

with me. I whispered them to none—but, I feared they were ominous.

It was about ten years from the time I have spoken, when our city, (then a quiet town) was aroused from the apathy of a dull winter, by the report of a suicide! Death in so frightful forms as those of suicide and murder, arouses us as the ordinary dissolution of mortality cannot. The common mass of matter around us becomes for a brief time, a thinking mass—and you can see intellect in their dull and inanimate countenances. While those whom God has blest with deep powers of thought, draw from those events,—in which “man plays such tricks before high heaven as make e'en angels weep,”—food for such discipline of mind as makes them wiser and better.

It was so pre-eminently, in this case.—The suicide was well known in our little town. At first his name could not be learned. There seemed to be a desire on the part of kind friends, to keep this burning shame from the world. But what could do it?

As a raging fire, when by some powerful effort it is checked for a moment, will then rage on with redoubled fury—even so did this receive new impetus from the very efforts made to stifle it. Curiosity broke over all bounds. The truth came out with all its horror. *My friend was a suicide.* The cause was soon known. His property had been wasted on the gaming table! His wife and children were beggared! Himself in a dishonoured shroud.

I stood by the coffin-lid of this miserable man, after he had been arrayed for the grave. His appearance on the occasion I have cited, was again before me. He had died with that look of anguish upon his face—and that awful pang at his heart, which had so won my pity ten years before. It seemed to me, as I mused there, that the curtain had been drawn away, ten years before its time, that I might see a skeleton, and be warned to beware of gambling—for which I had an ardent propensity. It may have been my salvation. I think it was, and I would that this incident might stay the hand of the young man from this engrossing and ruinous evil—which blights the fairest prospects, and plunges all allied to the gambler into unutterable misery.

A long time has passed away, since the events spoken of transpired. My hair has become thin. Later events have become dimmed or forgotten—but the memory of this awful sequel to the life of a gambler clings to me like a mother's love. And when I see a man endangering every high and holy purpose by dallying with the fascinations of gambling,—oh, how I hope he may see the “hand writing on the wall,” as I have without the occurrence of the horrid sequel.—*Portland Courier.*

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be.

VALUE OF SCIENCE TO PRACTICAL MEN.—*Some years ago we knew a mechanic, respectable for skill in the business which he pursued. He had learned the business of making common suction pumps: he knew well how to construct every part of the machinery, in a workmanlike manner; his pumps had always worked well; and he had become the most popular pumpmaker in the whole country. At length, unfortunately for him, he was employed to make a pump for a well something like forty feet deep. The well being thus deep, it was necessary to splice the timber of which the pump was formed, this he did in the neatest and best manner, finished his pump and placed it in the well; and with the utmost confidence began to work the pump, but could not raise a drop of water to the top of the well. He now felt that his reputation was at stake, and he continued to labour and tug at the pump handle, but the water was still obstinate and would not rise above the lower box; when the handle was by great strength forced down, it would fly back with great violence; and, in short, it required so much power to work the pump, that had it raised the water it must have been useless. To our practical men, all this was perfectly inexplicable. He had spliced pumps before, and found no difficulty in making them work; and, as he supposed the difficulty in this case must be a leak in the joints of his pump, he took it up and examined it, and re-examined it, and caulked it, and re-caulked it, and put it back again. But all would not do. The pump would not work. And after wasting some thing more than a week's labour, and suffering all the perplexities and mortifications of disappointment, he was compelled, though with great reluctance, to give it up. Now, all must acknowledge that, in this case, a little science could have been of great practical use. Had our practical man possessed a competent knowledge of the principles of hydraulics, and of the agency of the atmosphere in raising water in a common suction pump; and that water could not be raised in this way more than thirty-two feet, or to such height as to be equal to a column of the atmosphere in weight (which in very few situations exceeds that elevation) he could not have been subjected to all this chagrin and loss of labor.*

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1835.

By arrivals from England and the United States during the week, London and Liverpool Papers to the 17th July, and American to the 22d inst. have been received.

Some of the London papers say, that a change of Ministry may be expected. Upon this subject the Standard says: “We exult in being able to assure our fellow subjects that the King is still firm. Lord Melbourne, if he pleases, can tell with perfect truth that

the last interview he had with his abused Sovereign was the reverse of satisfactory. All his Lordship's attempts to obtain favour for the Sacrilege Bill and the Irish Corporation Bill proved utterly abortive. There are some among His Majesty's official advisers who do not wish to engrandise Mr. O'Connell's power by the gift of the corporations. Perhaps, by about the King's birth-day, the 21st of August, Lord Melbourne may have a free opportunity of giving his deferred explanations.”

With respect to Canada, the same paper says:—“At the late meeting of the Council, at which Sir George Grey, one of the Canada Commissioners, was sworn in, after that Gentleman had taken the oaths, his Majesty took the constitutional and wise, though of late unusual, course for the King, to address the Commissioner at some length upon the nature of the duties he was to discharge. If we are rightly informed he pointed out to Sir George Grey, how far his line of duty was marked out in his oath, and then, reminding the Commissioner that the Canadas had been won by British valour, had been bought with British blood, had been improved and enlarged at the expense of this country—warned him that these provinces must not be lost or given away. “Remember, Sir,” said his Majesty, in words which we believe we quote literally—“Remember, Sir, these provinces must not be lost or given away.—Whatever others may say to you, I tell you this, the Canadas must not be lost or given away.”

FRANCE.—The Havre Journal of the 9th, says—“we are assured that the despatches recently received from Washington, have transmitted to the French Government the assurance that the explanations exacted by the Chamber, would be furnished without difficulty by the American Government.”

Other papers say, that the American Government raises great difficulties in making the least reparation to France, and has become more haughty in proportion to the concessions made to it, declaring that reparation is due from France.

The Canada Papers contain several addresses that have been presented to Lord Aylmer on his approaching departure—in his reply to the address from the Constitutional Association. His Excellency says, that he considers the Assembly imperatively called upon to renew their demand to the House of Commons for his impeachment before the House of Lords, it is what he ardently looks forward to. Before that august tribunal he says, assertions will not pass current for facts, neither will vituperation be mistaken for argument.

A destructive fire took place at New York on the night of the 12th inst. which destroyed about 30 buildings, 2 lives were lost, and several persons injured.