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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

"To please the fancy—and improve the mind."

Vol. [I.]

HALIFAX, N. S. JUNE 12, 1835.

[No. 22.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BEE.

There is scarcely a more wonderful little creature in the world than a bee. There are generally three sorts of bees in a hive; the queen bee, and the drones and the working bees. The queen bee is the mother of all the rest. The drones are the males.

The industry, and order, and regularity of the working bees is truly surprising.—There seems to be a delightful sort of disposition among them which seems to lead them to think and contrive how they can help one another in their work.

A honey comb is a wonderful and beautiful contrivance: the bees make it of wax. They can go in on either side, but there is a division half way down, so that there are two sets of cells. These cells are all in the form of a hexagon; that is, a figure with six sides; and these sort of figures fit into one another so exactly, that there is no vacant space between them, and no waste of wax: this is a beautiful contrivance; the more it is examined, the more wonderful it appears. When bees are put into a new hive, they immediately set about making combs; they are all in full activity, all at work, all helping one another, and though in great crowds, not in any confusion, but working in great order, so as to get through their work without needless delay, and at the same time to do it well. They seem to divide themselves into companies, whilst they are employed, and thus their work is done sooner and better.

In winter we know that the bees cannot go out to get honey, and they would therefore die for want of food, if they had not contrived to lay by a good store whilst they were able to work. And, besides this, there is many "a rainy day" even in the summer time when they cannot leave the hive; but as these little creatures have been prudent, there is always their stock to go to; just like those industrious people who have always a little stock in a savings' bank to look to when they are not able to work.

The bees collect honey from flowers. As soon as they are full, they return to the hive, and stow it in the cells of the comb. Sometimes a loaded bee, in his way home, meets a hungry companion on the road.—He then stops, like a good-natured fellow, to give a little help to his friend in need.—When he gets home, he finds numbers of his companions who were obliged to stay at home and work, and he then offers them some of his store, that they may not be obliged to stop their work for the sake of going to

search for food. When they have laid up a store in their cells for winter, they make a lid to the box, and shut it up, that they may not be tempted to take away any of their stock as long as they are able to maintain themselves from day to day, by their out-doors work. We should all do well to imitate the bee.

GEOMETRY.

LINES.—Some persons, of great intelligence, appear to use the words vertical and perpendicular, as synonymous. There is probably about the same distinction between the meaning of these two words, as in quadruped and horse, tree and oak, or rock and granite.

Every vertical line is perpendicular, but every perpendicular line is not vertical. A line is vertical, only when it is perpendicular to the horizon, or to the horizontal line.—Two lines may be perpendicular to each other, in any position in relation to the horizon.

All lines that form right angles with each other, are perpendicular, whether they lie in one position or another.

This distinction is not only plain, but important to be observed, to avoid confusion, even in the exact science of Mathematics.

As the first impressions made upon the minds of infants, are of the forms and shapes of objects around them, and one of the first propensities a wish to imitate, some of the first instruments proper to put into the hands of children, either for amusement or instruction, are the slate and pencil.

When a child can draw a vertical and horizontal line, he has learned an important lesson, and taken an important step in writing, in drawing generally, and in practical education. This children will do at a very early age, and with a degree of skill which will surprise any one who witnesses it for the first time. Slates and pencils are certainly more important than books for young children, whether at home or in school.

HISTORY.

There is something strangely interesting in the whole history of America. That a land so extensive—with climes so various and delightful—should have been so long hidden from the world of enterprise, curiosity and civilization, and left to be wrought curiously and grandly by the rude hand of nature, and enjoyed only by the wild roaming Indian,—all this, as often as contemplated, excites our wonder. For the history of its aboriginal population, and its condition before

the arrival of Europeans, only a small portion of the existing materials have as yet been collected. From what part of the eastern world the American Indians first came has not yet been discovered. More light, we hope, will be shed on this subject, especially on what respects North America, by the American Antiquarian Societies. The materials we have, which indicate Indian history, and mode of life, consist, for the most part, of rude hatchets and knives of stone, of mortars for bruising maize, of arrow heads, and similar articles. A second class consists of articles which the natives received from the earliest settlers. There is a third, and more interesting class, derived from the nations that built the forts or *tumuli*, (graves, walls, artificial eminences, hearths, &c.) in North America. To judge from these works, the people who wrought them must have been better acquainted with the useful arts than the present Indians. From the lofty trees with which they are overgrown, it is concluded that a long period must have elapsed—perhaps a thousand years—since the desertion of these fabrics by the people by whom they were constructed. They are found in the vicinity of each other, spread over the great plains from the southern shores of Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, generally in the neighbourhood of the great rivers. Their structure is regular, and they have been supposed to warrant the opinion of the existence, in ancient times, of great cities along the Mississippi. As we proceed further south, these works increase in number and magnitude. Their traces may be followed, through the provinces of Texas and Mexico, into South America. Although the accounts of the earliest generations of this quarter of the world are scanty and obscure, its latter history is rich in occurrences. The icelanders made a voyage in 982, to Winland, (the name given to the tract extending from Greenland to Labrador,) and the Venitians gave some information respecting the West India Islands (in maps of 1424); but America still remained a sealed book for Europe till the period of its discovery by Columbus, in 1492.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Where is there a young person to be found in the British dominions who has never heard of the Tower of London? One of the first places to be seen by the stranger who visits London is the Tower; and one of the first questions put to a stranger returning from London is, "Did you go to the Tower?" In short, if you have seen the whole of London's fine city, and yet have not visited the

Tower, you have left unseen one of the most remarkable places in it.

Thousands of persons in London know but little about the Tower, and hundreds of thousands of people in the country know nothing more of it, than that it is a large building, with wild beasts in it. A short account, then, shall here be given, which, if read with attention, will make you, perhaps, wiser than your neighbours concerning the Tower.

This large pile has been celebrated as a fortress, a splendid palace, and a secure prison. It stands on a rising piece of ground on the banks of the river Thames, and covers a space of twelve acres.

It often happens that correct information cannot be obtained about the erection of ancient buildings, and this is the case with respect to the Tower; for though the building now standing was originally founded by William the Conqueror, yet there is every reason to believe that, long before his time, the Romans had a fort on the spot. The wide ditch around it, and the more modern part of the building, have been added in later periods. The Tower is, indeed, a monument of ancient times, wherein those, who are acquainted with history, may read the uncertainty of earthly possessions, and the changing customs of mankind. William the Conqueror built the tower to overcome the citizens of London, being fearful of their revolting against him.

The kings and queens of England, from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth, occasionally resided in the Tower. Here it was that king John reposed in imaginary security when his barons besieged him in his palace, after which he was compelled to sign Magna Charta. Here, too, Henry the Second took refuge against his barons and the citizens of London. The Tower was the principal scene of action during the rebellion of Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. It was in the Tower, also, that Richard the Third is said to have caused the murder of the two young princes, Edward the Fifth and the duke of York.

Now listen to a striking instance of the sudden change to which human greatness is liable. Ann Boleyn was married by Henry the Eighth, and became a queen. She was borne to the Tower of London in a grand procession, consisting of fifty barges. Bands of music playing incessantly: the Tower guns were fired, and hundreds of thousands of people crowded to behold the imposing spectacle. The queen was, at that time borne on a litter of white cloth of gold, drawn by palfreys covered with white damask, a golden canopy rose over her, her ladies rode in chariots, and her guards were richly arrayed. As she passed, fountains of white marble spouted forth the richest wines, and the figures of goddesses offered her gifts.—These were the honours which were paid to

her, and yet Ann Boleyn was, soon after carried there a prisoner, then led out of the Tower, as a condemned malefactor, though falsely accused, and perished beneath the axe of the executioner. Who would envy the great, when we consider such changes? It is better to dwell in a lowly cottage in peace, than in a palace with such dangers around.

Among the many prisoners who have been confined in the Tower, may be mentioned those men of God, bishop Latimer and archbishop Cranmer, during the reign of queen Mary.

The Tower of London has, in later years, been principally used as a state prison, and is now principally occupied as a magazine for arms. Cannon and large field-pieces are kept in the lower story of the building, and the smaller armour above. There are muskets, and other implements of destruction, sufficient to arm more than a hundred thousand men. O what misery has sin brought upon mankind! If it were not for sin what need would there be for fortresses, and cannon, and muskets, and instruments of cruelty and death!

The arms are arranged very tastefully in the Tower in the shape of pillars, columns, cornices, stars, and other devices; and, in the horse armoury, there are figures on horse back in complete suits of armour, representing most of the sovereigns who have reigned in England from William the conqueror to George the Second. No one can look on these without being carried back in thought to generations long gone by, and to manners & customs now altogether changed. In the Spanish armoury there are the arms and instruments of torture which were taken from the Spanish Armada when the Spaniards invaded England. Who can look on these instruments without offering praise to the God of armies, for delivering England from the cruel scourge that threatened her?

Among these instruments of torture are thumbscrews, iron collars for the neck, and others with sharp poisoned points. When man has his evil passions excited, and is destitute of the restraining power of God's grace, he is more cruel and relentless than a famished tiger. It is dreadful to think of the hard-hearted bitterness with which men have persecuted their fellow sinners.

In the Tower, also, are kept the crown jewels, which are of great value, and among them is to be seen the imperial crown, worn by our kings at their coronation. The jewels are said to be worth two millions of money, and are kept with very great care, as more than one attempt has been made to carry off the crown. An iron railing prevents the spectator from drawing too near, and every one who visits the place is locked up in the room before he is allowed to look at the treasure.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

In the autumn of 182—, as Mr. H. was travelling on horse-back in the western part of Virginia, he was late in the evening overtaken by a storm. He was in the middle of a large forest, without any attendant, and the only dwelling within a considerable distance, was an obscure log hut, or cabin, as it is there called. He had no alternative but to crave admittance into this humble mansion, or to remain exposed to the severity of the storm. He determined on the former; and having dismounted from his horse and knocked repeatedly at the door, he was, after some delay, directed to enter by a harsh voice, which, on complying with the uncourteous invitation, he found to proceed from an aged female, whose appearance evinced a mind brutalized by poverty.

Mr. M. asked shelter from the storm; and though at first refused, he at length obtained permission to place his horse in an adjoining hovel, and to remain himself for the night in the only room the rude dwelling afforded. He accordingly provided for the horse in the best manner the uncomfortable shed would permit, and then entered the scarcely preferable dwelling of his churlish hostess. His attempts at conversation were received with sullenness, and answered in monosyllables. He could only learn that her husband was a forester—was then from home—and would not probably return till the following day. His apologies for the trouble he had caused, and the thanks for the reception he had received, though delivered in suitable accents, had failed to move the stupid, or sulky taciturnity of his hostess. Having spread his great coat by the fire, he laid himself upon the floor resting his head on the valves which contained a considerable sum of money, and had scarcely closed his eyes when he was roused by the unexpected return of the forester.

Immediately on his entrance, he asked who that was lying on the floor, and on being told he was a traveller who had asked admittance from the storm, he seated himself on a bench before the fire, and commenced a conversation with his wife too low to be overheard. Mr. M. carefully examined the appearance of the husband, and thought it even more forbidding than that of his wife. His limbs seemed rather hardened than enfeebled by years, and his large harsh features, as the unsteady light of the declining fire faintly gleamed upon his face, betrayed a mind, whose native ferocity had been matured by the wild scenes and savage habits to which the life of a Virginia forester had exposed it. He appeared to be a man whom nature had wisely stationed on the extreme boundary of civilization, where the hardihood of his character and strength of the frame, had admirably fitted him to erect and guard the outposts of society, without repining at a lot which excluded him from

all the enjoyments which make life tolerable to those who pass it among the busy haunts of men. Mr. M. was shortly interrupted in these reflections by suddenly remarking, that his host was the same whom he had noticed a few hours before at a tavern and whose penetrating scowls he had observed as he inquired of the landlord whether it was safe for one who carried with him a large sum of money, to travel that unfrequented road at night. He endeavoured to catch the whispers that passed between the forester and his wife, but could only hear the inquiry "is he now asleep?" which was answered by the woman in the negative.

Though Mr. M. was by no means deficient in courage, yet, the situation he was in—remote from assistance—destitute of arms—and carrying with him that which might tempt the avarice of a villain, excited some alarms for his safety, which the deportment of his host was far from removing. After a long pause, the forester whispering, "he must now be asleep," rose from his seat, and stretched his brawny arm over the fireplace, took down a large knife, which by the glimmering of the dying flame appeared in some places spotted, as he carefully examined the edge.—"Hark," exclaimed the wife "He stirs;" the man hesitated a moment, and then cautiously advanced.

Mr. M. was by this time satisfied that his life would be attempted. He saw himself in the power of an athletic ruffian, armed with a murderous weapon. The only chance of safety that occurred to him was to remain seemingly asleep, until the forester should be prepared to strike the blow, and then to endeavour to wrest the knife from his grasp. By the time this determination was made, the man stood before him; he had the knife raised—and—cutting a large slice from a sitch of bacon that hung above, broiled it on coals for supper, which had been delayed from an apprehension of disturbing his weary guest. In the morning, Mr. M. after pressing his host in vain to receive a remuneration for his lodging, pursued his journey, smiling at the alarms of the preceding night.

THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

A few weeks ago, as I was walking along, one of the back streets of the city of Edinburgh, on a very rainy morning, I was much struck with the melancholy figure of a blind man, who was endeavouring to excite charity by ballad-singing. Misery could not have found, among the numbers of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature. Whilst I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strains which necessity compelled him to chaunt, a Sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad of him.—"Heaven, preserve you," cried the blind

man, "for I have not tasted a bit of bread this blessed day;" when the Sailor, looking round for a moment, sprung up four steps into a hakers shop, near which he stood, and returning immediately, thrust a small loaf quietly into his hand, and went off whistling as he came. I was so affected with this singular act of generosity, that I called the honest sailor back to me. Taking the silver I had about me, which I think was not more than four shillings,—"thy nobleness of heart, my lad," said I, "which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve; I must, however, beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a testimony how much I admire thy generous nature."—"Heaven bless your noble honour," said the Sailor, "and thank you, but we shall divide the prize-money fairly." Stepping back, therefore, to the poor man, he gave him half of it, and clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, added, "here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you; so get into harbour, and make yourself warm, and keep your hum-strum for fairer weather."—*Mackenzie's Works.*

THE MONTHS.—No. 6.

JUNE.—*Jun*, called "the goddess of power and empire, and the patroness of riches," was worshiped by the Greeks and Romans. In honour of this jealous sister and wife of the heathen god Jupiter, the sixth month was called June—this in some respects may be said to be one of the loveliest months in the year, combining the freshness and gaiety of Spring with a moderate degree of the warmth of summer. In the country wherever we turn, the eye is regaled with beauty and promise—promise established into a degree of settled expectation; for the keen blasts of spring are now gone by, and the productions of nature may be generally expected to advance to maturity. Before the close of this month, the days have attained their utmost length; and soon begin to decline. Nothing in this world is stationary, least of all, human circumstances and human character. The former having reached their zenith, in some way or other decline; the latter, when it arrives at its zenith, whether of excellence or depravity, is removed hence, and has the seal of eternity set upon it.—How infinitely important that whether life and health, human pleasures and possessions are on the wane, the character may be clearly ascertained, and be satisfactorily advancing in that career which shall soon attain a blessed end.

Sporting Anecdote.—A short time since, some gentlemen were enjoying the diversion of coursing and having lost sight of the hare, one of the party rode up to an arch boy who was standing at a distance, when the follow-

ing dialogue ensued:—Boy, have you seen a hare running this way, followed by dogs?—Answer: What, do you mean a little brown thing; Yes.—Had it long ears?—Yes.—A little white under the belly? Yes.—Was it running as fast as it could?—Yes, it was.—Boy (after a pause,) No, I have not seen it.

Dean Swift's barber told him that he had taken a public house. "And what's your sign?" said the Dean. "Oh the pole and bason: and if your worship would write me a few lines to put upon it, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers." The Dean took out his pencil, and wrote the following couplet, which long graced the barber's sign:

Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where now 't excels the shaving but the beer.

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1835.

Vice-Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, G. C. B. Sir T. Usher, C. B. and the Right Rev. and Hon. Bishop of Nova Scotia, arrived yesterday in H. M. S. President, from Bermuda.

Boston Papers contain an account of the explosion of a Steam Boat at Memphis, Tenn. on the 13th May, by which 40 persons lost their lives.—A Fire took place at New-York, on the 29th ult. which destroyed about 20 buildings, in Barclay Street.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.
—*Talcahuana, March 1st. 1835.*—On the morning of the 20th Feb 1835, about 10 min. past 11, we were visited by one of the most awful earthquakes ever experienced in this place. The first shock lasted about 4 min. causing the mountains and the valleys to roll like the waves of the sea. Conception a city containing 25,000 inhabitants, is one heap of ruins, being built principally of brick, there is not even one habitable dwelling left standing within the limits of the city, and for leagues around. The shock came from a S. E. course prostrating every thing in its way. A number of small towns have been heard from, having all met the same fate. Talcahuana, the port of Conception, is completely demolished. It was not only shaken down, but the ruins of the stores, &c. were swept away by the sea, which retired about 15 min. after the first shock, leaving the shipping in the harbour entirely dry. It came in rising to a height of 25 feet above the level, overruling the whole place.

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POETRY.

LEADING-STRINGS MADE EASY.

Who is not governed by the word LED?"

Are we not led in leading strings,
As through this world we trot?
The mule and newly married man
Are *bride-led*—are they not?
Our habits are diseased, in truth,
And lest we die and rot,
Our pulse, by Doctors sage and grave,
Is *fee-led*—is it not?
The young, the aged and the prime,
Have leading features got:
A pack-horse and an old man, sure,
Are *sad-led* are they not?
Subjects and things are held in power,
Whate'er their destined spot;
For cats and dice, in spite of mice,
Are *rat-led*—are they not?
Let nobles shrink—we find them out,
In mansion, straw or grot;
For they, like swine, though dress'd so fine
Are *sty-led*—are they not?
In fashion's circle, 'tis the same,
Attraction, chance, or lot,
A smart coquette and tender-box,
Are *spark-led*—are they not?
But I must not so far be *led*;
A period is a dot—
A lover and a blunderer,
Are *grove-led*—are they not?
Ho! for the chase, or *crump-led* lips,
The mouth's lid to a pot:
A race-horse and a frighten'd girl,
Are *start-led*—are they not?
But hold—I draw my verses in—
Or you will answer—what!
Readers, like bees, are fed by hums,
And *humb-led*—are they not?

MINUTE POWERS OF ART.

Dr. Power says, he saw a golden chain at Tredeyant's Museum, South Lambeth, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length, fastened to and pulled away by a flea. And I myself (says Baker, in his Essay on the Microscope) have seen very lately, near Durham-yard, in the Strand, and have examined with my microscope, a chaise (made by one Mr. Boverick, a watch-maker) having four wheels, with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles: together with a man sitting in the chaise: all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care I was able, and found the chaise, man, and flea were barely equal to a single grain. I weighed also, at the same time and place, a brass chain, made by the same hand, about two inches long, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end, and a pad-

lock at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen a quadrille table, with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking glass, twelve chairs, with skeleton backs, two dozen of plates, six dishes, a dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons, two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady, and footman, all contained in a *cherry stone*, and not filling much more than half of it." At the present time are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished with ivory screws, which contain each 120 perfect silver-spoons, an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told that one Osmond Merlinger made a cup of a pepper corn, which had twelve other little cups all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt on the edges, and standing upon a foot, and that, so far from being crowded, or wanting room, the pepper corn could have held four hundred more.

THE CHINA ASTER.

"I planted it with my own hand," said my little sister, holding up a withered *China aster*, plucked up by the roots—"I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning, and *after all*, (wiping her eyes with the corner of her frock)—*after all, it is dead!*"

Alas! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I, which resemble Mary's flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and laying it as it were in our bosom, love it "as a daughter"—fancy prints it in gay colors; increasing in beauty wese its little leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude from the *swelling bud* to the *full blow*; and then, when we fondly expect to enjoy it, *reality* tells us—*after all, it is dead!*

How often does a *beloved son* or *daughter* engross all the cares of their parents, and wind themselves round every fibre of their heart—to cherish the idol is every wish on the stretch—to indulge it are all the rarities of art and nature procured—sleepless nights and anxious days are *their lot*; and lo! when they hope to see the end of their labors, struck by the hand of *disease* or defaced by the contaminating touch of *vice*, the agonizing parents find, *after all, it is dead!*

THE FARMER.

There is not a more independent being in existence than the farmer. The *real* farmer, he who attends strictly to the duties of his profession, who keeps every thing about him snug and tidy, and who seeks every opportunity to introduce such improvements of the day as will tend to add beauty and worth to his farm. Such a farmer is always happy and independent, and he lives as it were, in a little world of his own, with nothing to trouble him save the cares of his farm, which,

by the way, are considered rather as pleasures than otherwise. His mind is always at ease, and the duties of his calling are performed with a good degree of pleasure.—When the toils of the day are o'er, and the "night cometh," he takes his seat at the domestic fireside, and whiles away the evening in sweet converse with his little family circle. The toils of the day have been perhaps rather arduous; but what of that? They are drowned and forgotten in the pleasures of the evening. And then, he feels a sincere pleasure on reflection, that while he rests from his labors his business continues to flourish. His crops are growing and preparing for harvest, his cattle, &c. are fattening ready for the market, and every thing prospers. With such thoughts as these, he can calmly resign himself to the night's repose, and rise on the morrow with the returning sun, refreshed and prepared for the duties of another day.

FRENCH CEMENT.

This cement is designed as a paint for the roofs of houses. It answers all the purposes of common paint, and also protects the roof from fire. Those who are erecting new houses, or are about to paint the roofs of old buildings, would do well to try it. The expense of painting a roof in this way, would be much less than in the common method. The cement becomes very hard and glossy, and is said to be more durable than the best kind of paint.

The following is a receipt for making it. Take as much lime as usual in making a pail-full of white-wash, and let it be mixed in the pail nearly full of water; in this put two pounds and a half of brown sugar, and three pounds of fine salt, mix them well together and the cement is completed. A little lamp black, yellow ochre, or other coloring commodity, may be introduced to change the color of the cement to please the fancy of those who use it. Small sparks of fire that frequently lodge on the roofs of houses, are prevented by the cement from inflaming the shingles. So cheap and valuable a precaution against this destructive element, ought not to pass untried. Those who wish to be better satisfied of its utility can easily make the experiment, by using a small portion of the cement, on some small temporary building; or it may be tried on dry shingles put together for the purpose, and then exposed to the fire.

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