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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 27

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 16, 1836.

No. 48

## 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 HORSE.

The spirited picture of the war-horse in the book of Job, (59 chap. 19 to 25 verse) is worthy of the pen of inspiration; but to appreciate its correctness, we must not look at him in the pasture or the stable, merely, to which he is consigned by man, but in those wild and extensive plains, where he has been originally produced, where he ranges without control, and riots in all the variety of luxurious nature—and also in the field of battle, where his native fire and energy are called forth, and excited into action, by the clang of arms, and the blasts of trumpets.

The horse is universally allowed to be the most beautiful of all the quadruped animals; the noble largeness of his form, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motions and the exact symmetry of his shape, have taught us to regard him as the first, and as the most perfectly formed; and yet what is extraordinary enough, if we examine him internally, his structure, will be found the most different from that of man of all other quadrupeds whatsoever. As the ape approaches us nearest in internal conformation, so the horse is the most remote;—a striking proof that there may be oppositions of beauty, and that all grace is not to be referred to one standard.

It is not possible to determine the country from which the horse originally came: that it was from the East, however, seems highly probable, since the colder climates do not so well agree with his constitution, and also

because the most beautiful, generous, swift, and persevering of all horses in the world, are found in Arabia and Persia.

The swiftness of these animals is incredible, and has given occasion to some very spirited figures in the sacred writing. Thus, Isaiah, describing the terrible devastation which the sand of Judea was doomed to suffer by the Assyrian armies, whose horses were probably of the Persian breed, expresses the amazingly rapid movements of their chariots with much beauty and force: 'Their wheels shall be like a whirlwind,' (ch. v. 28); as does Jeremiah, also: 'Behold, he shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind; his horses are swifter than eagles,' ch. iv. 13. The prophet Habakkuk, in describing the same quality of the horse, uses a different figure, but one equally striking: 'Their horses are swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves; and their horsemen shall spread themselves, and their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat,' ch. i. 8.

At a very early period of its history, Egypt was famous for its breed of horses, as we learn from Exod. xiv. 9; and such appears to have been the excellency of the Egyptian horses in subsequent times, that the prophet Isaiah declares to the Israelites, who were disposed to put their confidence in the time of danger on the resources of Egypt, that 'the Egyptians were men, and not God, and their horses flesh, and not spirit,' chap. xxxi. 3.

In the time of the Judges, there were horses and war chariots among the Canaanites, but the Israelites were without them; and hence they were generally too timid to venture down into the plains, confining their conquests to the mountainous parts of the country. In the reign of Saul, horse breeding does not appear to have been introduced into Arabia, for in a war with some of the Arabian nations, the Israelites sold plunder, in camels, sheep, and asses, but still no horses. Solomon

was the first among the Hebrews who established a cavalry force, and compared to what is now usual, it was one of very considerable extent, 1 Kings, x. 26. He also carried on a trade in Egyptian horses for the benefit of the crown, 2 Chr. ix. 28.

It is evident from Judges, v. 22; Isa. v. 28! and Amos, vi. 12, that it was not the practice among the ancients to shoe the horse, as is now done. For this reason, the strength and firmness, and solidity of its hoof were of much greater importance with them than with us, and were esteemed one of the first praises of a fine horse. The latter of the above cited passages may receive illustration from the following remark: 'The Arabs signify the soundness of the feet of grey horses, by an Arabian adage, which indicates that if a cavalcade be passing through a stony country, the grey horses will break the stones with their feet; this opinion appears founded on experience, for in the Atlas mountain, in some parts of Suse, and in all harsh stony districts, we find a much greater proportion of grey horses than of any other color; their feet are so hardy, that I have known them to travel two days' journey through the stony desiles of Atlas, *without shoes*, over roads full of loose broken stones, and basaltic rocks.'

## BIOGRAPHY.

### ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great, the youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the West Saxons, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849. At the age of 22 he found himself in possession of a distracted kingdom. After several actions with the Danes, finding himself unable to make head against the invaders, he laid aside the ensigns of royalty, and concealed himself in the cottage of one of his herdsmen. One day as he sat by the fire trimming his bow and arrows, his hostess left in his care some cakes, which were placed on the hearth to be baked. Alfred, however, being intent upon his employment, suffered the cakes to burn; and when the woman returned she scolded him heartily.

saying, "he could eat the cakes fast enough, though he would not take the trouble of looking after them." He afterwards retired to the Isle of Athelney, Somersetshire, with a few followers, and there received information that Odum, earl of Devon, had obtained a great victory over the Danes, in Devonshire, and had taken their magical standard. On this, Alfred disguised himself as a harper, and entered the Danish camp, and was admitted to play before the chiefs. Having gained a knowledge of the state of the enemy, he directed his nobles to collect their vassals, and to meet him at Selwood in Wiltshire, which was done so secretly, that the Danes were surprised at Eddington, and completely defeated. Alfred behaved with great liberality on this occasion, given up the kingdom of the East Angles to those of the Danes who embraced the Christian religion. After a rest of some years, an immense number of Danish forces landed in Kent; on which, those who were settled in Northumberland broke their treaty, and fitting out two fleets sailed round the coast, and committed great ravages. They were, however, soon defeated by Alfred, who caused several of the pirates to be executed at Winchester as an example. Thus he secured the peace of his dominions, and struck terror into his enemies, after fifty-six battles by land and sea, in all of which he was personally engaged. But what makes him most an object of admiration, is his character as a reformer of laws and manners, and the promoter of learning. He composed a body of statutes, instituted the trial by jury, and divided the kingdom into shires and tithing; He was so exact in his government that robbery was unheard of, and valuable goods might be left on the high-road without danger of being meddled with. He also formed a parliament, which met in London twice a-year. The state of learning in his time was so low in England, that from the Thames to the Humber hardly a man could be found who understood Latin. To remedy this evil, he invited learned men from all parts, and endowed schools throughout his kingdom. He was himself a learned prince, and composed several works, and translated others from the Latin, particularly Boetius's Consolations of Philosophy. He divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts, one devoted to the service of God, another to public affairs, and the third to refreshment. To Alfred, also England is indebted for the foundation of her naval establishment, and he was the first who sent out ships to make the discovery of a north-east passage. He died in 901, aged fifty-three.

#### KATE BOND.

*Continued.*

"Do you ask me how she could govern herself?"

I mean that she must improve the good feelings of her nature, the love of her friends

and of children; and her *benevolence*, and *conscientiousness*—she had large conscientiousness—and she must cultivate her reasoning powers, and above all, she must seek to enlarge her *reverence* by dwelling on the duty which children owe to their parents, and she must think often and seriously of God, as her Father in heaven, and pray Him to assist her by His Holy Spirit, in governing and subduing all her wrong desires and wicked feelings.

This was not an easy task for Kate, but she had promised her mother to try.

She forgot her promise however, the very morning after she made it—Christmas morning too, the hallowed morn, when our Saviour's advent is celebrated, and all Christians are rejoicing in the tidings of peace and love which he brought to earth. Oh, it is a sad thing to be angry any time; but on Christmas day it seems a most wicked sin! Never, my dear young friend, allow yourself to be angry with any one on Christmas day.

Kate Bond felt very much irritated at her sister, as I have said, and she dressed herself and went down stairs, determined to give Lucy a good scolding. To be sure Lucy was more than a year the eldest; and Miss Kate might have reflected that Lucy often, indeed, always rose first; but the impatient girl did not think of this.

As she ran down stairs, she met Dorcas, the chambermaid, with a pitcher of warm water in her hand, going towards Miss Bond's chamber.

"Where is Lucy?" bawled Kate.

"Speak softly, Miss, your mother is very sick."

"Where is Lucy, I say?" and the naughty girl raised her voice higher.

"Why, Miss Lucy is with your mother. I called her at four o'clock this morning, because your mother was so sick."

"Why did you not call me too?"

Dorcas opened her great blue eyes as wide as an owl's in the night; and her comical stare seemed to say, "What good could you have done, Miss Katy?"

Just then, Lucy softly opened her mother's door and beckoned Dorcas, who stepped lightly into the chamber. Lucy was following her, for she had not seen her sister, who stood partly in the shadow of the door; but Kate did not intend to be overlooked—"Luce," she called out shrilly, "Luce."

"Hush, Katy," said Lucy, holding up her finger, and stepping lightly up to her sister,—"Hush! mother is very ill."

"Why did you not wake me when you rose!"

"You slept so sweetly, Kate, that I could not bear to disturb you; and I have been used to waiting on mother, you know; so that it does not tire me." The sweet girl was looking pale and fatigued, but she smiled lovingly on her sister.

"You always do every thing," said Kate. She meant the expression as a taunt but the kind-hearted sister would not understand it—"O, I do not hurt myself, Kate; I have only to sit by mother—and now if you will go down and see to the children—Charley is making a noise, I hear, and little Ada will soon be up and want to be amused—so if you will go down and take care of them, I will go back to mother, and I think if she can get a nap this morning, she will be able to sit in the parlor when she wakes, and give us our Christmas presents."

Kate looked on her sister, as she named the Christmas presents, and the wholeness of the box and of her promise flashed on her mind. It seemed as if a voice whispered in her ear "Remember!" and she did remember to pray in her heart that God would assist her to keep it. She then said, softly, "Yes, Lucy, I will go down and take care of the children, and you may stay with mother."

"That's a dear girl," said Lucy, kissing her; "O, mother will soon be better and we will yet have a merry Christmas."

It would have done your heart good, my dear reader, to have seen Kate Bond in the sitting room that morning; she was so kind to her brothers; she helped Frank to get his Latin lesson, and she found Popayan on the map for Charles, over which he had been puzzling a long time, for, as he said, there is no such thing as finding the places on the map of South America, unless you know where to look for them. And then Kate brought Ada from the nursery, and amused her all the morning, a circumstance which so wonderfully astonished the nurse, that she went to Mrs Bond with the story.

"What do you think is come over Kate this morning? There she is in the sitting room, taking care of Ada and instructing her brothers, as quiet and good as Miss Lucy herself."

Mrs Bond smiled and answered—

"Kate is practising her first lesson in self-control; I am rejoiced to hear she does it so well. We must all encourage her, nurse."

"Ah, that we will; I shall speak a word of praise to her as I go down."

"O, no, nurse; I do not mean that she should be praised and flattered; only say, as a matter of course, that she has taken good care of the children, and been a quiet girl. We must not make her vain of her virtues."

So said Mrs. Bond; but when she entered the parlor, which she was able to do just before dinner was served, and saw how happy the children looked—Kate had them all around her, and seemed the happiest of the group—the good mother could scarce forbear to take her in her arms, kiss her, and praise her for behaving so nobly. She did not, however, allow such an expression

of her feelings to escape her; but she smiled approvingly, and held out her hand, which Kate took and kissed with a look of love and deep respect.

Mr Bond came home to dinner; he brought a large packet, which he very carefully placed on a side table.

"O, father, have you bought us any Christmas presents?" said Charley, climbing on the knee of his indulgent parent.

"Wait till after dinner, my son, and then, if your mother is able to open the packet, you will see what I have bought.

"But I want to see now, father. Don't you want to see what there is, Kate?"

"No—that is, I will not ask to see till mother can open the packet," said Kate.

Mr Bond, who always dreaded Kate's noisy and often violent importunities, was surprised to hear her speak so gently, and he looked around to see what occupied her. But she was sitting quietly by her mother.

Presently they were summoned to dinner, and during the meal Kate never once raised her voice when speaking, above its common tone; nor did she make a gesture of impatience at any delay which occurred in her being helped; and she passed Charley's plate without a single scowl.

"What a very pleasant Christmas dinner we have had," remarked Mr Bond to his wife, as they left the table; "the children have behaved so well!"

The children! it was only because Kate had been good; the others were very quiet children, but she had usually contrived to keep some of them in an uproar.

"Now for the presents!" said Charley. The packet was brought by Lucy, Kate for once suffering her to take the lead without opposition.

What a rich display of books met the sight of the young Bonds, as the packet was opened. "Here," said Lucy, "only see, mother, this Token is for you: it has your name—from Charles G. Bond to his beloved wife, Mary Bond—a Token of affection."

"How beautiful it is," said Kate, her eyes sparkling with delight—"O, I am so glad dear mother has a present?"

"And here," said Mrs Bond, "is the Magnolia for Lucy, and the Gift, for Kate, edited by a lady, (and I think it is a lady's work to edit annuals)—and here is the Boston Book for Frank, and the pretty Keepsake, for Charley, and a horn book, for little Ada. O, we are all rich in these remembrances of affection."

"I do not think these annuals are worthy of all praise," remarked Mr. Bond; "the literary contributions ought to be of a more serious, useful and elevated character; but they are far less exceptionable than the fashionable novels; and then the arts of design and engraving are encouraged by the annuals. On this account it is that I shall always consider it a duty to purchase

our own works of this description; but the foreign annuals have no such claims."

Mr. Bond was stopped in his critical remarks by the gravity of the children, who had now brought out their own store of presents, and each one was giving something to their parents, and to each other.

"I have nothing for my brother Frank," said Kate, sorrowfully.

Her mother gave her a small packet—"that is in room of your box," she whispered.

Kate opened it, and there was a new Chinese puzzle, the blocks of which might be formed into one hundred and seventyone curious forms, representing fortifications, bridges, towers, &c.; and there were twenty-eight geometrical figures, which Mr Bond observed would be a useful study for Frank and the girls too.

"Yes, I think it will be an instructive amusement for Kate," said Mrs. Bond; "and she can assist Frank in puzzling out the puzzles."

"It requires more patience than my little rattlecap of a Kate possesses, I fear," said Mr. Bond, passing his arm fondly around his daughter's waist.

"O, but I am going to be a pattern of patience, father—I am, indeed."

"You are a good girl to-day, very—and you can always be thus, if you try, Kate; but"—

"O, do not express any doubts, my dear," said Mrs. Bond. "Kate has undertaken to govern her own temper, and to be good—she will persevere."

"God bless you, my child, and strengthen you to keep your resolutions," said Mr. Bond, solemnly, laying his hands on the head of his daughter.

"O, I will try, father—I feel so happy since I began to be good, that I shall persevere. If I find myself growing angry or cross, I will remember this pleasant Christmas, and then I shall be able to conquer my bad feelings."

**Cheerfulness.**—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under the hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life, spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of this life is highly necessary; but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

**The purpose of life.**—The design of the Almighty in placing us in this world is that we may prepare for another: this is the grand end of our existence.—Therefore all things in life ought to be made subservient to it. Food ought to be taken simply in reference to the support of the body. Clothing ought

to be put on in reference to the fitness to answer the design of it, viz: to protect the body against the inclemency of the weather. Worldly goods ought to be regarded solely as the medium of procuring the necessaries of life, and the desire of laying up to an indefinite amount, ought not to be indulged. We ought, in a great measure, to be indifferent to the various circumstances in life; pleasure or pain; poverty, or riches; prosperity, or adversity: we are but "strangers and pilgrims," "sojourners" here below:

"No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;

But O! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?"

That's the main point. Eternity ought to be all, and should swallow up all the rest.

*Post-office, Halifax, Dec. 14, 1836.*

The Mail for England, by H. M. P. Starr, will be closed on MONDAY evening next, at 5 o'clock.

#### MARRIED.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mr. George Conrad, of Lawrence Town, to Miss Susanna Elizabeth Romkey, of South east Passage, Dartmouth.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. Philip Lester, to Margaret Cochran, both of this place.

#### DIED.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Athol, aged 7 years.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mary Kerwick, aged 17 years.

Early this morning, after a short but severe illness, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. John Eustace, of this town; Funeral will take place on Sunday, at one o'clock: the friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

At New York, on Friday, the 2d day of December, instant, after a protracted illness, Eliza Lee, eldest daughter of John Tremain, Esq.

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November 4.

J. MUNRO.

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From the *Flowers of Loveliness* for 1837.

### THE JESSAMINE.

"There lurks a hidden sentiment,  
In every Leaf and Flower;  
And he who studies well, may read  
Sweet words in every Bower!  
And Blossoms, artfully combin'd,  
May eloquently tell  
A thousand things, that faltering lips  
Ne'er utter half so well.

"My love hath sent a Jessamine wreath!  
Oh! would I had been taught  
To seek in summer gifts, like those,  
The giver's secret thought:  
Each blossom is a pearly star,  
The fragile leaves are green;  
'Come, Sister, for thou hast the skill,  
Interpret what they mean."

"It is an emblem of thyself,  
Dear girl, thy Lover sends;  
A wreath where pure Simplicity,  
With perfect Beauty blends:  
A type of all that's fair and good,  
In this sweet flower is seen;  
What Woman's mind should ever be  
What thine hath ever been.

"How delicately fine the stem!  
How exquisite the flower!  
Oh! must it not be guarded well  
From every breeze and shower!  
Nay, 'tis not weak;—when winter comes,  
'Twill not deserve the term;  
And is not, in adversity,  
Fond Woman's heart as firm?"

'Twill grace the palace of a prince,  
As 'twere its proper sphere:  
Transplanted to a meaner home,  
The meanest it will cheer!  
And Woman, formed to grace a court,  
Thence uncomplaining moves;  
And clings to ruin for the sake  
Of one she truly loves.

**EDUCATION.**—There is not a more vulgar error than that of supposing that education is knowledge. Education is no more knowledge than the foundation of a building is a house. This fallacy meets us at every turn. Question the knowledge of a man, and the reply is, that it is not to be doubted, for that he received an excellent education. The best education is but a mean to an end; and the worst is a very bad mean, a wrong road which has given the tyro some wholesome exercise, perhaps, but has rather led him from the goal, for which better-trained men are making. What is the condition of a young man who has finished his education, as the phrase goes, according to the old fashion of our schools and universities? He is commonly, if of abilities, a passably good Latin scholar and an indifferent Greek one; if a genius or a man of first-rate parts, he has a reputation for making Greek and

Latin verses. With these acquirements he comes into the world, where he finds that he must suppress his Greek and Latin, under the pain of ridicule for pedantry, and that there is a sort of demand for his verses; knowledge new to him, connected with the business of men, is in request, and of this he knows nothing. In three or four years the Greek is as much gone from his possession as if it had never been there, and he only retains enough Latin for the translation of mottoes and stray quotations. If he wish to be any thing, he must begin another course of education for the superstructure of another and a more available kind of knowledge. The labours of his youth here been of the least possible profit to his mark.

**NATIONAL DISTINCTIONS.**—An Englishman is proud, a Frenchman is vain. A Frenchman says more than he thinks, an Englishman thinks more than he says. A Frenchman is an excellent acquaintance, an Englishman is a good friend. A Frenchman is enterprising, an Englishman is indefatigable, An Englishman has more judgment, a Frenchman more wit. Both are brave, but an Englishman fights coolly, a Frenchman hotly. The latter will attack any thing, the former will be repulsed by nothing. An Englishman in conversation seems going a journey, a Frenchman is taking a walk. The one plods hard on to the object in view, the other skips away from his path for the slightest thing that catches his attention. There is more advantage in conversing with the one, more pleasure with the other. An Englishman generalizes, a Frenchman particularizes. An Englishman when he tastes any thing says that it is good, that it has an agreeable flavour; a Frenchman describes every sensation it produces in his mouth and throat, from the tip of the tongue down to the stomach, and winds it up with a simile. An Englishman remarking an opera-dancer sees that she dances well, with grace, with agility; a Frenchman notes every entrechat, and can tell to a line where her foot ought to fall. An Englishman must have a large stock of knives and forks to change with every plate: a Frenchman uses but one for all, and it sometimes serves him for a salt-spoon, too. An Englishman in his own country must have two rooms; a Frenchman can do very well with one; he dines there when he cannot go out, receives his company there, and can do every thing there. A married Englishman requires but one bed, a married Frenchman must have two. In general an Englishman is willing to submit to the power of the law, but inclined to resist military force; the contrary proposition is the case with the French.

**GENUINE ELOQUENCE.**—One man, whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalor in his ap-

pearance, which I had rarely observed even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males,—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but, having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure it's begging I am," was the reply. "You do not utter a word." "No! Is it joking you are with me, Sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat: "Do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes in my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am," with a hundred tongues?"

**THE MARCH OF LIFE.**—In our progress through the world a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations; some stand before us in the pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close at our heels. Now we ought, in the first place, to consider that the road is as free for one as another; and, therefore, we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and if we do not occasionally hold back when the crowd gathers, and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move on steadily, but quickly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudice and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make the journey of life easy to all our fellow-travellers as well as to ourselves.

A young clergyman having, in the hearing of Dr. Parr, stated that he would believe nothing that he could not understand, "Then, young man," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

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ecuted with neatness, and at a very cheap  
rate.

October 21, 1836.