

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



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WHERE

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

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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ZEBRA.

The Zebra is at once one of the most elegant and the most untameable of animals. Its skin is as smooth as satin, and adorned with elegant stripes, like ribbons, which are brown on a yellowish white ground in the male, and in the female are black on a white ground. The body is round and plump, and the legs of a delicate smallness. The voice of this creature is thought to have a distant resemblance to the sound of a post horn. The Zebra is chiefly found in the southern parts of Africa; whole herds are often seen grazing in those extensive plains that lie near the Cape of Good Hope, and a penalty of fifty six dollars is inflicted on any person who shoots one of them. Such of them as are caught alive are presented to the governor. Several have been brought to England, but, except in one instance, they have all displayed great wildness, and even ferocity. The exception was in that which was burnt some years ago at Exeter Change. It would allow young children to be put upon its back, and was once ridden from the Lyceum to Pimlico; but it was bred and reared in Portugal, from parents half reclaimed. In several other cases, Zebras have attempted to injure spectators, and have not even spared their keepers.

BIOGRAPHY.

XENOPHON.

Xenophon, an illustrious Athenian philosopher, soldier, and historian, born in the 82d, and died in the 105th Olympiad, leaving behind him many excellent works, of which a fine collection is happily come down to us. The principal of these are, the Cyropædia, or the life, discipline, and actions, of the

Elder Cyrus; seven books of Expedition of the younger Cyrus into Persia, and of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under himself; seven books of the Memorabilia of Socrates, with the Apologia Socrates, and the Hellenica or several books of Grecian history, being a continuation of Thucydides to 48 years farther.

EDWARD YOUNG

Edward Young, a divine and poet, was born at Upham, in Hampshire, in 1681, and died in 1765. As a poet he shines in his Night Thoughts, which abound with sublimities, but are often very obscure. His poem on the Last Day is also a performance of great merit. Besides these works, he wrote the Revenge, and the Brothers, tragedies; The Centaur not Fabulous, a moral Satire; Estimates of Human Life, a sermon; Conjectures on Original Composition; The Love of Fame the Universal Passion; some papers in the Spectator; and Miscellaneous poems.

THE MAD DOG.

*Wouldst thou inflict no needless pain,
And do thy fellow man no wrong,
With prudent, kindly care, restrain
The poison of a slanderous tongue.*

The sun was blazing in the sky, the cattle were hanging their heads beneath the shade of the oak trees, the horses were shaking their ears and swinging their long tails from side to side to keep off the flies, myriads of gnats were rising and falling in their sport at the corner of the thatched hovel, and the pool by the old yew tree was almost dry. It was indeed one of the hottest summers that had been known in the memory of man.

*The sow lay deep in a miry bed,
The sheep lay panting on the ground,
And man and bird and beast had fled
From the burning heat that reign'd around.*

Wellings the wheelwright, and Sherrad the Shoemaker, were setting in the shade at the door of the Malt shovel, with a pot of porter before them; and old Norbury the blacksmith was hastily hammering away at his anvil, that he might finish the job in which he was engaged and join his neighbours at the door of the Malt Shovel.

Jenny Stevens was sitting on the step at her door knitting a white worsted stocking and now and then looking on her chubby-

cheeked little girl, rolling on the grass; and the magpie, in the wicker cage, was hopping down from his perch and up again; when a noise was heard at the other end of the village. The hubbub increased, and half a dozen people were seen running towards the Malt Shovel armed with different weapons. As they came nearer their voices were distinctly heard crying out, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" Jenny Stevens threw down her knitting, and snatched up her child. Wellings and Sherrad seized hold of a mop and a besom which stood near the brewhouse; and old Norbury ran out of his smithy, in his leather apron, with a red hot iron in his hand.

A dog was now seen running with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, a dozen lads, too, who had been distanced in the chase now came in sight, bawling, and squalling, and following the men and the dog. The whole village was in a riot, but as soon as the dog was seen running foaming at his mouth, every one tried to get out of his way. Old Nanny Flemming the washerwoman, with her fat sides, waddled screaming into the house of her next neighbour. Tippen the tailor's apprentice, who was sitting on the Shopboard with the window open, leaped up as suddenly as if he had been shot; and Mary Stokes, at the huckster's, as she poured out some treacle into a basin, let fall the treacle can, broke the basin, and fled into the brewhouse, half frightened out of her senses; while men, women, and children joined in the cry, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Just as the dog came up Sam Broughton, the butcher, had reached a leg of mutton from a hook at his shop door. Kitty Mullens was standing with a pail of water on her head; and the churchwarden came up trotting along on his brown pony. No sooner did the cry of a mad dog reach them than Sam dropped the leg of mutton on the ground. Kitty Mullens overturned her pail of water, and the churchwarden clapping his heels to the sides of his brown pony set off on a gallop up the green lane.

And now away went the dog with twenty people at his heels. Wellings with a mop, Sherrad with a besom, and old Norbury, with the iron he had been welding in his hand, joined in the chase. The tailor's apprentice seized hold of his master's yard, and Sam Broughton snatched up the cleaver to hasten after the motley throng, while the