

passengers were to be landed, and among others, the master of Bobby, with his wife and child. All those who remained in the ship were very sorry to part with good Bobby.

The boats were prepared for the passengers and their luggage. All those who were to leave had got into the boats, the little boy was in his mother's lap, and Bobby, whom the sailors was holding, to put and take a kind leave of, was just going to leap into the boat after his master, when the officer stood up, and told the sailors to hold him tight by the collar, until the boats should have rowed some ways towards the shore. 'You will see what a strong swimmer Bobby is,' said he; 'let us start before him and he will soon overtake us. When I hold up my handkerchief let him go.'

'Aye aye!' cried the sailors, and two of them held Bobby tight by the collar. Poor fellow he thought he was to be left behind and he did not like it. He tugged, and hauled, and yelled, and barked, to get to his friends, but it was of no use. The boats put off without him.

When the boats were within a few strokes of the shore, the officer raised the signal, and some of the sailors called out 'yeo-ho, halloo.' The men on board the ship who held Bobby, loosed their hold, and dash went the fine creature, barking and splashing at a great rate, and swimming nobly and happily through the water after the boats. His quick swim was quite beautiful and wonderful.

All the people in the boats, as well as those on board the ship, were eyeing Bobby with delight; and he had just reached midway, between the ship and the boats, when the creature set up a loud shrill howl, and threw himself half out of the water. Every body thought that he had got the cramp; but, oh, no! the flash of white that glanced like lightning close against him the next minute, told the truth; and 'A shark! a shark!' sounded from boats to ship, and from ships to boats in one loud cry. All stood trembling, with their eyes fixed upon the unfortunate dog. The boat stayed still for an instant, the men resting upon their oars as if panic struck. But, again, in another instant, one of the boats was seen putting back, the men rowing with all their might.

Poor Bobby! he kept swimming away right and left, now diving, now doubling as if he knew his danger, while every now and then he gave a short fierce howl, and showed his grinders, never giving the vile shark time to turn on its back, which it must do before it can give the deadly bite.

The poor dog swam and dodged with a skill and speed, and maintained the unequal contest in a manner that surprised every body, but it was evident that his strength was nearly exhausted, when the boat, which had put back, came sufficiently near for

him to hear himself called, and encouraged to hold out a little longer. In this boat were his master, and the little boy, whose life the poor dog had saved three days before.—They could now plainly perceive the great black fins and back of the shark, as he rose every minute to the surface of the water, pursuing and trying to gripe the dog. The poor dog swam with all his might towards the boat that was coming to save him.

Just as he nearly reached the boat, and could hear and see his master calling out 'Here, Bob! here,' the shark turned on his back and opened its horrid jaws.—'Poor Bobby, dear Bobby!' shrieked the little boy; and a lad, who stood at the head of the boat, hoping to save the dog, threw a hand-spike that he held at the ravenous monster. But the lad was in such a flurry, from terror and anxiety, that he missed the shark, and the spike fell into the water.

At this failure the child screamed aloud with agony of fright and sorrow, 'Oh! save poor Bobby! save my dear, dear Bobby!' and every body thought poor Bobby was gone, when the father of the child, who, ever since the boat had come within gunshot of the shark, had been watching for the proper opportunity to save the faithful dog, fired. The gun levelled with so true an aim, that he shot the cruel shark through the head, and splintered those horrid jaws that were opened ready to devour poor Bobby. The shark sank, the sea became tinged with blood, and the officer throwing down his gun, stretched out his arms, and pulled the dog, exhausted with fatigue and terror, into the boat, before the shark who was not quite dead, could again rise to the surface of the water. The child threw his little arms round the dog's neck: the sailors in the ship, who were all intently on the watch, and the men in the boats, set up one loud shout of joy! 'Hurra! hurra! joy, joy! Bobby is safe, the shark is killed: hurra! hurra!'

FOR THE MIRROR.

THE MONTHS.—No. III.

MARCH.—The spring month of the Saxons was originally the first month of the Romans, and by them dedicated to Mars. From this licentious demon, March derives its name. The Jewish year formerly began in autumn, at which period it was supposed that the world was created; it now commences with the new moon in March, agreeable to the divine command: And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aron, in the land of Egypt, saying, This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you."

The English year began at one time in March, but by an act of Parliament passed in 1752, it was determined that the year henceforth commence on the first January.

This alteration of the style occasions some difficulty in ascertaining the precise date of events between the first Jan. and the 25th of March, before 1752. Hence in old writings two days are often put, as February 10th 1748-49, or 1748-0; meaning Feb. 10th 1749, if the year be reckoned to begin on the 1st Jan. or 1748, if on the 25th of March. In the former case, February is considered, the second month of the new year; in the latter, the eleventh month of the old.

The "vernal equinox," or the spring tide passage of the sun across the equator, occurs about the 21st of this month, making the day and night of equal length throughout the world,—and from his vertical position reflecting no shadows from any object beneath the "line." The influence of the sun on the atmosphere and ocean at this period is mysterious and surprising; swelling the tides to unusual fulness, and imparting to the atmospheric currents a degree of rapidity and force which is felt to the extremities of the earth. The equinoctial gales are often ministers of vengeance, scattering desolation on sea and land. By them the sturdy oak is uprooted and shivered, the lofty edifice is laid prostrate in an instant, the stately ship with riven sails is dashed on the rock, or stranded on the shore. Their fury is however, restrained by 'Him,' who ruleth in the Heavens, or all nature would be destroyed.

FOR THE MIRROR

Youth is decidedly the best season for study,—the young are free from the cares and excitements which harass those engaged in the mazes of business; hence, the impressions made upon the mind at this period, remain more or less strongly stamped upon it, through life. How necessary then is it, that the young embrace every opportunity afforded them of storing up such a stock of knowledge, as will be valuable to them, in whatever stations of life, they may hereafter be placed.

The studies of the young ought to be directed into a proper channel by their parents or tutors, and while engaged in this important duty, care should be taken to proportion a due amount of the "sweet with the useful." I do not approve of the method of choking a boy with education,—a medium may be preserved in this, as well as every thing else.—The young require to have a part of their spare hours for exercise and amusement.

I would recommend that attention be paid to the quantity, as well as the quality of the daily tasks, required of children, and if this principle be kept in view, the result, I think, will be gratifying to the teacher and beneficial to the learner.

"MENTOR'S," explanation of festivals and fasts, as observed by the church, was received too late for insertion this week.

"PRECOCITY" is received.