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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 2]

HALIFAX, JUNE 24, 1836.

No. 23.

## 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.

### THE PELICAN.

The Hebrew name of this curious bird is evidently taken from its manner of discharging the contents of its bag or pouch, for the purpose of satisfying its own hunger, or that of its young.

The Pelican is much larger than the swan, and something resembles it in shape and color. The principle difference, and that which distinguishes this bird from all others, is its enormous bill and extraordinary pouch. From the point of the bill to the opening of the mouth, there is a length of fifteen inches: and under the chap is a bag, reaching the entire length of the bill to the neck, and capable, it is said, of holding fifteen quarts of water. When empty, this pouch is not seen; but when filled, its great bulk and singular appearance may easily be conceived. The Pelican, says Labat, has strong wings, furnished with thick plumage of an ash color, as are the rest of the feathers over the whole body. Its eyes are very small when compared to the size of its head; there is a sadness in its countenance, and its whole air is melancholy; it is as dull and reluctant in its motions as the flamingo is sprightly and active. It is slow of flight; and when it rises to fly, performs it with difficulty and labor; nothing, as it would seem, but the spur of necessity, could make these birds change their situation, or induce them to ascend into the air: but they must either starve or fly. When they have raised themselves about thirty or forty feet above the surface of the sea, they turn their head with one eye downwards, and continue to fly in that posture. As soon as they perceive a fish sufficiently near the surface, they dart down upon it with the swiftness of an arrow, seize it with unerring certainty, and store it up in their pouch.

They then rise again, though not without great labor, and continue hovering and fishing, with their head on one side as before.

In feeding its young, the pelican squeezes the food deposited in its bag into their mouths, by strongly compressing it upon its breast with the bill; an action, says Shaw, which might well give occasion to the received tradition and report, that the pelican, in feeding her young, pierced her own breast, and nourished them with her blood.

The writer of the hundred-and-second psalm alludes to the lonely situation of the pelican in the wilderness, as illustrative of the poignancy of his own grief, at witnessing the desolation of his country, and the prostration of her sacred altars.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HENRY I.

Henry the First was one of the most accomplished princes that have filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The affability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers.

His superior eloquence and judgement would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar: but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government; and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and supersition which were then so prevalent among men of letters.

His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct

towards his brother shown, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. He died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years.

## THE VILLAGE.—No. 12.

EDWARD DAFFON.

In my walk, yesterday morning, I met farmer Brookes, who had almost promised me to become a subscriber to the Sunday schools; but the honest farmer had got it so firmly into his head that learning made every body proud and idle, instead of rendering them humble and industrious, that I almost despaired of his altering his opinion. Indeed, I am afraid that there is some degree of truth in what the farmer says, and that too many instances occur of those who acquire a little learning becoming idle and proud. It is a sad reproach to any one to put that knowledge to a bad purpose, which is so truly valuable when put to a good one.

The farmer and I had much talk together; and I pointed out, as well as I could the advantages of youth being instructed, so as to be able to read the word of God: for "whatever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope." I dwelt also on the advantages of being able to write a little. What a comfort it is, when different branches of a family are removed from each other, to be able to correspond together at a distance, to say nothing of being able to put down things on paper, worthy of being remembered!

"I tell you what, Master Jenkins," said the farmer, "it may be well enough for the parson of the parish, and the justice, and one or two more, to be able to read, and write and cast up accounts; but I cannot see the good of other folks troubling their heads about these things. Anybody may learn the ten commandments by hearing them read over at church on a Sunday; and they are quite enough for a hard-working man to know.

Give me the man that plays his part  
With a hard hand and an honest heart."

"Why," replied I, "if hard work was the only thing required in this world, we certainly could do without reading and writing; but we have not only to do our duty

in this world, but to prepare for another; and to be able to read the Bible is a great assistance, as well as a great consolation. I never yet knew any man, or woman either, who had read their Bible to good purpose, but what were willing to do their duty. Instruction is like seed, and you may expect to reap of the same sort which you put in the ground. If you sow one of your fields with wheat, you get a crop of the same grain in return; but if you sow nothing, the ground is very soon run over with all kinds of weeds."

"You are right enough there," said farmer Brookes.

"Then again," added I, "to show you that knowing how to read will not prevent an upright young fellow from hard work, look at the two Henshaws who work for you."

"Right, again," said the farmer; "I'll match the Henshaws against any two lads in all the parish; but then that poor fellow, Chantry, who came from soldiering the other day, works, they say, equal to any one; and you know that he was as wild a young dog, at one time of day, as any one above ground."

"You may bend the crooked branch of an oak-tree," said I, "but it takes a great deal of power to do it; and it has taken a great deal to bring down the heart of poor Chantry to work hard. He suffered much; and now I dare say, finds hard work easier than living a sinful life, for 'the way of transgressors is hard.'"

"Anything may be done by perseverance," said farmer Brookes, "without learning. There is Edward Daffon, who lives at the Glebe Farm: he was once a poor lad, without shoes and stockings, but he persevered against every thing. He worked like a horse, but his master used him ill, so he went a soldiering, and was soon made a corporal: and he has told me himself, that if he could have written a little, he should have been a serjeant. After a time he got his discharge, and worked with his uncle, and was the best man on the farm. If he had only known a little figuring, he would have been his bailiff. When his uncle died, he was once more thrown upon the wide world; but still he persevered, and took a little farm, where a fire completely ruined him, for a second time, but it did not break his heart. He went to work at the Glebe Farm, behaved well, and is now doing very well indeed. So, you see that perseverance will do without learning."

"Perseverance is a virtue, without doubt," said I, "but it is not more likely to be practised by one who cannot read and write, than it is by another. All who are brought up in the fear of the Lord are taught to persevere to the end." "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." According to your own showing, if Daffon had known

how to write, he would have been a serjeant instead of a corporal; and if he could have figured a little, he would have been a bailiff instead of a labourer." The farmer seemed perplexed at this remark. "Well!" said he, "at any rate I will begin to subscribe to the Sunday school, and leave off if I find that it does not answer. I will come next Sunday, and see the young people at their books."

From Farmer Brookes I learned that poor Turner stuck to his work as a man should do; and I am sure he must do so to get the farmer's good word.

In passing the churchyard I was surprised to see Ralph Perkins standing beside his grandmother's grave. I thought that his own reflections might, perhaps, be more useful to him than anything which I could say, so I passed on. How glad should I be to witness in him a change for the better!

I might, very likely, have amused you much more than I have done, in the account that I have given you of the folks in the village, but I was anxious to bring such young people before you as had some good qualities for you to imitate, or some bad ones for you to avoid. You have seen by my account of the Tilers, of Mary Parsons, and of Bill Hollins and his father, how little idleness and undutifulness, and cruelty and hard-heartedness, have added to the happiness of those who have been guilty of them. And Ralph Perkins and Ned Higgins may have taught you that lying and dishonesty only bring about sorrow, shame, and punishment. The unsettled habits of Jem Turner, and the penitence of Thomas Chantry, have perhaps inclined you to avoid their errors and their calamities; for if you have read of all those characters without feeling a desire to profit by their narration, I have taken up my pen in vain.

Whenever evil things draw nigh,  
And sin along the pathway's eads;  
A boy and girl should swiftly fly,  
As though a bear was at their heels.

The orderly habits of Martha Vale, the industry of the Henshaws, the desire to improve manifested by the young Taylors, and the perseverance of Edward Daffon, are worthy of imitation; while the meekness of Betsey Jones, and the love of truth shown by Kitty Hall, are qualities which no young person should neglect to attain.

But I must not forget to say, that every young person will do well to imitate the prayerful spirit and submission of Esther Williams. And if at any time you are caught in a thunder-storm, if you should feel afraid when the lightning flashes and the thunder roars, while you cling for protection to your mother, or some kind friend, do not forget to breathe a prayer to God to enable you at all times to submit to his will.

If there be one thing clearer than another in this world, it is the truth that the path of rectitude is secure, while that of sin is beset with danger. Great peace have they who

love the Lord, but "there is no peace for the wicked." And now, having come to the end of my little narrative, let me urge you to make no thorny pillows in youth for the head of old age. In every trouble, and in every joy, look to the end.

Where truth and meekness rear their head,  
Like flowrets on a mountain's crest,  
Climb up the steep with fearless tread,  
And pluck, and plant them in your breast.

Whether you live in the town or country, it becomes you to seek, above all things, that one thing which is needful, even the salvation of your soul through faith in Christ. Many things are important, but this is more important than all put together. When the heart is not disposed to profit, an account of a splendid city will be useless; but when it is humbly desirous to be instructed, it will reap advantage from the simple narrative of a VILLAGE.

#### THE SAILOR TURNED PREACHER.—

At the Foreign Missionary meeting, on Wednesday, of last week, Rev. Mr. Choules, of New-Bedford, related the following anecdote to illustrate the peculiar adaptation of the Gospel for the conversion of sinners. He received it during his recent visit to England, from Rev. Mr. Chapman, agent of the British Seamen's Friend Society, who was personally acquainted with the facts of the case.

The subject was a sailor, who had lost one leg, one arm, one eye, and nearly half his face, in fighting on board a man-of-war. He was a wicked, drunken man, and was considered the pest of the place where he was supported at the public charge. A christian lady became interested in his welfare, and through her instrumentality he was converted. But when he applied for admission to the church, so desperate had his case been considered, they were afraid for a long time to admit him. At length, convinced of the reality of the change, they welcomed him as a brother, and raised a subscription to enable him to live more comfortably. Mr. Chapman, hearing of his case, visited him; and found him living in a small house, which the liberality of his christian friends had enabled him to build. After some conversation, in which he thankfully ascribed all his comforts to Christianity. Mr. C. inquired why his house was built in such an awkward shape; for he noticed that it was all one sided, like its owner. He said he had a reason for it, which he must guess.—He could not, however, till on looking over the house he saw one of the rooms of considerable size fitted up like a chapel. "And so you have a meeting-house here," said Mr. C. "Yes," said the sailor, "I have a meeting-house, and a good many folks come here to meeting." "But who preaches for you?" "O, you must guess that too." Mr. C. assured him that he could not. "Why, sir, I ask any good minister that comes along:—won't you preach for us?" "I cannot; for I am

engaged to address a public meeting this evening in the neighboring town." "There, that's just what they all tell me; and so, because nobody else will preach for me, I'm obliged to preach myself." And can you read?" "Yes sir; but I did not know a letter till after I was forty years old. I used to go to meeting, and I always minded that when the minister read, it suited me, and my mind felt better for it; but when he talked, I did not feel so well. So I asked him one day why it was so; and he told me that when he read, it was God Almighty's own words that I heard; but when he talked, it was only his own words. No wonder God Almighty's words did me more good than a man's! So I thought I'd learn to read them for myself; and a kind little boy, that lives close by, said he would show me. By and by I got me a Bible, and made out to spell the easy words. I read, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only'—but the letters in the next word were so long and crooked that they puzzled me: after awhile I made it out, and read 'his only begotten Son, that'—but I could not get over the next word. So I asked the boy, and he read 'that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' Boy, said I, what does that *whosoever* mean? It means *any one*. Are you sure it means any one? He said he was, and asked another boy, who said it was true. Well, said I, if *whosoever* means any one, and God Almighty says that any one may believe and be saved, then any one may tell of it; and its my duty to tell of it. So I began to tell all who would come to hear, as well as I could, that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life;' and I thank God that many have believed on him here."

Mr. C. said that the labors of this poor mutilated sailor in his little chapel had been blessed to the conversion of scores of souls, and himself, instead of a pest to society had become one of the most useful men living.

*From the Pacific.*—The New Bedford Gazette of Monday, contains the subjoined melancholy events of more dreadful massacres at the Pacific Islands, mutinies among seamen, and loss of the ship Independence of Nantucket;

*Mutiny and Massacre.*—The schooner *Thetis*, Capt. Rogers, left Oahu on the 9th of May, 1835, to cruise among the islands of the Pacific for marine shells. She had been at sea but a short time when the men, becoming dissatisfied, or designing to take the vessel, laid a plan by which to effect their diabolical purpose. The ringleader and two or three others entered the cabin at midnight, and with axes approached the berths of Captain Rogers and Thomas Hermitington, mate, severing their heads from their bodies at a blow.

The trading master of the schooner, hearing the alarm, clenched his cutlass and ran to the deck, where he encountered the chief mover of the gang. After a contest of ten or fifteen minutes, he succeeded in killing the scoundrel, and in bringing the remainder of the crew into subjection. The trading master then took charge of the vessel, and under a rigid discipline on board was enabled to reach the island of Ascension. He then got additional aid and proceeded thence to Oahu, where he arrived in January.

*Another Mutiny.*—The whale ship *Chelsea*, Beetle of New London, arrived at Oahu on the 26th of January last, having been fourteen months on her cruise, with 900 brls sperm oil. The crew had mutinied on board, and were brought into the port in irons, and delivered over to the American consul, whose intention it was forthwith to send them to the United States.

*Another Massacre by the Natives.*—The schr. *Honduras*, J. G. Scott, master, of Boston, left Oahu in May, 1835, also in pursuit of shells, touched at the island of Ascension, and soon after proceeded on her cruise, among the neighboring groups. A few days out lost her foremast in a gale, and sustained some other damage, when she went to Stroung's island for the purpose of repairing and obtaining provisions.

This island is in lat. 5 12 N. long. 162 58, thickly inhabited by savages. The first day after the *Honduras* touched there, Capt. Scott and eight men went on shore to obtain provisions, &c. leaving the mate, Mr. Williams, and the cabin boy, to keep ship which was soon visited by a great number of the Islanders. The deck was literally swarmed with them.

It is supposed that at this time there was an attack upon the boat's crew on shore, for the captain cried out to the mate on board to load the muskets, who sprang from the natives, which had now seized him, ran below, and with cutlass and musket rushed to the deck, and succeeded in driving them all overboard.

He then slipped the chain cable, and with the aid only of the boy, spread the schooner's canvass, and made the best of his way back to Ascension, where he arrived on the 3d of September, having been at sea eleven days with the aid of a boy only to manage the vessel, without a foremast, and short of provisions. At Ascension he shipped a native crew, took on board Mr. Dudwa (concerned in the vessel,) and proceeded to Oahu, where he arrived the first week in January last.

It can scarcely be hoped that Capt. Scott and his boat's crew survive. Such was the state in which the schooner was compelled to leave the island, that no doubt they were massacred on the spot.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Messrs Seymour & Whipple, of Utica, have ob-

tained a patent for a simple, curious and very useful machine, which should be generally patronized in this city. It is called a "*Fire Alarm Thermometer*." It consists of a small case, containing the apparatus of an alarm clock or bell, which is hung in the bedchamber, also a graduated brass thermometer, which is affixed to each room in the house, and from which a wire or cord extends to the alarm bell. Therefore, if by accident a fire breaks out in any room—if even smoke, or any thing in the room increases the heat, in a few seconds after the unusual heat operates on the thermometer, it sets the alarm bell in motion, and by opening the case, and seeing the pulley, you at once know in what room the fire has broke out long before it has reached a height to become dangerous, even when a single bucket of water can extinguish it. In valuable dry goods and fancy stores it would be very useful.

CHURCHES IN BOSTON.—There are in this city fifty-one churches or religious societies—viz: 13 Unitarian Congregationalist, 11 Orthodox do., 6 Episcopalian, 6 Baptist, 5 Methodist, 4 Universalist, 2 Roman Catholic, 1 Restorationist, 1 Swedenborgian, 1 Christian, and 1 society of Quakers or Friends

DIED.

Suddenly at Windsor, of Scarlet Fever, *Harriet, wife of Benjamin Dewolf Fraser, Esq. M. D. leaving a disconsolate husband and a large circle of relations and friends to regret so severe a bereavement.*

At Windsor, on Saturday the 18th inst. after a short but severe illness, *Ellen, youngest daughter of John Tremain, Esq. deeply regretted by her relatives and friends. Her end was perfect peace, and her friends' sorrow not as those without hope.*

On Sunday last, *Mr. David Fletcher, in the 59th year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with a pious resignation to the divine will.*

Baptist Association.

THE Annual Meeting of the Association of the Baptist Churches in Nova-Scotia, is expected to take place in the Granville-Street Chapel, Halifax, on Monday and Tuesday, 27th and 28th instant.

As many ministers and messengers from different parts of the Province, as well as delegates from New-Brunswick and the United States are expected to be present, Divine service will commence on Saturday, the 25th, at 3 o'clock, and at half-past seven in the evening; on the Sabbath day there will be three full services at the usual hours; and the business on the following day will be preceded by divine service and a sermon. **June 17.**

Shipping Papers, for sale at this Office.



## THE VOYAGE.

Before me lies the troublous deep,  
Life's ocean, tost by many a storm;  
Behind me, hush'd, the billows sleep,  
Whose calm, wild winds no more deform.

I tempted childhood's laughing wave  
And wreckless, toyed with danger nigh,  
I trod upon the gaping grave  
And smiled at fear yet, know not why.

In youth I sought a brighter path,  
Yet paused to gaze at childhood's boom;  
Fled was the angry lightning's scathe,  
For peaceful is love's early dream.

What dangers press on manhood's prow!  
His barque is tost by every gale,  
The shoals of folly thicken now,  
And perils rise, and cares assail.

Yet manhood past, how slight appear,  
The terrors strown on manhood's way,  
Nights' cowering phantoms disappear,  
And broad and brightly shines the day.

Before me lies the troublous deep,  
The sea which angry waves deform,  
Yet faith shall bid the billow sleep,  
And Hope shall soar above the storm.

**PECULIAR HABITS OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.**—Sacchini could not write a passage except his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gadding about him. Paisiello composed in bed. Il Bardiere di Siviglia, La Molinara, and other chefs-d'œuvre of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.—Hayden, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on the ring sent him by Frederick II. and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few minutes soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstaat, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.—Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in the course of a single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.—Parlor Magazine.

**A GREAT MISTAKE.**—It is very evident that many young men who are acquiring a knowledge of science for future usefulness, pay but little or no attention to the art of writing. They either think it of no use, or suffer themselves to fall into the habit of writing a contracted, diminutive, illegible hand; which is really disgraceful.

Such person ought, (if they cannot otherwise remedy the evil) to put themselves under

the tuition of a good writing master; and learn to write a fair, open, manly hand. If they suppose it is of no consequence to their usefulness, they are greatly mistaken. With the helps that may be obtained in almost any bookstore for a small sum, and proper application, no man need be a mean writer. It is especially wrong in these days of advancement in the fine arts, of which good chirography is one. Proper care will render it as easy to write quick and handsome, as to write quick. It is a great mistake to suppose, that to write bad is indicative of great knowledge and deep thought. To write well is one part of a good genteel education; therefore no student can be justified in neglecting it.—Ch. Secretary.

**SPORTING WITH DIVINE THINGS.**—Even professing christians are often guilty of trifling with sacred things. They will not spare their jest at the expense of the minister's mistake, or the minister's peculiarities; nor refrain from violating the true meaning of a scripture text, when it may serve as a quotation to illustrate some humorous or profane occurrence. But God is not a God who will be mocked, or who will suffer his holy word to be trifled with. The christian disciple is often cursed with hardness of heart and blindness of mind for such derelictions, and suffered to go days and weeks with his head bowed down and his heart sorrowful—mourning for the light of that countenance which had before cheered him on his pleasant journey.

**METHOD OF MAKING SHEET LEAD.**—The sheet lead from China is manufactured in a way not generally known in this country. The operation is conducted by two men. One is seated on a floor with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone at his side. His fellow workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead, and having poured a certain quantity upon the stone, the other lifts the moveable stone, and dashing it on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured in a similar manner and a similar plate formed; the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plate are then cut off, and they are soldered together for use.

Every one has heard of the Harpers, the great book publishers at New York. These two brothers commenced their labors, not many years ago, as journeymen printers. They then acquired a high reputation among their employers for their industry and skill. They continued laboring as journeymen until they had by rigid economy acquired sufficient to go into business themselves and are now worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars.—“the fruits of bold enterprise and honest industry.” They give constant employment and good wages to about three

hundred men, women and children, and thus make the hearts of thrice that number happy.

### 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 Manufacturers 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 deride, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

☞ Bottles wanted.

May 27.

### SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of the Subscriber, a large assortment of

### Flower and Garden Seeds

These Seeds have been obtained from the same House in London, whose supplies for the last four years, have given such general satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.

Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.  
May 9.

### G. HOBSON, Engraver and Copper-Plate Printer,

No. 39, DUKE-STREET.

☞ 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.

### To Tailors.

A healthy, active BOY, possessing good morals, who is desirous of learning the above business, wishes a situation as an apprentice to the same; he is now 14 years of age, and can be well recommended.—Application to be made at this Office.

June 17.

☞ A middle aged woman wishes a situation as Housekeeper, Nurse, or to do plain sewing.—Good reference as to character can be produced. A line addressed to M. N. and left at this Office, will be attended to,  
June 10,