

# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



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## The Weekly Mirror,

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WHERE

All kinds of Job PRINTING will be executed at a cheap rate.

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE RHINOCEROS.

This is an enormous creature, generally about twelve feet long. His skin is of a blackish colour. His nose is armed with a hard and solid horn; and, with this strong weapon, he is able to defend himself against the fiercest animal that dares to attack him. The body of the Rhinoceros, too, is defended by a skin so hard that scarcely any weapon can pierce it, excepting in the under parts. It is said, "that, even to shoot a full grown Rhinoceros, it is necessary to use iron bullets, as leaden ones are sometimes flattened by sticking against the skin." This animal is generally of a quiet and harmless disposition, yet when he is attacked, he becomes extremely dangerous. The eyes of the Rhinoceros are small, and his sight dull; but his sense of hearing is particularly good: he can also run with great swiftness; and, from his vast strength and hard coat, he can rush through the woods in such a way that nothing seems able to stop him, the smaller trees bending like shrubs as he passes them. The Rhinoceros is a native of India and several parts of Africa.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, a celebrated painter was the son of a clergyman at Plympton in Devonshire, and born there in 1723. Being intended for the church he received a suitable education; but having a great taste for drawing he resolved to make painting his profession, and accordingly was placed under Hudson the portrait painter. About 1749 he went to Italy, in company with the honourable Mr. Keppel, his early friend and patron. After studying the works of

the most illustrious masters two years, Mr. Reynolds returned to London, where he found no encouragement given to any other branch of the art than to portrait painting. He was of course under the necessity of complying with the prevailing taste, and in that walk soon became unrivalled. The first picture by which he distinguished himself, after his return, was the portrait of Mr. Keppel. He did not however confine himself to portraits, but painted several historical pictures of high and acknowledged merit. When the royal academy was instituted he was appointed president, which he held with honour to himself and advantage to the arts till 1791, and then resigned it. He was also appointed principal painter to the King, and knighted. He died in 1792.

## THE VILLAGE.—No 9.

### RALPH PERKINS AND KITTY HALL.

What a treasure do we neglect when we fail in reading regularly and steadily, the word of God!

I have often been struck with the beautiful simplicity of the Proverbs of Solomon. Surely the most important lessons are there given in the simplest language. A child at a very early age may comprehend the instruction afforded in the principle duties of life. How plainly are we exhorted to trust in God! "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and learn not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. How faithfully we are required to avoid sin; "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." How affectionately are we remembered of our duty to our parents: "My son, hear the instruction of a father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." And how urgently are we enjoined to follow every thing which is good.

Among the young people of the village, there are some who never read the Bible at all, and their conduct is just what might be expected from those who are only restrained from evil by the fear of punishment. I have already spoken of the Tilers, and of Bill Hollins; and I will now say something of Ralph Perkins, who is so addicted to lying, that no one thinks of believing him, unless what he says is borne out by some better proof of its truth than his own assertion. "Birds of a feather flock together," says

the old proverb; and there is another saying, "That a person may be known by the company he keeps;" so that when I tell you that Ralph Perkins is an intimate acquaintance of Bill Hollins and the Tilers, and may sometimes be seen playing at marbles with them, you will guess that he has not much to recommend him.

I was returning from the cottage of poor old bed-ridden Parkes, who appears to me to get weaker and weaker every day, when I saw at a distance Hollins, the butcher, laying a stick soundly across the shoulders of Ralph Perkins. Ralph cried out, as though every bone in his skin had been broken, and, indeed, I dare say his back smarted pretty well, for Hollins appeared in earnest about the matter. At last Ralph Perkins got away, and soon came up to the place where I was, whining and sobbing. "And what have you been doing, Ralph," said I, "to put Hollins in such a passion?" "Nothing at all," replied the ready liar, as he passed me: "he has beat me black and blue for nothing at all; a savage fellow as he is." Now I knew that Hollins was "a savage fellow as he called him; but I did not at all believe that he had beaten Ralph for nothing; so when I came up to Hollins, I inquired all about it. How cruel is the liar to himself? "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy."

It appeared that when Bill Hollins had taken the collar from the neck of his father's bull-dog, which was drowned in the river, that he did not exactly know how to dispose of it; and he was afraid to keep it, lest it should be seen by his father. He applied to Ralph Perkins, who told him that he could sell it for him to a man who lived a long way off, and that no one would know any thing about it. As soon as Ralph got the collar he sold it to a travelling tinker, who readily gave a shilling for it, it being made of brass. The collar had the name of Hollins upon it; but when the tinker asked Ralph where he had it from, he replied that Hollins had given it to him, having no use for it, his bull-dog being dead. The tinker had a bull-dog which travelled with him, so he put the brass-collar upon the dog, not caring to go to the expense of having the name altered. This tinker at the time was on his accustomed journey, so that nothing more was heard of the dog collar until he again visited the village. A liar may try with all his might to hide a lie, but time will