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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, JUNE 10, 1836.

No. 21.

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.

THE WALRUS.

This is an animal of enormous size. It sometimes measures nearly eighteen feet in length, and ten or twelve feet round. In the upper jaw there are two long tusks, which bend downward. The head is small, the neck short, and body round. The skin is thick, and scattered over with short brownish hair. The legs are short; and on each foot there are five toes.

When we consider the enormous size and strength of these animals, and that they are furnished with weapons so powerful as the long teeth in their upper jaws, we may well be surprised to learn that their habits are peaceful and inoffensive. The uses to which their tusks are applied, are the scraping of shell-fish, and other prey, out of the sand, and from the rocks. If, however, they are irritated by provocation or attack, these animals are sometimes exceedingly furious and vindictive. When surprised on the ice, the females first provide for the safety of their young ones, by flinging them into the sea, and conveying them to a place of safety; they then return to the spot from which they were attacked, for the purpose of revenging any injury they may have received. They will sometimes try to fasten their teeth on the boats, in order to sink them, or will run under them in great numbers, and try to over-set them—all the while roaring and gnashing their teeth in a dreadful manner. They are very fond of one another. A wounded Walrus has been known to sink beneath the surface of the ocean, rise suddenly again, and bring with it multitudes of others, who have united with it in an attack on the boat from which the insult came.

These animals often crawl on the shore, and are killed by the inhabitants, for the sake of their skin and fat. Fifteen or sixteen

hundred have often been killed at once. They are then skinned, and the coat of fat that surrounds them is taken off, and dissolved into oil. The skin is cut into slices, two or three inches wide, and exported to America for carriage-traces, and to England for glue.

The teeth of the Walrus, which weigh from ten to thirty pounds each, are used as ivory; but these animals are chiefly valuable for their oil. A very strong and elastic leather may be made from the skin. They frequently weigh from 1500 to 2000 pounds, and yield from one to two barrels of oil each.

BIOGRAPHY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Thomas Wolsey, a celebrated cardinal, was the son of a butcher at Ipswich in Suffolk, and born there in 1471. After finishing his education at Oxford he became tutor to the sons of Grey, marquis of Dorset. Making his way at court, he gained the favour of Henry VII. who sent him on an embassy to the emperor, and on his return made him dean of Lincoln. Henry VIII. gave him the living of Torrington in Devon, and afterwards appointed him register of the garter, and canon of Windsor. He next obtained the deanry of York, and, attending the king to Tournay in France, was made bishop of that city. In 1514 he was advanced to the see of Lincoln, and the year following to the archbishopric of York. He was at this time in the zenith of power, and had a complete ascendancy over the mind of the king, who made him lord chancellor, and obtained for him a cardinalship. He was also nominated the pope's legate. His influence and income were prodigious, and he lived in a princely style; but having given offence to the king by not promoting his divorce, he fell into disgrace, and his property was confiscated. In 1530 he was seized at York, but died on his way to London, saying, "Had I served my God as faithfully as I have the king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

THE VILLAGE.—No. 11.

JEM TURNER.

Habits of regularity are excellent things, and he who is regular and industrious, even in the lowest employments, is sure to derive advantage. The mechanic who is most at-

tentive to his business, will meet with the most encouragement; and the boy and girl who are found as regular and industrious to-day as they were yesterday, will be freely trusted to-morrow. Those who are irregular, and given to change, seldom prosper.

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrive so well as those that settled be.

Among many instances of this, poor Jem Turner affords one. I had not seen Jem for seven years, until yesterday. The cold wind was blowing from the north, and the leaves from the oak tree which stands at the corner of Perk n's close were flying in the air, when a poor ragged razor-grinder stopped at the cottage-door, with his apparatus for grinding. As I wanted a few knives and other things ground, I went to the door with them. "Master Jenkins," said the poor fellow, "I see that you are alive and looking hearty yet!" "Why, yes," replied I, "through mercy I am in good health, surrounded with a thousand blessings, for which I cannot be too thankful." At first I had not taken much notice of the face of the razor-grinder; but when he spoke to me as though he knew me, I looked at him more attentively, and then I saw that it was Jem Turner. I never knew a great deal of Jem Turner, though his father and mother once lived in the village, for Jem was not much at home with them. It was said that his mother-in-law did not treat him kindly; but how that might be I cannot tell. Many things are reported of mothers-in-law which are not true; but they too often lack that affection and kindness for their husband's children, which they feel for their own. When Jem had finished the things I had given him to grind, I told him to come into the cottage, for that it was my dinner-time; he did so, and sat down to some cold beef, bread and cheese, and home-brewed beer. After I had asked the Father of mercies to bless the provisions he had bestowed, so that the repast might not only strengthen our bodies, but also dispose our spirits to his service, we began our meal. After we had finished our repast, and returned thanks I asked Jem to give me an account of himself, since he left the village; and this he did cheerfully, as near as I can remember, in the following words:

"It must be more than seven years ago since I went off with Tom Parker to Bristol, to get on board ship. I had not a comfort-

able home, but that is neither here nor there; we must 'forget and forgive.' I had heard so much about jolly tars, and their light-hearted ways, that I longed to be a sailor. The blue jackets, the white trowsers, and black silk handkerchiefs of some sailors, who were keeping holiday, had caught my attention; but when on board a merchant ship I soon found clean clothes out of the question. For a short while I was mightily pleased with the sea: I liked to see our ship scudding before the wind, and dashing through the waves. But I soon grew tired of a seaman's life. It was my duty to assist in the cooking and cleaning, and I had a mop or dishcloth in my hand from morning to night; this soon set me against the life of a sailor. When we landed again in England, the first hour after I received my pay, I ran off, determined to go no more to sea. Parker and I quarrelled, and parted company, and from that day to this I have not seen him. The first town I came to I observed a bustle in the street. A carriage and four had upset an old razor-grinder's travelling apparatus and broke it to pieces. Many pitied the old razor-grinder, but none relieved him, and he was almost in despair. I had money in my pocket, and, sailor-like, gave the old man enough to get his wheel mended, and left him; while he poured his blessings upon me, hoping that I should never want a friend without finding one.

"As I spent my money carelessly, I soon had none to spend, and how to get my bread I did not know. At last a gardener gave me a job at digging, and I stuck to my work well for a time; but my unsettled habits would not let me stop long in one place. I left the gardener, and strolled from place to place, till I was nearly famished. They say that 'three removes are as bad as a fire; and if that be true with regard to dwelling houses it is doubly true with respect to trades; every time I changed it seemed to be from bad to worse. For six months I went about with a man who kept dancing dogs; but that mode of life was worse than digging in a garden, or being at sea, so I left it, and tried to enlist as a soldier. Soldiers were not wanted, for the country was not at war, so I again wandered about, sometimes getting a dinner, but oftener going without one. How bitterly did I repent not keeping steadily at work in my native village! If a man does not thrive at home, it is ten to one if he will thrive any where else. Next I became porter and shoe-black at an inn, and there I did pretty well; but no sooner was I in better circumstances, than the love of change led me to change my quarters. Years had passed away since I left home, and both my parents had died: this I learned from a gentleman's seryant who stopped at the inn where I was a porter, and knew something of my native place. Twenty other modes of getting a living I tried, one after another,

until, at last, I set up a wheel-barrow, and sold fruit, just enough to keep me from starving. One day, when I had laid out my last sixpence in apples, nuts, and oranges, I was going along the street, when a party of drunken men came altogether out of a public-house, upset, and broke my wheel-barrow to pieces, rolled me in the dirt, and kicked my fruit about until all disappeared. I was then ruined, and sat me down on a step, broken-hearted. While I sat there, surrounded by a few people who pitied me, who should come up but the old razor-grinder, whose apparatus, when broken some years before, I had repaired. He knew me directly by the mark on my cheek, and said he could pick me out among a thousand, on account of the kindness I had shown him. Never was man better pleased in returning a deed of kindness. He took me with him taught me his trade, and, some time after, having a little money left him, he gave up his apparatus to me altogether. Not understanding my business like one brought up to it. I only just made a living of it. In my travels from one place to another, I called upon an uncle and cousins, who live about twenty miles off, to whom my father had rendered much assistance. They pretended not to know me, though they brought me a mug of small beer, and a crust of bread and cheese, and put them on a chair near the door. If I had returned in my coach and six, Master Jenkins, I fancy they would have known me very well; but they had got on in the world, and they did not like to acknowledge a relation in a poor ragged razor-grinder. Though I was so poor, I felt proud, perhaps prouder than I ought to have been, so I kicked over the chair on which the cup of beer and the victuals were placed, and went away."

"Pride is not made for man, Jem," said I; "and it ill becomes him in any situation, be he rich or poor." "True, true, Master Jenkins," continued he, "I know that I acted wrong, but my heart was full, and I forgot myself. A rolling stone gathers but little moss; and so I have found it. I left this village almost barefoot, and almost barefoot have I come back again to it, after wandering about the world for seven years. If I had stuck steadily to my business when I was a lad, I had not now worn a ragged coat. 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' There is but little got in the country by razor-grinding; but a razor grinder I am likely to remain as long as I live, for I have nothing else at which I can work for my bread, though I am sick of wandering about from one place to another. I have lived to learn that the dog which runs after a half-a-dozen hares will lose them all; and that he who attends to half-a-dozen businesses, will never get bread easily at either one of them."

I could not help looking with compassion

on poor Jem Turner while he told his sorrowful tale.

It struck me that farmer Brookes might possibly employ him, in one way or other on his farm, and that would be better than the uncertain calling of a razor-grinder. I determined to go directly and ask him; so looking up a few articles for Jem to grind while I was away, I set off to Farmer Brookes.

When I told farmer Brookes about Jem Turner, and that he appeared to me to be a half-fed, strong young fellow, he agreed to give him a trial at once.

"Tell him," said he, if he, "that if he labours well, he shall live well: my motto is, 'Hard work, and good wages;' and perhaps he will find that 'a ploughman on his legs is better than a gentleman on his knees.' When I came back, and told Jem Turner where I had been, and how I had succeeded, I never saw a poor fellow more grateful. "Jem," said I, "you have tasted the sorrows of a wandering life, now try the sweets of regularity and industry. Turn to a new mode of life, and especially turn to Him, who receives every returning sinner, and can, out of the riches of his grace, supply your every want. He will give.

The wanderer a welcome, though wide he may roam.
The friendless a friend, and the houseless a home.

THE FUTURE.

In the number of *Blackwood* for January, there is an interesting and well written article, entitled "The Future," in which the writer ventures to predict the destiny of Russia and America.—"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place among nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness almost at the same time.

"All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth: all the others are stopped or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men; the former combats the wilderness and former life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the sword. The Anglo American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends; and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian

centres all the authority of society in a single arm; the principle instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter servitude. Their starting point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

"Arbitrary institutions will not forever prevail in the Russian empire. As successive provinces and kingdoms are added to their vast dominions—as their sway extends over the regions of the south, the abode of wealth and long established civilization, the passion for conquest will expire. Satiety will extinguish this as it does all other desires. With the acquisition of wealth, and the settlement in fixed abodes, the desire of protection from arbitrary power will spring up, and the passions of freedom will arise as it did in Greece, Italy, and modern Europe. Free institutions will ultimately appear in the realms conquered by the Moscovite, as they did in those won by Gothic valor. But the passions and desires of an earlier stage of existence will long agitate the millions of the Russo-Asiatic race; and after democratic desires have arisen, and free institutions exist in its older provinces, the wave of the northern conquest will still be pressed on by semi-barbarous hordes from its remoter dominions. Freedom will gradually arise out of security and repose; but the fever of conquest will not be finally extinguished till it has performed its destined mission, and the standards of the Cross are brought down to the Indian Ocean."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

We argue the obligation of this commandment, from the fact that it is the present and will be the future test of our Christianity. What is the essence of the gospel? Love. What is the practice of the gospel? Love. What is the ultimate object of the gospel? Love. What brought a Saviour down to earth? What unites God to man, and man to God, and fills heaven's high courts with sounding praise? Again we answer, Love. We may make great professions of piety, we may fancy high flights of spirituality, we may defend with courage and ability the doctrines of a particular creed, or the interests of a sect, or the forms of discipline; but rest assured if we be destitute of love, it will all avail us nothing. 'If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.' 'If any have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.' But what is the principal fruit of the spirit witnessing it to God and man? We answer, Love. Thus thought the apostle: 'We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.' 'He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death.'

Would to God that the whole Christian world remembered these great gospel principles. Then assured I am, that instead of wasting their energies in useless and unprofitable controversies, they would throw aside the weapons of polemic warfare, rally around the Redeemer's standard, and unite heart and hand against the common enemy.—Never will Satan's kingdom totter, nor antichrist be overthrown, until Almighty love unite the divided church in one general attack. Hasten it, O Lord, in thine own good time. O what a triumphant day will that be, when the *Holy Fire* shall baptize the whole Christian church! Selfishness and bigotry shall go to their own place; infidelity confounded, shall confess, 'see how these Christians love one another'; and the great God of love shall reign over his everlasting kingdom amidst the ceaseless praise of a grateful universe.

EFFECTS OF KNOWLEDGE.—It is not more evident that the body was made to be improved and strengthened, than that the mind was also made to be improved by knowledge. And he who learns, if he learns well, not only finds learning easier the farther he advances, but understands better what he learns. For science is not arbitrary, or composed of detached and isolated parts; but it is all one connected series of truths centering in Deity, and embracing the largest and smallest, the nearest and the most remote portions of the universe. So he who learns not, or ceases to learn, does not fulfil his destiny—which is, to become acquainted, as far as in his power, with all truth. He can know neither his Creator nor himself; although his greatest happiness depends upon his knowledge.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC CANAL.—The scientific and commercial world will shortly have sufficient data whereon to speculate respecting a canal oceanic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. Major Biddle, of the United States Army, and suite, were dispatched in the preceding year by that government to examine and report on the facilities of the undertaking. Commander R. Owen, of his Britannic Majesty's service, is at present surveying the Lake of Nicaragua and River San Juan; and Captain Beechy, in the Sulphur, accompanied by a tender, will shortly complete the survey of the shores of Central America on the Pacific. The government of the country is very anxious to forward and protect the cutting of a grand canal from ocean to ocean through the Lake of Nicaragua, the most advantageous point for the communication.

CURIOUS MECHANISM.—It is often the case that great genius and superior skill in the arts and sciences, lie buried, as it were, in obscurity, in some town or village. An instance of this kind is now seen at Newton Abbott, in this county, in the shop window of Mr. J. Bradford, watchmaker. This ingenious artist has contrived three curious and singular pieces of Mechanism. The first is a machine representing a lamp, suspended by a small brass rod, hung to the ceiling, which constantly turns round, carrying a quantity of watches, and two lights, and is made to work in different parts.—The second is a brass ball, which runs a distance of 93 feet 64 times in an hour, being upwards of 21,000 feet in 12 hours, without any individual knowing the cause of its going, except the mechanic and his family. The last is a time-piece, going without weights or springs, showing the hours, minutes, days of the week, and days of the month.—EXETER GAZETTE.

DIED.

On Monday, after a painful illness, which he bore with great patience, Mr. John Rowe, aged 33 years. On Tuesday afternoon, aged 30, Mr. James Donovan, son of the late Mr. Michael Donovan. Yesterday afternoon, after a severe illness, Captain William Fletcher, of the schooner Industry, of this port, aged 42 years—much regretted by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance: who are invited to attend his funeral, To-Morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, from his late residence, near M'Dougal's corner.

Alexander Wilson, BLACKING MANUFACTURER.

FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public; that he has taken the store.

No. 10, Sackville Street (near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market: he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure that share of patronage he humbly solicits.—Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each table is subscribed with the Manufacturer's name.

Which is the best? why mine, will each cry out, That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—Thus they deride, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

☞ Bottles wanted.
May 27.

☞ A middle aged woman wishes a situation as Housekeeper, Nurse, or to do plain sewing.—Good reference as to character can be produced. A fine address to M. N. and left at this Office, will be attended to, June 10.



The following lines were composed by St. Leger L. Carter, Esq.; of Virginia. The subject was suggested to his mind in the streets of Richmond, by the happy and independent bearing of a waggoner from Augusta, who drives a fine team, and is moreover an excellent model of health and contentedness.

THE WAGGONER.

I've often thought, if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most—
What one I thought most lightly tasked,
Of man's unnumbered host,—
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team—wo hoy !
Wo hoy ! I'd cry,
And lightly fly
Into my saddle-seat ;
My rein I'd slack,
My whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet ?

Six blacks I'd drive of ample chest,
All carrying high the head—
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest,
In winkers tipped with red ;
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy,
And such a team I'd drive—wo hoy !
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—
The lint would fly—
Wo hoy ! Dobbin—Ball !
Their feet should ring—
And I would sing—
I'd sing my sal-de-ral !

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,
Beneath each bear-skin cap—
And as I saw them swing and swing,
I'd be the merriest chap ;
Yes then I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a jingling team—wo hoy !
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—
My words should fly—
Each horse should prick his ear !
With tightened chain,
My lumbering wain
Would move in its career.

The golden sparks—you'd see them spring
Beneath my horse's tread ;
Each tail—I'd braid it up with string
Of blue or flaunting red ;
So does, you know, the mountain boy,
Who drives the dashing team—wo hoy !
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—
I ach horse's eye
With fire would seem to burn ;
With lifted head,
And nostril spread,
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit and fling the foam,
As they dragged on my load—
And I would think of that distant home,
And whistle on the road ;
Oh, would I were a mountain boy !
I'll drive a six-horse team—wo hoy !
Wo hoy ! I'd cry,
Now, by yon sky,
I'd sooner drive those steeds,
Than win renown,
Or wear a crown
Won by victorious deeds,

For crows oft press the languid head,
And health the wearer shans—
And victory trampling on the dead
May do for Goths and Huns ;
Seek them who will—they have no joys
For mountain lads and wagon boys.

GOODNESS OF HEART.—Goodness of heart is eager to act and produce: it seeks not its own gratification, or the suffrage of others, but the real fruits, which are to conduce to the general happiness. It has an industry which is peculiar to itself, inexhaustible in invention and resources. The good nature which stops at external professions, is often but the desire to please, the offspring of vanity, coveting the honors of goodness of heart, without accepting its burthens; or a kind of selfishness, which has recourse to false allurements, that it may obtain the easier conquest. Goodness of heart is not in the least mercenary; it might be called impartial and general generosity. It does not aspire to be noticed; it even loves to disguise itself, and hardly is conscious of its own existence. It does not repel gratitude, while gratitude presents itself as a return for affection; but it flies from it, when it takes the form of acquittal of debt. Such a mercenary return would take away both its enjoyment and its merit. Goodness of heart can be generous, even in consenting to accept a service; for to please others sometimes involves sacrificing one's pride; and we must feel within us a very great depth of love, to bind ourselves to be grateful. A feeling of just dignity sometimes makes us refuse a benefit, but there are those who refuse because they have too narrow hearts to pledge themselves to be grateful.

Far from being liberal with professions like the wordly, the good often seem sparing of them. They avoid all kind of ostentation. They have a certain gravity and reserve;—and being occupied with an all-absorbing sentiment, they are sometimes even rough and severe: to the superficial they may appear cold, but every thing betrays them to the eyes of the attentive. He who understands them from sympathy, sees that they are quiet to meditate and prepare their touching dispensations; that they are collecting themselves to act. They are serious, because they are true; and when they break silence, their words are actions, that have an unexpected value and power, penetrating to the depth of the soul, and carrying confidence and repose; appeasing the storms of passion, and soothing the deepest sorrows.—Justice may give to society that imperfect peace, which consists in the cessation from war: it is contented with staying the arms of men, that are ready to injure one another.

Goodness of heart consummates the treaty by extinguishing animosities, and inviting men to help each other. The calmness of its innocence is diffused over every thing around. Its attractive power draws after it the beings whom it envelopes; uniting them to each other by the same tie, with which it binds them to itself. Justice says "Lay down your arms;" goodness of heart says, "Love one another."

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from; because it is always in our own disposal.

ANGER.—As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees and deformeth the face of Nature or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the pass of anger; it is wetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest—thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion: why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath, or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and disorder its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury, he that watcheth for an opportunity of revenge lies in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

G. HOBSON,

Engraver and Copper-Plate
Printer,
No. 39, DUKE-STREET.

Maps, Plans, Bills of Exchange, Bill Heads, Address and Visiting Cards, Arms and Crests, Labels, &c. neatly designed, engraved and printed. Metal Seals, Door Plates, Dog Collars, and Dandy Ornaments, neatly engraved.

May 13, 1836.

SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of the Subscriber, a large assortment of

Flower and Garden Seeds

These Seeds have been obtained from the same House in London, whose supplies for the last four years, have given such general satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.

Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.
May 9.