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# THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 2].

HALIFAX, AUGUST 26, 1836.

No. 32

## 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.

From the Youth's Magazine.

#### BATTLE OF A SPIDER AND WASP.

Mr. Brainerd: Permit me to relate a recounter, which I saw take place the other day, between a Spider and a Wasp.

In the window of a large school room, where I had charge at the time, the spider had fixed his habitation, and his net for the purpose of ensnaring insects, and whatever else might come that way, upon which he is wont to feed. The wasp had been buzzing about the window for some time, when, by some mischance, it was caught in the meshes of the spider's web, set for that purpose. Seeing it become entangled, I repaired to the place to observe what might follow. Immediately the spider leaped upon it, and then followed the most furious conflict I ever witnessed. After the contest had lasted for a short time, the wasp succeeded in applying its sting to the body of the spider, upon which he quickly relaxed his hold, and retreated to some distance. Seeing the wasp was likely to disengage itself, the spider, with great caution and sagacity, returned to prevent its escape; but not to renew the combat. Adjusting the web in such a manner as most effectually to entangle the wasp, he approached it.—When sufficiently near he reached out one of his claws and took hold of a wing of the wasp, endeavoring to draw it over and approach its back; but the wasp, struggling vigorously, prevented its wily adversary from carrying his point, and nearly succeeded in giving him another sting. Upon this, the spider again hastily retired, and changed his mode of attack. He came so near, that by a long reach he took hold of one of the wasp's feet, and forcibly drew it away to such a distance that the wasp could not molest him. Finding his distance and his hold both secure, he bit the wasp's foot a number of times, and once more retreated. This, he returned and did

several times, until the energies of the wasp were entirely paralyzed.

While the wasp was thus expiring, there issued from some part of his head, (I could not exactly determine from what precise part,) a drop of clear, transparent matter, very much resembling a tear, or dew drop of a summer's morning. This seemed to be forced from it by excruciating pain; evident symptoms of which it exhibited from the moment the spider first bit its foot, until it was nearly lifeless, being a period of about two minutes. Upon this excrescence, the spider, when he found his prey to be perfectly harmless, fed with much apparent satisfaction.

There was another circumstance took place, which, as it goes to show the recollection and singular curiosity of the spider, I cannot forbear to mention.—When the wasp was fully dead, as I ascertained to be the fact myself, by applying the point of my knife to its body, and the spider had satisfied the cravings of hunger, as above mentioned, he got on the back of the wasp, and approached the sting, and where, with one of his paws, he felt the point of the sting with as much circumspection as one of your young readers would feel of the sting of a bee.

Thus, sir, I have given you a succinct account of this battle of a wasp and spider, and its results, precisely as it took place, without any garnish or exaggeration. I have detailed the facts, and leave it with you, or any one that may choose to do so, to make remarks, and draw inferences.

Near Dayton, Ohio, May 6, 1836.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### WILLIAM THE SECOND.

The memory of William, surnamed Rufus from his red hair and florid complexion, is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities.

He seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of

impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration: and he indulged without reserve that domineering policy which suited his temper; and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice.

The monuments which remain of this prince in England are the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. William Rufus died August 2. 1100, aged 40. HUME.

#### REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A MOTHER AND INFANT.

The village of Roanoke, about 80 miles from Columbus, Georgia, was recently totally destroyed by the Creek Indians. A correspondent of the Portland Courier gives the following particulars of a most providential escape at that time:—

At the time of the assault, there were in the village from 70 to 80 persons, who were taken entirely by surprise, not being in the least apprehensive of an attack. The Indians, as is almost always their custom, entered the village just before day with forces amounting to more than 300 warriors. They dispersed through the village, posting themselves at the doors and windows of each house in such a way as to make their work of destruction sure the moment the inmates came into the open air. As might be expected, where there was such a disparity in numbers, and the stronger party being so advantageously disposed of, the savages were but too successful. The village was taken—every house was burnt—twelve persons were left dead, and fifteen were missing some two or three days after the attack.

At one house there were lodged a gentleman, his wife, and two boarders, one of whom is a Georgian by birth, the other a northern merchant, for some time a resident of the village. When the alarm was made, the host, though entreated to pause, ran to the door, and was instantly shot down by the savages. The other Georgian had escaped from the house, and was hastening to the forest with which the village is environed, when he also was fired upon—the ball passing through his thigh between the muscles and bone. Severely wounded as he was, he continued his course, and succeeded in making his escape. His companion, (the northern merchant) was about to follow, when he recollected that his hostess, whose lifeless husband was then weltering in his blood which had been shed at his own threa-

hold, was left alone with her infant child. He could not persuade himself to abandon her while surrounded with such imminent danger, and in such trying circumstances. He immediately altered his purpose, and taking the two helpless beings that had just been thrown on his protection, he hastened into a chamber, where he concealed them under a box, at the same time secreting himself under a barrel. He had barely effected this, when the savages burst into the house, plundering and destroying every thing before them. They entered the chamber in which he was secreted—they even seated themselves on the box which concealed a helpless mother and her still more helpless infant. He could distinctly hear their conversation, and understanding their language, he was made fearfully sensible of the perilous situation in which they were placed. The least noise from the infant, and their destruction was inevitable. But an unseen hand protected them—the child remained quiet—the savages left the room and he at last heard their retreating footsteps, as they sallied forth into the streets. He now breathes freely again. But a dense smoke with which the room is filled, gives him the intimation of the approach of new danger, and warns him that it is time to leave his retreat. He finds the bed in flames—this he extinguishes, and, going below, he perceives that the chairs, tables, and the like, had been piled up in the middle of the room, and the whole set on fire. A pail of water had been left. This is dashed on the ascending flames, and the whole is extinguished. All this was hardly the work of a minute—it is done, and he returns to his retreat beneath the barrel.

The village is now in possession of the savages.—The flames are doing their work of destruction at a rapid rate. The groans of the dying, the shout of victory mingling with the war-whoop, the report of musketry and the crash of falling buildings, contrasted with the stillness of approaching morning, are borne in fearful sounds to those who are still surrounded by real danger. The savages again return to the house they had just left. They set fire to the piazza. There is now but one alternative.—The flames are ascending to the roof of the house; few moments delay may be fatal—something must be done or he may be consumed by a more ruthless enemy than the foe without. At this crisis, he had the presence of mind to observe that the dense smoke which proceeded from the burning house, was borne by a fresh breeze towards a neighboring thicket. This suggested to him the means of escape, and taking the widowed mother and her helpless infant, for whose safety he had already encountered so many dangers, under cover of the smoke, he reached the thicket unperceived, and finally escaped.

[How wonderful are the ways of Providence, in delivering the helpless, and what

encouragement this Narrative affords to children to trust in God in all times of danger.]

#### AN IRISH HEART,

Is the name of Mr. Sargent's eleventh Temperance Tale. The extracts which follow are the unpolished eloquence of a broken-hearted Irish woman. She stands before the Governor of New York, pleading for the pardon of her husband, "daar Thaddy," who had been sentenced to the State's Prison seven years, for the commission of a crime while under the influence of the "crathur." Hear her:—

"An it's right to pray that we may na be lid into timplation, is it right to mak laws which fills the land wid shebeens, where he that sills the crathur, may timplt ony poor baddy to his ruin?—Whin we come to this contree, fro' the dee we lift Lim'rick till we ranch'd Montreal, na woman iver had a moor obliging mon, than Thaddy. He was iver talking good nathured wid myself, or playing wid the childher, or spaking o' happy we wud be in the new contree. He thrithened na buddy, he was ceevil and dacent to all aboard. An it's just bekasé there was na a dhrap o' the crathur to be had. Your honor wull forgi' a poor buddy, but I wud ax, an a governor wid all the contrecervers o' the law has na as great a power to prevint this sart o' throuble, as a captin o' a marchant ship? Whoosh! sir," continued Kathleen, forgetting, in her zeal for her husband and for justice, the presence she was in, "pit na the cheens round the neck o' poor Thaddy, that daar innocent mon that he is, but upon them what maks and what sills the maddening crathur, or upon them, what permits sich prosadings: na offince t' yer honor, onyhhow. Whin the dee is done, the poor buddy, waary and darty, and drouthy, rins to the sheben as aisily as the baby, whin it's hungry, rins after the brist. An there was no shebeen, he wud rin hum to the wife and childher, and be moor happy there. Woe be to them, the book tills us yer honor, by whom th' offince hath come. But, ah ye'll na regard the prayers and the taars o' a poor woman, Ise one friend to whom I can go."

"You mean the priest or bishop, I suppose," said the Governor.

"Na, indaad, yer honor," said Kathleen; "its this blissed book," taking her little bible from her bosom, "that taught me moor than tin years ago where to saak the bist relaaf for a broken heart, and the daarest friend a poor buddy can ha' in a coult ward."

The Governor was much interested by the zeal and honesty of this devoted creature; and having heard, soon after the trial of Mashee, some circumstances of a palliatory character, he was strongly inclined to mercy. The marks of weariness were evident on the features of Kathleen and her little boy.

The high color upon her intelligent and honest face, was not the glow of health, but the flush of a protracted and painful excitement. The Governor requested his daughter who came accidentally into the room, to bring some refreshments. She soon returned with her mother, and a little brother, whose curiosity she had excited, by her account of the pretty Irish woman and her children.

"It's your leddy, sir?" said Kathleen, dropping a courtsey.

The Governor nodded his head, and gave some little account of the poor woman's errand, while she gave little David some of the refreshment, and partook though sparingly, herself.

"You had better take something more," said the Governor's lady, "you have walked several miles since your breakfast."

"It's na breakfast Ise bin ating the dee, maam," said Kathleen, "It's hard ating wid a hivy heart. My own taars it is, that's bin maat and drink to me mony a dee. An ye was i' the same case yourself, daar leddy, wid your swaant childher haar dependant upon yourself alone for a bit o' bread, and your good mon put in prison, for siver waary years, it's na o' ating ye'd be thinking, moor nor to keep sow! and buddy together, till ye saad him ha' his leeberthy agin. Och sir," continued Kathleen, turning to the Governor, and pressing an argument, which her sagacity assured her had not been presented entirely in vain;—"Is it jist in the sight o' God, to spread a shnare at iv'ry corner, and whin as t' was na moor nor raasonable to be ixpected, a poor immigrant or ony other poor buddy falls in't, to put him in prison for seven yaars? And ye vad jist put the crathur, that did the ill wark, in prison for siver yaars, wid them that maks it, and them that sills it, ye'd do a sarvice, and saa a dale o' difference onyhhow. Ise haar'd afore I lift Ireland, that Amiriky was a fraa country. It's a fraa country, for ayen the dacons o' the charches, Ise toul, to make the accursed crathur o' Sabbadee; it's a fraa country for sich as the like o' they, who profess to love t'be Lard, that wint about doing good, to sill the pistilent poison that it is, an to win the bit of bread o' the little childher, and drive the poor brokea-hearted mother to dispiration, and laad the misguided husband and father to offind agin the law. It's a fraa country for all this, indaad it is. But whin the wretched mon, craz'd wid the crathur, commits an offince, it's na fraa country for the like o' him, onyhhow."

The energy and honesty of this poor supplicant's manner can scarcely be conceived. The Governor's lady and daughter were deeply impressed by the native eloquence of this untutored Irish woman. Their tears were already telling the secret of their sympathy.

"Maybe," continued Kathleen, "maybe's think Ise too boult and plain spaking, indaad it's not myself that maans on

affice, for it's upon yer honored selves alone, next to the sure friend, Ise depending for mercy, it is. Poor dear Thaddy! she exclaimed, scarcely able to speak articulately for her tears and sobs. "Och! and we had only been continted to remain in Innisfallen, where we were barn, and where we first began to love ache other, and where we lived in pace!—Daar sir, wull ye na look upon your own swant leddy, and upon your own childher, and gi' a passing thought to me and to mine? It's for the daar husband, the only frind I ha' i' the world, Ise pleading, an for the father o' these childher, haan. Wull ye no lit these poor things ha' their father agin, and wull ye keep the bars o' iron between myself and my daar mon, for siven lang years?—God bless ye sir; he's touching your kind heart; I saa it by the tear that's just in your eye."

"Good woman," said the Governor, "your husband's case shall be considered without delay, possibly this morning; in the mean time, as you are entirely without friends in this place, my wife will provide for you to-day."

"Och, sir, it's nothing Ise can return, but a poor buddy's prayers, an ye'll ha' enough of them onyhow."

Kathleen and her children were ushered into the Governor's kitchen. "Dear papa," said his daughter, as he was leaving the room shortly after, "do let the poor little children have their father agin!"

*Thaddy* was pardoned.

**Government of the Tongue.**—The art or virtue of holding your tongue is both a rare and an excellent quality, and what greatly contributes to our ease and prosperity. In general, therefore, remember it is as dangerous to fall in love with one's voice as one's own face. Those that talk much cannot always talk well, and may much oftener incur censure than praise. Few people care to be eclipsed; and a superiority of sense is as ill brooked as a superiority of beauty or fortune. If you are wise, therefore, talk little, but hear much. What you are to learn from yourself, must be by thinking, and from others, by speech. Let them find tongue then, and you ear; by which means, such as are pleased with themselves, which are the gross of mankind, will likewise be pleased with you, and you will be doubly paid for your attention, both in affection and knowledge.

We should never disquiet any body, if we have the misfortune to cause vexation, we ought to make all necessary advances and submission to take away the remembrance of it.

The leaves of the Bible are the leaves of the tree of life, as well as the tree of knowledge; they strengthen as well as enlighten, and have not only a commanding, but an assisting office.

BOSTON, August 16.

The fast sailing ship *New Jersey*, Capt. Bowstow, arrived at this port yesterday, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 20th July. She brought a file of English papers to the Messrs. Topliss, from which is derived the following intelligence, for which we are indebted to the Evening Journal.

The third reading of the established Church Bill was to come on in the House of Commons on the night of the 18th ult. when two important amendments were to be moved and it was thought the bill would pass.

The bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, was lost in the House of Lords, but will probably be again brought forward at the next session of Parliament.

Great preparations are making for the celebration of the "three days." The King has signified his determination to be present notwithstanding the remonstrances of his ministers.

King Louis Phillippo had at length consented to advance King Leopold of Belgium the 40,000 pounds sterling agreed upon as the marriage portion of the Princess Louise of Orleans, now the consort of the King of the Belgians.

We find the following particulars in relation to the execution of Alibeu, the person who recently attempted the life of Louis Phillippo:—

On arriving at the scaffold the carriage stopped, and two of the assistants of the executioner and a turnkey descended from it, and were immediately followed by Alibeu and his confessor. The prisoner was dressed simply in his shirt and trousers, his head enveloped in a black veil which descended below his eyes. His feet were naked. He remained a few moments in conversation with his confessor, and in prayer, at the foot of the scaffold, and was then seen to mount its steps firmly, but deliberately. The attending clergyman followed and stood by him while the sentence of the Court was read. This over, the executioner took off the veil from the prisoner's head. Alibeu immediately made a gesture and a movement indicative of an intention to speak; but he was instantly seized by the executioner and his aids—made to stand on the ledge belonging to the plank—was strapped to it with the rapidity of thought—the plank descended—was pushed forward—the groove, in which the neck is enclosed, was too small, and suffering from the pressure, Alibeu uttered a slight shriek, which had scarcely escaped him, when the axe fell, and he was no more.

The mutilated remains of the wretched man were then placed in the usual receptacle—a huge oblong basket, and removed for interment to the cemetery of Mont Farnesse. The aids of the executioner poured several pails of water on the scaffold and on the pavement, while the executioner himself repaired to a wash shop without the Barriers to draw up his *proces verbal*. The guillotine was dismantled, and with the scaffold placed on the vehicles by which they had arrived, and at half past five o'clock—that is, precisely within half an hour from the moment of the execution—the guards, executioners, and the horrible machinery of death, had left the Place St. Jacques.

Much excitement was caused in Paris, by the conviction of the editor of the *Gazette de Franco*, who was sentenced for six months imprisonment and a fine of 4000 francs for publishing an objectionable article, or, as the *Lazette* says, for defending a principle diametrically opposed to that for which on the morning of the same day Alibeu suffered death. The editor maintained that the celebration of the anniversary of the Revolution of July, was "an act of deep hypocrisy—an attack upon the good sense of the public, and a provocation to moral anarchy, which supports anarchy *de facto*."

The cholera has again made its appearance in Austrian Lombardy.

A dreadful calamity occurred in the town of Grosswardein in Hungary on the 10th of June. A fire broke out in the house of a clergyman, which extended rapidly, and continued burning for three days, destroying fifteen hundred houses, four churches, and many public edifices, as well as the fortress of the town.

The Sultan of Turkey, in consequence of the representation of the English Ambassador in the affair of Mr. Charchul, has dismissed the Reis Effendi—and thus removed all apprehension of difficulty between Great Britain and Turkey.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 20, 1826.

**Launch.**—We understand that the fine new Ship, built by Mr. Lyle, for Messrs. Cunards, at Dartmouth, will be launched on Saturday next. She is the largest, we believe, ever built here.—N. S.

**MELANCHOLY CIRCUMSTANCE.**—On Monday, as a small boat belonging to Mr. Swan, in which were three men who had been fishing, and were returning, came near the North West Arm, the jib halyards being foul, one of the men went aloft to clear it, when melancholy to relate, the boat immediately upset and went down. The accident was seen from Point Pleasant, but before assistance could be procured a considerable time elapsed, and ere it reached the spot, two of the individuals had found a watery grave. The third who is a German, saved himself by clinging to the rudder—and states that one of the men held on by his pea jacket, until exhausted, when he sank. The names of the deceased are Peter Rigby, formerly mate of the brig *Comet*, and John Nichols, both natives of Liverpool, the former we understand having a family there.—*Times*.

**THE RIFLE BRIGADE.**—Eleven years have elapsed since the 1st Battalion of this distinguished Brigade, first came to our shores; and with short exception, during the whole of that period, it has been stationed in Nova Scotia. The gentlemanly conduct of the Officers, and the orderly behaviour of the Men, whether in garrison or outpost, have called forth the warmest expressions of esteem from the inhabitants; and their long residence almost identifying them with the community, their readiness to assist on any emergency where their services were required, with the constant good feeling with the townspeople, has caused general regret at their departure, and anxious wishes for their future career.—*Times*.

The left wing embarked on Saturday last, on board the *Stakesby Transport*, bound to Portsmouth, and sailed on Sunday evening. The remainder of the Battalion are to embark this day, at 2 o'clock, in the *Catherine Stewart Forbes Transport*. An address from the Magistrates and other inhabitants was presented to the Lieut.-Colonel on Monday last.

MARRIED

At St. John. N. B. by the Rev. I. W. D. Gray, Mr. William Fenerty, of Halifax, to Mary H. eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Pratt, of that city.

At Shelburne, on the 7th August, by the Rev. Thomas H. White, Mr. David V. Smith, of Halifax, to Miss Catharine Locke, Shelburne.

DIED

On Monday last, at Sackville, after a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Mitchell, in the 8th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place



### THE TRUE CHURCH.

BY JOSIAH PONDEN.

One church—though bigots fight, and sceptics scorn  
To view the unholy strife,  
The Church is one, the church of the now born,  
Who draw from Christ their life.  
One race, from Adam sprung, have peopled earth,  
The heirs of heaven are one by second birth.

Diversive feature, fortune, temper, hue,  
In robes or rags disguised,  
Yet to their Head, were each in spirit true,  
As to one Lord baptized;  
Then should they as one body feel allied,  
And deem him brother for whom Christ has died.

Yet are they not one body? Sceptics, learn,  
Divided as they be,  
Still with one spirit all the pious burn,  
As one they bow the knee  
To God in Christ; one hope divine is theirs,  
O there is unity in good men's prayers.

For the one church is not the aggregate  
Of churches or of sects;  
But of the faithful, those whose happy state  
Each with the Head connects;  
O come the day when every sect shall fall,  
And Christ, the living Head, be all in all!

**APPRENTICES.**—*The Mechanic arts. We are all wrong in underrating the value of the mechanical operations—we are all wrong in making all our sons Doctors, Lawyers, Divines, and Merchants. Some branches of the family should be mechanics, and if when they are out of their time, we can give them some money to commence business with us at once set them on the road to independence—to solid independence, weight and influence. Employment, labor, healthy, refreshing, constant labor is the grand secret to keep boys correct and moral, to keep them out of vice in every shape, to make good sons and good citizens of them.*

We have often wondered that so few sons of gentlemen of fortune offer as apprentices to some mechanical pursuit, for example, to the Printing business—a business which is light and agreeable, and combines so many advantages. It may be asked what are the benefits of this branch of the Mechanic Arts. The sons of persons in easy circumstances who can board and lodge them without cost until they are out of their times—who will superintend their comforts and morals; and feel an interest in their advancement, may realize the following advantages:—

They learn a business which ranks high in the cultivation of the human mind—a business by which they at once become familiar with the moral and political condition of the country—the advancement of the mechanic arts—the progress of internal improvements; a business which made Doctor Franklin the great man he is by the whole world allowed to have been.

The Printing business includes a knowledge of proof reading—some acquaintance

with the art of paper making—and in a newspaper office where a boy is intelligent, quick, ambitious to excel, he becomes familiar with editorial pursuits—and when out of his time becomes proprietor of a city or country paper, and if prudent, temperate and industrious, may become a conspicuous politician, and may fill any of the high offices of the country, as we see at present in beholding Printers, Senators in Congress and members of the House of Representatives. So much for our own profession, but there are many noble mechanical pursuits, which should be cultivated by young men of good family and education.

The Builder which includes the beautiful science of architecture. The Ship Builder, a first rate and most respectable calling. Workers in gold, silver, copper and other metals. Cabinet Making. In short we could name fifty occupations—more valuable—more enduring—more healthy—more positively independent, than the range of professional callings and the sickly, poverty, stricken labor of the midnight lamp.—N. Y. Star.

**A HINT TO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.**—*Never tell your own affairs to any old gossiping house-wife. Let her appear ever so specious—so sincere—so candid—be sure to avoid her, and keep your own council; for the only reason she has for prying into your secrets—for insinuating herself into your confidence, is to learn that some error, some deformity exists in your family, on which she may feast in secret delight for a luxurious morient, and then share some of the choicest bits with her neighbours. Treasure this up, and act upon it; and it will save you years of mortification, if not of heart burning and sorrow.*

**CAUSES OF HUMAN MISERY.**—*The natural causes of human misery may be reduced to two; ignorance and immorality. Both are great. Philosophers are right in recommending the cultivation of intellect, and by doing so, many disorders will be removed, but the aim will not be attained without the same care to the moral nature of man.—Spurzheim.*

Lawyers generally know too much of law to have a clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic who could not see London for the houses.—Hinds & Tales.

**POVERTY** has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the curse of a great part of mankind to conceal their intelligence from the rest. They

support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.

**NATURE** makes us poor only when we want necessities; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

As our parents watched over us in the morning of our existence, so let us watch over them in the evening of theirs.

We speak not rashly, but with too good evidence, when we affirm that many young persons of both sexes have, by reading romances, been ruined: and that many of the follies, and not a few of the crimes now prevalent may be traced to the same course.

### WILLIAM TAPPER, TAILOR,

IN tendering his sincere thanks to his numerous friends in Halifax, and the public generally, for their very liberal support since his commencement in business, begs to inform them that he has removed his Establishment from Upper Water Street, to the premises lately occupied by John Whidden, Esq., No. 5, Granville Street, directly opposite Messrs. Migonwitz & Greenham's new store, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its branches; and hopes, by unremitting attention to merit a continuance of their patronage and support.

W. T. also begs to intimate that he has received per late arrivals from Great Britain—superfine Black, Navy Blue, Invisible Green, and other shades, of BROAD CLOTHS; Kerseymeries, Buckskins, for gentlemen's pantaloons, of various colours, and a variety of RICH VESTINGS, suitable for the season; all of which he is prepared to make up at the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style, at reasonable terms for Cash, or approved credit.

August 1836

### 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 Bronches, plain and ornamented. Silver ever pointed Parcell cases, Silver Thimbles, Tortoise Shell back and side Combs, wrought and plain, Horn Combs of every description, Hair, Nail, Tooth and Plate Brushes, Gilt Watch Guards, Lavender, and Cologne Water, Cream's Amber, Macassar and Bear's Oil, Scented family Soap; Palm do, Wash Balls, Razor Straps, Glass smelling Bottles, Medallions, Gold and Silver 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  
August 1836.