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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 2.]

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 7, 1836.

No. 38.

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and adjoining north of Mr. Allan McDonald's.

WHERE

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

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum payable in advance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

The fourteen Classes of the Second Division are divided into Orders, as follows :

CLASS I. MOLLUSCA, HAS FIVE ORDERS:

Order 1. HETEROPODA, including the Heteropodes, a gelatinous kind of sea animals.

Order 2. CEPHALOPODA, including the Nautilus &c.

Order 3. TRACHELIPODA, including sea animals covered with beautiful shells.

Order 4. GASTEROPODA, including animals nearly naked, capable of locomotion.

Order 5. PTERPODA, including small animals with thin shells, and furnished with fins for swimming: some of them form food for the whale.

CLASS II. CONCHIFERA, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. MONOMYALIA, including animals with shells opening with a hinge, as the Oyster and Scallop.

Order 2. DIZYALIA, including Cockles, &c.

CLASS III. TUNICATA, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. ASCIDIARIA, including certain animals fixed to rocks and enveloped in a tunic or bag.

Order 2. BOTRYLLARIA, including many small, soft and contractile animals.

CLASS IV. CIRRIPEDA, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. PEDUNCULATA, including certain soft animals with shells.

Order 2. SESSILIA, including animals enclosed in shells, and fixed on marine bodies, such as whales, tortoises, &c.

CLASS V. ANNELIDES, HAS THREE ORDERS:

Order 1. SEDENTARÆ, including animals enclosed in tubes, without eyes or jaws, but having red blood in their veins.

Order 2. ANTENNATÆ, including animals furnished with eyes and jaws, as the Sea Mouse or Aphrodite.

Order 3. APODES, including animals without feet and generally naked, as the Skate-sucker, Leech, Earthworm, &c.

To be continued.

BIOGRAPHY.

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

Sebastian Cabot, a celebrated navigator, was born at Bristol in 1477, and before he was 20 he made several voyages with his father, who was an excellent mariner and mathematician. They discovered part of Newfoundland in one of their voyages for a north-west passage; but Sebastian, after the death of his father, completed that discovery, and also of the continent of America, long before Columbus or Vesputius. In the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign he sailed again with a design of proceeding to the East Indies, but owing to some disappointment he went no further than the Brasils, from whence he shaped his course for Hispaniola and Porto Rico, and returned. Soon afterwards we find him in the Spanish service, but after one voyage to America he returned to England, and settled in his native city. Edward VI. delighted in his conversation, and allowed him a pension. A new company, called merchant adventurers, was erected, and Sebastian was placed at the head of it. By his means a voyage was made to the north in 1552, and a trade commenced with Russia, which gave rise to the Russian company. He died about 1557, aged 80. In Hackluyt's Collection are his instructions for the direction of a voyage to Cathay. He was the first who noticed the variation of the compass, and wrote *Navigazione nelle Parte Settentrionale, Venice., 1583, folio.*

PUNCTUALITY.

"FATHER," said little Edward, "what is the meaning of Punctuality?"

Mr Anderson raised his eyes from the paper on which he was writing toward his child, who had in his hand a number of the Youths' Magazine, which had suggested the question, and told him to ask his brother Henry.

A single glance at his elder brother would satisfy any one that he had heard the

query, and felt that it applied in some manner to himself, for his face crimsoned as he answered—"Punctuality—let me see,—Punctuality is doing every thing at the proper time."

Henry was possessed of more than ordinary talent, of an amiable disposition and an enquiring mind, but all his good qualities were tarnished by one failing—the want of Punctuality. His papa had often seriously talked to him on the subject, and now thought it a good opportunity to attempt to make an impression on his mind. Taking a volume from the bookcase, he handed it to his son, saying "Perhaps your brother would like to hear a tale which would explain the word more clearly, as I have just finished my letter, I will listen while you read it to him."

"Oh! a story, a story, papa," exclaimed little Edward, jumping and clapping his hands, "I am so pleased." His brother was as fond of stories as himself, though perhaps he would have chosen a different subject; however, he took the book, and while Mr. A. arranged some papers in his writing desk, he read the following extract:—

"Most of you are acquainted," said the venerable Mr. Williams, "with part of the history of my early years, but there were some incidents which beset me in consequence of my want of punctuality, and my habits of procrastination, which I may not have mentioned to you. The first severe disappointment my negligence caused me, was, on a bright spring morning a few days before I was to leave my home, for the first time for school.

"A party of friends had been invited to go up to Richmond, to spend the day on the delightful banks of the Thames. In the general bustle of preparation I was forgotten; all my brothers and sisters had been too busily employed to remind me of the time, when enquiries were made for me, I was not ready, and had the mortification of seeing the party set out, the coach roll away, and leave me to my solitary reflections.

"Many were the resolutions I made that long, long day to cure myself of my inveterate dilatory habits, and for a time I partially succeeded; but one thing I forgot, to intreat that God who heareth prayer to give me grace and strength to carry into effect my resolves, and therefore I failed.

"I was placed by my father with a worthy clergyman who resided about fifty miles from town, where with five other lads of my own age, I enjoyed the advantages of education and the sweets of domestic comfort. How much more should I have profited by the instructions I there received, had it not been for my inattention to punctuality; but I will not speak of the reprimands I called forth, nor of my neglected studies. I will turn to circumstances of deeper moment. One evening while passing a cottage whose sick inmate my esteemed preceptor often visited, a little girl ran out and asked me to request him to call on her mother as soon as possible, as she wished to see him once more before she died. I promised, and turned towards home, but instead of proceeding directly thither, as I should have done, I stepped in on my road to look at a rabbit which I was going to purchase. This was kept at the village post office—I there found a letter from my father—hastened home to peruse it, and thought no more of the dying cottager till early next morning. As soon as I did remember it, it was but the work of a few minutes to hasten to the chamber of Mr. E. and tell him the particulars; and, in half an hour he was on his way to the widow's residence—but he was too late—she had expired!

"At the end of the field in which we were allowed to play, was a small but deep pond, round which railings were thickly placed. Some oxen from a neighbouring field, had one evening broken the enclosure and made themselves a passage. I was charged to go the next morning to the village carpenter, to order him to repair the damage; this I engaged to do, but when the morning came, I procrastinated and delayed till it was time for study; ashamed to confess my delinquency, I said nothing about it, determining to go immediately—my books were all laid aside—in the meanwhile, my tutor's youngest child a sweet little girl of four years of age, had wandered to the side of the pond—had fallen in, and but for the providential assistance afforded by our neighbour's Newfoundland dog, I should have had to reproach myself with little Emma's death.

"This was but a few months before I returned to town; having finished my education, and as my inclinations were directed to the sea, my friends would not oppose my wishes. By means of my uncle, a post captain in the navy, I had the promise of sailing with him as midshipman, but was requested to call on Admiral B—at an hour appointed. I was as usual too late; another was appointed in my stead; my uncle sailed without me, and I had to wait several months before another vessel was fitted out; even then I left England with a strange captain, and with not one person on board that I could call my friend. How-

ever I was soon reconciled to my situation, and as I was enthusiastically fond of a sailor's life, I made it my study to excel in my profession.

"Even thro' the same habit followed me and retarded my preferment. Once I was left on an uninhabited island—having wandered from my messmates when on an excursion into the interior for water, and neglected to return in time, and had not the ship been detained by stress of weather, instead of addressing my young friends here, I might have been wandering like another Crusoe, on that delightful but deserted isle.

"I need not repeat the details of my numerous voyages, my shipwreck, nor the wound which disabled me for active service. I was graciously directed by a superintending Providence to this sequestered spot where I first heard the glad sound of Mercy, and where the Dayspring shone on high first dawned on my benighted spirit, and taught me my need of that Saviour who died, the just for the unjust, to bring sinners to himself. It was then that I discovered my own weakness and where to apply for strength, but still notwithstanding the influence which divine grace has, I trust had on my heart, I have often to lament this early-acquired habit. Opportunities of retirement and devotion lost, the public ordinances of religion neglected, or my fellow worshippers disturbed, and my own mind unhinged by late attendance, these and many other evil consequences often lead me to cry, 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'

Edward closed the book in silence, but with an expression of deep thoughtfulness on his countenance; and from that day strove more and more to beware of Procrastination, and to remember the maxim suggested by his Father, "Leave not till to-morrow, what can be done to-day."

SELF-EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

And this leads me, gentlemen, to another remark, to which I invite your attention. It is this:—The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must chiefly be his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed, that if a young man be sent, first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil himself is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth, that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched—a perseverance that considers

nothing done whilst any thing yet remains to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right—*Quisque sue fortunæ faber*, both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order; the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this?—Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction, but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak from observation a certain truth:—There is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of Fate, from which no power of genius can absolve youth. Genius unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirous at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is his capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—the careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—and these long reaches of thought, that

Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line can never touch the ground,
And drag up crowned honor by the locks.

This is the proves and these the hardy achievements which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and the courage for enterprise of this pith and moment? I will tell you:—As Milo gained that *hoc signo vinces*: for this must be your work, not that of your teachers. Be you not wanting to yourselves, and you

will accomplish all that your parents, friends and country have a right to expect.

East and West.—Some thirty days ago I was inquiring in Cincinnati for the West, and they said it was among "the Hoosiers" of Indiana, or "the Suckers" of Illinois; applicant names given the residents of these states. Some thirty-five days ago I was even there, and they said the West was off in Missouri, across the Father of Waters. I stopped some forty days ago on the borders of the Missouri, and there the West was in the Rocky Mountains, or among "the Snake Indians" or "the Smackchops" of the Oregon Territory. It was the work of a dozen years to find the West; and so in despair I hurried home to see where the East was. But where is the East? Even that was disputed. Ask a man in Washington where the "Down East" is, and he locates it in Boston. In Boston, it is in Portland. Here it is at Bangor, and Eastport is the end of the East, but there they say it is in Halifax, or Mirimichi or Labrador. The truth is, our country, of itself, without the Provinces, is of such immense extent, that the eye running over the map, taking all in at one view, cannot understand its vastness, and the unbounded variety of employments in which men are engaged. Let one see the villages and towns from the Passamaquoddy to the Mississippi, here, the millman sawing wood into all variety of forms, and there the sugar and rice planter gathering rich treasures from a bountiful soil, here the fisherman anchoring his little bark among our rocky islands, and there the boatman floating hundreds and hundreds of miles with his cargo of knicknackeries, let one see all this in a short time and shift rapidly from village to village, and he must feel that this of ours is no common land; whose destiny, if linked as one, even prophecy will dare not pre-announce.—*American paper.*

EXTRACT.—Men in general, are habitually indolent in mind, and sooner than exert their own understandings, would prefer to be guided by the understanding of others. Rather than taste their own intellectual faculties in analyzing and investigating the laws, whether physical, moral, or political, by which they are governed, would trust to chance, and abide the consequences. So long as the great body of the people choose to be mental idlers, so long they will remain mental and bodily bondmen—mere slaves to the more thinking and intellectual few. And unless they cultivate their understandings, and establish a system of severe mental discipline, they may complain in vain—in vain organize—in vain form Unions and associations.

There are none but would startle with horror at the reflection, that they resembled in form and face the ape or the elephant;

and yet, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, the majority of mankind, rather than task their mental powers, would prefer rather to live and die resembling in *mind and habits* the ox and the ass. Be stimulated then, my friends, by the reflection, that every acquisition of knowledge, if properly applied, elevates your character, augments your happiness, increases and strengthens your resemblance to your Creator. I would not have you understand, however, that the mere acquisition of knowledge, or what is generally called an education, is sufficient to render you either wise or virtuous.—Man is too apt to learn mechanically; and his knowledge, when mechanical, is of but little more service or utility to him, than is the faculty of articulating certain words to the parrot or jackdaw. Without severe mental training, and an assiduous cultivation of the just powers of thought, and the general but strict regulation of the faculties of the mind, the great purposes of education, are seldom if ever accomplished. He who has treasured up much information, regardless of system or method, is admirably described in the following couplet, by England's greatest didactic poet,—

"A bookful blockhead—ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

The value of our acquirements depends, not so much upon their extent or variety, as upon the manner and capacity with which they are applied. When men learn how to think, they soon begin to think correctly. No precocity of genius—no expansion of native intellect—no acquisitions of knowledge, can render men wise and useful, without they know how to direct their powers and use their wisdom.

NOTHING MADE IN VAIN.—Ignorance only could ever have dictated the sentiment that anything was made in vain—that ignorance which leads its victim to believe that he is the only object on which the good gifts of Providence should have been lavished, and finding things in the universe which he can neither understand nor make use of, impiously to deem them useless, and made without a purpose. But he who considers the myriads of beings besides those of his own race, which are nourished by the hand of Providence, and the thousand purposes worked out in the great laboratory of nature, of the very existence of which, much more their need and means of fulfilment, he is ignorant, will never be hasty to conclude of anything, that it exists "in vain." It were strange indeed, if the Father of creation should reveal all his purposes to one of his feeble creatures, and teach his deepest mysteries to him, to whom his own existence is an inexplicable mystery. Science never fails to teach him who pursues it in the love of it, more and more to distrust himself; and the further onward he pursues its paths, the more insignificant he feels himself to be,

as he sees its interminable fields spreading wider before him, beyond the very borders of which he does not seem to have progressed.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 7, 1836.

The Annual Meeting of the *Nova-Scotia Philanthropic Society*, was held on Monday Evening, and the sum of £52 was reported as the amount of the funds in hand. One of the Rules of this Society provides, that no money shall be given out for charitable purposes until the funds amount to £100, except any of the members should require assistance. As this is the case, the sooner the latter sum is made up the better, and there are certainly a sufficient number of *Novascotians*, who possess patriotism enough, leaving charity altogether out of the question, to lend the overplus of their incomes to relieve the distresses of their less fortunate countrymen. On these, this Society calls for assistance. Give to it ten shillings entrance money, and 2s. 6d. a quarter, and the committee will soon be enabled to relieve the poor. Mr. Joshua Lee, was chosen President; Mr. Gasper Roast, Vice-President; Mr. Wm. Caldwell, Treasurer; Mr. R. M. Barratt, Sec'y.; Mr. S. Caldwell, Asst. Sec'y.; Mr. R. Bigby, jun. Steward; and Messrs. Joseph Howe, J. Trider, J. Naylor, T. M. Kie, and J. Drilho, Committee of Charity.

The Members of the "*Halifax Mechanics Library*" held their Annual Meeting on Tuesday Evening last, and appointed the following Gentlemen as office bearers for the following year:—Mr. Joseph Howe, President, Mr. John Morrow, Treasurer. Messrs. H. Bell, B. Dawson, T. B. Aikin, J. Fraser, and A. Stewart, Committee.

The income of the Library for the past year amounted to £79 10s. 8d. The number of books is 1380. Persons may become shareholders by the payment of ten shillings entrance money, and 1s. 10d. quarterly in advance. Subscribers paying 2s. 6d. quarterly can have the use of the books, one volume at a time, and by the payment of 3s. 9d. quarterly, are entitled to two volumes of the same set at one time.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Willia, Mr. James Fielding, to Miss Frances Fielden, both of this place.

G. HOBSON,
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THE DRUNKEN FATHER.

' Poor Ellen married Andrew Hall,
Who dwells beside the moor,
Where yonder rose-tree shades the wall,
And woodbines grace the door.

' Who does not know how blest, how loved,
Were her mild laughing eyes
By every youth!—but Andrew proved
Unworthy of his prize.

' In tipping was his whole delight,
Each sign-post barred his way;
He spent in muddy ale at night
The wages of the day.

' Though Ellen still had charms, was young,
And he in manhood's prime
She sat beside her cradle, sung,
And sigh'd away her time.

' One cold bleak night, the stars were hid,
In vain she wish'd him home;
Her children cried, half cheer'd half chid,
' O when will father come?'

' Till Caleb, nine years old, upsprung,
And kicked his stool aside,
And younger Mary round him clung,
' I'll go and you shall guide.'

' The children knew each inch of ground,
Yet Ellen had her fears;
Light from the lantern glimmered round,
And showed her falling tears.

' Go by the mill and down the lane;
Return the same way home:
Perhaps you'll meet him, give him light;
' O how I wish he'd come.

' Away they went, as close and true
As lovers in the shade,
And Caleb swung his father's staff
At every step he made.

The noisy mill-clack rattled on,
They saw the water flow
And leap in silvery foam along,
Deep murmuring below.

' " We'll soon be there," the hero said,
' Come on, 'tis but a mile.—
Here, where the cricket match was play'd,
And here's the shady stile."

' " How the light shines up every bough!
How strange the leaves appear!
Hark!—What was that?—'tis silent now!
Come, Mary, never fear,"

' The staring oxen breathed aloud,
But never dream'd of harm:
A meteor glanced along the cloud,
That hung o'er Wood-Hill Farm.

' Old Caesar barked and howled hard by,
All else was still as death,
But Caleb was ashamed to cry,
And Mary held her breath.

' At length they spied a distant light,
And heard a chorus brawl;
Wherever drunkards stopped at night,
Why there was Andrew Hall.

' The house was full, the landlord gay,
The bar maid shook her head,
And wished the boobies far away.
That kept her out of bed.

' There Caleb acted, firm, but mild,
And spoke in plaintive tone:—
' My mother could not leave the child,
So we have come alone.'

' E'en drunken Andrew felt the blow
That innocence can give,
When its resistless accents flow
' To bid affection live.

' " I'm coming, loves, I'm coming now,"—
Then shuffling o'er the floor,
Contrived to make his balance true,
And led them from the door.

' The plain broad path that brought him there
By day, though faultless then,
Was up and down and narrow grown,
Though wide enough for ten,

' The stiles were wretchedly contrived,
The stars were all at play,
And many a ditch had moved itself
Exactly in his way.

' But still conceit was uppermost,
That stupid kind of pride:—
' Dost think I cannot see a post?
Dost think I want a guide?'

' " Why, Mary how you twist and twirl!
Why dost not keep the track?
I'll carry thee home safe my girl,"—
Then swung her on his back.

' " Poor Caleb muster'd all his wits
To bear the light ahead,
As Andrew reel'd and stopped by Es,
Or ran with thund'ring tread.

Exult, ye brutes, traduced and scorn'd,
Though true to nature's plan;
Exult, ye bristled and ye horned,
When infants govern man.

Down to the mill-pool's dangerous brink
The headlong party drove;
The boy alone had power to think,
While Mary screamed above.

' " Stop!" Caleb cried, " you've lost the path;
The water's close before;
I see it shine 'tis very deep—
Why, don't you hear it-roar?'"

' Onward he stepped the boy alert,
Calling his courage forth,
Hung like a log on Andrew's skirt,
And down he brought them both.

' The tumbling lantern reach'd the stream,
Its hissing light soon gone;
'Twas night, without a single gleam,
And terror reigned alone.

' A general scream the miller heard,
Then rubbed his eyes and ran,
And soon his welcome light appear'd,
As grumbling he began:—

' " What have we here, and whereabouts?
Why what a hideous squall!
Some drunken fool!—I thought as much—
'Tis only Andrew Hall!"

' " Poor children! tenderly he said,
' But now the danger's past,
They thank'd him for his light and aid,
And drew near home at last.

' But who upon the misty path
To meet them forward press'd!
'Twas Ellen, shivering, with her babe
Close folded to her breast.

' Said Andrew, " Now you're glad I know,
To see us come;—
But I have taken care of both,
And brought them bo-bo-both safe home."

' With Andrew vexed, of Mary proud,
But prouder of her boy,
She kiss'd them both, and sobbed aloud;—
The children cried for joy.

' But what a home at last they found!
Of comforts all bereft;
The fire quite out, the candle gone,
And not one penny left.

But Caleb quick as light'ning flew,
And raised a light instead;
And as the kindling brands he blew,
His father snor'd in bed.

Ellen was mild as April morn,
And Andrew loved her too:
She rose at daybreak though forlorn,
' To try what love would do.

' And as her waking husband groan'd
And roll'd his turning head,
She spoke with all the power of truth,
Down kneeling by his bed.

' " Dear Andrew hear me,—though distress'd
Almost too much to speak,—
This infant starts upon my breast—
' To scold, I am too weak.

' " I work, I spin, I toil all day,
Then leave my work to cry,
And start with horror when I think
You wish to see me die.

' " But do you wish it? can that bring
More comfort or more joy?
Look round the house, how destitute!
Look at your ragged boy!"

' " That boy should make a father proud,
If any feeling can:
Then save your children, save your wife,
Your honour as a man.

' " Hear me, for God's sake, hear me now,
And act a father's part,
The culprit blessed her angel tongue,
And clasped her to his heart;

' And would have vow'd, & would have sworn,
But Ellen kiss'd him dumb,—
' Exert your mind, vow to yourself,
And better days will come.

' " I shall be well when you are kind,
And you'll be better too."
' " I'll drink no more," he quick rejoined,
' Be'th' poison if I do."

' From that bright day his plants, his flowers,
His crops began to thrive,
And for three years has Andrew been
The soberest man alive.