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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, MAY 20, 1836.

No. 13

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and adjoining north of Mr. Allan McDonald's.

WHERE

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

—o—

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SKIMMER OF THE SEA.

The structure of the organs of animated beings, and the express adaptation of those organs, each for its peculiar use, afford an inexhaustible source of rational inquiry. Studies of this kind must ever tend to elevate and expand our conceptions of the power and wisdom of the God of nature; they lead us through an elaborate chain of cause and effect, of means and end, till we arrive at the cause of causes, the Almighty, the self-existent Jehovah. Hence is the volume of nature of no mean use to him who reads it aright, and hence do we present these extracts from its pages to our readers.

We introduce this bird on account of the singular mechanism of its bill. The bill of birds affords a clue to their food and natural habits: who can mistake the purpose of the strong, hooked, dentated beak of the falcon? who of the spatulate mandible of the spoon-bill, or of the long slender bill of the snipe and curlew? In the present instance, also, we have an example of design, at the least as clear, and, if we regard the mechanism of the organ, fully as remarkable, as is possessed by any of the feathered race.

The skimmer is placed among the natural family of *laridae*, or gulls; it is a bird of moderate size, being in length about twenty inches; its stretch of wing, however, is very great, giving a measurement of three feet. The mandibles of the bill are very compressed on the sides; the lower is much the longest, and bears no unapt resemblance to a knife-blade, or rather, perhaps, to a sharp and slender paper-cutter. The upper is shorter, more pointed and rather stouter, having its inferior edge channelled with a groove, for the reception of the lower blade, which shuts somewhat like a razor into its handle.

The length of the lower mandible is five inches, that of the upper nearly four: both are orange red at their base, but gradually become black. Now what can be the use of such a bill as this? We have all seen the way in which eels are speared. Two of the flat prongs of the instrument used for that purpose well represent the bill of the skimmer, and such also is its use. The skimmer, as its name imports, is ever traversing on wing the surface of the ocean, with the lower mandible just dipping beneath the water, the gape of the mouth being open; on meeting with its prey (which consists of the smaller kinds of fishes), it does not at once ingulph it in a wide capacious mouth, or grasp it with a strong hooked bill, but taking it across, runs it up between these bladed mandibles by the impetuosity of its career, and thus securing it, swallows it at leisure. The immense power of flight with which this bird is endowed, renders it perfectly at home hundreds of miles from shore, and though it can swim with tolerable ease, it is seldom seen except on the wing. Its range is rather extensive, as it occurs along the American coast from New York to Guiana, and even Brazil; it is not, however, confined to the seas of the new world, being by no means uncommon in the East Indies, both on the Malabar coast and that of Coromandel. It is also found along the shores of Senegal, in Africa.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

William Shakspeare, father of the English drama, was born of a good family at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family that he could give him but a scanty education. He was indeed for some time at the grammar school at Stratford, where he learnt the rudiments of the Latin language, but was prevented from making any further progress by being taken home to follow his father's business. While he was yet very young he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a substantial farmer in the neighbourhood. In this kind of settlement he continued till, falling into the company of some deer-stealers, he was prevailed upon, more than once, to engage in robbing the park of sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote near Stratford. For this he was

prosecuted by that gentleman, and out of revenge he made a ballad upon sir Thomas, which is said to have been so bitter that the prosecution was redoubled, and he was obliged to shelter himself in London. Here he formed an acquaintance with the players and was enrolled among them, though what sort of characters he performed does not appear. Mr. Rowe observes, that he never could meet with any further account of him as an actor than that his highest part was the *Ghost* in his own *Hamlet*. The earl of Southampton was his particular friend, and hearing that he had an inclination to make a purchase, but wanted the means, he generously sent him one thousand pounds. Shakspeare was very intimate with Ben Johnson, who gives him a high character in his *Discoveries*. After conducting the theatre many years with great reputation, he retired to his native place, where his wit and good nature introduced him to the acquaintance of the gentleman in the neighbourhood. Shakspeare died in 1616, and was buried in the church of Stratford, where a monument is placed to his memory.

THE CHILDISH PURSUIT.

I tell you they are children still,
Just as they were before,
Though now their heads are six feet high,
Instead of two feet four

If you should happen to know the village of Ashgrove, then you will agree with me, that nothing more is wanting to render it one of the prettiest places in England, than to root up the old hollow oak tree, on the green, that shoots up its leafless and barkless branches into the air, and to pull down the dirty cowhouse, near the blacksmith's shop: but, then, the dirty cowhouse belongs to a poor worthy couple, who cannot afford to part with it; and the hollow oak tree is the delight of all the old inhabitants of the place who knew it in the days of their youth, when its goodly boughs were covered with acorns and with oakballs. No! not the old oak must not be rooted up, and the dirty cowhouse must not be pulled down, for the aged, and the poor, have a claim on our regard, and I pity him who would trespass on their peace.

It was one of the hottest days in August. The sun blazed in the heavens, while the few clouds, which were in the sky, appeared to be hung there to prevent his scorching rays from smiting the earth too intensively.

was standing at the grocer's door, at the corner of the village, when a breeze sprung up, which was delightfully refreshing.

Suddenly half-a-dozen lads, of different ages, burst out together from a yard, in which they had been playing, and, shouting as loudly as they could, ran along, pell mell, one after the other, towards the village green.

Sometimes they ran on one side of the lane, and sometimes on the other, and every now and then threw up their hats and caps into the air, hallooing, hooting, and screaming, as though they were half wild.

I could not conceive what was the cause of so much commotion; their very hearts and souls were set upon something, but what it was I could not tell. My curiosity, however, was excited, and I followed them in the direction of the green. On they ran, close by the side of the pond, then they passed the sign post, and had nearly got to the ash tree, when down came Bob Turner, and over him rolled Dick Brown.

Bill Careless, Tom Stokes, Harry Stevens, and Jack Jones, however still kept running; hallooing, and flinging up their caps. Bob Turner, and Dick Brown, were soon on their legs again, and after their companions.

"I wonder what's up now," said Betty Parker, the errand woman, as I passed her. "I'm thinking them lads be crazy," said the old hostler of the Wheatsheaf, as he stood at the stable door, with a bridle in his hand, which he had been cleaning. But as neither Betty Parker, nor the hostler, seemed to know more about the matter than myself, I still followed the throng of madcaps across the green. Sometimes the lads were altogether, and sometimes straggling, in a long line, one after the other, then they would suddenly stop, and stare up at the sky, as though they saw something in the clouds; but though I looked with all my eyes, yet I could see nothing.

They ran so near the sawpit, that I thought every one of them would have tumbled in; but, no; they passed the sawpit, and came to the pieces of timber which had lain on the green, ever since the fall of stockwood last year. What a yelping, and confusion, the young rogues made!

Bob leaped, and rolled upon his back,
While Harry was more lumber;
But Dick, and Bill, and Tom, and Jack,
All ardent, in the chase, slack!
Fell o'er a log of timber.

Before I could come up to them, they were once more scampering along as wild as before, till, at last, Harry Stevens caught hold of what they had been pursuing. Had life and death been the stake, they could not have manifested more ardour in the chase, and I felt very curious to know what was the invaluable prize which they had obtained. Judge my surprise, when I found that the calling, and bawling the routing,

and shouting, the rumbling, and tumbling, was all after a feather! nothing in the world but a feather!

The wind had blown it up and down, here and there, on one side and on the other side, until the happy moment when Harry Stevens was fortunate enough to get it into his possession, and, for a few seconds, he was as proud as a general after obtaining a victory.

As I turned my steps and walked towards the church, old Ephraim Jenkinson was standing at the door, leaning on his stick. Ephraim, it seemed had not only been watching the lads, but also observing me too, though in my hurry I had not seen him before.

"A Pretty wild-goose chase those lads have had," said he, "and what has it all been about? why they have made as much noise and confusion as though a mad dog had passed through the village, and have been as keenly set after something as though it was to make their fortunes; what has the hubbub been about?" "Why, Ephraim," I replied, "to tell you the truth, I am almost ashamed to say what it was. Concluding myself, that it must be something very wonderful, I followed the young rioters, and after all, it turned out to be nothing more than a feather!" "A feather!" cried Ephraim, laughing, "Ah! ah! ah! ah! well; I have run after many a one too, in my time, and almost all my neighbours appear to be doing the same thing now."

"What do you mean by that, Ephraim?" said I, "What do I mean?" replied he, "why, I mean, that every man at his best estate is altogether vanity, and that nine out of every ten men in the world, are running after things as light, and of as little real value to them, as the feather which has just made such a commotion among the young urchins yonder.

"For more than three score years and ten have I been a pilgrim and a sojourner in the land, and the longer I live in it, the more plainly do I see that mankind are 'altogether lighter than vanity.

"Look at our squire! he has his horses, and his dogs, and when you see him turn out on a morning, dressed in his red coat, surrounded by his friends, and servants, by his huntsmen, his whipper-in, and his pack of hounds, why you might think he was about to carry the whole world before him.

"What a hallooing of the men! a dancing and prancing of the horses! a yelping and barking of the dogs! away they set off across the country like mad, tearing up the ground, breaking down the hedges, and scampering along o'er hill and valley, through bog and brake, their necks liable every moment to be broken; and all for what? Why, for as very a feather as that which the lads ran after, for what will a fox, or a fox's brush, do towards helping a man on his road to heaven? For my part, I take the lads to be the wiser of the two, for they have about as much amusement as he has, and at a great deal less expense.

"You know that Dexter, the miller, is as rich as a Jew, and subscribed twenty pounds towards returning the member of parliament for the country; but you know also that he is a hardhearted man, and an oppressor of the poor, and that the only reason why he gave the money was, that his name might be printed

in the newspapers, and read all over the country. He can afford to give to the rich, but not to relieve the wants of the poor. He is bidding high for popularity, he is seeking to obtain a character for public spirit, while he is neglecting his private duties. Don't you think this is running after a feather? Ay, and a light one too.

"Every body knows that Sam Ferrady has passed his life in scheming, but what has his schemes done for him? He has attempted to improve a hundred things, from a steam-engine, to a tobacco stopper, and many a sleepless night has he toiled through in pursuing his whims, but like the fisherman, spoken of in that old fashioned book, the Bible, he has 'toiled all night, and taken nothing.' Better for him, had he joined the lads yonder, on the green, for then he might have caught a feather, and kept his property, and that would be a great deal more than he has now done.

"But it is not the squire, and the miller, and Sam Ferrady alone, that are running after feathers; we are all playing the same game! we are all running after the shadows of time, and leaving the substantial things of eternity!

"Lads will be lads, do what you will to prevent it, and for my part, I love to see them in their pastimes. Let them enjoy themselves while they have youth, and health and spirits. There is no harm in their chasing a feather, till they are tired of the sport, but it is high time for us, who are so much older, to be thinking of other things. We ought to leave off our childish pursuits, but, instead of that, as I said before, we are all running after the light feathers that fly about on the surface of the earth, rather than seeking the solid enjoyments of the kingdom of Heaven.

I walked away from the door of old Ephraim Jenkinson, convinced that what he had said was very true; that my neighbours were pursuing vanity, and that most of us had been running after feathers all the days of our lives.

SUPERSTITION.

"Don't put those hams in salt to day, whatever you do," said self-conceited Molly to old cook, who was preparing the ingredients for that purpose. "Why not asked the cook, 'Because it is Friday,' answered the silly girl, "and no good luck ever comes to any thing begun on a Friday."

"And are you really weak enough to believe that can have any thing to do with the matter?" asked Mrs. —, who happened to be passing the pantry door at the moment.

"Every body knows that's true, ma'am; at least all country people do. There is not a farmers wife round the country that would put hams in salt, or begin making cheeses on a Friday. It is certain true that they never prosper."

"And pray do you know the reason why Mrs. Thomson's bacon was spoiled last autumn, which she was so very careful to put in salt on a Saturday?"

"No, ma'am, I do not know."

"Then I will tell you. It was because the weather was warm, and the meat was not salted early enough to preserve it. If it had been salted on the Friday, it is very likely it would have proved good bacon, but it was sacrificed to the silly prejudice of not putting it in salt on a Friday.

"Much in the same manner Mrs. Taylor suffered her baby to scratch and disfigure its face, because she had a notion that it is unlucky to cut the nails of a child under a

year old. And Nanny Scott, the old washer-woman, is certain sure that another death would happen this year in the family, because, when her sister-in-law was taken out to be buried, somebody shut the door before the corpse was underground, and so shut death into the house. Another neighbour expects a similar event, because a single raven flew over the house, and the cricket chirped on the hearth, and she saw a winding-sheet in the candle!

"My dear women," continued Mr. —, "how can you be so silly as to imbitter your lives by such foolish superstition? It is very likely that death will enter the house within the year, for no doors nor bolts can keep it out, and it is very likely that you may be its victim. You have more reason to think so than any of your silly omens can give you."

"Dear ma'am, what reason?" asked one of the women in terror.

"Because the bible tells that it is appointed to all men once to die, and warns us to be always ready, because we know not the day nor the hour when we shall be called."

"But, ma'am, don't you believe in anything that is a token of death, or of good or ill luck?"

"In nothing whatever. There is no such thing as luck either good, or bad, for luck means chance, but every thing, great and small, is under the wise and gracious direction of God; nothing can happen without his permission, and He permits nothing but what, in his wonderful plans, He designs to work about for good. We are kept in ignorance of the particular events that are to befall us, in order to keep up in us a constant obedience to the directions of his word, by which alone we can be prepared for the dispensations of his providence."

THE NEW GROATS.—The fourpenny silver pieces have been issued to the bankers, and are getting into circulation. The coin is neatly executed, and will be useful in preventing the incumbrance of halfpence. Perhaps the cabmen are the only class of the community who are likely to complain of this new coin, as they will in future be less likely to receive a third more than their fare, it being now the common practice to give a shilling, when they are only entitled to eight pence. The obverse of the coin bears the head of his Majesty, and the reverse the figure of Britannia which ought to be in the centre, but not being the case the effect is not so good. The issue of this fourpenny coinage is attributed to the suggestion of Mr. Hume. There can be no doubt that it will be very useful, and in commemoration of the Middlesex Member, the new groats are to be called "Joes."

SWEARING. A New-York paper recommends forming societies for the suppression of swearing. Every thing, these days, goes

by associations. We are getting to be conventional, and must surely lose all our individuality. We regret this: but sure we are, that profane swearing should be abandoned, and perhaps a society is the best way to do it, as things now are.

NEW WORKS.

SIX LECTURES ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A work with the above Title has just been published, and is for sale at the several Book-stores price 2s.6d. These Lectures were delivered in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Halifax, during the season of Lent by the Rev. W. Cogswell M. A. The author states in his preface, "that should the sale of this Work be such as to produce a surplus above the expense of Publication, that surplus shall be devoted towards the establishment or support of a House of Industry in this Town."

Dr. Gosner, is about publishing a Work on the "Geology and Mineralogy of the Province."

Rev. H. Hayden, a Work on "Astronomy.—Mr. Dickson of Pictou, a Work on the "Criminal Law of the Province."—And Mr. Eager, has announced his intention to publish a Work to be entitled "Landscape Illustrations of Nova-Scotia:"—to consist of views of all the important places in the province, from Original Drawings. The work to be published in numbers, each to contain 3 views, engraved on Steel—Price 10 shillings. The first number to contain 3 views of Halifax, to be ready for delivery in the course of the present summer.

The Annual Meeting of the Nova-Scotia auxiliary Bible Society was held at the Acadian School on Monday evening last, on which occasion His Excellency the Lieut. Governor presided; after a very interesting Report had been read by the Secretary, several Gentlemen addressed the meeting:—The following extracts from the Report will convey some idea of the doings of this truly philanthropic Institution in the place where Charity ought to begin.

"The amount of contributions received from the subscriptions and donations in Halifax since our last report, is £73 3 7. We have remitted to the Parent Society £290 8 10, and there now remains in the hands of the Treasurer the sum of £160 12 1"

"The issues of the Scriptures from the Depository at Halifax within the above period, have been as follows: to sundry poor persons gratis 161 Bibles and 231 Testaments."

"To Branch Societies, Bible Associations, and Agents of the Society in different parts of the Province, 423 Bibles and 566 Testaments."

"To sundry persons at cost and reduced prices, 134 Bibles and 263 Testaments,

"It has been one of the most satisfactory, and we doubt not will also eventually appear to have been one of the most profitable parts of the duty of your Committee, to supply the different Sunday Schools in various parts of the Province with copies of the Word of God, and there have been distributed for the use of those excellent Seminaries of early piety 138 Bibles and 241 Testaments. The total amount of issues above enumerated, being 356 Bibles, and 1301 Testaments."

His Majesty's Ship *Melville*, Vice-Admiral Sir PETER HALKET, Capt. DOUGLAS, arrived at Bermuda on the 1st inst. We understand the *Melville* may be expected to arrive here in the course of next week.

The Packet ship *Hayre* has arrived at New-York, having on board 350,000 dollars, part of the Indemnification money.

MARRIED.

At St. Margarets Bay, on Tuesday the 17th. inst. by the Rev. William Jackson, Mr. Charles Richardson, to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. James Mason, of that place.

DIED.

On Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, after a short illness, which he bore with patient resignation, Mr. John Dugwell, aged 73 years, a native of Kent, England. Mr. D. came to this Province at an early age, and has been attached to His Majesty's Dockyard, in this place, for upwards of fifty years, during which lengthened period of service, his honest integrity of principle, and benevolence of disposition, had secured him the favor and esteem of all with whom he was acquainted. Funeral on Sunday next, at 4 o'clock: the friends of the family are requested to attend.

G. HOBSON,

Engraver and Copper-Plate Printer,

No. 39, DUKE-STREET.

Maps, Plans, Bills of Exchange, Bill Heads, Address and Visiting Cards, Arms and Crests, Labels, &c. neatly designed, engraved and printed. Metal Seals, Door Plates, Dog Collars, and Dandy Ornaments, neatly engraved.

May 13, 1836.

SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of the Subscriber, a large assortment of

Flower and Garden Seeds

These Seeds have been obtained from the same House in London, whose supplies for the last four years, have given such general satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.

Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.
May 9.

Will be Published,

On Monday next, and for Sale at the Stationary Store of Messrs. A. & W. Mackinlay, and at the Confectionery shop of Mr. Roue, nearly opposite Northrup's Country Market—Price 7½d.

A TREATISE
ON THE

SUNDAY DISTEMPER,

Illustrating the nature, causes, symptoms and treatment of that sad disease.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON.

May 20.

BLANKS.

Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, Outward and Inward reports, Contents, &c. for sale at this Office.



MILITARY TORTURE.

By. MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Britain said, "the Afric slaves
Shall not faint beneath the stroke !"
Bade soft Mercy's pinnons wave
O'er him, when his bonds she broke.

Yet she lets the oppressor's thong
Fall on children of her own ;
For some petty tyrant's wrong,
Sees proud manhood overthrown !

Ye can write in POLAND'S cause,
England's Bards ! and find it fame ;
Advocate kind Nature's cause,
And add a laurel to your name.

Ye can weep for foreign slaves,
England's daughters ! will the tear,
When a Briton's wound it laves,
Less like Heaven's own dew appear ?

Ye can plead for foreign woe,
England's Senate ! let each voice
Rise this outrage to o'erthrow,
And bid humanity rejoice !

Oh ! tis idle mock'ry all,
For distress abroad to roam,
While tortures still unheeded fall
On a BROTHER'S neck AT HOME !

From Zinzendorf, by Mrs. Sigourney.

CHARITY.

TEACH us your self-denial—we who strive
To pluck the mote out of our brother's creed,
Till Charity's forgotten plant doth ask
The water-drop, and die. With zeal we watch
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit 'scapes,
And in the carving of our cunamun-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair—splittings, fail
To note the orbit of that star of love
Which never sets.

Yea, even the heathen tribes
Who from our lips, amid the chaos dark,
First heard the ' fiat lux'—and joyous came
Like Lazarus from his tomb, do wilder'd ask
What guide to follow ; for they see the men
They took for angels, warring in their paths
For Paul and for Apollos till they lose
The certainty that they are one in Christ—
That simple clue, which thro' life's labyrinth
Leads to heaven's gate.

Each differing sect, whose base
Is on the same pure word, doth strictly scan
Its neighbor's superstructure—point and arch—
Buttress and turret—till the hymn of praise,
That from each temple should go up to God,
Sinks in the critic's tone. All Christendom
Is one eternal burnishing of shields,
And girding on of armour. So the heat
Of border warfare checks Salvation's way.
The free complexion of another's thought
Doth militate against him, and those shades
Of varying opinion and belief,
Which sweetly blended with a skill of love,
Would make the picture beautiful, are blam'd
As features of deformity.

We toil
To controvert—to argue—to defend :
Camping amid imaginary foes,
And vision'd heresies. Even brethren deem
A name of doctrine, or a form of words,
A dense partition wall—the Christ hath said,

'See that ye love each other'

So come forth.

Ye, who have safest kept that Saviour's law
Green as a living germ within your soul,
Followers of Zinzendorf, stand meekly forth,
And with the gentle panoply of love,
Persuade the sister Church to recall
Their wasted energies, and concentrate
In one bright focal point, their quenchless zeal,
Till from each region of the darken'd globe,
The everlasting Gospels glorious wing,
Shall wake the nations to Jehovah's Praise.

TIMOTHY BAILEY—ENVY.

I do not know that I ever heard Timothy Bailey praise any thing in my life—although I have been his constant companion for a long series of years. I have shown him the finest specimens of poetry and prose that were ever produced by Moore, Campbell, or White, or any poetic genius who has ever blessed and delighted us with his (or her) productions. I have shown him the finest touch of the painter—and have, in fact, seen him view many of the most grand and beautiful works of man, which a person endowed with common qualities and taste, could but admire and praise. But all that was ever heard from the lips of Timothy was, "'Tis very well, to be sure, but I have seen better ;" or some similar expression.

I knew him to be possessed of good taste, and a very respectable share of sense—although it could hardly be called common sense—and the thought occurred to me that I had never hit upon the right subject, sufficiently to attract his attention, to draw from him, what I considered, due admiration or praise—and thus I accounted for his almost unaccountable indifference.

Recollecting that he was remarkably fond of music, although he was no singer himself, I hit upon a project which, I thought, insured to me perfect success. I possessed one of the finest toned pianos, and I knew a beautiful young lady, who was an admirable singer: so I invited Timothy to a little musical party, where I also, anticipated her presence. He selected a song—a particular favorite, of course. The young lady sung it "to a charm," and the piano never sounded more perfectly harmonious—but no commendation fell from Timothy's lips—not even a smile, or a look, which was in the least expressive of satisfaction;—but the same unthankful envying look was, still, fastened upon his brow. I wanted to push him, or tread on his toe, to make him thank the young lady, at least, for gratifying his taste.

I had been acquainted with Timothy in my youth—long before I was, in the least, acquainted with human nature. It was a long time after I took notice of his eccentricities—viewing the most grand, the most beautiful, the most lovely, and the most refined of the works of man, without expressing his admiration, satisfaction, or praise—for it often seemed to me impossible for any rational and enlightened person not to

admire what he had heard and seen—by .re I was able to account for them—for, never, from his lips was heard praise.

I, at last, became acquainted, and familiar with the term ENVY—that moment, I believed I had ascertained why he thus conducted. My belief was verified—TIMOTHY BAILEY was ENVILOUS—and I learned that by PRAISING him you got to the only avenue whereby there was access to his heart. Was he happy?—was he of a calm and contented nature; thereby verifying his belief in a just and impartial Governor of the universe? Verily, he was not. He was, of all others with whom I ever associated, the most unhappy and unpleasant.

"ENVY, what is it?—it is that which leads people to disparage and appear insensible to, the excellences of others—to wish to see the highest minds levelled with the meanest. To the ENVILOUS it is more pleasant to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are comparatively kept grovelling in envy and wretchedness. It is not because a person is not possessed of what he envies of another that he is unhappy;—but it is because he is contented to see others, apparently, more happy and prosperous than he is, enjoying what, perhaps, if they were not possessed of, he could not enjoy, on account of his ENVILOUS disposition.

I, therefore, exhort all young people to avoid being ruined, by harboring ENVY, and to watch with paternal care, the first seeds of it, which may be implanted in their bosom, and see that they are plucked up before taking root—for ENVY is the disturber of peace, happiness, and contentment,—and worst of all and most to be lamented, is the fact, that it is the legitimate mother of slander whose venomous sting is of all others the most shunned and dreaded by the truly virtuous,

INFANCY.—What is more beautiful than an infant? Look at its spotless brow—at its soft and ruddy lips—which has never uttered an unkind word, and its laughing eye, as it rests on the breast of its fond mother. See it has stretched out its white hand and is playfully twisting her around its tiny fingers. Ah! let us look at an infant. It is endued with life; the counterpart of love. It requires nothing but the pleasant look of its mother, and her warm kiss upon its lily cheek to make it happy.—Talk to it of sorrow, of misery or death—but your words are unmeaning. It has never felt the chill of disappointment; it has never withered under the pang of affliction—and its guiltless heart knows nothing of the emptiness of the world. Oh, that the cup might be broken ere it be lifted to those lips!

CONUNDRUM.—A carpenter being asked why OLD AGE was like a nail well driven into an oak post? replied, "because it is IN FIRM.