

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, JULY 22, 1836.

No. 27

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.

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ECHINUS, OR SEA-URCHIN.

The species of the Sea-urchin are very numerous, and the individuals are various in shape. The great characteristic of the genus Echinus is, that the animals are of a roundish form, covered with a bony crust beset with spines, and having the mouth beneath. The spines are the instruments of motion. The Sea-urchin is oviparous, and spawns in the spring. It lives chiefly on crabs, and other testaceous animals, marine worms, &c. Some of the species are excellent food. Most of these species of fish have a great variety of beautiful tints and curious forms, and many of them are highly valued in collections. Oppian tells us that the Sea-urchin was believed to have the power of uniting its dissevered parts.

"Sea-urchins, who their native armour boast,
All stuck with spikes, prefer the sandy coast.
Should you with knives their prickly bodies wound,
Till the crude morsels pant upon the ground;
You may e'en then, when motion seems no more,
Departing sense and fleeing life restore.
If in the sea the mangled parts you cast,
The conscious pieces to their fellows haste;
Again they aptly join, their whole compose,
Move as before, nor life nor vigour lose."

BIOGRAPHY.

EDMUND WALLER.

Edmund Waller, an English poet, was born at Colshill, in Buckinghamshire, in 1605. He became a member of parliament at the age of eighteen, and in 1643 was sent to the Tower on a charge of conspiring to deliver the city to the king. Two persons were executed for the plot, and Waller was condemned to be hanged, but saved himself by an abject submission and a liberal distribution of money. After a year's imprisonment he went into exile; but returned by

favour of Cromwell, on whom he wrote an elegant panegyric. He also wrote another on the death of the protector, and afterwards celebrated the restoration and praised Charles II. He was also elected into parliament, where, by his eloquence and wit, he was the delight of the house. He endeavoured to procure the provostship of Eton, but being refused by Clarendon, he joined in the persecution of that great man. He died in 1687, and was buried in the church of Beaconsfield. His poems are easy, smooth, and generally elegant.

THE VILLAGE AUCTION.

That folly may not soil thy youth,
Be careful to distinguish truth;
For thousands are directed wrong,
Deluded by a flattering tongue.

Some years ago an auctioneer was employed to sell the furniture of an old house, which stood in a lonely situation. The gentleman who once lived there was dead, and all his property was about to be divided among his relations. For this purpose the old house, the grounds round about it, and the furniture within, were disposed of, with the exception of a few trumpery articles, which were, really, too bad to be sold. The auctioneer agreed to give a trifle for this old lumber himself, determined, in his own mind, that he would contrive, by hook or by crook, to make his money of it.

No sooner was the sale over, than the auctioneer removed his lot of trumpery to a village, at a considerable distance from the place, and had a number of handbills printed to invite the attention of the ladies and gentlemen, farmers, and respectable people of the neighbourhood, to inspect an assortment of choice, valuable and useful articles, well worth their attention, which he had to dispose of. The day for the auction was fixed, and the lumber of the auctioneer was placed in the great room at the Fighting Cocks, where it was to be sold.

How any man could have the impudence to offer such a heap of rubbish for sale, it is difficult to imagine; but the auctioneer was accustomed to such matters, and he had made up his mind to make a good bargain of his odds and ends. It was not possible to do this without telling many untruths, and deceiving his customers, but this he did not care a fig for. The day of the auction arrived, and as a sale was rather an unusual thing in the village, it produced quite a

bustle in the neighbourhood, and drew together a great many people. Even the squire and his lady were there, but more out of curiosity, than because they wanted to buy. The lieutenant, on half pay, who lived in the white cottage, the farmers with their wives and daughters, and not a few of their labourers attended, as well as a score or more of the cottagers around.

When the large room at the Fighting Cocks was opened, and the company arrived, one after another, there was strange sneering and joking at the odd lot of things placed all together. It is true there were a few articles of some value, which the auctioneer had sent in among the rest, but the principal things were hardly worth carrying away. Old tables, broken chairs, chest of drawers, and a frying pan, two dish covers and a pepper box, a saddle and bridle, a large bunch of keys, and a set of cracked china, a copper teakettle, three books, a tobacco box, a set of harness, a bootjack, and an old carpet, a painting, an ivory toothbrush, and a brass finger ring, brass fireirons, a straw hat, and a pair of lace ruffles; these things, and a hundred others, were placed together, but no man in his proper senses would have given twenty shillings for the lot.

A table at the other end of the room was well supplied with jugs of ale, glasses, and drinkings cups, and the auctioneer made his appearance as the church clock struck twelve.

Perhaps there was not a man in the kingdom who could trump up a readier tale about what he had to sell than Slingsby, and no man knew better than himself how much a glass of good ale disposes people to buy at an auction. No sooner did he enter the room than he began to push about the glasses and drinking cups, and most of the company, seeing that there was nothing that they should like to buy, thought themselves entitled to a glass of ale, at least, for their attendance. At last Slingsby mounted a chair, while his clerk sat down to the little round table below, to write down the names of the buyers, and the articles sold.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Slingsby, "I feel happy in seeing myself surrounded by so highly respectable a company, and I have no doubt but the result of this day's sale will show that your taste and judgment are equal to your great respectability. I shall first offer to your notice a few superior articles, after which I will proceed to ex-

plain what is necessary to be known, before you can put a proper value on the various things I shall have the honour to submit to your inspection."

Here a few articles of good quality were readily disposed of, and most of the company would now have taken their leave, laughing at the lumber left unsold, but the ale, and that holiday feeling which an auction usually excites, induced them to stay. However worthless the trumpery articles might be in the opinion of all present before Slingsby the auctioneer had spoken about them, certain it is that they appeared to possess some value after he had delivered his oration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, rubbing his hands, and bowing first on one side and then on the other, "If I did not know that the respectable individuals whom I now address were fully capable of judging of the real merits of what I have to offer, I should feel reluctance in putting up for sale the very ancient, rare, curious, and valuable articles which I have been fortunate enough to amass together. Ladies and gentlemen, the various curiosities before you derive their value from the circumstance of their having been in the possession of distinguished persons, and I am sure that you will estimate them on that account. A good son will value what belonged to his father; an affectionate daughter will prize what was once possessed by her mother, and a patriotic Englishman will ever hold dear the veriest trifle which has descended from those illustrious characters who have upheld the glory of old England. I am certain, then, that you will be anxious to avail yourselves of the present opportunity to secure some memorial of departed greatness.

"If you look at that bootjack, it may appear worthless, but what will you say when I tell you that it belonged to one of the bold barons who compelled king John to sign Magna Charta? Where is the Briton who can look back to a long line of ancestors who value his rights, and suffers them not to be trampled under foot, who would not be proud to possess that bootjack?"

Here the squire stood up at least an inch higher than before, and the auctioneer saw at a glance who would be the purchaser of the bootjack.

"Look at these three old volumes," continued Slingsby, "many a huckster would tear them to pieces to wrap up pennyworths of butter, but the scholar will feel a noble emulation to possess books which were once the property of Wickliffe, the pious reformer."

The schoolmaster gave a hem of importance which did not escape the ear of Slingsby, who thus went on.

"Regard that rusty and scabbardless sword, which would scarcely be picked up by the common observer. Is there one here who has bravely served his country whose

blood does not rise in his veins to possess the sword of the great Duke of Marlborough?"

The commanding glance, and flushed countenance of the lieutenant told Slingsby that he need look no further for a purchaser of the rusty sword. "And you who would follow the plough, on whose useful and honourable exertions we are dependent for the bread we eat, you the agriculturalist of old England, will you let that old ploughshare be bought by those who know not how to value it, when I inform you that it won the best ploughing match that was ever contested in old England?"

Slingsby saw a dozen purchasers for his old rusty ploughshare in the farmers around, who were to a man determined to possess it.

"You must allow me," said Slingsby, "before I put up any of these real curiosities which would adorn the British Museum itself, to point out a few more of them, that you may suit your several tastes in the purchase about to be made."

Here the squire, and one or two others, having an appointment, were obliged to leave, after giving instructions what articles they wished to be bought for them.

The auctioneer then went on: "The old broom which you see in the corner was once carried at the mast head of the flag ship of the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, to show that he could sweep his enemies from the seas, but since then British seamen and British hearts of oak have swept the seas themselves, without troubling the Dutch to do it for them."

Mullins the malster's man had been in the navy, and he determined, if it took his last shilling, he would buy the broom.

"The pair of pistols," said Slingsby, "were once the property of the celebrated Turpin the highwayman, and the old lantern was the identical one which Guy Fawkes had in his hand when detected in the cellar under the parliament house, in the conspiracy of gunpowder plot.

"I ought to beg pardon of the ladies for not having before this mentioned a few articles which will no doubt interest them. The pair of lace ruffles were worn by the unfortunate queen of France, who suffered on the scaffold, as well as her equally unfortunate husband Louis the Sixteenth.

"That chest of drawers I will venture to recommend to your especial notice, it once ornamented, old fashioned as it is, the dressing room of the beautiful Lady Louisa Amelia Seraphina Debora Dumps!" Who this beautiful lady was the auctioneer knew no more than the company around him, but the information he gave had a very visible effect on the church warden's wife and the grocer's daughter.

"The pair of iron spurs," said Slingsby, "might, for ought I know, have belonged to William the Conqueror, but that fine old portrait of Lady Jane Grey will be a prize to any one who can purchase it. That bunch of keys, there, was found on the notorious Jack Shepherd, whose life and death are recorded in the Newgate Calendar, and the tobacco box was carried in the waistcoat pocket of the justly celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as you all know, first introduced tobacco into this country.

"Look at that broken salt box, a noble relic! it belonged to John Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress; who is there that has read that celebrated work who would let the salt box go without a bidding?"

Mrs. Turton, the mother of the parish clerk, here put her hand into her pocket and kept fumbling about for some time.

"I have been told," continued Slingsby, taking up a ring, "that this was worn on the forefinger of the Emperor of China, Kien Long, but I am not quite certain of the fact; the diamond, if it be one, is a little dim, but that cannot be helped, I must dispose of it just as it is, and the purchaser may have it fresh cut and set again! The white hat, with the high crown, once defended the head of old Jenkins, who lived longer than any Englishman that ever I hear of. But, ladies and gentlemen, time is wearing away, I will therefore only draw your attention to another

article, and then put up for sale the very valuable collection which with great pains, perseverance, and expense, I have succeeded in getting together. The set of broken china came from Potsdam, and was made expressly for the use of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. I understand that three china manufacturers purpose attending the sale to purchase it, on account of its exquisite workmanship; but as they are not here, it will be better to put it by for an hour or two, if agreeable to the company."

Here two female voices were heard to say that it would be very unfair to put by the china, and that they would certainly leave the room if it was not put up directly for sale.

The Auction began in good earnest. The china was bought by the squire's lady. The chest of drawers, once the property of the beautiful Lady Louisa Amelia Seraphina Debora Dumps, was knocked down to the churchwarden's wife. The bootjack was bought in with other things for the squire. Farmer Roughhead bid bravely for the ploughshare; and the schoolmaster walked away, as upright as a maypole, with the volumes of Wickliffe under his arm. Mullins the malster's man had the old broom, and the lieutenant the rusty sword. The pistols were bought by the gamekeeper, and the hostler of the Fighting Cocks was the purchaser of Guy Fawkes's lantern.

The grocer's daughter was mortified in losing the chest of drawers, but she secured the lace ruffles. The iron spurs fell to Robert the grazier, the bunch of keys to the pedler, and the tobacco box was bought by old Tom Slater who had been a chiever of tobacco for forty years. The salt box was not worth so many pence as Mrs. Turton gave shillings to obtain it. The ring of the emperor of China was bought and fully paid for by Miss Barbara Tibbets. The white hat was carried off by Jonas Parkenson, the oldest man in the parish; and Slingsby the auctioneer declared, on his honour, that he had never witnessed more taste, judgement, and patriotism in any company in the whole course of his life.

"Well," said Jasper Wigley the fisherman, a shrewd old man who had been laughing in his sleeve the whole of the time, at the folly of the buyers, "well," said he, as he walked away with a neighbour of his, "if we have not learned a lesson to-day, it is our own fault. If I wanted to catch one sim'pton, I would hook him with a bribe: if I wished to catch twenty, I would net them with promises; but if I desired to catch a hundred, I would poison them with flattery."

A ROGUE OUTWITTED — Capt. Marriott the popular author of "Jacob Faithful," and Japhet in Search of a Father," relates the following anecdote in a late number of the London Metropolitan: — "Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman caricaturist, was laid in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by servants in and out of his chamber to his sitting room. Now a well known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched until the servants was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door but left the area door open communicating with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. "I am sorry you cannot move, and your servant is out." The gentleman stared. "It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold

the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table and putting them into my own pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now open these drawers and see what suits my purpose." "Oh! pray help yourself, I beg," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer and many other articles which suited him, and in about ten minutes he made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning soon after, he dispatched him immediately to Bow street with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The Likeness was so good, that the man was pursued by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks he was on his passage to Botany Bay.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when quite a youth at the court of his grand father, Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of cup-bearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted the usual custom of first tasting it himself. The king reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten:

"No, sir," replied Cyrus; "I was afraid there might be poison in it; for I have observed that the lords of your court, after drinking, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and that even you, sir, seem to have forgotten that you were a king."—"Does not the same thing," replied Astyages, "happen to your father?"—"Never," answered Cyrus.—"How then?"—"Why, when he has taken what wine he chooses, he is no longer thirsty; that is all."

Happy the man who shall live in those days in which the practice of excessive drinking shall be universally laid aside and detested! At present we can scarcely name a vice more common, or that is carried to a more alarming height. It prevails in the city, in the town, in the village, in the hamlet, among gentlemen, who ought to blush for its vulgarity, and among labourers, who can ill bear the expense. Are there not intemperate young men, intemperate old men, intemperate parents, intemperate magistrates, intemperate professors of religion, intemperate preachers of the gospel? Oh! could we view the scenes which intemperance creates in the alehouse, the tavern, and the festive parlour; what grief, what indignation, would stir within us! There is woe, there is sorrow, there is contumeliousness, there is babbling, there is redness of eyes, there are wounds without cause.

ON THE DUTIES OF SCHOOL BOYS.

Quintillian includes almost all the duties of scholars in this one piece of advice, which he gives them, to love those who teach them as they love the sciences which they learn of their instructors, and to look upon their teachers as fathers, from whom they derive, not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. If they possess this sentiment of affection and respect, it suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives.

Docility, which consists in submitting to the directions given them, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and in reducing these to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a laborer to sow the seed unless the earth, after having opened her bosom to receive it, encourages its growth by warmth and moisture; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the master and the scholar.

Gratitude for those who have labored in our education is the characteristic of an honest man, and the tribute of a good heart. "Who is there among us," says Cicero, "that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up?" Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendments of faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honor and probity.

The exactness and severity of our teachers may displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgments we discern that their admonitions, reprimands, and severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, are the very things which should make us esteem and love them. Thus Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked heaven for two things especially, for his having excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

—This celebrated preacher, though in general manners retiring, and rather unsocial than otherwise, and withal a little irritable, was easy and playful in his intercourse with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, and when among them, affected no extraordinary gravity. On one occasion he was rebuked by a fellow preacher more precise than himself, for the vivacity of his conversation—"Brother Hall, I am surprised at you, so frivolous after delivering so serious a discourse." "Brother," was the

retort, "I keep my nonsense for the pulpit, while you publish yours from the pulpit."

A TALKING TURTLE—Some time since, (the day we cannot exactly recollect,) a gentleman had purchased a fine green turtle, from which he intended to manufacture a most excellent repast. As Mr. Turtle was among the living at the time, it became necessary to deprive him of vitality prior to his being converted into food, for fear that he might kick up a row in the interior department of the stomachs of his devourers. He was accordingly suspended by a cord placed round his neck, with the intention to decapitate him in the most genteel manner imaginable.—A butcher was called in with his huge knife, to do the work of death *secundum artem*, and when about to apply the sharp instrument to the throat of the animal, as if inspired, it appeared to cry out, "O! don't kill me!" The butcher sprung back, and cried, "Halloo, can the turtle talk!" After the wonderment was over, he came up cautiously again, to execute his errand. The turtle was not to be disposed of in that way, and screamed out again, "O, pray don't kill me!" This was a poser, and the butcher started back in affright, with eyes like two full moons, and said he believed it was the devil himself who was in the body of the animal. The turtle, for that time, remained unkilld, until the ventriloquist, Nichols, had departed, who in one of his fits of fun, had thrown his voice into the turtle, which caused the consternation produced.

[Mr. Nichols, the gentleman above alluded to is now in Halifax, and will perform at the Exchange Coffee-House, this evening.]

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Scott, Mr. John Strachan, to Miss Mary Toogooddays, both of Halifax.

On the 14th July, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. George Weston, to Mrs. Johanna Williams, widow of the late Captain Williams.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Twining, Hospital Sergeant George Green, 83d regiment, to Mary Nixon, Spinster, of this Town.

On the 13th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Mr. Walker, Joseph J. Walker, to Deborah M. Hughes, third daughter of the late Edward Hughes of Dartmouth.

DIED.

Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Henry P. Dixon Esq. aged 43 years.

On Saturday the 9th inst. at Sydney Cape Breton, deeply regretted, Charlotte, widow of the late Doctor J. W. Clarke of that place.

Job Printing in all its variety performed at this Office, at a cheap rate.



From the Boston Recorder.
THE LAST WALK.

"I supported my sister to take her final walk in the garden. It was a fine evening in the month of May, and, the garden of which she was peculiarly fond, was dressed in its best array. The voices of the manifold birds, happy beyond utterance, were pouring out their living strains of joy, love and harmony. My little children, as happy as they, were playing on the daisied lawn.

"She carefully visited all her favorite plants, she spoke of them, with more admiration than ever before; and we jointly paid them any little attention which they happened to require. At length her measure of strength was exhausted, and we turned toward our quiet habitation. The big tears started from her eyelids, and were again suppressed. "One last look, Brother!" said she, as she turned round to the spot which had so often contributed to her innocent gratification. It was indeed the last look that she was taking, and she entered the cottage to come out no more."—**MARTHA** By the Rev Dr. Reed.

The vernal eve was soft and pure,
The cottage garden fair;
And feeble was her step who sought
To breathe its balmy air;
Upon her brother's arm she leaned,
That arm from childhood dear,—
And tenderly her plaintive tone
Rose murmuring to his ear.

The birds with merry warbling seem'd
Her languid heart to cheer,
The robin, by her bounty fed,
Confiding, hovered near,
And 'mid the incense breathing flowers,
And neath the embowering shade,
The infant nursings that she loved
In sportive gambols played.

Grey twilight o'er the glowing scene
A hurried curtain threw,
And in its ruby cup, the rose
Received its freshening dew;
Yet still that lingering form was seen
With wearied step to stray,
All pensive as a parting friend,
Was it the last walk,—say?

It was. The tear drop on her cheek,
In pearly richness bore
The language of her deep farewell,
Who trod those paths no more:
But her next walk—mid brighter flowers,
In holier climes than this,—
The seraph habitants of Heaven,
Alone can tell its bliss.

TEN YEARS.—We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected within ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on!—The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days.—Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we once sported in the buoyancy of youth and sprightliness of enjoyment?—They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we sailed with them down time's sunny stream, with pleasures fragile bark; but where are they

now? Alas they have gone before us; the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are now sailing upon eternity's wide, shoreless sea! The scenes of our childhood, too, fade away, and soon, not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed.—Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No; that is improbable. The grave, perhaps will have swallowed them; or they may be scattered far away; strangers and in a strange land. Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale, emaciated miser, that now bends over his heap of useless gold, (the wrecks of ruined families, and the last remains of forlorn wretchedness,) where will he be? He and the beggar whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student that is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured; she is beautiful, she is happy; pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye; with a light foot and lighter heart, she steps upon life's slippery stage; but alas! ten years, and this lovely being will indeed be changed;—the bright, fascinating smiles no longer plays upon her cheek; her laughing eye speaks deeper misery now, than ever it did of pleasure. Ten years, and what is now beautiful, will have decayed, will have faded like the morning flower! Ten years, and many that sport in the sunshine of prosperity, will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years and the man of business will have settled "his final account," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The Atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realized his hopes.

EXTREMES BEGET EXTREMES.—No axiom is more universal than the truth that extremes, whether in physics, politics, commerce, morals, or religion, always beget opposite extremes. Extraordinary animal or mental excitement is invariably followed by a corresponding depression and debility. Despotism produces rebellion, and not unfrequently rebellion terminates in anarchy. The commercial world, like the ocean, has its ebbs and flowings, and the higher the tide, the greater the depression. Stoicism begets Epicurianism.—Intolerance will always produce secession, and the reforming party, whether in Church or State, are in great danger of the opposite extreme. Slavery begets Abolitionism; and Abolitionism is likely to beget a more intolerable species of slavery. Ultraism begets Ultraism in all things. Two wrongs to one right, is a

universal axiom. The truth always lies between the two extremes—get in the centre, and then you are right. Violent partizans, whether in religion or politics, are always on one or the other of the extremes. Sober-minded reflecting men usually occupy medium ground.

BEAUTY AND HOLINESS.—Religion is every thing to women. Nothing is more disgusting than a syllable of disrespect uttered against institutions which are the stay and staff of women. A woman never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers. A mother's word, a mother's prayers have more sway over the son than all the homilies of the pulpit. The simplest phrase from her will draw a tear that no eloquence can bring forth.

CANDOUR.—We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves. Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

RELIGIOUS DISPUTATIONS.—The age of the church which was most fertile in nice questions, was most barren in religion; for it makes people think religion to be only a matter of wit in tying and untying of knots.

MERT.—A man of brilliant talents combating the storms of adversity and misfortune, is like the sun behind the cloud; hid, but not impaired, obscured, not forever, but only for a time, to shine with greater splendour when those storms are over, like the sun when the clouds are passed over.

If your enemy is forced to have recourse to a lie to blacken you, consider what a pleasure it is to think of your having supported such a character as to render it impossible for malice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood.

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.

BLANKS.
Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, (new form) Outward and Inward Reports, Contents, &c. &c. for sale at this Office.