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NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPED.

If we descend by a regular gradation from man to those animals which approach nearest to him in their nature and habits, we must assign the first rank to quadrupeds. Even those that least resemble us, when they erect themselves in an upright position, show striking marks of their affinity. In their internal structure, we shall perceive that they enjoy many advantages superior to those of the lower tribes of nature. They are placed above the class of birds, by bringing forth their young alive; and they are placed above the class of insects, by having red blood circulating through their veins.

Even in the passions of man, we find in some species of quadrupeds no contemptible rivals. What can equal the attachment of the dog to his master? What eagerness does he show to obtain his caresses; what docility in obeying him; what emotion, what anxiety, what sorrow when he is absent; what joy when he returns; even over the grave that contains his dust, this faithful friend has often been known to breathe his last. Where among us is friendship expressed with greater energy.

The head of quadrupeds is usually calculated for their manner of living. In some it is sharp, to enable the animal to turn up the earth in which its food lies; in some it is long, to give room for the olfactory nerves, as in dogs, which hunt by the scent; in others, it is short as in the lion, to give it the greater strength and fit it the better for combat. The teeth are also fitted for the nature of their food; some being sharp for tearing and dividing flesh, and some calculated for pounding or grinding vegetable substances. The feet of some quadrupeds are webbed, for swimming, while others are armed with sharp claws for rending their prey. The stomach is also proportioned to the nature of their food.

BIOGRAPHY.

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

Raphael Sanzio, was born at Urbino in 1483. By studying the best masters in painting, he soon rose to eminence, and merited the appellation of divine Raphael. He also excelled as an architect, and was employed in the building of St. Peter's, Rome. He came to an untimely grave in consequence of his addiction to licentious pleasures, dying at the age of thirty-seven years. By the general consent of mankind, he is acknowledged to have been the prince of painters. He excelled in beauty and grace.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti, was not only a great painter, but sculptor and architect. He was even an elegant poet. In architecture he surpassed all the moderns, and he was the greatest designer that ever lived. The early displays of his genius, raised so great a jealousy among his youthful rivals, that one of them struck him with such violence on the nose, that he carried the mark to the grave. The most celebrated of his paintings, is the last judgement. His architectural abilities are best displayed in the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the building of which he completed. His style is that of grandeur and sublimity, united with the utmost simplicity and beauty. Sir John Reynolds declared, that the last word which he wished to utter from the academic chair, was the name of Michael Angelo. Description can convey but a very imperfect image of

"Buonaroti's ear,

"Midst epic glories beaming from afar."

only the sight can give one an idea of his peculiar excellence. He lived 93 years.

KATE BOND:

OR, THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BE GOOD.

"Get away, you naughty little witch!" exclaimed Kate Bond to her sister Ada, a little creeping baby, who sat on the carpet tearing a bit of something she had picked up—"Get away, I say, or I will push you over."

"Why, Kate—how can you allow yourself in speaking so harshly to your little sister?" said Mrs. Bond.

"My sister!—my to, ment you mean, mother! Only look here—Ada has torn and quite spoiled this gold paper that I had cut to trim Frank's box, I declare I never will try to make anything again;"—and the passionate girl threw the box

she was making, and all the materials from her to the farther end of the room; among these things there happened to be a saucer of carmine that Kate valued very much—the saucer struck a chair and was broken into a dozen pieces; the box, too, which she had been making, being of card paper, newly pasted, burst asunder, and there was sad havoc among the choice treasures of Miss Kate Bond. She only grew more angry at the sight of the mischief she had wrought, and not well knowing what to say, she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

Mrs. Bond did not, for several minutes, speak to her daughter. She knew that it was not sorrow for what she had done that made the passionate girl weep: many persons will weep when they are angry; but Mrs. Bond was a very prudent woman, and she knew that it would do little good to talk to an angry girl. So she waited till the storm of tears subsided, and then quite calmly said—

"Kate, will you tell me why you have so afflicted yourself?"

"Why, don't you see, mother, that my things are all spoiled, and I was making a Christmas present for Frank," sobbed the poor girl.

"Yes, I see that you have thrown them all away—but why do you cry about that? you chose to destroy them."

"Oh, mother, did I not tell you that Ada had torn my gold paper?"

"But I have gold paper, my child, plenty of it—I would I have given you some, and assisted you to cut the trimming for the box. Why did you not apply to me in your trouble?"

"I could not, mother—Ada made me so angry."

"And how could you allow yourself to be angry with a baby that does not know her right hand from her left. She had no intention of doing any mischief—she just tore a small paper that she found on the carpet—that was all—and you were angry with your dear little sister!"

"She is a little fool!"—exclaimed Kate, raising her voice again and reddening with rage.

The tears gathered in Mrs. Bond's eyes as she gazed sorrowfully on her daughter.

Now Kate was a passionate, self-willed child, and had always given her parents a great deal of trouble, yet she had kind feelings; and after she had done wrong, and grieved her mother and all treated her sisters and brothers, she always regretted it, and made promises that she never, never would be naughty again: but the very next time that she felt cross, no matter what was the cause, she would again be unkind, perhaps violent.

But now, when she saw her mother's eyes fill with tears, and felt that she was distressing that tender parent who had done so much for her, she relented, and running to the sofa on which her mother was sitting, she threw her arms around her neck and sobbed—"Forgive me, do forgive me this time, and I solemnly