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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, JULY 15, 1836.

No. 26

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,
BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

At his Office, nearly opposite Bauer's wharf, and
adjoining north of Mr. Allan M' Donald's.

WHERE

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

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

DIVERSITY OF PLEASURES IN NATURE.

To whatever part of the creation we direct our view we find something to interest and gratify either our senses, our imagination, or our reason. Universal nature is formed to present us with a multitude of pleasing objects, and to procure those new and varied delights which continually succeed each other. Our inclination for variety is continually excited and always gratified; there is no part of the day in which we do not find some gratification for our senses or for our minds. Whilst the sun illumines the horizon, plants, animals, and a thousand pleasing objects, gratify our view; and when night extends her sable mantle over the earth, the majestic grandeur of the firmament occasions rapture and astonishment. Every where Nature works to procure us new enjoyment; even the smallest insects, leaves, and grains of sand offer subjects of admiration: and he who is not struck with this infinite diversity, and does not acknowledge in it the goodness of God, must be blind indeed; and little are his feelings to be envied whose hearts does not throb with pleasure at the sight of nature's beautiful objects.

The same brook that waters the valleys, murmurs sweet music in our ear, invites us to soft repose, and refreshes the parched tongue. The grove which shields us from the piercing rays of the sun by its protecting shade, makes us experience a delicious coolness; reclining at ease beneath the lofty trees, whilst we listen to the joyful songs of the birds, a thousand sweet sensations sooth our souls. The trees, whose beautiful blossoms so lately delighted us, will soon produce the most delicious fruits; and the meadows, waving with the ripening corn, promise an abundant harvest.

Every month of the year brings us different plants and new flowers. Those which

are decayed are replaced by others, and by thus succeeding each other there is no perceptible void in the vegetable kingdom.

We cannot look around but every thing reminds us of his infinite goodness, and calls forth our gratitude and joy; when we walk abroad into the fields, and see the rich corn, the flocks feeding, and the verdant groves, may our souls be filled with pleasure, and our hearts rejoice in bliss! We shall then experience that there is no greater and more durable satisfaction than that arising from the contemplation of Nature's works, which the longer we consider the more we shall admire: and the more attentively we observe the more shall we discover that God is a pure being, who loves mercy and goodness, and that the Christian religion is a source of unfading joy, and a continual motive for grateful adoration.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN FLAMSTEED.

John Flamsteed, an English astronomer, was born at Derby in 1646, and educated at the grammar school in that town. When very young he discovered a turn for mathematical learning, and in 1689 he calculated an eclipse of the sun which was to happen next year; and also five appulses of the moon to the fixed stars. He sent the same to the royal society, for which he received the thanks of that learned body. One of his best friends was sir Jonas Moore, who introduced him to the king, and in 1674 procured from him the place of astronomer royal. The same year he entered into orders. In 1675 the foundation of the royal observatory at Greenwich was laid, and he was the first resident and astronomer royal; it was called *Flamsteed-house*, by which name it continues to be known. In 1725 appeared his great work entitled, *Historia Caelestis Britannica*, in 3 vols. folio. In the *Philosophical Transactions* are many of his papers, and in sir Jonas Moore's *System of Mathematics* is a tract by him on the *Doctrine of the Sphere*. He died in 1719. Mr. Flamsteed never received any other church preferment than the crown living of *Burstow*, in *Surry*.

Happy is the man who can be acquitted by himself in private, and by others in public.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

About thirty years ago, Mr. B., having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November; and though he usually took the sea side as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road-side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice—

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added—"Thank Heaven, I am yet free from crime!"

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man and said—

"I fear you are in distress. Is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"Strangers may perhaps," replied the man in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from friends."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home, and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been—" He suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me. I have certainly no right to pry into your concerns; but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber—ay,"

he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not--I care not, for your former crimes: sufficient for me that you repent them. Tell me wherein I can stand your friend."

"For myself I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar. I wished, for her sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth—to all which she is so justly entitled—in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world!" Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank-bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds."

The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low, subdued tone—

"I will not attempt to thank you sir. May I ask your name and address?"

Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you; till then, I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge and disappeared.

Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but, as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit, as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely out of his mind.

One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was brought into his hands, and the servant told him that a Leith carrier had brought a hogshhead of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expression of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived.

Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B. strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good manum of it have I drunk at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he was, and the secret

of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Greyfriars church-yard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner and said—

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage and disappeared.

PULL IT UP BY THE ROOTS.

Come, my young friends, the sun begins to shine over our heads; it is summer, and I hope it will be a happy summer with you all. Get out into the meadows, if you can, for they are so pleasant now, and I love to see children running after each other down the side of a green hill, or gathering primroses and daffodils in the valley.

How delightful it is to ramble through the fields, when the freshness of spring is mingled with the warmth of summer; when the humble-bee tumbles into the buttercups, or creep up the spotted flower of the fox-glove; when the light-winged, slender-bodied kingfisher skims over the surface of the brook: when every bush has a bird in it, and every bird is warbling forth its joy! How delightful it is, I say, to go abroad when every thing that has life seems to be happy? Never do I see a group of young people enjoying themselves in the country without looking fondly back to the years of my childhood.

When gazing on the rosy train,
All noisy, happy, wild,
My heart beats faster, and again
I wish myself a child.

I could talk to you for an hour about the hills and the valleys; the woods and the waters; the birds and the blossoms; and the days of youth, play, and happiness. I could be like a child among you, and help you to plait the green rushes, or to gather the yellow crocuses, and gambol in the fields, or lie along the mossy banks looking for violets: but, if I were to do so, perhaps I might not do you so much good as may be done by talking of other things that will be useful, not only when it is summer and sunshine, but also when it is winter and the dark night is gathering about you. If, therefore, I talk a little more gravely to you than you do to each other, remember it is with the intention of doing you good.

The other day, as I passed by the side of a little garden, where a man and a boy were at work, I heard the boy say, "Father, here is a dock; shall I cut it off close to the root?" (I dare say you all know that a dock is a large common weed, that has broad leaves like the horse-radish plant.) "Shall I cut it off close to the root?" said the boy. "No!" replied his father, "that won't do; I have cut it up myself half a dozen times, and it only comes again stronger than ever. Pull it up by the root; for nothing else will kill it." The boy pulled, and pulled again at the dock-root, but it was all in vain; the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place, so he called to his father to come and help him, and then his father went, and pulled it up by the root.

A dock-root is considered a very useless thing, but though it can be put to no other use, perhaps by talking about it we may make it useful.

Every evil passion in the heart of a child is like the dock of which I have spoken. It strikes its root deep, and is very difficult to be removed: it is of no use to trifle with it by covering it over, treading it down, or cutting it in two, for it will certainly grow up again; nor is there any other way of killing a bad passion when found out, besides that of pulling it up by the root.

No doubt you have observed that wherever weeds are, they always injure the plants and flowers that grow near them; and that is the reason why they should be destroyed: weeds and flowers will not do together. Now this is just the case in the mind of a child. If a little boy be ill tempered, you cannot expect to find in him good humour, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. If a little girl be idle, you need not look for industry, management, or cleanliness. As the weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions will injure good qualities. If a child be undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we may as well look for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there. Now is not this a sufficient reason why all your bad passions should be pulled up by the root?

The heart's evil passions
Bring trouble and woe;
And the longer they live there
The stronger they grow.

Weeds not only grow stronger, and injure the plants and flowers that are near them, but they spread about and multiply, so that though it may be an easy thing to remove them while they are few and weak, it becomes a hard thing to pull them up by the root, when they are many and strong.

And here again they agree with the bad passions of the heart, for bad passions spread and multiply, even faster than the weeds in a garden; so that there is a still greater reason why they should be removed early; and

covered over, nor trodden upon, nor cut down; but *pulled up by the root.*

Our evil thoughts, if unrestrained,
Will closer round us cling;
And from one spreading root of sin,
A thousand vices spring.

The moment that we discover sin, we should be determined to get rid of it. We should try with all our hearts and souls to overcome it; we should, if possible, tear it up; but if, after all, it has taken such a strong hold upon us that we have not power to do this, we must look about for assistance, and apply to the "Strong for strength." The boy called to his father to help him to pull up the dock-root; and we must cry to our heavenly Father to come and help us, and tear up the weed of sin from our hearts, for he can effectually destroy it; he can *pull it up by the root.*

You have now heard a good deal about bad passions, and the best way of weeding them out of the heart; but hearing of the bad passions of others will be of no service to you at all, unless you begin to inquire about your own. What then are your besetting sins? and how do you intend to get rid of them?

Do not let me put these questions, but put them to yourselves; and I am very much mistaken if you will ever regret them. It is a strange thing, although God has threatened so many judgements against those who disobey his laws, and promised so many blessings to them that love him and keep his commandments, that we should so frequently be found rebelling against the Most High; but sin has so spread and strengthened, and got such a firm hold in our hearts, that nothing but the grace of God can subdue it. Jesus Christ has promised to give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him; and he can destroy all evil, and plant all good in our hearts. How fervently then ought we to pray that he would subdue sin altogether, by *pulling it up by the root.*

Hints to Frequenters of Clubs and Coffee Houses.—The swaggerer is invariably an impostor—the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and finds more fault than any body else in the room, where the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to themselves never display irritability or impetuosity; their manners ensure civility—their own civility secures respect; but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the company—the most overbearing in his manners towards his inferiors—the most restless and irritable among his equals—the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

Savings Bank.—A new species of savings bank has been introduced into the canton of Appenzel by the excellent Mr. Zellweger—a savings bank against famine only. The payments made are six kreutzers, or about 2d. a week, until the sum amounts to the value of a cwt. of flour, when the flour is purchased and warehoused. In Switzerland the cantons have frequently been obliged to provide food and to lay in stocks for the population, especially in times of dearth or dearth; but by these savings a supply is constantly at hand, collected by the economy of the people themselves. It has been already observed that this new sort of deposit has diminished the consumption of spirituous liquors, and that the principal sufferers are the wine and spirit dealers. The plan has met with great success among the peasantry.

From English Papers by the Packet.

The Colonial Office and Admiralty have appointed Captain Back to undertake a new expedition for effecting the ambitious object of discovering the North-west Passage, the hope of which Captain Back's statements considerably strengthen. His Majesty takes a warm interest in the expedition.

We understand that ten sail of the line and twelve frigates have been ordered from Brest to the Mediterranean, were they are to remain as a permanent fleet. These ships of war, combined with the English fleet already in the Mediterranean, would form a naval force more formidable and more effective than could be mustered by any combination of northern hostile powers, and we presume it is intended to increase the English fleet so as to render it equal in force to the French. We do not from these demonstrations augur any hostile collision in the Mediterranean or the Black Sea. On the contrary, we should rather infer the continuance of peace, on the ground that the most likely way to preserve it is to be prepared for war, and we trust the result will be to prevent aggressions or encroachments, if any such have been meditated by the Northern Courts.—[Chronicle.]

The Bavarian Government has sent a circular to the different authorities of the country, directing them to exert themselves in preventing, as far as in their power, the people from emigrating. Within the last few months no fewer than two hundred families have left Bavaria for America.

A Bill is now before Parliament "to remove difficulties which may arise from the confusion between calendar and lunar months in the computation of time, and to remedy certain grievances which have already been occasioned thereby." This Act declares that the word "month" in any statute shall be meant a calendar month. There is also a clause in it which renders valid any enrolment of the articles of apprenticeship or clerkship if executed at any time previous to the last day of Michaelmas Term, 1836. The 5th clause proposes that in the computation of time, the day beginning or ending a period shall be deemed inclusive, and the other exclusive. The 6th and last clause entitles a prisoner to discharge at twelve at noon on the last day of his imprisonment.

Thursday, no fewer than eight vessels, chiefly brigantines, laden with live fat cattle, sheep, and pigs, for the London markets, arrived in the river Thames, from Aberdeen. This new species of enterprise is carried on to a great extent.

The 50th anniversary of the Naval and Military Bible Society was held on Tuesday in Freemasons' Hall; the Marquis of Cholmondeley in the chair. The report stated that since the foundation of the society, 300,000 Bibles had been distributed among the army and navy, and merchant seamen; and that the receipts last year amounting to upwards of £2,500, were expended in the diffusion of the sacred writings

among the objects of the society's solicitude. Resolutions, chiefly to the effect of forwarding and sending efficient aid to the funds of the society, were agreed to, and thanks being voted to the noble chairman the meeting separated. A handsome collection was made at the doors.

Newspapers.—We understand that the Committee of Provincial Newspaper Proprietors have decided that the price of the Sevenpenny Journal shall be set at or the reduction of duty, at *four pence half penny.* We shall regret if further fiscal reductions do not enable us to reduce the price to the more convenient sum of *four-pence*; but this cannot be done under the arrangement contemplated at present, the profit on newspapers being almost nothing, unless the circulation be very large indeed. Five-pence is the price proposed by some of the London proprietors.

Lord Brougham arrived at Harrington Hall, the seat of Colonel Clitherow, on Friday last. We are happy to state that his lordship's health appears to be considerably improved.—[Boston Herald.]—A shark has a quick scent, and follows a ship when any fatal disease is among the crew. Lord Brougham is pertinaciously wending his way to come up with the Cabinet vessel. Every body is aware that his lordship has a remarkable nose.—[Warwick Star.]

The Italian rye grass, has lately been introduced to the agriculturists of this country, by Mr. James McCutcheon, of Carlisle. It was sown in the autumn of last year, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, is now 30 inches in height.—Whitehaven Herald.

The Ordinary of Newgate, in his evidence given to the Gaol Inspectors, states, that "he has always found that where a man has had a religious education he has been able to resist it, however, it may have been extinguished, and to call it forth, however he may have been begrimed with crime."

More than one of the American markets has recently exhibited the extraordinary circumstance of wheat being there offered for sale, which had been returned from England, remaining unsold there, owing to the low prices.

A new and colossal vegetable, to which the high-sounding name of "The Waterloo Cesarean Cow Cabbage" has been given, has lately been introduced into this country. It is said to grow from nine to twelve feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty in circumference. Five of these ponderous cabbages are said to have proved sufficient for 100 sheep, or 10 cows, per day; while its nutritious qualities are represented to be as great as itself.

Passengers can now be conveyed from London to Dundee via Hull, a distance of 500 miles, for seven shillings.

The Mail for England by H. M. Packet 'Express' will be closed on Monday afternoon next, at 5 o'clock.

DIED.

Last Evening, after a painful and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Frances, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac O'Brien, of this town.—Funeral on Sunday, at 4 o'clock, from the House of Mrs. Hay, Upper Water-street.

Twenty Shillings Reward!

ABSCONDED.

Last Evening, JOHN McCORMICK, an indentured Apprentice to the Subscriber, of the age of 19 years, about 5 feet 6 inches high, and stout made. All persons are hereby cautioned against harbouring said Apprentice; and the above reward will be given for his apprehension.

W. B. STEPHENSON.
Halifax, July 15, 1836.



AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT.

BY MRS. ABBY.

Does the press wait for copy?—I shrink from the task ;—

One boon from the Genius of Fancy I ask ;
I want not a subject, I want not a rhyme,
Nor metaphors florid, nor figures sublime ;
Additional leisure I sigh not to claim,
And I feel I have more than due justice from Fame
I covet what cannot be borrowed or bought,
'The gift of a striking Original Thought !

Could Memory desert me, I yet might succeed ;—
Oh ! why was I suffered the poets to read ?
Would that Campbell and Moore could at once be
forgot !

Would my mind were not haunted by Wordsworth
and Scott !

When some brilliant idea I have carefully nursed,
I discover that "Shakspeare had thought of it first,"
And my path with such glittering phantoms is fraught,
That they really exclude one Original Thought !

The claims of the Annals I must not neglect,
And two Magazines contributions expect :
Before me the leaves of an Album unclosed,
(How I dread its bright pages of azure and rose !)
I must write an address for a Charity soon.
And set some new words to an old German tune ;
And how in the world are these works to be wrought,
When I cannot command one Original Thought !

Well I bow not beneath a peculiar disgrace,
'Tis the fate of the present poetical race,
To live in the sunshine of summers long o'er,
"Pensioned off," on the wit and the wisdom of yore ;
But since Fancy her slights may soon please to repair,
In her lottery still I will venture a share,
And perhaps, at this moment, the wheel may be
fraught
With that capital prize—an Original Thought !

INDUSTRY AND PUNCTUALITY.

We scarcely know of any other word in our language which has been so completely and so fatally misapplied as the word "genius." Young men too commonly suppose that genius, or, in other words, aptitude for a particular pursuit, conjoined to inclination for it, exempts them from aiming at any other requisite for success in it. They seem to suppose that there is something vulgar and unworthy in that steadfast application to any given pursuit, which they think proper to speak of as "plodding." And yet the history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalised himself and served mankind, abounds with proofs, that to steady industry fully as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have always been, not merely laborious, but they have also studied both methodically and regularly ; they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would they allow any one portion of time to be encroached upon by the study to which another portion was especially appropriated in

their fixed plan of action. The numerous and, considering the barbarous state of learning in his time and country, the really marvellous attainments of Alfred the Great, King of England, were won far less by any very striking and brilliant original capacity than by his herculean powers of application, and by the steady resolution with which he applied the various portions of his day to the pursuits in which he found it necessary to engage ; and surely if he could do this, it would ill become the more humbly gifted and infinitely more humbly situated student of our own times to think industry and steadiness otherwise than necessary. Another important virtue which the inordinate admirers of the fits and starts which they call genius and think so brilliant an acquisition, are too commonly in the habit of both thinking meanly of and speaking meanly of is *punctuality* ; and yet there is not a quality of greater importance to the man who would be either useful or prosperous. Lord Nelson attributed his success in life far more to his punctuality than to his genius. Peter the Great, Frederick of Prussia, Washington, Napoleon—in short, all men of great merit and success have been distinguished for industry and punctuality. To those who never nerved themselves to the task of being industrious and punctual, the wonderful power of being so can scarcely be imagined.

THE MIND INDEPENDENT OF MATTER.

Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of the matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go—that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of identity resides, it cannot consist of a material substance, since, if it had been material, it must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it, remains the same, throughout all the alterations that take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence ; and is thus calculated to survive the ever-changing frame by which it is encircled. That frame becomes stiff, cold and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases ; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter ; but the mind undergoes no such transformation. It is unsalvageable by the worm. If matter, subject as it is to perpetual changes, does not, and cannot possibly, perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation ? There is no machinery prepared by which such an object could be accomplished ; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose, without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But, as these laws have emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without

involving an inconsistency, into which it is impossible for Divine Wisdom to fall.

HAYDN AND NAPOLEON.—In 1805, as the celebrated composer, Haydn, was regarding, with no very agreeable feelings, the triumphal march of the French troops, as they took possession of the capital of his beloved country, he was not a little alarmed when he observed an officer and his guard stop at the door of his house, and demand an interview. The immortal composer of "The Creation" advanced to meet them, and with a trembling voice demanded for what purpose they sought him, adding, with great humility, "I am merely poor Haydn, the composer ; what crime can I have committed against the French Government ?" "None," replied the officer, smiling ; "on the contrary, I have received the orders of the Emperor Napoleon to place a sentinel at your door, in order to protect and honour an individual of such rare genius." The guard was continued while the French occupied Vienna ; and whenever the troops passed his door, the band played some of his most celebrated compositions.

Religion misunderstood is the source of all misery. It is the parent of hatred and dire malignity. It transforms the conscientious and best disposed by nature, into beings who appear bereft of every spark of humanity. It has made men pass through fire ; it has fastened them to the stake, and consumed their bones and marrow. It has been the mother of persecutions in every part of the world. Infancy and old age have alike been its victims. The strong and the weak have perished under its grasp. It has founded Inquisitions, and at this hour, it is the certain cause of misery to innumerable millions of our fellow men.

By nurturing feelings of gratitude for every good thing which we receive at the hands of God and of his ministering servants upon earth, we acquire greater strength and peace of mind to endure the evils of this life, as well as a greater disposition to thank well of, to forgive, and to assist our fellow-creatures in misfortune.

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May 13, 1836.