

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 2]

HALIFAX, JUNE 24, 1836.

No. 23.

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and adjoining north of Mr. Allan McDonald's.

WHERE

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

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum payable in advance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PELICAN.

The Hebrew name of this curious bird is evidently taken from its manner of discharging the contents of its bag or pouch, for the purpose of satisfying its own hunger, or that of its young.

The Pelican is much larger than the swan, and something resembles it in shape and color. The principle difference, and that which distinguishes this bird from all others, is its enormous bill and extraordinary pouch. From the point of the bill to the opening of the mouth, there is a length of fifteen inches: and under the chap is a bag, reaching the entire length of the bill to the neck, and capable, it is said, of holding fifteen quarts of water. When empty, this pouch is not seen; but when filled, its great bulk and singular appearance may easily be conceived. The Pelican, says Labat, has strong wings, furnished with thick plumage of an ash color, as are the rest of the feathers over the whole body. Its eyes are very small when compared to the size of its head; there is a sadness in its countenance, and its whole air is melancholy; it is as dull and reluctant in its motions as the flamingo is sprightly and active. It is slow of flight; and when it rises to fly, performs it with difficulty and labor; nothing, as it would seem, but the spur of necessity, could make these birds change their situation, or induce them to ascend into the air: but they must either starve or fly. When they have raised themselves about thirty or forty feet above the surface of the sea, they turn their head with one eye downwards, and continue to fly in that posture. As soon as they perceive a fish sufficiently near the surface, they dart down upon it with the swiftness of an arrow, seize it with unerring certainty, and store it up in their pouch.

They then rise again, though not without great labor, and continue hovering and fishing, with their head on one side as before.

In feeding its young, the pelican squeezes the food deposited in its bag into their mouths, by strongly compressing it upon its breast with the bill; an action, says Shaw, which might well give occasion to the received tradition and report, that the pelican, in feeding her young, pierced her own breast, and nourished them with her blood.

The writer of the hundred-and-second psalm alludes to the lonely situation of the pelican in the wilderness, as illustrative of the poignancy of his own grief, at witnessing the desolation of his country, and the prostration of her sacred altars.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY I.

Henry the First was one of the most accomplished princes that have filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers.

His superior eloquence and judgement would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar: but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government; and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and supersition which were then so prevalent among men of letters.

His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct

towards his brother shown, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. He died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years.

THE VILLAGE.—No. 12.

EDWARD DAFFON.

In my walk, yesterday morning, I met farmer Brookes, who had almost promised me to become a subscriber to the Sunday schools; but the honest farmer had got it so firmly into his head that learning made every body proud and idle, instead of rendering them humble and industrious, that I almost despaired of his altering his opinion. Indeed, I am afraid that there is some degree of truth in what the farmer says, and that too many instances occur of those who acquire a little learning becoming idle and proud. It is a sad reproach to any one to put that knowledge to a bad purpose, which is so truly valuable when put to a good one.

The farmer and I had much talk together; and I pointed out, as well as I could the advantages of youth being instructed, so as to be able to read the word of God: for "whatever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope." I dwelt also on the advantages of being able to write a little. What a comfort it is, when different branches of a family are removed from each other, to be able to correspond together at a distance, to say nothing of being able to put down things on paper, worthy of being remembered!

"I tell you what, Master Jenkins," said the farmer, "it may be well enough for the parson of the parish, and the justice, and one or two more, to be able to read, and write and cast up accounts; but I cannot see the good of other folks troubling their heads about these things. Anybody may learn the ten commandments by hearing them read over at church on a Sunday; and they are quite enough for a hard-working man to know.

Give me the man that plays his part
With a hard hand and an honest heart."

"Why," replied I, "if hard work was the only thing required in this world, we certainly could do without reading and writing; but we have not only to do our duty