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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 21

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 25, 1836.

No. 45

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.

COCHINEAL.

This little insect is of an oval form, of the size of a small pea, with six feet, and a snout or trunk. It is of a blackish red color, and scarlet within. When once placed upon a plant it is stationary, feeding upon the juices, which it draws by means of a tube placed in the breast. It is a native of Mexico, but is now cultivated not only in that country, but in different parts of S. America. It feeds upon the nopal tree, which is reared for the purpose in immense numbers. The insects are brushed off by women with the tail of a squirrel or stag; they are then killed by being thrown into boiling water, and dried upon hot plates or in the sun. The natural dye which this little insect affords is a deep crimson. The best cochineal comes from Mexico; an inferior species is produced in India.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes, a great mathematician, was born at Syracuse, and related to Hiero king of that place. He boasted, that if he had a place to fix his machines, he would move the earth. His method of discovering the fraud of a jeweller, discovers the singular penetration of his mind. Hiero suspecting that the crown he had ordered did not contain the quantity of gold which he had given to the workman, desired Archimedes to find out the fraud. His thoughts being intent upon this problem while he was in the bath, he observed that a quantity of water overflowed equal to the bulk of his body; which at once suggested to him a method of determining the question; and leaping out of the bath, he ran home, exclaiming as he went, *I have found it!* Then procuring two masses of gold and silver of equal weight with the crown, he carefully noticed the

quantity of water which each displaced, after which he observed how much the crown caused to flow over; and on comparing this quantity with each of the former, he was able to ascertain the proportions of gold and silver in the crown. Some ancient authors celebrate a glass machine made by him, which represented the motions of the heavenly bodies. He is also said to have made burning-glasses which destroyed ships at a great distance. Several of his works are extant, but some of the most valuable are lost. Those which remain were printed at Basil in 1554, folio; but the best edition is that of Oxford, in 1792, printed from the revision and collection of Joseph Torrelli, purchased of his executor Albertini, by the correctors, of the Clarendon press.

WHO IS THE HAPPIER.

In a very elegant house which stood near the bank of a beautiful river, lived a family of great wealth. The extensive grounds around the house, were laid out in the most delightful manner. Cooling fountains of pure water, shady walks, and pleasant arbors, charmed the eye, and gave beauty to the scene; and an elegant garden near the house, was filled with every variety of fruits and flowers.

The family who resided in this lovely spot, consisted only of a lady, and her little son, who at the death of his parent, would be sole owner of all this beauty and wealth. Frederick E. had never known a wish denied, which the exertions of his fond parent could gratify. His very desires were anticipated, and the invention of his mother exhausted to obtain for him every indulgence which wealth could procure.

Teachers were ready to instruct him in every branch of learning, and new and interesting books filled his library. If he wished to ride, the carriage was soon ready for him; or if to walk, a servant to attend him. If he desired society, there was not a child in the neighborhood, who was not glad to visit his splendid dwelling, and play in those beautiful grounds.

But although his every wish, if possible, was gratified, Frederick E. was always discontented, and never pleased with any thing that was done for him. His play-fellows did not love him; and the domestics in the house did not respect him, for he treated them with contempt and unkindness. He did not feel the value of the blessings

which he enjoyed, and he was not thankful for them. He was very ignorant; and he was unwilling to learn any thing from his teachers, for he fancied that his wealth would be always sufficient to procure him respect and esteem. He was fretful and impatient, and no one but his mother could bear with his self-will and ill-humor with patience. Was Frederick happy?

In a small house, near the mansion of which I have told you, lived a poor industrious widow, whose husband had once been gardener to the father of little Frederick. He had been dead some years, and the widow earned a scanty support for herself and her little son, by the labor of her hands.

William was a fine healthy little fellow, active, good tempered; his great delight was to assist and please his mother. For this he would labor with all his strength, for he loved her dearly.

He was early sent to the Sunday school, and there, with the assistance of his mother at home, he soon learned to read in the New Testament; and there, while very young, he learned to believe in and love that dear Saviour, who is ever pleased with those who seek him early.

*William was often hungry, and knew not how his next scanty meal would be supplied; often he had no blazing fire to go to, or warm clothing to keep him from the cold. But William was always cheerful and contented; he was improving by every opportunity which he had, and his mother loved him, and called him her good boy. He often thought of the day when all should stand before the judgement seat of God, and he looked forward to a better, even a heavenly country; where at last with his beloved mother, he should be ever with the Lord, and 'all tears should be wiped from their eyes.' Dear children, which of these little boys, do you think was the happier?—*Youths Friend.*

THE DOINGS OF IGNORANCE.

WHEN we look into the history of this world, two things are seen upon nearly every page—man's ignorance and man's wickedness. History presents another truth, the most ignorant individuals and nations have been the most vicious and degraded. The present condition of the world reveals slavery and misery where the people are ignorant, and liberty and happiness where there is mental and moral light. When the mind is not

improved by virtue and knowledge, it will be governed and debased by the passions and appetites, or employed in planning and executing that which destroys happiness and prevents improvement.

How far human suffering may be attributed to ignorance, or how many of the evils which have and do exist among the inhabitants of this earth originated from ignorance would be difficult to ascertain; but we do see and know enough to say, that the amount of suffering from ignorance is immeasurable, and that the evils are innumerable. Ignorance has not only multiplied evils, by misapplying what is good, but has given an imaginary existence to many of the most fearful nature, which have long distressed and enslaved the human race.

While ignorant of the laws of nature, man has connected with some of her most beautiful and benevolent operations, false and imaginary terrors. Before the sun of knowledge has poured light upon the mental darkness of a tribe or nation, an eclipse of the sun in the heavens is viewed by the terrified and trembling beholders with the utmost dismay and consternation. The ignorant have supposed the moon while in an eclipse, or, what is the same thing while passing through the shadow of the earth, was sickening or dying through the influence of enchanters. To appease the enemies of their evening luminary, they have practised the most torturing and irrational ceremonies, and submitted themselves to the most excruciating pain. Many tribes and nations are still enslaved by these foolish notions and cruel customs. The appearance of comets, too, is still regarded as a forerunner of earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and the most dreadful calamities. They know not that comets are regular bodies belonging to our system, and appear and disappear at stated periods of time. After a slight knowledge of the heavenly bodies, the appearance of a comet excites as little fear as the appearance of the sun.

On the earth, ignorance has seen innumerable objects which have bewildered and distracted the timid and credulous. The will-o'-the-wisps are regarded as malicious spirits, sent to lead the traveller astray, and, in the end, conduct him to the place of torment. A little knowledge would enable any one to see that these meteors are nothing more than harmless lights, formed by the burning of a certain gas or vapour, which naturally rises from the moist soil over which they are always seen.

Ignorance has created distressing fears from the ticking noise of an insect, heard during the stillness of night—from the scream of a bird—from the howl of a dog—from the fall of a chimney—from an accidental noise in an unoccupied apartment of a suspected dwelling—from an immediate return after something that had been forgotten—from having put on a garment

wrong side out—from having set out on a journey, or undertaking some employment on Friday—from an unusual noise in a boiling tea kettle—from a ringing in the ear—from ominous dreams, especially such as have the confirmation of a repetition—from meeting with a snake lying in the road—from upsetting the salt dish—from the sudden and accidental striking of a silent clock—from breaking a looking glass—from seeing the new moon over the left shoulder—from not having uncovered the head while a funeral procession passed—from missing the mouth while taking food—from being presented with a knife or any cutting instrument—and from its raining into the grave of a friend before it was closed. All of these whims, and thousands of others of a similar nature, have been regarded with apprehensions of terror, the forerunners of impending disasters, or of approaching death! Such is the slavery and misery of ignorance, continually filling the ideal world with objects which vassal the mind, and preventing those feelings of gratitude and veneration which are due to the wise Creator and Governor of the universe.

Besides the ideal things and agencies which are for ever present with the ignorant to terrify and distress, there are also a great many foolish and erroneous opinions which pass current for genuine truths among the uninformed part of mankind. These apothegms, or trite sayings, have a wonderful practical influence; they are at once the philosophy and the guide of the vulgar or the uneducated. The world is full of these proverbs or maxims, and it is to be lamented that many of them are false, that the ignorant are not able to discriminate and judge for themselves, but are so frequently rendered foolish; and led astray by them.

Ignorance and error have always led to the commission of deeds of cruelty and rank injustice. Both in heathen and Christian countries, how many millions of lives have been poured out, and how much pain and agony from bodily torture, through intolerance of the true nature and worship of God! Through ignorance and error, how merciless and bloody have been the thousands of persecutions which have filled the earth with violence, and covered it with blood! On whatever portion of the world or period of time we place the eye, we shall see that ignorance, vice, and misery, have been and are inseparable.

But there are other evils arising from ignorance, equally distressing to the mind, and destructive to the body, as any we have described or enumerated. They are those which the ignorant bring upon themselves by not perceiving and conforming to the natural relations which exist between themselves and the objects around them—relations which must at all times be our law and our rule of action, if we are kept in the path of true happiness; but these relations are not

known and obeyed by the illiterate, for they are ignorant of themselves and the qualities of natural objects. They have never looked upon themselves as animal, intellectual, and moral beings, and learned that happiness cannot be found and possessed, except the intellectual and moral faculties have the supremacy or the controul over the animal nature. Not having their moral and intellectual nature developed, or put in exercise by mental and moral instruction, they are ignorant of any other happiness but that derived from the gratification of their lowest natures—their animal appetites and passions. In this they are disappointed; for when the animal nature is properly gratified, its pleasures are not sufficient to satisfy a being who has an intellectual and moral nature. This kind of gratification may satisfy brutes, for they do not possess consciousness or reflection.

One great office of the mind is to keep the body from excesses and injury, but it never performs this office unless it is illuminated by truth and knowledge. While the mind remains ignorant, and the affections of the heart unlawfully placed, there is no government over the appetites and passions, and their unrestrained gratification soon brings misery and destruction. There is a vice coming from every individual in the long catalogue of the human family, telling us that men need knowledge to over-power their passions, to master their prejudices and to render them happy.

INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

In Philadelphia there is a physician, belonging to the Society of Friends, who is very benevolent, and much beloved by the poor. One day, this good doctor, attempting to ride through a narrow and crowded street, was stopped by a dray, which stood in such a manner that he could not possibly get along. He asked the driver if he would be good enough to move a little out of the way; but the man was ill-natured, and he answered, in very violent language, that he would not stir an inch till he thought proper. The physician replied, with the utmost gentleness, "Well, friend, thou wilt not move to oblige me; but if thou shouldst be ill, or any of thy family in distress, send for Dr. P. and I will come and do all I can to assist thee." This mild answer gained the drayman's heart, and made him thoroughly ashamed of his bad temper. He asked pardon for the language he had used, and immediately made room for the doctor to pass.

There is hardly any body in the world, so rough and violent as to resist, for any length of time, the soothing influence of kindness. Even the most ferocious animals are tamed by it.—Those who acquire great command over horses, dogs, and other brute creatures, always do it by means of affectionate and gentle treatment. In this way, a man by

the name of John Austin, in London, has trained animals of totally opposite natures to live together in love and peace. He is careful to keep them well fed, caresses them a great deal and accustoms them to each other's society at a very early age. The cat, the mouse, the owl, the rabbit, the hawk, the pigeon, the starling and the sparrow, all frolic together in the same cage. The owl allows the sparrow to eat from the same plate, without offering to devour him; while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws, and the starling perches on her head.

From these facts little girls and boys can learn a useful lesson concerning their treatment to younger brothers and sisters. When little ones are fretful, do not take hold of them hard, and pull them along, and speak cross words to them. This will only serve to spoil their tempers, and injure your own. Speak gently to them; try to comfort them, and tell them some simple story, in order to make them forget their little troubles.—If managed in this way, they will soon become as docile as little lambs; and when they are unhappy they will come to you, as their kindest protector and best friend.

A gentle and patient temper is a twofold blessing; it equally blesses those who possess it, and those who come under its influence. While we are striving to do good to others, we find our reward in the quiet happiness with which our own hearts are filled.

Philosophy.—'Delightful prospect, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Beats the chimbley pots, sir,' replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. 'I suppose you have hardly seen any thing but chimney pots and bricks and mortar, all your life, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, smiling. 'I worn't always a boots, sir,' said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. 'I was a vagginer's boy, once.'—'When was that?' inquired Mr. Pickwick. 'When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles,' replied Sam, 'I was a carrier's boy at startin: then a vagginer's, than a helper, than a boots. Now I'm a gen'l'm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for once.' 'You are quite a philosopher, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'It runs in the family, I b'lieve, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'My father's very much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out and gets another. Then she screams very loud, and falls into 'sterics; and he smokes very comfortable till she comes to agin. That's philosophy sir, an't it.' 'A very good substitute for it, at all events,' replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing.

A Good Retort.—During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow subjects, their Queen being Queen of France as well England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself King, and of which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in French."

DYSPEPSIA.—An intelligent writer remarks that the principle cause of that peculiarly American disease, dyspepsia, is the eating of hot bread, hot cakes, crust which is dough in consistency, butter, and the use of tea. To this he might add as a still stronger cause the horrible American habit of eating so fast, bolting down provisions half masticated, and forcing the stomach to labor which nature never intended. If our people were constructed to fit their habits, their teeth would be placed in their stomachs. They are of no use in their present location, except as subjects for the skill of the dentist. A slow eater is generally a moderate eater; he is satisfied with less food than a bolter; he relishes it more, and he never feels uncomfortable and heavy after a meal.

An English mechanic, Mr. Stromber, has just been applying the impulsive force of air to horology, and the results he has obtained from his experiments seem destined to bring about a great revolution in the present system of clock making. Mr Stromber has exhibited an air clock of a truly surprising simplicity in its construction. Air compressed at six atmospheres escapes continually from three little tubes, upon three wheels of different dimensions, which are made to turn by means of this air. These three cog wheels are calculated in a manner to keep up a regular quickness of rotation. This instrument is a real chef d'oeuvre in horology, and requires to be wound up but once in three months. It is an example of the most difficult calculation that can be made on the expansive power of compressed air, combined with a chronometrical system of wheels.

AWFUL DEATH.—A Protestant Clergyman of Hirschberg, in Silesia, was killed in his pulpit. A thunder storm burst over the town on Sunday while he was preaching; the top of the pulpit was suspended from

the ceiling of the church by an iron chain—the lightning struck the spire, penetrated the roof, and descended along the chain. The wig of the old man, who was continuing his discourse undisturbed, was seen in a blaze; he raised his hands to his head, gave a convulsive start, and sank back dead in his pulpit.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, 26, 1836.

* Late on the afternoon of the 15th inst. Mr. WILLIAM GUNSTONE, who has been employed for upwards of four years, watering Merchant Vessels, left Clark's Wharf with his Tank, with the intention of proceeding to a Schooner at anchor in the harbour. At midnight the Tank was seen drifting past the Pyramus, without any person on board, and secured by a boat from the Ship. Mr. Gunstone has not since been heard of, and it is feared has been drowned. Should the body be found, his afflicted widow begs that notice may be given to her. She resides in Mr. Fraser's House, near the Counting House of Messrs. Cunard.—*Gazette.*

MARRIED.

On Monday last, by the Rev. William Jackson, Mr. John Christie, to Miss Ann Hunt.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Catherine McLennan, wife of Mr. Donald McLennan, in the 43d year of her age.

Wednesday, after a protracted illness, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. George Little, in the 18th year of her age: her affable and truly virtuous manners, endeared her to all her friends and acquaintance, by whom her death is deeply regretted.—Funeral on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock, precisely, from the residence of her Father—head of Messrs. Strachan & Yeoman's wharf; when the friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully requested to attend

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2d. each will be given at this Office, for either of the following numbers of the 1st vol. of the Mirror—1, 3, 4, 12, 50.



STANZAS.

Unto him who loved us, and gave himself for
us, and washed us from our sins in his own
blood.

REVELATION.

How hath he lov'd us?—Ask the star
That on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where he, Messiah, bow'd his head;
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught;
Speak, favor'd Olivet, so oft
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought—
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary foot did lave.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the band
That led his woes with breathless haste,
Ask the weak friend's denial tone
Scarcely by his bitterest tears effac'd;
Yes, ask the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endur'd for thee.

Ask of Gethsomano, whose dew
Shrunk from that moistur'd fragrant red,
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky;
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cements at his fearful cry,
O! ask no more; but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

CLARA HOWARD.

Clara Howard was a vain girl, who was very fond of dress. She had been called a beauty when she was about five or six years old; and she still thought herself one, although she became very thin and sallow from living on candies and such dainties, instead of plain wholesome food.

She had an uncle who was a sea-captain: he was very fond of her and often brought her presents when he came from sea—Among other things he once brought her a little monkey, to amuse her by its tricks. All monkeys are imitative creatures, but this would try to mimic every one. He was very much attached to his little mistress, and would follow her all about the house. Clara was not fond of her books, and when her mother would send her up stairs to prepare her lessons for school, she would lay aside her grammar or geography, and dress herself in all the finery she could get, and practice at the glass, the airs and graces of the ladies she had seen in the street: One day, in looking for jewelry in her mother's wardrobe, she found a large and very brilliant pair of ear-rings and some sparkling old-fashioned rings. She tied strings to the ear-rings, and hung one on each; put the heavy rings on her fingers, and going into the next room she took the seamstress's new bonnet, which was gaudily trimmed with flowers and placed it on her head. While she was turning her head from side to side, and thinking how very pretty she looked, she heard

her mother calling her. She threw the things on the dressing table, and hastened down stairs, thinking she could come back and put them in their places, before her mother would come to her room. But contrary to her expectations, her mother came up when she did, and they entered the room together, what a sight presented itself!—There was Clara's monkey standing in the chair before the glass with the ear-rings hung on his ears, the finger-rings sparkling on his paws, and the bonnet on, which being too large for his head, had fallen back—there he stood, smiling, bowing, and turning his head, from side to side as he had seen Clara do. Mrs Howard burst into a fit of laughter, but Clara, seeing how exactly her motions were copied, was so mortified at the thought of the ridiculous appearance she too must have made, that she could not help crying.

As soon as Mrs Howard saw the effect it had on her daughter, she said to her, "I hope this sight, my dear Clara, may cure you of your fondness for dress. You see how ridiculous a figure this little animal has made himself; he only amuses us, but a little girl who acts thus, excites our pity as well as our ridicule."

Little Clara Howard never forgot this lesson, and whenever she was tempted to purchase finery, she thought of her monkey dressed in our-rings. And when her mind became improved by attending to her studies, she lost even the wish for gay dress, and always appeared in a neat and simple attire, which is the surest mark of true taste.

Effects of Encouragement and Discouragement.—I recollect distinctly that, when I was thirteen years of age, I had a great desire to acquire an education. I wanted to enjoy the happiness which appeared to be the lot of those who were learned; but I was poor, and, peculiarly situated. I had no friend to whom I could apply for aid, with any prospect of success.—Those to whom I stated my wishes, being disinterested, gave me no encouragement; but rather dissuaded me from the attempt. In short, no person had sufficient interest in my success, or confidence in my ability, to advise me to pursue a certain course, which would ensure success; and the result was, that I spent much valuable time to not only no advantage, but to a real disadvantage, in idleness; whereas, if I had had a friend to say to me, would you excel in any thing? look at FRANKLIN, and SHERMAN, and WEBSTER, who have, by pursuing such and such a course become wise, virtuous, and respected by all who know them—and to have convinced me that to persevere was to succeed—I believe that I might have been a far more useful member of society, than I can now possibly become.

I am the more induced to this belief from a circumstance which occurred in the neighborhood about the same time.

One of my associates and companion, the son of a very poor, but well educated and intelligent MOTHER,—his father was dead,—was attending school whilst I was learning my trade he often told me that he hoped and believed that he should become a man, and know as much, and should be as much respected, as the minister who preached to us on Sunday, or the doctor of the village. I did not believe it possible, and asked what made him think so; he said his father told him that

he could, if he would be industrious and prudent, and devote all his time to labor, or to study, "and she knows," said he, "and I will try." Notwithstanding his poverty, and my unbelief, that fatherless boy is now one of the most respectable men of the age—and he owes it mainly to the good advice and encouragement of a good mother.

ANECDOTE.—In the days of the Revolution there was an old lady who occasionally "entertained man and beast." One day a weary and famished soldier called at her house and asked for refreshment—his appearance indicated extreme poverty—the old lady thought his means not adequate to remunerate her for a very ample repast, so she placed before him a dish of bones which looked as though they had been pretty faithfully picked before, and left her son to settle with the soldier when he had finished their second examination. The boy, pitying the traveller, and willing to give his parent reproof for her parsimony, told his guest upon rising from the table, that he was welcome to what he had eaten, and gave him a present into the bargain. In a short time the mother returned, when her son inquired, "Mother how much was it worth to pick those old bones?"—"A shilling my dear," said she expecting to receive the money. "I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the old soldier a shilling for doing it."

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Bauer's Wharf.

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bills, Blanks, and Printing in general, exe-
cuted with neatness, and at a very cheap
rate. October 21, 1836.