

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



OL. 27

HALIFAX, MARCH 11, 1836.

No. 3.

## The Weekly Mirror,

Is Printed and Published every Friday,  
BY H. W. BLACKADAR,  
At his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.

WHERE  
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 HUMMINGBIRD

Of this curious little bird there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren down to that of a humblebee. Their principal food is the honey which they extract, while on wing, from the bottom of tubular shaped flowers. The smallest Hummingbird is about the size of a hazel nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black; but those on its body and under its wings, are of a greenish-brown, with a fine red gloss, which no silk or velvet can imitate. The bill is black and slender, and the head is adorned with a small crest, which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of the forehead. The larger Hummingbird, which is nearly half as big as the wren, is without a crest; but to make amends it is covered from the throat half way down the belly, with ruby coloured feathers, which, in some lights, are as bright as fire. The heads of both are small, with little round eyes, as black as jet.

The nests of these birds, which are about the size of a hen's egg cut in two, are not less curious than the rest: they are generally suspended in the air, at the point of the twigs of an orange, a pomegranate, or a tree; and are composed of cotton, moss, and the fibres of vegetables. The females lay two eggs about the size of small peas, and as white as snow, with here and there a yellow speck; at the end of twelve days the young ones appear. They are hatched by the sitting of the male and female alternately. They are at first bare, but are gradually covered with down, and at last with feathers.

Small as the Hummingbird is, it has great courage and violent passions. If it finds that a flower has been deprived of its honey, it will pluck it off, throw it on the ground, and sometimes tear it to pieces; and it often fights with a desperate fury which is astonishing in a creature of such diminutive size. It will even allow a man to come within two yards of it before it will take to flight.

Hummingbirds are caught by blowing water on them from a tube, or shooting at them with sand.

### HYSSOP.

This vegetable receives its name from its detersive and cleansing qualities, whence it was used in sprinkling the blood of the paschal lamb (Exod. xii. 22;) in cleansing the leprosy (Lev. xiv. 4, 6, 51, 52;) in composing the water of purification (Numb. xix. 6,) and also in sprinkling it, ver 18. It was typical of the purifying virtue of the bitter sufferings of Christ, and it is plain, from Ps. li. 9, that the Psalmist understood its import.

The hyssop is an herb of a bitter taste, and grows on the mountains near Jerusalem, as well as on the walls of the city. Hasselquists speaks of some which was a very diminutive moss—a striking contrast to the tall and majestic cedar. See 1 Kings iv. 33.

Bochart, Schrucher, Parkhurst, and other critics, to get rid of a supposed discrepancy between the evangelists, have conceived that the hyssop of John xix 29 must be considered as synonymous with the reed or cane of Matt. xxvii. 48, and Mark xv. 36; and hence Wolfius has taken some pains to show that there was a species of hyssop whose stalk was sometimes two feet long, and therefore sufficient to reach a person on a cross, that was by no means so lofty as some have erroneously conceived. but the difficulty, as Dr. Harris has shown, is not in the text itself, which is sufficiently intelligible, and clearly compatible with the statement of the other evangelists. John does not mention the reed; but says, that when they had put the sponge upon hyssop; that is, when they had added *bitter to the sour or gall to the vinegar* they advance it to our Saviour's mouth, no doubt, *with the reed.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### HANDEL.

George F. Handel, an illustrious musician, was born at Halle in Saxony, in 1684. His father, who intended him for the law, perceiving his propensity to music, prohibited all instruments from his house. The son, however, contrived to have a small clavichord concealed in the garret, where he used to amuse himself when the family were asleep. At the age of seven he went with his father to the court of the duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, to whom Handel's brother-in-law was valet. While there he got into the

church one morning, and began to play on the organ. The duke, who was in the church, surprised at the playing, asked who it was, and on being informed, he expostulated with the old gentleman for restraining his son's inclination; in consequence of which a master was provided for him. Handel made so great a progress, that at the age of nine he composed the church service. In 1698 he went to Berlin, where he was greatly noticed by the king of Prussia. From thence he went to Hamburgh, and had a dispute with another musician, who made a push at him with his sword as they were coming out of the orchestra, but a music-book in his bosom prevented the weapon from piercing his heart. Here he composed, at the age of 14, his opera of Almeria. Soon after this he visited Italy, and at Florence, produced the opera of Rodrigo. In 1710 he visited England, but being under an engagement to the elector of Hanover, his stay was short. In 1672 he returned, and obtained a pension of 200*l.* a-year, which was afterwards doubled. He died at London in 1759. A complete edition of his works was published by Dr. Arnold.

### WHO CAN BEAR TO BE TOLD OF HIS FAULTS!

Were the question to be proposed to youth, maturity, or old age, "Who can bear to be told of his faults?" a thousand tongues would be ready to reply. "I can;" but though the thousand were to be multiplied by ten thousand, it would not alter the truth of the remark, that it is a very rare thing to meet with any one who can bear to be told of his faults.

In my younger days I proposed to a few of my acquaintances, an occasional meeting for the express object of pointing out, in a friendly way, the failings which we had from time to time discovered in each other; when one of my friends, knowing more of human nature than myself, disconcerted me by proposing that we should meet in a nut-shell, being very confident, that all the members I should succeed in assembling together, might be easily be contained in that limited receptacle.

"Confess your faults one to another," is an injunction not difficult to be complied with when our self-love is not wounded—when we have some advantage to gain, or punishment to avoid; but these cases do not prove that we can bear to be told of our faults.

There are some who appear patiently to endure a reproof; others who will thank you for having administered it; and a third

description will even make the request, that their faults may be faithfully pointed out to them. But, speaking from an experience not very limited, I venture the observation, that in all these cases there is a reservation of disquietude, if not of actual displeasure, and that the remark is strictly true, in a general sense, that we cannot bear to be told of our faults.

As an exemplification of this fact, I will instance the result of my own observations. Being fond of paintings, drawings, albums, and poesy; having a sort of vagrant taste for the fine arts, curiosities, and elegant trifles, I make it a custom, when mingling with my young friends, to amuse myself by inspecting their recent productions. Dearly do I love to see a performance well executed; and a corresponding dissatisfaction awaits me when a careless piece of work is submitted to me. I cannot look on a well-drawn figure, or read a spirited composition, without speaking in its praise; nor regard a daub of a rose, with green leaves growing from every part of it as thick as blackberries; or a bird of paradise, standing on the tips of its talons on the petals of a passion flower, without mildly suggesting that in some respects they might have been more correctly represented. Now, this latter infirmity, if such it may be called, has ruined me with my young friends, all of whom would more willingly submit a performance to the whole of their acquaintance, than to me. When I have endeavoured to make my suggestion of an amendment as light to them as a feathery flake of descending snow, it has appeared to fall as heavily as cast-iron on my displeased auditors, who, though they give me credit for some judgment, more than suspect me of envy and ill-nature. It is in vain that I make it a rule to convince them that my remarks are correct, for this only increases their displeasure, which, in spite of all attempts to disguise it, is oftentimes so apparent, that I have almost determined to allow houses declining forty-five degrees from a perpendicular; figures with their eyes fixed in the top of their foreheads; birds with one leg; and thumping red roses growing from the slender stems of the harebell, to pass in review before me, without dropping a single hint that they are not specimens of perfection.

Some time ago, being detained at a house where a young lady was seated at her piano, I requested her to play "The Battle of Prague." She went on thumping away, with almost as much violence and monotony as a dairymaid churning butter. A pause at last occurred, by which I concluded that the piece must have been performed without my having identified it as the "Battle of Prague." Unluckily I pointed to her music-book, asking her if she had not passed over one part a little too hastily? In as short a time as any attention to decency would permit, the book was closed, the instrument shut up, and the music-stool

abandoned by the young lady, while, in the same space of time, my mind was made up never again to rebuke her—no, not if she should play "Handel's water-piece" to the air of "I'd be a butterfly," or his grand "Hallelujah chorus" to the tune of "Tink a tink:" for she could not bear to be told of her errors,

A friend of mine, possessing some talents as a painter, occasionally exhibits a picture or two at the exhibition in Somerset House. A week ago he showed me a representation of the interior of a cottage, nearly finished, and to do him justice, it was a beautiful performance: but by one of those unaccountable oversights, which sometimes the cleverest men make, he had so painted a water-tub, that the top and the bottom of it were seen at the same time. This was an error which a stroke or two of his brush would soon correct; and had he discovered it himself, all had been well; but the mischief of it was, it was pointed out by another. It was in vain that I praised the painting generally, as a happy union of able design and talented execution. The unfortunate water-tub was evidently uppermost in his mind; and I left him, determined to allow him, in future, to put as many tops and bottoms to his water-tubs as he pleased, without annoying him with my officious observations. He could not bear to be told of his faults.

Some years ago a friend, justly esteemed as a scholar and a christian, who was then, and probably is now also, engaged in giving instruction in the higher branches of mathematics and the classics, communicated to me the following singular fact:—

A gentleman applied to him to receive lessons, who evidenced a more than ordinary degree of information and ability, but who, it afterwards appeared, was affected in his intellects. One day, when at his studies, this gentleman suddenly undertook to make known to his instructor a plan which he had formed, to render the British army the finest in the world. He had, he said, after much observation and study, discovered that the deficiency of grenadiers among British troops, was the only defect necessary to be remedied, to render England the first among warlike nations. His plan was to have the troops of the line made taller, and for this purpose he had constructed an apparatus, which would gradually raise the heads of the soldiers, by elongating their necks very gradually.

My friend could not refrain from suggesting the danger which a separation of the vertebrae of the neck and back would inevitably occasion, when the gentleman expressed, in unmeasured language, his indignation, that it should be supposed for a moment that any possible contingency could take place in his plan, for which he was not fully prepared.

Even under the aberration of reason, he partook of the general impatience of mankind, when their errors are made known. He could not bear to be told of the fault of

his plan, and my friend found it necessary to manifest more caution in his future remarks.  
(To be continued.)

#### LAST MOMENTS OF THE MOTHER OF BONAPARTE.

The evening preceding her death, she called together all her household. She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and, in the centre, hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny, and covered with a profusion of rings. To the chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—“Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine!” To Maria Belgarde, her waiting-maid, she said,—“Go to Jerome; he will take care of thee. When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.” She then called Col. Darley to her bedside: he had attended her in all her fortunes, and Napoleon, in his will, had assigned him a donation of £14,000. “You,” said she, “have been a good friend to me and my family. I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what you and he may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!” She then called in all the junior servants, and, with a pencil, as their names were called, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she declared that she had been done with the world, and requested water. She washed her hands and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer book upon her breast. Thus perished the mother of one, who has been a meteor on earth and a blazing-star to direct others!

#### SWISS CLOCKS

Brook's Letters, from Europe, contain a great deal that is not only instructive, but amusing. The following is a description, in his last, of some of the public clocks in Switzerland:—

The funniest thing I saw, at Basil was the clock upon the bridge. All this Switzerland is indeed remarkable for a fancy in clocks, and for queer devices. Geneva, I know, sends watches all over the world. This clock, here, is in an embrasure of a tower of the bridge facing Germany, connected with a head cinctured with a diadem, which continually protrudes and draws in its long tongue, moving the eyes at the same time. The object of such a figure was to bully the people, who lived across the Rhine, when the people of Basil were in hostility with them. Over the river, a bully often came out to mock and make grimaces at the citizens of Basil. The citizens of Basil, not daring to come out to their walls to meet the bully and his friends, in battle array, put up this image, so fantastic, to bully for them night and day: and thus, it

tongues and its eyes, were ever mocking the living bullies on the German side.

At Solcure, they have another fantastic clock. Death stands on one side of the clock, and a man on the other. Whenever the clock strikes, Death just slightly moves his spear, and the man strikes his heart and shakes his head, as if to say,—“Oh! you’ll have me at last!!!” Here, at Bern, there is a clock-tower, almost in the centre of the chief street, with two fine dark dials, with gilt cyphers, making the hours and minutes, and a third dial indicating the phases of the moon, the signs of the Zodiac, and the months of the year. Near this, is a peice of mechanism, curious enough, and which was the chef d’œuvre of its day. A pheasant (in wood) crows twice a minute before the hour sounds, and twice after it has sounded. A funny figure, with a bawble head dress, also announces the hour by striking two knockers upon two bells.

## DISCOVERIES.

The discovery of new truths in the sciences is not, in most instances, to be ascribed to the exertions of extraordinary powers of intellect; but, in a great majority of cases, to the peculiar series of events that may occur in the case of certain individuals, to the various circumstances and situations in which they may be placed, to the different aspects in which certain objects may be presented to their view, and sometimes to certain casual hints or occurrences which directed their attention to particular objects. A spectacle maker’s boy, by an accidental experiment, led to the invention of the telescope; the remark of a fountain-player, who observed that water could rise only to thirty-two feet in the tubes of a forcing engine, led Galileo to calculate the gravity of the air. Newton’s attention was first directed to a profound research into the laws of falling bodies, by the circumstance of an apple falling upon his head, as he was sitting under a tree in his garden, which led to the discovery of the grand principle which unites the great bodies of the universe. The well-known Mr James Ferguson, author of several popular treatises on astronomy and mechanical philosophy, invented a system of mechanics, and ascertained powers, when only eight years of age, and before he knew that any treatise had ever been written on that subject. The accidental circumstance of seeing his father lift up the roof of his cottage by means of a prop and lever, first directed his mind to these subjects, in which he afterwards made many useful improvements.

**GOOD RULES.**—Never refuse to lend any article to a neighbor, or to oblige him, or her, in any other way, unless it should be impossible, or particularly inconvenient. Never borrow, or lay yourself under any obligation to another, if you can possibly avoid it.

## FOR THE MIRROR.

## 121st PSALM.

AIR—“Silver Street.”

I’ll lift my eyes to heav’n,  
To those high hills of bliss,  
From whence my help and strength are giv’n  
And all my happiness.

My help is from the Lord,  
He made the earth and sky;  
He call’d me by his holy word  
And will not let me die.

My path he will defend,  
My feet from falling keep,  
For he hath promis’d to attend  
The weakest of his sheep.

The Lord is Israel’s friend,  
Their keeper and their shade;  
From burning suns he will defend,  
And hourly watch their head.

The Lord our souls will keep,  
From every danger free;  
And when in death we fall asleep,  
Our portion he will be.

He’ll guard our goings out,  
Our comings-in defend  
From this time forth and hence throughout,  
Till time shall have an end. A. Z.

*The Weekly Mirror.*

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1836.

His Majesty’s Packet Delight arrived on Saturday last, 28 days from Falmouth, bringing London dates to the 4th February—on which day the Imperial Parliament was opened by His Majesty.—The following are extracts from the King’s Speech:

“I continue to receive from my allies, and generally from all foreign powers, assurance of their unaltered desire to cultivate with me those friendly relations which it is equally my wish to maintain with them: and the intimate union which happily subsists between this country and France is a pledge to Europe for the continuance of the general peace.”

“Desirous on all occasions to use my friendly endeavours to remove causes of disagreement between other Powers, I have offered my mediation to compose the difference which has arisen between France and the United States. This offer has been accepted by the King of the French. The answer of the President of the United States has not yet been received, but I entertain a confident hope, that a misunderstanding between two nations so enlightened and high minded, will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the feelings, and consistent with the honor of both.”

“The necessity of maintaining the maritime strength of the country, and of giving adequate protection to the extended commerce of my subjects have occasioned some increase in the Estimates of the Naval Branch of the Public Service.”

“The state of the Commerce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom is highly satisfactory.”

**NAVAL PREPARATIONS.**—The amount of the Naval force preparing for sea, is greater than has yet been mentioned.—The number of ships of the line getting ready for commission, is seventeen, and eight frigates—a force truly formidable. The continuance of the preparations of this warlike armament at a time when it is by universal consent, as well in France as in England, admitted that the French-American dispute is at an end, leaves no doubt that Government is prepared and resolved to compel the Emperor of Russia to desist from his ill disguised designs upon

Turkey, if not to force him to behave better for the future to his Polish subjects, and not improbably to show him that it is not out of the power of the two allied countries France and England to re-establish the ancient kingdom of Poland, which, under John Sobieski, rescued Europe from Turkish dominion. We shall know more of this when Parliament meets, when the Turkish and Polish questions are sure to occupy very early attention.—[English Paper.]

**COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY.**—A gentleman just returned from a commercial tour in the English manufacturing districts, mentions to us, that on no former period, or at least for many years, has there been such briskness in nearly all the departments of manufactures as at the present moment. Many of the manufacturers and merchants have orders on hand which it would require twelve months to execute. Some are literally refusing orders for goods, and not sending out their travellers, but transacting business by letter. A vast quantity of the goods now preparing is for the United States of America. As an instance of the present briskness in the iron and hardware departments, we are told that a merchant the other day received an order from America for £1000 worth of nails, which he could get no nail manufacturer to execute sooner than three months afterwards. Such accounts as these are exceedingly gratifying, and we are glad to say that a similar healthful demand is in operation for several of our scotch manufactures. The manufacture of paper, which is principally carried on at Mid Lothian, is at present, in great activity. The demand for both writing and printing papers, particularly the latter, is daily increasing, and would be still greater if the question as to the reduction of the duty were fully settled, which we hope it will soon be.—[Scotsman.]

The Government, we rejoice to learn, have fully appreciated the value they set on the services of Sir John Campbell, and their sense of the magnanimity of his conduct, by intimating the intention of His Majesty to ennoble his family. Lady Campbell is to be created a Peeress of the United Kingdom.—[Courier.]

The same paper states that Sir C. Pepys and Mr. Bickersteth are to be peers.

Rumours are rife of an immediate general election, and they come to us upon authority that we cannot reject without imprudence; therefore we give our friends warning.—[Cumberland Packet.]

Sir C. Pepys has been appointed Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.—Mr. Bickersteth Master of the Rolls.—Lt. Col. Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of Prince Edward Island.

The Melville, 74, has been commissioned as the new flag ship for the West India and North American Stations.

The Pincher has captured and carried into Havana a vessel with 419 slaves on board.

A Spanish Guineaman, having on board 130 slaves, was captured near the island of Cuba, on the 12th of Jan. by the British ship of war Champion.

The Mutine Packet, hence the 17th January, arrived at Falmouth in 14 days.—The Packet Star, had been refitted at Port Royal, and was to sail for England on 6th February.—The Albion from Aberdeen; Jean Hastie from Greenock; Combatant, Lunenburg, Mary, and Corsair from Liverpool, was to sail for this place about the middle of March.

☞ *The Mail for England, by his Majesty’s packet Delight, will be closed on Monday afternoon next at 5 o’clock.*

☞ “L” in our next.

## DIED.

At New-York, on the 6th February, Thoms Robert Austen, son of the late Thomas Austen, of this town, in the 22d year of his age.

## POETRY.

## THE FARMER.

Wake up my muse! wake up my soul!  
 Survey the globe from pole to pole,  
 'To what employment shall I bow?  
 Pursue the arts or hold the plough?  
 Upon a just and strict attention,  
 The plough appears a high invention.  
 The great Messiah, when he wrought,  
 Made yokes and ploughs as we are taught;  
 Mogul, renown'd of India's land,  
 First takes the plough into his hand!  
 His Millions then in honor toil  
 To pulverize the fertile soil;  
 The famed Elisha you'll allow,  
 He drove the ox or hold the plough,  
 The rugged earth he rent and tore,  
 With oxen numbered twenty-four.  
 Immortal Job, more rich and grand  
 Than any in the eastern land,  
 He launch'd his plough, the earth gave way,  
 His thousand oxen rent the clay.  
 Of all pursuits by men invented,  
 The ploughman is the best contented;  
 Although his profits are not high,  
 Yet on their labors all rely;  
 Mechanics all by him are fed,  
 Of him the merchant seeks his bread;  
 His hands give food to every thing,  
 Up from the beggar to the king.  
 Our clothes from him must all arise,  
 To deck the sop or dress the wise.  
 We then by vote may justly state,  
 The ploughman ranks among the great;  
 More independent than them all,  
 Who dwell upon this earthly ball.  
 All hail ye farmers young and old;  
 Push on your ploughs with courage bold;  
 If then the plough supports the nation  
 And men of every rank and station,  
 Let kings to farmers make their bow  
 And never speak against the plough.

## VARIETIES.

"What great events from trifling causes spring."—The most active, the most influential, and the most generous promoter and partisan of the cause of American freedom, was the Marquis de La Fayette. The circumstance from which his connexion with America originated was curious and remarkable, and occurred in the commencement of the year 1776, when this illustrious friend of human liberty, then in the nineteenth year of his age, was in garrison with his regiment at the town of Metz. Here arrived, in the course of a continental tour which he was pursuing, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of Britain, who, having contracted a marriage that was deemed unsuitable to his dignity, was discountenanced by his reigning brother, and denied the privilege of presenting his duchess at court. The duke sought to cover his disgrace under the show of a conscientious opposition to the measures and policy of the British government, and vented his discontent in passionate declamations in favour of liberty and reprobation of arbitrary power. Having accepted an invitation to dine with the French officers at Metz, he launched, after dinner, into an animated exposition of British tyranny, and of the gallant spirit of resistance which it had

provoked in America; and indulged his spurious zeal on this theme with such success, as to kindle in the breast of young La Fayette a purer and more generous fire, and awaken the first glimmering of that purpose which soon after broke forth with so much honour and glory, in the enterprise by which he staked his life and fortune on the cause of American freedom. And thus the irritated pride and effervescent impatience of a discontented scion and ally of royalty, was able to rouse the zeal, dormant as yet from lack of knowledge and opportunity, of a champion—as virtuous and heroic at least as the world has ever produced—of the principles of democracy and the just rights of men. So strange (was the remark of La Fayette himself fifty-three years after) are the concatenations of human affairs!

Great events hang on little things.—I wish to have you see this so clearly, that you cannot forget it, because it will be of great use to you, all the way through life, if remembered.

In the new country, that is, in the new states where the great forests are not cut down, and where only a few people live, the fire sometimes, when it is dry in the autumn, gets into the woods. It burns the dry leaves, the dry limbs, and twigs, and dry trees, even the green trees. Sometimes it gets so hot that nobody can go near it. It leaps from tree to tree burning and cracking, and rushing on like a fierce army in battle. A thousand war horses could not make more noise; and in the night it throws up its flames, and is seen a great way off. Sometimes it goes almost a hundred miles before it can be stopped. Now see what this has to do with my lecture.

A little boy was playing one day just at the edge of the woods. His mother was gone; and though he knew it was wrong, yet he went into the house and brought out some fire. He felt it was wrong, but thought that nobody would ever know it. He played with the fire awhile and it did no hurt. At length the wind blew a spark into the woods, and the dry leaves caught; they blazed, the whole woods were on fire. On the fire went, kindled into a great flame, raging and burning all before it. For whole days, and even weeks, it roared and raged without hurting any body. But one day, when the wind blew hard, it burned on faster, and more awfully. And as it swept through the forest it passed by a small new house, which a poor man had just built, almost in the middle of the forest on some new land he had just bought. The man was gone away. When at a great distance he saw the fire, and hastened home as fast as possible. But oh, what a sight! The woods were all burned black. Not a leaf was left. They looked like a funeral. His little house and barn were burned up, and what was worse, his faithful wife and child;

all was burned up. On the spot where he left them happy in the morning, nothing was left but a pile of smoking ashes.

All this, all this, because that little boy disobeyed his mother, and played with fire! All this from one little spark of fire! How much, how very much may hang on little things.—Todd.

AMBITION.—Do not aspire to things that are beyond your reach, but be satisfied with the present good which you enjoy. If you are actuated by a laudable ambition, let it be to excel in the profession you have chosen, instead of sinking below in some other. It is a common error of mankind, that they will not be persuaded that every calling or business has its mixture of good and evil. They see the gilding of the object to which they aspire, but not the canker within. Our seeming good fortune is often envied by those who know nothing of the anguish we endure; as we envy that of others, whose trouble and anxiety do not afflict us.

AVARICE.—Never has the avaricious man enough. He is always eager for any lucrative office; caresses and flatters the rich; is cautious in lending his money to the poor; complains of hard times; is oftentimes peevish with his relations, whom he perpetually admonishes about prudence in expenditure; assumes a very sanctified demeanor in church; has no relish for the enjoyments of life; yet his selfishness is still alive to the increase of his riches. He deprives himself of the necessaries of life; he fancies himself to be indigent, and trembles with the apprehension that he may become still more so by accident. He is even poorer than the beggar who subsists upon alms.—During his whole life he has seen nothing but rents, rolls, and deeds, and mortgages. By degrees he withers away, and the fruits of his toil are left to his heirs, who do not even respect his memory.

A mature spinster of the illustrious house which has produced our present Colonial Secretary, having desired her attendant to read the Scriptures to her, the latter stumbled on a passage in Genesis, in which the word "giants" was rather defaced, and read, "There were grants on the earth in those days." "Ah," exclaimed the lady, with rapture, "there is a convincing proof that my family yields to none in antiquity!"—Paris Advertiser.

Curious Anagram on the Name of Mathews.—The name of the late (Charles) Mathews furnishes so curious an instance of an Anagram, inasmuch as it completely illustrates his own peculiar power of identifying himself with the subjects of his imitations, that we have found a corner for the preservation of it:—

Mathews—saw them?

Mathews—was them.