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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 49. VOL. 1.]

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 18, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECTS.

"How sweet to muse upon his skill displayed
(Infinite skill!) in all that he has made;
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature or stamp of power Divine."

"Where greatness is to Nature's works deny'd,
In art and beauty it is well supplied:
In a small space the more perfection's shown
And what is exquisite in little's done."

Insects have been reckoned by some among the more imperfectly formed of Nature's works; but in this most numerous class of animated beings, where shall we find a single instance in which this is made to appear? In all that prodigious variety that exist between the scorpion and the mite, certainly behold in the structure of insects abundant evidence, of the most exquisite skill; and if by means of the microscope we extend our researches downwards through that minute order of beings, till we arrive at those invisible animalcules which are computed to be twenty-seven millions of times smaller than a mite, the same evidences of wisdom and design present themselves in every gradation, and all ideas of imperfection cease.

Search the least path Creative Power has trod,
How plain the footsteps of th' apparent God!

It is not at all surprising, then, that such an accurate researcher into nature's works as the excellent Mr. Boyle, should observe, "that his wonders, dwelt not so much on nature's clocks as her watches."—In several kinds of these creatures, invisible before to mortal eye, it is not only easy to discover, by means of a good magnifier, the external appearance of their mouths, their horns, their trunks, and other members, but the very motion of their heart and lungs! Now, as it has been remarked, as these little animals are discovered to be organised bodies, how fine and subtle must be the several parts that compose them? How difficult to conceive the extreme minuteness of the muscles necessary to the motion of the heart, the glands for the secretion of the fluids, the stomach and bowels for the digestion of the food, the fineness of the tubes, nerves, arteries, veins, and above all, of the blood, the lymph, and animal spirits, which must be infinitely more so than any of these! Here the utmost stretch of imagination is brought to the test, without being able to form any adequate conception; but these inconceivable wonders, instead of conveying any idea of imperfection as to the skill of the artist, must, from what they make to appear, inspire the attentive observer with very different emotions, and force him to exclaim

"Thyself, how wondrous then!"

"The beauty and symmetry of some of those minute objects, so viewed, are surprising indeed. What a metamorphosis do they seem to undergo under the magic-working glass? Creatures that before seemed small and despicable, now "appear the pride of nature, wherein she has bestowed more nice and delicate art, and displayed more profusely the rich embroidery and elegant beauties and garniture of colours than in any of the larger species of animals." Even the dust that adheres to the butterfly's wing, and to which it owes the beautiful tints and variegated hues which adorn it, is said to be an innumerable collection of extremely small feathers, as perfect in their structure and symmetry of the arrangement as they are beautiful in the colouring.

The degree of strength and agility which many of the insect tribe possess is amazing. A flea will draw a chain a hundred times heavier than itself; and the velocity of a mite, in proportion to its size, is said to outstrip that of a race-horse.

Wisdom of Nature.—A cockchafer, respect being had to its size, would be six times stronger than a horse; and if the elephant, as Linnæ has observed, were strong in proportion to the stag-beetle, it would be able to pull up rocks by the root, and to level mountains. Were the lion and the tiger as strong and as swift for their magnitude, as the coindela and the carabus, no thing could have escaped them by precaution or withstood them by strength. Could the viper and rattlesnake move with a rapidity and force equivalent to that of the jirrus and scolopendra, who could have avoided their venomous bite?—*Spencer's Entomology.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TALE.

"There now, I am sure it does look pretty," cried little Robert Grant, as he finished putting the green leaves of ivy and holly into the window of the neat cottage in which he dwelt.—"What a happy day to-morrow will be! I wish it was come. Of all the days in the year I like Christmas day best, Don't you grandfather?" The person whom he addressed sat in the chimney corner, his large Bible spread open on his knees. At his feet was a fine boy about five years old, who was intently watching the fire, and with his grandfather's stick occasionally thrusting fresh bits of fuel under the saucepan in which was his father's supper. "I do indeed, like Christmas-day," replied the old man, "I, and every one, have good reason to do so." "Why so," asked Tom. Come and sit down by me, Bob, and tell me why you like Christmas

day." Robert did as his brother desired him. "Because," said he, "every body looks so happy, and the bells ring so sweetly, and the church looks so pretty, with all the evergreens about it, and we have such a comfortable dinner."—"And why do you like it grandad?" enquired Tom. "Because," returned his grandfather, "it is the day on which our blessed Saviour was born; the day on which the Son of God came into the world to save wretched sinners from the misery and punishment that were their due, and to reconcile them to his heavenly Father. Oh, it is indeed a day to make our hearts rejoice!" "Did not the angels sing with joy when Christ was born?" said Robert. "Yes," answered the old man, one of the blessed spirits brought the glad tidings to the shepherds, and a whole company of them joined in a hymn of praise to God and good-will towards men. What therefore made the angels glad should surely inspire us, for whose salvation Christ came, with the utmost gratitude and delight." "Oh do, grandad, read all about it," cried Tom, "I will promise to sit very, very still." The old man put on his spectacles, which Robert had just wiped, and taking the gospel of St. Luke, read aloud the interesting account contained in the first and second chapters.

Thus engaged, time gilded insensibly away with the children, but not so with the mother. She had again and again mended the fire swept up the earth, and arranged the supper table; and now having undressed her baby, she held him in her arms endeavouring to lull him to sleep. She at first listened attentively to what was passing between the children and her father, but her fears began to rise at her husband's delay, and anxiety for him absorbed every other feeling. She went repeatedly to the door, looked and listened, but no sound, except the heavy dashing of the waves against the cliff, and the hollow moans of the wind, met her ear. She viewed, with increased apprehension, the appearance of the sky. Clouds on clouds seemed rising, the moon in vain struggled to break forth, and an unusual weight filled the air. At length occasional flashes of lightning darted athwart the gloom and the sea heaved its bosom, as if to meet the dark mass that was suspended over it. "Surely, father," said she, as she turned, still more alarmed, from the door, "surely it threatens to be a very bad night. Oh that Thomas was come home! What can have kept him out so long? He must have seen the storm coming on." The old man rose as she spoke, and followed by the boys, walked out to make his own observation. "It will be a dreadful night indeed," said he, "I fear

Pray God protect the mariner." Fanny's heart sunk within her. "Oh there is father's boat," cried Robert, in a transport of joy, "I am sure it is—mother, mother don't you cry. I will run to the cliff and see if I am not right." Without waiting for a reply he ran away, and in the course of a few minutes returned with his father. Forgetful of her late fears, or only remembering them to give her present happiness a higher relish. Fanny placed the supper on the table, which was now surrounded with a group of smiling faces. Unable, however herself to eat, she enquired what had detained her husband so long.

"We have had but a bad catch to-day," said Thomas, "and staid out longer than we meant to do in the hope of making up, at last for our bad luck; and when we wished to return, the wind shifted, and the darkness came on so thickly and suddenly, it was with great difficulty that we could make the shore at all." "Heaven be praised!" said the old man, "that you have got home safely." "And so say I, father," cried Thomas, "I began to think it was very likely you would have a sad Christmas-day of it."—"Did you think of your poor little Tom," asked the child, putting his arms around his father's neck. "Did I think of you?" replied the fisherman, "yes," and he kissed him as he spoke, "I thought of you all." He looked round on them with unutterable affection, and with the sleeve of his coat dashed away the tear that filled his eyes. "Why, father," cried Tom, in a tone of surprise, "you are crying; I thought only little boys like me ever cried." "Tom," returned his father, "men can cry too, when there is occasion, and then they need not be ashamed of their tears—but come let us talk about something else." Then they drew close round the fire, and the children were beginning to amuse their father with an account of what they had been doing during his absence, when the report of a gun at a distance was heard. Thomas started. "Hark!" said he. Every voice was hushed, but nothing except the roaring of the tempest, which now raged furiously, was heard. "It was nothing," cried Fanny, speaking as she wished, rather than as she believed; for she well knew what she had to expect from the benevolence of her husband's disposition if any one were in distress. She had, however, scarcely uttered the words before the firing was repeated, and as Thomas sprang towards the door, several men approached it exclaiming, that a large vessel off the head had made signals of distress, and that they were going to her assistance. I will be with you in an instant," exclaimed he, returning for his hat.

"Oh! Thomas," cried Fanny, endeavouring to detain him, you surely will not go out in such a night as this?

To be continued.

THE EMBROIDERED WAISTCOAT.

The following dream of Major General Burns, is extracted from a Memoir of his Life, written by himself. It occurred about the time when his mind began to be enlightened with gospel truth; or to use his own words, when the Lord seemed to be drawing him by the cords of love.

"About a fortnight or more after the death of my brother, my mind continued in a disconsolate state, because I could not love Christ. I dreamed a very distinct and remarkable dream, that had such a happy effect upon my heart, that I have ever since looked upon it as the principal means employed by the Almighty in the accomplishment of my thorough conversion. I thought I was sitting a little before day-light in the morning, with my deceased brother, on the wall of the parish church-yard, where we had lived together many years.—We remained silent for sometime and then he asked me, if I would go with him into church. I readily consented, and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch or outer gate, which I thought was very large and spacious; but when he had passed through it, and came to the inner door that led directly into the body of the church, some way or other (but how I could not well conceive) my brother slipped in before me, and when I attempted to follow (which I was all eagerness to do) the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down half way. I now found it requisite to bend myself double before I could possibly enter: but as I stooped down to try, the door continued falling lower and lower, and consequently the passage became so narrow that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in if possible, I fell down on my hands, and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through, but found myself still too high.—I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I came to the resolution of throwing of my clothes, and crawling like a worm: but being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat, which I had brought from France, I kept that on in hopes of being able to carry it with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled and pushed, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in after all. At last almost driven to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and (as I thought) covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I continued to strive and squeeze with more violence than ever, till at last I got safely through.—As soon as I stood on my feet on

the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe; and as I turned round to view the place, I saw a goodly company of saints, among whom was my brother, all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's supper. I sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such seraphic joy, such celestial ecstasy, as no mortal can express. I heard a voice call me three times by name, saying, I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke the silken bonds of sleep and made me start up in my bed singing the high praises of God. So much was I impressed by this remarkable dream, that I was enabled to begin an entirely new life, which, as I advanced in the saving knowledge of divine things, proved as different from the life I had led before, as it is possible any two opposites can be. "Old things were passed away, and all things became new."

From the Major's dream we may derive some spiritual instruction. How unwilling we are by nature to part with our own righteousness, in the great concern of our justification in the sight of God. We would fain retain it, and wear it with as much pride as the Major did his embroidered waistcoat: but it must be denied,—the language of divine mercy concerning the coming sinner, is that of the Angel concerning Joshua,—"Take away the filthy garments from him." Zech. iii. 4. Before conversion, the Apostle Paul set a great esteem upon his own righteousness, (the embroidered waistcoat); but when divine grace took possession of his heart, he esteemed it as nothing better than dross, that he might win Christ, and be found in him. Happy is the believer who can exclaim, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Adorned with this robe, how certain will be our admission into the church triumphant above, where, in the delightful society of the redeemed, we shall spend a glorious eternity, in praising the wonders of a Saviour's love.

Reader, hast thou put off the old man with his deeds? Hast thou put on the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE BOMB-SHELL.

Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, whilst besieged in Stralsund, was one day, dictating a letter to his secretary, when a bomb shell, from the enemy's works, fell upon the house in which he was; broke through the roof, and burst close to the apartment. The adjoining floor, was shivered to peices; but his own room was uninjured. The report of the shell, however, which seemed to crush the whole house to peices, alarmed the secretary, and his pen fell from his hand. "What's the matter?" said the king to him, with a composed

countenance; "Why do you not continue writing?" "Most gracious sire," replied the latter, "the bomb-shell!" "Well," said the king, "what has the bomb-shell to do with the letter? Go on with the writing."

Self-possession is a great attainment, and, even in things of this life, is often of unspeakable value. But, how much more noble is it when dictated and produced by religious principle! The apostle Paul, when contemplating the dangers and sufferings through which he had passed, and the still greater ones that awaited him, could say with a holy dignity and sublime composure, "None of these things move me." Such a state of mind is highly desirable. It was inculcated, to a certain extent, by heathen moralists, as conducive to peace and enjoyment; how much more is it incumbent on christians to cultivate and display it!

Helping one another.—I once heard of a humorous old gentleman, who, during a dispute between two of the servants, inquired what was the matter? The housemaid replied, that, being very tired, she had asked the coachman to fetch her a pail of water from the well, which was at some little distance from the house; this he ill-naturedly and surly refused. "Nay," said the master, "I could not have thought, John, that you could be so ungallant as to refuse to assist a female." John sulkily muttered, "that it was not his place to fetch water—he was not hired to do it." True, true," replied the master, I beg your pardon for supposing you would do any thing that you were not hired to do. Go directly, put the horses to, and bring the carriage to the door." In a few minutes the carriage was announced, when the master directed the housemaid to get in with her pail, and ordered John to drive her to the well as many times as she required.

ECONOMY.—Without Economy, a person cannot be truly beneficent and generous.

Economy is the fountain of liberty, and the parent of independence.

Economy, with a contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in every condition of life; it is a noble barrier against poverty; it brings the mind into an accustomed wariness and forethought, and with a proper degree of courage enables us to bid defiance to fortune.

It is certain that a small portion of property is sufficient to supply the necessity and innocent conveniences of life; yet without economy, how large soever be your estate, there will still be a deficiency.—*Stretch.*

Your portion is not large indeed,

But then how little do you need;

For Nature's calls are few.

In this the art of living lies,

To want no more than may suffice,

And make that little do.—*Corro.*

Velocity of the Wind.—The velocity of the wind varies from nothing up to 100 miles

an hour! but the maximum is variously stated by different authors. According to Smeaton, a gentle breeze moves between four and five miles an hour, and has a force of about two ounces on a foot; a brisk, pleasant gale, moves from ten to fifteen miles, with a force of twelve ounces; a high wind, thirty to thirty five miles, with a force of five or six pounds; a hurricane bearing along trees, houses, &c, has a velocity of 100 miles, and a force of forty-nine pounds on the square foot.

The Election for a Representative of this Town, in the place of the Master of the Rolls, took place on Wednesday last, when no other Candidate appearing upon the Hustings, Mr. HUGH BELL was declared duly elected.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Crawley, Mr. Thomas Hollaway, of Ramsgate, Eng. to Celina Elizabeth Huntingdon, only daughter of Mr. John Pierce of this Town.

On Monday evening, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, John C. Champior, Esq. of Toronto, U. C. to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Milward, of this Town.

On Sunday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Wm. Room, of this Town, to Miss Isabella Ann, Lucas, of Guysborough.

DIED.

Friday morning, Mary Ann, infant daughter, of Mr. John Mackintosh, and grand child of Mr John Dugwell.

Yesterday morning, at 1 o'clock, after a short and severe illness, in the 25 year of her age, Sarah Ann Scott, consort of Capt. Henry Scott, and youngest daughter of the late William Roxby—leaving an infant Son, and an affectionate husband to mourn her loss—Funeral to take place on Sunday at 1 o'clock, friends and acquaintance respectfully invited to attend.

On the 16th Oct. of Scarlet fever, Samuel G. Smith, aged 11 years & 4 months; Dec. 7, Elizabeth Isabell, 6; 10th, Susan E. V. 8 years and 7 months; 12th, Harriet L. 4 years & 2 months; 14th, Mary-Ann, 9 years and 3 months, children of Mr Andrew T. Smith, of this Town.

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, exempts its conductors from any wish or temptation to prejudice or discountenance any inquiry as to what is truth.

The Gleaner therefore, selecting its materials irrespective of party creeds, or party motives, equally from any source—and referring 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—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 these subjects an impartial consideration—and in reference to these, 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, at the Stationary Store of Messrs. A. & W. Mackinlay, and at the Printing Office of E. W. Blackadar.

POETRY.

ADVANTAGES OF AFFLICTION.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

*O Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when bereaved and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!*

*The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep these tears alone.*

*But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants, that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.*

*When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope, that thro'w
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanquished too.—*

*Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace branch from above!*

*Then, sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more enraptured ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.*

VARIETIES.

PARABLE.—Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. Will you allow yours to receive it, reader?

A certain man went down from Sobriety to Intemperance, and fell among retailers: who by means of strong drink, stripped him of his money, and property, and character, and health, and half his days, more or less, and departed, leaving him as it were half dead. And by chance there came down a certain Anti-temperance man that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Moderate drinker came where he was, and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Temperance-man, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion upon him and went to him and wept over him, and he besought him with tears to abandon the practice that had brought so much distress and wretchedness upon him. And he took him and set him upon his own beast, (the name of that beast is Total Abstinence,) and carried him to his family, and took care of him. And on the morrow he offered up two prayers for him and departed. Which now of all these, thinkest thou, was a neighbor unto

him that fell among retailers? Here is a hard-drinking, moderate-drinking, retailing, anti-temperance, and temperance man. Which think you the most preferable? May God enable you to make a wise choice. —*Christian Index.*

STAGE COACH TRAVELLING.—It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but 6, and one of the wise men of those days, John Crossell, of the Charter House, tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. But to go back only ninety years. In 1742, the Oxford stage coach left London at 7 o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycomb at 5 in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning, on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest of ease under six hours. Well born coachmen prevail on the road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native country in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground, between London and Brighton, with Mr Stevenson (who had been a Cambridge University graduate) and Mr. Charles Jones, brother of Sir Thomas Tyrw Jones, has now a coach on the Brighton road, called the Pearl, which he drives himself. The late Mr. Stevenson, mentioned above, (for he no longer exists) became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits however, had not been lost upon him; his demeanor was always that of a gentleman, and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were inclined. [Quarterly Review.

UNWISE MEN.—The angry man—who set his own house on fire in order that he may burn it at of his neighbor. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in render-

ing himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir might feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

EDWIN STERNS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,

Corner of Duke and Buckingham Streets.

☞ The highest price given for old Gold
October 2.

JUST PUBLISHED,

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

A Sheet Almanack,

FOR 1835.

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.

JOB PRINTING.

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.

☞ Pamphlets, Circulars, Cards, Hand-Bills, Catalogues, &c. &c. printed at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. W. BLACKADAR

Halifax, July, 183

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