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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 51. Vol. 1]

HALIFAX, JANUARY 1, 1836.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANECDOTE OF A TURTLE.

A British officer on board of a ship which touched at the Island of Ascension on her way to England, informed me that he took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one which from accident, had only three fins. The sailors on board called it the "Lord Nelson," and it was taken in the usual way by having certain nails and numbers burnt upon its shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage, many of the turtles died, and others became sick. This was the case of the "Lord Nelson," and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the British Channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favorite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for a few years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the Island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statements place the fact beyond doubt, and afford a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish. When we consider the tract of waters which this turtle had to cross, and that the Island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean, it is impossible not to reflect on that unexplained insunct with wonder, which is enabled so unyieldingly, and apparently so blind an animal to find its way back to a spot in the desert of waters.—*English Paper.*

THE MOVING PLANT.

The following interesting notice of the Moving Plant appears in No. 122 of Loudon's Botanic Garden, a work replete with information on such subjects. "This plant was, formerly, called *Hedysarum gyranis*; and the peculiar property of continual motion which its ternate leaves possess, has interested naturalists ever since it was noticed by the younger Linnæus. In a letter to his friend Mutis, he says, 'I have raised a very wonderful plant this year, in my garden. It is a new species of *Hedysarum*, from Bengal. This plant has spontaneous motion in its foliage, which seems almost voluntary. You are aware that various parts of the vegetable body, especially those subservient to impregnation, can be so stimulated by the touch as to exhibit some kind of movement. You know, also, the motions of some kinds of *Proserpinaca* and *Oxalis*, as well as of the *Conium maculatum*, arising from the touch

of any extraneous body, or from agitation of the wind. But the plant in question is not affected by either of these causes.— Whether in the open air, or in a close room, it spontaneously moves its leaflets, now one way, now another, one, two, or more of a time; not all at once, nor all in one direction and this takes place, whether the air be serene or rainy. It has not yet flowered, but I expect that event in the course of autumn. The plant requires great heat." Instances of incomprehensible action like this, can but awaken the attention of the most apathetic. The irritability of such plants is better known, especially that of *mimosa pudica*, or humble plant, whose leaves shrink from the touch, the culture of which may be recommended to the curious amongst our young friends.— Seeds are easily obtained, and an efficient hot bed during summer, in which the plants, should be constantly kept, will sufficiently mature them for the purpose of showing their sensitive peculiarities. This is a property which advances the vegetable towards the animal kingdom, just as instinct advances the brute towards the human species."

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FORTUNE TELLER.

There is a strong propensity in the human mind to look forward to distant years, and to penetrate the secrets of futurity. This desire in the minds of the vulgar and ignorant, has given rise to the foolish and wicked practice of consulting pretended fortune-tellers. In these enlightened days, I have little fear that any of my readers should wish to have recourse to such absurd and sinful means of information; and yet as it is very likely they may sometimes feel curiosity respecting their future destiny, they will I hope listen to the plan I have to propose; which without incurring either guilt or disgrace, will enable them, each for himself, to foretell with considerable accuracy, what they may have to expect in future life.

To prevent disappointment, I here candidly confess, that I do not pretend to enable them to divine the amount of their fortunes, — what connexions they may form, — in what parts they may reside, — nor at what period they will die: nor do I regret this; nor need they; since these are circumstances which it is better for us not to know beforehand: but, with regard to things of still greater importance than these, such as the degree of success and of happiness they may reasonably expect in their undertakings and situations in the world, they will find the proposed method may be depended on.

I shall, then, suppose myself to be consulted by a number of young persons, wish-

ing to be initiated in my secret; but they will not find me commencing my instructions with any mystical ceremony, nor pronouncing any unintelligible charm. I do not even wish to examine the palms of their hands; although I may perhaps take the liberty to notice the expression of their faces; all I require is, some insight into their present characters and past conduct.

Suppose one of them, for instance, should appear to be a lad of an indolent inactive disposition: to whom learning and exertion, whether of body or mind, was always irksome and burdensome, performed as a task, and by compulsion; he is looking forward anxiously to the time when coercion will cease, and when he shall be free from the necessity of exertion.— In this case, I do not hesitate to shake my knowing head, and in the technical language of my profession, to pronounce *bad luck to him*. I need not ask, nor can I guess, what may be his line of business, nor what the extent of his capital; but I can foretell, with great confidence, that he will be neither successful, respectable nor happy. That when restraints are removed, and he is thrown upon himself, life will be burthensome to him; and that it will, very probably, end in poverty and disgrace.

I shall suppose my next applicant to be a gay young lady, desirous of knowing how soon she shall be her own mistress, and how large her fortune will be; as she is in want of a thousand things that she is not allowed to purchase: she is very partial to jewels and laces, and to all that is showy and expensive; and wishes extremely to be able to gratify her desires. Here again, I could augur no good; so many husbands and fathers have been ruined by expensive wives and daughters, for "as poor Richard says, silks and satins put out the kitchen fire." that what could I see in her destiny, but bills and bailiffs, a husband in prison, children in want, and herself in indigence?

Another approaches with his pockets stuffed with gingerbread, and his hands full of macaroons; he professes himself to be so fond of good things that he spends the greater part of his pocket money at the pastry-cook's; his parents will allow him to partake of every dish that comes on table, and to stuff as long as he pleases; and he considers dinner time the best part of the day. I need not feel this young gentleman's pulse, in order to predict to him an impaired constitution, and an early decay of his mental powers. Complicated disease and premature old age are the invariable rewards of indulgence. These habits will increase with his years; a listless, burdensome life, and early death, is his probable destiny.

The next applicant appears with a frowning brow, and a discontented, clouded aspect; his temper is sullen and obstinate, or fretful and irritable: he wishes to know if any thing agreeable will ever befall him, for at present he has known only unhappiness. Alas! nothing but unhappiness can I predict to him. He may grow rich and prosper in the world, but he will ever "dwell in Meshech;" his family will dread, and his neighbours dislike him; and his gold, will never purchase that ease and content which is the reward of good nature only.

Another inquirer I shall suppose to be an undutiful son, who has ever rewarded his parent's care and kindness with neglect, disrespect and disobedience. Now, on this case, I can pronounce with a greater degree of certainty than on any of the preceding. Some faults never appear to meet their proper punishment in this world; but it is a common remark, founded on long observation, that unkindness to parents, above all other crimes, reaps its reward even here. This youth then, if he becomes a parent, will be taught by refractory, rebellious children, the anguish he has inflicted on his own parent. A rebellious son, an ungrateful daughter, must expect in due time to become an unhappy father, or despised mother.

Another informs me he has had a religious education, and that he is in a great degree aware of the importance of religion, and of the value of his soul; moreover, he intends before long to give it the attention it demands; but hitherto he has delayed to do so, from time to time, hoping it would be less difficult at some future period, than it appears now; so that, at present, he is as far from being truly religious, as he was when first he began to think upon the subject. Now, it requires little sagacity to foresee the probable consequences of this temper. I solemnly warn him that the same disposition that has hitherto prevailed, will, unless strongly counteracted, continue and increase; while he is intending and purposing, his heart will grow harder and harder, until it will finally be said of him, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

I fear I shall be regarded as a gloomy prognosticator; but I dare not depart from the rules of my art, which are founded on universal experience, and on the established laws of cause and effect. However, lest I be thought too discouraging, I am happy to proclaim, that these destinies are, by no means, at present, to be considered as unchangeable. On the contrary, if the indolent should be roused by a dread of the consequences awaiting his disposition, to become active and industrious,—the extravagant, moderate and frugal,—the indulgent, self-denying and abstemious,—the ill-tempered, mild and amiable,—the undutiful, affectionate and tractable,—and if the

procrastinator resolve at once, that he will serve the Lord,—then it is obvious, that all my dark predictions will be immediately reversed.

For instance; let us suppose an inquirer of a different description to any of the foregoing. A modest ingenuous youth now approaches, wishing to know what encouragement he may expect in his exertions. He confesses that he is not gifted with superior talents, and therefore does not hope to arrive at any distinguished eminence. It appears however, that he early acquired habits of attention and industry; that he has courage and perseverance to press forward in his undertakings, in spite of difficulties, till he has conquered them; that although his real wants are amply supplied, he has been trained in frugality and self-denial; therefore his wishes are few and moderate, so that he has always his mite to spare for the poor and destitute. He cannot boast of rich or powerful patrons, but his temper is sweet, and his manners obliging, by which he obtains the good will of his neighbours; moreover, he is a good son and a kind brother: and having been taught that "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord," he has already found "His ways to be pleasantness, and his paths peace." Now, without presuming to guess whether this will be a rich man, I hesitate not to pronounce him a happy one: he may encounter difficulties, and pass through trials, but "his bread will be given him, and his water will be sure;" especially "that bread which he casts upon the waters will return" to him, when it is wanted, though "after many days." It is besides this, more than probable, that he will eventually be successful even in his temporal affairs; that he will be "blessed in his basket and his store;" rear an affectionate family; be beloved by his friends, and respected by all; finally, he will die in peace, and at last "enter into the joy of his Lord."

It is not unusual for fortune-tellers to predict the day of death; and although, as I said, I make no such pretensions, it may yet be expected that I should not be totally silent on the subject. And while they who presume to do so are miserable deceivers, I can with the most absolute certainty foretell what is much more important to know, namely, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die;" the day and hour is indeed unknown: and yet each one may, for himself, look forward to a period not very distant, when he may be quite certain that he shall have reached his "long home." To know that we must die one day, is a far more interesting fact, than to know *what* day; and this is a circumstance which, surely, we may all foretell for ourselves.

Is it not strange, that the grandest event of our existence,—that part of our fortunes which it is of infinitely greater consequence we should foreknow than whether we are to

be princes or beggars,—we should so seldom inquire about, although it is more easily ascertained than any question respecting our temporal affairs?—I mean, whether we are going to heaven or hell! Now to know this, we have only to ask whether or not we are Christians: if conscience allows us humbly to hope that we are so, in the scriptural sense of the word, then we are sure that the Lord is gone "to prepare a place for us" among the "many mansions in his father's house." But if we know that we are not true Christians, nor earnestly striving to become such, then, the awful probability is, that we are doomed to the place "prepared for the devil and his angels."

A new year is now commencing, let every one inquire how they have begun it. Is it with a resolution to make renewed efforts to overcome their bad habits, and to improve their manners and characters? and have they actually begun to make such efforts? then I prophesy a happy new year to them; and that if they persevere in their resolutions it will be the happiest they have ever known; but if on the contrary they are beginning it in the old way,—not more attentive to business, nor watchful of their tempers and conduct, nor more concerned for their intellectual and religious improvement than heretofore; then, although they may very likely have had a merry Christmas, I cannot wish them a happy new year, because I know it would be in vain to do so. For the saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we must be good. The knowledge of this, is, in fact the grand secret of my art, and it is by consulting this simple rule, that every man may be his own fortune-teller.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"A happy New-year to you, little Readers?"

Thank you, Sir!

Stop a little. I want to talk with you, about a few things of some importance. Now let me have your attention,—This is New-Year's Day—how many years have you passed already?

Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—Eleven—Twelve.

Well then, let me enquire what account you are prepared to give of time past? How have these years been spent?

Why do you hang down your heads, and why are you silent? can none of you give a good account of yourselves?

Still no answer.

Alas! alas! I must then suppose that you know you have not improved your past time as you ought. I trust, however, you are sorry for it; your silence seems to show that you feel shame, and if you think aright you will feel sorrow too. Now only look back and think of six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve years unimproved. Why, in a few years you will no longer be

scholars, but will be working to get your living, and then your opportunities of gaining knowledge and wisdom will be fewer than now, and you will be sorry indeed.

What have you learned last year? Have you advanced in spelling and reading and learning? Are you more dutiful to your parents? More attentive and grateful to your teachers? More kind to your brothers and sisters, more peaceable and friendly with your schoolfellows and playmates? Do you love your Bible more? Do you believe in Jesus Christ! are you seeking to be among the lambs of his flock? All these are very serious questions; which I recommend you to put to your own hearts, and do not attempt to stifle conscience, but let it give faithful answers.

"A happy New-year to you."

Your last year has not been a very happy one, I fear, by your looks; you feel that with so many advantages, of kind instruction you have not improved as you ought. Well then, I have wished you a happy New-year. How can you obtain this? I will tell you; be resolved to attend to the advice and counsel which I shall now give you, and I will venture to promise, if you live to the 31st of December, 1836, you will then say, that 1836 was a happy old year.

Tell us what we are to do, my little readers are exclaiming, for we should like to be happy.

The great secret, then, my dear little boys and girls, to be happy, is to love God. If you are his children, you will be happy indeed; and if you are his children, you will read his word, love his holy day, obey his command and delight in secret prayer; you will shun evil, avoid all sin, and hate the way of transgression. Once more my little readers, I wish you, in the best sense of the term, "A happy New Year." *Monthly Visitor.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT NEW-YORK.

MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED!

BOSTON, December 19.

A most destructive Fire took place at New-York on the evening of the 16th inst. which may well be styled a national calamity; and it has never been our duty to record one of such melancholy interest. In the amount of property consumed, and individual distress involved, there has been no similar devastation since the conflagration of Moscow. The fire broke out about nine o'clock, in the store of Coenstock & Andrews, at the triangular block formed by Wall, William, and Pearl streets. A high wind was blowing from the north-west, and the weather was so intensely severe as to prevent any efficient action of the engines. The firemen were benumbed by the extreme cold, and the hose was so frozen as to be useless, if individuals could have been able to work it. It was at once seen that it would be impossible to arrest the flames, except by blowing up ranges of buildings in advance of the fire, that its progress might thus be interrupted. But the difficulty was to obtain powder; none of any consequence being allowed in the city. It was necessary to send for a supply to the Navy Yard, whence also was brought a military force for the protection of the property.

Seventeen blocks of buildings, of the largest and most costly description were totally destroyed: the large block between Wall street and Exchange place, bounded on the west by Broad street, that between Beaver street, fronting on Broad street, and that between Beaver and Mill streets, also fronting on Broad, are greatly injured, and may almost be said to be destroyed—except the single range of stores fronting on Broad street. The number of buildings is variously estimated. The more probable account places it about 600. Of the property destroyed no calculation can be formed. The lowest estimate places it at **FOURTEEN AND A HALF MILLIONS**—while some accounts, of course much exaggerated, make the amount of loss **THIRTY-FIVE MILLIONS**.

The entire seat of the great commercial transactions of New-York is destroyed. The splendid Exchange is a pile of ruins, buried among which is the noble statue of Hamilton, erected by the munificence of New-York merchants to the memory of one of her most valued citizens, and his country's most lamented Statesman. The Post Office was destroyed, but its contents were saved.

"The mere amount of property wasted and destroyed," says the N. Y. Commercial, "not by the flames but in the confusion, and hurry, and desperation of the time, is probably equal to the entire loss at ordinary fires. It is lamentable to see the piles of costly furniture—rich mahogany tables with marble tops—sideboards, sofas, &c. &c., broken and heaped up like worthless rubbish; rich merchandizes—silks, satins, broadcloths, fine muslins, and every species of fancy dry goods, trampled under foot; packages half burnt—boxes of cutlery and hardware burst open, and their contents scattered in the mud—bottles of wine broken—and in short, thousands upon thousands and tens of thousands of dollars lying wasted around, in the form of ruined merchandize.

Carmen and porters were heaping goods upon carts, barrows, in coaches and omnibuses, the Battery and Bowling Green are thickly studded with piles of goods, some in boxes, others just as they were snatched from the shelves; inarines with fixed bayonets phrolling among them for protection against inaradors; and all eyes fixed upon the volumes of dense black smoke, whirling away before the wind—flames darting and roaring from roofs and windows of whole streets—walls tumbling to the ground, and the firemen worn out with their exertions and almost discouraged from farther efforts, vainly striving to make head against the flames, which seemed to mock all human skill and power.

The amount of capital in the Fire Insurance Companies of New-York is about **TEN MILLIONS**. This we presume will be entirely swept by the destruction of the fire; for, as far as we can learn, the amount insured in this city is less than \$100,000, and it is probably not very large in Philadelphia.

The following description of the scene of devastation, prepared from a map by the New-York Commercial after a walk about the ruins, for the purpose of a deliberate survey, will present an accurate idea of the extent of the destruction.

South side of Wall Street from Williams Street to East river, including the Merchant's Exchange, and excepting some three or four buildings between Merchant street (formerly Hanover) and Pearl.—Also from William to Broad streets, buildings not destroyed but injured in rear.

Exchange street, both sides, from Broad street, crossing William to Merchant Street—the Garden street church was embraced in this section.

Merchants' street (formerly Hanover) both sides, from Wall to Hanovers square.

William street, both sides, from Wall street to Hanover square.

Pearl street, both sides, from Wall Street to Coenties slip, including the whole sweep of Hanover square.

Stone street, from Hanover square to the lane leading to the head of Coenties slip.

Exchange street, and part of Beaver street, from Pearl nearly to Broad.

Water street both sides from Coffee-house slip to Coenties slip.

Front street both sides from Coffee-house slip to Coenties slip.

South Street from the same to same.

South side of Coffee-house slip, from Pearl street, to the East River.

Both sides of Old Slip, (including the Franklin market,) from Pearl street to the East River.

North side of Coenties slip, from Pearl street to the River.

Jones's Lane, Gouverneur's Lane, Cuyler's Alley and part of Mill street.

The Daily Advertiser and the American Newspaper Offices, are destroyed, with all the Machine Presses of the Establishments. An entire cargo of Tea, belonging to John Neal & Sons, of Salem, and valued at \$200,000, was destroyed in one of the stores.

The loss sustained, (says the Transcript) was not confined to the City of New-York. The Insurance Offices, in State Street, Boston, lose from \$100,000 to \$120,000.—The Manufacturers Office loses \$50,000, the Franklin \$20,000, Merchants' \$12,000 National 10,000, American, not ascertained, probably \$8000.

The annihilation of property by this unprecedented calamity will be felt throughout the country. New-York is by no means the only sufferer, though its prosperity has been subjected to a most terrible shock. It is suggested, and we presume that the suggestion will be immediately accepted, that the Government should take instant measures for the relief of the merchants who have Custom House Bonds arriving at maturity. The duties on property that has been consumed ought, in equal justice to be remitted.

Evening Gazette Office, Dec. 20.

The Southern Mail arrived at 2 o'clock this morning, by which we have received the Journal of Commerce of Friday. Meetings of the Citizens of New-York, had been held, and measures taken to prevent the further progress of the conflagration, and to protect property. Nearly 300 thieves are stated to have been arrested and property to the amount of \$10,000 recovered from them.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1836.

SHALL WE GO ON?

Our little publication has now visited its Patrons 51 times—another number will close our present agreement with them.—We have to the utmost of our ability called for it, such articles as we hoped would be calculated to instil into the youthful mind a taste for reading, and at the same time afford both to young and old a miscellany of useful and interesting matter. Many of our subscribers have testified their approbation of the course we have pursued and we feel pleased to add, that some who have not yet given us their names have likewise spoken of our paper in flattering terms.

Although from the nature of our arrangements with the original proprietor, we have not yet been benefited in a pecuniary way, yet, with the hope that our present subscribers will continue, and that those who have expressed their partiality will give us their support, we feel inclined to continue the paper for another year. Our question then remains to be answered by the Public, and we therefore request our subscribers and friends to give us an early notice of their intentions.

POETRY.

TIMES WARNING.

Youth in an idle moment stood,
Time's changing hour-glass eying;
The ebbing sand too plainly show'd
How swift the hours were flying.

But faster still the thoughtless boy
The sand-heap wish'd to lessen,
And roughly shook the useful toy,
The stream of time to hasten.

Time smil'd to see the youngster's hand
The fruitless effort making,
No faster fell the dwindling sand,
For all the angry shaking.

'Such is the dying earth-worm, man!'
Thus I heard Time exclaiming.
'Idly to waste life's little span,
Unceasingly he's aiming.

'He first, just like this idle boy,
Watches my atoms creeping;
Slowly the moments seem to fly—
He deems that time is sleeping.

'Then shakes the sand, to speed my flight,
In folly's circle dancing;
But sees not, till it is too late,
How fast I've been advancing.

'But stretch'd upon the bed of death,
And looking o'er the past,
He'll ask, with quick and falt'ring breath,
Why I have flown so fast.

'Go, youth, improve thy fleeting day,
Time gone is past recalling;
No longer strive to speed my way;
Full fast the sand is falling.

VARIETIES.

LESSON ON HEALTH.—Coffee Roasters become asthmatic, and subject to head ache and indigestion. Maltsters, (persons who prepare malt) cannot live long if they continue in the business. Snuff making is unhealthy. Tea men suffer from the dust, especially of green teas. Brewers are apt to be unhealthy. Distillers are liable both to acute and chronic diseases. Chimney sweeps die early. House painters do not usually live to old age.—Confectioners are by no means among the longest lived. Cooks are unhealthy, probably because they are apt to eat between meals and eat things up to save them! Chemists and Druggists are sickly and consumptive. Miners die young. Printers frequently complain of the stomach and head, but many are healthy. Engravers are sickly. Tailors, ropemakers, and shoemakers, usually suffer from their stooping postures. Milliners, dress-makers, straw bonnet makers, are unhealthy and short lived. Watch makers are sickly. Colliers, well-sinkers, corn millers, paper makers, masons, (these generally die by 40 or 50)—iron filers, brass founders, copper smiths, tin plate makers, potters, plumbers, saddlers

and glass-blowers are usually unhealthy. Butchers appear healthy, but they do not often live to old age.

Farmers live long, though gardening is not so healthy, on account of stooping so much. Brick-makers, coopers, carpenters, fish mongers, wheel-wrights, tanners, curriers, clock-makers, soap-makers, tallow-chandlers, dyers, grooms, hostlers, brush-makers, men in oil mills, pressmen in printing offices, and bookbinders, are generally healthy.—*Juvenile Rambler.*

Remarkable instance of presence of mind.
We have heard of a remarkable instance of presence of mind exhibited a few days since by an intelligent boy of 8 or 9 years of age in Pittsfield, N. H. which is worth recording. He was alone on the banks of a mill pond, when he unfortunately slipped and fell in. The water was deep, and he knew not how to swim—and on coming to the surface he found himself at the distance of several feet from the shore. At that moment it occurred to him that it was stated in Parley's Magazine, a work which he had read with great care and delight, that if persons in such a predicament would throw themselves on their back, and kick with their feet, at the same time keeping their hands perfectly still, they would be able to keep their heads above water for a long time. He tried the experiment, which was successful beyond his hopes, for his head being towards the bank, after kicking manfully for a few moments, he was enabled to grasp a bush on the borders, and gain terra firma! So much for Parley's Magazine and presence of mind.

AMBITION.—In the visit to the Farm School the other day, a lady was questioning a little boy whether he was happy on the Island, and if he wanted anything?—The little fellow appeared to reflect with the gravity of a philosopher, and then told her he wanted only one thing. "And what is that?"—"Some twine to fly my kite." The lady was resolved to make him happy and took his name, with a promise to send him a great big ball.

After all, the ambition of the boy was the universal passion of the man. Every one, from the Candidates for the Presidency down to the pupils of the Farm School, have got their kites, and only want the string to fly them. One man's kite is power, another's literary eminence, another's religion, another's moral reform. All merely want the means to obtain their objects, the 'strings' to fly their 'kites' with, and then they fancy, like the boy at Farm School, that they should be perfectly happy.—*ton Centinel.*

A friendship with a generous stranger, is commonly more steady than with the nearest relation.

EXTRACT.—Females ought to receive a substantial common school education after which, those who evinced a genius for any of the fine arts, and their own time and parents means would allow, it would certainly be commendable to indulge them in it: but this by no means to be allowed to interfere with the study of the more useful branches

The branch of education, most useful for a woman is, housewifery; the best means of infantile instruction, and the care of infants in their infancy.

Respecting house wifery she ought to be taught it in all its various branches, not omitting the most common concerns of a well ordered family. When the pupil has to fill an opulent situation, a knowledge of these branches will enable her effectually to superintend the affairs of her household, and prevent her from being the dupe of her hirelings: and will therefore be of service at times of the greatest prosperity. But should adversity overtake her, (and in this country, and in these times, none are beyond its reach,) this part of her education, despised by many as if it—may be the means of saving herself and her family from destruction.

Social Friendship.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties and maintains good order; who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society; whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to know whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy; the forced smile; the checked conversation; the hesitating compliance; the well off are apt to manifest to those a little down; with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.—*Webster.*

Worthy minds deny themselves many advantages to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear to their friends in distress.

ANNUALS. FOR 1836

A. & W. MACKINLAY, have just received per ship Halifax, the following Annuals, for 1836:

Friendship's Offering,
Forget Me Not,
Juvenile Forget Me Not,
Landscape Annual.

On hand a large assortment of Blank Books, and Stationary of every description, all of which will be sold on their usual low terms.

January 1.

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