

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 against 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.