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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

Vol. 2]

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 2, 1830.

No. 33.

## 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.

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

## NATURAL HISTORY.

In looking around upon the works of Nature, we observe they are divided into three classes. The first consists of those which are endowed with life and possess the power of motion; these we call *Animals*. The second embraces those which possess a species of life, but are without the power of motion; these we call *Vegetables*. The third, including those that are motionless and without life of any kind, as stones and earths, we call *Minerals*.

These three classes constitute the *Three Kingdoms of Nature, Animal, Mineral, and Vegetable*. The scientific description of these is called *Natural History*: the first branch, the science of Animals, is called *Zoology*. The science of Vegetables is called *Botany*; the science of Minerals is called *Mineralogy*. Each of these are full of wonderful knowledge, and the more we know of them, the more interesting they become to us.

There is no branch of Natural History more delightful than that of Animals: their story is a perpetual tale of wonders. In looking casually upon a bee or spider, we are apt to think them stupid insects; but if we go to their hive or web, and study into their works, we shall be struck with never-ceasing admiration. There is in fact no living thing, which on due examination does not unfold to us the wonderful skill and knowledge of the great CONTRIVER of the world and its inhabitants.

Every person has remarked that some animals live on the land, some in the water, and that some soar aloft into the air. Those that live on the land, having four feet, are called quadrupeds, and are generally denominated Beasts; those which dwell in the waters, pass under the general title of Fishes. The science of these is called Ichthyology. The feathered tribe, which fly in the air, are called Birds, and the science of them is

called Ornithology. The science of Insects is called Entomology.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HUGO GROTIUS.

Hugo Grotius, an illustrious writer, was the son of John de Groot, (the family name,) a burgomaster of Delft, where the son was born in 1583. At the age of eight years he composed Latin verses of great merit. In his twelfth year he was sent to Leyden under the care of Francis Junius. In 1598 he accompanied the ambassador Barnevelt to the court of Henry IV. of France, who was so pleased with Grotius, that he gave him his picture and a gold chain; while in France he took the degree of doctor of laws. The year following he commenced practice as an advocate, and pleaded his first cause at Delft. Soon afterwards he published an edition of Martianus Capella, which was well received by the learned. This was followed by a translation of a work of Stevinus, on finding a ship's place at sea. His edition of the Phenomena of Aratus appeared in 1600, and about the same time he composed Latin Tragedies on sacred subjects. He was now appointed historiographer of the United Provinces, and advocate-general of the treasury for Holland and Zealand. In 1609 he published his famous book on the liberty of the sea, which was answered by the learned Selden. About this time appeared his Treatise de Antiquitate Republicæ Batavæ, to prove the independence of Batavia of the Romans. In 1613 he accepted the post of pensioner of Rotterdam, by which means he obtained a seat in the states of Holland. About this time he was sent to England to settle a dispute on the subject of the Greenland fishery. In 1622 he published his Apology, which so stung the States, that they ordered it to be burnt, and the author to be seized wherever he could be found. In 1625 he finished his famous book De Jure Belli & Pacis, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1613 he accepted an invitation from count Oxenstiern, and went to Stockholm, where he was appointed counsellor of state, and ambassador to the court of France. He died on his journey to Holland, at Rostock, August 28, 1645. His remains were interred at Delft. The works of this great man are too many to be enumerated here;

but we must mention his treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion, which has become a standard book in all universities, for students in divinity, his *Annales* and *Historie de Rebus Belgicis*; and his Commentaries on the Scriptures; these last are an immortal monument of learning.

### SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

#### THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

A year or two since I was associated with a Sunday school in one of the southern cities. Its aspect was very different from that of the schools connected with our New-England churches. The rosy cheeks and bright eyes of this region were wanting, and in their place were pale and sallow faces and languid expressions. There was a want of spirit and animation throughout—in the teachers and scholars—in the tones of each voice and the movements of each body. But still it was a blessed place—for it is always blessed to see a troop of young immortals with the two paths yet before them, collected to learn the way that leadeth unto life.

During the short period that I was allowed to teach in that school, many incidents occurred—for in a southern climate all is change—nothing seems to last beyond a season—death fingers in the first warm breathings of spring, and the pestilent vapors of disease are inhaled with the fragrance and balm of summer evening.

In my own little band, much transpired to interest and move my feelings, besides the gradual advancement of each pupil in the knowledge that maketh wise to salvation.

There was one sweet blue-eyed boy, whose quiet manner and meek attentive look interested me from the first. He seemed to drink in instruction like water, and to thirst for more when the exercises were over. Whenever he heard the story of the Saviour's death and sufferings, or of his love for little children, his earnest eye would be fixed in breathless attention, till it was dimmed with tears. We used to call him our *little minister*, and fondly looked forward to the time when he should preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ." But God had a nobler work for his son. He took him in the morning, and spared him the burden and heat of the day! The tidings of his death reached me soon after I left that part of the country. A friend thus wrote me—"I

saw him the day before his death. He seemed quite insensible, so much was he occupied by his sufferings; once he brightened when I spoke of his Sunday school class."

There was a little girl among them also—a child of the fairest promise. She was always in her place in all extremes of weather. One Sunday it was intensely cold—a most unusual day for a southern winter—she was among the few that braved it—but her last lesson was said! That night she was attacked by a fever, which in a few days carried her to the grave. She died with her little prayer book under her pillow, and the last ray of reason was given to that precious volume.

The same fever that had thus thinned my numbers, laid low a little boy belonging to the class of a fellow teacher, whose patient labors are registered in Heaven.

He was the only child of his parents—the centre of all their hopes, fears, and anxieties. He had been attacked with unusual violence, and friends, physicians, nurses, all but—parents, felt that he must die.

The disease was reaching its crisis, when I went with a friend to pass the night with the little sufferer. Deep stillness hung around the cottage. At the extremity of the low piazza sat two medical men in anxious consultation. The tones of their voices were low and subdued, and the expression of each serious and doubtful.

The sick chamber was profoundly still. It was difficult to recognize in the sunken burning countenance before us the mild and placid features of our little scholar. His eyes rolled wildly from side to side, and his mouth was blistered with fever. I took his hand and parting the curls on his hot brow asked him if he knew me. A loud unmeaning exclamation burst from his lips, which told the sad story of wandering reason.

The physicians separated, and he to whose watchful care the child had been consigned, prepared to pass the night by his bed-side. The father who had anxiously waited the result of their consultation, called him aside, and asked their united opinion.

Dr. ——— hesitated—"Tell me," exclaimed the parent—"I do not listen in my own strength."

"We think he cannot survive,"—said Dr. ——— tenderly—"to-night, however, is the critical period, we have decided upon trying a violent remedy—I shall remain and watch its effect—should it be favorable, he may yet be spared to you—but the hope is but slender."

The father bowed his head in submission, and summoning in a distant apartment such of his family as were not engaged with the sick, he commended the child to the arms of his Saviour. His life was asked, but with deep submission to the Divine will—not our will, but *Thine*, was the spirit of the petition.

The still vigils of the night commenced. They were interrupted only by the moans of the little sufferer, who after a moment of troubled sleep, would awake to a new sense of his distress. His mother had been persuaded to leave the room, and seek some repose: but again and again during the night would she steal to the bed-side of her child, and bend over him her tearful eyes to see if there was any change—but he would shrink, and cover his face with the clothes as if afraid of her who had so often pillowed his infant head.

The night wore away, and the first faint light of morning found the poor child exhausted with suffering. The cold stamp of death seemed already on his brow, and his very calmness led us to fear that all would soon be over. As we moistened his lips and smoothed his pillow, he turned over and appeared to be settling himself to sleep. In a few moments his soft steady breathing fell upon our ears. The physician hastened to his side, and a ray of hope crossed his face. It was a critical hour—one to which he had looked forward with fear. Nothing could be more favorable than this quiet slumber, the first he had enjoyed since his attack.

The father came in at this moment. His expression of anxiety had given place to one of tranquil acquiescence. On hearing the opinion of Dr. ——— on the preceding evening, he had surrendered his child to God, and in the fulness of his faith had been enabled to "bless the giver and the taker too."

"Your care and nursing may yet be rewarded," whispered Dr. ———.

"Give God alone the praise," exclaimed the grateful parent.

We all stood round the bed watching the long sleep—we stood in prayer, waiting the Lord's decision.

After an hour or more the child opened his eyes. One glance told the mother that her prayers were answered. Those eyes rested in fond intelligence upon her. He looked around upon the group, and then faintly asked—"Where is my Sunday teacher?" The first thought that reason guided, rested on his Sunday school. What a testimony to the faithfulness and efficacy of the instructions he had received! It was enough to encourage that teacher to persevere in his efforts to the end of life, or it seemed like a voice from the other world attesting to the value of Sunday-school labors.

#### FRIENDSHIP RECORDED IN THE SCRIPTURES.

One of the strongest and most striking instances of a faithful attachment to be met with in history, occurs in the friendship which subsisted between two females. The instance alluded to is recorded in the Jewish annals, and most pathetically related by

one of the sacred penmen. This is the friendship of Naomi and Ruth.

Two very remarkable instances of friendship occur in the history of our Saviour's life: it may not perhaps be altogether unnecessary to state them in all their striking circumstances.

The evangelist, in relating the miracles with Christ performed at Bethany, by restoring a person to life who had lain some days in the grave, introduces this narrative by emphatically observing that "Jesus loved Lazarus;" intimating, it should seem, that the sentiments which Christ entertained of Lazarus were a distinct and peculiar species of that general benevolence with which he was actuated toward mankind.

Agreeably to this explication of the sacred historian's meaning, when the sisters of Lazarus sent to acquaint Jesus with the state in which their brother lay, they did not even mention his name, but pointed him out by a more honorable and equally notorious designation; the terms of their message were, "Behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!" Accordingly, when he informed his disciples of the notice he had thus received, his expression is, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Now that Christ did not upon that occasion use the word *friend* in its loose and undistinguishing acception, but in a restrained and strictly appropriated sense, is not only manifest from this plain account of the fact itself, but appears further evident from the sequel. For, as he was advancing to the grave, accompanied with the relations of the deceased, he discovered the same emotions of grief as swelled the bosom of those with whom Lazarus had been most intimately connected; and, sympathising with their common sorrow, he melted into tears. This circumstance was too remarkable to escape particular observation: and it drew from the spectators, what we should think it must necessarily draw from every reader, this natural and obvious reflection, "Behold how he loved him!"

In the concluding catastrophe of our Saviour's life, he gave a still more decisive proof, that sentiments of the strongest personal attachment and friendship were not unworthy of being admitted into his sacred bosom. They were too deeply impressed, indeed, to be extinguished even by the most excruciating torments. In those dreadful moments, observing, among the afflicted witnesses of his painful and ignominious sufferings, that faithful follower who is described by the historian as "the disciple whom he loved," he distinguished him by the most convincing instance of superior confidence, esteem, and affection, that ever was exhibited to the admiration of mankind. For, under circumstances of the most agonizing torments, when it might be thought impossible for human nature to retain any other sensibility but that of its own inexpres-

able sufferings, he recommended to the care and protection of this his tried and approved friend, in terms of peculiar regard and endearment, the most tender and sacred object of his private affections.

But no language can represent this pathetic and affecting scene, with a force and energy equal to the sublime simplicity of the evangelist's own narrative: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple by, whom he loved; he saith to his mother, Behold thy son! Then he saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her to his own home." MELMOTH.

#### TO MECHANICS.

The real respect a man receives, will always be proportioned to what he is able to do. Now there is no good reason why a mechanic, so far as his business is concerned, cannot do as much towards improving his own mind, and aiding the general progress of society, as a trader. Which contributes most to intellectual improvement, think you, the selling of articles one has manufactured, or those he has purchased?—the operations of the workshop, or the packing up of merchandize; the general oversight of the business of a store, or superintending the executions of mechanical contracts?

Success in some pursuits, doubtless demands, more extensive information, and a better disciplined mind, than in others; but in general, the mere fact of a man being engaged in this or that particular calling, provided it is an honest and useful one, neither adds to, nor subtracts any thing from, his claims to respect.

All sensible people see and acknowledge that a man who possesses a well educated mind, and whose moral conduct is unexceptionable, is deserving of a much higher rank, in the community—is much more entitled to the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, than one of an opposite character, though the former may earn his support in some laborious employment, and the latter be engaged in a "splendid business," and the "heir apparent" of an hundred thousand.

What though some foppish knight of the yard stick, or dandy grocer, does pass by a substantial mechanic without a nod of recognition, or even with a haughty toss of the head; it is a species of puppyism perfectly in character, while the man passes on, with dignity and self-respect, conscious of possessing the esteem of those, who know him best, and equally indifferent to the attentions, or neglect, of the mere Jackdaws of society.

If Mechanics suppose that they are regarded by any class of their fellow citizens, engaged in other pursuits, as inferior to

themselves, because they are mechanics, I think a little observation and reflection will convince them, that it is an idle and mistaken notion, having, in a general application, no foundation in truth—We are not only children of the same parent—members of the same family, but as fellow citizens, our interests are strongly connected.—The lawyer, the doctor, the trader, the butcher, the baker, the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the shoemaker, are all dependent on each other, for encouragement and support. That community, therefore, is the happiest, in which this mutual relation, and dependence are clearly perceived, and are regarded as so indispensable to the proper organization of society, that ungenerous suspicions, and feelings of hostility, between different classes never arise. These jealous suspicions, are so unworthy the intelligent mechanics of Bangor; that it is hoped wherever they exist—if they exist at all—that a proper self-respect, and a desire to do justice to their friends, will induce those, by whom they are entertained, to abandon them at once.—*From the Mechanic and Farmer.*

#### SEPTEMBER.

There's not a worm that crawls my path,  
Nor blade of grass that decks the sod,  
But bids me raise my heart above,  
And tells me it was made by God.

Every returning season of the years speaks to us of God. Each month has its own beauties, and brings to us its blessings, teaching us that the love of God fails not; that his tender care is still over us. We may see him in every thing. His mercies are new every morning, and renewed every evening. The mild, pleasant days of September, its cool breezes, its luscious fruits, and all its variety of blessings, are gifts from the same gracious hand. We could not live a moment without God.

We see the changing seasons come and go, Winter succeeds to summer, and summer follows winter; we see that the sun shines upon us, and we have light; that he leaves us, and darkness covers the earth; but do we ask, why this is? God is in all these changes; the power that works, and moves all things, is His, who said, "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease!" Were He for a single moment to withdraw his hand, all this perfection of beauty and regularity would become utter confusion.

But the wicked heart, the heart that is not changed by God's Holy Spirit, does not love to see God in all things. Dear reader, is this the case with you? If you have any love for God; if you have looked up to Him as your Father, reconciled, to you for the sake of Jesus Christ our Redeemer; then have you been able to look upon the works of his hand; and to love them because they

were made by God. To look upon the glorious sun, the gentle moon, and even upon the little insects, and the blade of grass, and say, "my Father made them all!" If not,—"ye are yet in your sins."—[*Youth's Friend.*]

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 2, 1836.

#### COURT OF VICE ADMIRALTY.

On Thursday 25th ult. the Commissioners of the Court of Vice Admiralty assembled, for the trial of Clem Petit and Samuel Loramore, charged with an act of murder and piracy on a voyage from Eastport to Annapolis, in June last. The Commissioners were His Hon. Charles R. Fairbanks, Hon. T. N. Jeffery, Hon. J. Allison, and C. W. Wallace Esq. Judge Fairbanks addressed the Grand Jury, who retired, and on Friday morning brought in a true Bill against the prisoners, for the murder of Michael Redden, by means of blows and by throwing into the sea, when within a league of Campo-Bello, on the coast of Nova-Scotia.

The Court was then adjourned, and on Monday morning again met and proceeded with the trial of the prisoners. The Solicitor General addressed the Court, detailed the circumstances of the case, and directed the attention of the Jury to those points of most importance in a legal view.

There were three female witnesses, besides the Collector of Annapolis—Mrs. Campden, Mrs. Winchester, and Mrs. Kniffen.

Mr. Doyle and Mr. Smith were counsel for the prisoners, and the latter gentleman addressed the Jury on their behalf. The trial continued until Tuesday night. The Jury retired about half-past 8 and returned about 9 o'clock, finding a Verdict of manslaughter against Loramore, and acquitting Petit.

On Wednesday the Court again met, and sentenced Loramore to 14 years transportation.

Clem Petit was recommitted to Jail to await his trial for a misdemeanour.

**Launch.**—The new Snip Margaret, built for S. Cunard & Co. by Mr. Lyle at Dartmouth was launched on Saturday Morning last.—She is said to be the largest vessel ever built there, her burthen is 627 tons, length over all 128X33 feet.

#### MARRIED.

On Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Captain McLean of the brig *Mary Alice*, to Miss Isabella Robinson. At the same time Mr. James Norval, to Miss Jane Robinson; immediately after the ceremony, they left for Windsor, to spend the honeymoon.

**Bills of Lading for sale at this office.**



### THE DIVINE OMNIPOTENCE.

Oh! look up to the soft blue sky,  
Arching above thee, bright and fair;  
Gold is the heart, and dull the eye,  
Which feels not, sees not God is there!

Look round thee, on this spacious earth,  
With every varied beauty rife;  
Starts not an instant thought to birth  
Of Him whose presence gives it life?

Survey the billowy, boundless deep;  
Is there no voice salutes thine ear—  
Whispering, when tempests o'er it sweep,  
In still small accents—God is here,

Glance upward—in night's silent hour,  
To countless orbs in glory bright;  
These speak, unheard, their Maker's power,  
Whose presence is their source of light!

Hark to the winds! which come and go,  
O'er seas unfathomed, wastes untrod,  
Are they not heralds, to and fro,  
Of Him—in whom they live and move!

Last—but not least, O torn within!  
With humble hope, and holy prayer,  
For in each heart, redeem'd from sin,  
The ETERNAL GOD is present there

How can it be a truthless dream,  
When through His Son on Him we call?  
SINCE HE, THE OMNIPOTENT SUPREME,  
Is every where, and all in all!

### INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Who can cast his eye over the nations which profess and those which reject the Gospel, without beholding in it the benignest of earthly agencies and the divinest of Heaven's gifts! Who can compare the East, which it has deserted, with the West, which it pervades—the uniform decrepitude of society in the one with its various moral life in the other, the triumph of violence and superstition there with the gradual spread of knowledge and just government here, without recognising in it an influence preservative of the health and conducive to the progress of the general mind? Whether or not its extension throughout the foremost communities of our world be the chief cause of their advancement, whether it be the germ or the fruit of their civilization, there is still an undeniable affinity between its spirit and the noblest tendencies of the human race. What religion ever produced so little misery in its corruptions, and so lofty a virtue by its native power? It has presided, like a creative energy, over the moral world, and constructed new types of character, and new forms of genius, and new visions of ideal good. Science, poetry, and art have given it the homage of their mingled voices; the sorrowful, the anxious, and the happy, have knelt together at its shrine; the peasant has felt its nobility, and the

sage rejoined in its illumination; and, if its name has sometimes spread a shield over its persecutor, in its spirit the persecuted have found the consolation of inward dignity and the strength of quenchless will. Faith of our fathers! in the strength of whose virtue they toiled, and in the peace of whose promise they suffered; in whose hope they fell asleep in Jesus, and with whose providence they now dwell for evermore! Faith of hardy and philosophers, of prophets and martyrs, of the best friends of humanity, and foes of misery and wrong! Faith of Milton and of Howard, which inspired the muse of the one to breathe the strains of piety and liberty at once, and armed the spirit of the other to brave disease, and pierce the prison gloom, that no child of guilt might be without his solace! Faith of the people! Whose generosity none have been able to extinguish, and with whose tendencies to freedom tyrants have grappled in vain! Not yet are all thy triumphs won; not till the last and lowest victim of poverty, and ignorance, and sin, have been redeemed, and raised to the consciousness of intelligence and the sense of immortality! In meek majesty hast thou been borne over the high places of our world, like thy great author on the Mount of Olives. Descend yet deeper into the vales, where human suffering hides itself and weeps. Still behold the city of our dwelling through tears and pity, and make us worthy to join in the exulting cry, Hosannah! to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! —Martineau.

### EXTENT OF RUSSIA.

The superficial extent of Russia has varied in a greater degree than that of any other country with the political changes to which the government has been subjected. Russia occupies an incredible space upon the map. It comprehends a vast portion of Europe, and a third part of Asia. It thus naturally divides itself into two great parts, separated from each other by the great Caspian chain, the Oural mountains, and the Oural river. That part which spreads into Asia covers a surface of about 700,000 square leagues, about 280,000 of which are productive; the rest, which lies near the north pole, and off in the eastern direction from the desolate heights of Mongolia, the border of the Chinese empire, being utterly lifeless and unsusceptible of culture. This immense tract constitutes that portion of the Russian dominions called Siberia. The southern extremity, bounded by China, is formed of a lofty and sterile table land, in which the rivers take their source, and from thence the country gradually slopes towards the Frozen Ocean, into which it empties its waters. The only diversities in this enormous province are from a greater to a lesser degree of inclement climate and barrenness. The middle and southern latitudes are comparatively

fertile and cultivated; but the northern and eastern parts are covered with dense woods, or locked up in eternal ice. In the south the summers are insupportably hot, and the winters rigid in an equal degree; or rather, the seasons are always in the extreme, and may be considered as producing nearly the same effects upon the human frame. These miserable deserts, separated from Europe by mountains and rivers, and from China by a border of stone and ice, and running up to Behring's Straits, which divide them from America, are scantily peopled by a squalid and scattered population of 2,000,000 inhabitants. The fur of the wild animals that winter through its forests, the metal that is dug out of its mountains, and the oil of the fish that lives in its gloomy seas, are the chief produce which this extensive territory sends into Europe. The European division of the empire contains a population of about 60,000,000, on a surface of 100,000 miles. From the Oural mountains, the plain makes a gradual descent to the west, there it is terminated by the Baltic, and the neighbouring states of Sweden and Prussia.—This great surface presents many varieties of climate and soil, and has been divided into three regions—the hot, the temperate, and the cold. The northern part falls towards the White Sea and the Frozen Ocean, is incapable of cultivation, and is, for the most part, woody and marshy. The richest and most fertile part of European Russia is that which stretches to the southward, and lies between the boundaries of the Caspian Sea and the sea of Azof. In that territory the soil and climate are equally favourable to production.—Extract from a New work.

### SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

The Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received, and begs leave to inform them, that he continues to manufacture SILVER PLATE, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms.

He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons, Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Watch Guards, &c.; and he has lately received an assortment of JEWELRY viz.—Cornelian Ear Rings, (white and red,) Plain Gold do, a variety of Brooches, plain and ornamented. Silver ever pointed Pencil cases, Silver Thimbles, Tortoise Shell back and side Combs, wrought and plain, Horn Combs of every description, Hair, Nail, Tooth and Plate Brushes, Gilt Watch Guards, Lavender, and Cologne Water, Cream of Amber, Macassar and Bear's Oil, Scented Family Soap; Palm do, Wash Balls, Razor Straps, Cut glass smelling Bottles, Medallions, Gold and Seal Beads, all of which he offers for Sale at the lowest prices. ALSO—2 very superior ACCORDIANS.

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