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WHERE

All kinds of Job PRINTING will be executed at
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DIVERSITY OF PLEASURES IN NATURE.

To whatever part of the creation we direct our view we find something to interest and gratify either our senses, our imagination, or our reason. Universal nature is formed to present us with a multitude of pleasing objects, and to procure those new and varied delights which continually succeed each other. Our inclination for variety is continually excited and always gratified; there is no part of the day in which we do not find some gratification for our senses or for our minds. Whilst the sun illumines the horizon, plants, animals, and a thousand pleasing objects, gratify our view; and when night extends her sable mantle over the earth, the majestic grandeur of the firmament occasions rapture and astonishment. Every where Nature works to procure us new enjoyment; even the smallest insects, leaves, and grains of sand offer subjects of admiration: and he who is not struck with this infinite diversity, and does not acknowledge in it the goodness of God, must be blind indeed; and little are his feelings to be envied whose hearts does not throb with pleasure at the sight of nature's beautiful objects.

The same brook that waters the valleys, murmurs sweet music in our ear, invites us to soft repose, and refreshes the parched tongue. The grove which shields us from the piercing rays of the sun by its protecting shade, makes us experience a delicious coolness; reclining at ease beneath the lofty trees, whilst we listen to the joyful songs of the birds, a thousand sweet sensations sooth our souls. The trees, whose beautiful blossoms so lately delighted us, will soon produce the most delicious fruits; and the meadows, waving with the ripening corn, promise an abundant harvest.

Every month of the year brings us different plants and new flowers. Those which

are decayed are replaced by others, and by thus succeeding each other there is no perceptible void in the vegetable kingdom.

We cannot look around but every thing reminds us of his infinite goodness, and calls forth our gratitude and joy; when we walk abroad into the fields, and see the rich corn, the flocks feeding, and the verdant groves, may our souls be filled with pleasure, and our hearts rejoice in bliss! We shall then experience that there is no greater and more durable satisfaction than that arising from the contemplation of Nature's works, which the longer we consider the more we shall admire: and the more attentively we observe the more shall we discover that God is a pure being, who loves mercy and goodness, and that the Christian religion is a source of unfading joy, and a continual motive for grateful adoration.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN FLAMSTEED.

John Flamsteed, an English astronomer, was born at Derby in 1646, and educated at the grammar school in that town. When very young he discovered a turn for mathematical learning, and in 1669 he calculated an eclipse of the sun which was to happen next year; and also five appulses of the moon to the fixed stars. He sent the same to the royal society, for which he received the thanks of that learned body. One of his best friends was sir Jonas Moore, who introduced him to the king, and in 1674 procured from him the place of astronomer royal. The same year he entered into orders. In 1675 the foundation of the royal observatory at Greenwich was laid, and he was the first resident and astronomer royal; it was called *Flamsteed-house*, by which name it continues to be known. In 1725 appeared his great work entitled, *Historia Caelestis Britannica*, in 3 vols. folio. In the *Philosophical Transactions* are many of his papers, and in sir Jonas Moore's *System of Mathematics* is a tract by him on the *Doctrine of the Sphere*. He died in 1719. Mr. Flamsteed never received any other church preferment than the crown living of *Burstow*, in *Surry*.

Happy is the man who can be acquitted by himself in private, and by others in public.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

About thirty years ago, Mr. B., having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November; and though he usually took the sea side as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road-side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice—

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added—"Thank Heaven, I am yet free from crime!"

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man and said—

"I fear you are in distress. Is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"Strangers may perhaps," replied the man in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from friends."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home, and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been—" He suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me. I have certainly no right to pry into your concerns; but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber—ay,"