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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

VOL. 2]

HALIFAX, JULY 8, 1856.

No. 25.

The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,

BY H. W. BLACKADAR,

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

WHERE

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

—o—

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SAW-FISH.

Among the monsters of the deep, whose voracity and weapons of attack render them terrible to their fellows, one of the most remarkable is the saw-fish, which inhabits the northern and temperate latitudes of the ocean. Nearly allied to the sharks, it has all their ferocity, and more than all their power, being armed with a weapon of destruction, which gives it pre-eminence even over the mighty whale.

The weapon to which we allude, is a kind of saw of a flattened form, projecting from the snout, armed along the edges with tremendous teeth. With this instrument, it strikes right and left, inflicting the most horrible wounds: or thrusts onwards, ripping the body of its unfortunate victim, on whose flesh it satiates its ravenous appetite. The saw-fish, closely allied, as we have said, to the sharks, constitutes one of the group of soft-boned fishes; the mouth is placed beneath the head, the eyes are large, and situated before the nostrils: the body is long and compressed, and furnished with large and spreading fins.

The snout, or saw, measures five feet in length, and is nearly one foot broad at the base, whence it tapers to the apex, which is rounded, and measures five inches across. The number of teeth on each side are nineteen, but this appears to be subject to considerable variation. These teeth are placed at nearly equal distances from each other, and are from two to three inches in length, tapering to a sharp point. The snout, or saw, measures about one-third the length of the whole body, so that fifteen or twenty feet may be taken as the dimensions of a full-grown saw fish, its weapon included.

With weapons thus adapted for aggression or defence, and with bodily powers en-

abling the possessor to use them to the ut- most advantage, the saw-fish roams the deep in fearless security. Not, however, content with repelling the assaults of its adversaries, it carries on an implacable warfare against all that approach it.

When considering the formation of this wonderful fish, how are we constrained to cry out with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is the great and the wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE GRAY AND EDWARD HINTON.

These boys, though one was several years older than myself and the other younger, were the school-mates of my early days. Their characters were different when young. The difference was perceived in the school—was seen on the play-ground—and more fully known when they arrived at years of maturity.

GEORGE GRAY was a noted idler. Days, weeks, and months would pass away, and he would be found but little wiser for attending school. There might, perhaps, have been some apology for his indolence in the fact, that many of his teachers were men but poorly qualified to perform their labors; still it was not sufficient for his waste of time, and of almost every privilege.

EDWARD HINTON, on the other hand, improved his time, and acquired a knowledge of the studies then pursued. GEORGE was a boy whom few would choose for their associate; for he was an unpleasant play-fellow, and an undesirable companion.

EDWARD, on the contrary, was distinguished for the kindness of his disposition, and his agreeable deportment. He was never at a loss to find a play-mate; and both his teacher and his school-fellows always looked upon him as a noble-hearted boy. GEORGE was vicious, as well as idle; for he was openly profane, and would often utter falsehoods. EDWARD was a boy upright in all his conduct; and when he gave his word, you might depend upon it.

School-boy days gave place to those of more mature years, and both these boys became sailors. The same traits of charac-

ter which distinguished them at school, were distinctly shown on board the vessels in which they sailed. GEORGE went to sea several years before EDWARD, and like many other unwise young men, he early acquired the habit of drinking ardent spirits. As he grew older, this habit increased; and in a few years he was often seen intoxicated. So worthless did he become, that few respectable men would have any intercourse with him.

A remark made to him by a faithful friend, was almost literally fulfilled—in fact, if I mistake not, it did occur in some instances, just as the teacher had pointed out to him. His teacher often tried various ways to induce him to become orderly and studious; but when his efforts were unheeded by GEORGE, he would tell him that if he continued idle when he became a man, he would feel ashamed to meet respectable persons in the road—that he would crawl over the fence and conceal himself till they had passed. And so it was; for he would never pass by a respectable individual as he ought to have done. He would turn out of the way, and appear ashamed to meet the eyes of those who rightly improved their time at school. While they were in honorable and useful stations in life, he earned his bread only by the most severe service.

His life was short. He sailed on his last voyage. Unfavorable winds caused the vessel on board of which he then was, to put into a harbor on the very day of sailing. He went aloft with another to furl a sail, but having drank too freely of ardent spirits, he fell from the yard and was killed. His body was carried home to his friends, but his head was so mangled as to prevent his being seen by his former acquaintances. He was buried unwept, save by his nearest relatives—his name will soon be forgotten, or if remembered, no pleasing recollection can ever be called around it; and his grave will have no attraction for the passing traveller.

EDWARD HINTON also, as I before observed, became a sailor. When once on a foreign voyage, though we were in different vessels, I often saw him, in the ports to which we went. He was then young—on his second voyage, I think—but his character was manly, and he was respected by all who knew him. He invariably won the esteem of his ship-mates. I never knew, on his part, an instance of unworthy conduct, nor did I ever hear any one speak ill of him.

The same traits of character which distinguished him while at school, have been distinctly marked since he has been in the active scenes of life. Within the last eight or nine years he has been many times to Europe; and in the course of the past year, as first mate of a ship, he made a voyage to Canton in China. On the return of the ship, the captain, owing to ill health, remained at home. When the ship was ready for her second voyage, EDWARD became master of her, and he is now on his way to Canton. He is still a young man about 21 years of age—yet he has the confidence of his employers, and is highly esteemed by all who know him.

Now, my young readers, you have before you the history of two individuals who pursued different courses while at school; and who, when they became men, were found to be essentially the same as when they were boys. The first was idle, vicious, and unworthy the confidence of any one; and when he came to the years of manhood, he was still the same idle and vicious GEORGE GRAY. He had few friends either as a boy or man; and his end was such as every person would wish to avoid—EDWARD HINTON, you have seen, was an honorable, trustworthy boy; and is now a man whom others delight to honor. If you are idle at school, remember GEORGE GRAY and his fatal end. If you would be virtuous and useful in life, like EDWARD HINTON, be kind, industrious, and trusty while young.

AN AMERICAN FOREST ON FIRE. BY AUDUBON,

"I recollect that once when in the State of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning the face of nature was obscured, by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain in such pressing terms, that I was well content to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced: the spinning wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grimalkin seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I having seated ourselves each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements, I requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on nearly as follows:—

"About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the "black soft growth" land, that is the spruce, pine and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must

know that although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to insure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves of the other trees.

I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home at the time of the great fires.

I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time.

It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep, one night, in a cabin, about a hundred miles from this, when about two hours before day the snorting of the horses and the lowing of the cattle, which I had ranged in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly and the cattle ran among them, with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flame-coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while, but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them.

My dogs too, though at all other times extremely fractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular wind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the day-light. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she looked towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a night may we never see again! The heavens themselves I thought were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

Towards morning although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way

to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened. By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting a while and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the "hard woods," which had been free of the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while."

INTELLECT.

If mankind, generally, could realize the worth of intellect, and justly appreciate the good that attends its exercise and development, how much happier would be their condition. It is a notable and lamentable fact, that this most valuable gift to man, is held, by the mass of its possessors, in a comparatively low estimation.

The obvious reason is, they never were acquainted with its incomparable worth. When young, they were not taught to prize the fruits of intellectual culture, as a matter of paramount importance, and its utter neglect has been the consequence. And as these persons grow up in life, having never been accustomed to mental exercise and having never tasted its sweets, they deem it a matter totally devoid of interest, if not of utility; and befitting none save those who make it their sole profession. But this is a pernicious error. For what purpose was intellect given us, if not to be exercised?—And

What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust out unused. [Hamlet.]

True, it is not to be expected that every man's employment can be solely intellectual; this, of course, would be altogether impracticable; but this affords no reason why he should not devote a due portion of his time to intellectual pursuits. Man's faculties are diversified, each has its proper functions, and

if they do not perform their several parts, the individual is the sufferer. It is no reason why the mechanic should not partake of the product of the soil, because he does not cultivate it. Such reasoning would be extravagantly silly—and it is equally so, to say, that, if we cannot be masters of intellect, we should not meddle with it at all. And yet how many there are, who, in their bestial ignorance, decay mental improvement, as improper for the manual laborer. Say they, "It diverts his attention from his business; every one to his trade; let lawyers, ministers and doctors do their studying, that's their peculiar province." To be sure, none but the ignorant and selfish, utter such sentiments, but the world is full of such characters, and they should be taught better views of human life.

I cannot subscribe to the poet's notion, "That a little learning is a dangerous thing;" a smattering of it even, is better than none at all, provided it is mixed with a portion of that precious tincture, called modesty; and if a person learns a very little, and learns it aright, modesty will naturally accompany it. But if an individual skims superficially over the low surface of every thing, in matters of education, for mere show, ("thou art the man," says the reader;) and aims at nothing more than to be a mere literary puppet, why, he had better "taste not, handle not."

It is the business of the leaders of the intellectual world, to prepare the food, for subordinate minds, and not after they have prepared it, devour it all themselves. If the manual laborer has not time nor ability to till the intellectual soil, I see no reason why he should not, if he is so disposed, (and he should be so disposed) partake of what it yields. It is what is adapted to his mind, and what his mind needs as a conservation of its health. But I will merge from my riddle, and speak in plain terms. What I mean by partaking of the products of the intellectual soil, is reading; because we cannot write books, that is no reason why we should not read them. Every laborer should cultivate a taste for reading. He will thereby enlarge his sphere of usefulness, and add to his pleasure in a tenfold degree. He should, after the labor of the day is closed, instead of repairing to the tavern, or some other place of vulgar resort, or of walking the streets, grinding out shoe leather, and exhaling four-pence-half-pennies, in clouds of tobacco smoke, and prating double distilled nonsense, take a book, on some weighty subject, and commune with mind, immortal mind! He will thus learn what it is to be an intellectual being, and bless his Creator for thus constituting him. Parents should look well to this thing; and if they do not design, for their children, a scholastic profession, see that they have some impressions of their intellectuality; they should cultivate in them, a love of letters; they should put books into their hands,

books, in which are blended both amusement and instruction, and thus by care, contract in them, studious habits. And when they attain to maturer years, they will need no stimulants to mental exercise.

PLEASANT AND USEFUL.—Some people are in the habit of thinking that nothing can be pleasant, that is of use. This is a very mistaken idea, for to a rightly cultivated mind, the pleasure arising from any object, would bear some proportion to the usefulness of that object. In fine, we should strive to make every thing we engage in, however trivial, whether for relaxation or for the diversion of disagreeable feeling, as beneficial to ourselves as possible. This principle should be acted upon in all our arrangements. If, for instance, trees are to be planted at the road-side to give beauty to the prospect, and shade to the traveller, those trees might be of great use if they were properly chosen. In some places in Europe, thousands of poor people are supported by the culture of silk, the worms being fed from public trees. Now, if our roads were shaded by mulberry trees, the traveller would receive all the benefits that could be derived from trees of any sort, and the condition of hundreds of poor people would be rendered comfortable. By a little attention to this principle, of rendering every thing as useful as possible, our happiness here would be greatly increased. A gentleman who died at Amsterdam a few years since, struck with the correctness of this principle, bequeathed two thousand florins to a benevolent society, on condition, that two fruit trees of full growth, should be planted over his grave, the fruit to be publicly sold by auction every year, in order to prove, that even the receptacles of the dead may be rendered a benefit to the living.—Lyceum.

COMMUNICATED.—Baptist Association.—The Anniversary of this body took place, pursuant to notice, in the course of the last week. Very interesting services preceded the business of the Association on the previous Saturday and Sunday. Sermons were preached also with the usual religious exercises on Monday morning and evening, and on Tuesday evening the 27th and 28th ults, a most cheering spirit of brotherly love and gratitude to God, for his mercies, appeared to pervade the whole. The congregations were large, and the services impressive and solemn.

Besides the usual routine of business, the condition and prospects of the Horton Academy engaged particular attention, and a plan was devised and adopted by the Association to pay off, if possible, the present debt, within a year.

The Association also felt the importance of commencing a weekly paper, combining religious with other useful information, in lieu of the present magazine, and appointed a committee to carry this measure into effect; the magazine will of course, be continued at any events until the end of the year.

Intelligence of the highest interest was received from many of the churches, to which large additions have been made in the course of the past year.—NS.

 Seamen's Articles for sale at this Office.



THE HEART'S CHANGE.

There is a change, an utter change,
That comes upon the heart,
Ere time one feature can derange,
Or bid one smile depart :
The outward form is still the same,
Nor are by words expressed,
The dark and boding thoughts that tame
The fires within the breast.

Undimmed—unaltered—still the eye
Beams forth on all around ;
And if the bosom heaves a sigh,
That sigh has scarce a sound.
Yet though the world may never dream
Our spirits touched by care—
So buoyant and so free they seem—
We are not what we were ;

O'er us, we scarce know whence or when,
That change begins to steal
Which teaches that we ne'er again
As once we felt shall feel.
A curtain, slowly drawn aside,
Reveals a shadowed scene,
Wherein the future differs wide
From what the past has been.

'Tis not the earth withholds its joys,
As manhood crowns the brow ;
The same pursuit we loved, as boys,
Life offers to us now :
And still we seek the giddy wind,
And join the laughers there,
But feel that in the festive sound
Our hearts have now no share.

Yet mourn we not this early change—
'Tis sent our souls to show
How narrow is the utmost range
Allowed them here below !
'Tis sent to bid our youth aspire
From scenes so soon o'ercast,
To those whose pleasures ne'er can tire,
And shall forever last.

STRIKING ANECDOTE.

Just as the late anti-slavery meeting in New York was about to close, Mr. Alvan Stewart arose, and begged the attention of the audience to an authentic anecdote of the escape of a slave, which he was sure was well worth their staying just three minutes to hear :

In Georgia, said Mr. S., about three years ago, there lived a man, black but noble, a giant in strength, and in form an Apollo Belvidere, about 35 years of age, a slave, with a wife and four children, also slaves. The love of liberty burned irrepresible in his bosom, and he determined to escape, and free his wife and children, at every hazard. He had heard of Canada, as a place where the laws made every man free, and protected him in his freedom. But of its situation, or the road thither, or the geography of the immediate country, he knew nothing. A benevolent-Quaker, however, helped him on his way, by night as far as he dared, and then told him he could do no more for him, but

commend him to God and the north star. Pointing him to the beautiful pole-star, riding high in the heavens, he told him to steer his course by that star, until he found himself in Canada. The slave proceeded, lay in the woods by day, and travelled by night, subsisting himself and family as well as he could, on the fruits and roots he could find, crossing the Savannah and other rivers, and carrying his wife and children by almost superhuman efforts, passed through the states of South and North Carolina and Virginia, crossed Pennsylvania without even knowing that it was the land of the Quakers ; and finally, after six weeks of toil and hardship, he reached Buffalo.

Here he placed his wife and children in the custody of a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood, for the poor man will always be the poor man's friend, and the oppressed will stand by the oppressed.

The man proceeded to town, and as he was passing through the streets, he attracted the notice of a colored barber, also a man of great bodily power. The barber stepped up to him, put his hand on his shoulder, and says, "I know you are a runaway slave, but never fear, I am your friend." The man confessed he was from Georgia, when the barber said. "Your master inquired about you to-day, in my shop, but do not fear, I have a friend who keeps a livery stable and will give us, a carriage as soon as night comes, to carry your family beyond the reach of a master."

As the ferry boat does not run across the Niagara river in the night, by day break they were at the ferry house, and rallied the ferryman to carry them to the Canada shore. They hastened to the boat, and just as they were about to let go, the master was seen, on his foaming horse, with pistol in hand, calling out to the ferryman to stop and set those people ashore or he would blow his brains out.

The stout barber, quick as thought, said to the ferryman, "If you don't put off this instant, I'll be the death of you ;" and the ferryman thus threatened on both sides, cried to God to have mercy on his soul, and said, "If I must die, I will die doing right," and CUT THE ROPE.

The powerful current of the Niagara swept the boat rapidly into the deep water, beyond the reach of tyranny. The workmen at work on the steamer *Henry Clay* were taken by surprise and gave almost involuntarily three cheers for liberty. As the boat darted into the deep and rapid stream, the people on the Canada side, who had seen the occurrence, cheered her course, and in a few moments the broad current was passed, and the man with his wife and children, were all safe on British soil, protected by British laws.—N. Y. Evangelist.

QUAINT PROVERBS—Eat and drink with your friend, but transact no business

with him ; it is not by saying honey, honey, that sweet comes to the mouth ; he who expects a friend without faults will never find one ; although the tongue has no bones, it often breaks bones ; he who weeps for every body soon loses his eyesight ; to live quietly one should be blind, deaf and dumb ; he who rides a borrowed horse does not ride often ; a wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house ; a friend is often more valuable than a relative ; it is difficult to take a wolf by the ears.

THE SABBATH AT BELGIUM.—The Belgian Minister of War has issued a general order that military exercises and parades are not to interfere with the attendance of the soldiery on religious worship.

An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty women, mothers of eight hundred and sixty nine children—twelve of the dames alone, having given birth to two hundred and two of the number. One of them was the mother of thirty-one children.

G. HOBSON,
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Maps, Plans, Bills of Exchange, Bill Heads, Address and Visiting Cards, Arms and Crests, Labels, &c. neatly designed, engraved and printed. Metal Seals, Door Plates, Dog Collars, and Dandy Ornaments, neatly engraved.

May 13, 1836.

Alexander Wilson,
BLACKING MANUFACTURER.
FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public, that he has taken the store

No. 10, *Sackville Street* (near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market : he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure that share of patronage he humbly solicits.—Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each label is subscribed with the Manufacturer's name.

Which is the best ? why mine, will each cry out, That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—Thus they decide, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

Bottles wanted.
May 27.

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