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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 48. Vol. 1.]

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 11, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE SHEEP.

In its domestic state, the sheep is of all animals the most defenceless and inoffensive. With its liberty it seems to have been deprived of its swiftness and cunning; and what in the ass might rather be called patience, in the sheep appears to be stupidity. With no one quality to fit it for self-preservation, it makes vain efforts at all. Without swiftness it endeavors to fly; and without strength sometimes offers to oppose. In its wild state, however, it is a noble and active animal, and is every way fitted to defend itself against the numerous dangers by which it is surrounded.

Of the Syrian sheep, there are two varieties: the one called the Bedouin sheep, which differ in no respect from the larger kinds of Sheep in Britain, except that their tails are something longer and thicker; the others are those often mentioned by travellers on account of their extraordinary tails. The latter species is by far the most numerous. The tail of one of these animals is very broad and large, terminating in a small appendage, that turns back upon it. It is of a substance between fat and marrow, and is not eaten separately, but mixed with the lean meat of many of the Arab dishes; and is often used instead of butter. A common sheep of this sort, without the head, feet, skin, and entrails, weighs from sixty to eighty pounds, of which the tail itself is usually fifteen pounds or upwards; but such as are of the largest breed, and have been fattened, will sometimes weigh above one hundred and fifty pounds; and the tail, alone, fifty: a thing to some scarcely credible. To preserve these tails from being torn, the Arabs fix a piece of thin board to the under part, where they are not covered with thick wool: some have small wheels to facilitate the dragging of this board after them; whence, with a little exaggeration, the story of having carts to carry their tails.

In a domesticated state, the sheep, as already suggested, is a weak and defenceless animal, and is, therefore, altogether dependent upon its keeper for protection as well as support. To this trait in its character, there are several beautiful allusions in the sacred writings. Thus, Micah describes the destitute condition of the Jews, as a flock 'scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd,' (1 Kings xxii. 7. See also Matt. ix. 36); and Zechariah prophesied that when the good shepherd should be smitten and removed from his flock, the sheep should be scattered, Zech. xiii. 7. To the disposition of these animals to wander from the fold, and thus abandon themselves to danger, and destruction, there

are also several allusions made by the inspired writers. David confesses that he had imitated their foolish conduct: 'I have gone astray like a lost sheep;' and conscious that, like them, he was only disposed to wander still further from the fold, he adds, 'seek thy servant,' Psalm cxix. 176. Nor was this disposition to abandon the paternal care of God peculiar to David; for the prophet adopts similar language to depict the dangerous and awful condition of the entire species: 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way,' Isaiah liii. 6. It was to seek these 'lost sheep,' scattered abroad, and having no shepherd, that the blessed Redeemer came into the world. He is 'the good shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.'

### A SENTIMENTAL PIGEON.

A man, set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The laborer took up the dead bird, and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued day after day walking round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went off to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot, she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track around the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring toward him. On the removal of the dead bird, the hen returned to the dove cot.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

### THE VILLAGE GIRL.

I sat, lost in thought, on the bank of a little rivulet that came murmuring down the hill side, and flowed away to the broad river that spread its blue surface beyond the plain towards the setting sun. A dew drop, scarcely perceptible to the human eye, faintly sparkled on the leaf that bent from an overhanging bough. And in my half waking, half dreaming reverie, I thought I saw myriads of these little drops collecting and descending on the hills and in the valleys, forming the bubbling rivulets that flowed, one after another, until their united streams swelled into mighty rivers, and the rivers sweeping on through the deep valleys

of the land, hundreds of miles, and terminating in fathomless oceans that rolled their resistless currents round the world.

From amid the mist that rose above the mingling of the waters, there came to my sight an old and venerable man, wrapped in a sage-green cloak, and while with one hand he pressed the moisture from his flowing hair, with the other he held to my eye a curiously wrought tube of glassy transparency, and bid me mark the lesson it would unfold.

I looked, and beheld before me a pleasant village in the midst of a rich teeming landscape, in the sweet and mellow season of June. The bells are ringing, and groups of children are gathering to the school house—it is the Sabbath, and that the Sabbath school. Yonder, at the end of the lane, is a village girl—she stops to look a moment at some boys at play—she approaches, hesitates, turns away, and then again approaches. Now she speaks to a little ragged boy, that has quarrelled with his playmates, and picked up all the marbles—they are going to fight, and he swears horrid oaths. She takes him by the hand—see how earnestly she talks to him—she points towards the beautiful blue summer sky, and a tear glistens on her sweet cheek.

Now she has said something which has made an impression on that rude and ruined boy, and he has turned and walked away with her. They go towards the school; he stops a moment at the door—but she persuaded him in.

Just then the old man touched a hidden key,—and the scene changed. Another slowly followed.

There at the foot of a ragged and barren mountain is an old and miserable log dwelling—the windows are broken—the chimney has partly fallen down—the wretchedness of hopeless poverty is in every feature of the scene—a lean, half famished dog sits by the door, and gives a faint and melancholy recognition to his master, who comes staggering up the glen, intoxicated, and in rags.

But yonder through the opening vista in the far distance, is seen the outline of the lovely village we have left, and there coming slowly up the path I see the very boy who was led to the Sunday school in the morning by the village girl. He has a book in his hand. He is reading it as he walks. It is the Bible.—a present from his young friend the teacher.

The scene shifts like a moving panorama. The shades of night fall upon the scene—and now the bright morning breaks over the mountain top, and the birds sing in the trees. The family are gathered in a group in the cottage, and that little boy is reading from his book. They all listen, but still the scene is shifting and shifting. Days and

weeks and months seem to be passing. I see the little boy takes his brothers and sisters to the village school. The whole family goes to the church on Sunday. A great reform has been effected. And the scene begins to wear a cheerful and happy aspect. Now, if I have counted the changes right, it is three summers since we first saw that family—they have removed to a comfortable house in the borders of the village—it is a farm house, and is surrounded by pleasant fields. What a wonderful change. But it is gone—and here is another scene.

That boy has grown to manhood—and mingling with the crowds of men in a great city, by his example and his eloquence, he is giving tone and shape and direction to the current of many thoughts. An energy and power, untiring and resistless marks his progress—a benevolence expansive as the world characterizes all his efforts. New scenes of active enterprise are represented—new fields for effort are opened—and the tides of moral influence are going forth before the impulse over a vast continent.

Still another scene. That untiring man is there. He sits in a green verandah beneath the shade of a palm tree; a strangeland and sky are around and above him. He is translating into foreign tongues the sublime morality of heaven—opening to millions in all future generations new views of life, of obligation and of duty.—He has left his home forever, armed with the glorious panoply of truth, to war with the errors of superstition and infidelity—to scatter light in darkness and to reclaim a degraded race.

Years upon years are passing. The change is not more visible and marked in the alterations of the seasons than in the change of men. A new era has dawned. And as that man goes at last in grey old age to his grave—the power of his influence has been felt to the remotest shores of time. Good men bless his memory, and millions rejoice that he has lived.

“But where,” I asked, “is the village girl.” “You shall see,” answered my mysterious visitor. And touching another key, I looked, and beheld again before me the retired village, the same after half a century, lying in its quietude and rural beauty, an old hooded woman passed; leaning, in decrepit age, upon a staff, habited in the garb of rustic simplicity. I knew that face again. The peace the world gives not, and cannot take away was there. Unnoticed and unknown, she was about closing her long and unassuming duties, with scarce a consciousness that she had been useful in the world.

The old man pointed to the dew drop—the rivulets—the distant river—and away to the far off ocean. “Thus,” said he, “the dew drops raise the tides that roll round the world—fit emblems of that moral influence, which, from the humblest efforts,

flow on increasing in power, only to develop the immeasurable results in eternity.”

#### ANECDOTE OF DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some years ago, as Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

“Show me to his apartment,” exclaimed Dennie; “although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I may bargain with him for my lodgings.”

The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the doctor's room, and then left him to introduce himself.

The Doctor, although in his night gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. Struck with the physiognomy of his companion, he then unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished literary characters, for some time gave a zest and an interest to the conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie.

“Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio,” says the Doctor in a rhapsody, “Is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles-lettrees. “But, sir,” continued he, “is it not astonishing, that a man of such genius fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriate bowl?”

“Sir,” said Dennie, “you are mistaken, I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated.”

“Sir,” says the Doctor, you “err. I have information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right and you are wrong.”

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to our clergy, remarking that Abernombie and Madison were among the most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale college, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America had produced. “But sir,” continued Dennie, “there are traits in his character undeserving so wise and great a man, of the most detestable description: he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!”

“Sir,” says the Doctor, “you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary.”

“Sir,” says Dennie, “you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth.”

“No more slander,” says the Doctor “I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak.” “And I too,” exclaimed Dennie “am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke.”

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

#### WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

What good can I do? is an observation more frequently made by such as wish to excuse themselves from doing good, than by those who sincerely desire to effect it. This is much to be regretted, because it is next to impossibility to be in a situation where we can do no good. He who really wishes to do good may do something.

If by doing good, we mean something unusual, something great, something that people may talk about; we certainly may not have it in our power to perform it; but to do good on a small scale is in the power of every one.

When the poor widow, mentioned in the New Testament, could not put a large sum into the treasury, she cast therein two mites; and it was said of her that she had done more than others, because they had only given of their abundance, but she of her poverty. You must be poor indeed if you cannot spare two mites in case of necessity.

When the Lord of life and glory speaks of the recompence that shall attend acts of Christian kindness, he does not say a bag of money or a goblet of wine shall be recompensed, but “Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no case lose his reward.” You must be ill provided for indeed, if you cannot command a cup of cold water.

It is the will and not the power that is wanting; for every human being that breathes and possesses the use of his faculties may do good. Look around for opportunities of usefulness; for sometimes, if you cannot do a kind deed, yet a kind word, eye, even a kind look, will be useful. A small kindness, if well timed, may be more useful than a great one performed without consideration.

No sooner did the Phillippian jailer in sincerity exclaim, “What must I do to be saved?” than an answer was given to him, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”—and no sooner shall you, with equal sincerity, ask, “What can I do,” than opportunities will present themselves on every hand, and you will be ready to acknowledge that he who really desires to do good, may be useful.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

## POVERTY IS NO DISGRACE.

Not many days since, we rambled a short distance from the more compact and thickly settled part of the town, both for exercise and to breathe a purer air than can be found amidst a dense population. We saw by the way-side a little urchin, apparently about six or eight years old, busily engaged in picking barberries. His clothes were neat and clean, but patched with many colors.—His countenance open, frank, and the emblem of innocence. We stopped a moment to look at and admire the apparent contentment of the little fellow, and while so stopping, a very respectable and fine looking middle aged lady, with a lad of about ten years came up, who like ourself, were walking to take the morning air. On seeing the little fellow among the barberry bushes, the lad of ten with finer clothes, but a coarser heart, abruptly accosted him with, "I say, boy, what do you wear your clothes patched up for?" With a countenance that bespoke wounded feelings, he readily replied, "I have no father—my mother is poor, with four smaller children than I am, and not able to give me better clothes. I work in the factory most of the time, but the water is low, and I have not work to-day, so I am picking barberries for my mother to buy me a new jacket with." A tear coursed down the cheek of the lady, who was not an inattentive spectator of the scene. "George, my son," said she, "is it kind in you thus to address this poor boy, who is not, as you are, blest with an indulgent father to provide him with food and clothes." The kind-hearted we an had touched a tender cord, for George was not destitute of tenderness and manly feelings. He burst into tears, and entreated his mother to give the poor boy some of his clothes. The barberries were immediately purchased of the little fellow, for which he received enough to buy him a jacket and trowsers. Nor did the kind-hearted mother of George confine her liberality to the boy with his barberries. The poor boy's mother has since shared liberally of her munificence, which she ever receives, with the utmost gratitude.

A gentleman in Paris, superintendant of an institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children, was asked by a friend to allow him to put a question to one of the children, with a view to ascertain his mental improvement. The request being complied with, he was desired to write his question, and affix it to the wall. It was this: "Does God reason?" The child instantly wrote underneath with his pencil, "God knows and sees every thing. Reasoning implies doubt and uncertainty; therefore God does not reason."

We ought only to make confidants of those who are virtuous, well-informed, and whom we have known long.

Died, at Charlotte-Town, P. E. Island, on Tuesday evening, 1st inst. Sir ARTHUR WILLIAM YOUNG, Lieutenant Governor of that Island—a situation which he filled with much honor to himself and advantage to the Colony.—His death is greatly regretted.

**FIRE.**—A fire broke out yesterday morning in a workshop belonging to Mr Thomas McKie, but was fortunately got under before it had extended further. The building in which it originated was nearly destroyed, and a good deal of finished work and other property.—N. S.

We have received the first number of the "Colonial Churchman," a religious Paper, published at Lunenburg, N. S. once a fortnight, at 10s. per annum.—It is neatly printed, and judging from the contents of the first No. we should think it will be an interesting publication, especially to the Members of the Establishment, and should be supported by every lover of the Church of England.

## MARRIED.

On Friday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr George Trider, to Miss Margaret Finlay.

On Monday, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, John Mackie, to Ellen Power, both of this Town.

On Monday last by the Rev. Mr Morrison, Mr. Alexander Merron, to Miss Elizabeth Lintemen, both of Cole Harbour.

## DIED.

On Wednesday morning, Ann, second daughter of Mr. John Rhind, aged 6 years and four months.

At Windsor, on Friday last, Mrs. Elizabeth Bowes, aged 47 years, relict of the late Mr. William Bowes.

At Lawrence Town, Margaret, wife of Mr. Samuel Gammon, aged 47.

## PROSPECTUS.

## THE CHRISTIAN GLEANER.

## NEW SERIES,

Is intended like the former series—to be an independent religious periodical—having for its chief object in its selections—to investigate and enforce the truths of revelation as the Bible itself reveals them—and to discriminate and disentangle them from the speculations and metaphysical subtleties of system makers of Theology, with which they are so often confounded and disfigured. To expose the evils of sectarianism—and to promote in its stead the union of all Christians upon a Scriptural foundation.—To incite to the knowledge, belief and practice of the Apostles' doctrine.—The restoration of primitive christianity.

Among the variety of appeals on almost every subject of importance now continually teeming from the Press on both sides of the Atlantic—so strikingly marking the signs of the times, and the enquiring spirit of the age—few have been urged with more weight—than have been many on the topics above alluded to—nor have any with juster pretensions, or with more imposing motives, claimed from any class of men an impartial hearing, than do some of those from Christians—whether we regard the superior importance of their subjects, or the number—scriptural knowledge, and acknowledged talents, and piety, of those engaged in their investigation—Party prejudice in some indifference in others, unhappily concur with other causes to make these writings to be neglected by, or inaccessible to many in this country—and their sentiments and merits liable to be misunderstood or misrepresented—and their failings real or imagined to be magnified.

The design of this Miscellany as far as possible, prompts its conductors from any wish or temptation to prejudice or discountenance any inquiry as to what is truth.

The Gleaner therefore, selecting its materials equally from any source, irrespective of human creeds or party motives—will embody in one volume much diversified information on subjects of all others the most important and interesting to men—and at a cheap and accessible rate—enable any (who do not believe that ignorance is the mother of devotion, and that to grow in grace is unconnected with growing in knowledge of the divine will); to give them an impartial consideration—to refer its selections to the test—not of the systematic theology of any school—but to the Scriptures alone to be approved or condemned—adopted or rejected according to its unerring decision—and thereby understandingly and justly to comply with the divine injunction contained in its motto—

"Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."

The Christian Gleaner, new series—will be published in monthly numbers each containing 24 pages, on good paper and of this type—twelve numbers to constitute a volume.—The price of a volume will be Five Shillings payable at any time before the delivery of the second number, or 6s. if payment be delayed beyond that period.

Halifax, 10th Dec. 1835.

Subscriptions will be received at the Drug Store of Mr. John Naylor, and at this Office.

## EDWIN STERNS,

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

The highest price given for old Gold and Silver. Octobere

## POETRY.

## VISSION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,  
The Satraps throng'd the hall ;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deem'd divine—  
Jehorah's vessels hold  
The godless Heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand :  
The fingers of a man ;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice ;  
All bloodless scaw'd his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
" Let the men of love appear,  
" The wisest on the earth,  
" And expound the words of fear,  
" Which mar our royal mirth."

Chuldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill ;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore ;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view ;  
Hered it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

" Belshazzar's grave is made,  
" His kinydom pass'd away,  
" He in the balance weighed,  
" Is light and worthless clay.  
" The shroud, his robe of state,  
" His canopy, the stone ;  
" The Mede is at his gate !  
" The Persian on his throne !"

## VARIETIES.

**On Pulpit Zeal.**—No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it is not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds back again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be coaxed, though he will growl even under that operation, but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of

self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted. He has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever. But if a man loves me if he see me in an error, will pity me, endeavour calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive, on what ground a Minister, can justify a conduct, which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.—*Cowper.*

**CONSCIENCE.**—Hearken to the warnings of conscience, if you would not feel its wounds. Conscience is either a man's best friend or his worst enemy.

The only way to have peaceful slumbers, or pleasant dreams, is by preserving a good conscience.

The state of the conscience has an amazing influence on bodily health and mental vigour. When the conscience is pure and peaceful, the health and spirits are in a great measure preserved ; and in sickness the physician finds a powerful ally with to second all his endeavours. On the other hand, a disturbed conscience produces a burning brow, a restless, feverish state of spirits, and that which resists all the efforts of the healing heart. " It is of no use," said a miserable wretch to the physician who offered him medicine, " doctors cannot reach a diseased conscience."

It is a great mercy to have an enlightened conscience, that can discern between good and evil ; a tender conscience, that shrinks from the touch of evil ; a watchful conscience, that perceives the approach of evil ; a clear conscience, void of offence both towards God and man.

**A fortune in a Wife.**—" I think Miss B—a very agreeable sweet tempered, good girl, who has had a housewifely education, and will make, to a good husband, a very good wife.—I suppose you think with me, that where every thing else desirable is to be met with, that (a fortune) is not very material. If she does not bring a fortune she will help to make one. Industry, frugality, and prudent economy in a wife, are to a tradesman, in their effects, a fortune."—*Franklin.*

**Decency in Dress.**—Women should not confine their attention to dress in their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to an habitual neatness, so that in the most careless undress, in their most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. They will not easily believe how much men consider their dress as expressive of their characters ; vanity, levity, slovenliness, folly appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

Whilst fortune continues favourable you can always have the countenance of friends ; but when she changes, they turn their backs in shameful flight.

The vices of sloth are only to be shaken off by business.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Printing Office of the Subscriber, and at the Stationary Stores of Messrs A. & W. Mackinlay, and Mr. J. Munro,

## A Sheet Almanack,

FOR 1836.

Containing—the Rising and Setting of the Sun, do of the Moon, and time of high water for each day in the year ; a List of the Members of H. M. Council, and House of Assembly, Provincial Officers,—Arrivals and departures of the Mails—Merchants' Private Signals, and a variety of other useful matter.

H. W. BLACKADAR.

December 4.

## ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Halifax, that he has removed his Office immediately opposite Mr. Thomas Forrester's Store.

Copperplate, Silver Ware, Arms and Crests, &c. neatly designed and engraved. Copperplate Printing neatly executed.

G. HOBSON.

November 20, 1835.

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THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced business in the Building at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, where he is prepared to execute all Orders in the Printing line ; and hopes to merit a share of their favors.

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Halifax, July, 1835

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