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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

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## The Weekly Mirror,

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WHERE

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### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### FOSSIL ANIMALS.

Geologists, in searching into the structure of the earth, have discovered the remains of many animals, which are unknown in a living state. In the caverns of Germany, fossil bears have been found, larger than any now in existence, and with a head resembling that of the hippopotamus. Fossil wolves, foxes, gluttons, weasels, rabbits, and rats, have been found, nearly resembling the present species. The Megatherium appears to have been as large as an ox, and resembling the sloth. The bones were found in South America. Mammoth bones, resembling those of the elephant, have been found in various parts of the earth.\* The bones of the great Mastodon, an animal resembling the elephant, but much larger, have been found in the U. States. One entire specimen is preserved in Peale's museum at Philadelphia. Several kinds of fossil Reptiles have been discovered. The Ichthyosaurus was a species of lizard, but with ribs and paddles like a fish. Its length was twenty-five feet. The Plesiosaurus had the head of a lizard and the neck of a serpent, with paddles like a whale. Its length was sixty or seventy feet. It would appear from these facts, that whole races of animals some of monstrous size and extraordinary endowments, must have existed on the earth, which have now disappeared, only leaving their bones to give testimony to their existence.† This subject opens a field of interesting inquiry, which has been pursued with great industry and wonderful results by the late Baron Cuvier.

\* A thigh bone of an immense animal, supposed to be a mammoth, found in Cape Breton, was sent to the Halifax Mechanics Institute last week, to be deposited in their museum.

† To the naturalist Nova-Scotia affords a wide field of inquiry.—The Fossil botanist will find an immense range among our rocks, where kinds of living animals, of different classes, have been converted into stone; and plants, from the creeping lichen to the stately palm tree, have been imbedded and petrified, to an extent almost incredible.—(Dr. Gesner's Lectures.)

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### JAMES CRICHTON.

James Crichton, a celebrated Scotchman, of whom so many wonderful things are related as to have procured him the name of "the admirable Crichton." He was born about 1550, in the county of Perth, of a good family, and educated at St. Andrews, where he made a rapid progress in the languages and sciences. At the age of twenty he visited Paris, and acquired uncommon reputation as a disputant, and for his skill and activity in games of all sorts, as well as martial exercises. He next went to Rome, and displayed his talents in the presence of the pope and cardinals. From thence he travelled to Venice, where he became intimate with the learned Aldus Manutius, who dedicated to him the paradoxes of Cicero, in a strain of panegyric which borders on the ridiculous. At Padua he held disputations with the most learned professors, on a number of subjects, but particularly on the Aristotelian philosophy. We next find him at Mantua, where he is reported to have slain a famous fencing master in a duel. The duke of Mantua was so pleased with Crichton, as to appoint him tutor to his son, who was a very licentious young man. This appointment, however, proved fatal to him; for one night, as he was walking through the streets in carnival time, he was attacked by six assassins, and after a gallant defence lost his life. It is said that the person who gave him the fatal stroke was the prince his pupil. This event is placed in the year 1583.

#### THE THREE WISHES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Well," said George, "if I might choose, I'd rather be Julius Cæsar than any man that ever lived! He was a fine fellow! he conquered all the then known world—from the pyramids of Egypt, to the Island of Thule—from the most remote provinces of Asia Minor, to the western shores of the Peninsula: in ten years only, he took eight hundred cities, subdued three hundred nations, and left a million of enemies dead upon his fields of battle! Now, he was a hero! And what a glorious thing it must have been, after subduing Britons, Gauls, Germans, and Russians, to return with his triumphal regiments, laden with spoil, and leading kings captive, a conquerer through

the streets of Rome! I never think of Julius Cæsar without longing to be a soldier. 'He came—he saw—he conquered!' How famous that was! I wish I had lived in his days; or, better still, I wish there was another world to conquer, and I were the Julius Cæsar to do it!"

"Upon my word," said Charles, "very well spoken! but if I might choose, I'd be Cicero. I'd rather be an orator, rather ten thousand times, than a warrior, though he were Julius Cæsar himself. Only think, George, when you came to die, how should you like to have the blood of a million of men on your conscience? Depend upon it, it's not such a fine thing to be a conqueror, after all! But an orator! his is a glorious character indeed. He gains victories over millions without shedding one drop of blood! Now let us match ourselves, one against the other: you a warrior, I an orator—each the most accomplished in the world. What can you do without your legions and your arms?—With ten thousand men at your back, armed at all points, where, pray, is the wonder that you take possession of a city or a country, weakly defended perhaps, both by men and means? But place me among Savages (provided only I can speak their tongue)—give me no arms—no money; nay, even strip me of my clothes, and leave me, a defenceless, solitary being among thousands, and what will follow? I drew tears from the eyes of the stoniest-hearted among them;—they shall give me bread to eat, clothing to wear,—they shall build a house to cover me,—and if my ambition extends so far, they shall choose me for their king; and this is only by the words of my mouth! Now who, I ask you, is most powerful, you or I? You think it was a glorious thing for Julius Cæsar to pass with his captives through the streets of Rome. I think it was glorious too for Cicero, when, after having exposed and defeated the horrible conspiracy of Cataline, and driven him from Rome, he was borne by the most honourable men of the city to his house, along streets crowded with thousands of the inhabitants, all hailing him father and saviour of his country! I wish I could be a Cicero, and you might be a Julius Cæsar and an Alexander the Great, for me! But come, William" said he, addressing his other brother,—“who would you choose to be? and what arguments can you bring forward in favour of your choice?"