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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 2]

HALIFAX, APRIL 16, 1836.

No. 13

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 M'Donald's.

WHERE

All kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at a very cheap rate.

Terms of the Mirror Five Shillings per annum payable in advance.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MIGRATION OF FISHES.

The migration of birds, &c. is a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed on animals by the Creator.

Of all migrating animals, particular kinds of fishes perform the longest journeys, and in the greatest numbers.—The salmon, which makes regular migrations, frequents the northern regions alone, and is unknown in the Mediterranean sea, and in all the rivers which fall into it.

In the month of September salmons quit the ocean, and ascend the rivers to deposit their spawn. So strong is the instinct of migrating, that they press up the rivers with amazing keenness, and scarcely any obstacle is sufficient to retard their progress. They spring with great agility over cataracts several feet in height. When they find a place which they think proper for depositing their eggs, the male and female unite their labours in forming a convenient receptacle for the spawn in the sand, generally about eighteen inches deep. After this important office has been performed, they hasten back to the sea. Toward the end of March the young fry begin to appear, and gradually increase in size till they acquire the length of four or five inches, when they are called smelts or smoults. Herring likewise migrate. They are chiefly confined to the northern and temperate regions of the globe. They frequent the highest latitudes, and are some times found on the northern coasts of France. They appear in vast shoals on the coast of America, as far south as Carolina. In Chesapeak-bay there is an annual inundation of herrings; and they cover the shores in such amazing numbers as to become offensive to the inhabitants. The great winter rendezvous of the herrings is within or near the arctic circle, where they remain several months.

They begin their migration in large shoals southward in the spring; but in their progress meeting with the Shetland Islands, the shoal divides into two branches; one branch skirts the eastern, and the other the western shores of Great Britain; and they fill every bay and creek with their numbers, affording nourishment to many thousands of the human race.

Besides salmons and herrings there are many fishes which observe a regular migration, as mackerels, lampreys, pilchards, &c. About the middle of July, the pilchards, which are a species of herrings, though smaller, appear in vast numbers off the coasts of Cornwall. When winter approaches, like the herrings, they retire to the arctic seas.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton, an illustrious poet, was the son of a scrivener in London, and born in Bread-street, in 1608. From St. Paul's school, he went to Christ's college, Cambridge, where he took his degrees in arts, being designed for the church; but not having an inclination to that calling, he returned to his father, who had retired from business with a good fortune, and settled at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here our poet wrote his *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*, poems of such merit as would have alone immortalized his name. In 1638 he travelled into France and Italy, and on his return to England settled in London. The troubles breaking out between the king and parliament, Milton engaged as a political writer on the popular side. In 1643 he married the daughter of a justice of peace in Oxfordshire. He continued an ardent champion for the rebellious party, even after the murder of Charles I., which sanguinary deed he defended with his pen against Salmasius; but he was not disinterested in this, for the parliament rewarded him with one thousand pounds. About this time he was wholly deprived of his sight owing to a natural weakness, and an intense application to his studies. In 1652 he lost his wife, and soon afterwards took another. Though he was a determined republican, and wrote with energy and intemperance against monarchical government, "the very trappings of which," he said, "would support a commonwealth," yet he readily submitted to the usurpation

of Cromwell, to whom he became Latin secretary. Milton endeavoured to prevent the restoration; which event he had undoubtedly cause to dread, considering the active part taken by him in the rebellion. And when the ancient constitution was re-established, he was excepted out of the act of indemnity, on which he kept himself concealed for some time. By the kindness, however, of Sir William Davenant, and others, he obtained his pardon; soon after which he lost his second wife, and was not long without another. In the time of the plague he removed with his family to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where he completed his *Paradise Lost*, which was printed first in 1667. For this immortal work he had only fifteen pounds, and that by instalments. For the idea of it he is said to be indebted to an Italian drama on the *Fall of Man*; and it is certain that he had himself an intention at first of writing only a tragedy on the same subject. As the work grew under his hand, his soaring genius gave it the form and consistence, the variety and elegance of an epic poem. After this he engaged in another called *Paradise Regained*; the occasion of which was as follows: John Elwood, the quaker, who was his amanuensis, calling upon him at Chalfont, and the conversation turning upon Milton's great work, Elwood observed, "Thou hast said much upon *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say on *Paradise Found*?" Milton paused, and the next time they met, he shewed Elwood the latter poem, saying, "This is owing to you." The *Paradise Regained*, though possessing many beauties, is in all respects inferior to the *Paradise Lost*; yet it is remarkable that the author gave it the preference. Milton died at his house in Bunhill-row in 1674, and lies interred in the parish church at St. Giles, Cripplegate, where a monument has been erected to his memory, and there is another in Westminster-abbey, set up by auditor Benson.

THE VILLAGE.—No. 7.

BILL HOLLINS.

The calmest hours of our lives are, at times suddenly broken in upon by unexpected accidents, when quiet and peace are changed into uproar and consternation. The young and the old should be ready for these things. If it be in the shape of affliction, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God,

and shall we not receive evil?" If in the shape of death, "The Lord give, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I had been reading some sweet passages in Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, and was just wrapping up some little reward books for the use of the Sunday-school, when a shout reached my ears which made me start. It was about ten o'clock in the morning; and when I went to the door of my cottage, the village was all in confusion, from one end of it to the other. There was Hollins the butcher, with a cleaver in his hand; Richard Willis carried a hay-fork; while Jack and Humphrey, without shoes or stockings, brandished their sticks in the air. They were all running in the same direction, and the two Tilers were crying, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" as loud as they could bawl: you may be sure that I felt some alarm. Just at the moment, too, the dog which had been knocked down with a great stone, rolled over and over, and then once more took the road down the village. Twenty persons, at least, were at the doors of the different cottages: for the dog had passed up the village before. There was no stopping within doors under such circumstances; so, snatching up my hat, I left the reward books, and Baxter's *Saint's Rest* on the table, and set off down the village. The mad dog, in turning round the corner of the butcher's shop, was seized by Hollin's bull-dog, which, being a powerful animal, shook him violently; but the mad dog got away before the people came up with him. I suppose there were, by this time, more than a score persons at his heels. Some said he had bitten the bull-dog, and others said that he had not; however this might be, Hollins quickened his pace until he overtook the mad dog, and with one stroke of his cleaver he laid him writhing at his feet. When the dog was dead they all returned in a posse, and Hollins examined his bull-dog, to see if he had been bitten. Now Hollin's bull-dog had long been a great nuisance, for, not only had he worried many a dog in the village, but also attacked several persons without the least provocation. Hollins was a cruel hearted man, but he was fond of his dog, nor would he allow any one to hurt a hair of his head: Hollins and his bull-dog was both hated and feared. Perhaps this might lead some, who knew but little about the matter, to say that the bull-dog had been bitten by the mad-dog; for the general opinion was that the bull-dog had been bitten. If there ever was an ugly dog in creation, surely, it was Hollin's bull-dog. A brindled, black-lipped, bandy-legged animal, with a nose which turned up so savagely that he always appeared ready to run at you. Ugly and savage as he was, he had a friend in his master; and I do think that Hollins loved his bull-dog as well as he did his children. I suppose nothing would have induced him to think seriously of parting

with this animal, had it not been for a report which just then had reached the village, that a man who had been bitten by a mad-dog, some ten miles off, had gone raving mad, and had been smothered between two feather beds. Though the latter part of this report was untrue, it made a deep impression on the mind of Hollins.

After the confusion was somewhat abated I walked down to the river-side, thinking on the manifold dangers to which we are liable in this life, and on the necessity of always being in a state of preparation to meet calamity. Danger and death are ever around us; and a moment may call us from time to eternity. "Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

While I was musing to myself, Hollins came by, with his son Bill on one side, and his bull-dog on the other. He was looking hard at his bull-dog, and paid no attention to me. I was a little surprised at this, as he always makes me a bow as he passes, and speaks civilly. "Do you think your dog is hurt, Hollins?" said I; but he made no reply to what I said, and walked on, seemingly lost in thought, looking on his brindled bull-dog. All this appeared very odd to me, and I slowly followed him. When he came to the bend of the river, he stopped, and took something out of his pocket. I walked on till there was nothing between us but an oak-tree and a few bushes, and through the bushes I saw Hollins tying a cord round the dog's neck. I observed that his hand shook as he fastened a large stone to the other end of the cord. The hardest hearts are sometimes melted; and I felt sure that Hollin's heart at that moment was ready to burst. When he had fastened the stone, he looked for a while at his bull-dog, as though he half repented the determination he had formed, and then in a hurried manner, took the dog and the big stone in his arms, and at one plunge threw them into the river. The water was deep and still in that part, for the current ran on the other side, and the round rings formed on its surface spread wider and wider. I suppose the stone slipped from the cord; for, after a little space, the bull-dog rose to the surface of the water, and paddled towards his master. Hollins hastily took up another stone from the river-side, and struck the dog on the head with it so forcibly, that the poor animal turned himself round and sank directly to the bottom. Hollins stood gazing on the river till the last bubble which rose over the dog had burst, and the surface was smooth, and then, drawing the back of his hand once, and no more, across his eyes, he walked away from the spot.

Bill Hollins lingered behind his father, so I joined him. "You have lost your dog, then, at last," said I. "Yes," replied he, "and father has not taken the collar off his neck; but if I can get at it, I will have it,

though, for all that." "And why did he not take off the collar?" Because he said that he should hate to see the collar when Fury lay dead at the bottom of the river; but I'll manage it some how or other." There was such a selfish, unfeeling, and undutiful spirit manifested in these expressions that I could not but think that Bill Hollins would, in time, far surpass his father in hard-heartedness and cruelty. "Bill," said I to him, in a mild way, "as you know it will displease your father if he should hear of your taking the collar from Fury's neck, I think you had better let it alone; it will only vex him." "And what care I for that?" replied Bill; "he vexes me often enough." "That may be Bill; but he is your father; and you should remember the care he has had in bringing you up, and the duty you owe to him." "I don't see," said Bill, "that he has any trouble in bringing me up: he makes me work hard enough, if that is what you mean." "I dare say, Bill, that you have been taught, or have heard often, the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' This is a command of God, and he can punish all who disobey it." While I was speaking thus, Bill Hollins sneaked away, as though he was ashamed of himself; and I thought, Well! at any rate I have prevented him from vexing his father by taking the collar from the drowned dog. In thinking thus I was hasty in my judgment, for about an hour after this, just as I entered the village, I saw at a distance, Bill Hollins with a long rake on his shoulder, and a dog collar in his hand. What I had said had not prevented him from disobeying his father.

We may have more to say about this dog collar a future number.

ENGLISH COTTAGES.

The English cottages which fell under my observation may be divided into two classes—the cottages of *poetry* and the cottages of *poverty*. Many of the former are quite enchanting; especially when the hawthorn, the horse-chestnut, the pear-tree, the honeysuckle, the woodbine, and the ivy, together with all the varieties of roses and other bright flowers, are in their glory. Many of the more wealthy of education and taste, seem to vie with each other in beautifying these rural spots, for their own amusement and to variegate the charms of their parks and pleasure grounds. Persons of very small income, too, often display a great deal of taste, in the cultivation of their little cottage gardens, and in training the vines, and flowers, and fruits, which, under their care, spring up so joyously around their humble dwellings. The English peasant, seems to be a gardener by a sort of instinct. If he has a shelter which, under other circumstances, would look, like a mere gloomy retreat from the rude elements, he contrives

to cover the walls with ivy, and weave his roses and honeysuckle about the door and windows, and plant his currants, and strawberries, and gooseberries interspersed with various fragrant and beautiful flowers that you cannot help regarding it as the abode of competence and happiness. Such are the cottages of *poetry*. But there is another class of tenements called cottages which strike the eye very differently. Every thing around them and in them, betrays the poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness of their occupants. The climate and the soil, perhaps, do not allow them to be quite so bleak and forlorn, as the huts which shelter similar wretchedness and degradation in our own country, but there is no poetry there. Gin and strong beer there may be, but no *poetry*.

MIRIAGE.

This interesting optical phenomenon, which is hardly known in this country, excepting by description, was lately witnessed by a large number of wondering spectators in Agar, one of the Mendip Hills in England—and the following account is given in the *Bristol Mercury* :—

“ It was observed about 5 o'clock in the evening, and represented as an immense body of troops, mounted and fully accoutred, which appeared to move along sometimes at a walking pace, and at other times at a quick trot, with drawn swords at the ‘carry.’ For some time the figures appeared six abreast, after which they gradually diminished to two, or files. The illusion, we are informed, was so complete that the bridles and stirrups were clearly distinguishable, whilst the horses’ feet were seen to move in a perfectly natural manner.—The whole body appeared in one uniform; of a dark hue, approaching nearly to black. The phenomenon was observed for upwards of an hour, and continued till it became dark, and was witnessed by a great number of country people, who were puzzled to account for the presence of so large an army as appeared to be moving before them.—The cottagers around the foot of the hill, we are informed, were for a considerable time, in a state of consternation, imagining that the troops could be no other than a hostile force; some of them went to prayer, others proceeded to hide their little treasure, and others again entertained the thought of consulting their safety in flight and at the present time the visitation forms the only topic of discourse. With respect to the cause of these strange appearances philosophers differ, but the most received opinion is, that they are owing to the extraordinary refraction which the rays of the sun undergo in passing through masses of air in contact with a surface greatly heated: this may seem to account for their frequency in the deserts of Arabia, where they are by no means uncommon, but the solution seems

hardly satisfactory as applied to the present case, and especially when we take into account the difference in the climate of our own country and that referred to.”

QUIZZING THE SCIENTIFICS.

Dr. Hoaxum read an interesting paper on the conversion of moonbeams into substance, and rendering shadows permanent, both of which he exemplified in the establishment of some public companies, whose prospectuses he laid on the table. Mr. Bahble produced his calculating machine, and its wonderful powers were tested in many ways by the audience. It supplied to Sir John North an accurate computation of the distance between a quarto volume and a cheesemonger’s shop; and solved a curious question as to the decimal proportions of cunning and cupidity, which, worked by the rule of allegation, would produce a product of £10,000. — Professor Von Hammer, described his newly discovered process for breaking stones by an algebraic fraction. The Rev. Mr. Groper, exhibited the skin of a toad, which he discovered alive in a mass of sand stone. The animal was found engaged in an autobiography, and died of fright, on having its house so suddenly broken into, being probably of a nervous habit from passing so much time alone. Some extracts from the memoir were read, and found exceedingly interesting. Its thoughts on the ‘silent system of prison discipline, though written *in the dark*, strictly agreed with those of our most enlightened political economists. Professor Parley exhibited his speaking machine, which distinctly articulated the words ‘*Rapale! Rapale!*’ to the great delight of many of the audience. The learned professor stated that he was engaged on another, for the use of His Majesty’s Ministers, which would already say, ‘My Lords and Gentlemen;’ and he doubted not by the next meeting of Parliament, would be able to pronounce the whole of the opening speech. Captain North exhibited some shavings of the real Pole, and a small bottle which, he asserted, contained scintillations of the aurora borealis, from which, he stated, he had succeeded in extracting pure gold. He announced that his nephew was preparing for a course of similar experiments, of which he expected to know the result in October. The gallant captain then favored the company with a dissertation on phrenology, of which, he said, he had been a believer for thirty years. He stated, that he had made many valuable verifications of that science on the skulls of the Esquimaux: and that, in his recent tour in quest of subscribers to his book, his great success had been mainly attributable to his phrenological skill. for that, whenever he had an opportunity of feeling for soft places in the heads of the public, he knew in a moment whether he could get a customer or not. He said that,

whether in the examination of ships’ heads or sheep’s heads—in the choice of horses or housemaids, he had found the science of pre- eminent utility.—*Comic Annual*.

At a court martial lately held at Sheerness, on Captain Hope, the following dialogue took place between one of the witnesses and the court :—“ Are you a catholic ?—” “ No, sir.” “ Are you a protestant ?—” “ No, sir.” “ What are you then ?—” “ Captain of the fore-top.”

In France there are seven thousand barristers, for whom there are about five thousand causes. There are forty thousand Attorneys, twelve thousand notaries, seven thousand magistrates, and twenty-two thousand doctors. The number of freemen in France is 184,000. [*Paris Advertiser*].

The newly-invented instrument, called “ The Axyrite,” has just been announced, with which, to the great dismay of the barbers, persons may shave themselves without the use of either razor, soap or water.

Sir John Ross is now at Paris, being one of the 20,000 English in that capital. Louis Philippe has conferred on him the cross of the Legion of Honor. The King of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Baden, have each given him a valuable snuff box, set with diamonds.

A NEW INVENTION. An English clergyman, at Brussels, has invented a motive power, which promises to rival steam. It is founded on the compression of fluids. Eight pails of water it is computed would be sufficient to carry a vessel to the East Indies.

It is astonishing, says the *New-York Star* to see the activity going on in the burnt district, over one thousand men are at work, and already have the frame of many stores been laid. Two hundred and two stores are now in the course of erection, that number was actually counted this morning, every day adds to the number.

A splendid steamship of 1000 tons and 300 horse power, to be called the *Auckland*, has been contracted for by Government at Glasgow to navigate the Red sea. The contractor is Robert Napier. She is to be of the most magnificent description, and fitted out as a man-of-war vessel.

DIED.

At Boston, Mr. William Carver, a native of Halifax, N. S. aged 29.

At Boston, William Morris, Esq. aged 78.—In Watertown, near Boston, Mr. Henry Gilman, aged 41; both of Halifax, N. S.

On Tuesday morning, of Whooping Cough, Ellen Halliburton, daughter of Mr. —avid Allison, aged, 13 months.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M. Donald’s Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer’s wharf—where all kinds of JOB PRINTING, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.

H. W. BLACKADAR.

April 15, 1836.

POETRY.

From the Liberator.

THE BLACK AT CHURCH.

God, is thy throne accessible to me—
No, of the Ethiop skin? may I draw near
Thy sacred shrine, and humbly bend the knee
While thy white worshippers are kneeling here?

May I approach celestial purity,
And not offend thee with my sable face?
This company of saints, so fair to see,
Behold! already shrink from the disgrace!

And in thine earthly courts I'll gladly bow
Behind my fellow-worms, and be deemed
Communion with them, will my Lord allow
That I may come and touch his blessed side.

In that blest fount have I an equal claim
To bathe, with all who wear the stain of sin?
Or, is salvation by another name
I ban thine? or, must the Ethiop change his skin?

Thou art our Maker—and I fain would know
If thou hast different seats prepared above,
To which the master and the servant go
To sing the praise of thine eternal love,

There, will my buyer urge the price of gold
Which here, for this uncomely clay, he gave
That he my portion may allot, and hold
In bondage still the trembling, helpless slave!

Or will that dearer ransom, paid for all,
A Savior's blood, impress me with the seal
Of everlasting freedom from my thrall—
And wash me white—and thus crush'd spirit heal.

Then, will I meekly bear these lingering pains,
And suffer scorn, and be by man oppress'd,
If at the grave I may put off my chains,
And thou wilt take me where the weary rest.

MONTREAL.

The following sketch of Montreal is extracted from "Pencilings by the Way," of a correspondent of the Greenfield Gazette and Herald:

The approach to the city is pleasing. On your right is St. Helena, a beautiful wooded little Island, recently purchased by the Government, and now occupied by the Artillery Barracks. Moored along the quays are seen the shipping with the British ensign proudly floating from the mast heads. And then the city, spread out before you with its spires and massive stone edifices, with their glittering tin roofs, has a very novel and interesting appearance. Above all, rises pre-eminent the grand Catholic Cathedral. We landed among a confused assemblage of French, English, Irish, Scotch, and for aught we know Yankees each and all vociferating in their respective languages, reminding us of Babel and the confusion of tongues.

Montreal including its suburbs, contains about 30,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the south of the island of the same name and extends along the St. Lawrence, about two miles in length, and a half a mile in width. The buildings are mostly constructed of stone on regular but very narrow streets, which

gives the place a sombre dungeon like appearance. A stone wall formerly encircled the city but it was some years ago demolished, by the sanction of government. There are but few objects of interest here to detain the traveller. The Cathedral, Nunneries, and Montreal Mountains, are about the only "lions" which are visited by tourists. The Cathedral is open at all hours of the day, both to worshippers and visitors. For size, grandeur, style, and decoration, it is probably not excelled by any edifice on the continent. It is built in the Gothic style, of a species of dark Granite, hewn in small blocks, and is 255 feet long and more than 100 feet wide, and sufficiently capacious to hold 10,000 persons. The interior is truly magnificent; the triple tier of galleries, and the huge columns which support them, are marbled in the most exquisite manner.—There are four convents within the city.

We did not find so great an amount of shipping here as we expected. The depth of the water in Lake St. Petres is only from 8 to 12 feet so that vessels of a heavy tonnage are not able to come up so far. The city however is doing a large and increasing business. Being a sort of depot for Upper Canada, its business will increase as that Province becomes more settled. This city as well as the Lower Province you are aware was first settled by the French. Jean Cartier first discovered the island, in 1535, in his second expedition from France to Canada. It was then called Hochelaga, and there was a large Indian settlement on the island. Cartier gave it the name of Montreal. It was some years after this, however, before the French colonized Canada. A large proportion of the city is French, but there is a liberal sprinkling of English and Irish. The principle mercantile men, we believe, are chiefly English.

SOMETHING ABOUT MALTA.

In Malta, as in most warm climates, the roofs of the houses are flat and plastered so as to serve for places of promenade in the coolness of evening, the stone-work of the balconies is often fantastically carved, and the frames painted with various colours. The lower windows are protected by massive iron grates, which make them look like convents or prisons.

The lower class of men in Malta wear no other clothing than loose cotton drawers, and woollen caps which do not shade their sun-burnt faces. When the women go abroad they are dressed entirely in black. Instead of bonnets, their heads are covered with a black silk mantle; which descends half way to their feet. The part that covers the head is furnished with a peice of whalebone, to prevent the silk from drooping over the eyes. These figures; all dressed alike; and so muffled up that nothing can be seen but a pair of sparkling eyes, and now and then a fore-finger peeping out from the ample folds of their maniles, makes the streets of Malta

appear quite dismal to a foreigner. The fashion of this mantle has descended from very ancient times. The complexion of the Maltese ladies is a dark olive; with a slight mulatto tinge.

The Maltese have no fire places in their houses; they do their cooking on little stone stoves, which they place in the street. Where there is an ascent, the streets of La Valetta are made like stair-ways. If the horses and carriages were flying about, as they are in our streets, this would be very inconvenient; but the mules and donkeys used by the Maltese can mount these steps as well as you or I could. Malta produces delicious figs and oranges. The blood-orange is the peculiar boast of the island; it is so called, because the pulp is streaked with red. The Maltese are extremely fond of cultivating shrubs and flowers. The climate is so mild that the plants which we are obliged to cultivate in a green-house, will grow luxuriantly in the open air.

In the cities the inhabitants are furnished with goat's milk in the following manner: the animals have a basket of grass tied round their necks in such a way as to enable them to eat while they are walking about; they are led round to the houses of customers, and milked from door to door.

The Maltese, in common with other nations, still retain the ancient custom of treading out grain with oxen, instead of using a flail or thrashing machine.

That beautiful race of animals called Maltese cats, belong to this island.—This interesting island, when it was first given to the Knights of St. John, by Charles 5th was rocky barren and almost defenceless.

By prodigious industry, a soil has been formed above the rocks, and the coast every where defended by entrenchments, castles, forts, and batteries. The buildings, both great and small, have an ancient and war-like appearance, like citadels and towers.

MEXICO.—This Republic extends from 15 to 42 deg. N. Lat. and from 86 to 125 deg. W. Lon. forming an area of 1,600,000 square miles. The confederacy is composed of 19 states and four territories, comprising a population of 8,000,000, including 4,600,000 Indians, 1,500,000 Creoles—the remainder mixed breeds. Two of the provinces now at war with Mexico, are Texas and Cohavilla making an area of 193,000 square miles—population 130,000—of which Monclova is the capital, of 6,000 inhabitants. It is believed that there are 36,000 American settlers in the two districts.—The productions are gold and silver, Banana, Maize, Sugar Cane, Cocoa, Indigo, Tobacco, Cochineal, &c.—besides these, there are vast herds of horses, mules and horned cattle, which literally cover these grand prairies. The country abounds in most kinds of minerals, and is a fine healthy climate.—The head quarters of the army of Texas is at Gonzales, Austin's settlement.