mr. William Cleaveland, aged 48.—20th, Mary S. wife of Mr. Thomas Aylward, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Reagh.—21st, Mr. John A. Merkel, 66.

☞ A Course of Lectures upon the Acts of the Apostles, will be delivered in St. Paul's Church on the Friday mornings during the session of Lent. The service commences as usual at 11 o'clock.

## THE SICK CHILD.

"O, Mother, when will morning come?"

A weeping creature said:  
As on a wo-worn, wither'd breast  
It laid its little head.

"And when it does, I hope 'twill be  
All pleasant, warm and bright,  
And pay me for the many pangs  
I've felt this weary night.

"O, mother, would you not, if rich,  
Like the rector, or the squire,  
Burn a bright candle all the night,  
And make a nice, warm fire?  
Oh I should be so glad to see  
Their kind and cheerful glow!

Oh THEN I should not feel the night,  
So very long, I know,

"Tis true you told me to your heart,  
And kiss me when I cry—  
And lift the cup unto my lip  
When I complain I'm dry.  
Across my shoulder your dear arm  
All tenderly is press'd,  
And often am I lull'd to sleep  
By the throbbing of your breast.

"But, 'twould be comfort, would it not,  
For you as well as me,  
To have a light—to have a fire—  
Perhaps—a cup of tea?  
I often think I should be well  
If these things were but so—  
For, mother, I remember once  
We had them—long ago.

"But you were not a widow then,  
I not an orphan boy,  
When father, (long ago) came home  
'I us'd to jump for joy  
I us'd to climb upon his knee,  
And cling upon his neck,  
And listen while he told us tales  
Of his life and of wreck.

"I was not a bright fire THEN!  
And such a many friends!  
Where are they all gone, mother dear,  
For no one to us sends?  
I think if some of them would come  
We might know comfort now,  
Though of them all, not one could be  
Like HIM I will allow."

"But he was sick and then his wounds  
Would often give him pain,  
So that I cannot bear to wish  
Him with us once again.  
You say that we shall go to him  
In such a happy place—  
I wish it was this very night  
That I might see his face!"

The little murmurer's wish was heard,  
Before the morning broke,  
He slept the long and silent sleep,  
From which he never woke;  
Above the little pain-worm's sting  
The sailor's widow wept  
And wonder'd how her lonely heart  
In vital pulses kept.

But she liv'd on, though all bereft,  
A toil-worn, heart-wrung slave:  
And oft she came to weep upon  
Her young boy's little grave  
A corner of the poor-house ground  
Contain'd his mould'ring clay,  
And there the mourning mother wept  
A Sabbath hour away.


And as she felt the dull decay  
Through all her pulses creep,  
She cried—"By his unconscious dust,  
I'll soon be laid to sleep."

Then valor, patience, innocence,  
Like visions will have past;  
And the sailor, and his wife and child,  
Will have found relief at last."

## VARIETIES.

**LIFE—A BOOK.**—We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be likened to an intensely interesting volume. It is a great, a glorious book; of strange and thrilling incident, of varied and ever varying contents; of joy and love; of hope and despair; of light and shade, of misery—and the grave closes the contents.

There are golden passages in the book of life, and these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove through its flowery meads, and linger amid its fond enchantments. The syren hope sings in its sun-lit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest—we take no heed of time—and weep when the chapter closes.

Next a tale of love enchants us; and we rove with frenzied interest through its deriding bowers of affection. What then is that love—what fond desires!  gloomy *finale* shows us, that

"Tis but a false, bewildering fire:  
Too often love's insidious dart  
Feeds the fond soul with sweet desire  
But wounds the heart!"

Now we turn to the more sober expectations of friendship. The ardent flame of love has been quenched by the damps of disappointment, and the rational hopes of friendship absorb all our interest. But as we find too soon that the reality is far, very far below our fancied standard, that it is too often but a phantom, which flits away like "the baseless fabric of a vision."

"A sound which follows wealth and fame  
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Then we open upon a new page, and here is manhood's busy story. And for a while we are lost in the cares, the business, and turmoils of life. But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale, and again we turn to the—but we can review the book in order; let us turn to the closing chapter.

And there what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye! Sickness—misery—a coffin—a winding sheet! The deep tones of the death-bell falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "Finitis"—and the lids are closed forever!

**The Five Senses.**—Perhaps hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, are not all our senses. A blind, deaf and dumb girl, of the name of Julia Brace, is in the Hartford asylum, the only blind, deaf, and dumb person known to us to be in the world, except one other single instance. Julia never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table, within the house she inhabits. She can copy raised letters accurately. She is instructed in needle-work, and takes great delight in it. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged. If an article is displaced by another person, she perceives it, and restores it. She selects her own garments without hesitation, from large baskets full of other clothing. What is the sense

by which she performs so many operations, which would seem to require the use of sight.—*Am. Paper.*

**Delineation of Prejudice.**—The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed to the celebrated Dr. Price:

"Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature—for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear. He goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him. The size lessens as they approach. They draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; and at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

**PRUDENCE.**—Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them insisted that the other should fight him next morning. The challenge was accepted on condition that they should breakfast together at the house of the person challenged, previous to their going to the field. When the challenger came in the morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend with his wife and children ready to receive him. Their repast being ended, and the family withdrawn, without the least intimation of their presence having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend? "No," said he "not till we are more on a par. that amiable woman, and those six lovely children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend, under Providence, on my life for subsistence; and till you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons dearer to me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand. They became firmer friends than ever.

**God Defend.**—Collins, the free-thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going? "To church, sir." "What do you do there?" "Worship God." "Pray whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can he be both?" "He is so great that the heavens of heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind, than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him.

**ECONOMY.**—Some persons are ashamed of this virtue for a virtue it is, and the reverse of it, wastefulness, is a sin. Many are penurious, and they call it being economical; but a person may spend or give money liberally, and be withal very economical; true economy is to spend only what you can afford and that judiciously. Some people would sooner spend what they cannot afford, or use a little deception than say, I cannot afford the expence.