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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 41. Vol. 1]

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 23, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

A singular fact in Natural History.—In the western part of Virginia are dens, where the rattlesnakes and other serpents retire on the approach of cold weather, into winter quarters, and where, in a torpid state, like others of the serpent tribe, they while away that dreary season, in a state of cold and hunger. In the spring, when the genial influence of the sun quickens them into life, they crawl forth from their brumal retreats, and enjoy the pleasure of a renovated existence in their own peculiar manner. In their travels through the woods and fields, they generally wend their serpentine way along the paths, previously made, and there not unfrequently meet with travellers of a character and species very different from themselves.—Among the members of the animal kingdom, that frequent that district of the country is the wild deer, between whom and the rattlesnake there appears to subsist a most inveterate, instinctive hatred. When the deer, in the elevated pride of his character, moves gracefully along the path where the rattlesnake is travelling, they both instantaneously halt in their course, and prepare for a combat which is to terminate in the death of one or the other of the combatants. The snake immediately coils and prepares for the fatal spring, the deer slowly recedes, and coming up with lofty but graduated bounds, leaps with as much precision as is possible, with his hard and horny feet, upon the serpent; and if he miss him, passes rapidly on, and returning, renews the contest, and attempts to spring upon him again.—The serpent on seeing the deer moving towards him, patiently awaits his approach; and as soon as he conceives him to be within striking distance, darts with the most venomous intent upon him; and, if not disabled when the deer approaches him a second and third time, the rattlesnake repeats his springs; and, if he strikes the deer the latter is soon put *hors de combat*, and swells and dies. On the contrary, if the deer strikes the rattlesnake with his hoofs, the latter has his back bone broken, and discomfited, expires.—And it is a fact, well known to many, that those two hostile animals never separate, after they meet, until one of them dies.—This fact is derived orally, from a former Reverend President of a College, whose reputation for knowledge and veracity, is of too lofty a character to be impeached.—*New York Sun.*

The Outa Snake—Before we quitted Chunar, our dandies, who had kindled a fire on the bank of the river, were dressing their rice and curry, when a small snake approaching the place where they were seated

one of them arose and dispatched it with a piece of bamboo. It was about twenty-five inches long, entirely white, except at the top of the head, which was a deep shining black. This particular species is called by the natives the Outa Snake. It is very rare and of peculiar habits. These creatures always go in pairs, and it is remarkable, that if either one is killed by man or beast, the survivor will follow, until it is destroyed or obtains its revenge by biting the author of its bereavement. It has been known under such circumstances, to keep up the pursuit with the most patient perseverance for upwards of 300 miles. The little creature, whose mate was killed by one of our boatmen, was seen after we had pushed from the shore, gliding along the bank of the stream in a direct line with the boat, and when we reached Cawnpoor, there we found it ready to deal its vengeance upon the wanton destroyer of its conjugal felicity. It was dispatched before it could put its evil intention into execution.—*Oriental Annual.*

THINGS IN ENGLAND:

Extracts from Brooke's Letters.

(Continued.)

The "coachman" of an English coach is almost always a fat man. Ours happens to be not over fat, but he is the only lean one I have seen. We have eleven passengers outside, and four in. Four or five outside are ladies, and ladies by the way, ride on the outside as well as in. The quantity of baggage—they never say *baggage* in England, every thing is *luggage*—is immense. A coach on our roads would upset in a very short time with such a load. Nor could an English coachman drive an American coach on an American road. He would break the necks of all his passengers in a very short time; for such furious driving as will answer over a Macadamized road here, would be ruin over our roads. I have been often amused to see the wheel put in an iron shoe to go down a little hill, that an American driver would never think of at all. The inside seats of a coach cost nearly double the sum that the outside seats costs,—and they are not half so pleasant, unless it be in a shower; but this is another invention to keep a certain class of people from all possible approach to another class. This classification is indeed amusing all over Great Britain. In some of the steamboats they have three cabins, graduating the price accordingly. On some railroads they have three classes of cars. These are little things, as specimens of many others more important. One sees this legal classification as it were, so novel to us, the moment he enters England; and it is visible in almost every thing—so nume-

rous and strong are the barriers that aristocracy girts itself with. English coaches are all licensed—which is an excellent plan,—to carry so many passengers, and no more."

The mail coaches all leave London at 8 o'clock in the evening (all in Ireland leave Dublin in the same manner), for all parts of the kingdom:—and it is a pleasant sight to see them, as they all start at the same moment from the General Post Office, the guards in their red coats all sounding their horns, and driving at once for the different roads all over England and Scotland. They drive about twelve miles an hour, and average ten miles, including all stoppages. Indeed in any part of England, you can count upon the arrival of a coach for a certainty, within five minutes of time allowed. As this furious driving would be somewhat dangerous in many parts of London, light carts with a single horse take many of the mails to the suburbs. The number of their passengers is limited. In this admirable arrangement there are many hints for our coach proprietors, though upon our roads there can be no such certainty of movement as there is in England.

For miles and miles out of London, there is as it were, almost a succession of houses. At last I could see the black cloud of smoke that hovers over this immense hive of human beings. I stretched my eyes long before I came to the Thames, or the *Tems* as they call it here, (but these English do not speak English, as I shall prove by and by, rascals as they are for abusing us for our Yankeeisms)—the far famed Thames,—to see this river; and when I first saw it, and that not far from London, it was a pretty little rivulet, as we should call it, with low banks, that the Penobscot would take in at a gulp; and this was the Thames, the renowned Thames, bearing on its little bosom all the commerce of the richest, and, Pekin except, the greatest city of the world! Then Windsor Castle was in sight—the residence of the King and the royal family, with the British flag floating over it to denote the presence of the King, as our flag floats over our capital, when Congress is in session.

But all my eyes were for London. Anon we were engulfed in this whirlwind of human beings, swallowed up in the mighty vortex,—in the city of the growth of centuries, where man has been dying for hundreds and hundreds of years, and other men have filled the reservoir, where battles and the plague had strived to see which should work direst havoc with human life,—where the great dead had thronged, and the mighty living were thronging,—and here I am one solitary man knowing not a human being among one million and a half like myself!

I have been travelling to and fro about this immense city for a week,—and I have seen neither the beginning nor end. I have sought the end in long rides in Omnibuses, but wherever they carried me, all was city, city—one perpetual glittering of shops,—one continued trampling of feet, one endless rattling over the pavements. Not yet have I been over the Thames, and there is a great city over there. Not yet have I seen a single show, and yet I have run about till I was wearied and flushed with sights and novelties innumerable. In all other cities that I have been, one can find at least a place for the beginning of an observation,—but there seems to be none here. The very magnitude of the distance to be run over deters one from attempting it at all. There is so much to see that one does not know where to begin to see it. Six New Yorks would make but one London. The whole of Maine crowded upon one continuous territory, and then multiplied by four would not make one London,

I gazed with surprize on the massive bridges of stone over the now smoked and dirty Thames. I fell upon St. James's Park, and indeed I thought I was in a paradise. Here in the heart of a city is the *rus in urbe*,—a charming Lake, artificial though it is—the most beautiful lawn I ever saw, walks as delightful as fancy can desire,—trees of magnificent foliage—a little wilderness even of wild bushes, 'aye all the fascinations of country life, and this too, open to the public in the heart of a city! You have but to wander a short way from the turbulence of the Strand, or the bustle of Pall Mall, or *Pell Mell*, as they call it here,—and you are all alone, with the wild birds, chirping most merrily over your head, the lamb frisking about you, and the fish with his shining sides in the lake at your feet.

ABDUCTION BY AN INDIAN.

Previous to the Revolution, when a few ordinary looking buildings occupied the present site of the pleasant village of Exeter; it is well known that the country around, was generally a wilderness, inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians. The intercourse between them and the earlier settlers, was frequent, though not always of a friendly nature. The natives, improvident, indolent and idle, were continually begging or stealing from their more frugal and industrious neighbours. As the benefit of such an intercourse, was all on one side, and to the serious inconvenience of and injury of the other, it was suffered to continue by the whites, only because they were the weaker party, and did not possess the power to discontinue it.

At this time an elderly farmer, by the name of Rowe, lived on the South bank of Exeter river, a short distance below the falls and near the present site of Capt. Furnald's

tannery. Among the numerous natives that used to frequent his house, was a young Indian from the borders of the Cocheco river. Mr. Rowe had a daughter by the name of Caroline, a comely lass of seventeen, to whom this young Indian became much attached; and wished to take her home with him, and make her his squaw. The young lady treated all his overtures with scorn and derision; for she had no particular fancy for the Indian character, or his precarious mode of life. Whether the Indian was capable of the most refined and delicate sensations of love, it is not necessary to determine; but it is certain, he exhibited all the frenzy of some of our modern lovers, on being so decidedly rejected and forbidden the hospitalities of the house.—Finding intreaties in vain, he did not give up to despair; but formed the resolution, forcibly to possess himself of the object of his wishes, willing or unwilling. This was a bold and hazardous undertaking, and in which, if detected, his life would be the forfeit, but his ungovernable feelings prompted him forward at all hazards.

One day, at early dawn, he glided up the river in his canoe, unperceived, and to prevent giving an alarm, hid it on the opposite side of the river, swam across and concealed himself near the house of Mr. Rowe. The family had not yet risen; and he waited there sometime, in breathless anxiety, for a favourable opportunity to seize his intended victim. At length he heard the family stirring in the house; and soon after saw Mr. Rowe come out of the door, and pass on to his rude built barn, to feed his cattle. When he was fairly out of sight, the Indian rushed into the kitchen, and to his great joy, found Miss Caroline there alone. He did not stop to parley, but folded her in his arms at once, and notwithstanding her screams and resistance, he triumphantly bore her to the river, and with her, plunged into the stream.—Her father heard her cries, seized his pitchfork, the only weapon he had at hand, and pursued the Indian. but he only arrived on the bank, just as they leaped into the water. The father being unequal to the task of swimming across, ran some distance up the stream for a boat, he luckily found one, jumped into it, and started on in pursuit. Meanwhile the Indian swam across the river, with his fair one, to his bark canoe, put her into it and paddled off down stream, as fast as he could. The father, as he turned round the bend of the river, came in full view of the fugitives, and paddled after them with all his strength.—There was an interesting aquatic race: and the light boats glided along on the surface of the water, with the swiftness of an arrow. The Indian laboured under some disadvantages—he had two in his canoe, and propelled it with the paddle—the old gentleman was alone in his boat, had row locks, and two good oars; and would, beyond ques-

tion; shortly have won the race, had not the Indian bolted. His keen eye soon perceived that the other boat neared him fast, in spite of all his efforts, and that he must soon be caught if he continued on the water. He found a small creek, on the west side of the river, run his boat into it, and trusted to the swiftness of his feet, and the dense forest of trees, to elude his pursuit.—The father followed on, but after trying the forest awhile, he found it was now a losing race to him.—He lost sight of the fugitives; but as he found no difficulty in tracing their foot steps in the frost, and in the occasional patches of snow, he resolutely pushed forward.

The pursuit had continued for some hours—the day was far spent—the father was an elderly man, and somewhat infirm—he became weary, and began to falter. There seemed to be no prospect of his overtaking the Indian, or of rescuing his daughter; but as he could not think of returning without her, he still continued on, even against hope.

At this critical juncture of severe trial, and deep despondency, the welcome form of a youthful hunter met his eye. He was on his return home, from a short excursion in the woods. To him he unfolded his tale of woe, and the vigorous youth fired at the outrage committed by a son of the forest, upon the peace & dignity of a daughter of civilized life started off with zeal in the pursuit. Night had already commenced its reign; but the moon wheeled its broad disk in the sky, and shone almost as bright as day. He could follow the trail without much difficulty; and a few hours of active pursuit, brought him in sight of them. The Indian kept a good look out, and was aware of his approach; but was artful enough to make the young lady his shield of defence. He made her walk between him and the hunter, so that he could not fire without endangering her life. The hunter followed on at a distance for some time; but the vigilance of the Indian thwarted every attempt to attack him.

At length the young hunter, determined at all events to secure the young lady, hit upon an expedient which proved successful. He lingered behind, as though he had become fatigued, and let the Indian pass on out of sight. He then took a sweep round the line of their march, as fast as he could, came out a head on their route, concealed himself behind a tree, and shot the Indian through the head as he passed along. They were then in what is now the town of Madbury: but they had travelled a long distance, as the Indian took a circuitous route in order to elude the pursuers.

Thus the young lady was rescued, and relieved at once, from her tedious flight, and from her fearful apprehensions of a life of wretchedness and woe, among the natives of the forest, and thus, the rash and passionate Indian, rightfully paid the forfeit of his life,

for his bold and unjustifiable abduction of a maiden, who had a positive dislike to himself and his nation. The grateful maiden and her generous deliverer, immediately started on their return home. After travelling a short distance, they met her father, who still had continued on the track, notwithstanding his extreme fatigue. The chivalrous young hunter, as he surrendered his interesting charge to the arms of her father, and heard their warm acknowledgements for the signal service he had rendered in their behalf, he felt more true joy, than ever actuated the breast of the great conquerer of the world.—Who might not be prompted to great and noble deeds of daring, even with a faint hope of obtaining such an interesting trophy of victory, and hearing from the lips of innocence and beauty, the soul-stirring breathing of a grateful heart!

They all passed on to the house of the hunter, and the strangers partook of his hospitality, and rested awhile their weary limbs. On taking leave the next morning, the parting scene between the youthful hunter and the rescued daughter was too interesting to be mistaken. It plainly indicated that their acquaintance, so suddenly, and under such strange circumstances commenced, might not be doomed to an evanescent existence. The old man and his daughter soon reached home in safety, to relieve the anxiety, and gladden the hearts of his family and friends.

How strangely change the scenes of life! Our greatest afflictions are often the very means by which we receive our greatest blessings. Six months after this event, the interesting Caroline was seen riding along, a willing bride by the side of the gallant hunter. The rash abduction of the Indian only hastened her on to the arms of a kind affectionate husband; and in whose safe keeping, we may be allowed, most respectfully, to take our leave. [Exeter News Letter.

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

“There is no picture of happiness in more bright and permanent color than that exhibited by the Christian family, whatever may be its worldly condition. Bound by a common bond to God, its members are kept more closely to each other; and the scene of harmony and piety and happiness will continue until the first burst of grief comes over them, at the loss of the first one that God shall summon to another world. Then it is true will follow the days of mourning, separation and sorrow, as one after another is transferred to his final home. But the grief which in other cases is unmitigated and irremediable, are here soothed and assuaged by the feeling that this separation is only for a time; and there comes certainly at last, the re-union in heaven, as spirit after spirit joins the happy company above. Yes, the Christian family, whether all of its members are on earth, or some on earth and

some in heaven, is the happiest family which the world can show.

“Oh sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither—
So sweet, so heavenly, 'tis to see
The members of one family
Live peaceably together.

“The children like the lily flow'rs,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending;
The parent like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

“But leaves the greenest will decay,—
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household o'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

“Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.”

“And yet some fathers and mothers strangely prefer to live in open irreligion; to commence their union without committing themselves to God, to receive their children.—a trust so valuable,—without at all recognizing the hand which bestows them: to bring them up in impiety, to give up their families to discord and sorrow; knowing too, that the time is approaching when they must part forever. And how miserable must the partings be! A father bending over the dying bed of his child, whose eternal welfare he has wholly disregarded, and now he sees that he is going before his judge, and his wretched parent dares not even inform him of his danger,—a child bidding adieu, a final adieu, to a parental roof, where no prayer has been offered, the blessing of heaven never invoked, and God never acknowledged; parents go down to the grave in old age, with children scattered over the earth confirmed in sin, and some perhaps already gone to their final home of sorrow, where the miserable father and mother must soon join them—these are bitter cups. But they must be drank by ~~them~~ who incur such responsibilities as those which come upon parents, who do not acknowledge God, and seek his guidance and care.—N. Y. Messenger.

WOMEN. Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowledge. A female thus arrayed, is one of the most interesting objects of creation. Every eye rests upon her with pleasure; the learned and the wise, the young and the aged of the opposite sex, delight in her society and affix to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reprov'd in her presence, and vice in his bold career shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves, the joy,

the delight of her domestic circle; she excites the praise, the admiration of the world. A female thus armed and equipped, is prepared to encounter every trial, which this uncertain state may bring; to raise with proper elevation to the principal of fortune, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty; to attain with a cheerful serenity, the heights of bliss, or endure with patient firmness, the depth of woe.

ZEAL.—The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion: but when it runs with vigour, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels; so is man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation they are like persons quarrelling what kind of a frock the boy shall wear, who in the mean time grows up to manhood, and wont wear any frock at all.

With feelings of the deepest regret we announce the death of the Hon. Captain Norton, son of Lord Grantley, and Son-in-law to His Excellency Sir COLIN and Lady CAMPBELL—Military Secretary to His Excellency—and Captain in His Majesty's 52d regiment.—This sad event took place at 11 o'clock on Tuesday evening: his illness was of seven days duration—the effect of cold—his sufferings, most of the time, were painful and severe, but he bore them with great fortitude.—Though the period of the residence of this worthy man in this garrison, was but short, his excellent disposition, and social, unassuming habits, greatly endeared him to a numerous circle of acquaintances.—*Gaz.*

Funeral this day at half past two o'clock.

MARRIED

At St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. J. Langlan, Mr. Edward McGrath, to Mrs. Elizabeth Barrer.

DIED

On Sunday evening last, Sarah Ann, infant daughter of Mr. John Tempest.

ALMANACS

For 1836, for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! thou solace of mankind !
Who would resign thy smiles ?—
Who would forego thy pleasing joys,
For India's glittering wiles ?

Thou cheer'st the spirit broken down,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest,
Friendship ! thou charmer of the heart,
Be ever in my breast !

I would not part with joys like thine,
For all that wealth can buy ;
But Friendship ! while I thee possess,
I cannot leave a sigh !

Thou art the wanderer's guiding star,
Thou art the magnet true ;
Friendship ! with such a friend as thee,
I'd roam life's mazes through.

VARIETIES.

FOUR GOOD RULES.

*Keep the Head cool—Keep the Feet warm—
Take a light Supper—Rise early.*

1st.—“Keep the head cool.”—All tight bandages on the head are very hurtful, especially to infants. The less of any kind that is worn on the head, by day or night, the better. Children whose hair is kept thin, and who sleep without night-caps, are far less likely to catch infectious diseases than the generality of children.

To “keep the head cool,” persons must avoid every kind of excess, and maintain moderation in every pursuit, and in every pleasure. The great eater and the great drinker have generally a burning forehead and a cloudy brain. The passionate man and the intemperate, are strangers to perfect health, as well as to peace of mind. Even too hard study occasions an aching and burning head.

2. “Keep the feet warm.”—To do this, activity and exercise are necessary, that all the various circulations of the body may be properly carried on. Care must be taken to avoid getting the feet damp, or immediately to remove the effects of such an accident by rubbing the feet till dry and warm, and putting on dry stockings and shoes ; or else soaking the feet in warm water and getting into bed. Cold feet always show something amiss in the general health, which ought to be found out, and set to rights. This uncomfortable feeling often proceeds from indigestion, and a disordered state of the stomach and bowels. The same course suggested for keeping the head cool will at the same time tend to keep the feet properly warm, namely, moderation, activity, and calmness of temper. An intemperate, an indolent, or an ill-tempered person, is never really healthy ; and, as it is in the power of every one to avoid such vicious habits,

and even to resist and break them off when acquired, in that sense and to that degree, every man is the disposer of his own health, and has to answer for trifling with it.

3. “Take a light Supper.”—It is the sign of ill health when people have the strongest relish for food late in the day ; and the indulgence of that irregular appetite tends to increase the evil. Formerly it was the fashion, though a very bad one, to eat substantial, and often luxurious suppers. There was then a common saying,

“After dinner sit awhile,
After supper walk a mile.”

In this homely distich there is much sound wisdom. One moderately hearty meal of animal food daily, is sufficient for nourishment, and conducive to health. After taking it a short period of comparative repose is desirable, but not the total repose of sleep. After that, several hours of activity, and then a slight repast, such as will not require much exercise of the digestive powers, when the whole system ought to be resigned to complete repose.

4. “Rise Early.”—Nothing is more conducive to health and excellence of every kind than early rising. All physicians agree in this ; and all persons who have attained a good old age, in whatever particulars they might differ from each other, have been distinguished as early risers. Some persons require more sleep than others ; but it may be laid down as a general rule, that there is no grown person to whom a period of sleep longer than seven, or, at the very most, eight hours, can be either necessary or beneficial. But a person in health may easily know how much sleep he requires, by going to bed every night at a stated time, and uniformly rising as soon as he awakes, however early that may be. By steadily pursuing this plan for a few days, or at most a few weeks, a habit will be acquired of taking just the rest that nature requires, and regularly awaking out of the sound and refreshing sleep to new vigour and activity ; and when this habit is thoroughly formed, it would be no less disagreeable, than useless and injurious, for such a person, having once beheld the bright morning sun, to turn on his pillow and say, “A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.”

CONQUEST OF EVIL TEMPER.

A certain physiognomist, that is one who professes to judge of a person's natural temper and disposition by the features of his countenance, was requested to give his opinion of the character of Socrates. Having examined the lines of his countenance, he hesitated in giving an opinion, “For,” said he, “your established character gives the lie to my science.” He was urged to speak his mind freely, and declared that the countenance of Socrates indicated much natural peevishness, irritability, and stubbornness. The friends of the philosopher reproached the physiognomist with ignorance and mistake ; but Socrates himself declared that his native temper fully corresponded with the description given, and that it was only by dint of severe discipline he had gained such an ascendancy

over it, and was enabled to maintain such a degree of mildness and forbearance, a proof that something may be done with the worst of tempers by proper management ; and if a mere heathen could do this, what may not be expected from those who profess to be influenced by the precepts, principles and motives of Christianity.

WEARING FLANNELS.—As the genial sunshine of Spring advances, those accustomed to wearing flannel under garments, are too much disposed to lay them suddenly aside. This is an error of great magnitude. Keep them on till the east wind is no longer elaborated, till the flowers are blooming in the fields, and a uniform atmospheric temperature established. A multitude annually, in the very meridian of life, are hurried to an early grave, in consequence of not understanding, or by neglecting, this simple, though important advice. [Medical Journal.]

SIMPLE REMEDIES.—Cotton wool wet with sweet oil and paregoric relieves the ear ache very soon.—Honey and milk is very good for worms ; so is strong salt water.—A poultice of wheat bran or rye bran, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain.

MUSICAL TASTE.—A clever caricature has lately appeared representing a young lady (at her piano forte) and her cockney beau, between whom the following dialogue takes place : Lady—Pray, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical ?—Gentleman—Y, no, Miss ; I am not musical myself, but I have a very excellent snuff box vot is.

ANECDOTE.—A couple of chaps hit upon the following expedient to raise the needful—one was to feign himself dead, to be put into a bag by the other, and sold to a physician in the neighbourhood as a subject for dissection—the bag was procured—the fellow was tied up in it, and at “night's meridian” carried to the doctor—the bargain was soon finished, the money pocketed, and the seller was upon the sill of the door, taking leave, when the subject in the bag began to kick. “Stop, stop,” cried the doctor, “the man is 'nt dead !” “No matter,” replied he in the door-way, “you can kill him when you want him.—BOSTON POST.

A gentleman the other day on enquiring who a stranger was that was passing the corner of the street at which he was standing, received the following roundabout answer from a wag :

“Brothers and sisters have I none,
Yet that man's father is I—her's son.”

EDWIN STERNS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,
Corner of Duke and Buckingham
Streets.

☞ The highest price given for old Gold and Silver. October 2.

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H. W. BLACKADAR.
Halifax, July, 1835.

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