

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. I.]

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1835.

[No. 3.

LITERATURE.

REVIEW.

Reflections and Advisory Hints of the Principal of a Seminary, on retiring from the Duties of the Station.

MR. JOHN FAWCETT, Author of this well-meaning and conscientious little book, was at the head of a respectable seminary, for fifty years, and educated nearly two thousand youths during that period, principally residents under his care. There is something very honourable to the old man's feelings in this endeavour to perpetrate his moral lessons, and make his retirement from the busy world subservient to a useful purpose. The frontispiece it is true, is somewhat whimsical, and the admonition itself, rather solemn; but we can readily overlook these things in the laudible intention of the writer. The following reflections are very touching:—

“On looking over the names of those who were once endeared to him, as being part of his family—and not a few of them still more by their commendable conduct—collected from almost every part of the kingdom, and some from foreign realms, how many are there of the numerous assemblage who are gone before him to the grave—to that place whence they shall not return! Though once gay with hope, by fancy led, rosy with health, and flattering themselves with a long succession of years, they have been cut off, some in the bloom of youth, like the flower, beautiful in the morning, and withering ere 'tis night, while the bereaved parents are left to mourn; others who attained to a more advanced period of life, while engaged in busy cares, and whose path has arrested in their career, and called away from connections to whom their assistance here appeared most desirable. This is no ideal picture; it has been realised, not only in the instances now referred to, but in others almost innumerable. What a solemn sign of instruction, and what a solemn warning, is thus given to the survivors! With many even of those who remain in the land of the living, distance of residence and other circumstances will, in all probability, prevent any further personal inter-course; but should the perusal of these pages in any respect beneficial to them, he will feel the satisfaction of not having laboured in vain. The pathetic language of the psalmist David, in the 71st Psalm, he is to apply, at this period of his life, and labours, will apply, in some respects to himself. O

God, thou hast taught me from my youth up; now, also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to that which is to come.”

A fine poem might be composed on the retrospect of an aged teacher. How great his responsibility in training 2000 human beings for their career in life, and how important the consequences not to them, but tens of thousands whom circumstances must involve in their sphere of action! And, again, the sad and fearful episodes that the fate of some must furnish; the contrasts between the rosy boy full of hope, and the pale exhausted man; between the living and the innocent child, and perhaps, the dying criminal. The vision of Mirza realized, and with a personal knowledge of all the passengers; how melancholy, but for the reflection that the old man was himself at the end of the bridge!

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing, his nose too large in proportion to his other features.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of the people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to visit his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such labyrinth of parenthesis, that though one of the most shrewd in England, he was perhaps one of the most unintelligible speakers that ever perplexed an audience. It has long been said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible, than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breed-

ing, connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes, in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner, a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low and sometimes of a practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the Democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up.—Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career, when we certainly do him no justice in charging him with hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable that neither Cromwell himself, nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good and bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

BUFFON.—Buffon the celebrated naturalist, always rose with the sun; and used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to this habit. In his youth he was very fond of sleep; but finding it robbed him of much valuable time, he promised his servant a crown every time he could get him up at six o'clock. Joseph persevered, for some days, in defiance of opposition, and succeeded. To this circumstance, Buffon says that he owed ten or twelve volumes of his works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PICTURE OF NEW YORK,
By a New Yorker.

The one broad and long picture stamped upon the face of every street, creature, and countenance in this great city is—gain! Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the sound sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east; the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the feet of its “merchant princes;” the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state of the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous; and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence; and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower. What could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has so seconded nature; beginning their canals where she had stopped her rivers, and opening waters, three hundred miles to her inland seas; and you have a picture of facility and prosperity which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world. All this, of course, gives a character to society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia.—The gentleman according to the dictionary, “one who has no visible employment for his support,” is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a “vocation.” The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand in the morning auction. You will find the unexceptionable exquisite, who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon with his superb four-in-hand, ready to shave your note with equal adroitness at his broker’s box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The man that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to-day, is model of “cent. per cent.” to-morrow; a slave to slate and pencil from day-light till three, and the prince of gay hospitalities from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities

harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception, they have no ennui. Business takes its place. Their pleasures are, of course more delightful from the relief; and I think, on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of “gentlemen.”—*N. P. Willis.*

OCCASIONAL SERMONS.

An author tells the following anecdote in the way of illustrating the remarkable shrewdness of some professional gentlemen who figured in the course of the 18th century:

Reed, before turning his attention to legal studies, had preached a few sermons; and in one of these eccentric excursions he called on a clergyman whose name was Walker, in the afternoon of a Saturday. Walker had been Reed’s chum at College, and the greatest friendship had subsisted between them. He was rejoiced again to see his old friend Reed, after so long an interval of time, and invited him to spend the Sabbath with him, to which Reed willingly agreed. In the evening Walker told Reed that he must preach for him the next day. Reed said he could not preach. Walker said, you have preached, you *can* preach, and you *shall* preach. After some further conversation, Reed found that he must either preach or disoblige and offend his old friend; he choose the former and consented to preach. The next day, after the first prayer and singing, Reed rose and opened the bible, and looking round on the congregation, read his text: and the Lord said unto Satan, whence comest thou? and Satan said unto the Lord, from going *to* and *fro* in the earth, and from *walking* up and down them. Reed looked round on the congregation and said, “without any formal introduction to this discourse, from these words, I shall raise this doctrinal proposition, viz.: the devil is a *Walker*.” Walker was electrified; his eyes expanded to twice their usual extent; the old people sat aghast; the young people could not conceal their giggling; Reed’s countenance remained unchanged, an unusual solemnity spread over his face. He proceeded to show what the devil’s object was in walking up and down the earth. *This*, he said, was to draw men from the path of virtue, piety and religion. He then went on to show the infinite variety of means the devil made use of in tempting mankind to sin and iniquity, all of which he particularly specified; and when some means failed, he resorted to others more suited to the particular bent of the person’s mind; all which he particularly illustrated. He then went on to state the means which men ought

in all cases to resort to in order to defeat the attempts of the devil; in which he was very particular, and closed the whole with some pressing practical reflections. The whole was a sermon that would do honour to Tillotson or a Sherlock.

Walker, who was no contemptible theologian, even to Reed, took his text in the afternoon: “What went ye out for to see, a *Reed* shaken with the wind?” and did, “Without any formal introduction to his discourse, I shall raise this doctrinal proposition, that wherever true religion comes it makes the *Reeds* shake.”

WILD ANIMALS IN A MENAGERIE.

The Dumfries Courier, a Scotch paper, relates some interesting particulars in relation to the rise and progress of Wombwell’s menagerie, which is the largest in the world. Mr. Wombwell, it appears, is now a man of immense fortune; but so great in his attachment to his business, that he cannot be prevailed upon to relinquish it, although the situation of his family almost demands such a measure.

Mr. Wombwell, of late years, has been successful in the breeding of animals, and possesses at this moment ten lions and five elephants—more, we believe, than all England can produce. Twice the black tigers devoured her young; but by removing the male, and placing a *cradle* in the den, she was weaned from this vicious propensity, and is now as good a nurse as could possibly be desired. The value of wild animals, like every thing else, varies according to supply and demand. Tigers have been sold as high as £300, but at other times they can be purchased for £100. A good panther is worth £100; hyænas, from £30 to £40; zebra from £150 to £200; the rarer kinds of monkeys are very valuable, and lamas and goats are always very high. Upon lions and elephants it is impossible to fix any particular price.

Menagerie keepers suffer much loss from disease, mortality, and accident. Not many weeks ago, a fine ostrich, worth £200, which could have picked crumbs from a ceiling 12 feet high, thrust his bill between the bars of his cage, gave it an unlucky twist, and in attempting to withdraw it, literally broke his neck. Monkeys become exceedingly delicate when imported into Britain. Cold affects them very easily; and when they begin to cough, they very generally fall into a consumption, and exhibit all the symptoms of human beings labouring under the same complaint. Their general food is bread and milk, varied with a stock of lettuce and a few young onions, of both of which articles they are very fond. Mr. Wombwell calculates that he has lost, from first to last, no less than £10,000 by disease and death among his birds and beasts. Most zebras, he thinks, might be made as tame as the

horse; his own, however, is a very vicious one, and will not permit one of those keepers to enter his den who stand and walk fearlessly among lions, tigers, panthers, and leopards. Once a year he is secured with ropes and taken out of the den, that his hoofs may be pared—the toughest job which, including grooms, fall to the lot of 31 individuals.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,—

By giving the following extract from a late English periodical a place in your columns, you will oblige a Subscriber, and peradventure give a profitable hint to some of your readers. JUVENUS.

Halifax, 24th Jan. 1835.

OLD HUMPHREY'S OBSERVATIONS.

Whenever I want any thing I always ask the price of it, whether it be a new Coat, or a shoulder of mutton; a pound of tea, or a little thread. If it appears to be worth the money, I buy it, that is, if I can afford it; but if not, I let it alone, for he is no wise man who pays for a thing more than it is worth, or than he can afford.

But not only in the comforts of food and clothing, but in all other things I ask the same question; for there is a price fixed to a day's enjoyment as well as to an article of dress; to the pleasures of life as well as to a joint of butcher's meat. Old Humphrey has now lived some summers and winters in the world, and it would be odd indeed if he had passed through them all without picking up a little wisdom from his experience. Now if you will adopt my plan, you will reap much advantage; but if you will not, you will pay too dearly for the things you obtain.

The spendthrift sets his heart on expensive baubles, but he does not ask their price: he is, therefore, obliged to give for them his houses, his lands, his friends, and his comforts, and these are fifty times more than they are worth. The drunkard is determined to have rum, gin, brandy or strong ale; and as he never makes the price an object, so he pays for them with his wealth, his health, his character, his peace, and a sad bargain he makes of it! It is the same with others. The gamester will be rich at once, but riches may be bought too dear, for he who in getting money gets also the habit of risking it on the turn of a card, or a throw of the dice, will soon bring his noble to nineness. The gamester pays for his riches, with his rest, his reputation and his happiness.

Do you think if the highwayman asked the price of ungodly gain, that he could ever commit robbery? No, never! but he does not ask the price, and foolishly gives for it his liberty and his life.

Old Humphrey has little more to say; for if a few words will not make you wise, many will not do so. Ask the price of what you would possess, and make a good bargain. A little prudence will secure you a good deal of peace. But if, after all, you will have the pleasures of sin. I pray you consider the price you must pay for them.

Yes, thine may be the joys of vice,
And thine without controul:
But Oh! at what a fearful price—
The price may be thy soul.

“What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.” Mat. 16c. 26v.

FOR THE MIRROR.

Lines on a Seal near the North-West Arm.

“Lord who would live turmoiled here in a Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these.”
Shakspeare.

Oh! lovely spot—with all on earth;
I think that thou can'st well compete;
For through the circle I have passed,
Ne'er did my eyes your equal meet.

Your lofty pines, your stately oak—
The Arm beneath your gentle prow,
Hath all the charms that man requires,
To ween him from the world I vow.

The Birds—as if by instinct seek
For shelter in your pleasant grove;
The Robin and the Linnet seem
To listen to the voice of love.

Oft have I wandered in your woods,
O'er craggy rocks, through silent glen,
And laid me down 'mid heather moss,
Unheeded by the voice of men.

Contented there could I remain,
Exempt from all the heavy strife,
Which, as we have to travel on,
Is strewn along our path of life.

There let me live—there let me die,
Surrounded by so many ties—
Free'd from the vices of this world,
And mortals' poison'd jealousies.

ZAMIA.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1835.

FOR THE MIRROR.

A word to a Schoolboy.

My Dear young friend,—You are now in that time of life in which the foundation is to be laid for good or evil.—Your future career will be governed in a great measure, if not entirely, on the course of conduct you may now adopt. The motives by which your parents or guardians have been actuated, in placing you to school, are, to enable you in after life to fill the station which Providence may place you in. If you are persevering in your several studies, and attentive to the advice of those who have your best interests at heart, you will gain the esteem of your friends, while you are procuring the means of adding to your happiness and independence.

Consider then, your present situation; let not the allurements of youthful amusement, so far interfere, as to draw your attention from the course of duty.—Bear in mind the care and solicitude of your superiors for your present and future welfare.—Remember that you are greatly indebted to your parents for nourishing and bringing you up from infancy;—they have cherished and watched over you, when it was not in your power to help yourself;—they now continue to evince that anxiety for you, while you are still unable to make them any return but *gratitude*. From them you now

receive the necessaries of life, and the means of education. Oh then, how ought you to appreciate their endeavours to promote your interest! how much ought you to prize the opportunities now afforded you! Your parents are devoting a liberal portion of their means to give you a suitable education; an education which, if properly regarded, will fit you for the enjoyment, as well as the business of manhood. And here let me endeavour to impress on your youthful mind, that if you disregard their advice and instruction, you will assuredly repent it when too late.—How pitiable is that person, who having arrived at the age of manhood, is, (by his own negligence in youth,) devoid of a common education; he looks back on his youthful days with shame and regret—and the oftener he calls to mind the counsels of his friends, the more keenly he repents of his negligence.

And now my young friend, if you would be respected—if you would enjoy life as a rational being—if you would bring credit on your parents or guardians; in short, if you would become a happy man,—lay the foundation in youth,—use every means to acquire useful knowledge; store your mind with virtuous precepts; cherish these principles which good men admire—and by imbibing that which is good, in early life, you will be the better prepared to enter on the world, and embark in the concerns which belong to your future occupation, with fidelity and confidence. But neglect these, and your inclination to do good, will be perverted, your principles corrupted, and your future years rendered miserable. These are truths, which daily observation will convince you are incontrovertible. And if you consider further, you will trace in numerous instances, that unhappy terminations of man's existence, are the end of a career, commenced in youth. The unchecked propensities to evil, in early life, have often increased with their years, and terminated with their lives. I therefore, admonish you, my young friend, to choose the better part; seek the means which are calculated to promote your intellectual improvement, and by adopting that improvement to the best of objects, your reward will be everlasting happiness.

Z.
Halifax, 20th Jan. 1835.

Z. must excuse our omitting part of his letter, we thought it rather too long for our pages—we should like the Original pieces in our paper to be brief and perspicuous.

We have received another descriptive piece from “Veritas” which we decline publishing at present for reasons. ‘V’ may know by calling on the publisher—altho’ we are anxious to receive Original communications and encourage native talent, we are not willing to expose ourselves to obloquy by publishing all that is sent to us.—ED. MIRROR.

POETRY.

VILLAGE BELLS.

*The lute may melt to love—to war
The trumpet rouse the soul—
The organ waft the spirit far
Above earth's dull controul;
But Oh! what sound hath magic spells,
To charm and soothe, like "village bells?"
They wake remembrance in the heart
Of all that once was dear;
They prompt the sigh, bid tear-drops start
And yet we love to hear;
They open all the close shut cells
Where contemplation darkly dwells.
Their sounds, which charm'd youths' happy
For me, I ne'er forget, [day
And oft I dream, though far away,
I hear their music yet;
And home returns, and streams and dells,
With those remember'd "Village Bells."*

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

*See how, beneath the moonbeams' smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murr'ring then subsides to rest:
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.*

VARIETIES.

INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

Thomas P—, at the age of 18, was, by the death of his master, turned loose upon the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit and went from house to house, making the farmer's leather, or mending his children's shoes. At length a good old man pleased with Tom's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Tom applied himself to work with persevering industry and untiring ardor. Earlier than the sun, he was whistling over his work, and his hammer-song was often heard until the "noon of night." He thus gained a good reputation and some of the world's goods.—He soon married a virtuous female—one whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. The time passed smoothly on—They were blessed with three smiling pledges of their affections, and in a few years Tom was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they handsomely improved; and it was evidently the abode of plenty and felicity. But now Tom began to relax from his strict habits, and would occasionally walk down to a tavern in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit—and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until, to the grief of all who knew him,

he became a constant lounge about the tavern, and extremely dissipated. The inevitable consequences soon followed; he got into debt, and his creditors soon stripped him of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him; and she could not think of using him harshly, for she loved him even in his degradation, and he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she proffer to heaven for his reformation; and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feeling. He often promised to reform, and was at last induced to stay away from the tavern three days together: and his solicitous companion began to cherish hope of returning happiness. But he could endure it no longer; "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that decanter."

These words pierced her heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him: he went to the tavern, and after some persuasion he induced the landlord to fill the decanter. He returned and placed it in a window immediately before him—"for," said he "I can face my enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work—always having the decanter before him, but he never touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence. His children grew up, and are now respectable members of society.

Old age came upon Tom, but he always kept the decanter in the window where he first put it; and often, when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his decanter, and laugh heartily at its singular effect; and he never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived, nor was it until he had been consigned to his narrow home.

COUNTRY GRATIFICATION.—We are no sufficiently aware of the abundant sources of pleasure which, in the brief compass of a passing hour, are frequently opened to us in the country. The melody of the feathered songsters; the blithe carols and frequent laugh of the labouring husbandman; the bleating of the flocks; the lowing of the cattle; the glowing landscape; the painted firmament and gorgeous glory of the setting sun; the mower and the merry hay-makers; the loaded team; the healthful pursuits of husbandry; the varied scent of the hawthorn and the blossomed beanfield; the sweet perfume of odoriferous flowers; the wide spread table, and its wholesome fare; milk from the cow; and welcome, warm, true hospitality; the wholesome freshness of the evening gale, the conscious purity of country air; kindness of friends, and social converse; and lastly, inward peace; and thankfulness, quiet meditation,

and a lifting the heart to *Him* who gave the whole.

The following designation of the successive months of the English year, will be found generally descriptive and accurate:—January, the coldest; February, the dampest; March, the windiest; April, the most variable; May, the most cheering; June, the pleasantest; July, the hottest; August, the richest; September, the healthiest; October, the most settled, November, the foggiest; and December the gloomiest month. The seasons however, vary in different years, some being dryer or moister, warmer or colder than others.

CANDOUR.—It is an argument of a candid, ingenuous mind, to delight in the good name and the commendation of others; to pass by their defects, and take notice of their virtues; and to speak and hear of those willingly; and not to endure either to speak or hear of the other; for in this indeed you may be little less guilty than the evil speaker, in taking pleasure in it, though you speak it not. He that willingly drinks in tales and calumnies, will, from the delight he hath in evil hearing, slide insensibly into the humour of evil speaking. It is strange how most persons dispense with themselves in this point, and that in scarcely any society shall we find a hatred of this ill, but rather some tokens of taking pleasure in it: and until a person sets himself to an inward watchfulness over his heart, not suffering in it any thought that is uncharitable, or vain self-esteem, upon the others' frailties, he will still be subject to somewhat of this, in the tongue or ear at least.

MAXIMS.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may the better return to thinking.

An upright heart may be guilty of error, but it will not cherish a premeditated evil. This distinguishes a well intentioned, from a wicked man.

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

Put the favours you bestow under your feet, but let those you receive be engraven upon your heart.

Printed and Published every FRIDAY, by James Bowes, Merchington's Lane.

TERMS.

Five shillings per Annum delivered in Town, and Six shillings and three pence, when sent to the country by mail, payable in advance.

Any person ordering six copies will be reckoned an Agent and shall receive a copy gratis.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

Communications for the Weekly Mirror, and Names of Subscribers may be left at Mr George Phillips', Book Binder, opposite the north east corner of Dalhousie College.