

the name of John Austin, in London, has trained animals of totally opposite natures to live together in love and peace. He is careful to keep them well fed, caresses them a great deal and accustoms them to each other's society at a very early age. The cat, the mouse, the owl, the rabbit, the hawk, the pigeon, the starling and the sparrow, all frolic together in the same cage. The owl allows the sparrow to eat from the same plate, without offering to devour him; while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws, and the starling perches on her head.

From these facts little girls and boys can learn a useful lesson concerning their treatment to younger brothers and sisters. When little ones are fretful, do not take hold of them hard, and pull them along, and speak cross words to them. This will only serve to spoil their tempers, and injure your own. Speak gently to them; try to comfort them, and tell them some simple story, in order to make them forget their little troubles.—If managed in this way, they will soon become as docile as little lambs; and when they are unhappy they will come to you, as their kindest protector and best friend.

A gentle and patient temper is a twofold blessing; it equally blesses those who possess it, and those who come under its influence. While we are striving to do good to others, we find our reward in the quiet happiness with which our own hearts are filled.

Philosophy.—'Delightful prospect, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Beats the chimbley pots, sir,' replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. 'I suppose you have hardly seen any thing but chimney pots and bricks and mortar, all your life, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, smiling. 'I worn't always a boots, sir,' said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. 'I was a vagginer's boy, once.'—'When was that?' inquired Mr. Pickwick. 'When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles,' replied Sam, 'I was a carrier's boy at startin: then a vagginer's, than a helper, than a boots. Now I'm a gen'l'm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for once.' 'You are quite a philosopher, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'It runs in the family, I b'lieve, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'My father's very much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out and gets another. Then she screams very loud, and falls into 'sterics; and he smokes very comfortable till she comes to agin. That's philosophy sir, an't it.' 'A very good substitute for it, at all events,' replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing.

A Good Retort.—During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow subjects, their Queen being Queen of France as well England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself King, and of which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in French."

DYSPEPSIA.—An intelligent writer remarks that the principle cause of that peculiarly American disease, dyspepsia, is the eating of hot bread, hot cakes, crust which is dough in consistency, butter, and the use of tea. To this he might add as a still stronger cause the horrible American habit of eating so fast, bolting down provisions half masticated, and forcing the stomach to labor which nature never intended. If our people were constructed to fit their habits, their teeth would be placed in their stomachs. They are of no use in their present location, except as subjects for the skill of the dentist. A slow eater is generally a moderate eater; he is satisfied with less food than a bolter; he relishes it more, and he never feels uncomfortable and heavy after a meal.

An English mechanic, Mr. Stromber, has just been applying the impulsive force of air to horology, and the results he has obtained from his experiments seem destined to bring about a great revolution in the present system of clock making. Mr Stromber has exhibited an air clock of a truly surprising simplicity in its construction. Air compressed at six atmospheres escapes continually from three little tubes, upon three wheels of different dimensions, which are made to turn by means of this air. These three cog wheels are calculated in a manner to keep up a regular quickness of rotation. This instrument is a real chef d'oeuvre in horology, and requires to be wound up but once in three months. It is an example of the most difficult calculation that can be made on the expansive power of compressed air, combined with a chronometrical system of wheels.

AWFUL DEATH.—A Protestant Clergyman of Hirschberg, in Silesia, was killed in his pulpit. A thunder storm burst over the town on Sunday while he was preaching; the top of the pulpit was suspended from

the ceiling of the church by an iron chain—the lightning struck the spire, penetrated the roof, and descended along the chain. The wig of the old man, who was continuing his discourse undisturbed, was seen in a blaze; he raised his hands to his head, gave a convulsive start, and sank back dead in his pulpit.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, 26, 1836.

* Late on the afternoon of the 15th inst. Mr. WILLIAM GUNSTONE, who has been employed for upwards of four years, watering Merchant Vessels, left Clark's Wharf with his Tank, with the intention of proceeding to a Schooner at anchor in the harbour. At midnight the Tank was seen drifting past the Pyramus, without any person on board, and secured by a boat from the Ship. Mr. Gunstone has not since been heard of, and it is feared has been drowned. Should the body be found, his afflicted widow begs that notice may be given to her. She resides in Mr. Fraser's House, near the Counting House of Messrs. Cunard.—*Gazette.*

MARRIED.

On Monday last, by the Rev. William Jackson, Mr. John Christie, to Miss Ann Hunt.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Catherine McLennan, wife of Mr. Donald McLennan, in the 43d year of her age.

Wednesday, after a protracted illness, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. George Little, in the 18th year of her age: her affable and truly virtuous manners, endeared her to all her friends and acquaintance, by whom her death is deeply regretted.—Funeral on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock, precisely, from the residence of her Father—head of Messrs. Strachan & Yeoman's wharf; when the friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully requested to attend

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