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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 27

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 23, 1836.

No. 36.

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 McDonald's.

WHERE

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

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

These Classes are again subdivided into
Orders; those of the First Division, as
follows:

CLASS I. MAMMALIA, INCLUDES TEN
ORDERS, viz.

Order 1. *BIMANA*, two-handed, as
Man.

Order 2. *QUADRUMANA*, four-handed,
as Apes.

Order 3. *CHEIROPTERA*, as Bats.

Order 4. *FERRÆ*, as Moles, Bears,
Otters, Weasels, Dogs, Wolves, Foxes,
the Cat family, Seals and Walruses.

Order 5. *MARSUPIALIA* as Opossums,
Kangaroos, &c.

Order 6. *GLIRES*, as Beavers, Lem-
mings, Bats, Jerboas, Marmots, Squirrels,
Hares &c.

Order 7. *EDENTATA*, as Sloths, Ar-
madilloes, Ant-eaters, &c.

Order 8. *PACHYDERMA*, as Elephants,
Hogs, Peccaries, Rhinoceroses, Horses,
Asses, &c.

Order 9. *RUMINANTIA*, as Camels,
Deer, Antelopes, Goats, Oxen, &c.

Order 10. *CETACEA*, as Dolphins,
Porpoises, Whales &c.

CLASS II. AVES, INCLUDES SIXTEEN
ORDERS:

Order 1. *RAPACES*, or Rapacious Birds,
as Vultures, Falcons and Owls.

Order 2. *OMNIVORÆ*, or Omnivorous
Birds, as Hornbills, Crows, Pies, Nut-
crackers, Blackbirds, Rollers, Orioles, Star-
lings, and Birds of Paradise.

Order 3. *INSECTIVORÆ*, or Insectivor-
ous Birds, as Thrushes, Shrikes, Fly-catch-
ers, and Warblers.

Order 4. *GRANIVORÆ*, or Granivorous
Birds, as Larks, the Titmouse, Buntings,
Tanagers, Weavers, Crossbills, Grosbeaks
and Finches.

Order 5. *ZYGOBACTYLLI*, or Zygodacty-
lous Birds, as the Honey-Guile, Cuckoos,
Toucans, Parrots and Woodpeckers.

Order 6. *ANISODACTYLLI*, as Nauthat-
ches, Creepers, Humming-Birds & Hoopoes.

Order 7. *ALCYONES*, as Bee-eaters and
Kingfishers.

Order 8. *CHELIDONES*, as Swallows
and Goat-suckers.

Order 9. *COLUMBÆ*, as Pigeons.

Order 10. *GALLINÆ*, as Peacocks,
Domestic Fowls, Pheasants, Turkeys, Gui-
nea-Hens, Grouse, Partridges and Quails.

Order 11. *ALECTORIDES*, as Screamers.

Order 12. *CURSORÆ*, as Ostriches,
Rheas, Emews and Bustards.

Order 13. *GRALLATORÆ*, as Plovers,
Lapwings, Cranes, Herons, Storks, Fla-
mingoes, Avosets, Spoonbills, the Ibis,
Curlews, Sandpipers, Woodcocks, Snipes,
and Rails.

Order 14. *PINNATIPEDES*, as Coots
and Grebes.

Order 15. *PALMIPEDES*, as Skimmers,
Terns, Gulls, Petrels, the Albatross, Geese,
Swans, Ducks, Mergansers, Pelicans, Cor-
morants, Gannets, Tropic Birds, Divers,
Puffins, Auks and Penguins.

Order 16. *INERTES*, as the Dodo.

To be continued.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

William Hogarth, a celebrated painter,
was born at London in 1698, and bound
apprentice to an engraver of arms on silver
plate. About 1720 he set up for himself,
and his first employment was to engrave
coats of arms and shop bills. He next un-
dertook to execute plates for booksellers,
the chief of which are the prints to Hudibras.
His first performance as a painter was a
representation of Wanstead assembly, the
portraits being taken from life. In 1730 he
married a daughter of sir James Thornhill,
and shortly after embellished the gardens of
Vauxhall with some excellent paintings, for
which the proprietor complimented him with
a perpetual ticket of admission. In 1733
appeared his Harlot's Progress, prints which
stamped his reputation, and were followed
by other moral histories, admirably executed.
Soon after the treaty of Aix-la Chapelle he
went to France, and while at Calais began
to sketch a drawing of the gate of the town,
for which he was taken up, but was soon
released. This circumstance he ridiculed

in an excellent caricature. In 1753 he
published his Analysis of Beauty in 4to.
Hogarth was very vain, and thought himself
the first painter of the age. He was also
remarkably absent, of which the following
is an instance; On setting up his carriage
he paid a visit to the lord mayor, and having
protracted his stay till a heavy shower came
on, he was let out by a different door from
that by which he entered, and unmindful of
his carriage, he set off on foot, and got home
dripping wet. When Mrs. Hogarth asked
him where he had left the carriage, he said
that he had forgot it. He died in 1762,
and was interred in the church-yard of
Chiswick.

VENTRILOQUISM;

OR, THE DANCING BEAR.

It was when the apples and pears were ripe,
Bob Wilkins ran light as a feather,
For the man and the bear, and the tabor and pipe,
Had drawn a whole crowd together:

A VERY little thing is enough to set the
inhabitants of most country villages in a
bustle, and this is especially the case with
the village of Hopfield. Of all tattling,
scandal-talking places, surely this is one of
the worst; if a secret is whispered at one
end of the parish, in the morning, it is as-
sure to be known at the other end before
night, as if the common crier had gone round
with his bell to proclaim it. There are but
few of the good people of Hopfield, let them
be ever so industrious, who cannot afford to
gossip an hour with a neighbour; but when
any thing extraordinary occurs, such as a
chaise and four driving through the place,
or the entrance of Punch's show or a group
of Dutch broom-girls into the village, the
inhabitants are all sixes and sevens; not a
cottage contains its owner; children flock
together from all quarters; and mothers, long
after the marvellous sight has disappeared,
recount it, at their back doors, to such of
their unhappy neighbours, as were not for-
tunate enough to be spectators of the strange
phenomenon.

It was on a warm autumnal evening that
Peggy Mullins, who had been darning a gray
worst stocking at her door, hastily cut off
the end of her worsted, and sticking the long
needle in her shawl, leaned over the wicket
gate to see where her neighbour Joe Willis
was running so fast, with half a dozen lads
at his heels. They were soon at the bottom
of the village; but though Peggy could per-

ceive a great crowd of people opposite the blacksmith's shop, neither she, nor Mrs. Williams, next door, who stood staring with all her eyes, could ascertain the cause of it.

For some time before this, Peggy Mullens had heard a dull, heavy sound, thumping in her ears, and could not, for the life of her, make out what it could be.

In a few minutes, however the crowd gave way, and a man, dressed in a cocked hat and loose great coat, carrying in one hand a long staff, and with the other leading a shaggy brown bear by the chain, advanced slowly up the middle of the road, followed by, at least, half the population of the village, some of whom, more cautious than the rest, kept at a respectful distance from the muzzled bear, who strode lazily along after his master.

A half starved looking stripling marched by the side of the bear, with a tabor and pipe, and so heartily did he blow the pipe, and so lustily did he beat the tabor, that it excited a strong disposition among many of the spectators to shuffle with their feet as though they were dancing.

The man leading the bear looked hard at the houses as he passed by, but did not make a stand, till he came opposite the Red Lion, which is the only public house in the village; then, clearing a circle in the crowd, he shouted to the bear, who immediately reared up on his hind legs; he then brandished the staff over the head of the animal, making him move round sideways, forming a circle the full length of the chain. While the bear awkwardly lifted up his uncouth legs in obedience to the command given him, the keeper took off his cocked hat, and placed it on Bruin's head; this much amused the spectators, who laughed immoderately at the droll figure before them.

The old man, who belonged to the bear, used such strange expressions, and had such a comical cast of countenance, that he was almost as great a curiosity as the animal he exhibited: altogether his visit to Hopfield was a very pleasant affair to the people of the village.

Now it happened that a clever ventriloquist, who was on his way to a neighbouring town, had called at the Red Lion. Much entertained, not only with the bear and his master, but also by the wonder and amazement of the crowd, which he had observed from a window of the inn; he resolved, by way of joke, to exercise his skill as a ventriloquist, little doubting that if he could once make the people believe that the bear could speak, he should soon be able to spread alarm and confusion among them.

Accordingly he mingled in the throng, and waited for an opportunity to put his scheme in practice.

Just as he came up, the keeper called out to the bear, in a very harsh voice, commanding him to hold the staff which he presented, at the same time flinging the chain and order-

ing him to lift up his head, Bruin hugged the staff with his forepaws, and uttered a growl, which made some of the people who stood nearest to him shrink back, Scarcely had he again commenced his rounds when the ventriloquist told the stripling to stop his tabor and pipe for a minute or two, and walking up to the bear called out, "Well, my old boy! and what country do you come from?" A voice appearing to proceed from the bear, gruffly replied, "From the Alps in Germany." It would be idle to attempt any description of the amazement of the crowd; they stood gaping with wonder, while the keeper seemed more surprised than any of them; for, lifting up his large eyebrows, and opening his wide mouth, he stood as though his feet had taken root in the ground.

"And can you speak English well?" said the ventriloquist, again addressing the bear. "As well as you can," was the reply. At this moment the crowd began again to shuffle a foot or two further from the bear, whom they regarded with fear as well as wonder.

"And how have mankind used you?" shouted out the ventriloquist. "Most cruelly," replied a growling voice, "and now I will be revenged on you all." At these words the ventriloquist turned round and ran as if for his life; the horrified keeper gave a jerk to the chain which brought down the bear so suddenly on his feet, that all around doubted not the animal was about to spring upon them. O the scene of consternation! it took place at that moment! the whole throng of spectators, without waiting a moment to deliberate, rushed back in the greatest terror. Hats, bonnets, handkerchiefs, and shawls, fell to the ground; and the affrighted people, conceiving that in another moment they might be torn in pieces, took to their heels in all directions, bawling, screaming, and spreading out their arms as though they were wings to aid them in their flight.

Ned Taylor pushed among the crowd pell-mell, and was over a stile hard by in a brace of minutes; but old fat Nanny, who could hardly make a run of it, shuffled along in the greatest fright imaginable, feeling sure that if any one was overtaken by the bear, it would certainly be herself.

Young Barnet ran some distance like a greyhound, but his toe caught a stone, and down he fell on all fours. At any other time he would have yelped at such an accident, like a cur that has been kicked, and blubbered for ten minutes without quitting the place, but the fear of being devoured gave him wondrous powers of endurance, and surprising dexterity in helping himself, so that he was presently upon his legs again, setting off at full speed without stopping to rub the dirt from his breeches knees. Poor old Humphrey Stevens thought it was all over with him, for his lame leg kept him far behind the rest: he hobbled along with all his might, and would, willingly, have given his Sunday red waistcoat to be safe in his

own house. Peggy Mullens had not ventured near enough to the bear to know the cause of the general consternation, but no sooner did she see her neighbours run in all directions, than, without stopping a moment to inquire, she made towards the cottage with as much expedition as if she had been shot at, tumbling up the broken stone steps, and bustling through the wicket gate in such a flurry, that, as she afterwards declared, she knew no more what she was about than the man in the moon.

The joke of the ventriloquist soon got abroad, and many a hearty laugh it occasioned. Some of the villagers were surprised that any body should have been foolish enough to be frightened; others said it was enough to frighten the boldest man in England. One wondered at his neighbour, and another was astonished at himself.

The landlord of the Red Lion never fails to tell the tale of the dancing bear to every stranger who enters his front parlour; but though the landlord and his guests, and all the inhabitants of the village of Hopfield believe that it was the ventriloquist, and not the bear, that threatened revenge: old Gammer Griffith, at the thatched cottage, near the mile stone, is of a different opinion. She had read in her almanack, that about the middle of June, three days before or three days after, something remarkable would happen, and I question if the writer of the almanack were to appear before her, whether he could persuade her to believe that the prediction had no allusion to the dancing bear. Whenever the affair is spoken of she shakes her head incredulously at the tale of the ventriloquist, and says, it may answer people's ends to hush up the matter, but, for her part, she knows "what is what," and that so sure as her name is Margery Griffith, the village will again be visited by the Dancing Bear.

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

The gay, beautiful and ever welcome months of Summer are gone, and the months of Autumn have begun to take their place. Our Summer movements are fast closing—our Summer journeyings are passing away,—the travelling invalid and belle of fashion, now wend their way homeward. Our merry meetings upon land and water, our annual visits, our assemblies under the open canopy of heaven, our sailing excursions, our night wanderings—all will soon be over. To be sure, Niagara still will thunder, and still there will be the rushing of mighty waters from her magnificent falls, but her music will be music for herself alone. The multitude who have gazed in wonder upon this mighty work of an Omnipotent Architect, will soon be far distant. Two months hence, and the cap and cloak will take the place of our summer apparel. Our Summer breezes will be changed into Autumn winds—the gay and pleasing attire of our green fields and

pleasant gardens, will present the forbidding coldness of their own peculiar desolation. Our trees will cast off their foliage and their fruits, and instead of the blossom and the rose, the desert will appear, "Thus passes the glory of the world." But a truce to Autumn reflections. We gladly change them for the life and bustle of trade and business.

September, then, has come among us. It is the time for trade, the signal for business, the prelude to long nights and short days, the time for work, and the time for play—the time for merchants and clerks to rise early and retire late: the time for our mechanics to work in the evening and sleep in the morning: the time for wooing and wedding: the time to prepare for winter—to buy your fuel, and make ready for stormy days. It is the time to make money and pay your debts: the time to study, and the time to make good bargains; the time to be honest, and the time to speak the truth: the time to make friends, and the time to do good. In a word, it is **THE** time, **OUR** time, the **ONLY** time. To our good mothers, grandmothers, daughters, we say then, improve it: and to our perpetual motion business men, who neither sleep long nor slumber long, our advice is not needed. To the drones and sluggards that surround us, I say, prepare for freezing time and starving time, for a bed of ice and snow, and for a beggar's meal. To the drunkard, we say, keep sober, and to the sober, we say, keep the bowl from the drunkard. Our advice is, for all, and good to all, and he whomsoever he may be, is a criminal who will not take it.—*Brooks.*

NOT BAD.—At a recent auction sale, not fifty miles from Salem, the knight of the ivory headed hammer was provokingly annoyed by incessant and ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. After enduring the fellow's impertinence for some time, old Going-going-gone peremptorily ordered him to be "gone" from the auction room. The stubborn animal, instead of obeying, set himself deliberately to "argue the topic" with our knock down friend, and inquired if he had not an indisputable right to stay, as long as he chose in a public auction room. The auctioneer, more incensed than ever, told him the premises were his own, and he would not tolerate his impertinence any longer, and again repeated his turn out orders. With the utmost sang froid the fellow told him that "he had concluded not to go." Enraged beyond endurance, he of the hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs upon the insulting sinner, fixed his eye upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very *Monarch* in strength, and cried out, "M—ch, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?" "I take one five dollar bill." Done,

gone; do it and you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious,—knitting his brows,—spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old M—ch strode up to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a thundering whisper that was heard all over the room, "My good fiin, you go out wid me. *I give you haf de munny.*" "Done, done," says the fellow. "Hurrah! hurrah!" ejaculated the delighted audience. The auctioneer himself had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the *V.* [Salem Gazette.]

MAGNANIMITY AND GRATITUDE OF A LION.—Prince, a tame lion on board his majesty's ship *Adriadne*, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the rating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars strong and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beating of his tail; at last when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cuts" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous, he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive. The captain, fearing he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go into his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion: he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, carressed him with his paws, which he folded around the keeper as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince, would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill used him.—[Martin's History of the British Colonies.]

FROM PAPERS BY THE CORDELIA.

London papers to the 8th of August and Liverpool. to the 9th have been received at New York, by the packet ship *United States* Capt. Holderidge.

The most important among the contents of these papers, is the report of the debate in the British House of Commons, on the 5th of August, on the subject of an interference by Great Britain, between Texas and Mexico.

The House of Commons on the 5th the Church Temporalities Bill [Ireland] after a short conversation, was read a third time and passed.

Mr O'Connell stated, on the 2d of August, that he should not bring forward his motion for a reform of the House of Lords, during the present session, but gave notice that it should be the first object of his attention at the next.

FRANCE.

The trial of forty five persons charged with having entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, was proceeding before the tribunal of Correction. The King's advocate, in the course of his speech, declared but no doubt could exist of an extensive plot having been organized.

The Ministerial papers affirmed that it was the intention of the Government to pardon a number of political offenders on the 7th of Aug.

There was rumour in Paris that a new conspiracy among the Military had been discovered.

SPAIN.

Advises from Madrid were to the 30th July, and from Bayona to the 3d of August. Gen. Cordova, had resigned the command of the Queen's Forces, on account of ill health, it is said, and had been succeeded by Gen Sarrasfield. Gomez, one of the Carlist chiefs had endeavoured to possess himself of Oviedo, but had been repulsed by the inhabitants and retreated to the mountains of Leon. The Carlist commander-in-chief, Villareal, is said to have been repulsed in the attack, upon Zubiro, and subsequently on the 1st of August, defeated by General Burnelle, losing 200 killed and 100 prisoners. Gen Espartero, was in hot pursuit of Gomez, whose forces are said to be much reduced by desertion.

LATER FROM FRANCE.

The Packet ship *Sully*, Capt Forbes, arrived yesterday, from Havre. We have received by her Paris journals to the 1st, and Havre, to the 2d Aug.

The total concealment of the king from the public eye, the precautions taken to prevent dangerous characters approaching even the entrance to the place and the arrests making by the police, still fill a prominent place in the French journals. A Paris newspaper, *La Paix*, says

"Many reports some of them contradictory, are in circulation on the subject of the arrests that have been made. The following facts are derived from a source deserving of credit, and are we believe true.

"About ten days ago, the police were informed that a man whose name we have not heard, intended to assassinate the King. The man was immediately arrested. He did not hesitate to avow his criminal design, and even entered into the greatest details, as to the means he intended to employ to carry his design into execution. His intention was to take a place among the National Guards, throw himself on the King and stab him.

On being asked if he had any accomplices, his reply was, "I have but one and I have no objection to name him because I know that he will be highly gratified by sharing my fate, whatever that may be. And he then gave the name of his accomplice and the spot where he could be found. The Police immediately went there and found a man who offered no resistance, and who avowed his intention was to kill the king by stabbing him.

These circumstances appear so extraordinary, that it is difficult to believe them. They have however, been related to us by persons who we have every reason to believe, are well informed.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, 10th instant, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. George F. Nelson, to Mrs. Scott, after a courtship of one hour.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, aged 2 years and 4 months, Jane Charlotte, infant daughter of Mr. James Witteridge, of this town.

"Sweet innocent farewell! Thou'rt gone
To mingle with the blest above,
And we are left to mourn alone,
And still thy memory fondly love."



ON WITNESSING MY CHILD AT PLAY.

Play on, my little child, play on !
I love to watch thy merry glee—
It brings before me scenes by-gone,
When like thy own my heart was free.

Play on, my little child ! 't is well—
For life with thee is bright and gay
But soon may come a chilling spell,
'To force thy careless laugh away.

'This lesson, child, thou'lt soon be taught—
How bright so e'er it now may seem,
'That life with care and wo is fraught—
And joy is but a fleeting dream.

A time may come when thou wilt gaze
Upon the past with moistened eye—
And dwell upon these happy days
With care-worn heart and bitter sigh.

The path of life may not as now
Seem strown thro' out with thornless flowers ;
And time may write upon thy brow
'The record of unhappy hours.

Forsay not this to check thy glee—
I would not stop thy playful sport—
For sorrow soon may visit thee—
And joy is brief, and life is short.

I would that thou should'st early know
What after years will surely bring ;
And school thy heart to meet the wo
Undreamed of in life's early spring.

But play thee on, my little child !
And let me hear thy laugh again :
'Thy heart is now by mirth beguiled—
O, may it ne'er be filled with pain.

V A R I E T I E S.

TOM CRINGLE'S ACCOUNT OF BERMDA.

Bermuda, as all the world knows, is a cluster of islands in the middle of the Atlantic. There are ever so many of them, but the beauty of the little straits and creeks which divide them, no man can describe who has not seen them. The town of St. George's, for instance, looks as if the houses were cut out of chalk ; and in one of our excursions to the main island, Hamilton, we had to cross three ferrics, although the distance was not above nine miles.

The second day of my sojourn was fine—the first fine day we had had since our arrival ; and with several young ladies of the family, I was prowling through the cedar wood above St. George's, when a dark, good-looking man passed us ; he was dressed in tight worsted net pantaloons and Hessian boots, and wore a blue frock coat, with two large epaulets, with rich French bullion, and a round hat. On passing, he touched his hat with much grace, and in the evening, I met him in society. It was Commodore Decatur. He was very much a Frenchman in manner, or, I should say, in looks.

The following day we spent in a pleasure cruise, amongst the 365 islands, many of them not above an acre in extent—fancy an island of an acre in extent!—with a solitary house, a small garden, a red skinned family, a piggery, and all around, clear, deep, pellucid water. None of the islands and islets rise to any great height certainly, but they shoot precipitously out of the water, as if the whole group had originally been a huge platform of rock, with numberless grooves subsequently chiselled out in it by art.

We had to wind our way amongst these manifold small channels for two hours, before we reached the gentleman's house where we had been invited to dine ; at length on turning a corner, with both latten sails drawing beautifully, we ran bump on a shoal ; there was no danger, and knowing that the 'Mudians were capital sailors, I sat still. Not so Captain K——, "Shove off, my boys," says he, "shove her off." She would not move, and thereupon, he in a fever of gallantry, jumped overboard up to the waist in full rig ; and one of the men following his example, we were soon afloat. The ladies applauded, and the captain sat in his wet clothes the rest of the voyage, in all the consciousness of being considered a hero.

EDUCATION.—The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character—that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education not that which is made up of the shreds and patches of useful arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self denial, and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God.

A certain class do not esteem things by their use but by their show. They estimate the value of their children's education by the money it costs, and not by the knowledge and goodness it bestows. People of this stamp often take a pride in the expenses of learning, instead of taking pleasure in the advantages of it.—Hannah Moore.

DISTRICT LIBRARIES.—The object of such institutions is to promote the general intelligence of the people : and the object in view is to be accomplished most effectually, not by confining the attention to one unvaried course of reading, but by extending it to as many and as various departments of knowledge as can be presented in a popular form. It is not in producing any one specific effect upon the mind, but in elevating the general character of intellect, in widening the views, in quickening the perceptions,

in multiplying the objects of thought and feeling, in detaching the spirit from the absorbing sway of the present and the sensible and thus forming it into an organ more capable of performing its office, on all subjects, and in all circumstances, that we expect such institutions to reap the harvest of their exertions, a harvest of the richest improvement and pleasure to the individual, and of growing order and comfort to the community.

PREVENTION.

Prevention is true wisdom—it imparts a double blessing, and is an evidence of vigor and soundness in the commonwealth ; whilst a reliance on punishment alone, is indicative of imbecile, short-sighted policy. This will be striking at the root, instead of lopping off the branches.

A child may be so educated as to shun alcohol as it does hot iron. Nearly all depends upon the education children receive.

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The Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received, and begs leave to inform them, that he continues to manufacture SILVER PLATE, of all descriptions of the purest quality, on very low terms.

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