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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### NATURAL INSTINCT OF THE TIGER.

A party of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect domesticated. At length when having attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror, by its tremendous powers of doing mischief to a piece of raw meat, dipping with blood, which fell in its way. It is to be observed that up to that moment it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey, tore it with fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles. —*Brown's Anecdotes.*

### PECULIARITIES IN PLANTS.

Many leaves, as those of the Mallow, follow the course of the sun. In the morning their upper surfaces are presented to the east, at noon to the south, and at sunset to the west. During the night, or in rainy weather, their leaves are horizontal.

The *sleep of plants*, as it has been called, affords another curious instance of vegetable motion. The leaves of many plants fold up during the night, but at the approach of the sun they expand. The modes of folding in the leaves are extremely various; but it is peculiarly worthy of attention, that they all dispose themselves so as to give the best protection to the young stems, flowers, buds, or fruit. For example, the leaves of the tamarind tree contract round the tender fruit, and protect it from the nocturnal cold. The Cassia or Senna, the Glyceme, and many of the papilionaceous plants, contract their leaves in a similar manner. The leaves of the Chickweed, of the *Asclepias*, (swallowwort,) *Atriplex*, (orach,) &c. are disposed in opposite pairs. During the night they rise perpendicularly, and join so close at the top that they conceal the flowers. The leaves of the *Sida* or *Althea Theophrasti* and *Chonthea* (evening primrose) are placed alternately. — Though horizontal, or even depending, during the day, at the approach of night they rise, embrace the stem, and protect the flowers. The leaves of the *Solanum* or Night-shade are horizontal dur-

\*Resembling a Butterfly.

ing the day, but in the night they rise and cover the flowers. The Egyptian Vetch erects its leaves during the night in such a manner that each pair seems to be one leaf only. The leaves of the White Lupine, in the state of sleep, hang down and protect the young buds from being injured by the nocturnal air.

The flowers also, as well as the leaves, have the power of moving. During the night, many of them are enclosed in their calyx. Some, as of the German Spurge, *Geranium striatum*, and common Whitlow-grass, when asleep, hang their mouths toward the earth, to prevent the noxious effects of rain or dew. It is probable that such flowers are not defended by their leaves. It would appear that this *sleep of plants* was designed for the protection of the seed; for those plants, the seed-receptacles of which are sufficiently secure, never sleep; and a plant after fructification sleeps no more.

(To be continued.)

## GRIZEL COCHRANE.

### AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation, was Sir John Cochrane, (ancestor to the present Earl of Dononald,) who was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion. For ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die on the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailor only waited the arrival of his death-warrant, to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. — But there was one who came not with the rest, to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house—even Grizel the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like strings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and command-

ing; her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed.—and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few moments together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow; "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come!—and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, father! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," returned he. "Would to heaven that I could comfort thee! my own! my own! but there is no hope; within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—" Fatherless he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from her breast, but eagerly pressing his hand;—"three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Petre, the confessor and the master of the king?—From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he; be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed; already the king has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not die—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, and clasped her hands together, "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and turning to her father said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again!"

"What would my child?" inquired he, eagerly, and gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "my father ask not now, but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a way-

aring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north and proceeded along Marygath, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelrie on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the Inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the sixth of Scotland had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.—Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moving along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, & the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee! if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brush-wood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raved with the wildest fury.—The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick; when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the way side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several mi-

minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail to the north and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dondonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became his almost constant companion in prison, and spake to him words of comfort.

Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair.—But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful; and a second time the bigoted, and would be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done! groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizel, with wild vehemence; "yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed—he looked cautiously before, behind and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, his horse reared more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said, "Give me thine arms, or die."

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execu-

tion of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed, For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and said, "It is good,—the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she cried aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the Earl of Dondonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family was clinging around him, shedding tears of joy, but Grizel, who during his imprisonment, had suffered more than all, was again absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them—started, and became deadly pale. They were his death-warrants!

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how—how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life?" My father—my children—thank him for me!

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hand to his face and burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer."

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak!

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my saviour—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was grand-mother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allanbank, in Berwickshire, and great grand-mother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

**A Borrowed Countenance.**—A Gascon Officer, demanding his salary from the Minister of War, maintained that he was in danger of dying with hunger. The Minister, who saw that his visage was full and ruddy, told him that his face gave the lie to his statement.—“Ah, sir,” said the Gascon—“don't trust to that; *this face is not mine*—it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past.”

In a late turn out of a certain troop in this city—a love stricken corporal begged the captain to march down Pearl street, ‘because as how his lass would be watching at the window for him.’ The captain good-naturedly complied, and to heighten the joke placed him at the front of the troop. The whole party was in a titter on receiving the hint from the captain, but when they passed the house and saw the fair one at the window they burst into a roar of laughter at our hero; who swelled himself out to such a degree as to tear three buttons from his coat.—*N. York paper.*

A caricature has lately been got up in London on the Hygean or Vegetable Pills. A poor wretch is represented as having taken a dozen for the cure of the tooth ache. But lying in the wet all night, the vegetable pills have sprouted out in various parts of his body. A great gooseberry tree has taken root on his head, leeks, onions, and carrots have shot out from his finger's ends—rickety beans are hanging down his back, and mustard and cress over the other parts of his body—he is truly a pitiable sight.—*Id.*

**A hint from the Pulpit.**—A dissenting preacher in Norfolk (Eng.) lately gave notice, that if tradesmen had any difficulty in getting their debts paid by his congregation, and would deliver the bills to him, he would present them to the persons, before the congregation, and know the reason they were not discharged, as he knew there were a great many pretenders to sanctity who were notoriously dishonest.

**What next?**—A cabinet-maker at Milan has invented a machine with cylinders, which executes any sum in the three first rules of Arithmetic, for which the Institute of Milan has awarded him a gold medal.

**EDUCATION** is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament.

It shortens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once, grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes.

## THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1835.

By His Majesty's Packet Spay, which arrived on Monday, in 30 days passage, London Papers to the 6th, and Falmouth to the 8th August were received. The Corporation Reform Bill had passed the Commons, and caused some very warm and interesting debates in the House of Lords.—The motion ‘That evidence be taken at the bar of the House in support of the allegations of the several petitions, praying to be heard against the bill’—was carried by a majority of 70 against Ministers, although it was strongly opposed by Lord Melbourne.

An attempt was made to assassinate the King of France on the 28th July—many distinguished individuals were killed, and others dangerously wounded—the particulars of which will be found below.

Capt. J. W. Dundas, R. N. has been appointed Governor of Bermuda, and Colonel McDonald of the Royal Artillery, Governor of the Bahamas; Lord Aylmer, it is said, will have the command of the Forces in Ireland.

A destructive fire took place at Charlestown, near Boston, on the evening of the 25th ult., which destroyed about one hundred buildings; the loss is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

H. M. Ship Pique arrived at Quebec on the 23d ult. in 29 days from Portsmouth, with the new Governor-General, the Right Hon. Earl Gosford, Sir Charles Grey, and Sir George Gipps; F. Elliot, Esq. Sec'y. Hon. Captain Clements, Hon. Mr. Moreton, Mr. Walcott, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Ingleback, all it is said, attached to the Commission.

## PALMOUTH, August 8.

## ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The Paris Journals have for some days been filled with accounts of the attempt which was made to assassinate the King on Tuesday the 28th of July.

The event, strange to say, was fully foreseen. The Duke of Orleans was recalled from Switzerland, that he might not be absent in case of extremity. M. Thiels, who was informed of the intent, though unable to trace it, insisted on joining the cortege of the King with the other ministers, and with many who otherwise might have dispensed with being present at the review.

The National Guards of the different districts of Paris occupied the south side of the Boulevard, and the troops of the line the northern side. Near eleven the King, accompanied by his three sons, and a most numerous suite, began to proceed along the line. He reached the Boulevard du Temple about twelve o'clock and as he advanced towards the extremity of it, just opposite the Jardin Turc, an explosion took place. Marshal Mortier, who was behind the King, fell, being shot through the heart; and General Lachaise de Verigny also fell, being mortally wounded in the head. The King's horse received a shot in neck and reared, which brought the rider's arm in contact with the head of the horse on which one of the princes was riding. Louis Philippe thought himself wounded, and observed, “I am hit, but it is nothing.” Whilst the dead and wounded were transported into the Jardin Turc, attention was directed to a small house directly opposite, of three stories, and of but one window in breadth. It was a wine shop

on the ground-floor and on the floor above it. From the window above the latter the explosion came. The house was searched, and the machine which caused the explosion found. It was precisely of that kind used in manufactories of arms for trying gun-barrels. Twenty-five of these were fastened in double row, and pointed on the street. Five had burst in the explosion. When the police surrounded the house a man was observed swinging from the back window by a cord; he flung himself into an adjoining court, and was seized. He was severely wounded in the face, no doubt by the bursting of the five guns, and some of the flesh of his forehead hung over his eye. His name is Girard, a mechanic by trade, about 23 years of age, and under this name he had taken the room three months back. Though unable to speak, he nodded his head in assent to the questions whether he was the author of the explosion. The window in which he had fixed his battery was covered with one of those jalousies which draw up; and it was the drawing of it up, it was supposed, which caused the delay in the fire, and which directed it against those immediately behind the king, rather than against the monarch's person. Besides Marshal Mortier and General Lachaise de Verigny, there were killed, Captain Villate, Aid-de-Camp of Marshal Maison; M. Rieussee, Colonel of the 8th Legion of the National Guard; Messrs. Prudhomme, Ricard, Legor, and Benetter, of the same legion. There were moreover, two men in the crowd killed, besides a woman and a child. Five Generals were wounded, General Colbert, severely; General Heymes, in the face; also Generals Pelet, Blin, and Brayer. Colonel Raffat is dangerously wounded. The Duke of Broglie received a ball, which fortunately was turned by the decoration of the Legion of honour which he wore; it lodged in his cravat. The king continued to review to the last. In the evening, the royal family drove to the house of the Duchess of Treviso, widow of Marshal Mortier, to condole with her upon the lamentable event of the morning. The journals, of whatever colour, are unanimous in their expression of mourning and reprobation.

## MARRIED

At Cork, on the 16th July, Mr. Robert Wallace, Music Master of the 60th Rifles; to Miss Mary Liddell, of Halifax, N. S.

At Ship Harbor, on the 15th August, by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. John McNeil, Carpenter, of Halifax, to Miss Catharine Marks, of the former place.

## DIED,

On Friday last, Anna Catherine, infant daughter of Captain Thomas Boole, of this Town, aged two weeks.

On Monday afternoon, after a short illness, which he bore with christian fortitude to the divine will, Mr. Jacob Merkel, only son of Mr. James Merkel, in the 26th year of his age.

## 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.

☞ Pamphlets, Circulars, Cards, Hand-Bills, Catalogues, &c. &c. printed at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. W. BLACKADAR.

Halifax, July, 1835.

## POETRY.

## EARLY RISING.

'Tis sweet to rise at early morning's dawn,  
And breathe the balmy air which passes by,  
While glittering dew drops gem the grassy lawn  
In music radiance of an evening sky.

Beautiful morn ! fair harbinger of sweets !  
Ushered by orient beams and warbling songs ;  
Thy grateful light, the lark (shrill minstrel) greets,  
And echo on the hills the theme prolongs.

'Tis sweet to hear the music, soft and low,  
Which morning zephyr's whisper to the trees ;  
'Tis sweet to see meandering streams flow,  
Exhaling tribute to the early breeze.

Then the wrapt soul throws off the thralling chain,  
Which binds her soaring pinions down to earth ;  
And wings her mental flight to Heaven's domain,  
And gives her native energies new birth.

Morning ! there's music in the heavenly name ;  
Then rise, and greet her charms, and own her power ;  
Rise, sons of ease ! and catch the holy flame  
Which nature kindles at that glorious hour.

Rise, and behold the verdant, fertile plain ;  
Inhale the fragrance of the morn's pure air ;  
Behold the bending vines, and golden grain,  
And breathe to nature's God, a grateful prayer.

## FOR THE GIRLS.

After a girl has attained the usual branches of a common school education, we set out with the following position :

First, The art, trade, or mystery of correct house-keeping, is the most useful, and valuable education and employment, for those females who would wish to occupy the high station designed for them in the formation of society.

Second, By becoming adepts in this employment, they have a greater chance of getting respectably and happily married, than those of any other occupation.

Third, This qualification, more than any other branch of knowledge, tends, to render them happy—they will make better wives, better mothers, and better members of society.

To prove these positions, it is not necessary to invoke the spirit of the host of old Bachelors, who "sigh for the days which will never return," when they could have provided themselves with an agreeable companion, who would have relieved them from the vexations, and to a man, the incongruous occupation of pots and pans—hobbling from the parlor to the kitchen—a living, moving, lecture on the happiness of single life. Neither shall we enter into the feelings of the somewhat touchy ladies who make it a point to complain of the uselessness and degeneracy of the girls which it is their lot to have about them—both these might serve to point out the value of the qualifications of which we are speaking, but both are caricatures, and represent things in rather more of a ludicrous light, than we are disposed to view them.

We are among those matter-of-fact sort of beings who can see nothing unsentimental in a neat young girl assisting in the domestic duties of a family—learning to become useful and obeying others that she may be the better able to command, when she shall be called upon to preside in her own family.

That it is the particular province of women to be employed in domestic matters, none can deny, and that the greatest benefits are the result of this, is equally certain.

How then can we account for the disposition, which is daily becoming stronger among females, to accept any other employment, rather than be engaged zealously to perfect themselves in this important branch? Very few females really understand and can practice the trade;—they occasionally have "excellent luck," as it is called, in making a batch of bread, or baking a pudding,—but if the business was understood as it should be, there would be no uncertainty in the matter.

Much of the feeling at the present day must be done away, before we can expect that young girls will take that interest in domestic matters that it is necessary they should, in order to supply the places they are destined to fill,—it is too fashionable, to think and say that it is not respectable—we forget the occupations which engrossed much of the time of our mothers, and though we should resent any indignity offered to their memory, yet we almost insensibly, speak of those engaged in the same pursuits as toiling in rather a low calling. It indeed it be disgraceful and ungentle for a lady to cook and take care of the family, let us resort at once to dry bread and cold water.

A cheerful, active girl, who is fully acquainted with all the minutæ of domestic affairs, is indeed a blessing to any family, and this kind of girls can always find opportunities, when they may advantageously change the maid for the madam.

There is another circumstance which might weigh with some minds, more than we have mentioned, which is that a first rate girl, at house work, can always command higher wages, than can be earned in a shop. We do not believe that money-seeking is the prevailing passion in the female mind—but when they attempt to work for wages it is but reasonable they should choose that employment, which with the least labor, brings the most money, provided both are equally creditable. The strongest reason, perhaps, that can be given, for the unwillingness of girls to become domestics, is, the false delicacy with which such service is looked upon. Now, sentiment aside we would seriously ask, all and sundry of our friends who are fond of the "creature comforts" or who partake of even the necessaries of life if there is any foundation for the foolish notion, that it is beneath the dignity and gentility of a girl to assist in the domestic affairs of another, when her services are not needed in

her own. Why then, this nettling sentiment—this shock of delicacy so often manifested at the idea of being a "house girl." We positively declare it to be an employment, honorable, useful, and necessary, and we should like to have those who would cause it to be unpopular, to start off for the air, the antipodes, or any other place, where they may indulge their spleen, vanity, or whatever else prompts them to play the puppy among mankind.—*Mechanic and Farmer.*

## THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been, all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the most bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful fillage and been lifted by it unto sunshine will, when the hardy plant is rived by the thunderbolt, cling around it with clinging tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise they are to comfort you."

And indeed I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.—*Washington Irving.*

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