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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HART.

This is a pleasant looking animal of the deer kind, and principally celebrated for its swiftness. These beautiful creatures of light and elegant form, vary much in size, some being, when full grown, three feet, and others four feet in height. They have a small head adorned with fine horns, a moderate sized body, short tail, and fine slender legs with hoofs. Their horns fall off yearly, at the spring season, and in about three months afterwards their new horns are full grown. Their hair is smooth, and on the back is brown, but underneath the body, and inside of the legs it is much lighter in colour. Their eyes are round and sparkling, their smell is quick, and their hearing excellent. They can leap very far, even to the extent of fifty feet at one bound.

The Antelope, like the Hart, is a timid creature, extremely watchful, takes alarm on the slightest occasion; and the moment its fears are awakened it flies with exceeding velocity from the sight of the intruder.

The Stag and the Roebuck are British animals of a similar description to the Hart, the former has long branching horns, which are called antlers. His flesh is accounted excellent food under the name of venison.

Most of these animals are remarkably innocent and peaceful, they seem formed to embellish the forest, and animate the solitudes of nature. Their graceful forms, their airy motions, and the large branches which adorn their heads, added to their natural swiftness, all combine to give them an appearance of elegance which is unequalled by that of any other kind of quadruped.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lambs bleat among a thousand, all bleating at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated; and that is no joke, either. Besides the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and the lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things ever amused me more than sheep shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then send the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the rough, well clad, comfortable mamma which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shrivelling—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about

and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision.—The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies from the frightful vision, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up.—*James Hogg.*

REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Concluded.

Spain, on the renewal of the war in 1803, was compelled to take active measures against England; in 1804 she declared war against us; in 1805 Nelson destroyed the Spanish fleet, combined with that of France, at Trafalgar; in 1808, Bonaparte threw of the mask as to Spanish affairs; Charles IV. abdicated, and Ferdinand VII was proclaimed. At this period Charles IV. having declared his abdication a compulsory act, threw himself upon Bonaparte's mercy.—Then it was that Bonaparte invited Ferdinand to come and meet him on the road to Madrid; the King was deceived and went; he arrived at Vittoria, where he was surrounded by French troops, and where he received a letter from Bonaparte addressing him, not as a King; but as a Prince of Austria, and assuring him that he, (Bonaparte) not only as his friend, but "as General Protector and Benefactor of Europe," was visiting Spain merely with a view to make such reforms as might be most agreeable to the popular feeling and best tend to the pacification of the country.

Upon the receipt of this friendly communication, Ferdinand continued his journey to Bayonne, where he dined with his illustrious friend and patron; and, after dinner, heard from his imperial host, that he thought it good to fill the throne of Spain by placing one of his own brothers on it! Ferdinand found himself in fact a prisoner, and was shortly after compelled to renounce his crown at the desire of his father, expressed in the presence of Bonaparte himself, to whom that father had the day before sold his kingdom and his birth-right for a stipulated sum.

This compulsory step caused the patriotic revolution in Spain. Joseph Bonaparte arrived at Madrid to assume the regal power: but the inherent force of the nation was irresistible, and he was driven from his precarious dignity. Then came the peninsular war, with all its glories, and its expenditure of blood and treasure; in 1814, Ferdinand returned to his country. He married four times; and by his last wife had one daughter which daughter he proclaimed heir to the throne, to the exclusion of his brother, Don Carlos.—This declaration he subsequently annulled, but, eventually, finally confirmed.

Don Carlos, at his brother's death, asserted his claim to the sovereignty—with as it is said, the support and concurrence of a great majority of the people. Foreign interference has hitherto thwarted the views of Don Carlos, whose consort, harassed by misfortunes, privations, and anxieties, has fallen a victim to persecution, and died in the parsonage-house of a village near Gosport. The success of the widow of Don Ferdinand has enabled her to proclaim her daughter queen of Spain, she herself assuming the title and character of Regent. By this revolution, for such it is, the Spanish throne is occupied by a child.

Belgium and Holland have been separated; Antwerp has been besieged by the French; the prince of Saxe Coburg, widower of the princess Charlotte of Wales, has been made king of the Belgians, and married a daughter of the occupier of the French throne.

The affairs of Greece, which have been so long unsettled, are as unsettled still, with this difference, that England has furnished her with a king, in the person of prince Otho of Bavaria, whose revenue is derived from this country, but whose period of domination is fortunately not to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty.

In Russia, after the murder of Paul, Alexander succeeded, and did not die without some suspicion of foul play. He was succeeded by his brother, Nicholas the First, whose elder brother, Constantine, with a most remarkable diffidence, or indifference to imperial sway, declined the throne in his favour.

In England the circumstances connected with the succession have been complicated and extraordinary. In 1820, George the third died, having survived his fifth son, the duke of Kent, six days. The princess Charlotte died, with her infant, in 1817; Queen Charlotte in 1818; the Duchess of York in 1820; in 1821, Queen Caroline; in 1827 the lamented Duke of York; in 1828, the Queen of Whitemberg, Princess Royal of England; and in 1830, his late most excellent majesty. The present king has no surviving issue; and the crown hereafter devolves upon the daughter of his late majesty's fifth son—a child.

In 1814, the electorate of Hanover was erected into a kingdom, the crown of which belongs to the king of England, but is separated from it whenever a Queen governs this empire; consequently, upon the accession of the princess Victoria to the British throne, the duke of Cumberland, as next heir to the crown, becomes king of Hanover—the Salic law in that kingdom excluding females.

Be resolute, let your economy be always of to-day, not to-morrow.

FOR THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

The following, from a late Periodical, has been handed us by a correspondent.

A STRANGER IN LONDON.

Translation of a Letter, supposed to have been written by a Chinese Merchant, in London, to his correspondent, Nan-Chang fu, at Peking:

GOOD FRIEND,

As this is the tenth moon since we parted at Canton, it may be proper to let you know I have arrived safe at my destination. The great English ship, soon after I went on board, weighed her anchors, and having spread out several clothsails, we soon lost sight of our beloved shores, I felt as if shut out from the world. For many succeeding weeks we were driven furiously by strong winds; no land was visible; and I began to fear we should wander over the ocean, no one knew or could tell where. But though we encountered several gales, no serious injury was sustained. The captain had liberty, when he pleased, to consult an oracle, who had one of the best births in the state-cabin, by that means the coming storm was always anticipated; so that, before it was on us, the men were aloft, the sails reefed, and every thing rendered safe. The sailors call this talisman a barometer; and I believe it was given them by the God of the Christians, in compassion to those who adventure upon long and dangerous voyages over unknown seas. Soon after day-break one fine morning, a mariner, placed for the purpose at the mast-head, called out "land."—The intelligence was pleasing to all; and you will readily conceive, that my curiosity was excited on approaching the remote and almost unknown quarter of the earth, whence issue those hordes of roving barbarians, who have approached the shadow of the celestial empire, to crave the bonus of a leaf of tea.

Being deeply laden with the produce of Chinese benevolence, the ship approached the shore with great caution, and frequent heaving of the lead. Having landed several passengers, we continued our course round the eastern part of the Island. Unwilling to trust myself too soon among this singular race, and never having trodden upon other than the sacred dust of the land of wisdom, I remained on board until we entered the mouth of a river called the Thames, on whose spacious bosom we were floated by the tide. In a few hours the spires of innumerable temples became visible, and before night I found myself on shore. As the hour, at which I landed was late, the captain advised me to engage a sleeping room in one of the caravansaries. This plan I adopted, and on the following morning, having arranged my dress, proceeded to the mercantile house to whom my letters of credit was addressed. On my way thither, I was surprised by several rude people, who, passing in a contrary direction, stared me full in the face. I at

first felt disposed to order the big fellows a specimen of the bastinado, but recollecting that perhaps they never before saw a gentleman, I exercised forbearance, and let them go. Intelligence of my arrival, by some means unknown to myself, had been transmitted to the person to whose care I was recommended. Under his roof I soon found myself at ease, and in comfortable circumstances; and must admit, that, though there is little similarity between our own people and these English, they are not quite so savage as we generally supposed. As there is among them several customs which I can scarcely comprehend, I shall review them cautiously; after which you may form your own judgment concerning them, and agree or differ with mine as you see fit.

The following day, which the natives have named Sunday, was singled out, according to the custom of the country, for professed religious purposes. The learned among them affirm that every seventh day is to be set apart for the worship of their God; and whoever infringes it, by doing business, violates the law. As this nation is said to be the most religious of any upon earth, I felt desirous to examine their sacred book. Having procured a copy, I found that all, and more than all that I had heard was true. The morality of the volume I found singularly pure, the language simple and forcible, the authority by which the precepts are urged unquestionable, and a certain air of veracity, against which resistance seemed of little use, pervaded the entire production. And yet I do not perceive that there is much agreement between the injunctions of the book and the practice of the people. Indeed, I doubt, notwithstanding the sublimity of the writing, whether its contents are believed. Were they accredited, some little conformity to their requirements would surely be granted. Of such a disposition I saw little enough. The book says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" but idle and senseless appeals to that very name are of constant occurrence. The book says again "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" but in several quarrels, of which I was a reluctant spectator, assertions to the prejudice of an adversary were uttered, and even attested on oath, which were irreconcilable with truth. Unwilling to decide hastily, I tried further. The book says, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." As a direction of this sort seems congenial with the habits of man, to whom periodical seasons of rest are grateful, I felt confident that here we should find an entire coalition between the command and required obedience. Full of this persuasion, and having a desire to view the interior of the metropolitan city, when meditation might be assisted by silence and solitude, I arose on the morning of the second Sunday, put on my superior robe and girdle, in compliment to the natives, and commenced

a solemn perambulation, intending to pursue it through the chief avenue of the celebrated mart of commerce. To my surprise, I saw very little difference in the thronged and busy crowd. Here and there you might see a bazaar, with one or two shutters put up; but that was a mark not only of irreligion, but hypocrisy, for they did business all the time. The only difference I could notice among the passengers was, that they were dressed better than usual. So far from finding every body at home, every body seemed from home. Provisions of various kinds were bought and sold; carriages and horses were in general requisition. In this most thinking nation, is there not something extraordinary in these things? Upon mature reflection, I think that possibly I have entertained mistaken views. Such, very likely is your opinion. You will therefore understand, that in this most Christian country, though one day in seven is called Sunday, the distinction is nominal, for the pursuit of trade and pleasure is never wholly suspended.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTHS. No. 8.

August derives its name from Augustus Cesar, the Roman Emperor. The general aspect of nature is now peculiarly interesting. Abundance and richness characterize the productions of the fields. Both man and beast are the objects of Divine care. The tender mercies of God are over all his works—Instruction may be gathered from every object.

Amid the joyousness and gratitude which this season inspires, a slight feeling of depression imperceptibly creeps in. The glories of summer are evidently departing. The flowers will soon fade. The ripening of the fruits is the beginning of their decay. The perfection of the productions of the earth is the signal for their destruction. Life, too, is ebbing away. Youth quickly attains maturity, and then speedily declines.—The heat of the day is often intense. The days are shortening, and the nights are advancing upon us with increased coldness.—Insects abound at this season. They are teeming in the air, and peopling the waters. The caterpillar has changed the earth for the air, and renounced its fellowship with worms, to emulate the motions of the bird. The tadpole is metamorphosed into the frog, and leaves its watery habitation to enjoy its summer evening leaps. The living inhabitants of eggs have burst from their imprisonment, and are enjoying life and happiness, according to their respective organizations and instincts.

This month is the season for hop-picking, in some parts of England. The hop is cultivated on account of its use in making malt liquors. It is planted in regular rows, and poles are set for it to run upon. When the poles are well covered to the top, nothing can make a more elegant appearance than one of these hop gardens.

CHANGE.

That little playful boy yonder, so full of sport and roguery, was the other day a helpless infant—unable to support himself, and dependent upon the kindness of others to give him the least gratification. But now he is able to do a great many things; he can draw his younger brother, procure him playthings and divert him when his mother is absent. In a little time both these children will be men; busy in trade, perhaps themselves actively engaged in providing for others, dependent upon their efforts for comforts which they now enjoy. In a few years more you will see the decrepitude of age—those locks will be whitened by time—that ruddy cheek be furrowed, and those nimble feet dragged slowly along, perhaps assisted by another, or seeking support by a staff. This is the change which our bodies undergo universally. But how is it with the mind. In the infant we see only a faint knowledge of things about him, if, indeed he understands anything. By and by, as he acquires the use of speech, he begins to enquire into the nature of things;—by slow degrees his faculties unfold, just as the budding flower which the warm sun and the soft winds gradually matures—but unlike that, the mind doth not put forth its action and thence cease to be—no, we quit the school-room, but to learn in the world—we think and act and live with a variety of characters, all of which exert an influence upon us in future life. Thus we draw conclusions, and form opinions from a thousand sources, all of which make us what we are.

Every child then must perceive the importance of placing himself in the reach of those things which are good—for every tree is known by its fruits, and every character is blighted or perfected by contrast with this variety of influences.

PHILOSOPHY.

There are no bounds to philosophical enterprise; it appears under all circumstances and at all times to direct the most magnificent schemes, to add to the happiness of nations, and the comfort of individuals; to smoothe the obstacles that occur in the path of nature, and convert those that lay in the road of science into props whereon the student may rest for support, or into landmarks by which his future course may be directed. From the exact sciences, rendered so vividly brilliant by the immortal Newton, who waged a war with the mysteries of nature only to overcome and render them tributary to the use of mankind; throughout the pure and mixed sciences, which comprehend nearly all that are useful or ornamental in life, down to the humblest efforts which aim at a similar character, eye even to the 'Philosophy of sleep,' as it has been termed, we discover an exactitude of action, and a precision of character that marks the labored and the successful thought; its adaptation to the wants

and wishes of society; in short, we find in philosophy throughout its wondrous range how much there is for man to know—how much he may desire. What then is a philosopher? A happy being, who in reconciling the discrepancies of action, throughout all animated and silent nature, in relieving science from the fetters that clog her footsteps, acts up to the mighty impulse derived from a Heaven above him, and crushes ignorance through the exercise of its power.

I HAVE NO TIME TO STUDY.

The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time, in the midst of all his labours, to dive to the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untrodden path of science. The great Frederick with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found times to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Buonaparte with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his anti-chamber, begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cesar when he had curbed the spirit of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time, if he is careful to improve it, and if he does improve it as well as he might, he can reap a threefold reward. Let mechanics then make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in Society. They are the life's blood of the community, they can if they please, hold in their hands the energies of government, they are numerous, respectable and powerful, and they have only to be educated half as well as other professions, to make laws for the nation.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1835.

His Majesty's Packet Briseis, arrived here on Monday last, in 30 days from Falmouth, bringing London Papers to the 2nd, and Falmouth, to the 4th July,—from which we make a few extracts.

LONDON, June 25.

State of Trade.—It is satisfactory to be enabled to state, that as far as regards commercial matters, the most favourable state of things exists in all departments of trade, and a great degree of activity prevails.

IRELAND.—Great distress exists in the south western counties in Ireland. In Clare the agricultural labourers are enduring great privations, and application has been made to the Irish Government for immediate relief. Hundreds are literally starving in the County of Galway, where potatoes and oatmeal, as far as regards the poor, are at famine price

June 20.

Spanish Expedition.—It is proposed to raise fourteen battalions of infantry, three of artillery, and one of rifles. The principal recruits will be raised in Devonshire, Lancashire, and Ireland.

The Paris Papers announce the intention of the King to imitate our Government in permitting enrolments for the service of the Queen of Spain.

William Cobbett.—This powerful and original writer, died on Thursday, the 18th instant, at his farm in Surrey, aged 73. He retained his faculties till the last moment, and died with perfect composure. He was buried in Farnham Church Yard, beside his parents. His remains were followed by about 8000 people.

JULY 1.—C. Matthews, Esq. the celebrated Comedian, died at Devonport, on the 28th ult.

DOWNING-STREET, June 19.

The King has appointed the Earl of Gosford, Sir Charles Edward Grey, Knt.; and George Gipps, Esq. to be his Majesty's Commissioners for the investigation of all grievances affecting his Majesty's subjects in Lower Canada, in what relates to the administration of the Government of the said Province; and also to appoint Thomas Frederick Elliot, Esq. to be Secretary to the said Commissioners.

Four Companies of the 96th Regiment embarked on board the Prince Regent Transport, on Wednesday, and sailed yesterday for Portsmouth. The remainder, we understand are to embark to-morrow, and sail on Sunday.

Passengers.—In the Packet, Capt. Brisbane, 34th Regt, Mrs. Brisbane, and Lieut. Col. Littler. In the Jean Hastie, from Greenock, Mr. Wm. Murdoch.

DIED.

At Dartmouth, in the 75th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Johnstone.

On Wednesday, after a protracted and severe suffering, from the effects of hooping cough, Thomas Ratchford, infant son of Mr Daniel Starr, aged 16 months.

JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally, that he has taken a room in the house at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, lately occupied by J. A. Barry, Esq., where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Job Printing; and hopes to merit a share of their favors. The smallest order will be attended to with punctuality.

H. W. BLACKADAR,
Halifax, July, 1835.

POETRY.

From the Churchman.

THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.

She ceased to breathe, and o'er her brow
The clouded dews of death were spread;
And her sweet voice, so bland and low,
Murmur'd its last; and prayers were said,
And holy vesper hymns were sung,
And wailing through the wide halls rung
And mourners to the death-room thronged—
For she, who lay so cold and still,
Within the snow-white linen there,
Had been the light of vale and hill—
The star of all Judea's fair.

No newly-gather'd spring flowers threw
Their rich and balmy freshness round;
No funeral wreath of heavenly hue
That pale young sleeper's temples bound!
For Autumn's leprosy had been,
With with'ring breath, through Heshbon's groves,
And lone Elealeh's bowers were seen,
Relinquishing their summer loves;
And the small fingering vines, which creep
Along Egeda's terraced walls,
Droop'd wearily, and cold dews slept
Mid leaves, like glittering coronals.

Oh, tis a sadd'ning thing to stand
Beside the beautiful—the dead—
And mark the still, small lifeless hand,
Out o'er the heavenless bosom spread,—
To gaze upon the half closed eye,
The lips compress'd, the close-bound hair,—
Where dwell the spark of mystery,
Which flies at death through upper air;
'Tis a subduing thing. We turn,
With our dissolving hearts, and treasure,
Low in the depths of mem'ry's urn,
Our sorrows in their utmost measure.

But soft! a stranger's feet bath cross'd
The threshold of yon darken'd room,
A stranger bends above that lost,
Frail blossom of untimely doom;
What doth he there? The wailings cease—
The broken-hearted parents rise,
What are his words? They breathe of peace,
Thinks he that death will yield his prize?
'She is not dead, she only sleeps.'
They answer'd him with bitter scorn;
Again despairing Jairas weeps,
All comfortless his only born.

He heads them not. The stranger guest
His mild blue eye turns mournfully
From their blasphemous taunts, to rest
Upon the unconscious form of clay.
And oh! can aught of earth portray
The holy heaven of that dear glance?
Silent the scoffers turned away
Their hearts grow still, as in a trance;
Their hands wax'd nerveless, for they knew,
By that one look, their eyes had seen
The far-famed dread of priestly Jew—
The persecuted Nazarine.

He took the maiden's hand, and said,
'Talitha cum,' and into and light
Gleam'd instant forth, the mourn'd, the dead,
Rose from her icy thrail of night,
Glowing with vernal health she stood
Enveloped still in winding sheet;
And the astonish'd multitude
Fell prostrate at the Saviour's feet.

Be industrious, time and skill are your capital.

Be saving, whatever it be, live within your income.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Fourteen years since, in an obscure neighbouring village, their might be seen a lad of ordinary look and of an indifferent marked character. He was of poor parentage and humble birth, and had no claims upon temporal wealth or greatness. His time was occupied, as the time of the boys in the country usually is, working alternately upon the farm in summer, and attending the village school during the winter months. But there was existing in the bosom of this unpretending boy a latent genius, which the monotony of country life could not quench, and an energy of character which needed only the force of circumstances to draw it out. He was yet young, but the restlessness of a vigorous mind, still immature, could not be subdued. It wanted more scope and expansion, and it longed, with a consuming desire, for enlarged duties, and more energetic life. Pennyless and but poorly educated, this boy determined to leave his humble home, resolving at the same time, never to revisit it until he could do it with honor and in possession of a competency. Many years have elapsed and a year or two since again he returns to his early home. He is unknown to all, and is recognised by nobody. He is a stranger at his own father's fireside. Even the mother has forgotten her own son! That interview was painful in the extreme, but the disclosure of his name, which followed, was touchingly tender and affecting. It was one of those scenes in life when life becomes liquid, and pours out like water.—After leaving New England he went to the south, turned his hand with Yankee adroitness to various pursuits, 'traded a little,' kept school, 'studied law,' and finally becoming successful and eminent in his profession, was elevated to the dignity of a Judge. At the early age of thirty-two, we find this poor pennyless New England boy enjoying an eminent rank of talents, in possession of wealth, and he is now seated on the bench of the Supreme Court of Georgia! —[Northampton Courier.]

[What can be more stimulating to young lads than the above detail of facts. No one know his own worth till some circumstance occurs "to draw him out." Many minds of rare and rich qualities remain dormant, from the fact that wealth surrounds the possessor and indolence follows as a matter of course. How striking the contrast!—a poor country boy, after the lapse of a few years, by his own industry, makes himself a prominent literary and professional character, while, too often, the man of high and wealthy birth, is, in after life, not an ornament but a degradation to society.]

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Our very hearts die within us when sickness and death assail our beloved friends. When the heart on which our image was engraven, and which beat with generous affection for us, is insensible and cold—when, in

that dark and narrow bed, from which they cannot rise, sleeps a father, a wife, a child, a friend, we feel a sorrow which refuses to be comforted. We dwell upon their excellencies with a mournful pleasure. We think of the happy hours we have spent in their society—hours never to return—with a feeling which nearly approaches to despair. *That they are no more*—that they have ceased to think, to feel, to act, at least for us—that the eye which used to gladden at our approach is dark, and can no more beam upon us with the counsels of wisdom, or soothe our souls with the accents of hallowed and virtuous affection, are silent forever—no more to solace us in sorrow, no more to exalt or heighten our pleasure—while these thoughts press upon the mind, (and on the loss of our dear and virtuous friends they do incessantly press upon it, sinking into the dust) the universe is a blank to us. No longer do we discover any traces of that supreme and unchanging goodness which we had been accustomed to contemplate with delight. But even in these moments of sadness, we must be unjust to ourselves, and to the Author of our mercies, if we are not soon revived by the consciousness of benevolence, to which the serenity of anguish may for a while, leave us insensible. The privation of our friends, afflictive as it is, is never without benefit to us. It is then that we feel that we are born for immortality; that the world is not our home; that we are travelling to a fairer clime. It is then that we enter into Religion, and feel its genuine spirit. The same happy effects are often produced by sickness; and to natural and moral disorders which prevail, we owe the production and growth of the highest excellencies of nature. In a word, an attentive consideration of what are termed the evils of life, enables us to discover so much of the truest benevolence in many of them, as may well induce us to bear with resignation; those whose design we cannot so fully comprehend, until it shall please our Heavenly Father to give us clearer light and stronger vision.—Smith on Divine Goodness.

Anecdote of Hoeing.—In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who having a number of men hoeing in the field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting upon a stone, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered 'I thank for the spirit!' 'You are very apt at quoting scripture, said the farmer 'and I wish you were as ready to obey its injunctions—recollect the text, *Hoc*, every one that thirsteth! It is needless to add that the man immediately resumed his labor.

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