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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. I.]

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1835.

[No. 4.]

LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

By R. Montgomery Martin, F. S. S. vol. II.—*The West Indies*. London: Cochran & Crone.

The West Indians have found a judicious historian, and West Indian interests an able advocate, in Mr. Montgomery Martin; no study, however dry—no labour, however severe, daunted him in his investigations: his statistical facts have been derived from the immense piles of Parliamentary returns and reports, printed at various times, whose extent it would be difficult to calculate, and from various manuscript documents, to which he fortunately obtained access. He has also had the advantage of travelling in the countries he describes: and when he speaks from his own experience, we find in him every mark of a shrewd observer, and faithful narrator. To these merits we must oppose one fault: he displays too much of the feelings characteristic of Irishmen, in his advocacy of opinions; he writes with the warm and passionate zeal of a partizan on every topic, and exhibits no tolerance for the doctrines he opposes. This is a fault; for, though we are perfectly persuaded of the author's candour, such heat may inspire others with a suspicion, that he is more anxious to support his theories than to state facts.

From a book containing so much, and such multifarious information, it is difficult to make an extract that will convey a fair notion of its contents; we shall quote, however, a few passages, combining interest with novelty of information. The common opinion of the unhealthiness of Demerara is thus decisively refuted:—

“Demerara has been cited as one of the strongest instances of a deleterious atmosphere, particularly among our West India Colonies, but when we come to examine facts, it turns out otherwise: the range of mortality even among the *labouring* slave population, is about one in thirty-seven to forty, but in London and France it is equal as regards the *whole* population, rich and poor, and in other countries it is even more: thus, in Naples, one in thirty-four, Wirttemberg, one in thirty-three, Paris, one in thirty-two; Berlin, one in thirty-four; Nice, one in thirty-one, Madrid, one in twenty-nine, Rome, one in twenty-five; Amsterdam, one in twenty-four, Vienna, one in twenty-two and a half.” Thus that which is termed our most unhealthy West India Colony has, even as regards its working population, a greater duration of life than the rich and poor of some of the principal parts of Europe.”

The influence of the moon on animal and vegetable life, is a subject that has recently engaged the attention of naturalists; some of the facts recorded by Mr. Martin deserve to be thoroughly investigated.

“In considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence. This much is certain, that in the low lands of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may be stated that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns, in Demerara, in the year; for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches, and descend to the roots. For example, the *wallaba*, (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany,) if cut in the dark a few days before the *new moon*, it is one of the most durable woods in the world for house-building, posts, &c.; in that state, attempt to split it, and, with the utmost difficulty, it will be riven in the most jagged unequal manner that can be imagined: cut down another *wallaba* (that grew within a few yards of the former,) at *full moon*, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles of any desired thickness, or into staves for making casks: but in this state, applied to house-building purposes, it speedily decays. Again—bambos as thick as a man's arm, are sometimes used for paling, &c.; if cut at the dark moon, they will endure for ten or twelve years: if at full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years: thus it is with most, if not all, the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen in Africa, the newly-littered young perish, in a few hours, at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays of the full moon; fish become rapidly putrid, and meat, if left exposed, incurable or un-preservable by salt:—the mariner, heedlessly sleeping on deck, becoming afflicted with nyctopia or night-blindness, at times the face hideously swollen, if exposed during sleep, to the moon's rays, the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fearful vigour at the full and change, and the cold damp chill of the ague supervening on the ascendant of this apparently mild, yet powerful luminary. Let her influence over this earth be studied, it is more powerful than is generally known.”

A very interesting account given of the

native Indians on the main land, a portion of which we quote.

“The animal perceptions of the native Indians of Guyana are astonishingly acute; and their speed in their native woods, and over the most difficult ground, far outstrips that of Europeans—few of whom can keep pace with them, even for a short distance. No European march could ever come into competition with the astonishingly rapid movements of the Indian regiments in the army of Bolivar. An expedition, composed exclusively of Indians, will go over three times the ground in the same time that can be traversed by European troops; and this superiority of locomotion, renders them more than a match for double their numbers, in their native wilds. They can, moreover, live comfortably where European troops must starve, and they require no commissariat.—With 10 pounds of cassavi bread, an Indian can keep the field for three weeks or a month. His gun will be always in order, and his ammunition dry and serviceable. It is impossible to surprise him; and with a commander who can keep pace with him, and in whom he has confidence, the Indian ranger cannot be equalled by the best troops in the known world, for service in a tropical region; and under the burning sun of the line.”

These men are of the same race as the original inhabitants of the islands—but where now are the latter? They have been extirpated by men who not only called themselves civilized, but laid claims to extraordinary piety; we shall not give vent to the feelings suggested by the juxtaposition of the following orders of the Jamaica council:—

“August 14, 1656. ‘An order signed Edward D'Oxley, for the distribution to the army of 1701 Bibles.’”

“August 26, 1659. ‘Order issued this day unto Mr. Peter Pugh, Treasurer, to pay unto John Hoy, the summe of twenty pounds sterling, out of the impost money, to pay for fiteene doggs, bought by him for the hunting of the negroes.’”

To be Continued.

A Burmese Drawing Room.—This was the day appointed for the ladies of the Burman grandees to pay their homage to the Queen, to make presents, and “ask pardon” for past transgressions, in the same way as their husbands had before done of his Majesty. We were anxious to see a part at least of the ceremonies of a Burmese drawing-room, and accordingly passed by the palace on our return home. A great number of state equipages, that is to say, of palanquins, were waiting at the gate, and with them the ladies' female attendants, scarcely

any of whom were admitted into the palace. These were all in dress of ceremony for the occasion, and accommodated under temporary sheds thrown up for their reception.—Some of the gentlemen who stayed longer than myself saw a number of the ladies themselves coming out in their court dresses, the most remarkable part of which is a coronet of gold and black velvet. In all this every thing was public and open. The ladies wore no veils, and in short no attempt was made at concealment in any way, a circumstance in the manners of the Burmans which distinguishes them in a remarkable manner from the natives of the Western India, but in which they agree with the Siamese, and in a good measure with the Cochín Chinese also. I am not sure after all that the Burmese ladies gain much by this freedom, for I strongly suspect that the sex is upon the whole treated with less delicacy and consideration than in Mahommedan and Hindoo countries, where the most absolute seclusion is insisted upon.—*Crawford's Embassy to Ava.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCENES IN GREECE.

NO. I.

The Lord giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night." Jer. xxxi, 35.

I had occasion to visit the islands of Corfu and Cefalonia; and at the latter place was detained for some days, waiting for an opportunity to return to Zante.

As the vacation of my schools was expired, I was anxious to arrive there, and took a passage on board a small boat, rowed by four men. We left Argostoli in the afternoon, and rowed for two hours, when we hoisted sail, and stretched across the channel. The distance from Argostoli, to the town of Zante, is about forty miles. In the course of this voyage I was reminded of similar passages of Scripture to that which is placed at the head of this article. The evening approached; the sun went down, in all its splendour; not, as in the northern climes, with a long twilight; but darkness quickly followed the light. The scene reminded me of Cowper's words:—

*"Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection;
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection."*

The full moon rose in all glory; the stars shone forth in all their beauty; the breeze was gentle, yet fair; the bark was wafted forward; the mountains of Cefalonia receded gradually; and the hills of Zante we as gradually approached. We doubled the Skinari point; after which the mariners think all safe. We saw, from far, the light-house, erected on the spot pointed out by Sir Edward Codrington. We passed the small

island called Trentanona, or Thirty-nine; taking its name from the circumstance, that thirty-nine persons were put to death there, in the time of the Venetians.

We approached the town of Zante at the midnight hour; and passing by the dwellings of the living, and *the dead*, I thought of one spot, and said, "There lie the ashes of one who was very dear to me. Thou art sleeping, like Lazarus, under the Saviour's care, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest.'"

The quarantine laws prevented our landing in the night; and as we arrived when it had passed the midnight hour, wrapping myself up in my cloak, I lay down in the open boat, and slept until morning; when I was roused by the song of some Cornish sailors heaving the anchor of a ship, on going to sea. I arose, passed the office of examination, and proceeded to my dwelling; but very reluctantly. I again thought of my late wife. "Hersun had gone down while it was yet day." I walked slowly up the street, and knocked at my door; but no feet ran, as usual; to meet me: they were still in yonder grave. No eyes beamed with joy, as formerly, at my return: they were closed in yonder cell. No arms were stretched out to receive me: they were mouldering in yonder coffin. My pupils came around me, to cheer my mind; and knowing that every thing is permitted by the great disposer of events for good, I said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

*The vineyard of the Lord,
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo, we see the vast reward,
Which waits us in the skies.*

NANCY BERE.

The Rev. Dr. Warner, in his Literary recollections, relates a pleasing story respecting Miss Nancy Bere. This young lady was at an early age adopted by Mr. Hackman and his lady under the following circumstances:—Mrs. Hackman's garden in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of an active weeder; and John, the footman, was dispatched to the poor-house to select a little pauper girl qualified for the performance of this necessary labour. He executed her commission in a trice, brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age, pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to "warble her native wood-notes wild" in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's window happened to be thrown up. She heard the little weeder, was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whom it proceeded. "Nancy Bere, from the poor house," was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order the little singer was immediate-

ly brought to the lady's apartment, who became so pleased at the first interview with her intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling Nancy from the work-house, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attentive to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of a scullion's deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her protegee quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely, and still more irresistible from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed at length to her complying husband that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their daughter. From the moment of the execution of this plan every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere; and I presume with the best success, as I always understood that she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. It could not be thought that such "a flower" as the adopted beauty

*"was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;"* or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long a beloved protegee of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after assuming this character, such an event occurred, though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance had taken lodgings in Lymington for the purpose of autumnal bathing. The hospitable Mr. Hackman called upon the stranger, and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted. Nor had many taken place ere their natural effect on a young unmarried clerk was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been "nothing loath" to change the condition of a recluse for the more active character of a clergyman's wife; but as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed with-

out the parties having met, and it was generally imagined that absence had obliterated from their minds the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and with the title of "Very Reverend" prefixed to his name, (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval,) once more repeated his solicitation and his offers. These (as there was no now obstacle to the marriage) were accepted. The amiable pair were united, and lived for many years sincerely attached to each other, respected, esteemed, and beloved by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved at length the happy connection. His lady survived her loss for some time, and a few years ago the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington work-house, quitted this temporal being the universally lamented widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Thurloe, bishop of Durham.

FOR THE MIRROR.

MR. BOWES,—As the "Observations of Old Humphrey" I sent you last week met with a favourable reception, I have been induced to send you another extract from the same source, and promise to supply you with some of Old Humphreys "short and pithy sayings" for future numbers of the Mirror.
Halifax, 2d Feb. 1835. JUVENIS.

OLD HUMPHREY'S ADDRESS.

Sharp weather this, my friends, sharp weather, and we all require something to warm us. The blood does not flow as rapidly through our veins as it does in summer, when the birds sing blithly, and the morning sun blazes in the sky. 'Tis an odd thing that we should all get into the knack at this time of the year of putting on a great coat, of rubbing our hands, and breathing on our fingers as we do; but, so it is, cold weather loves nothing better than to pinch our toes and our finger ends! are you quite sure, now, that none of you, in going along to-day, stopped into the gin shop, to get a glass? Come, be honest! old Humphrey is no tell-tale, but he would just ask, Who among us has ever got any good by brandy-drinking?

But I said that we all require something to warm us. So we do; and a coat or a jacket that is not out at the elbows, however coarse it may be, is a comfortable covering, especially if it be paid for. By the Bye, did you ever take into consideration why it is, that a coat that is paid for, is more comfortable than one procured on trust? long tailor's bills with scrawling figures on the right hand. Dr. at the top, and no receipt at the bottom, take my word for it, are very ugly things. The tailor calls for his money at the wrong time; just when one has not a six-pence to spare. And then one's landlord, if one happens to run a little behind in the rent, looks so sulky, that one had rather

meet a fierce bull in a miry lane than face him. Now these long tailor's bills, and these sulky landlords, which often turn a merry Christmas into a mourning New Year, may be avoided by being industrious and refraining from dram-drinking.

But I am forgetting myself again, for I was speaking about keeping ourselves warm in cold weather. Now the poor fellow who sits so close to the fire that one side is roasted, and yet is so much exposed to the cold draft from the door, that the other side is almost frozen, cannot be very comfortable, yet this is just the case with the gin drinker. He is piping hot one hour, and half frozen to death the next. Now I will answer for it that a good sharp run, for about ten minutes, will warm you even in this cold weather twice as much as a glass of the best gin that ever was made, and then you will save three half-pence into the bargain.

What strange things happen! This temperance plan that is now spreading every where, would have 'been finely laughed at when I was a boy. Indeed for the matter of that, it is often laughed at now, but there is a great deal more good got by joining a Temperance Society, than by laughing at it. Bill Simkins and Dick Holloway laughs at it, but Bills' jacket is out at the elbows, and Dick has but just got out of prison, where he was confined for debt.

Let old Humphrey encourage you to continue your temperate career, for though it may not remove all the troubles you have, it will assuredly prevent many from coming upon you.

Again I say, "Be sober"

Temptation's living wiles beware,
And 'mid ten thousand mercies given,
Walk humbly through this world of care,
And keep your eyes and hearts on heav'n.

Thunder Storm in Demerara.—Well do I remember the night of the 28th of Aug. 1831. The setting sun appeared to predict the storm that was to follow—The moon wrapped up herself in the thick clouds of night as it were dreading what was to come, the works of creation seemed to be prepared; but man—helpless man acted with such callousness and indifference as if independent of the Supreme Governor of the Universe, who could shake the kingdoms of the earth, and make the world a howling wilderness.—As the gun fired from Fort William announcing 8 o'clock, P. M. The lightning flashed in its varied forms—the surface of the earth appeared an awfully grand sheet of fire, the three elements seemed combined and burst forth as if the windows of heaven were opened—as if the fountains of the deep broke up, and as if the omnipotent Jehovah declared his wrath against the wickedness of the times—inasmuch that the whole animal creation trembled through fear. V.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, FEB. 6.

THE FARMER'S AND HOUSEKEEPER'S MANUAL.—The above is the title of a cheap and convenient little work just published by J. S. Cunnable, apparently compiled with care, and contains interesting Agricultural information, useful receipts, directions for marketing, cooking, &c. &c. We recommend all Housekeepers and Farmers to procure a copy.

We beg to call the attention of our literary friends to the Sale of Books at Starr's Auction Rooms, which takes place this and to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock.

THE RISING VILLAGE.—We cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this interesting little volume. So classical, and chaste, we feel pleasure in recommending it to the aged and the young, and particularly to the lovers of originality.—In the descendant of the celebrated Oliver Goldsmith, we almost trace the same Poetic fire which shone so conspicuous in the author of "The Deserted Village." We trust those bright specimens of native talent, and poetic worth, will receive such encouragement, as to induce the pleasing author to again mount his Pegasus.—St. John, City Gazette.

ATHENÆUM.

Entertainment next Monday evening—
A Lecture on the Skeleton—and Music.
February 6.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

Sermons (by the Rev. Messrs. Knight and Richey) will be preached, and collections made, in aid of the Wesleyan Missions, in the Methodist Chapel, in Argyle Street, on Sunday evening next, and in the Brunswick Street Chapel on the following Sunday evening, the 15th inst.

The Anniversary meeting of the Branch Missionary Society will be held in the Chapel in Argyle Street, on Tuesday evening, 17th inst. Service to commence at 7 o'clock.
February 6.

LECTURES ON GRAMMAR.

THE Subscriber proposes to deliver a course of lectures on English Grammar, one on the evening of Friday in each week, till the whole be completed. The course, it is expected, will not exceed eight lectures; yet so arranged as to form a comprehensive and popular system of Grammar, containing suitable illustrations of all its principles, and references to peculiarities in different languages, so as to render the whole both interesting and useful.

If sufficient encouragement be given, the first lecture will be delivered on the 13th of February next, commencing at 7 o'clock.

N. B. The Lectures will be delivered in his School Room, next door to Dr. Stirlings's. Terms—a single Ticket for the Course, 15s. for two or more individuals of a family, 10s. for each person.

ARCHD. McQUEEN.

January 30.

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—
 The enfranchised spirit soars at last!—
 And now I gaze with tearless eye
 On what to view was agony;
 That panting heart is tranquil now,
 A heavenly calm that ruffled brow,
 And those pale lips which feebly strove
 To force one parting smile of love,
 Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild
 As when it graced my living child!
 O! I have watch'd with fondest care
 To see my opening flow'ret blow;
 And felt the joy which parents share,
 The joy which parents only know.
 And I have set the long, long night,
 And mark'd the tender flower decay;
 Not torn abruptly from the sight,
 But slowly, sadly waste away!
 The spoiler came, yet paused—as though
 So sweet a victim check'd his arm;
 Half gave, and half withheld the blow,
 As forc'd to strike, yet loth to harm.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er,
 That gentle bosom throbs no more!
 The spirit's freed—through realm's of light
 Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight
 To other worlds—to happier shies;
 Hope dries the tears which sorrow weepeth,
 No mortal sound the voice which cries,
 "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!"

MY SISTER.

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came

into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional stolen glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which all her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother enquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee and endeavoured to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms around her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was over, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the mean time to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden, and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, least I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of her pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I had suffered for it during the day. But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night and the following day, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was always insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away, and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen.

PUNCTUALITY.—His late Majesty Geo. III, once ordered Mr. S. a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait on him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning of a day appointed. Mr. S. was half an hour behind the time; and upon being announced, His Majesty said, 'Desire him to come at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.'

Mr. S. appeared the next day after the time, and received the same command. On the third morning he succeeded in being punctual. Upon his entrance, the king said, 'Oh! the great Mr. S. What sleep do you take Mr. S.?'

'Why, please your majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours.'

'Eight hours,' said the king, 'that's too much—too much—six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, Mr. S.—eight for a fool.'

MAXIMS.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed.—But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.

Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Never disclose your projects, great or small, when disclosure is not necessary—silence enables you to change or abandon them, according to your convenience or inclination, without incurring the charge of fickleness or irresolution.

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