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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

No. 40. Vol. 1.]

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 16, 1835.

[ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

BEAVERS.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of the American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of this wonderful animal, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them to be a fallen race. Towards the latter end of Autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty assemble for the purpose of building their habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions, to avoid being crushed.—When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip off its branches; after which with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll into the rivulet across which they intend to erect their houses. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere.—These outlaws, are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them lazy beaver, and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose perseverance industry and *perseverance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the winter.—

Impression of Music on Animals.—M. Marville has given us the following curious details on this subject. Deubting, he tells us, the truth of those who say it is natural for us

to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country he made his observations, while a man was playing on a conch shell, (*trompe marine*), upon a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and some barn-door fowls in a yard under the window on which he was leaning. He did not perceive that the cat was in the least degree affected, and he even judged by her air that she would have given all the musical instruments in the world for a mouse, for she slept all the while unmoved in the sun; the horse stopped short from time to time at the window, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the players; and the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles very peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after grazing awhile went forward; some little birds which were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, minding his hens, and the hens, solely employed in scraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the music.—*Faculties of Birds.*

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

In one of those delightful retirements from the busy world, which decorate the banks of the Schuylkill, for miles above Philadelphia, resided some years since Mrs. Seldon and her little family, consisting of an old daughter, and two or three domestics. She was an English lady, and had emigrated to this country shortly after the close of the revolutionary war. It was a strange and romantic idea, which caused her removal from her native country: her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, had died about a year before, on his return from India, leaving her a handsome support. But from the moment she heard of his decease, she said, she found there was no happiness left for her in England; every thing that she saw or heard—the little groves that surrounded her dwelling—the melody of the rippling waves that flowed at the foot of the garden—the shepherd's whistle, and the huntsman's horn, brought to mind only the delighted days of years now gone forever. She thought the novel scenery of a new country would wean her from these recollections, and was necessary to her health. Having arrived at Philadelphia, she took the little cottage I have spoken of, and made an effort to be a happy mother.—But the effort failed. In less than a year after a rapid decline succeeded a fixed and set-

tled melancholy, and she dwindled in a brief space of time into eternity.

The transition of Mrs. Seldon had been so sudden that little time was allowed Lauretta to prepare for the event—and when the final trial was closed, when after she had watched over that feverish bed, exhausted all her spirits, day by day, to light up a little cheerfulness in her mother's countenance, and wean her away from that slow and cankering despondency which had subdued her; when after suffering all the anxiety which hovers between hope and despair, the event she had not dared to think of, burst upon her, and she saw on her mother's lips the signet "it is finished," set on those eyes in whose smiles she had been nurtured closed forever,—it would not have been wondered at if her young heart had sunk within her, although it did not appear at first to do so. She attended the funeral ceremonies with a calmness that seemed like resignation itself; and when the attendants sung the sweet and touching hymn, beginning with

"Why do we mourn departed friends?" a glow came across her cheek, which brightened at the lines—

"The grave of all his saints he bless'd,
And softened every bed—
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head."

To one who had visited Lauretta months after these scenes had passed, a surprising change would have been visible. Those who have been called to sit by the bed of sickness, where all that was dearest to the heart lay pale and helpless, waiting, perhaps, the slow but steady approach of the last sad messenger—have known, can easily feel, at least, something of that wasting weariness which comes in such seasons over the heart. The variety of nature—the blooming meads and bowers—the song of the unconscious passengers—the lively tinkling of the bells, and the whole round of life and pleasure which enchant the heart at ease, throw a deeper melancholy over the anguish of a suffering bosom. But all this Lauretta had endured without a murmur. It was not till the scene was closed—and the grave had taken its victim,—that her grief seemed to burst forth. Then, indeed, despair—

"Like a worm in the bud,
Fed on her damask cheek."

Misfortune seldom comes alone.—While a happy girl on the banks of the Humber, she had engaged her heart to one who was entirely worthy to receive it. She was now far from the scenes, which in former times, were endeared by the innocent indulgence of the first love she ever cherished. But that was not all,—her lover had met with a reverse of fortune,—to retrieve his affairs, it was necessary he should leave England on a foreign and a dangerous expedition,—and having given up all hope of ever seeing

Lauretta again, he sent her a farewell letter, in which he mentioned that he had visited the little cottage where she used to set and sing :

"The moon had oiled the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Deo,"

For the last time, 'but,' said he, 'I did not go up to that sacred bowler at the end of the grove. It had been the scene of too much bliss ever to be visited in such sorrowful times as these.'

This was the situation in which Lauretta was placed. Yet her mother's grave was the only confidant she trusted her sorrows to,—there would she sit alone, and watering the flowers she had planted, with her tears, exclaim, 'Mother, thou canst not see me weep now—once, when I was full of sorrow, I suppressed it, and seemed gay that thou mightest be cheerful—but now I will weep and weep till I come to thee.'

It was here I saw her for the first time—and the few scraps I then gathered of her story interested me so much, that in the summer of—from my long residence at the southward, I drove up to the residence of an old acquaintance in the neighborhood of the cottage, where Lauretta had lived, purposely to obtain some information of her. Mr. B. when I questioned him took my arm, and said, smiling—'Walk with me to the other end of the lane, and I will show you what will unfold the tale.'

I went with a heavy heart—and as I kept my eyes bent toward the old burying-ground, to catch the first glimpse of her marble memorial, I observed a fine new building standing near the place where the cottage formerly stood, and to it we directed our steps. Mr. B. entered without giving me an explanation, and bade me follow—but judge my surprise when the first face I met was Lauretta's—no longer, it is true the sorrowing Orphan Girl, but the happy wife of her earnest lover.

Mr. W. had made a short but prosperous voyage to the Mediterranean, and on his return to England, hearing of the death of Mr. Seldon, he followed Lauretta to Philadelphia, where, in a short time after, their mutual constancy was rewarded by a union, and their joint property promised ease and elegance to the remainder of their days.

The following Correspondence has been furnished the Editors of the New-York Commercial Advertiser for publication.—
Boston Paper.

Dear Sir: Understanding that you have in your possession some facts in relation to the fate of a portion of the slaves taken by the British from the southern states, during the last war, I would take the liberty, if it be not too much trouble to you, to ask you to furnish the public with a statement of whatever may have fallen under your observation in the premises. There is no little excitement at the present moment on the subject of the immediate emancipation of the slaves

in the United States, and different opinions are held by men of sense; it would therefore be acceptable to those who take an interest in the question, to receive any information you may possess. Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUELL KNAPP.

W. Anderson, M. D, 14 Courtland-st.
New-York, Aug. 20.

To Colonel Knapp: Dear Sir: Acknowledging the receipt of yours of the 14th inst. I hasten to answer the inquiries respecting what I know of the negroes sent into the British North American provinces during, or soon after the late war. This I do with great pleasure, because I think what occurred is a strong rebuke against the immediate emancipation system as performed in England by the late Grey ministry, and attempted to be accomplished in the southern part of this Union, by persons undoubtedly delagated and otherwise influenced by a coterie in Great Britain.

Immediately after the termination of the late war between Great Britain and this country, the navy under the command of Sir John B. Warren brought into Halifax, N. S. and St John, N. B. about two thousand five hundred or three thousand negro slaves, of every grade of age, sex, and occupation, captured or enticed principally from South Carolina, North Carolina, and Georgia, for the purpose of being made free. Those of these helpless mortals that were landed in Halifax, were placed on Melville Island, just evacuated by the American and French prisoners of war; I being then attached to the staff of the army, by an order from deputy inspector of hospitals, Blackwell, they were placed under my medical superintendence. For their accommodation the buildings in that airy and salubrious situation, were cleaned and white-washed, and in an especial manner prepared for their comfortable reception. I must here do justice to the location, the hospital and other advantages of Melville Island, of which to my certain knowledge, many American citizens at present in this country have a favorable reminiscence, from the kindness, liberality, and hospitality experienced by them while there, although under the mis-
"fortune of war." * * * * *

I was greatly surprised to find that soon after their arrival, between forty and fifty were taken down with small pox. There had been always more or less of this disease on the island, among the French prisoners, and the difficulty of eradicating the infection of small pox by any means, is reason enough why it should not have been removed by the exertions for cleanliness I have alluded to. The disease occurring among many in a very short time, led me to examine if they were vaccinated, when I found they had all been entire strangers to the benefits of the cow pox. This, of course, called for my aid, and the whole were vaccinated. I recollect of vaccinating, on one occasion, five hun-

dred in one day. By this effort the small pox at once disappeared; and there was not the recurrence of another case while these people remained on Melville Island. These facts are testimony in favour of cow pox, which few medical men have witnessed under similar circumstances, but being matters of record, should put to rest all cavil upon the efficacy of kine pox. It became my duty not only to direct attention to the sick, the hospital being conducted after the order of a military establishment, but by solicitation, I was required to devise some method to give employment to those in health, congenial to their wishes, constitutions, and habits, in order that they might have healthy exercise and become capacitated at a future time to take upon themselves the responsibility of their own support, and be enabled to enjoy the benefits that were designed to be afterward afforded to them. With this intention, I had instituted an inquiry as to their particular habits of labor. Knitting needles and yarn were obtained for several of the woman; spinning wheels and sundry housewifery materials for others; some of the men had been used to rough carpentering, and these were invited to exercise themselves in that way; but the most of them having been accustomed to agriculture, a lot of land, of ten acres, adjacent to the island, was appropriated to their tillage, accompanied with a promise of a supply of implements of husbandry for their use, and a perfect property in the produce of their labor, if they would continue to work. These, with many other arrangements, were planned, all having a tendency to invite and persuade them to enter into the employment that should be most congenial to their dispositions and habits, and under the assurance that what they earned or made, should be their own individual property. Nevertheless, it is lamentable to relate that in all instances the knitting was neglected, and the spinning wheel did not revolve. The tillage proposed, was considered, although only in prospect, a labor, and complained of as a burthen, and was not entered into. Their plea was, that they had been promised *Freedom*. So that, by them, into the ten acres a spade never was entered, nor a potatoe or other vegetable sowed or planted. To be sure a few who were willing to go to service were taken into families in the town of Halifax, and perhaps a half dozen rough carpenters also found a temporary employment. And it was soon seen by the government that it had got a burden on its hands, notwithstanding the high hopes and expectations of the projectors of the measure, Messrs Wilberforce, and Vansittart.

After a time it was thought best by the authorities in England, that these people should be otherwise provided for. Accordingly, orders were received to have distributed to the several families five acre lots of land each, in the neighbourhood of Halifax, on a location formerly occupied by the

Maroons of similar memory. With these implements of husbandry, tools and materials for building huts, together with a soldier's ration for six months and some certain articles of clothing, under the expectation that by a more direct idea of property they might be induced to become industrious. But with all these advantages, at the end of the first six months they were, for the most part, as destitute as when they first landed; and during the ensuing winter, not having hospital accommodations, many were cut off by the frost.

As late as the last winter, they were provided for in money from a charitable fund in the town of Halifax, for certain comforts, as flannels, eatables, &c; but although it is now twenty years since they were placed upon the spots of ground they occupy they have formed no community, to the leader or principal of which the money appropriated last winter could be safely given.

I think the forgoing may be considered as affording the best practical opportunity of testing the doctrine of immediate emancipation. I believe it to be an eternal truth, that unenlightened man is unqualified for self government. The blessings of freedom can only be found where intelligence is diffused. Laziness and ignorance are nearly allied to impotency of character; and before the blessings of liberty are bestowed, we should be certain in what manner they may be improved. I am, dear sir, with respectful consideration.

W. ANDERSON, M. D.

From the Portland Advertiser.

LETTER FROM MR. BROOKS. THINGS IN ENGLAND.

June 1835.

"A truce to essays. I am on the wing again. You may consider me on the road to London, mounted on an English coach—they never say *stage* here that's a Yankeeism, and marks an American in England. *Stage coach* they sometimes say—never "driver," but always "coachman." Yes, you may consider me on a stage coach, being galloped off to London from Portsmouth, (72 miles) in 7½ hours, including stoppages; fare 12 shillings (about three dollars) without the coachman, who comes in for 50 cents more. You see I am particular as a guide-book. The fact is, these are very little things that every body wants to know, and therefore I have treasured them up; and now, if any one will take the trouble to draw comparisons, he will see that land-motion is about the same in England as in the Northern States, and cheaper than it is in the Southern. Steamboat fare is dearer. In land-carriage, the English are a century ahead of us, in comfort, expedition, certainty of motion, &c. &c. In steamboat carriage, we are little more than a century ahead of them—and as much better as their carriages and horses as than

ours, so much the worse are their steamboats."

"One of the new sights that first strikes an American eye, is the number of the red coats—of officers and soldiers that he meets with in the old world. Having been in Halifax and New Brunswick, I was partially prepared for such an exhibition. The red coated soldiers and blue coated officers throng the streets in Portsmouth. One meets with them every turn he takes. Indeed it is no wonder that the English find little difficulty in procuring recruits, and the best of them too; for the poor fellow here must have a very bad taste, not to exchange his doubtful condition in life and his rags, for a red broadcloth coat, and cap, and trimmings, with enough to eat, and but little to do.

"Another of the new sights is the servants in their rich liveries. The gentlemen's servants of England look very like our dandies, and the gentlemen somewhat like our waiters. Indeed, one's ideas of propriety are often wonderfully puzzled. These servants are such well dressed fellows, in such fine broadcloth, with so many trappings, that I have to pucker up my mouth twice before I can ask them to do a job. I cannot tell servant from master, and therefore I often go wanting. Opposite my hotel in Portsmouth, a fellow has often popped his head out, who interests me much. He has on a powdered wig, scarlet breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles and a coat covered all with embroidery and spangled buttons. If I had not had a hint or two, I should have taken him for the Duke of Wellington. He looks very like, the wig excepted, our Major Generals of militia on a muster day. It would be a long while before I could make up my mind to ask such a piece of furniture to do any thing in a servile way. His master, whom I have since seen, dresses very like some of our plain men—and herein is a lesson for a man-lover of fine dress, that he is playing in America the very same part that a master makes his livery-servant play in England. And here is another lesson, too, for us. How ridiculous is that silly imitation of livery in the Northern States—it is well enough in the Southern, in another condition of society. When an American livery is such a miserable beggarly imitation of the rich and costly dresses one sees here—when an Englishman, too, can put on his livery crest of the arms of his family; whereas, we republican Americans cannot, for the life of us, tell what families we came from; a large majority of us having no families at all. When we have the coat of arms, let us don the livery and not before."

There are many little things all along the road, to remind me that I am in a foreign country. The *eagles* no longer answer my purpose. The *sovereign* and the *crown* have taken their places. Instead of dollars and cents, the talk is all of shillings and pence. A different law of the road prevails, directly the reverse of ours. The coachman pass-

es all carriages on the right hand instead of the left.

To be continued.

The General Convention of Delegates from the Temperance Societies throughout the Country assembled in the Province Building yesterday. The Solicitor General was called to the chair—and after an Address, on the subject of Temperance had been read by Beamish Murdoch, Esq. several Resolutions were passed, having been supported by appropriate remarks from the movers.—Nov.

Post Office, Halifax,
14th October, 1835.

The Mail for England by H. M. Packet Reynard, will be closed on Tuesday evening next, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED

On Saturday last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Henry Browne, of London, to Margaret Hawthorn, fourth daughter of Mr. Jacob Kuhn, of Cole Harbour.

At Kentville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. George Struthers, Mr. Thomas Lydiard, to Luanna, daughter of Dr. Isaac Webster, of that place.

DIED

Tuesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. William H. Rogers, in the 42d year of his age, for many years in the Engineer Department.

Monday morning, aged 6 months, Charles Mosse, only son of Mr. E. A. Moody.

Tuesday morning, Capt. Alex. Strachan, youngest son of Mr. William Strachan, in the 20th year of his age.

Friday, John Wm. Dupuy, in the 30th year of his age, son of the late Mr. John Dupuy.

Saturday morning, John M. Colla, Esq. for many years Fort Major of Halifax, and Adjutant Gen. of Militia.

This morning, Samuel G. Smith, second son of Mr. A. J. Smith, aged 11 years and six months.

At Yarmouth, on the 9th instant, Samuel Sheldon Poole, Esq., one of the oldest settlers of that Township.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

A solemn season of public worship is appointed to be held in the Granville-Street Church, in gratitude to Almighty God in mercifully preserving this community during the present season, from the dreadful scourge with which they were visited this time last year. The services will commence with prayer on Saturday next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Preaching in the evening. On Sunday, the regular three services, and on Monday also such services as shall be announced on Sunday. September 16

POETRY.

From the Maryland Colonization Journal.

COLONIZATION.

There's many a bark that's proudly borne
The thunder-freight of war,
Whose canvass, in the sunlight worn,
Hus showed, nor rent, nor scar;
Whose banner, upon summer seas
Has hung in idle fold,
Or, answering to the whispering breeze,
Its country's glory told.

To India's far and spicy Isles,
To Europe's crowded strand,
To where the sun, unsetting, smiles
Upon an ice-bound land,
The peaceful sail of commerce wends
Its long and dreary way,
Whether the frowning storm attends,
Or laughs the south wind gay.

Proud heralds of a nation's might!
Rich bearers of its gems!
They walked the seas, in robes of white,
The waves' true diadems.
Now trembling near the whirling cloud,
Earth's centre seeking now,
Secure in mast, and spar, and shroud,
Safely the deep they plough,
While warrior arms their flag outspread,
While rolls the rattling drum,
And stars and stripes are set o'er head,
And sails are sheeting home.

But not the moving battlement
That sweeps the watery plain,
Nor ships to earth's fair regions sent
For trade's uncertain gain,
As bravely o'er the billows prest
As shall "the craft," which bears
To Africa, on woman's hest,
Her bounty and her prayers.

VARIETIES.

VALUABLE HABIT.—One of the most valuable habits in life is that of contemplating every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talents often indulge, and to which they are perhaps more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it becomes encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will inevitably be one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any special undertaking will hang over him like a spell, and will paralyze all his energies, and he will at last believe that, however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed. The habit of finishing, ought to be formed in early youth.

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.—Young men for the most part are but little aware of the dangers which attend the beginnings of evil. No one becomes suddenly abandoned and profligate. There is always a gradual progress. He begins by slight occasional departures from rectitude, and goes from one degree of guilt to another, till conscience becomes seared, and vicious propensity strong, the habit of indulgence fixed and the character ruined. Nothing is more obvious than this connection, between the beginning and consummation of evil, and yet hardly any thing is more difficult than to convince the young of its reality. In entering upon wrong courses they have not the least expectation or fear of the dreadful issue. They mean not to proceed beyond the point of safety, and they have no doubt they can easily effect an escape whenever danger appears, but ere they are aware, they are arrested by the iron grasp of habit, and ruined for ever.

Take for example the young man who occasionally drinks to excess in the social circle; he does not dream that he is entering upon a course that will probably end in confirmed intemperance. He means no harm, he says of the sin, is it not a little one? there can be no danger in it. But soon his hands are made strong, and he becomes the slave of a scottish vice.

Thus it is with vicious practices. However slight at first, they tend, by a strong and necessary impulse to the point of utter depravity of principle and ruin of character. There is no safety but in guarding against the first approaches of evil. To step upon forbidden ground, is to throw one's self into the power of the destroyer, and if God interpose not to deliver, ruin is inevitable. It was a wise saying among the ancients, that the way of vice lays downhill. If you but take a few steps the motion soon becomes so impetuous and violent that it is impossible for you to resist it.

DR FRANKLIN, during his return from England to America, in the 21st year of his age, drew up the following resolutions, in order, as he said, that he might "form some scheme of action," that would enable him "to live, henceforth, in all respects like a rational creature:"

1. It is necessary for me to be extremely frugal for some time, till I have paid what I owe.
2. To endeavor to speak truth in every instance; to give no body expectations that are not likely to be answered, but aim at sincerity in every word and action—the most amiable excellence in a rational being.
3. To apply myself industriously to whatever business I may take in hand, and not divert my mind from my business by any foolish project of growing suddenly rich; for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.
4. I resolve to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but ra-

ther by some means excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasions speak all the good I know of every body.

A COMPANION.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging—alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the proudest thinker.

FRIENDSHIP.—Our first friends are all our seniors, we never meet again with such kind hearts and fond embraces as those amidst which our childhood nestled. Our parents, protectors and patrons, all who feel for us interestedly, are those who knew us in the innocence of our childhood: contemporaries and school-fellows may be faithful friends, but their friendship lacks the tenderness of that of the friends of the older race. Our juniors regard us as beings of a different sphere. They cannot feel towards us any of the interests so essential to the enjoyments of life; it is when our parents and their contemporaries die, and can no more be traced on the scene, that we receive, the first visitation of age. The race that looked upon us with indulgence is then no more, and the world is poorer in the means of help and kindness. There are then none who will interfere merely from affection to avert misfortune.—[Lawrie Todd.]

Three uses of one word.—A person who lived in constant fear of the bayliffs, having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence? to which he replied, 'Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended.'

EDWIN STEPHENS,
GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,
Corner of Duke and Buckingham
Streets.
The highest price given for old Gold
and Silver. October 2.

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, 1835.

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