

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 d'un 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	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			

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

All kinds of JOB PRINTING will be executed at a very cheap rate.

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

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ANTELOPE.

The Antelope tribe forms the connecting link between the goat and the deer. In the texture of their horns they agree with the former; and in their graceful make and swiftness of flight they resemble and, indeed, surpass the latter. Their horns are smooth, long, and twisted spirally or annulated, and are never cast. Their legs are long and tendinous, and in some of the species are so exceedingly slender and brittle that they will snap with a slight blow. They inhabit hot mountainous countries, and bound from rock to rock with an agility that excites astonishment in a spectator. In Africa and Asia they are very numerous. The general colour is brown on the back, and white under the belly. In the east the Antelope bears the name of Gazelle, and such is the brightness and beauty of its eyes that they furnish similes to the poet, and to call a woman "gazelle-eyed" is to pay her one of the highest compliments.

THE ANT-EATER.

There are several animals distinguished by the common name of Ant-eaters, which differ much in form. They are, however, all distinguished by one characteristic; which is, that as they feed wholly on insects, they have no teeth. The tongue is the only instrument with which they seize their food, and it is long, wormlike, and covered with a glutinous moisture. From the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, the great Ant-eater is sometimes eight or nine feet in length. It is covered with very coarse and shaggy hair. Its motions are slow, but it swims well.

This creature is a native of Brazil and Guiana, and it lives wholly on ants, wood-lice, and wild bees. These it collects by thrusting its tongue into their holes, and having penetrated every part of the nest, withdraws it into its mouth loaded with prey.—Its legs are so strong, that few animals can extricate themselves from its gripe. It is said to be formidable even to the panthers of America; and sometimes fixes itself upon them in such a manner, that both of them fall and perish together; for its ob-

stinacy is so great, that it will not relinquish its hold of an adversary even after it is dead.—It may, however, be tamed. The flesh has a strong disagreeable taste, but is eaten by the Indians.

BIOGRAPHY.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, in Wilts, May 1, 1672. After receiving the rudiments of education, he was sent to the Charterhouse, where he contracted an intimacy with sir Richard Steele. In 1687, he was admitted at Queen's college, Oxford, but afterwards was elected demy at Magdalen. In 1688, he took his degree of M. A. and at the age of twenty two, addressed some verses to Dryden in English, and not long after published a translation of part of Virgil's fourth Georgic. About this time he wrote the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden's Virgil, and composed the essay on the Georgics. In 1695, he addressed a poem to king William, which recommended him to lord Somers. In 1699, he obtained a pension of 300*l.*a-year. He went through France and Italy, improving his mind to the best advantage, as appears from his "Letter to Lord Halifax," reckoned the most elegant of his poetical works, and his "Travels in Italy," which he dedicated at his return to lord Somers. He returned home in 1702, and found his old friends out of place. In 1704, he was introduced by lord Halifax, to lord Godolphin as a fit person to celebrate the victory of Blenheim; on which occasion he produced the Campaign, for which he was rewarded with the place of commissioner of appeals. Next year he went to Hanover with lord Halifax, and soon after was appointed under secretary of state. The rage for Italian operas which then prevailed, induced him to write his "Rosamond," which did not succeed. When the marquis of Wharton went to Ireland as lord lieutenant, Addison accompanied him as secretary, and was made keeper of the records with a salary of 300*l.*a-year. While he was in Ireland, Steele commenced the Tatler, to which Addison liberally contributed. This was followed by the Spectator, which was enriched by the contributions of Addison, whose papers are distinguished by one of the letters of the word CLIO. In 1713, his tragedy of Cato was brought upon the stage, amidst the plaudits of both Whigs and Tories, which was translated into Italian, and performed at Florence, and into Latin at the College of St. Omers. At this time the Guardian appeared, to which Addison contributed, and his papers are marked by a hand. In 1715 he began the Freeholder, and continued it till the middle of the next year, in defence

of the Government. In 1716 he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, to whose son he had been tutor, but the marriage did not prove happy. In 1717 he became Secretary of State, which place he soon resigned, on a pension of 1500*l.*a-year. In his retirement he planned a tragedy on the death of Socrates, which he abandoned for a work of a more excellent kind, "A Defence of the Christian Religion." He also laid the plan of an English dictionary in the manner since so happily executed by Dr. Johnson. In 1719, he engaged in a political dispute with Steele, on the Peerage-Bill, then brought in to restrain the king from creating any new peers, except in case of the extinction of an old family. Steele's Pamphlet was entitled "The Plebeian," and Addison replied to it in another called "The Old Whig," in which he styled his opponent "little Dicky." He terminated his life, June 17, 1719, in a manner suitable to his character. Hesent for Lord Warwick, and pressing his hand, softly said, "see in what peace a Christian can die!" Dr. Johnson, after drawing his character in a forcible and elegant manner, says, "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

THE VILLAGE.

MARTHA VALE.

When a Farmer sows his field, he is mindful of the quality of his seed; and when a gardener plants his trees, he is very particular as to the kind he is going to propagate; because neglect, or a mistake in those things, would occasion great inconvenience and loss. Good grain will grow as luxuriantly as bad grain, and an apple tree will spring up as fresh as a crab tree, without any additional expense or trouble.

Now, if it be necessary for the Farmer to be careful about his seed, and the gardener to be particular about his trees, it is equally necessary for the writer of a book to be careful about the contents of the volume he intends to publish to the world. Grain and fruit are food for the body, and the contents of a book are food for the mind; and as the latter are of good or bad quality, so it will it produce fifty and an hundred fold of good or evil, or bear fruit worthless or valuable.

If I thought that a single sentence of what I am going to put on paper would do injury to the mind of a young person, I would lay aside my pen, remove my inkstand, and fold up my paper in haste; for he is no friend of mankind who dares to run the risk of injuring another merely to gratify himself, but as I think otherwise, and believe that

many a youthful reader may find pleasure and profit from the simple narration of what has occurred under my own eyes, in my native village, so I am encouraged to proceed.

To make the young happy by directing them to the source of all true happiness, a knowledge of divine things, and a well grounded hope, through grace, of a glorious immortality, has long been my earnest desire.

In my narrative I will endeavour to remember that young people are young people, and not unreasonably burden them with grave remarks. When a boy myself I was fond of amusement, and as young people since then are very little altered in this particular, I will try to accommodate myself to their disposition, and mingle amusement with edification.

My name is Samuel Jenkins, and I live in a pretty cottage on the side of a hill, which commands a view of the village church, the cottages, and the Squire's house, in the distance. The mill-wheel, as it splashes about the foaming water of the brook, looks cheerful from my window. A woodbine climbs over my door, and three bee-hives are standing in the upper part of my little garden. Being very weakly, I am not able to work, save it be to dig a little, or to pull a few weeds in the garden; but, through Divine mercy, I am comfortably provided for, having a small annuity, left me by an uncle, enough to supply my own wants, and occasionally to help those who are in need. Being fond of children, and taking an active part in the Sunday school, I contrive to fill up my time; for to be idle, is to be sinful.

My weak constitution having unfitted me for labour, I have been induced to read and think more than most of those around me. It is not, however, what we know, but what we do, that is of the most importance. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:" and happy are all they, whether they know little or much, who devote their knowledge to the glory of the Redeemer.

When I was a boy it was thought, as I had an uncle who was captain of a merchant ship, that if I went a trip across the seas with him, it might be a means of making my fortune. Accordingly I went, and was absent many years; but, though my knowledge was increased I was not made more happy by going abroad. Never was I more glad than when I again put my foot in old England. Say what you will, there is no place like it.

There are, no doubt, a hundred pleasant villages to be found, yet, whether it be that my heart clings to the one wherein I was born, and makes me think more favourably of it than I otherwise should do, I cannot tell; but never yet have I put my foot in a village so dear to my heart, and so pleasant to my eyes, as this wherein I was bred, wherein the days of my childhood passed, and wherein I am now writing these lines to

make you acquainted with some of the young people who inhabit, or have inhabited, this delightful spot.

As I have lived so much in the country, it is not for me to tell you of the wonderful sights which are to be seen in the city and the town; but there is no one, let him live where he may, who keeps his eyes open to the persons and things about him, and whose heart knows any thing of the goodness of God, and the grace and compassion of his Son Jesus Christ, who may not pick up enough to entertain, to reprove, and to encourage young people. I will not tell you about fine buildings, fine bridges, fine streets, and fine people, for we have neither the one nor the other of these in my native village; but then I am at home in all the beautiful changes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and these, of themselves, are enough to call forth the energies of a grateful heart, and to make the tongue eloquent in the praises of the Lord. I can talk with you of the rising and setting sun; of the clear blue sky, and of the gathering storm: of the beautiful trees, whether dressed in green leaves, or powdered with snow. I know all about ploughing, sowing, mowing, and reaping; and could entertain you for a week with what I have seen or heard in the hay-field, at sheep-shearing, and at a harvest-home supper; so that if you are as much disposed to be pleased, as I am to please you, and as willing to be instructed as I am to instruct you, I do not fear but that, simple as my narrative may be, you will find enough in it to secure your attention.

Considering that this world is, as it were, the turnpike road to the next, it is my intention to speak of nothing on earth, without trying to make it a means of furthering you on your way to heaven. There would be but little kindness in our amusing a poor traveller by pointing out the buttercups and daisies which grew in his path, if we left him just as he arrived at the edge of a wide heath, where he might lose his way; or of a desert, where he might be devoured by wild beasts; or of a river, in passing which he might be drowned. And there would be no more kindness if I were to amuse you for a few minutes with pleasant stories, and neglect to give you that advice which might do you service for years, and perhaps, with God's blessing, help you on in your road to that brighter world, prepared for all those who love God, and his Son Jesus Christ.

It is to me a source of great pleasure to see persons in the country continue, day after day, and year after year, the same round of useful duties, the same habits of industry and contentment; and when to such habits the grace of God is added, such a course is better than to astonish the world with wonderful exploits, which may make the heart proud, but seldom make it happy.

There is a little girl living near me, of the name of Martha Vale, who has pleased me

for years by her love of order, and perseverance in her domestic duties. She may be now about ten years old, but when only seven, she was the same cleanly, tidy, orderly little body which she is now. Up in a morning, attending to her younger brothers and sisters, and keeping every thing in its proper place! She is as regular as clock-work, and as good as a servant to her mother. I can remember her grandmother; and when I was a boy, she was as fond of order as Martha is now, and brought up her daughter in the same habits. That daughter taught them to Martha. See the advantage of a good example! Go into the cottage of Edward Vale when you will, night, morning, or meal hour, and order, and cleanliness, and comfort, are to be found there; for Martha and her mother could never be content to live in dirt and disorder.

Martha is a good scholar for her years; and no little girl in the village has obtained more reward books at the Sunday-school than she, nor keeps them in better order. She reads pious books regularly to her brothers and sisters, and expects them to give a good account of their contents, and to profit by them. Now there is nothing wonderful in all this: but when I think how much comfort is derived from order, and how few young people are to be found of orderly habits, it makes me think the better of Martha.

O would that every little child
Who reads my simple tale,
Were neat, and orderly, and clean,
As little Martha Vale.

ABUSES.

What is there, as it comes from the hand of God that is not good? What is there that comes into the hands of man that is not abused? What is there within or around us, so long as it bears the stamp of its Creator, which does not also bear the stamp of divinity and of perfection? What is there within or around us, which is not mutilated or deformed by man? What element in the material creation, which does not show, by its fitness to promote the happiness of man, both the wisdom and benevolence of its divine author? What element has not been so perverted by man as to produce injury and his own destruction? What principle of physical, intellectual, or moral nature, is not, in its unperverted state, beautiful, and marked by the hand and in the spirit of him who made it? What one is there which comes within the grasp or the touch of man, which by that touch has not been deformed?

Was the ocean ever made to transport the slave-ship or the war-ship upon its bosom? Was the atmosphere made to waft curses and blasphemies to heaven, or paroxisms of rage to men? Was iron created and spread over the surface of the earth, and fitted for the ploughshare and the pruning-hook, that men might form it into spears and swords? Were forests, the grandeur of the vegetable kingdom, so admirably fitted for the arts of

civilization and of peace, ever designed to form floating batteries for human conflict and human butchery? Was the richest corn and wheat naturally and admirably fitted for the bread of life, intended by its creator to be changed into poison, and made the instrument of death?

Can it be acceptable to the former of our bodies, who so curiously and wisely contrived our limbs, and fitted our hands for constant acts of kindness and mutual good will, to see those hands employed in acts of injustice and evil works? Were our hands made to fight and our fingers to shed blood?

For what were our intellects formed, and how are they used? And our moral powers—are they applied to their appropriate use, to distinguish between right and wrong, and to pursue the one and avoid the other? Does our natural desire of excelling provoke each other to good works? Or do they urge on men to get the mastery over each other, and lead them to bring their neighbours lower that they may appear the higher? Do men use their sense of justice to disapprove of an injury because it is wrong, or do they change or pervert it into the exercise of revenge and malice?

Institutions to—for what are they designed, and how are they used? Is the sabbath always used to raise men's minds and heart from earth to heaven? Or is that holy day often employed in scenes of riot and blasphemy, with a tendency to degrade the man into a brute? Is the house of God never used by any but sincere worshippers—or is it sometimes filled with those who pollute it with the most solemn mockery towards the God of heaven?

And literary institutions—are they never perverted and rendered subversive of the very objects they profess to promote? Could not a long catalogue of evils be made out as resulting from colleges? Have not some young men been ruined and others injured by being sent to academies and high schools? And even our common schools—how much are they abused! How much evil is learnt at them with some good. Would not the minds of children be more active at home about the house and yards than they are many times in a school-room where the whole employment of a day is to say A and B, and set on a bench?

And what is there that is not abused? And what good thing is there which by abuse does not produce some evil? Little else but evil? How are these abuses and their consequent evil to be prevented? That is a hard question. But in the future numbers of the Lyceum we will aim to be more specific, and to point out the nature and tendency of some abuses, and to suggest some measures to lessen if not to prevent the evils arising from them.—*Family Lyceum.*

Some people are busy, and yet do nothing they fatigue and wear themselves out, and yet drive at no point, nor propose any general end of action or design.

FOR THE MIRROR.

PSALM 1st.

That man is bless'd, whose steps refuse,
To walk the paths the ungodly choose,
Who will not with the sinners stand,
Nor with the scornful join his hand.

That man is bless'd, who takes delight
In meditating day and night,
Upon the laws his God has given,
To guide his feet from earth to heaven.

He shall be like a fruitful tree,
Whose leaves ne'er wither nor decay;
Prosperity shall crown his deeds,
While all he undertakes, succeeds.

His daily thoughts shall upward tend,
His constant prayers to Heaven ascend;
That when his days on earth shall end,
His Maker may be found his Friend.

But he who spurns God's holy laws,
And proves rebellious to his cause,
Shall all his lifetime be the heir
Of disappointment, doubt and care.

And when that solemn day shall come,
Which fixes each one's endless home,
His Judge shall send him to reside
Where everlasting pains abide. S. B.

The Weekly Mirror.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1836.

Encouraged by the support and advice of many of our former Subscribers, we this week present to the Public the first number of the second volume of the *WEEKLY MIRROR*.—Our aim shall be to make it of such a character, that both old and young may be instructed, as well as amused by its contents, but in a more particular manner will its contents be directed to the cultivation and improvement of the youthful mind. We shall fundamentally pursue the same arrangement as in the former volume, and endeavour to improve upon it, in such parts as experience and the advice of our friends may suggest. Original papers have been promised to us by a few individuals, and we invite the aid of all who are friendly to our undertaking and who can contribute any thing that may be interesting or beneficial to the rising generation.

We propose to devote a portion of each number to the Biographies of great and good men—of men eminent for their talents and attainments, that our youthful readers may have examples brought to their notice, worthy of their imitation. We shall also give a column or part of one each week to statistics of local and general interest compiled from the Newspapers. This we deem to be an important improvement—our paper being so small, it can be preserved with but little trouble and at the end of the year be bound at a trifling expense. It will then be valuable as a book of reference not to those who take it, only—but also to individuals who take one or all of the Weekly Newspapers, but who do not take the pains to file them.

As the price of the *MIRROR* is so cheap, we require a large subscription list, to remunerate us for the expenses of publishing—we would therefore be obliged to our Subscribers and friends, if they would use their endeavours to increase the circulation of our Miscellany.

The Legislature of the Province met yesterday for the Dispatch of Business. Mr. Bell was sworn in as a Member for the Township of Halifax. Mr. Crow, for the Township of Onslow, and Mr. Clements for the Township of Yarmouth.

SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

The Committee for purchasing Fuel and Potatoes to be sold to the Poor at a cheap rate, have received from the public, generally solicited £100 1 3 From the Parish of St. Mary's, proceeds of a Church collection for that purpose 39 12 7½

£139 13 10½

Jan. 8.—Mr. Philip Twysford, of Windsor Road, whilst in pursuit of a Cariboo was accidentally shot through the heart, by the discharge of a gun from the person in company.—Jan. 9.—One of the Upper Ferry Boats too deeply laden with shingles, and eight persons on board upset, about the middle of the harbour.—Crew and passengers saved.—On Christmas Eve, Mr. David Myrah, of Lunenburg, was drowned, by falling through the ice, near his father's house.

Supreme Court, Hilary Term, 1836.

Thomas N. Jeffery, L. D. Morton and Thomas V. B. Bingay, Esqrs. Attornies at Law, were admitted and enrolled Barristers of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, for the Province of Nova-Scotia.—Charles Inglis Halliburton, A. B. and John H. Gray, A. B. Students at Law, having taken the usual oaths in open Court, were admitted and enrolled Attornies and Barristers of the said Court.—Hugh W. Hoyle, Jonathan McCully, and Ebenezer F. Munro, Students at Law, having taken the usual Oaths in open Court, were admitted and enrolled Attornies of the said Court.

COLONIAL.

The Government of P. E. Island has devolved upon the Hon. George Wright, by the death of Sir A. W. Young.—Sir Francis Bond Head has been appointed Governor of Upper Canada.—Sir John Colburne to the command of the Troops in Canada.—Sir Peter Halket, G. C. H. to succeed Sir Geo. Cockburn in the command on the W. India & Halifax Stations.—Mr. Macan, of the Irish Bar, to be Chief Justice of P. E. Island.

ENGLISH.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died at his residence at Altrive Lake, Nov. 21.

A Letter containing the following melancholy news was received by the Deputy Postmaster General, on Saturday last.

"H. M. Packet Star, at Sea
Dec. 6, 1835,
Lat. 29, 30 Long. 30.

"Sir,"

His Majesty's Packet Star, bound to Halifax with the November Mail, in lat 46, long 30, met with a very heavy gale of wind, which threw her on her beam ends and dismasted her—washing overboard Lieut. J. BROWN, Commander, and eleven Seamen I am now making the best of my way to Antigua."

Signed JAS. BROWN.
Act'g Lieut and Commander

To the British Consul
Boston.

FOREIGN.

A Committee from France has arrived at Jamaica, to collect intelligence, preparatory to the discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, on the Abolition of Slavery.—Mr. Barton, the American Charge d'Affaires arrived at New-York from France on the 6th inst.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Wright. His funeral will take place from his late residence in Barrington street, on Sunday next at half past one precisely.

On 11th inst of Scarlet Fever, John Weston, son of Mr. Samuel Weston of H. M. O. Inance, aged 20 years.

POETRY.

AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Is it not strange that every creature
Should know the measure of its thirst
(They drink but to support their nature,
And give due moisture to their dust ;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his soul to please his taste ?

O, what a hateful, shameful sight,
Are drunkards reeling through the street ;
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their shame on all they meet.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To troll down liquor through the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
'Till sense and reason are forgot ?

Do they deserve the immortal name
Of man who sinks so far below !
Will God, the Maker of their frame,
Endure to see them spoil it so ?

Can they e'er think of Heaven and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die ?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high ?

The meanest seat is too refined
To entertain a drunkard there,
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
Repent, or perish in despair

VARIETIES.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Few parents are aware of the early period at which the child becomes fixed in the course of life which he ought to pursue ; or, to use a common expression, of the period when he exhibits his natural turn of mind—but, more properly speaking, of the period at which impressions are so deeply made on his own mind, as, with proper treatment and encouragement, to become with him a ruling passion.

In conversation, a short time since, the remark was made, by a very intelligent, yet self-instructed mechanic, that the character of a child may be, and in many cases is, *unchangeably* fixed by the time it is *three years* old. Doubts were expressed of the correctness of this opinion by some of the company, when instances and facts were cited, which went very far towards satisfying those who doubted of its general correctness.

There can be very little doubt that a boy, as well as a girl, may be amused with a *doll* ; or that a girl may take as much pleasure in playing with a hammer or a waggon, as a boy.

It is often a misfortune to society, that parents consult, father, their own wishes and prejudices, than the *bias*, or *turn*, which circumstances may have given to the mind of the child. This should not be so. The

parent may, and is in duty bound to use proper means to direct the mind in a channel which experience and judgement may dictate, as the most likely to ensure the happiness and prosperity of the child ; and those it may in turn influence. Yet a strongly *developed* character, if it be to promote general good, should never be trammelled, or diverted from its natural course : but every evidence of ability, or inclination to excel, should be cherished and applauded : and every aid rendered, which may stimulate it to *excel*.

The child, which, of its own choice, makes a mill, should not be compelled to work on a farm ; nor one that delights in planting and raising flowers or vegetables, to learn a trade ; or those who evince a desire for books, to do either ; but the ruling taste of each, after giving an opportunity for proper development, should be followed and cultivated, and *fostered* and *applauded*.—*Apprentices companion*.

REMINISCENCES.

AN EXTRACT.—The world is often beautiful.—In the soft shadowy season of autumn, in the rich glow of summer, in the brilliant variety of spring, and even in the desolation of winter, the lover of nature finds innumerable charms, unheeded by the worldling, and despised by the misanthropist. And yet there are times when the heart is sensible to them all—when the breathings stillness seems like a reproach for its own gloomy waters, and the gentle harmony of earth, air, and sky, in discordance with its own tempestuous feelings, heightens their darkness by the contrast. Where lies the secret of happiness ? It has always been a favorite topic for discussion, but none ever felt the question satisfactorily answered. And yet there is happiness even in this world ; but it is the happiness of moments only ; and they are given, to be enjoyed not merely in the short period of their existence, but to be cherished for memory to dwell on in lonely hours, and for hope to fix upon, as the most convincing proof that, in another and brighter sphere, we shall enjoy the pleasure sought here in vain. I can remember well when such moments came not seldom ; when many thing which now oft passed unnoticed ; would steal upon my heart with gentle influence, and awake its every spring of joy. I thought not then the cause was in myself. The fresh breeze of morning—the perfume of flowers—the melody of birds—the soft voice and gentle smile of welcome from a friend—each and all of these were sources of pleasure, and I exulted in the thought that I had placed my happiness upon things that cannot fade.

Not many years have passed away, spring still brings its flowers and breezes, but the “ young free heart” that once bounded to meet and welcome them, sickens at the thought, that loved ones, who were wont to share with its joys and sorrows, now

moulder in the grave : or, worse still, live in the world, but are dead to me.

DISCOVERIES.

Such is the title of one of the rare pamphlets of Ben. Johnson, dated 1651 ; and which is among “ the last drops of his quill.” We culi from it some striking and solid observations on men and manners ; in the perusal of which the reader will no doubt be tempted to exclaim—Oh, rare Ben. Johnson.

“ Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I have therefore counselled my friends, never to trust to the fair side, but so to place all things she gave them, that she may take them again without trouble.

“ A beggar suddenly rich, generally becomes a prodigal ; he puts on riot and excess to obscure his former obscurity.

“ No man is so foolish, but he may give another good counsel sometimes ; and no man so wise, but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself, had a tool for his master.

“ Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing, residing in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the uncture of truth. We labour with it more than with the truth.

“ Many men do not themselves believe what they would fain persuade others ; and less do they the thing which they would impose on others ;—but *most* of all, know they what they most confidentially boast.

“ What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of his life in ! in scattering complaints, tendering visits, gathering and vending news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner,

“ Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and contenance. A good life is a main argument.

“ I cannot think nature so decayed as to bring forth nothing worth her former years.—She is always the same, and like herself : and when she collects her strength, is able still.—Men and studies are decayed ; she is not.”

PAINTING, &c.

W. B. STEPHENSON,

Desires leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for their liberal support while in the Firm of Metzler & Stephenson, and to inform them that it is his intention to continue the business at the same stand, Mr. Foreman's Yard, head of Long Wharf ; and hopes by strict attention to merit a share of their support. January, 1836.

EDWIN STERNS,

GOLD AND SILVER SMITH,

Corner of Duke and Barrington Streets. The highest price given for old Gold and Silver. January, 1836.