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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 27

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 4, 1836.

No. 42

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,
BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

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

WHERE

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

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

Continued.

CLASS XIV. INFUSORIA, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. INFUSORIA APPENDICULATA includes minute, transparent, gelatinous animals, covered with hair and having horns and tails.

Order 2. INFUSORIA NUDA includes naked animalcule, seen only with the microscope, as the Monad, the smallest of living beings, found in vegetable and animal infusions.

These orders, as I have before stated, are again divided into genera. Some orders have two or three genera, and others have a hundred or more; they are therefore too numerous to be mentioned here. I will however take one of these orders, and show you how it is divided into genera. Under the order PACHYDERMA, for instance, the several kinds of Elephants are one genus; the Hippopotamus constitutes a genus; the various breeds of Hogs are a genus; Peccaries are a genus; the several kinds of Rhinoceros are a genus; the Tapirs are a genus; and the Horse, Ass, Zebra and Quagga are a genus.

These several genera are divided, as before stated, into distinct species; thus of the Elephant genus there are two species, one inhabiting Asia and the other living in Africa; so of the Rhinoceros genus there are several species, some having one horn, and some two. The same may be said of the other genera.—I hope the reader may now understand the subject of classification. He will bear in mind that a species includes all the animals in the world of the same kind; thus all the horses in the world constitute a species; all the asses constitute a species, and so on. Those changes which are effected in a species of animals by climate and other circumstances are designated by the word variety; thus the several

kinds of dogs are one species, but have become divided into different breeds, as the spaniel, mastiff, pointer, &c., each of which is called a variety of the dog.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN LOCKE.

John Locke, a celebrated philosopher, was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, in 1632. After taking his degrees in arts at Oxford, he entered on the study of physic and made great proficiency. In 1672, when lord Shaftesbury was appointed chancellor, that nobleman made Mr. Locke secretary of presentations, which place he lost when his patron was deprived of the great seal. In 1671 he went to Montpellier for the recovery of his health, and continued abroad till lord Shaftesbury was appointed president of the council; but in 1682, that nobleman, to avoid a prosecution for high treason, withdrew to Holland, and was accompanied by his friend. In 1685 the English envoy demanded Mr. Locke of the states, on suspicion of his being concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, which occasioned him to keep private, and employ himself in finishing his essay on Human Understanding. At the close of the revolution he returned to England, and was made a commissioner of appeals, and in 1695 a commissioner of trade and plantations. He died at Oates in Essex in 1704. His principal works are, an Essay on Human Understanding, 2 vols. 8vo.; Letters on Toleration, 4to.; Treatise on Civil Government, 8vo.; and Thoughts concerning Education, 12mo.

THE STAG-CHASE.

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."
Eccles. ix. 11.

It was in that delightful season of the year, when the foliage of the trees are tinted with yellow and brown; when the leaves are seen flying here and there in the breeze; and when the air of autumn is somewhat freshened with the approach of winter, that I joined in a stag-chase with all the eagerness and buoyant spirits of youth.

I love to look back on the sunny seasons of my youthful days, for they tell me that I have had my share of pleasure, and that I ought not, therefore, to repine when the common cares of life surround me.

And do you think I could find pleasure in such a cruel amusement as that of pursuing a poor terrified animal, and seeing it torn in pieces by dogs? No! no! I hope my heart was ever a stranger to such a feeling.

The stag-chase of which I speak was quite a different thing.

I had been playing in the green lane with my brothers, when our favourite game was proposed, and away started my eldest brother, who, being the tallest, looked the most like a stag, especially as he had stuck two leafless boughs in the band of his cap.

Away he started, and we after him: it was just the place for a stag-chase, for the right was a very steep bank, rugged and broken; but when the stag got to the top, he had the range of a large field. Here, however, his chance of escape was doubtful, for at one place there was a large pool, and the dogs were swift, and kept pretty close to his heels. On the other side was a kind of dingle, or coppice, where the large trees had been felled, and many then lay on the ground, stripped of their bark. Here the stag ran among the branches, turning and winding on all sides.

As we differed in ages, so we varied in dispositions. I remember my brother John ran faster than any of us, and kept very close to the stag for some time, but, at last, he was quite tired out, and could not keep up at all. George was cunning enough, for sometimes he hid himself behind a tree, and pounced out upon the stag suddenly; and then, again he would run across the fields a nearer way, and meet him.

What a laugh we had at Thomas! He ran along holding his head so high, that he did not see a piece of timber lying on the ground till he tumbled over it. I think we all met with some disaster or other, but I shall never forget scrambling up the bank to get over the hedge at the top of it. Three of my brothers were close behind me. I had hard work to get up, and caught hold of a stick to help me: the stick was rotten, it snapped in two; down I went, rolling against my brothers, when we all tumbled into the ditch together. Fortunately it was dry, but we were warmly received at the bottom of it by some stinging nettles, which made us hastily retreat, and I repented putting faith in a rotten stick.

Notwithstanding all our running, turning, and dodging, we could not catch the stag; for, in spite of all our swiftness and cunning,

he scampered along ahead of us; sometimes turning round, he would stamp his foot, shake his head, and bay the dog: at last we all, except William, felt inclined to give it up; but he was determined the stag should be caught.

William not only played the part of a staghound, but that of huntsman also, for he frequently put his hand to his mouth to imitate the blast of a horn, and gave us a tantivy! tantivy! which animated us all in the chase.

On, on, we went; the yellow leaves
Were flying in the wind,
And though the stag was fleet of foot,
We were not far behind.

Now high, now low; now up, now down;
We scamper'd o'er the plain;
A brighter, or a happier time,
Will never come again!

John, with all his swiftness, was tired out; George's cunning was defeated; Thomas had hurt his leg through holding his head too high; and I thought we had better give it up for that day, but William still held on his course: he could not run faster than the rest, nor was he so cunning, his only chance, was in persevering, and he did persevere to the last; for the stag got into a stone-quarry, and finding no way to get out, was turning round when William came up, just in time to lay hold of him before he could escape. We were all breathless, and eager, and hungry as hunters.

Though William had caught the stag, the rest of us boasted as loudly as he did. John said, he should have caught him, if he could have held his breath long enough, for he was first in the chase.

George said, he should have had him, for a certainty, had he not turned the wrong way. Nothing had hindered Thomas from laying hold of him, but the piece of timber over which he had fallen; and I was equally confident, that if the rotten stick had not broken and let me down into the ditch I should have caught him.

"Yonder is old Norris," said William, as we returned through the field; "let us go and tell him what a chase we have had." Norris the woodman, was a cheerful and pious old man, and we liked to hear him talk, for he was fond of young people and always had some good advice for them; ending every observation with a text of scripture.

This hardworking, kind old man was a general favourite with us, for we respected him as much for his good sense and piety, as we loved him for his cheerfulness and good temper.

His face was ruddy, though marked with the wrinkles of three score years, and where he once rebuked us with a frown, he encouraged us with a smile twenty times over.

He rested his broad axe upon the boughs of an oak-tree, while we told a long tale of

our adventures, and William did not forget to inform him that he caught the stag when we were all tired.

"Ah! my young masters!" said old Norris, "I too have had my frolics and my stag-chases. Life is something like a stag-chase; many a rough hill have you yet to climb, and many a difficulty to go through.

"You may learn something from your chase to-day.

"You started in pursuit of pleasure, as I and the rest of the world have done afore you; but how short-lived it has been, and how soon are you wearied out! So will it be with all your undertakings, for your days will soon pass away. 'What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.'

"You will find many get a head of you in the different pursuits of life, just as master John there got a head of you in the stag-chase, and then, like him, they will lose their breath, and find 'that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

"Many will outwit you, as master George tried to outwit the stag, but it is better to hold on in upright, straight-forward ways, looking above for grace and guidance, that you may 'finish your course with joy, and find the end thereof, eternal life.'

"Young master Thomas, who tumbled over the piece of timber, is not the only one, by a great many, who has smarted for carrying his head too high in the world. Pride may be found in every heart. Some people think me humble, but I fancy, at times, that there is as much pride beneath this old red waistcoat of mine, as in the heart of a king with a golden crown on his head, and I pray to Christ for grace against this direful enemy. Have a care of pride, for the Bible says, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

"No wonder," continued old Norris, putting his hand on my head, "No wonder that you should fall into a ditch when you trusted to a rotten stick: let it be a lesson to you, for there are thousands of rotten sticks in the world, and you may do worse than fall into a ditch of stinging nettles. A false friend is a rotten stick, and will be sure to fail just when you stand in need of support, for 'Confidence in an unfaithful man, in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.'

"Riches are rotten sticks, and will break all to pieces, therefore, do not depend upon them; but, of all rotten sticks, the heart is the worst. He who trusteth in it is a fool, for it is, 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'

"Master William has set us all a good example, by holding on his way, and neither halting, nor turning to the right hand nor to the left without cause. Let us follow his example, and in our pursuit of a heavenly inheritance which leadeth not away, and which we may all obtain through the

merits, and mercy, and grace of Jesus Christ, let us all, I say, persevere, for, 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

"But I reckon that I have almost tired you with what I have said. May you ever be as happy as you are now, though you must not always expect to be as light-hearted! Some day or other in your after lives, mayhap you may call to mind what old Norris said about your stag-chase."

Here he began to wield his axe over his head like a hearty old man, and the opposite hill resounded with his sturdy strokes.

The bright, broad-breasted sun, sunk behind the elm-trees, and we returned home, almost as much pleased, and perhaps more profited, by old Norris's remarks, than we had been with our stag-chase.

LONDON.

The truth of the following picture will be recognized at once by those of our readers who can recall the circumstances attendant on their first visit to the British Metropolis. It is taken from a late number of the *Kuickerbocker Magazine*:—

"I never shall forget my entrance into London. It was an epoch in my life. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its 'whereabouts.' A little above the horizon, and as far in distance as I could strain my vision, lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke cloud that always overhangs London, be the day never so fine or clear—a cloud, the extent and 'volume' of which may be gathered from the fact that vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and south-sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and western sides—a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and north-east winds being mitigated in their passage over London, by the smokes belched from a million of coal-fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London, the carriages, waggons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description, began to thicken—and very eminence of the highway that overlooked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense, as it neared the metropolis. 'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad, continuous street, and saw others commencing on either side. 'Not yet—wait a bit,' said the bluff alderman-like coachman. We rose a slight ascent: 'That is London!' said the driver with conscious pride, as he pointed his whip—'there's the village!' I turned my head—for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left—and before me lay the British metropolis spread all round to the horizon in every direction—a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the

dim atmosphere—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, among them—a wildness of architecture, thirty miles in circumference! It was a sight to be seen, but it defies description: he is not a wise man who attempts it—and I forbear.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

We soon forget them whom the earth has covered. It is an unwelcome and a humiliating reflection, that society feels a degree of interest in the death of its members. Yes! I do believe that the dissolution of a human being usually occasions less affliction than it does gratification. Is there one among you, my friends, who is inclined to question the correctness of this opinion? to him I would thus speak:—"When thou art dead, thy remains must be buried: the hollow ground must be broken up, and the fee of the sexton must be paid. Thy body must be accommodated, yea, decorated for the tomb: an order will be given for thy shroud. Some one will serve himself by serving thee, and will make thee a coffin. Thy attendance to the place of sepulchre must be arrayed in the garb of grief; and the impending band and flowing scarf will be viewed with complacency. The undertaker will see that due respect is paid to thee and to himself; thy remains will be conveyed with care, surrounded with sable vestments, and with nodding plumes. The hearse will punctually attend with his clothed staff. The funeral obsequies must be performed; thine office and vocation must be filled; and all thy worldly goods appropriated. Call to mind, then, the benefits thy death will confer, from the fee of the gravedigger to the fortune of thine heirs: now calculate the number of those thou wilt oblige by thy departure; and thou wilt die rich in friends, if their number should exceed it." Alas; such is the end of poor humanity. Most of us have received some pleasure from the reflection that when we are gone our graves will be visited; nor is it grateful to anticipate that a time will arrive when the memorial erected over us will be passed by utterly disregarded and forgotten; and yet how speedily may that time arrive! In one of my rambles among the tombs, I was much affected by the sorrow of an aged woman, who stood mournfully looking on a grave that had been newly turfed. She measured it with her eye, walked around it, patted the green sod in different parts gently with her fingers, and then, leaning with both hands on her stick, she burst into tears. It went to my very soul. I felt for the old lady; and, leaning on my cane, sighed for very sympathy. Again she walked round the grave, and again she was subdued by her sorrowful emotions. Her heart was full. I could not trespass on her grief, but left her in the same attitude in which I first saw her, looking wishfully on the grave at her feet.—*Old Toby's Address to his Friends.*

DISCOVERIES SINCE 1760.—The old steam engine improved 1769. Ancient religion in India 1774. Spinning by steam 1782. Air Balloons; Herschels Telescope and four new planets; Recovering drowned persons; Suspenders; Umbrellas, and cut nails 1792. Hydraulic press and Telegraphs 1794. Percussion powder; Galvanism; the names in chemistry 1803. The Argand lamp; boring for water, coal, &c. 1804. Roman Cement; Gas-light 1813. Sugar cultivated in Louisiana 1809. The Nautical Almanac; Navigation by steam 1810. Printing by steam power; Stereotype plates; Circular Saw; Sugar from the root of beet; Anthracite coal; Lithographic impressions 1816. Musical boxes 1817. Safety lamps; Chain cables 1820. Chronometers perfected; Power looms for cloths, stockings, &c.; Tread-mills for prisons; the Stomach Pump; Rail Ways; Lead and Coal mines in the U. States; Craniology 1828. Steam guns and carriages 1832. Gum elastic shoes and boots 1833.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 4, 1836.

His Excellency the **LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR** has been pleased, by Proclamation, bearing date this day, to dissolve the present House of Assembly, and to direct the issue of Writs for a General Election, which Writs are to be made returnable on the 12th January next.

The People of this Province are thus again called upon to exercise a privilege of which they are justly proud—to select from among them those whom they consider best qualified to defend the rights which the Constitution has guaranteed to them—to cherish and promote the interests of the Province—and to uphold those principles of order and good government which are necessary to the happiness of Communities.

The Elections will be held—For the County of Pictou, at Pictou, Nov. 14.—New Glasgow, 19th—Merigomish, 24th.

Colchester—At Truro, 29th November
Londonerry, Onslow and Township of Truro—To be held and closed before Election takes place for County.

County of Halifax—At Halifax, Dec. 5. Margaret's Bay, 9th. Musquejohoit, 12th.—*Gas.*

The following are the Candidates already offered:

- | | | | |
|---------------------|---|------------------------------|---|
| County Colchester. | { | SG W. Archibald, Esq | |
| | { | Isaac Logun | " |
| " | | Annapolis... W. H. Roach | " |
| " | | Hants..... H. Goudge, | " |
| " | | Cape Breton... J. B. Uniache | " |
| " | | Cumberland { Gaius Lewis | " |
| | | Andrew M'Kim | " |
| Isle Madame, C. B. | | L. O'C. Doyle | " |
| Township of Pictou. | | Anthony Smith | " |

Supreme Court,
Michlemas Term. 1836.

John McGregor, Attorney at Law, was this day duly admitted and enrolled a Barrister of the Supreme Court of Judicature for the Province of Nova Scotia.

Gustavus Haliburton, A. B. Student at Law, having taken the usual oaths in open Court, was admitted and enrolled Attorney and Barrister of the said Court.

Charles F. Harrington, William C. Whelden, David Matheson, and Peter Lynch, Junior, Students at Law, having taken the usual oaths in open Court, were this day duly admitted and enrolled Attorneys of the said Court.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT—ROYAL TAR BURNED.—32 PERSONS LOST—THE MENAGERIE DESTROYED.—*Extract of a Letter from St. John, N. B. October 29,*—"I am sorry to acquaint you of the loss of the Royal Tar, Steamer, on the 25th October. Captain Reid arrived this morning. On the passage between this Port and Portland, the steam proved not sufficient to propel the Boat. Capt. Reid thought it advisable to come to anchor off the Isle of Haut, in order to have the Boiler washed out; that having been done, they proceeded on their way; when, in a few minutes, a fire was discovered near the Engine. The number of passengers was 90, thirty-two of whom were either drowned or burnt to death.

The Menagerie was on board—all the animals were burnt but the elephant."

A Circular from the Deputy Postmaster General at Quebec, gives particulars connected with the robbery of the Mails from thence for New Brunswick and this Province. A Quebec paper states it to have been the first Mail Robbery which has taken place in Lower Canada, and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the assertion. There appears to have been a large amount of Paper Money in the Mails which have been taken, which we fear will never be recovered. A Gentleman belonging to the Post-Office Department had proceeded to St. Ignace—he found the Portmanteau, but it had been rifled of its contents.—He returned to Quebec, and immediately afterwards proceeded on the road leading to Kenebeck, and we hope he will succeed in accomplishing the object of his journey.

DIED.

Wednesday morning, Sarah, wife of Mr. Thomas Muhtig, of this town, aged 66 years. Her funeral will take place from her late residence in Brunswick Street, near the old Church, this day, at 3 o'clock.

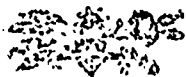
STATIONARY, &c.

The Subscriber offers for sale on reasonable terms:

WRITING PAPER of all kinds, Drawing and colored Paper. **BLANK BOOKS**, various sizes. **SCHOOL BOOKS** of all kinds, and a variety of cheap Historical and other works, Children's Books. Slates, Penknives, &c.

Also.—100 reams Printing Demy Paper; Wrapping do of various sizes, and a large assortment of Blank Cards.

November 4. J. MUNRO.



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it went with a rattle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much louder shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about,
And the urebin that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field, it went blustering & humming,
And the cattle all wonder'd whatever was coming;
It pluck'd by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And toss'd the colts' manes all about their brows,
'Till, offended at such a familiar saluto,
They all turn'd their backs, and stood sullenly mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried guilty "Now,
You sturdy old oaks I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if the poultry were free from mishaps:
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese scream'd aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met, in a lane,
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain:
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and
he stood.
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

There was a poor man hoary and old,
Cutting the heath on the open wold:
The strokes of his bill were faint and few,
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blow,
But behind him, before him, about him, it came,
And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
Saying, "Plague on the wind! was the like ever
known?"

But now-a-days every wind that blows,
'Tells us how weak an old man grows!"

But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing, to think in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

Virtue shall live, when hope shall die,
Beauty fade, and all the charms of nature
disappear. It shall bloom when youth shall
change and stars and planets waste away.

THE TWO SOLILOQUIES:

OR, THE IDLE BOY, AND THE IDLE BOY:
BEFORE A MAN.

O DEAR me! what a terrible trouble
it is to learn lessons, and go to school!
Here I have one, two—no, not two, but a
whole column and a half of words with
meanings, to get by heart: I wish words
had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must
begin to learn them—p-r-i-s pris, o-n on,
prison, "a place where people are confined."
Why couldn't they say school at once?—
that's a prison I am sure. Well what comes
next? P-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish: I
know the meaning of that word without the
book, every body in our house is so fond of
using it. "Master Charles," says old cross
nurse, "if you will rampage out your clothes
in this manner, I shall ask your papa to
punish you." "Master Charles," cries
Betty housemaid, "you deserve punishing,
that you do, scrasing my chairs, and writing
on my tables so." Now, they are not your
chairs or tables, Mrs. Betty, they are papa's.
O, this nasty, ugly lesson, I never shall get
it! P-l-e-a-s pleas, u-r-e ure, pleasure,
"gratification of mind." Nay, but I am
sure pleasure means eating pies and tarts,
and playing at bat and ball with all our
scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had
heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a
new book. Read, read, read—I hate
reading. when I am a man, I'll never open
a book, and I'll never send my children to
school, and I'll have a black horse—no, it
shall be a gray one with a long tail, and I'll
ride up and down street all day long. O,
how I wish I were a man now!

Yes, I am a man; and wo is me for
having been such a little fool when I was a
boy! I hated my book, and took more
pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to
learn them. What a dunce I was even over
my spelling! always at the bottom of my
class, and my book thumbed and dog's-
eared, and cried over—the very emblem of
dunciness. "Do, Charles, learn your
lessons," said my father, "or you will be
fit for nothing when a man." "Do, dear
Charles, give your mind to your books, or
I shall be ashamed of owning you for my
boy," said my poor mother; but no, I must
give my mind to whipping tops, and eating
cakes; and a fine scholar they made me!
Now, there was Fred Jones; he liked play
well enough, but he liked reading better;
and he learnt more out of school hours than
ever he did in them. Fred Jones is now,
like myself, a man, but a very different kind
of man; he has made friends among the
wise, the honorable, and the learned. I
cannot be admitted to their acquaintance!
No can interest a whole company with
useful information: I am obliged either to
be silent, or talk about the weather and my
neighbors. I can make out bills of parcels,
but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I

see my error now, but now it is too late
I have no time to read, for I must work for
my daily bread; and if I had time, I
could not now turn my reading to profit!

Behold the bitter fruits of illiness in
childhood!

NEVER SAY YOU CANNOT.—There
never was an instance of a man of a shrinking
disposition having accomplished great things.
Drones, or stupid beings, who will not, or
possible cannot, exert themselves, may be got
along with; but a person who is forever
tinkering about something, and will be
constantly delcng at that and the other, with
desperate industry, and yet stinches when he
arrives at some difficulty he cannot see
through, such a one we desire no acquaintance
with; give us the man who having made up
his mind to arrive at a given point, daunt-
lessly pushes onward through every obstacle.
Resolution is the talis-man that forces the
foodgates of wealth, and unravels the mystery
of getting rich.

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