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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 50. VOL. 1.]

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 10, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

CONTRIVANCES OF ANTS.

A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity remarked to us the other day, that while in the island of St. Croix, he instituted several experiments with reference to ascertaining the truth of what he had been often told, of the ingenuity, and apparent reasonings of the ant, of that beautiful island. Having dispatched a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window stool within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification within the course of a very few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made its appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted probably by the odour from the body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of a prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted. The whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labors were commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called *contrivance*, that if there is no intelligence in it—why, the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation.—Well, not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions of about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skilfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transported to their citadel, through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off towards the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On farther scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a testudo upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner, towards the same orifice through which all the rest had disappeared.

—*Dr. Smith's Scientific Tracts.*

PECULIARITIES IN PLANTS.

(Concluded.)

The cause of these movements in plants has been ascribed to the presence or absence of the sun's rays. Some motions are evidently excited by heat; but plants kept in an equal temperature in a hot-house, fail not to contract their leaves, or to sleep, in the same manner as when they are exposed to the open air.

The American plant, the Venus's Fly-trap, affords another instance of rapid vegetable motion. Its leaves are jointed and furnished with two rows of strong prickles. The surfaces of the leaves secrete a sweet liquor, which allures the approach of flies. When these parts are touched by the legs of a fly, the two lobes of the leaf instantly rise up, the rows of prickles lock themselves fast together, and squeeze the poor captive to death. A straw or pin will excite the same motion.

The transition from plants to animals is allowed to be almost imperceptible: for the animated Sea-nettle, fixed to the rocks, that stretches out its numerous feelers to receive its food, is but a little way removed from the plant fixed in the earth, that pushes its roots in the direction of water, or whatever else in its vicinity may contribute to its growth; and the motions of some plants in appearance come very near to the principle in animals, which is expressed by the term *conscious feeling*. Yet, though we do not understand them, we cannot believe that it is any thing but appearance. Some of these motions in vegetable life are indeed remarkable, for a plant, reared in a dark cellar, if some light be admitted, will bend towards the light, or if made to grow in a flower-pot with its head downward, it will turn its head upward, according to the natural position of a plant. If a root be uncovered and not exposed to much heat, and a wet sponge be placed near it, but in a direction opposite to that in which the root is proceeding, in a short time the root will turn towards the sponge. In this way the direction of roots may be varied at pleasure. All plants make the strongest efforts, by inclining, twining, and even twisting their stems and branches, to escape from darkness and shade, and to procure the influence of the sun. If a vessel of water be placed within six inches of a growing cucumber, in twenty-four hours the cucumber alters the direction of its branches, and never stops till it comes into contact with the water. When a pole is placed at a considerable distance from an unsupported vine, the branches of which are proceeding in a contrary direction from that of the pole, in a short time it alters its course and stops not till it clings round the pole. But the same vine carefully avoids attaching itself to low vegetables near it; as the

cabbage. Hence Pliny and Cicero * remark, that the vine hates the colewort and cabbage, as if it possessed the faculty of perception and the power of choosing.

* * The vine hates the cabbage and all kinds of pot-herbs."—PLINY.

"The vine is said to avoid the colewort and cabbage if planted near it, as if they were noxious and pestiferous."—CICERO.

"Man is more distinguished by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover something like reason, though they betray not any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion."—ADDISON.

STORY OF AN EAST INDIAN BOY.

Some thirty years since, the captain of an East Indiaman obtained an introduction to a Persian lady of great personal attractions, of whom he shortly after became enamored. She returned his affections, and they married. The lady being in possession of great wealth, the husband relinquished his profession, and took up his permanent abode at Lucknow.—Here he resided with his wife for upwards of three years in great domestic comfort, during which period she bore him three children. From this time the father was absent until the eldest boy was about seven years of age, when he brought him to England in order to obtain for him the advantages of a European education. It happened that the father, for some reason now only to be surmised, led his child to suppose that he was not related to him, but merely a friend to whose care he had been committed during the voyage. Almost immediately upon arrival in this country, the father suddenly died without revealing to his charge the relationship subsisting between them. As the boy bore the complexion of his native clime, and the features of the race from which he sprung on the maternal side, he was looked upon as a half-caste by the relatives of the deceased, who had never been informed of the father's marriage; they therefore considered that they made a suitable provision for him by binding him an apprentice to a grocer, with whom he served his time, and proved a faithful servant. When the period of his apprenticeship was completed, the relations of his late father gave him a hundred pounds, and cast him upon the wide world to seek his fortune, at the same time discouraging any expectation of future assistance, glad to be thus easily freed from the claims of one whom they deemed an incumbrance.

Without patron or friend, the deserted youth had little chance of establishing himself in his business by securing a respectable connection—a half-caste being looked upon with a kind of conventional prejudice, which it is to be hoped the late act of Parliament in favor of this slighted race will tend.

poedily to subdue.—Thus circumstanced, he was at length reduced to such a state of destitution, that in order to prevent the accession of irremediable poverty, he became an itinerant dealer in tea, and in this humble capacity contrived to realise an uncertain subsistence, which he rendered still more precarious by adding to his domestic responsibilities that expensive blessing—a wife. He married the daughter of a laboring carpenter, with whom he casually became acquainted, without any portion but her beauty and household dexterity. She was a comely woman, and, fortunately for him, turned out an excellent manager; his expenses were therefore not materially increased.

Having been represented to the servants of a gentleman residing in the country as an honest fellow who sold excellent tea for a small profit, he found among them a ready sale for the commodity in which he dealt; and though they were keen chaffers, and generally pushed a hard bargain with him, still he was constant in his attendance upon them, as the establishment was large, the sale therefore considerable, and his money returns quick. His civility moreover was appreciated, so that he always found a ready welcome among those merry domestics.

He was one day upon the point of quitting the house where the servants were employed, when he chanced to meet the master as the latter was ascending the steps of the portico. The gentleman seemed suddenly struck with his appearance, eyeing him with an eager and somewhat impatient curiosity. The poor huckster, for he occasionally sold other things besides tea when he found he could turn such traffic, to a profitable account, felt abashed at the rigid and unexpected scrutiny, touched his hat with a tremulous obsequiousness as he passed the lord of the mansion, and made the best of his way home, fearing that the gentleman had entertained some unfavorable suspicion of him. As soon as he had retired, the master asked his servants what they knew respecting him, and though this was very little, it was still sufficient to induce him to desire again to see the itinerant tea-dealer; he therefore gave orders that he should be apprised the next time the latter called. This was accordingly done; and when the poor fellow was introduced to the great man, he began to entertain fears that he was laboring under the odium of a base suspicion. The old gentleman commenced by questioning him about his birth and parentage. His replies at length convinced the inquirer that the humble vender of tea was the object for whom he had been in search.

It happened that this very gentleman was living at Lucknow at the time of the captain's marriage with the Persian lady, and was in fact the only European, besides her husband, with whom she had been acquainted. He was moreover present at the marriage, and

the sole attesting witness. The widow had latterly written him several earnest letters from Lucknow; imploring him to use his best endeavors to recover her boy, of whom she had heard nothing for nearly twenty years. Upon receiving an appeal so urgent and affecting, the kind hearted friend did his best to discover the lost son; but having no clue, and finding his efforts end in disappointment, he had abandoned all hopes of success, when the resemblance of the huckster to the Indian lady, as the former quitted his house on the preceeding day, struck him so forcibly, that he felt instantly convinced of their identity, which his subsequent inquiries confirmed.

The old gentleman now made the long neglected half-caste, as he was considered to be, acquainted with every particular of his birth, informing him that the person who brought him to England was his father, and that he had a mother in India who was longing to clasp him to her bosom. She had deposited several thousand pounds in the Calcutta bank for his use, should he be discovered, and was inconsolable at his mysterious absence. Her affliction never for a moment subsided; she had mourned for him as for one dead, though not without a hope of still meeting him, in spite of her long disappointment.

This intelligence came like a light from heaven upon the friendless outcast. He could for the moment—scarcely believe so flattering a reality; but it was indeed true that he who had for years been reduced to the hard necessity of trudging about the country with a hawker's licence, abandoned by those relatives who should have protected him from such degradation, was destined to come into the possession of great wealth, which his former privations have taught him how to enjoy. His newly discovered friend furnished him with immediate letters to his agent in Calcutta. He secured a passage without delay, and after a prosperous voyage, reached the City of Palaces, whither his mother quickly repaired, with a large retinue, to receive and convey him to her own magnificent abode at Lucknow. Shortly after his arrival he set to England for his wife who followed in the first ship that sailed after the receipt of his letter. These latter transactions took place within the last three years. The parties are now at Lucknow, living in splendour and happiness. These few simple facts might furnish the groundwork of a romance of no ordinary interest. Their authenticity may be relied on.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE,

On Monday of last week, the hands employed in the quarry of Mr. Herman Lydacker, situated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! proceeding from a female voice, but

were totally unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the same moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain resembling a female form. With commendable promptitude they immediately put about, dropped anchor, and jumping into a small boat, rowed to the shore. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they found it was a young girl, (aged about 16,) hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about one hundred feet from the base, and sixty feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impossible, and providing themselves with a rope, they hastened around to the top, from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to fix it around her waist, and by this means was drawn from her perilous situation and rescued from impending and almost certain death.

She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left her residence without the knowledge of her family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed she was unaware of the danger until she found herself descending the precipice, and the rock being nearly perpendicular, the fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until, luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, in which her foot fortunately caught.—Her situation here may be imagined—it cannot be described: hanging by one foot to a slender bush, and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones one hundred feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, far beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injured, and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the captain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their promptitude and humanity.—*North River Times.*

VIRTUE.—A SKETCH.

The only amarantine flower on earth is virtue;
The only lasting treasure, truth."

When the amiable and accomplished lady Jane Gray was confined in the tower previous to her execution, she wrote her friend Dr. Ascham a letter, containing the following passage:—"There is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue; and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet may have been during our life."

How inexpressively true! the pure and unsullied stream of virtue will ever meander through life's chequered course to the boundless ocean of eternity and happiness. Cy-

this may reflect her borrowed light—the sun may revolve in his diurnal rotation, and his satellites irradiate our world with their splendor—yet the season will arrive, when the voice that called chaos into symmetrical existence, will consign those created luminaries into the abyss of their former darkness and oblivion. But virtue will live beyond the shades of the tomb—she will soar beyond the bounds of creation, and be hallowed by the holy seraphim.

Without virtue no man can be truly happy. There is no temporal pursuit, no pleasurable avocation in life unaccompanied by vicissitudes and disappointments. Every idle pleasure has its consequent sorrow.—The foundation of actual happiness cannot be laid in a heart that engenders vice and immorality. Its basis is a good conscience; and a pure conscience is the infallible concomitant of virtue and religion alone. The wine cup that exhilarates the senses for a short lived moment, not only brings the melancholy reflections of a cooler judgment—but when indulged in licentiousness, it is the bane of every valuable and social blessing that belongs to the sanctity of character. Vice in every shape is illusory and pernicious; virtue is the only amaranth. It is a gem that never ceases to sparkle—it is an attribute amiable to man, and sacred to God.

A plea in abatement.—In one of the quarter session courts of Tennessee, one Joe Phillips was indicted for assault and battery. The Solicitor called him to the bar, and addressed him thus: You are indicted for a misdemeanor, and stand charged in these words: "The Jurors for the State, upon their oaths, present, that Joe Phillips late of the county of —, on the 10th day of August, 18—, with force and arms in and upon the body of John Scroggins, with malicious intent, an assault did make, with guns, swords, pistols and clubs, with malice aforethought."—"Stop, Mister Lawyer," says Joe, "there was something of it, but you're making it a darn'd sight worse than it was." "Well how was it, Joe?" said the solicitor. "Why, I and John met one day on the road, and says I to John, this is a bad day for snakes. Then said he to me, not very bad neither, for I killed one near upon a rod long. Then says I that's a lie, for there's nary a snake in the county half so long. Then after a good many such compliments had passed between us, says Joe to me, I doesn't milk my neighbours cows, as some folks do. And then I hit him a blow with my fist side of his head; and then we set to and had a real scuffle, a fair fight—then just quit so; and we had no gun, nor sword, nor pistol, nor club nother; so you needn't be talking all that nonsense over to the court, when there was no such thing; and John says he's willing to fight again, if I'll let him strike first.—*Am. pap.*

To Young Mechanics.—Study, and close application to your respective occupations, are indispensable. A disposition to wander from their regular pursuits, and embark in new enterprises, is too often manifested in aspiring young men.—They overlook the peculiar advantages of their situations, and imagine that some more favoured place of residence or more lucrative or honourable employment may be sought out. This disposition may sometimes be productive of beneficial effects—but it is, generally speaking, a mere grasping at shadows. "Patience and perseverance," is a motto which should be fixed strongly in the mind of every mechanic. Deprive him of these, and he is a helpless vessel on the vague ocean of uncertainty; the sport alike of current and breeze—but the conqueror of neither.

"That a strict attention to business is absolutely necessary for profit and reputation, is too obvious to need comment. You have a lesson on this subject in the situation of your neighbours—in their success or downfall.—Misfortune—unavoidable and unforeseen misfortune, may, indeed, in some instances, paralyze the best and most strenuous exertions—but industrious habits and principles of integrity are generally productive of profit and distinction—while their opposite qualities of vice and indolence, must consequently produce indigence and infamy.

"But while our physical powers are called into action, let not the mind rest unimproved. That you are compelled to labour for your daily bread, is no argument against the cultivation of your mental faculties. Why should those whom birth and fortunate circumstances have placed beyond the necessity of bodily labour, monopolize the vast field of intellect, and hold in undisputed supremacy, that mighty sway of mind, which is stronger by far than the influence of physical power? Why should the mechanic bow down to such men, as the oracles of transcendent wisdom? Is it because his gift of spirit is inferior to theirs—or has the influence of honest industry dimmed and overshadowed the glorious token of divinity? It is time for our mechanics to stand up as men—look about for themselves, and convince their neighbours that knowledge and virtue have no sympathy with their prejudices, and that mind knows no distinction between the palace and workshop."

A NEW SCIENCE.—A Dr. Pede has been lecturing in Louisville, with great success, upon a new science called *pedeology*, which differs from Phrenology only as far as the feet are from the head. At a recent lecture of the Doctor's a large number of ladies and gentlemen submitted their feet for examination, and so successful was the lecturer in deciding upon their leading propensities, that he secured the unanimous approbation and applause of a very numerous and highly respectable audience. The

theory of this new science has not yet been made public—but we anticipate for it a brilliant career, especially among those young ladies who are favored with a handsome foot and ankle.—*Boston Post,*

GREAT ENTERPRISE.—Some of the French Journals speak confidently of a projected railroad, which is to run from Paris to Belgium, and thence through Hamburg, Westphalia, Hanover, Berlin, Breslau, Poland, to St. Petersburg. In a short time the tour of Europe may be made in a fortnight.—*Boston paper.*

DRUNKENNESS.—"In the city of Mexico, tumbrils are sent round by the police to take up those that are drunk. They are kept a night, and made to work in the streets three days with a ring round their ankle."

A German Almanac, of the size of a thumb nail, just now excites great admiration in Europe.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening, the 2d inst. at Saint George's Church, Sydney, C. B. by the Rev. Charles Ingles, Rector, Robert Laurie Gray, Esq. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, to Matilda, third daughter of the late Joseph Dean, Esq.

DIED,

On Thursday, the 3d inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with great fortitude and resignation, Jane, wife of Hospital Sergeant G. Green, 83d regiment, aged 36 years. She has left a husband and 4 small children to lament her loss.

On Sunday morning, Francis, youngest son of Mr. Joseph Vincove, aged 6 months.

On Tuesday at Horton, Mrs. Sarah Merrick, relict of the late John Merrick, Esq. aged 75 years—a worthy, kind-hearted woman.

At Antigonish, on the 4th inst. in the 70th year of his age, Benjamin Ogden, Esq. one of the Justices of the Inferior Court of that district. He was a man of independent character and sterling worth. He feared God and honored the King.

JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced business in the Building at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, where he is prepared to execute all Orders in the Printing line; and hopes to merit a share of their favors.

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H. W. BLACKADAR;

Halifax, July, 1835.

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POETRY.

YOUTHFUL MUSINGS.

Oh, lovely are visions of youth,
When by tempests in life we're driven ;
They come—rays of comfort, to soothe
The ills for our heritage given ;
Though they wake a vain sigh of regret,
And pleasure is mingled with pain,
If permitted, we would not forget,
But recall them again and again.

Delights not our fancy to view
That scene where 'twas rapture to rove,
The landscape in childhood we knew,
Whon blest in our friendship and love,
Shall we trace not the times that are flown—
The days of our innocent mirth,
Because the bright moments that shone
Aro succeeded by feelings of dearth ?

We cannot, we would not forbear
To ponder o'er memory's pages,
For the record we find written there,
Like magic our sadness assuages ;
Though a tear while we're musing may steal
It is not a witness of sorrow,
For richer's the pleasure we feel
Than any from mirth we can borrow.

VARIETIES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott when between ten and eleven years of age, and when he was attending the high school at Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with grief acknowledged that he spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous storm standing still in the street, looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upward, without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house she was very much displeased with him. "Mother," he said, "I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil." She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these lines on it :

Load o'er my head what awful thunders roll !
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole !
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky :
Then let the good thy mighty power revere.
Let hardened sinners thy just judgment fear.

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes : for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world beside.

DR. YOUNG.—One day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron

and his friend ; but, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate ; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines :

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n ;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth ;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both :
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

BIRTH PLACE OF DR. WATTS.

You remember Dr. Watts' beautiful Hymn, as every one accustomed to his inimitable and all but inspired psalmody must—

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

And when I tell you, that I am now penning these lines from the spot, and sitting at the window which looks out where he looked on the

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
All dressed in living green,

which so awoke his thoughts of heaven, and helped him to sing the Christian's triumph in the Jordan of death, you will not perhaps think it unworthy that I should allude to this interesting circumstance. Southamton is the birth place of this sweet singer of our modern and Christianized Israel ; and the house in which I am a guest is the spot where he wrote the hymn above mentioned. The town lies on a swell between the forks of the Test and Itchen, the latter of which is the "swelling flood," celebrated in the song, one mile, or less, from my present position, and beyond which is seen from this place, the "land of pure delight,"

Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

So, at least, it may seem. It is indeed a fair and beautiful type of that paradise of which the poet sung. It rises from the margin of the flood, and swells into boundless prospect, all mantled in the richest verdure of summer, chequered with forest growth and fruitful fields under the highest cultivation, and gardens and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible grounds. Our poet's imagination, so spiritual and heavenly, leaped from this enchanting scene to the fields and gardens of the upper world. As he looked upon these waters now before me, and then before him, he thought of the final passage of the Christian :

Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

And are these indeed the circumstances which suggested these lines, that has been such a help to the devotions of so many believers in Christ and which for ages to come are likely to breathe from the dying lips of those

Who see the Canaan which they love,
With unobscured eyes.

OFFICER TURNED PREACHER.

Some time, since a lady who was much devoted to the Bible cause, going on board a ship of war, was received by an officer on deck, not without respect, but accompanied with many of those expressions which unfortunately are too frequent in the lips of sailors. The lady expressed her wish that while she was on board he would have the goodness to desist from language of that description. He professed his readiness to oblige her, and during her stay on board, not one oath escaped his lips. She pursued her course, distributing to the sailors her tracts and Bibles, and, above all her admonition. On her return she was accompanied by the same officer, and took an opportunity of thanking him for his kindness in attending to her request. He expressed his readiness to oblige her on any occasion, and said there was nothing she should ask him to do that he would not do.

"Then," said she, "I'll thank you to read that book," giving him a Bible.

He felt himself surprised, but considered as he had given his promise, he was bound to fulfil it.

The lady afterwards visiting a distant part of the country, went to church, heard a sermon, and, on returning, when the clergyman, remaining after her, said—"If I mistake not, I am addressing such a lady,"—(mentioning her name.)

"That is my name," said she, "but I have no recollection of you."

"Does not your ladyship recollect visiting such a ship, and giving an officer a Bible ?"

"Yes said she, "I do."

"Then, madam, I am the person, and the good effects are what you have seen this morning."

FLATTERY is often the guide to destruction. It is the first rudiment which man attends to with success, and the first lesson he repeats to gain our affection ; too often, my fair friends, you give ear to it, and suffer your hearts to be enslaved for encomiums which your mirror tells you are false.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation, studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are of this description. *As smooth as a razor dipt in oil, and as sharp.* They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to belie the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

A moon is said to have been discovered lately by an English Astronomer to the planet Mars.