



## The Weekly Mirror,

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WHERE

all kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at a very cheap rate.

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE NAUTILUS.

This is a very curious shell-fish. The shell is so formed that it serves all the purposes of a boat to the animal that inhabits it. In calm weather, the Nautilus rises to the surface of the water, and spreads its arms out of its shell, and makes them answer the purpose of ears, the two hinder ones serving as rudders: it then lifts up a sort of double skin membrane, which Providence has given it, and this answers the purpose of sails. It can turn these sails in whatever direction it pleases, and thus catch the advantage of the wind. In this way, the extraordinary creature is sent forward by the breeze, like a ship under sail. When it perceives any danger nigh, it immediately draws itself up in its shell, and sinks to the bottom. The manner in which it sinks or rises is truly beautiful and wonderful. The shell is very thin and light; and, in the sort of Nautilus which we are here describing, it is divided into several separate apartments, and it is therefore called the chamber Nautilus\*. The animal lives in the largest of these, but he has a sort of hollow tube, which passes through a small hole in the walls, which separate these chambers. By means of this tube, he can fill all his chambers with water, and then he becomes heavy, and will sink. When he wishes to rise again, he can, by means of the tube, get rid of the water, and he becomes light, and rises to the top of the water. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and this little animal may indeed be called wonderful. And so, in truth, may every creature that the Almighty has made.

It is thought that the ancients learned the art of sailing from observing the Nautilus. Learn of the little Nautilus to sail.

Spread the thin ear, and catch the driving gale.

\* The Paper Nautilus has a shell like paper, and has only one apartment; but he has the same power of rising in, or rejecting water.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### NELSON.

Horatio, Lord Nelson, has been appropriately designated the "*Prince of Enterprize*," was born in 1758. His consummate skill and daring intrepidity advanced the naval superiority of the British nation to a height and splendour before unparalleled. — He was mortally wounded in the ever-glorious battle of Trafalgar, but his dying hours were cheered by the complete assurance of triumph, and the conscious satisfaction of knowing that "every man had done his duty." His body having been brought to England in his own ship, the *Victory*, was enclosed in a coffin made out of the mast of *L'Orion*, which blew up in the *Battle of the Nile*; and being thence conveyed to *Greenwich Hospital*, was laid in state during three days. It was then removed in grand procession, by water, to the Admiralty, and on the following day, 9th January, 1806, was conveyed to *St. Paul's*, and there interred with all the honors which a sorrowing country could bestow. The ceremonial was concluded by the verse and chorus — "*His body is buried in peace—But his name liveth evermore.*"

Saw ye the streets when NELSON died,

When his funeral train drew near—

The troops arrang'd on every side,

The people gazing in the rear?

I saw the streets when NELSON died!

When his funeral train drew near,

Not one brave heart but deeply sigh'd,

Not one fair cheek without a tear!

A nation's grief bedew'd his grave,

Devotion mourn'd him as her own!

For, in the battle, truly brave,

He fear'd th' Omnipotent alone!

### THE HEAVY CROSS.

Though heavy the barden on thy back;

Though heavy and rough the road;

A cheerful eye, and a hopeful heart

Will bid a thousand cares depart,

And lighten every load,

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbours would have been on good terms together; but, unluckily for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tanhouse, he muttered and grum-

bled all the way there and back, because his neighbour could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it sours his sweetest enjoyments; and plants stinging nettles in all his paths.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favorite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning to night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse to Mr. Starkey's, to make some excuse for not paying up what was due, when he met his neighbour Hullins, who was as regular as clockwork in his weekly payments. The very sight of Hullins was as bad as physic to Hodgkins, who, as he nodded his head in reply to Hullins's salutation, looked as surly as a bull about to run at a pointer dog.

Hodgkins entered the tanhouse, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent by his landlord, Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbor, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every farthing. "Yes, yes," replied Hodgkins, "some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths: Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got."

"Hullins has a pension it is true," said Mr. Starkey, "but he carries a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg, as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you now do, notwithstanding you might in that case have a pension."

"Not I," replied Hodgkins; "if I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good day's work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I fancy that his pension makes it light enough to him; the heaviest cross that I know of is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent."

Now Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humour, and well knowing Hodgkins disposition to repine,