

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.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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 pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité irrégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- 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

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								/			

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE REINDEER.

This useful animal, the general height of which is about four feet and a half, is to be found in most of the northern regions of the old and new world. It has long, slender, branched horns; those of the male are much the largest. In colour it is brown above, and white beneath, but it often becomes a greyish white as it advances in age. It constitutes the sole wealth of the Laplanders, and supplies to them the place of the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat. Alive and dead the Rein-Deer is equally subservient to their wants. When he ceases to exist, spoons are made of his bones, glue of his horns, bowstrings and thread of his tendons, clothing of his skin, and his flesh becomes a savoury food. During his life, his milk is converted into cheese, and he is employed to convey his owner over the snowy wastes of his native country. Such is the swiftness of this race, that two of them, yoked in sledge, will travel a hundred and twelve English miles in a day. The sledge is of a curious construction, formed somewhat in the shape of a boat, in which the traveller is tied like a child, and if attempted to be guided by any person unaccustomed to it, would instantly be upset. A Laplander who is rich has often more than a thousand Rein-Deer.

The pace of the Rein-Deer, which it can keep up for a whole day, is rather a trot than bounding: its hoofs are cloven and moveable, so that it spreads them abroad as it goes, to prevent its sinking in the snow; and as the animal moves along they are heard to crack, with a pretty loud noise. Attempts have been made, but without success, to naturalize the Rein-Deer in England. It is probable, however, that this object will ultimately be effected.

Parallel between the Languages of Men and Beasts.—It is imagined by some philosophers that birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) understand one another by the sound they utter; and dogs and cats have each a particular language to themselves like different nations. Thus it may be supposed that the nightingales of Italy, have as fine an air for their native wood notes, as any Signior or Signora, for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia grunt as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High Germany, and that the frogs in the Dykes of Holland, croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating

the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs; snarlers and curs; and the spitfire and passionate, are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear fondling, but will pur when they are pleased. Complainers are screech owls; and story tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, who prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics, in general, are venomous serpents, who delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

A SCENE OFF BERMUDA.

The evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous, that the lieutenant of the watch had ordered the lookout at the mast-head down on the deck. The man on his way down had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sung out, "A sail on the weather bow!" "What does she look like?" "Can't rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward." "Stay where you are a little. Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the foreyard." Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the look-out again hailed. "She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack; the weather clears and I can see her now."

The wind ever since noon had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling lulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing set but her close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily, when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to the windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the setting sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of his Britannic Majesty's sloop Torch. And, true enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendor; for, right in the wake of the moonlike sun, now half sunk in the sea, at the distance of a mile or more, lay a long warlike-looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the gloomy horizon.

Jenkins now hailed from the foreyard, "The strange sail is bearing up, sir." As he spoke, a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadened report of the gun, as if it had been an echo, and the sharp half-ringing, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon, from the length of the range. Mr. Splinter, the first lieutenant, jumped from the gun he stood on, "Quartermaster, keep her away a bit," and dived into the cabin to make his report.

Captain Deadeye was a staid, stiff-rumped, wall-eyed, old first lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney-cut, broad skirts, lung waist, and standing-up collar, over which dangled either a queue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it, it would have puzzled Old Nick to say which. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables, of what had once been white kerseymere, and long boots, the coal scuttle tops of which served as scuppers to carry off the drainings from his coat-flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the "last of the sea-monsters," but like all his tribe, as brave as steel; when put to it, as alert as a cat. He had no sooner heard Splinter's report than he sprang up the ladder. "My glass, Wilson," to his steward.

"She is close to, sir; you can see her plainly without it," said Mr. Treenail, the second lieutenant, from the weather nettings, where he was reconnoitering. After a long look through his star-board blinker, (his other skylight had been shut up ever since Aboukir,) Deadeye gave orders to "clear away the weather-bow gun;" and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main rigging.

"All ready forward there?" "All ready, sir." "Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—fire!" Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal; he had shaken a reef out of his topsails and was coming down fast upon us.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawed, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth; and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main deck, with his due quantum of carronades on his quarter deck and fore-castle; whilst his short lower masts, white canvas and the tremendous hoist in his topsail, showed him to be a heavy American frigate; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main deck; but, in this instance, the sound of the cannon was

followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear that we had got an ugly customer ; poor Jenkins now called to Trencail, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired, "Och, sir, and its badly wounded we are here." The officer was a Patlander, as well as the seaman. "Which of you, my boy ; you or the yard?" "Both of us, your honor ; but the yard badliest." "Come down, then, or get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan, no doubt, "calculated," as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little eighteen gunship close under his lee ; but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter ; that chap is too heavy for us. Mr. Kelson," to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyawl will carry. Keep her away my man," to the seamen at the helm ; "Crack on, Mr. Splinter ; shake all the reefs out ; set the fore-topsail and loose top gallant sails ; stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it ; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand, with the freshening breeze under a press of canvas ; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns !" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment ; who could have spoken it ? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard, through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shot and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water and of the rising gale amongst the rigging. The men stood clustered at their quarters ; their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trousers on.

"Now, men, mind your aim ; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and, as your guns come to bear, slap it right

into his bows. Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long guns in succession, with good will and good aim, and down came his foretop-sail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear ; the head of the topmast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do ; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again ; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence ; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawned, and let drive his whole broadside ; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of one hundred and twenty as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron shower sped : ten of the hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again ; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally ; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded ; but, by this time, we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after sail, we could do nothing else ; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of the head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other ; thus most of her shot fell astern of us ; and before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her and carried her main-top-mast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were ; and, as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining top-mast by the board ; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our blood-stained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St. George's harbor.—*Scottish Magazine.*

A STRANGER IN LONDON.

(CONTINUED.)

As a foreigner, I should, however, do wrong to adopt a hasty conclusion on such a subject. This I felt on my return home ; and resolved, in the afternoon to visit one of the temples, in which the Christian Worship is conducted. Desirous of securing every advantage, I repaired to a magnificent edifice, to which my attention had been directed by its towering dome and cross. The building was dedicated, I am told, to one Paul, who I suppose was of note among the sect, either in ancient or modern times. Passing in, beneath a splendid portico of white stone, I perceived in the distance, at the eastern end, one of the Priests, reading to the people. Presently after some music

broke forth ; I thought at first it came from the roof, then from the pavement ; but at last discovered it proceeded from a gilded chest of pipes, curiously put together for the purpose, and elevated above the heads of the people. The Priest, but for the oddity of his appearance, would have been venerable. Instead of plaiting his hair in a single lock falling gracefully behind his feet, like our countrymen, some seven years' growth had been suffered to accumulate, and being naturally inclined to curl, had become so tangled and involved, as to defy every attempt to unravel it. The misfortune was inflamed by a quantity of light-looking dust which had settled upon it : but whether that should be received as an accident or not, I cannot determine. Having ascended an elevated chair or rostrum, which enabled him to survey the audience, he opened the sacred Christian book, which was placed before him on a cushion of silk or velvet. He chose for the motto of his discourse, "Be ye clothed with humility." The reasoning was so conclusive and his general mode of address so winning, that, before he had proceeded half way through the oration, I could have kissed the hem of his garment. Indeed the impulse of my admiration was irresistible ; so that, when he had finished, and the services were over, I could not help running after him as he left the temple, to offer to this humble pilgrim the assistance of my arm on his way home ; when, to my amazement, the door of a handsome four-wheeled carriage, to which a pair of fine horses were yoked, opened for him on the instant, and before I could even conclude the salam, into the attitude of which I had put myself, he vaulted lightly in ; the glass was drawn up ; a couple of grandies, dressed in embroidered clothing, got up behind ; the vehicle vanished like an arrow, and I was left to pursue, at pleasure the reverie into which I had fallen.

Soon after this untoward accident, I found that half the nation, at least, had determined to secure the joys of temperance ; and, as if the strength of vows made in private was of a doubtful kind, people assembled in public, in order, perhaps, to testify their adherence to the cause. Being invited on an occasion of that sort, by a worthy citizen, I was gratified to find that among the learned pundits who spoke, one sentiment seemed to triumph, which consisted in a steady determination to recommend and practice universal moderation. At the close of the debate I was unable to repress my delight at an undertaking so rational ; and, lest the concurrence of my judgment should be questioned, I invited my civic acquaintance a big lively gentlemen, to step home to my lodging, and take a friendly dinner. He appeared to be all acquiescence ; but, happening on the way to mention that the entertainment consisted of a bason of boiled rice, diluted with some beautiful pellucid

spring-water, he recollected that unluckily an engagement, which he had almost forgotten, deprived him of the pleasure on which he had begun to reckon, and was obliged to bid me good morning. From the incessant enquiries after each other's health you would suppose that every person in the country was a Physician. When two friends meet, the usual question is "how do you do?" to which the other replies, "how are you, sir." But though both ask an important question, neither waits for an answer, and they pass on, without being one whit the wiser for the colloquy. With regard to myself, I was first at a loss on such occasions. A gentleman, after numerous professions of respect, asked how I felt myself. Thinking he was concerned for my health, and meant to offer some valuable recipe, I began to describe an ailment under which I had suffered; but I had not touched upon half the symptoms, before I saw it was all lost labour, for my companion had entered upon another topic of conversation with so much earnestness, that I saw he had entirely forgotten my malady, and even my presence.

Happening to make one of an evening party, a lady, in passing my chair, slightly jostled against the sleeve of my outer vest: the touch was scarcely perceptible, and yet she begged ten thousand pardons, and made an apology so elaborate, that I was quite distressed, and began to beseech that she would moderate her grief. That was needless. The next minute she was as merry as if nothing had happened.

Having a letter of credit to a factor of some respectability, I called upon him one morning in order to deliver it, and introduce myself. He was so overpowered by the benevolence of his heart, on account of the favour of my visit, that no language, he said, was sufficiently powerful to express his feelings; and he concluded by observing that he was entirely at my service, in any way most convenient. Not having much ready cash, I was glad to hear such bounteous promises; and requested the loan of fifty guineas, till my remittances arrived. To my astonishment, he pretended to be deaf; and in half a minute, looking through the window of the apartment, called out "coming sir," though no one spoke, and left me to my meditations.

Resolved to have nothing more to do with such a hollow-hearted person, I determined to furnish myself with the needful, by applying to a regular scrivener; and on walking along one of the principal streets, I soon observed, suspended from an iron bracket, three golden globes, under which was subscribed "money lent." I therefore went in and requested twenty pounds for a week. The man at first declined doing business with me at all; but on observing a diamond ring on my finger, he proposed to venture the loan of seven shillings, provided I allowed

half a crown for the trouble, and deposited the jewel as security.

To be continued.

Extraordinary Story.—A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant forgave him on condition that he would promise to abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and conducted himself so steadily, as to accumulate enough money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn, on a much frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant, whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known & expressed how gratified and happy he was in again waiting upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare, but the night had no sooner set in than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of his house. In order to avoid discovery and prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake sharpened at the end. Only a few days afterwards some ravens arrived from all directions, and crowded to the spot. Their unceasing croaking, altogether unusual at the place, led the inhabitants to fancy a thousand foolish stories. The pertinacity of the birds was such also that it was useless to attempt driving them away. This increased the excited curiosity so much that the stake was at length, with difficulty, drawn out, which was no sooner done than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were accordingly made to discover the murderer, and the wheel marks of the cart having been traced to the back of the inn, the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.—*Faculties of Birds.*

SMALL ENEMIES: A FABLE.

A gnat one day asked a Lion whether they ought to be friends or enemies. "Get away, silly insect," said he, with contempt, "lest I crush thee with my foot; what hurt or good can you do me?" "We shall soon know," said the gnat, upon which he flew into one of the lion's nostrils, and went to sting him as hard as he could. The royal beast roared like thunder, lashed his sides with his tail, tore his nostrils with his talons, and rolled himself in the sand in agony, but all in vain; the little knat kept on stinging till the mighty lion was obliged to own himself overcome by the little knat, which he had just now despised.

It is sometimes justly said, that no person is so small or mean but that he has it in his power to injure us or do us good; and that hence there is no person whose friendship is not highly desirable.

Spanish Affairs.—It appears to be settled that France, England and Portugal are to

make an armed intervention in favor of the Queen-Regent, in pursuance of the quadruple treaty. The programme of operations appears to be that a Portuguese Legion is to march forthwith into Spain, that England and France are to supply money and munitions of war, and that a special order of council has been proclaimed, allowing English subjects to join the Portuguese Legion as volunteers, and that all are to serve under the orders of Gen. Valdez, the Spanish commander in chief. This will at once revive the forces of the Queen Regent, and enable them again to act on the offensive, and advance against the main body of the Carlists.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1835.

The Parmelia Transport with the right wing of the 98th Regiment sailed for Cork, on Monday last. A complimentary Address was presented to Lieut. Col. Cairncross, by the Custos and Magistrates of the Town—to which Colonel C. returned a suitable reply.

SUICIDES.—James Wells, a private in the 83d regiment, who had been employed as a groom at the Stables of Government House shot himself through the head with his musket, in a room off the stables where he slept, on Saturday last. He was perfectly sane, and apparently in good spirits, up to within twenty minutes of the time when the report of the gun was heard.—On the 24th ult. Mr. John Fulton, of Londonderry, was found hanging in a barn—he had been occasionally delirious for some time previous—and the verdict of the Jury was *Insanity.*—N. S.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. James Ham, to Miss Sarah Stump, both of this place.

On Friday last, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Shreve, the Rev. T. C. Leaver, to Mary Ann, only daughter of John Leaver, Esq.

Yesterday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Mr. Alber Harris Poole, of New-Brunswick, to Miss Eliza Hobson, youngest daughter of Mr. E. J. Hobson, of this town.

JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally, that he has taken a room in the house at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, lately occupied by J. A. Barry, Esq., where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Job Printing; and hopes to merit a share of their favors. The smallest order will be attended to with punctuality.

H. W. BLACKADAR,
Halifax, July, 1835.

POETRY.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

" Now along the morning gale
Tolls the church bell soft and slowly,
And o'er mountain, wood, and vale,
Sleeps the Sabbath silence holy.
Not a human voice is heard,
Voice of labour or of pleasure,
Mingling with the tuneful bird,
As it trills its holy measure.

Now, from every mountain glen,
Scenes of unpolled nature,
Come the lonely shepherd men,
Peace in every heart and feature.
Now along the village way,
Clad in meet and homely dresses,
Matrons staid, and maidens gay,
Join the crowd that churchward presses.

Now the youthful and the old,
Now the cheerful and the weeping,
Tread along the flowery mould,
Where their kindred dust is sleeping.
Now the pious spirit glows,
Now the holy psalm is singing,
Bringing thoughts of long repose,
Thoughts of endless glory bringing."

THE BIBLE.

Sir William Jones, who was the most learned man of any age, being familiar with ancient and modern writings in twenty-eight tongues, speaks thus of the Bible :

" I have carefully and regularly perused the scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and of eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass, from all other books which were ever composed, in any age or in any idiom.

Rousseau could not but say : " The majesty of the scriptures strikes me with astonishment. Never was the most profound wisdom expressed with so much energy or simplicity."

Fenelon observes, in comparing it with those standards of excellence, the classic authors : " The scripture surpasses the most ancient Greek authors vastly, in naked simplicity, loveliness and grandeur. Homer himself never reached the sublimity of Moses' songs, or equalled Isaiah in describing the majesty of God. Never did any ode, either Greek or Latin, come up to the loftiness of the psalms. In all its diversified compositions, every part bears the peculiar character that becomes it." The history, the particular detail of laws, the descriptions, the vehement and pathetic passages, the miracles and prophecies, the moral discourses—in all these appears a natural and beautiful variety. In short, there is as great a difference between the heathen poets and the prophets, as there is between a false enthusiasm and the true.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter, the English Demosthenes, though at one period likely to prove only a grief to his parents, at last reached the eminence on which he now stands. Fortunately for him, his father directed his attention to the historical parts of the Bible, which much interested him, and inspired him with a desire to peruse the whole. In consequence of this desire, the perusal of other books, and the conversation of his father, his mind was enlightened ; for these were, to say the least, among the means employed for his cordial reception of divine truth. And though this extraordinary character often lamented that, with him, " childhood and youth had too much vanity," he never forgot how greatly he had been indebted to the restraining power of parental instruction and example. Hence, even in old age he published the sense he still entertained of his obligation to these divinely appointed guardians of his infancy. Among his homely " poetical fragments " we find him referring to his father and mother in the following lines :

" My parents here, thy skillful hand did plant,
Free from the snare of riches and of want.
Their tender care was used for me alone,
Because thy Providence gave to them but one ;
Their early precepts so possessed my heart,
That taking root, they did not thence depart.
Thy wisdom so contrived my education
As might expose me to the least temptation.
Much of that guilt thy mercy did prevent,
In which my spring-time I should else have spent."

CURIOUS OCULAR ILLUSION.

Sir David Brewster mentions a very curious ocular illusion which occurred to himself, while engaged in writing one of his works. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles.—The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass ; but where the reflecting substance was, he could not, at first, discover. He examined his eye-brows and eye-lashes, but in vain. At length, his lady tried her skill ; and after a minute search she perceived, between two eye lashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which was probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of the letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror under such circumstances.

Curious Circumstance.—A few days ago a young man aged 25, who had been brought up as the son of peasant, in the environs of Antwerp, went to a widow lady in that city,

and presented himself to her as her son, declaring that his foster mother had confessed to the priest of her parish, on her death bed, that having been engaged by the lady as wet nurse, to her second son, she, when the child was weaned and sent for home, substituted her own boy for him. The pretender to new maternal claims, was at first repelled as an impostor ; but the testimony of the priest, and the striking resemblance between the eldest son of the lady, connected with other circumstances, led to a conviction of the truth of this statement, and induced her to receive the claimant as a third son ; for the changling by his good conduct had got too strong a hold upon the affections of his supposed mother, to be cast off as an alien.—*London paper.*

NINETY YEARS.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years, alas, how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years! What are they? " A tale that is told " a dream ; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age ; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead?—Will all the new blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten?—" Ninety years!" says Death, " do you think I shall wait ninety years! Behold, to-day and to-morrow is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled, with the dust, and be remembered not."

To take the Impression of Plants.—Take a sheet of fine wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet oil ; after it has stood a minute or two, rub off the superficial oil, and hang the paper in the air ; when sufficiently dry, move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp until it is perfectly black ; lay the plant thereon, place a piece of clean paper over, and rub equally with the finger about half a minute ; take up the plant and place it on the paper or scrap book where it is desired to have the impression, cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and on repeating the rubbing a representation of the plant will appear, almost equal to the finest engraving.—The same piece of black paper will serve for a great number of impressions.—*The Analyst.*

Printed by H. W. BLACKADAR, at his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf
TERMS.—Five Shillings per Annum—half in advance.