

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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.

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

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 5, 1836.

No. 3.

The Weekly Mirror,

is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.

WHERE

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

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CROCODILE.

The crocodile lives on the banks of immense rivers, in hot climates, such as those of India and Africa. He seems to have the whole command on these shores, as much as the lion has in the deserts, or the eagle in the air, or the whale in the sea. He can live either on land or water, and is a dreadful terror to both. He is of an enormous size, and has such strength and power, that no animal within his reach is able to resist him. Crocodiles have sometimes grown to the enormous length of twenty-five feet; and it is thought that, like fishes, they continue to increase in size during their whole life. The sight of this creature is sufficient to fill any one with terror; for he has fierce and fiery-looking eyes, and a frightful row of teeth, which are always seen, for he has no lips to cover them. He is covered with a coat of armour, worked together in a most curious manner; and, on his back, it is strong enough to resist a musket-ball; below, it is thinner and more pliable. The colour of the full-grown crocodile is a blackish-brown above, and yellowish white beneath. The mouth is of vast width, and is furnished with a number of sharp-pointed teeth; and these are so arranged, that, when the mouth is shut, they fit in between one another.

The crocodile seems to have more power in the water, than on the land. The great length of his body prevents him from turning suddenly round; yet, when he is going to seize his prey, he swims forward with astonishing swiftness. On land, his long body, in its hard, stiff, heavy coat, makes him less dangerous. He prefers the water to the land; and he will often lie floating along the surface of the water, looking like a large piece of timber; and he darts upon whatever animal comes within his reach. But, if nothing comes in his way, his hunger will then lead him to the bank. There he will lie concealed, till some land animal comes to drink,—a dog, a bull, a tiger, or even a man. Nothing is seen of the creature till it is too late to escape. He springs upon his victim, seizes him between his teeth, drags him into the water, and instantly carries him to the bottom. He seldom

moves far from the water: so that, in many many parts of the East, it is very dangerous to walk carelessly on the banks of unknown rivers, or among reeds and sedges:—and bathing is often attended with great danger.

On hot days, there are numbers of crocodiles on the rivers of Guinea: they will lie basking on the banks; and, as soon as they observe any one coming, they will plunge into the water. Travellers say, that in the river Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, they have seen more than two hundred of them swimming together, with their heads just above the water.

The young of the crocodile are produced by eggs; and this creature, which grows to so vast a size, comes from an egg not bigger than that of a goose. The female carefully hides her eggs in the sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The little creature, when it first gets out of the egg, is seldom more than six or seven inches long. As soon as it is hatched, it runs into the water: and many of them are there destroyed by different kinds of fish. Their eggs too, of which the female lays about eighty at a time, are destroyed in vast numbers by vultures and other animals, which happily prevents the crocodiles from increasing to that fearful number, which might otherwise be expected.

BIOGRAPHY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was born in London, in 1328. His father appears to have been a wealthy merchant, who gave him a liberal education. He was for some time at Cambridge, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He next improved himself by travelling into foreign countries, and on his return studied the law in the Inner Temple, which he soon quitted for the court, and became yeoman to Edward III. who gave him a pension out of the exchequer. In 1370 he was appointed his majesty's shield bearer. He was sent to Genoa some time after to hire ship for the king's service, and at his return obtained a grant of a pitcher of wine a-day, to be delivered by the butler of England; and the place of comptroller of the customs of London, for wool, &c. In the succeeding reign he was obliged to go abroad to avoid the resentment of the clergy for having embraced the doctrines of Wickliffe. He returned privately, but was taken and committed to prison, from whence he was not released till he had made his submission. On this he retired to Woodstock, where he employed himself in correcting his works. Here he published his treatise on the Astro-labe. Henry IV. in the first year of his

reign gave him an amnesty of forty marks for his life. He died in 1400, and was buried in Westminster abbey. Chaucer married Philippa de Rouet, a lady of good family, by which means he became allied to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who was his great patron while he was himself in power. Chaucer left two sons, one of whom was speaker of the house of commons, and ambassador to France. Of his poems, the Canterbury Tales are by far the best. There have been several editions of his works, the best is that of Mr. Urry, in folio; but the Canterbury Tales have been published separately by Mr. Tyrwhit, 5 vols 8 vo. They have been modernized by Dryden, Pope, and others.

THE VILLAGE.—No. 2.

JOSEPH AND JONATHAN HENSHAW.

If young people did but consider the advantage of being industrious, they would never be found idle. In the first place, industry keeps us from sin; for what Dr. Watts says, in his hymn book for children, is so true that it deserves the attention of grown-up people; "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." In the second place, it keeps us from sorrow; for sin always brings sorrow; and even the common cares of life are relieved, and often are quite forgotten, when we are fully employed. They are the idle, and not the industrious part of mankind, who find time to mourn and murmur over their troubles and disappointments. One hour's hard work will drive away two hours' care at any time; and he or she who is able to be industrious, and yet remains idle, is a great simpleton. Again, industry adds much to our happiness, for, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," not only in those things which add to our bodily comfort, but also to the peace of our minds. He who is industrious, is generally in good spirits through the day, and commonly sleeps well at night. Habits of industry, like all other good habits, should be obtained when young. Show me a lad who is up betimes at his work, and a girl who keeps her needle well employed, and I will show you those, who, by and by, will abound with comforts, while the idle around them will want bread. "At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter;" and "one to-day is worth two to-morrows."

The most industrious lads that I know in my native village, are Joseph and Jonathan Henshaw. Their father and mother are both dead, and they are living with their grandfather; but I must say a word or two about him; for if ever there was one man more industrious than another, surely that man is Richard Henshaw.

When I first went from home, quite a lad, it was harvest time, and I left Richard

Henshaw with a sickle in his hand, working for farmer Brookes. No man could handle a sickle like Richard; and it did me good to see at what a rate he cut away the dry ripe corn, and bound it into sheaves. I was abroad many years, but when I returned, Richard Henshaw was at work in the very same field, handling his sickle as nimbly as he did before. The field had been sown with rye-grass and clover since I left it. It had borne crops of turnips, and lam fallow for seasons; but as I said before, when I came back, it had a noble crop of corn waving to and fro in the wind. Judging by that field, and by Richard Henshaw, I might have imagined that little change had taken place in the neighbourhood; but when I walked into the churchyard, I saw many names that made my heart ache; for "we must needs die, and be as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." Richard Henshaw was a young man then, but now, the little hair that he has on his head is as white as flax, and the wrinkles in his brow tell us that he is one of the oldest men in the parish. He worked for old farmer Brookes forty years, and above thirty for his son, who still occupies the farm. As I stood for a moment to speak to Richard Henshaw, the other sabbath day, I thought that I had never seen a finer looking old man; for, though old, he was upright, and had a colour like a rose in his cheek. What made him appear to more advantage than usual, was, that at the time two or three idle fellows passed by in dirty ragged smock frocks, with unshaven and unwashed faces, and their toes peeping out of their shoes. Richard had on his Sunday blue coat with gilt buttons, which he has worn these seven years; a red waistcoat, and a pair of leather breeches without a spot upon them. His shirt, though coarse, was white as a curd, while his worsted stockings, with the red garter tied below the knee, looked as if they were new. His hat and shoes had been brushed with care; and I never saw a greater contrast between idleness and industry in my life. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." Richard has a saying which he had from his father, and he often repeats it for the benefit of his grandchildren, whom he is bringing up to be as industrious as himself:

"When I was a young man I rose with the lark,
To attend to the work took in hand;
I could plow, harrow, sow,
Drive a te m, reap, and mow,
With the best man that lived in the land."

The church clock struck seven the other morning, when I opened the little gate of Richard Henshaw's cottage. I thought this tolerably early for the time of year, and hoped to catch Joseph and Jonathan before they went to work. When I opened the cottage door, and asked if they were at home, "No; I hope not!" replied their grandfather Richard, who was busily employed in twisting some cut-gut round a flail

which had been injured. "I hope they have been hard at work this hour or two ago. My father used to say,

'He that would thrive must rise at five;
He that has thriven may lie till seven.'

My lads are no lie-a-beds; and, say the worst of them, they are willing chaps at their work. I teach them to 'handle their tools without mittens.' Stick to it steadily, breaks the neck of the hardest day's work." Now, I had always taken notice of Joseph and Jonathan at the Sunday-school; for, though I have known quicker boys, I never knew any who were more industrious; it therefore pleased me to hear their grandfather speak well of them. I have long had hopes of their being diligent, not only in their temporal business, but in seeking to learn and to do His will, whose are the flocks, and the herds, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. After leaving a book with their grandfather, which I much wished them to read, I walked further, and met farmer Brookes, of whom I enquired the conduct of Joseph and Jonathan. "I tell you what, Master Jenkins," said he, "you know that I don't trouble my head much about Sunday-schools, and such sort of things; perhaps not so much as I ought to do, not caring to have servants on my farm wiser than myself; but if all Sunday-schools would turn out such chaps as Joe and Jonathan, I wouldn't mind paying something towards them to-morrow. I do my duty by them, and I expect them to do the same by me; for I can't afford to pay folks who are afraid of dirtying their fingers. They are now getting big lads, to be sure, and ought to be useful; but, between ourselves, I have not better hands on my farm, nor any more to be depended on; they are always to their time, and never let the grass grow under them. I look upon it, they are as honest as I am, and have never yet told me a lie. So long as they are with me, they shall have good places; and when they like to leave me, they shall take with them as good a character as William Brookes can give them."

LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE properly signifies the expression or enunciation of human thoughts and sentiments, by means of the articulate sounds of the human voice.

Man, of all animals, only is possessed of speech. Mere sound is indeed the sign of what is pleasurable or painful, and it is, for that reason, common to most other animals; for, in this manner, do they signify their feelings to each other. But speech indicates what is expedient or hurtful, and, as a natural consequence, what is just or unjust. It is therefore given to man; for a sense of good and evil is peculiar to man alone.

The most intellectual of the brute creation frequently astonish us by actions, which can proceed only from the power of intellect, similar to our own: the capacity of speech

then, is the criterion of distinction between man and the brute creation. Reason, the capital faculty and characteristic of man, would, without this extensive power of communication, have remained in inactivity, its energies unexcited, and its faculties torpid. The origin of written language is involved in great obscurity; nor has this obscurity been much lessened by the erudition that has been expended in the attempts of the learned to remove it. In the early ages of the world, there is every reason to suppose, that the difference of language in Europe, Asia, and Africa, was no more than difference of dialect and that the people of Greece, of Phœnicia, and of Egypt, mutually understood each other. The oriental origin of the Latin and Greek, is now generally acknowledged; and to these the Tuetonic dialects have an affinity; the Arabic, the Chaldee, the Syriac, and the Ethiopic still bear the most striking resemblance to the Hebrew: in the Welsh, are many words analogous to it: the Celtic, also, has derived much from this and other eastern languages. The Hebrew, then, if we judge from these remarkable facts, from the mode of its derivation from its radicals, or from the simplicity of its structure, must, undoubtedly, be considered as the primitive or parent language.

An eminent linguist of the present day thinks it very likely, that the original language was composed of monosyllables, that each had a distinct ideal meaning, and only one meaning; as different acceptations of words would undoubtedly arise, either from the compounding terms, or when there were but few words in the language, using them by a different mode of pronunciation, to express a variety of things. Were this simple monosyllabic language prevailed, (and it must have prevailed in the first ages of the world,) men would necessarily have simple ideas, and corresponding simplicity of manners. The Chinese language is exactly such as this; and the Hebrew, if stripped of its vowel points, and its prefixes, suffixes, postfixes, separated from their combinations, so that they might stand by themselves, would nearly answer to this character, even in its present state.—*Mitchell's Encyclopaedia*,

WHO'LL TURN THE GRINDSTONE.—

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's day I was accosted by a man with an axe on his shoulder. My pretty boy, said he, has your father a grindstone? Yes, sir, said I. You are a fine little fellow, said he, will you let me grind my axe on it? pleased with his compliment of fine little fellow, O yes, sir, I answered, it is down in the shop. And will you my man, said he, tapping me on my head, get a little hot water? How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. How old are you, and what is your name, continued he without waiting for a reply. I am sure you

are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen, will you just turn a few minutes? Ticked with his flattery, like a little fesi I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I tugged and roiled till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with. Now you little rascal, you've played the truant, scud to school or you'll rue it! Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day; now to be called little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind: and I have thought of it since.

When I have seen a man of doubtful character, putting a girl on the cheek, praising her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, and giving her a sly squeeze: beware, my girl, thought I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning a grindstone for a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who in private life is a tyrant; methinks, look out good people, that jellow would set you a turning grindstones.

When I see a man holding a fat office sounding the horn on the borders to call the people to support the man on whom he depends for his office; well, thinks I, no wonder the man is zealous in this cause, he evidently has an axe to grind.

GRATITUDE.—A very poor aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation.—“Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?” He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, “Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the moral of gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone.”

MARRIED.

At Falmouth, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. S. Banford, Mr. Wm. Stirling, of Newport, to Miss Hannah Burnham, of the former place.

At Boston, December 8, by the Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Andrew Reid, of this place, to Miss Bridget Davis, of Cambridgeport.

DIED.

On Sunday last, of Scarlet Fever, Harris B. aged 2 years, and Horatio B. aged 4 years; two youngest children of Mr. Edward Sellon, of this town.

CORRECTION.—The 1st line, 2nd column of the 2d page of the last Mirror, should have been the 1st line of the 1st column 3d page.

EDWIN STERNS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,

Corner of Duke and Barrington Streets. The highest price given for old Gold and Silver.
January, 1836.

Blank Bills of Lading, for sale at this Office.

FOR THE MIRROR.

ECCLES. V. 9—17.

The Earth that from her bosom yields,
Provisions for her children's wants,
Gives bread to those who till her fields,
And Kings depend upon her grants.
Her bounties equally supply,
The poor—the rich, the low—the high!

The labourer at his daily tasks,
(Though subject to the rich man's wiles),
Is happier far, than he who basks
In fortune's sickle, wayward smiles;
No anxious thoughts his bosom heat,
His wants are few—his sleep is sweet.

The miser hoards his glittering wealth,
And hugs the phantom to his heart,
But will his gold secure him health,
Or ease the peace of mind impart?
Oh no! his breast is fill'd with care,
Dissatisfaction riots there.

Abundance does not satiate,
Though goods increase, he longs for more;
Nor does possession ought abate,
His feverish thirst for worthless ore,
He counts it o'er—it charms his eye,
But conscience whispers—vanity.

When ev'ning throws her shades around,
And busy nature sinks to rest,—
He tries to sleep, but ev'ry sound
Creates a tumult in his breast;
With fire and thunders his fancy teems,
His brain is fill'd with frightful dreams.

His days roll on with fears harass'd,
Till sickness seizes on his frame,
Then, memory rakes up all the past,
And fills his soul with guilt and shame!
A chilly moisture wets his brow,
Sorrow and wrath attend him now.

Too late he finds that all his life,
He has been labouring for the wind;
His vision fails—o'erwhelm'd with grief;
He dies and leaves his ALL behind.
No hopes of victory over death,
Sustain him in his latest breath.

True riches only can be found,
In Christ the Saviour of our race!
Trusting in Him, our souls abound
In peace and joy and happiness,
And at the last his saints shall stand,
With Him in Heav'n, at God's right hand.

H. H.

The Weekly Mirror.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1836.

Boston Papers to the 23d January received by the Cordelia, contain Liverpool dates to the 19th, and London to the 20th December.

H. M. Packet Star, arrived at Nevis on the 23d December. The mail was forwarded to Jamaica, and is now hourly looked for here.

Sir F. B. Head, the newly appointed Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, arrived at New-York in the Packet Ship United States, and proceeded to Toronto.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

On Monday the 19th January, the President of the United States sent a special message to Congress, on the subject of their affairs with France, in which he states that France still peremptorily refuses to pay the amount claimed by the U. States under the treaty of 1831; and under these circumstances recommends that their Navy be increased, and that a law be passed, prohibiting the importation of French Goods, and entrance of French vessels into their ports.

The *Moniteur*, the French Government Paper, speaking of the recent naval preparation, says:—“The recal of the American Charge d'Affaires, coming after the measures proposed last year to the Congress, has rendered some precautions necessary. It was the duty of the French Government, under such circumstances, to be prepared, at all events to protect French interests. Such is the aim of the armaments equipping in our ports—an aim purely defensive. There exists at this moment no legitimate cause of war between France and the U. States, and in no case shall the aggression come in the first instance from France.”

On this subject, the *London Morning Chronicle* says—“The only medium that now exists for communication between the two Governments, is the Government of this Country. We are happily upon the terms of cordial friendship with both parties, and cannot be supposed to have any wish to see the honor of either injured in the affair. It becomes therefore the duty of our Government to assume the character of an arbitrator between them.”

ENGLAND.

Whale Ships in the Ice.—A Public Meeting has been held at Hull, with a view to the rescue of the unhappy sufferers belonging to the whalers locked up in the ice at Davis's Straits. The whole number of vessels enclosed in the ice is 14—Number of their crews 594, many of whom have families entirely destitute.

Captain Ross, the discoverer of the North Pole, has volunteered his services, to perform the humane but dangerous duty of commanding the Expedition to search for, and if possible to restore them, to their country and friends; and 3 vessels equipped and victualled were to sail under his command for their relief.

Captain Back, notwithstanding the sufferings which this officer has lately undergone, he came forward generously, and offered his services for the relief of the whalers. The admiralty however, had accepted the offer of Captain Ross.

The proposal of the admiralty with respect to the Greenland ships is, that if the owners and underwriters will fit out a ship, and men from the ports will volunteer for her, the admiralty will commission her, pay and provision the crew, and fill her with stores and provisions for the crews in L. W. S. Straits.

POETRY.

HOME.

I love to hear the mournful eve
The ploughman's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darksome homeward lane,
When all is hushed and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And leaving all behind so dear,
Approach our pleasant home,—

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street
Where round the blazing evening fire,
The cheerful household meet.

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own,
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on,—
And think upon the dreary way,
And traveller alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still repeated from each tongue,
"How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat
With heartfelt social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth,

POETRY OF LIFE.—We hear a great deal of the philosophy of life, the poetry of life is equally real far more generally diffused. It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all. It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honorable track—with the emotions of the lover, with the ardor of a hero, till it covers the battle field pit from his eyes, and shows him only the halo of glory—with the patriotism of the righteous statesmen—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of heaven on the beaten paths of our daily life. No human speculation, no humane pursuit, no humane feeling which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit—and is born by its elating influence towards its legitimate end. It is impossible to point out any nation that has become great or even successful for a time without it. Of the ancient nations we need not speak—in all, of which we know any thing but the barest facts, poetry, and the intense desire of glory, which cannot exist totally distinct from poetical feeling, were found. From some of them what have we not received. The very Sarcens when, under Mahomet, they suddenly overflowed Asia, Africa, and part of Europe were set on fire by the poetic charms of his

new paradise: The Trojans, that extinguished the last sparks of the Roman empire, and laid the foundations of the present European kingdoms, were not led hither merely for food—it was Valhalla, and the poetic legends of their Scyths, that armed and animated them. We cannot take away poetry from life, without reducing it to the level of animal stupidity. In our days, stupendous events have passed on the face of the civilized world, and equally extraordinary has been the development of poetic power. A host of great names will be left to posterity, and with them a host of new impulses that will fill futurity with increase of light and happiness; and as christianity becomes better understood, as the spirit of love begins to predominate over the spirit of selfishness, the true poetry of life, and its power, shall be more and more acknowledged. Men will feel that in aspiring after true honor—in desiring to become benefactors of men—to spread knowledge and intellectual beauty, they are but giving exercise to the divine spirit of poetry which is sent down from heaven to warm and embellish every humane heart, though often unseen and acknowledged; and they will work in the spirit of love and its enjoyment.

LEARNING A TRADE.—There are many people who dislike the name of mechanic, and would rather than put their children to a trade, tug hard at their business, and live sparingly, for the sake of giving them a college education. They think meanly of him who wears the leather apron, and is not dressed up in finery and show. This, we believe, is the reason why there are so many pettifoggers and vagabonds in the world. Many a son has been sent to college with the expectations of his parents highly excited—but like the fable of the mountain, has only produced a mouse. We think highly of our college institutions, and rejoice to see them prosper; but we are more pleased to see an individual's mind turned in a right current. There are hundreds of lawyers who would have made better mechanics, and have obtained a more comfortable livelihood; and there are, no doubt, mechanics who would stand high at the bar, had they been blessed with a liberal education. But if a child have talents, they will not remain hid, and no matter what his profession is, they will sooner or later burst forth. There are many distinguished individuals in the world who were bred to mechanical trades. Many of the editors of our best conducted journals were mechanics and do credit to the stations they occupy.—And our mechanics, too, generally speaking, are the most industrious part of the community. They are almost always busily employed. But it is apt to be otherwise with professional men. They are often dilatory, lazy. It is an effort for them to bend their minds to a difficult pursuit. They are well informed, because they spend much of their time in reading; but

this is unprofitable business, unless we have some definite object in view.

In these remarks we wish it not to be understood that we think lightly of professional men generally—for we do not. We wish to address ourselves particularly to those parents who are hesitating what occupation to give their children. Are they ingenious—fond of mechanical pursuits? Give them a trade. Do they love to study, and cannot give their attention to any thing else? Send them to college. Let your children choose themselves what trade or profession they will follow—and what they select will generally prove the most advantageous in the end. But never think a trade too humble for your son to work at, nor a profession too important for him to acquire. Let every parent pursue this course with his child, and we are confident there would be less unhappiness and misery in the world. You can never force a trade upon a child; it must be natural to him. A disregard for a child's inclination in this respect, has often proved his ruin, or at least unfitted him for the duties of life.

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.—Let young persons put some such questions as those to themselves—Do I think myself a person of consequence? If so, on what grounds?—who is the better for me? if I were away, who would miss my services? would my parents lose many dutiful affectionate attentions? would my brothers and sisters lose a kind and accommodating and self-denying companion? would my friend or poor neighbours be any the worse off for my removal? would one and another say "Ah! if he were but here, he would have done this or that for us?" But if conscience assures us that in no such ways as these we should be missed or regretted, than what ever our station, whatever our opinion of ourselves may hitherto have been, we may be assured that we have not, at present any just grounds of self-complacency: and if we are discontented with this conclusion let us go and learn of the humble active and devoted Christian, how to make ourselves persons of consequence.

HUMAN NATURE.—Man, without motives to exertion, is a beast: with them, he can become an Alfred or a Paul. The presence of these is the chief cause of human distinction.—Where nothing prompts, to action, nothing will be done.

PAINTING, &c.

W. B. STEPHENSON,

Bees leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for their liberal support while in the Firm of Metzler & Stephenson, and to inform them that it is his intention to continue the business at the same stand, Mr. Foreman's Yard, head of Long Wharf; and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of their support.

January, 1836.