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# WEEKLY MIRROR.



VOL. 27

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 13, 1836.

No. 39

## 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.

(Continued.)

CLASS VI. CRUSTACEA, HAS NINE ORDERS:

Order 1. *DECAPODA*, including animals enveloped in a shell, head not distinct from the body, feet two in number, as many species of Crab, Lobsters, Crawfish, Prawns, Shrimps, &c.

Order 2. *STOMAPODA*, including animals with a distinct head, in two parts.

Order 3. *LEMODIPODA*, including animals without shells, with many feet, and heads not distinct.

Order 4. *AMPHIPODA*, including animals with heads bearing the anterior feet.

Order 5. *ISOPODA*, including animals with three jaws and many feet, capable of crawling on the land.

Order 6. *LOPHYPODA*, including minute aquatic animals enclosed in shells, the head not distinct.

Order 7. *PHYLLIPODA*, including animals with sixty feet formed for swimming.

Order 8. *XYPHOSURA*, including animals with a body divided into two parts, covered with a divided shell.

Order 9. *SIPHONOSTOMA*, including animals covered with soft membranous shells.

CLASS VII. ARACHNIDES, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. *PULMONARIAE*, including animals respiring through pulmonary sacs, some living in water and some on land, as Scorpions, Spiders and Tarantulas.

Order 2. *TRACHEARIAE*, including animals with articulated bodies, and long jointed legs, terminated by hooks, as Mites, &c.

CLASS VIII. MYRIAPODA, HAS TWO ORDERS:

Order 1. *CHILOCYATHA*, including animals with crustaceous bodies; they have very short feet and walk slowly.

Order 2. *CHILOPODA*, including carnivorous animals, which run quickly, inflict wounds with their claws, and conceal themselves under stones, as the Scolopendra, &c.  
To be continued.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### PORTIUS MARCUS CATO.

Portius Marcus Cato, an illustrious Roman, usually called the *Censor*, was born at Tusculum, B. C. 235, and served in the army at the age of 17, where he behaved with great valour; his temperance was remarkable, never drinking any thing but water, and being always contented with the plainest food. He was appointed military tribune in Sicily, and afterwards quaester in Africa under Scipio, in which offices he displayed a strict economy in the expenditure of the public money. He was chosen consul, B. C. 195, in which station he had Valerius Flaccus for his colleague, and whom he opposed in his attempt to repeal the Oppian law. He conducted the war into further Spain, and took no part of the spoils to his own share. On his arrival at Rome he was honoured with a triumph. His next advance was to the consulship, in which he shewed his dislike to luxury of every kind. He wrote a history of Roman affairs, of which only a few fragments remain: but a treatise of his on husbandry is extant in the *Scriptores de re Rustica*. He died B. C. 150, aged 90.

### THE PLEASURE PARTY.

#### A SKETCH.

"It was on a fine bright morning in July, that Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, with their four children, embarked on board one of the Dover steam-packets, bound for Boulogne. The young people had never before had an opportunity of beholding the sea; of which they had heard so much, so that their delight was unbounded. The day before, Charles, Frederick and Henry had climbed the Dover heights, with their papa, and gazed with wonder, not unmixed with awe, at their gigantic proportions. Their little sister, Ellen, not being old enough to accompany them, had remained at home with their mama, whose health was very delicate. Indeed, it was partly on her account, and partly for the purposes of education, that Mr. Leslie was taking his family to reside for a year or two at Boulogne.

"The children were much entertained with all the bustle of embarkation. There were elderly ladies and gentlemen, who walked very cautiously over the plank, and younger ones, who seemed principally anxious to show the agility of their limbs in reaching the vessel. Then there were porters bearing heavy trunks, and servants carrying their mistresses reticules, cloaks and parasols.

"Some were making up their faces, and strangely distorting their features, as if they thought sea sickness would be a necessary accompaniment of a voyage; and others were laughing at the novelty of their situation, or smiling or waving their hands to friends on shore. Then, again, there were others who appeared inclined to grumble at every one, and every thing: in one part of the vessel they found it too hot, in another too cool; or the charges were so exorbitant that they were certain no other persons could be imposed upon as they were.

"But at length all these various conversations were cut short by the clock striking one. The signal was given: the paddles commenced working through the liquid element, casting off graceful wreaths of white and sparkling foam; and, as the steamboat majestically and rapidly passed through the mouth of the harbor, many a hat was raised, and many a handkerchief waved, from the crowd who had assembled on the pier to watch her departure.

"Soon, however, every eye was directed toward the French coast. The lofty tower, built on a hill near Boulogne by Buonaparte, when he was intending to invade England, had long been visible.

"After a beautiful passage of little more than two hours and a half, the steam packet entered the harbor of Boulogne. The novelty of first landing in a French town was very striking to the children. The difference of costume and manners, the general din of human voices in a foreign language, high above which are heard the tongues of proprietors of the different hotels expatiating to the newly arrived passengers, on the superior comfort and moderate charges of their houses; all at length concluded by the unpleasant duties of the custom house.

"The boys would have enjoyed the fun of all this; but they were so afraid it would be too much for their mama's strength, that they felt glad when they were quietly settled at the Hotel du Nord, where Mr. Leslie

intended to remain till he could procure a suitable residence of his own.

"The young people could not have visited France at a better season for observing the manners of the nation, as the three Revolutionary days of July were being commemorated by every kind of rural festivity. The streets were decorated with flags, and at night partially illuminated; pleasure and amusement appearing to form the only occupation of the inhabitants.

"In the evening Mr. Leslie and his little boys walked down to a handsome building on the beach, containing the library and reading room, connected with the bathing establishment. An open colonnade and terrace walk, stretching the whole length of the building towards the sea, were filled with groups of fashionable dressed people, differently engaged, in walking, reading or conversation.

"There were some coincidences which rendered the scene, on the evening of which I am speaking, peculiarly impressive, and solemn. Immediately before them was the scene of that melancholy shipwreck, still fresh in every ones remembrance, in which the lives of so many unhappy convicts were lost. Mr. Leslie had himself been a witness to that awful destruction of human life, and had seen the bodies brought in, while the whole shore was strewed with fragments of the wreck.

"Now the sea was perfectly calm and unruffled, so that the wave broke with an almost imperceptible murmur on the beach. There seemed something almost ominous in the general stillness of the air, disturbed only by the not loud, but long reverberations of the distant thunder. The sky had for some hours been blackening over the harbor: no rain fell, but the extreme vividness of the lightning, and the unusually long time that each quivered among the dark clouds, formed altogether a scene of so much seriousness, and sublimity, that Charles and his brothers could scarcely withdraw their attention from it to the gayer scene immediately around them. As the shades of evening began to fall—the room was brilliantly lighted up. Some of the company were promenading within, while the rest were still sauntering, or sitting in groups without, listening to a party of itinerant musicians, who were sweetly accompanying the guitar with their voices, in the most admired Italian strains.

"After having enjoyed the combined novelty and solemnity of this scene for about an hour, Mr. Leslie and his boys returned to the hotel, scarcely in time to avoid the storm, which at length descended in torrents of rain; accompanied with loud and startling peals of thunder.

"The next morning they arose at an early hour to bathe in the sea. The tide being low, the children were quite pleased with the long jolting drive they had in their machines. The bathing establishment is on

a large scale, and it was really quite a pretty sight to see the picturesque looking bathers, (so different to the bathing women in England,) who, when not otherwise engaged, were frequently amusing themselves with dancing and singing in the water, 'Dansez, mademoiselle, dansez?' they said to little Ellen; and, when she had courage to look round, and saw so many pretty little children playing amongst the sparkling waves, as they gently rippled by, all her fears vanished.

"Afterwards the family party reassembled, to walk on the sands; but, as the morning was oppressively warm, Mrs. Leslie, feeling unequal to any fatigue, sat down, while the children played about.

"Well, papa," said Henry, "I cannot think how the Amphitrite could be lost off this smooth looking shore; but I suppose there are sunken rocks, and the ship might have been driven on them in the storm. I am almost sure, if I had been a man, I could have saved some lives."

"What would you have done, my boy?"

"Why, papa, I would have had a rope made fast round my waist, and then I would have swam towards the wreck; and, you know, if I had been a man, and could have saved the life of only one fellow creature it would have been worth all the trouble and danger."

"That's my brave boy," said Mr. Leslie, "I think Henry, we must make a little sailor of you."

"That profession would just please me," replied Henry; "and then I should like to rise higher and higher in it, till I became Lord High Admiral of England! I would spend my life in the service of my country, so that, if I was killed in battle, my countrymen might say, the conquest has indeed been gained, but, alas! we have lost Henry Leslie, who led us on to victory!"

"All the party smiled at Henry's enthusiastic patriotism.

"Now I should like," said Frederick, "to be very learned and clever, and gain most of the honors at Oxford; so that my fellow students should exclaim, Oh, it is almost useless our trying to get anything, for Frederick Leslie carries off all the prizes!"

"Harry now laughed heartily in his turn, at Frederick's ambitious desire, though he wondered any one should like study, better than fighting for old England.

"Well," said Charles, "you shall hear now what my desire would be. I should like to spend my life as the celebrated Howard did, of whom we were reading the other day; and go from town to town, and village to village, instructing the ignorant, feeding the hungry, relieving the oppressed and comforting those who were in sorrow."

"I observe," said his mama, "that you do not conclude as your brothers did, my dear Charles, by anticipating what the world

would say of such noble, self-denying conduct."

"No, mama," replied Charles, "because it is not of any great consequence what the world says;—though I should like to be thought and spoken well of on earth. But still, if God approve our conduct, it does not signify what men say."

"Why, certainly," said Frederick, "I have often observed that people do not always admire most what is really good: at least, what God would most approve."

"Oh, do look at little Ellen!" exclaimed Henry, "she is trying to leave the print of her shoe upon the sand, and as fast as she does it, the waves come and wash it smooth again."

"Little Ellen is the best moralist of you all," replied Mrs. Leslie, smiling; she is teaching you, by that simple action, the instability of all earthly admiration and applause. Try to excel in every thing you undertake, my dear boys: aim at high literary acquirements; but ever remember, amid the attractions of science, that the glory of God is the Christian's chief end and aim; and that the higher the sphere you occupy here on earth, so much the greater will be your final responsibility before the judgment seat of the Almighty."

#### THE WAY TO RISE.

*John D. Williams, one of the most eminent and wealthy merchants in Boston, makes the following sensible remarks. He says—*

*It was once said to me sneeringly "who are you, for I can remember when you went to market?" My reply was so can I; and sold potatoes for 25 cents per bushel, and carried them on my back nearly half a mile into the bargain; and I feel if it were so ordered by Providence, I could do it again." Now, as this is my second coming before the people with my own name it may gratify the curiosity of some of the gentlemen to whom I address myself, to know who I am. By the family record I was born on Saturday morning Jan, 28, 1770, and carried to be christened the same day. I lived with my father in Roxbury, as a farmer, until May, 1792. My father designed me for a farmer, and bought a farm for me, but the man he bought it of fell from his bargain, and I then commenced business as a merchant, in Watertown, in company with three others, in May, 1792, and dissolved the co-partnership in June, 1803. I then commenced business for myself in the south part of the city of Boston. I received my education at Roxborough school, at the time of our revolutionary war—working on the farm in summer, and studying in the winter and winter evenings. I then thought my father worked me hard, but I could not complain, for he worked much harder himself and taught me a most sacred regard for truth, and always to endeavor to do as I would be done by, and never waste my time or my money. From*

the industrious habits I then acquired under my paternal roof, and having adhered to them in after life, and by my humble endeavors to make all dealing with my fellow men for mutual benefit, and never to deceive any one knowingly, I have fully experienced, that by what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

I came to this city without any friends saving those which I gained by my fidelity when a boy, in selling vegetables; and there were many, for the late Hon. Thomas Russell and David Greene, Esq., and many others, would lend me money, and endorse my notes at the Bank, which laid the foundation of all my after usefulness and all the blessings I now enjoy. Some think labor is an evil. But I consider labor one of the greatest blessings of man. It gives me a relish for my food and my sleep, and I am never troubled with the dyspepsia.

#### WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

A glance at the main arsenal, from the heights on which the barracks stand, shows you that it is an immense establishment; but so-much of it is concealed by the high wall around it, that you can form no conception of what a fearful magazine of human slaughter it is, till you are admitted within the inclosure. You had expected to see several hundred, or, possibly, some two or three thousand pieces of cannon, large and small. But instead of this you behold acres of ground covered with field pieces, and howitzers, and mortars, lying in rows, side by side, as near to each other as they can be placed, with just room enough between the rows for one man to walk, in taking care of them. "I shuddered," says the Doctor, "as I passed along, and thought how all these open-mouthed instruments of death might, and probably would, be employed; and coming up to a small train of brass pieces taken at the battle of Waterloo, I asked an officer of rank, who was standing by, how many cannon there were in the arsenal. 'Twenty-seven thousand,' he replied coolly. 'So ignorant was I in these matters that I hardly supposed there were so many in the whole British empire. Yet here there were before my eyes 27,000 pieces of ordnance in this single inclosure—all now reposing peacefully in their places, but ready to be waked up at any moment. It is said that when the Allied Sovereigns visited this arsenal after the fall of Napoleon, they could not at first believe their own eyes. They suspected that their Royal host of England intended to amuse them with a cheap deception of wooden imitations, till the ringing of the brass metal convinced them that it was no ostentatious pageantry by which they were surrounded. Within this dread inclosure, too, there are no less than two millions of bomb-shells and cannon-balls, all neatly painted and piled up; and in one of the

buildings 10,000 sets of artillery and dragoon harness, which may be put in requisition at an hour's notice."—Letters from Europe.

Rev. xix 9. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

"Well, Hodgo," said a smart looking Londoner to a plain cottager, who was on his way home from the church, "so you are trudging home after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breezes in the country this morning." "Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness and neglect of religion; but I have been at the house of God, to worship Him, and to hear his preached word." "Ah! what then, you are one of those simpletons, that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible. Believe me, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense; and none but weak and ignorant people now think it true." "Well, Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have two strings to our bow." "Two strings to your bow! what do you mean by that?" "Why, sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be the better man, for living according to it; and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string; and if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string; and a pretty strong one it is! But, sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not one string to your bow. And oh! if its tremendous threats prove true, oh think what then, sir, will become of you!" This plain appeal silenced the cockcomb, and made him feel, it is hoped, that he was not quite so wise as he supposed. [Pleasing Expos.]

**BISHOP HUTTON.**—While Dr. Hutton was bishop of Durham, he was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, when he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, he retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favor he had shown him.

**Popularity.**—The brightness of a falling star,—the fleeting splendor of a rainbow,—

the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to all the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task, by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.—[Carey's Library.]

#### MARRIED

On Sunday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, Mr. George Bayloy, to Miss Mary Jane Gover.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Rector of St Paul's, Mr Daniel Holman, of this town, to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Moses Smith, of Sambro.

Wednesday morning, by the Rev. John Martin, William Robertson, Esq. Collector of H. M. Customs at Shielburne, to Catherine, only daughter of Mr. James Miller, of Glasgow, Scotland.

At Falmouth, on Tuesday the 4th of October, by the Rev. John Stevenson, Mr. Thomas Harding, Merchant of St. John, N. B. to Miss Maria Alice, eldest daughter of the late William Young, Esq. of Falmouth.

#### DIED.

On Saturday morning last, after a short but severe illness, Mr. James Smith, Grocer, in the 37th year of his age.

### 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 Broaches, 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 Plato 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 Seed Beads, all of which he offers for Sale at the lowest prices ALSO—2 very superior ACCORDIANS.

EDWIN STERNS,

Corner of Buckingham and Barrington streets.

### 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.

Job Printing of all kinds neatly executed at this Office.



## OCTOBER.

How bright, and blue, and calm and clear,  
Appears the unclouded atmosphere !  
About the mountain's viewless head  
The morn in wreathed folds was spread,  
And vainly strained the inquiring eye  
For stream or hedge, for earth or sky.  
But, lo ! withdrawn the misty screen,  
The far-off landscape smiles serene,  
And not a speck I see impair  
The pureness of the bright blue air,  
Yet remnants of that misty screen  
Still linger on the meadows green,  
On coppice bow'r, and hedgerow spray,  
That flaunting skirts the amaiso way.  
The spider there her mazy line  
Suspends, how delicately fine !  
Besprent with many a sparkling gem,  
From blade to blade, from stem to stem ;  
Like pleasant thoughts that wait behind,  
The bright memorials to the mind  
Of ills, that o'er its prospect cast  
An early gloom, now clear'd and past !  
Climb we yon path, and rest awhile  
Inclining on the upland stile !  
How deep the stillness all around !  
How clearly comes each distant sound !  
The schoolboy's shout now mounts the hill ;  
And now the ploughman's whistle shrill,  
Hark ! 'tis the crowing cock ! and hark !  
'Tis now the lonely sheepdog's bark !  
Or woodquest's solemn coo ; or cry  
Harsh-grating of the watchful pie ;  
Or gabbling geese from elmy grange,  
That o'er the late-shorn stubble range !  
Or flocks, that crowd the new-turn'd ground,  
Or seek the wood with croaking sound.  
Such simple sounds, that please the ear  
In nature's ample theatre,  
Find echoes in the feeling heart  
More pure than richest strains of art.  
Nor wholly is the thicket mute :  
Perch'd by the hawthorn's serjet fruit,  
Or the tall poplar's leaves among,  
The redbreast trills his cheerful song.  
And oft I pause with thee to note,  
Though not like thee of tuneful throat,  
Or breast of ruddy plumage, him  
The bird of graceful figure slim\*  
And robe, and vest, and kerchief pied,  
As to and fro, from side to side,  
With quivering tail and forward head,  
Quick runs he o'er the dewy mead,  
And darts upon his insect prey —  
Or mark the flocks of linnets grey  
Start from the sheltering hedges beneath,  
And flutter o'er the furze-clad heath.  
See from their white-plum'd fronts are fled,  
And dusky throats, the flaming red,  
Till spring again with love illum'd  
The lustre of each blood-bright plume  
But stay ! O'er yonder lake the white  
What bird, about that wooded isle,  
With pendent feet, and pinions slow,  
Is seen his ponderous length to row ?  
'Tis the tall heron's awkward flight ;  
His crest of black, and neck of white ;  
Deep sunk his pale blue wings between ;  
And giant legs of merky green.  
His tribe is seaward far away :  
Batho remains, as peasants say,  
About a faithful guard to roam,  
Till genial April call them home,  
On their lov'd oaks' wide spreading crown  
Aloft to build their close-set town.

\* The Pied Wagtail, or Dish-washer.

So without words, by secret sign,  
Speaks to their sense the voice divine !  
And see, alarm'd, with upward wing,  
As near we draw, the wild-ducks spring,  
And through the sky tumultuous stream,  
With out stretch'd neck, and noisy scream.  
With silent flight across the pool  
On wing and foot the gallinule  
For safety flits to lowly bush,  
Or lurks within the sheltering rush  
Thus nature prompts diverging ways :  
Some soar expos'd to public gaze ;  
More safe to others, as more sweet,  
The secret path, the close retreat !  
And lo, what dives the hungry coot !  
I know him by his soles suit,  
Streak'd with his pinion's border white,  
And o'er his bill the frontlet bright.  
Again he dives : you well might know,  
There's store of finny prey below,  
E'en heard you not the frequent dash  
Broak the still lake with sudden splash ;  
What time, emerging from the deep,  
The fish with spring elastic leap ;  
Nor saw the rippling motion pass  
In circles o'er the wavy glass.

The wavy glass is smooth again :  
And mark, nor wrinkle low, nor stain,  
Disturbs the crystal mirror's face ;  
Where in illusive traits we trace,  
Complete as limner's brush can show,  
The sun bright sky's cerulean glow.  
The margin, that the waters lave,  
The flags that on their margin wave,  
The sheep, and cows, and pastures green,  
And circling hills are pictur'd seen :  
Seen is the hill's o'ershadowing pride,  
In all its tints diversified.  
Which Autumn's glowing touch induces  
With richest robe of thousand hues.  
Alas ! those thousand hues declare  
Corruption's work is busy there,  
Forerunners they of winter's gloom.  
A victim garnish'd for the tomb.

Too true, too true ! For as we tread  
The woodland path, behold, o'erspread  
With leaves is all the slippery way,  
Unseen consumption's early prey  
Nor slow'r is left to glad the sight :  
Save that its streaks of pink and white  
The cranebill here and there displays ;  
And mushrooms spread their gill-like rays,  
Dispersing wide the powdery seed,  
Past by the crowd with little heed ;  
While curious eyes admiring view  
Their structure, and their varied hue.  
Or red, or yellow, white, or brown,  
The club-like stem, the pent-house crown,  
No mine through nature's wide domain,  
But yields, when wrought, a precious vein.

Still ruin spreads. Ev'n now a blast  
Has o'er the lingering foliage past,  
And round our steps the forest pours  
Its gorgeous dress in frequent show'rs,  
As full and frequent as the rain,  
Which threatens soon to fall amain,  
And with a veil the landscape shroud,  
Impervious as the morning cloud.  
Such oft is life's brief day ! At first  
'Tis wrapt in gloom, but that disperst,  
All radiant does its pointide shine ;  
In gloom its evening hours decline.  
O, for those days, from morn till night,  
When all is gladness, all is light !

Enough : behoves we homeward haste,  
Content and grateful to have past  
Not pleasureless, throughout our way,  
Nor useless, this October day.  
Blest, who can soften care, or find  
Employment for the vacant mind,  
In nature's scenes ! Thrice blest is he,  
Who onward casts his eyes to see,

In all that through the waters move,  
In earth beneath, and heav'n above,  
The Sovereign Pow'r who nature made,  
The Author in his works display'd !  
*Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

*Habit of Completion.*—One of the most valuable habits of life is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are, perhaps, more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can really be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone or it is become encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind to a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will be inevitably one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any single undertaking, will hang over him like a spell and paralyze all his energies ; and he will at last believe that, however fair may be his prospects and however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed.

*March of Intellect.*—The following announcement has appeared for several days on the door of a domicile in Wheeler-street, Spitalfields:—"To the lovers of nature and science.—On Tuesday evening, will be delivered by Brother Jack, a lecture on animal and vegetable matter, and their influence on nature when frustrated by deborcherie, and the taking in of too excessive liberations of strong drink. After the lecture, a discourse, in which Brother Bowen will pint out the destructive consequences of gin-drinking, when not properly and regularly defined. All intelligent beings are expected to attend. N. B. These lectures will be continued every week till further notice. By order, J. Owen, Sec. Admittance one penny." Surely after this all men may venture to go from "what now" to "what next."

Common sense is like flour—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish *patisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread.

A great man commands the affections of the people ; a prudent man does not complain that he has lost them.

## BLANKS.

Seamen's Articles (under the new Act,) Bills Lading, Outward and Inward Reports, &c. &c. for sale at this Office.