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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 27

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No. 16

## 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 very cheap rate.

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

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE PROTEUS.

Among many animals, which for their singularity have excited the attention of the scientific world, there is none more interesting than the proteus. The order of nature often observed, appears to follow a series of links, forming a chain, which the zoologist finds it convenient to divide; and, indeed, which resolves itself into natural sections, but yet without any abruptness, so that the beings of one class or order, or family, blend insensibly into those of another, rendering it almost a matter of indifference where the line of demarcation is drawn. As a forcible example of the opinion thus briefly stated, nothing can be more in point than the animal which we now introduce to the notice of our readers, an animal which constitutes a link between reptiles air-breathing creatures, furnished with true lungs, and fishes, water-breathing creatures, without lungs, but furnished instead with gills or *branchiae* in which apparatus the blood is submitted to the action of oxygen, and undergoes the changes essential to the maintenance of life. Now the proteus, strange to say, is furnished with both, the branchiae not indeed being covered as in fishes, but exposed and forming a beautiful pink coloured tuft on each side of the head; nor is the general figure of the animal less intermediate, having much of the lizard in its general contour, and much of the eel, to which it is very similar in its movements.

The place of its abode is also not a little singular. The proteus is a subterranean dweller; to it light is useless; nay, it appears too high a stimulus for the very skin of the creature to bear with comfort; hence it has no eyes, but a small black dot, scarcely to be discovered beneath the skin, indicat-

ing the situation of these organs, which here are rudimentary at the lowest ebb. It is time, however, to be more explicit. At Adelsberg, in the duchy of Carniola (belonging to Austria), there is one of the most romantic and splendid caverns in Europe; it is commonly known by the name of the Grotto of the Maddalena. The whole of this part of the country consists of bold rocks, and mountains of limestone formation, full of subterranean caverns, containing lakes, and vast reservoirs of water, hundreds of feet beneath the surface, whence many rivers take their secret origin. These subterranean waters communicate with and supply a small lake in the celebrated cavern we have alluded to; and it is in this lake, where no sunlight ever enters, enclosed by barriers of piled up rocks, deep in the bowels of the earth, that the proteus is found reposing on the soft mud, precipitated by the fluid, and lining the rocky basin. This animal has been taken of various sizes, from the thickness of a quill to that of the thumb; the length of a moderate sized individual is about a foot; the tail is compressed laterally, like that of an eel, and is used in the same manner in swimming. The head is elongated and depressed, the mouth is wide and furnished with numerous teeth, whence we may conclude the animal to be carnivorous in its propensities; but what its food truly consists of, and how it procures it, are beyond conjecture. The limbs are small, feeble, and almost useless; the toes are minute, and, in number, three on each foot before, and two behind. The skin is quite smooth, and of a pale flesh colour, but when the animal is removed from its native situation, and exposed to light, it assumes a darker tint, approaching olive brown; and the branchial tufts become deeper. The light, however, is evidently distressing, and the animals are glad to creep beneath the shelter of any substance which may serve as a protection from its influence. For some time after its first discovery, the proteus, was supposed to be the larva or tadpole of some unknown animal inhabiting the deep subterranean cavities, and whose form it would finally assume, as the common tadpole of our ponds becomes the frog. This idea is now abandoned, its true character has been made out by observation and anatomical research, and its relative situation in the chain of animated beings ascertained; still as it regards many points in its economy, we are yet in the dark.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### ROBERT POLLOK.

Robert Pollok is one of those who, by the mere efforts of his mind, burst forth all at once, from an obscure original into the highest eminence. His name was not known, as an author, till it was rendered illustrious by the publication of his poem.\* This work on which his well earned reputation almost exclusively rests, furnishes the best elements for an instructive and useful biography. The history of the infancy, growth, and maturity of his genius, is to be gathered from his poem.

The poet was born at North Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, about eleven miles south east from Glasgow, in October, 1798. He was the youngest son of an intelligent farmer, who still resides in the same place. By the care of his parents, he received such an education as is common in that part of Scotland among persons in their station of life. After this, he was employed to give what assistance he could in the labours of his father's farm, till his fourteenth year, when he was sent to the village of Eaglesham to learn the business of a cartwright. It is probable that the exertions necessary to this employment, accorded but ill with the views of a youth of his imagination, although it is not known that he estimated his talents at a higher rate than became his humble hopes. But it is understood that he was induced by the advice and example of his elder brother, who was pursuing his studies with a view to the holy ministry, to abandon all thoughts of following up his mechanical profession, and to prepare for the same sacred vocation.

His parents, with that fondness for the ministerial office, so congenial to the middle and lower orders of the Scottish people, warmly seconded his views, and put him in the way of realizing them by sending him to a school in the Parish of Fenwick, to gain a knowledge of the Latin language. This was done in the year 1813.

In 1816, he entered the university of Glasgow, where, after attending the several classes during five successive Sessions, he obtained the degree of A. M.

On leaving the University he prosecuted his Theological studies at the Divinity Hall for the same number of Sessions, and was licensed to preach the gospel in connexion with the United Associate Synod

\*Course of Time.

about the beginning of May 1827. His first sermon was preached in Edinburgh nearly at the same time that his Poem was published, in preparing which, for the press he had been much engaged during the two previous years.

But his career which commenced with so much lustre, was soon to terminate. It is said that he was in the pulpit only three times afterwards. A tendency to consumption lurked in his constitution, and being aggravated by the sedentary habits of so devoted a student, soon became palpable to all, but its victim. In a letter to a friend written in April, 1827, he describes with the deceptive feelings so common to those who suffer from that disease, the buoyancy of his spirits arising from renovated health. But these delusions were soon clouded. His frame continued to wax feeble, and some eminent Practitioners recommending a softer climate than Scotland, it was determined that he should go to Italy for the benefit of his health. He accordingly commenced his journey attended by his sister. But after proceeding as far as Devonshire place Shirley common, near Southampton, his strength failed him. He now felt that the hand of death was upon him. He then wrote to his brother an account of his situation, and observed to his sister, that he had been aware of the extent of his illness he would have remained under the paternal roof.

Domestic affections had always been strong within him; and the thoughts of his kindred and his home pressed strongly on his heart in the solitude of a death bed, and in the midst of strangers. He struggled with his distemper only for a few days. On the 18th September 1827, he breathed his last, before he crossed the borders of his own loved country.

### THE NARROW FOOTPATH.

Give me, amid this selfish world,  
That heart, where'er it goes,  
That warmly beats for others' joys,  
And bleeds for others' woes.

If I were to be asked what vice is the most common among mankind, I should reply directly, the vice of selfishness. It rules the actions of the young, and it reigns in the hearts of the old; the boy with his marbles, and the miser with his money bags are alike subject to its control. Sometimes it shows itself openly, at others it puts on a hundred disguises, but whether it be hidden, or exposed, it contrives to find its way into every bosom.

The beggar whining at the door,  
The miser with his pelf,  
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
Bow down and worship self.

But though you might look for a whole summer's sun before you could find man, woman, or child, that is not selfish, still every one exclaims against the vice as though

it were an object of general abhorrence. Every one abhors selfishness, and yet every one puts it in practice.

If you regard a crowd passing along the street, every being is wrapt up in his own affairs, every one consults his own convenience. It is true that when one man meets another he makes way for him to pass, but this is done not to oblige the person he meets, but to accommodate himself; we see twenty men move on one side for those they meet, but not one of the twenty will stir an inch from the path to accommodate those who are walking behind them.

The other day, in passing along London streets, I came to a place where the road was sadly out of repair, it was indeed a complete puddle, so that the only way for the foot passenger to get by, was to walk along a narrow footpath, and I could not help stopping ten minutes to observe the instances of selfishness which attracted my attention.

In the middle of the narrow footpath a man sat upon his wheelbarrow, eating a piece of bread and bacon, to the great annoyance of the passengers, who were obliged to press between the wheelbarrow and the wall. The man thought of no one in the world but himself.

"These fellows, with their barrows, are always in the way," muttered a short square man, with a yoke across his shoulders, from which hung two cans filled with water to the brim. Now the man, with the water cans, cared no more about the convenience of others, than the man with the barrow; for in pushing carelessly by, he spilt the water into the shoes of a woman carrying a market basket. The woman said it was very odd that people could not mind what they were about, but while she looked at her wet shoes, the corner of her basket struck a little sweep, who was passing, in the eye; the sweep put both his hands to his face and set up a squall, falling back against a smart young man in a white waistcoat. The young man, mortified with his appearance, drew back suddenly that he might get into a by place to arrange his dress, but in so doing he nearly overturned an old fat gentleman walking with a stick. The old gentleman went on, however, moving as slowly as a broad wheeled waggon, though a lad who had a letter to put into the post office, in a hurry, was behind him vainly endeavouring to pass.

At this moment an officer rode by, but, though the road was so dirty, he did not slacken his pace, and thus, by his ill-manners, splash'd the mud over a lady dressed in white, and a country lass in a pink gown. Sally was very angry, and the lady very indignant; but the officer thought nothing of Sally's pink gown, and Sally cared not a mushroom for the lady's white clothes.

All this time the fellow with the wheelbarrow sat unconcerned eating his bread and bacon, and turning those into the muddy road who could not stop to take their turn in

passing: at last he stood up. Two little children, each eating a piece of bread and treacle, in getting by, pushed their dirty fingers against the white trousers of a sailor, while another jack tar, who had taken an extra glass of grog, set his foot against the wheelbarrow and overturned it at once into the muddy road, thereby preventing a waggoner from passing with his waggon.

"Hollo!" cried a chaise boy, who drove up with a chaise at the moment, "move your waggon out of the way, blocking up the road in this manner."

"I wish you would put your great, ugly barrow somewhere else," cried the waggoner to the owner of the wheelbarrow: who roared out in his turn to the sailor, "What business have you to overturn my barrow, Mr. Bluejacket?"

Now here were men, women, and children, all incommoding each other, and thinking only of themselves. The fellow with his wheelbarrow, the man with his water cans, the woman with her market basket, the little sweep, the young man in the white waistcoat, the old gentleman with the stick, the lad with the letter, the officer, the lady, and the country girl, the children eating bread and treacle, the sailors, the chaise boy, and the waggoner had every one of them been incommoded; but not one among them cared for the misfortunes of the rest. Now if you suppose for a moment, that you are free from selfishness, I would advise you to read over again, the catalogue of calamities of the Narrow Footpath.

### OLD HUMPHREY AND THE BLACK-BERRIES.

Depend upon it there is nothing like making the best of the little trifling annoyances which, at the most, only inflict a temporary inconvenience. One day in the autumn I was in the country when it rained very fast. I had a few miles to walk to the house of a kind and hospitable friend, and set off with a thin pair of shoes on my feet. It rained very fast, to be sure, but I hoped and trusted it would soon get finer. It was wet enough over head, and still wetter under feet; but on I trudged along the dirty lanes, holding up my umbrella. My thin shoes were a poor defence against the mud and rain. "Well, well," said I, "they will not all be dirty lanes: I shall soon come to the fields." To the fields I came, but they were no improvement of the road, for the long grass made me miserably wet. "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be grass." I soon came to a piece of clover, and the round, bossy clover blossoms, saturated with the rain, kept bobbing against my legs and made me wetter than before, "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be clover." The next was a potatoe field, and if the grass was bad, and the clover worse, the potatoe field was worst of all: for the straggling stems, and broad leaves of the potatoes, were so

many reservoirs of water, which emptied themselves upon me every time my toe caught the stem of a potatoe. "Well!" well!" said I, "they will not all be potatoe fields:" so on I went, till I came into a snug lane, where the brambles, hanging in festoons from the hedges, were covered with blackberries, a fruit of which I am uncommonly fond. The storm abated; the road got drier; the sun shone in the skies; and Old Humphrey banqueted on the blackberries.

Now, when you meet with any commonplace vexation, even if it be a little more trying than usual; nay, though it require double patience to endure it, be not discouraged about the matter, think of Old Humphrey and his blackberries, and, by and by, you will not only forget your trouble, but find yourself, with a grateful heart, "singing of mercy."

#### CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

Mr. Angier, a wealthy clothier, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, had four sons. On returning from school one day, they were overtaken by the rain, and ran for shelter beneath a tree. While standing together, they expressed their several wishes. One wished it would rain learning; another, wool; another, money; and another plums. They were overheard by a neighbour, who reported to their father the wishes they had expressed. The father took an early opportunity of asking them the reason of their several wishes. John replied, that he should like to be a preacher, and therefore wished for learning. Bezaleel, that he would be a clothier, and therefore wished for wool. Samuel, that he should wish to be a merchant, and therefore hoped for money; and Edward, who wished for plums, desired that he might be a grocer. The father considered this expression of their wishes as directing him to the choice of professions for his sons, and they were severally placed out according to their inclinations. Edward became a grocer and finally settled in New England. Samuel became a merchant in Holland. Bezaleel, succeeded his father as a clothier at Dealham; and John became an eminent preacher of the gospel, and settled at Denton, in Yorkshire, and after enduring much persecution in those troublous times, died in the faith and hope of the gospel, September 1, 1677.

#### THE WORD.

There is no sufficient certainty but the scriptures only, for any considering man to build upon. This, therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe. This I will profess. According to this I will live, and for this if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly loose my life, should any thing take it from me. Propose me anything out of this book, and require whether I believe it or no, & seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe to it with hand and heart, as know-

ing no demonstration can be stronger than this: God has said so, therefore it is true. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him, neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse christian, I will love no man less for differing in opinion from me. And what measure I meet to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore men ought not to require any more of any man than this, to believe the scriptures to be God's word, to endeavor to find the true sense of it, and live according to it.

#### WOOD POLISHING.

The Persians have introduced an entirely new mode of polishing, which is to wood precisely what plaiting is to metal. Water may be spilled on it without staining, and it resists scratching in the same degree with marble. The receipt for making it is as follows:

To one pint of Spirits of wine, add half an ounce of gum shellack, half an ounce of gum lac, half an ounce of gum sandrick, placing it over a gentle heat, frequently agitating it until the gums are dissolved, when it is fit for use.

Make a roller of lincloth, put a little of the polish upon it, and cover that with a soft linen rag, which must be slightly touched with cold drawn linseed oil.—Rub them in the wood in a circular direction, not covering too large a space at a time, till the pores of the wood are sufficiently filled up. After this rub in the same manner spirits of wine with a small portion of the polish added to it, and a most brilliant polish will be produced. If the outside has been previously polished with wax, it will be necessary to clear it off with glass paper.

**CANINE INSTINCT.**—An incident illustrating the wonderful instinct of the most faithful, affectionate and sagacious animal, the dog, occurred a few days since, which is worthy of notice. Mr. L was on his way to this city, in his own conveyance; but finding the travelling bad, he took his driver that he should take the stage from the next stopping place. Whilst the stage and Mr. L's conveyance were both before the door, his dog, with a sagacity truly wonderful and surprising to the passengers, jumped into the stage, and couched beneath the seat. Persuasion could not draw him from his hiding place, so force was exercised, and he was dragged to his owner's sleigh. He would not continue there, however, but again got into the stage and resumed his quarters. The dog must have understood the language of his master, and come to the conclusion that he would have to return with the sleigh, if he did not secretly himself in the stage—thereby displaying a foresight almost human, and a knowledge of his will far superior to many rational beings.

**A MAN THERMOMETER.**—Your thin spare man, (Cæsar's dread) is an excellent thermometer. Irenheit never constructed one that would better indicate the state of the temperature. Is the weather cold and frosty—he is irritable as a snapping turtle. Damp and cloudy—he is depressed, and shows that he has "the blues." Temperate and sunny—he is cheerful and lively. Hot—he is calm and hates to be disturbed. Your fat pursy man is less susceptible, and seldom indicates the changes. The lean man is your true thermometer.—*Greenfield Gazette.*

**Prevalent Causes of Crime.**—1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect. 2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade, and, if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had lawfully expired. 3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient; or entirely wanting. 4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime. 5. By preventing intemperance, and by promoting education, we are authorised to believe that we shall prevent crime in a considerable degree.

**Junus.**—We find the following paragraph in a late London paper.

In the Library of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, is deposited a box containing papers, which are secured with three seals, said to be those of the late marquess of Buckingham, the late Lord Grenville, and the right honorable Thomas Grenville. The contents of the box are understood to be the manuscript letters of, and documents relating to "Junus."

**EARLY RISING.**—All old men have been early risers. "This is the only circumstance," says a distinguished medical writer, "attending longevity, to which I never knew an exception."

**Female Piety.**—If piety is lovely, it is eminently so in the female; if it is kind, the woman who is a sincere christian is a striking exemplification of it; if it is a deep and abiding feeling, look at her who was "last at the cross, and earliest at the grave," and you see it in all its strength. In short, if such a thing as true piety exists on earth, we may look to her who has been denominated "Heaven's last, best gift to man," and behold it in all its grandeur and native excellency.

#### BLANKS.

Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, Outward and Inward Reports, Contents, &c. for sale at this Office.



From the New-York Mirror.

BELLS.

"How many a tale their music tells."—MOONS.

The distant bells ! the distant bells !  
I hear them faint and low,  
And Fancy, with her magic spells,  
Is waken'd by their flow ;  
The billowy sounds, so deeply fraught  
With memories of the past,  
Stir many sad and pleasing thought,  
As on the breeze they're cast.

The school-day bell ! the school-day bell !  
It speaks of boyhood's birth,  
And of those sunny days so well,  
Of free and joyous mirth ;  
The hours of bright, unfettered glee,  
The heart's fresh spring and bloom  
Thrown by, alas ! unheedingly,  
For years of darker gloom.

The merry bells ! the merry bells !  
They're ringing o'er the land,  
As Freedom with her trumpet tells  
Glad news from strand to strand ;  
Of Victory, of triumph's proud,  
That cheer a nation's breast,  
And Peace, that calls the warrior crowd  
Again to quiet rest.

The vesper bell ! the vesper bell !  
Of the soft twilight time,  
'Tis mingling with the wave's light swell  
Its hush'd and gentle chime.  
The curfew of the day—  
The herald of the night—  
Ah ! many a soul hath wing'd its way  
With that last fading light.

The Sabbath bells ! the Sabbath bells !  
With sweet and solemn sound,  
Through the green fields and quiet dells  
Bring holy thoughts around ;  
And thousands breathe the pious prayer  
In answer to their tone ;  
Pure incense ! wafted through the air  
To heaven's eternal throne.

The tolling bell ! the tolling bell !  
How mournful is the heart  
When strikes that slow and measured knell,  
Earth's strongest ties to part !  
But yet so sad that requiem note,  
Its melancholy strain  
Is the last link when spirits float  
To their own homes again.

VARIETIES.

ON THE PROPER MANAGEMENT OF  
OUR TIME.

To be impressed with a just sense of the value of time, it is highly requisite that we should introduce order into its management. Consider well, then, how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, squander it with inconsiderable profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only, they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be

master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves ! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequence of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is scarcely commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, in not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced.

He, on the contrary, who is orderly in the distribution of time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in little space ; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. But by the man of confusion those hours fleet like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions. He remembers, indeed, that he has been busy, yet he can give little account of the business which has employed him. [Blair.

GOOD ADVICE.—When you have committed an offence, never tell a lie in order to deny or extenuate it. Lying is a base weakness. Confess that you have done wrong ; in that there is some magnanimity ; and the shame you will experience in making the confession will bear fruit in the applause of the good. If you have been unfortunate enough to offend any one, have the noble humility, that true criterion of a gentleman, to ask his pardon. Inasmuch as your conduct will show that you are not a poltroon, no one will venture to call you vile for an act of frank magnanimity. But to persevere in the crime of insulting the innocent, and, rather than admit your error and retract your words, to enter into mortal strife or into eternal enmity with the injured, are the mad tricks of proud and ferocious men ;—are infamies of so black a dye as to make it of some difficulty for the world to veil them under the brilliant name of honour.

ECONOMY.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be, within an inch or two, as long as the carpet is wide, and about 4 or 5 inches in breadth, so as to lie a little distance upon each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper. [Magazine of Domestic Economy.]

PERSEVERANCE.—Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it ; but whatever you observe proper, and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.

A man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb ; but the ignorant man is dead even while he walks upon the earth ; he is numbered with living men, and yet he exists not.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.—It is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE MACHINE.—A mechanic of Brussels has invented a machine, which the French papers tell us will exceed in swiftness any hitherto fabricated. The minimum velocity, the inventor says, will be sixty leagues per hour ! and it may run on a railroad, to be expressly made for it, from Paris to Brussels, without any other impulse than that given to it by the provision of water and combustibles made at its departure. Notwithstanding the velocity, it may be stopped in an instant. The inventor has sent a model of the machine to the Minister of the Interior at Paris, and expresses his confidence that the machine will effect what he states.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.—Suppose that you now defer religion, and should be saved at a ninth or an eleventh hour, think of the remorse provoked, the active good effected, the privileges enjoyed, the blessings diffused by those who walk with God "from youth even to hoar hairs." Think of the temptations they escape, the sorrows they never feel, all suffered, and all felt, by those who enter the vineyard later in life. And think, oh think, of the fearful uncertainty which hangs over your future life. Resolve now, act now.

AN IMPORTANT REFLECTION.—Ric. es, or beauty, or whatever hath been, doth but grieve us ; that which is, doth not satisfy us ; that which shall be, is uncertain. What folly it is to trust any of them !—Hall.

HUMILITY.—Look on the good in others, and 't'he evil in thyself ; make that the parat, and then thou wilt walk humbly. Most men do just the contrary, and that foolish and unjust comparison puffs them up.—Leighton.

SINCERITY.—I had rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge, it is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to overreach in any thing.

OLD AGE, and waxing old as a garment, is written on the fairest face of the creation.—Rutherford.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant ; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M'Donald's Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer's wharf—where all kinds of JOB PRINTING, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.

H. W. B. LACKADAR.

April 15, 1836.

Wanted, at the Printing Business, a Boy of about 14 years of age.—Apply at this Office.