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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 21

HALIFAX, JUNE 17, 1836.

No. 22.

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 M'Donald'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.

THE ZEBRA.

The Zebra is at once one of the most elegant and the most untameable of animals. Its skin is as smooth as satin, and adorned with elegant stripes, like ribbons, which are brown on a yellowish white ground in the male, and in the female are black on a white ground. The body is round and plump, and the legs of a delicate smallness. The voice of this creature is thought to have a distant resemblance to the sound of a post horn. The Zebra is chiefly found in the southern parts of Africa; whole herds are often seen grazing in those extensive plains that lie near the Cape of Good Hope, and a penalty of fifty six dollars is inflicted on any person who shoots one of them. Such of them as are caught alive are presented to the governor. Several have been brought to England, but, except in one instance, they have all displayed great wildness, and even ferocity. The exception was in that which was burnt some years ago at Exeter Change. It would allow young children to be put upon its back, and was once ridden from the Lyceum to Pimlico; but it was bred and reared in Portugal, from parents half reclaimed. In several other cases, Zebras have attempted to injure spectators, and have not even spared their keepers.

BIOGRAPHY.

XENOPHON.

Xenophon, an illustrious Athenian philosopher, soldier, and historian, born in the 82d, and died in the 105th Olympiad, leaving behind him many excellent works, of which a fine collection is happily come down to us. The principal of these are, the Cyropædia, or the life, discipline, and actions, of the

Elder Cyrus; seven books of Expedition of the younger Cyrus into Persia, and of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under himself; seven books of the Memorabilia of Socrates, with the Apologia Socrates, and the Hellenica or several books of Grecian history, being a continuation of Thucydides to 48 years farther.

EDWARD YOUNG

Edward Young, a divine and poet, was born at Upham, in Hampshire, in 1681, and died in 1765. As a poet he shines in his Night Thoughts, which abound with sublimities, but are often very obscure. His poem on the Last Day is also a performance of great merit. Besides these works, he wrote the Revenge, and the Brothers, tragedies; The Centaur not Fabulous, a moral Satire; Estimates of Human Life, a sermon; Conjectures on Original Composition; The Love of Fame the Universal Passion; some papers in the Spectator; and Miscellaneous poems.

THE MAD DOG.

*Wouldst thou inflict no needless pain,
And do thy fellow man no wrong,
With prudent, kindly care, restrain
The poison of a slanderous tongue.*

The sun was blazing in the sky, the cattle were hanging their heads beneath the shade of the oak trees, the horses were shaking their ears and swinging their long tails from side to side to keep off the flies, myriads of gnats were rising and falling in their sport at the corner of the thatched hovel, and the pool by the old yew tree was almost dry. It was indeed one of the hottest summers that had been known in the memory of man.

*The sow lay deep in a miry bed,
The sheep lay panting on the ground,
And man and bird and beast had fled
From the burning heat that reign'd around.*

Wellings the wheelwright, and Sherrad the Shoemaker, were setting in the shade at the door of the Malt shovel, with a pot of porter before them; and old Norbury the blacksmith was hastily hammering away at his anvil, that he might finish the job in which he was engaged and join his neighbours at the door of the Malt Shovel.

Jenny Stevens was sitting on the step at her door knitting a white worsted stocking and now and then looking on her chubby-

cheeked little girl, rolling on the grass; and the magpie, in the wicker cage, was hopping down from his perch and up again; when a noise was heard at the other end of the village. The hubbub increased, and half a dozen people were seen running towards the Malt Shovel armed with different weapons. As they came nearer their voices were distinctly heard crying out, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" Jenny Stevens threw down her knitting, and snatched up her child. Wellings and Sherrad seized hold of a mop and a besom which stood near the brewhouse; and old Norbury ran out of his smithy, in his leather apron, with a red hot iron in his hand.

A dog was now seen running with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, a dozen lads, too, who had been distanced in the chase now came in sight, bawling, and squalling, and following the men and the dog. The whole village was in a riot, but as soon as the dog was seen running foaming at his mouth, every one tried to get out of his way. Old Nanny Flemming the washerwoman, with her fat sides, waddled screaming into the house of her next neighbour. Tippen the tailor's apprentice, who was sitting on the Shopboard with the window open, leaped up as suddenly as if he had been shot; and Mary Stokes, at the huckster's, as she poured out some treacle into a basin, let fall the treacle can, broke the basin, and fled into the brewhouse, half frightened out of her senses; while men, women, and children joined in the cry, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Just as the dog came up Sam Broughton, the butcher, had reached a leg of mutton from a hook at his shop door. Kitty Mullens was standing with a pail of water on her head; and the churchwarden came up trotting along on his brown pony. No sooner did the cry of a mad dog reach them than Sam dropped the leg of mutton on the ground. Kitty Mullens overturned her pail of water, and the churchwarden clapping his heels to the sides of his brown pony set off on a gallop up the green lane.

And now away went the dog with twenty people at his heels. Wellings with a mop, Sherrad with a besom, and old Norbury, with the iron he had been welding in his hand, joined in the chase. The tailor's apprentice seized hold of his master's yard, and Sam Broughton snatched up the cleaver to hasten after the motley throng, while the

cry rose higher than before, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

Never sure was such a confusion known. The dog followed the churchwarden, and the throng followed the dog, running, panting, and shouting loud enough to raise the whole parish; wherever they went, the hubbub increased, women were bawling, children squalling, men shouting, and dogs barking.

When the dog had got to the old yew tree, he ran up the narrow lane leading to Benson's barn, followed hard by his pursuers; but unluckily the gate at the top was shut, and the bars were too close for the dog to get through, so he turned suddenly back again and put his tormentors to the rout. Old Norbury was behind, but in turning round his long leathern apron got between his legs and threw him down, Boughton tumbled over him, Wellings and Sherrod fell over the butcher, and the tailor's apprentice leaped into the old sawpit by the side of the lane.

For a moment all was consternation and dismay, but no sooner did they find themselves unbiten by the dog than the wheelwright and the shoemaker rose from the ground, the butcher picked up his cleaver, the blacksmith his bar of iron, and the tailor's apprentice crept out of the sawpit.

And now again the dog was seen running with as many people after him as before, panting, puffing, and shouting as loud as they could bawl, "A mad dog! a mad dog!"

*And clamour and confusion rung
The peaceful lanes and fields among.*

The dog passed near the school on the hill, and the boys, being at play, sallied forth, in a band, to join the chase. Farmer Brown was talking to some of his men when the dog crossed a field of clover near the house, the farmer ran into the house for his gun, the shepherd laid hold of a hay fork, and the cowlad picked up a brick end. The dog was almost exhausted, the sun was hotter than ever, the butcher with his red face was out of breath, and old Norbury the blacksmith was full fifty yards behind, the cowlad threw his brickend at the dog and knocked him head over heels, the farmer fired but missed him, the shepherd ran forwards with his hay fork, but the dog crept through a hole in the hedge, rolled down the steep bank into the Stone Quarry Lane, and slowly padded along towards Pike Pool.

None but the farmer, the shepherd, and the cowlad were able to keep near the dog, which was at last killed by the shepherd, who knocked him on the head just as he scrambled up a sand bank.

Thus ended the hubbub and confusion, the running, the panting, the bawling, the squalling, and the clamorous cry of "A mad dog! a mad dog!" the boys returned to school and the throng moved slowly back towards the village in triumph.

The farmer led the way with his gun in his hand, the shepherd shouldered his hay fork, the wheelwright and shoemaker carried their mop and besom, the butcher bore his cleaver, and the blacksmith his iron bar.

When they arrived at the Malt Shovel, Perrins the village schoolmaster was standing under the trees at the door talking with the exciseman. Perrins was a square, thin man, about fifty years of age, dressed in a threadbare suit of black cloth; meekness and intelligence might be read in his face, nor was there one in the whole village who did not respect him,

*He was a man who, upright in his ways,
Had lived in happier times, and better days,
And was, by all the rustics round, confest,
Of village schoolmasters to be the best.*

When the Farmer and the rest of the throng sat down on the benches under the trees and began to boast of killing the dog, "My good neighbours," said Perrins, "I am afraid that you have not so much to boast of as you imagine; you have killed the dog it is true, but the dog was no more mad than I am."

Just as he said this, old Norbury was lifting a pot of porter to his lips, for the chase after the dog, and the hot, broiling sun had sadly parched him, but he lowered the pot to reply to the schoolmaster, "Not mad, master Perrins? I reckon that if you had seen him, with the foam in his mouth, when he turned up the lane, you would be of another mind; if ever dog was mad, he was!"

Here Norbury took a hearty draught at the porter pot.

"And so say I," said the butcher, "never did a madder dog run on four legs; but we have done for him."

"There can be no doubt at all about the dog being mad," cried the farmer, "but mad or not mad, he is harmless enough now."

"If the dog really was mad," replied the schoolmaster, "he must have been driven mad by the mischievous prank that was played him. I have made it my business to inquire into the matter; and I find that the poor animal was lying, quietly enough, half asleep in widow Perkins' back door till some unlucky lads tied a tin kettle to his tail; then he set off, sure enough, like a mad thing, but had he been left to himself, all might have ended well; just, however, as he had got rid of the tin kettle the cry was raised, 'A mad dog!' and then the poor thing was hunted to death."

The farmer, the shepherd, the wheelwright, the shoemaker, the butcher, and the blacksmith, looked at each other, for they believed every word that the schoolmaster had spoken, and Perrins thus went on:

"We are too apt, my good neighbours, to believe in every idle report, and to join in persecuting the miserable; I am sorry for poor widow Perkins, it is not more than

three years ago that her son, as honest a lad as ever was born, got a place as footman in a gentleman's family. The gentleman was robbed, and some evil disposed person spread the report that young Perkins must be the thief. He was turned away, every body shunned him, and driven to distraction by want, and reproach, he at last became a thief in reality, and a month ago was transported. It was found out when too late, that Perkins was innocent of robbing his master; but that did not signify, he had a bad name given him, and that occasioned his destruction, just like the poor dog that you have all hunted to death.

"Let these things be a lesson to us all, that we may be more careful how we join in reports that may be spread by slander, and in cruel persecutions, that may lead to the destruction of either man or beast."

The farmer and the shepherd walked away, the wheelwright and the shoemaker took their leave, the butcher and the tailor's apprentice went off together, and old Norbury, the blacksmith, once more entered his smithy leaving the meek and merciful schoolmaster alone with the exciseman.

ANECDOTE.—"An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters, in the ordinary practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'when any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing, and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.' Such a use of this accomplishment, might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion are a sweet touching accompaniment."

JUSTICE.—Sir Matthew Hale, when chief Baron of the exchequer, was very exact, and impartial in his administration of justice. He would never receive any private addresses, or recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first peers of England, went once to his chamber, and told him, that having a suit in law to be tried before him; he was then come to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should be heard in court; upon which Sir Matthew interrupted him, and said, he did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs; for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike, and would not suffer him to go on. The Duke went away, and complained of it to the king, as a rudeness that was not to be borne. But his Majesty bade him

content himself, that he was no worse used, and added, "He would have used me no better, had I gone to solicit him in one of my own causes."

TO MAKE A CHEAP PAINT, OR WHITE WASH.—Take 2 quarts skimmed milk; 2 ounces fresh slaked lime; 5 pounds whiting. Put the lime into a stone vessel, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of milk to make a mixture resembling cream, then add the remainder of the milk. When this is done, crumble and spread the whiting on the surface of the fluid, in which it will gradually sink. It must, after all the whiting has been precipitated, be well stirred, or ground as you would other paint when it will be fit for use. By the addition of any coloring matter you may make it suit your fancy. It should be put on with a paint brush, and when dry a second coat should be given. The quantity above mentioned is sufficient for 27 square yards.—*N. E. FARMER.*

TO MAKE PERPETUAL YEAST.—Take a pound of fine flour, make it the thickness of gruel with boiling water, add to it half a pound of loaf sugar, mix them well together, put three spoonful of well purified yeast into a large vessel, upon which put the above ingredients, and they will soon ferment violently. Collect the yeast off the top, and put it into a small neck pot, cover it up from air, and place it in a dry and warmish place; when used in part, replace with flour made into a thin paste, and sugar in the former proportion. I saw this used after it had been five months made. No yeast is necessary except the first time.

Interesting Facts.—Gibbon resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who out of his rents expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine, not having had courage openly to assail it. Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of christianity which required the hands of 12 apostles to build up. At this day the press which he employed at Ferny to print his blasphemies is actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the self-same engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible is engaged in disseminating its truths. It may also be added as a remarkable circumstance, that the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which Hume died.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

The Faithful Pastor.—"In illustration of my argument," said Dr. Gilly, "I will relate an anecdote, as it was told me by a well known Irish character, Thaddeus Con-

nolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, and instructing the lower classes in their native language. 'I went,' said he, 'one Sunday, into a church, to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After service, I expressed to the clergyman my surprise that he should hold forth so fervently to such a small number.' 'Were there but one,' said the Rector, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.' The following year Conolly went into the same church, the congregation was multiplied twenty fold; a third year he found the church full."

HORRIBLE MASSACRE.—The Awashonks visited Brinyard's or Brinard's Island, one of the cluster known as King's Mill Groupe, sometime in July last, and a number of the natives, having evinced quite a peaceable disposition, had been allowed to come on board. One day, however, while one watch was below, and others of the crew at mast head, Capt. Coffin exhibited a whale spade to the savages, when one of them hastily snatched the instrument from his hands, and without the least provocation, at one blow literally severed the head from his shoulders! Mr. Gardiner, the first officer, instantly seized the weapon, and wrenching it from the murderer's grasp, despatched him in a moment. He then retreated below; but on attempting to return, with the hope of saving the ship, he was slain in the hatchway by a whale spade, which entered his chest, passing down into the abdomen! Mr. Swain, the 2d officer, after witnessing this appalling butchery rushed out upon the jibboom, and dropped overboard; but was killed with clubs by the barbarians from the canoes. A boy on deck at the time, ran below, and after being cut by whale spades so that his shoulder blades protruded, alarmed the watch; when the third mate procured a keg of powder, and perceiving the head of the chief through the gangway, discharged at him a loaded musket, and shot him dead. On discovering the fall of their chief, the natives abandoned the ship, which immediately got under way, and proceeded to Oahu. The individuals who have thus fallen victims to the ferocity and treachery of these South Sea demons, were all natives of Nantucket. The Awashonks belongs to Falmouth, and had 650 barrels of oil at the time of the massacre. She will probably not pursue the voyage, but return home forthwith.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

A TERRIBLE RENCOUNTER AND DEATH.—A colored man, living in Liberty Valley, Perry co-Pennsylvania, met with an untimely and fearful death, a short time since. Our informant states, he had been employed during the day by some of his

neighbors butchering, and was returning home in the evening, (as it is presumed) with a portion of the day's spoils, given him by his employers, which attracted a gang of wolves that infested his path. They attacked the poor fellow and literally tore him in piece-meals. His remains were found the next day, surrounded by some of the evidences of the desperation with which he ended his life. The only weapon to defend himself with was an ordinary knife he had been using at his work, and there lay round his mutilated body, five of these ferocious animals gashed in every imaginable manner. It is supposed there must have been a dozen or more in the gang, from the sight which the scene of this unhappy occurrence presented.—*Juniata Journal.*

MARRIED.

On Sunday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Mr. John S. Edsall, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Carritt.

At Wolfville, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Pryor, A. M. James R. Fitch, Esq. of Wilmot, to Sarah B. third daughter of the late Michael B. Grant, Esq.

DIED.

On Tuesday Morning last, of Whooping Cough, Robert John, youngest son of Mr. William Wilson, aged 11 months.

Baptist Association.

THE Annual Meeting of the Association of the Baptist Churches in Nova-Scotia, is expected to take place in the Granville-Street Chapel, Halifax, on Monday and Tuesday, 27th and 28th instant.

As many ministers and messengers from different parts of the Province, as well as delegates from New-Brunswick and the United States are expected to be present, Divine service will commence on Saturday, the 25th, at 3 o'clock, and at half-past seven in the evening; on th. Sabbath day there will be three full services at the usual hours; and the business on the following day will be preceded by divine service and a sermon. June 17.

To Tailors.

A healthy, active BOY, possessing good morals, who is desirous of learning the above business, wishes a situation as an apprentice to the same; he is now 14 years of age,—and can be well recommended.—Application to be made at this Office.

June 17.

BLANKS.

Bills of Lading, Seamen's Articles, (new form) Outward and Inward Reports, Contents, &c. &c. for sale at this office.



[From the United Service Journal.]

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY MRS. PARDOE.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on ;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone :
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for a grave—
When full in sight, the beacon light,
Came streaming o'er the wave.
Then widely rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew ;
Boldly they put the helm about
And through the surf they flew ;
Storm was forgot—tilt heeded not—
And loud the cheer they gave—
As, full in sight, the beacon light
Came streaming o'er the wave:
And gaily of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore ;
How hearts had sunk and hopes grown cold
Amid the billow's roar,
When not a star had shone from far
By its pale beam to save—
Then, full in sight the beacon light
Came streaming o'er the wave.
Thus, in the night of nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart—
When cheering hopes no more illumine,
And prospects all depart ;—
Then, from afar, there shone a star,
With cheering light to save ;
And full in sight, its beacon light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BOATMAN'S HOME.

How swiftly flies the rolling tide,
And fast sinks yonder sun ;
And see how merrily we glide,
Now all our labour's done.

Our wives so kind, their smiles so sweet,
Our babes with out-stretched arms,
And then our cots so clean and neat,
These are the boatman's charms.

Our wives prepare our frugal meal,
With what our nets contain ;
Upon our knees, our urchins steal,
A father's kiss to gain.

And while we chat, or merry sing,
Of dangers fearless passed ;
We envy not a nation's king,
Or fear the howling blast.

Then pull my lads with might and main,
Hard to our oars let's bend ;
We're hastening to our cots again
Where all our labours end.

From the Church of England Magazine.

THE TWO HEARTS.

Some time ago, I dreamed I was in a kind of laboratory, in the midst of which sat a venerable man, deeply occupied in examining something on a table near him. I drew near and on looking closely, discovered he was employed in the dissection of a human heart,

At the first glance it appeared fair to the view : but the operator whose name was Truth, applied to it a small mirror of exquisite workmanship, and invited me to examine it. I did so and was surprised to find the heart of a very dark colour, and in many places deformed ; it felt also, when I touched it, very hard and cold. You seem astonished," said the surgeon ; know you not that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ; and this is the heart in its natural state—the name of this mirror is the Law of God, and it is so perfect as invariably to detect any flaw.

He then pointed out to me certain words engraven very legibly on the surface of the heart. In the most prominent part, I distinctly read (for it was in strong characters) the word SELF. Lower down were " pride, anger, hypocrisy, ambition, craft, avarice," and many others of a similar kind. In one corner my director informed me I should find the motives ; but they were so heaped together, and in such a confused state, that I was unable to distinguish them. He then took a sharp kind of probe called the word of God, and by dividing the mass laid them out in order before me. Heb. 4. 12, I turned away from the picture in sadness and disgust, " Yes replied he," as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

The dim light afforded by reason and conscience, is too often obscured by the shades of passion and self-love ; no light but that of truth is adequate to the discovery. But cannot this heart be rectified ? asked I eagerly. " No" replied the old man ; but a new one may be substituted. There is but one who can effectually change it, and he promises to give new hearts to those who seek them. I have a heart of his workmanship ; if you like I will show it to you." He then produced, in careful preservation, a heart widely different from the other, of fair colour and soft to the touch, appearing in some parts as though it had been broken : on inspecting it more narrowly for the words I had seen on the other, I found in large letters (what the surgeon informed me was the first impression the maker stamped upon it, and with his own private seal) the word LOVE. Below indeed, I perceived the word SELF, but on a level with it was NEIGHBOUR, and while in the former, every thing relating to God was omitted, here in every part, in the most inward recesses, I met with his name.

Faith, hope, devotion, humility and many other graces were there, but I should have very imperfectly distinguished them without the assistance of a lamp called good works.

I noticed, however, a few spots here and there, which I remarked to my companion, these, said he are the cause of great sorrow to the owner of the heart, for they open again those wounds in it which you have perceived, and often erase the word PEACE,

which had been stamped upon it. In spite of all his efforts, those stains are ever contracting—there is but one fountain in which they can be cleansed, a fountain rising in Mount Calvary, and called the blood of Christ.

I was proceeding to make further inquiries, when, in my sorrow ; I suddenly awoke and I found that it was only a dream.

Alexander Wilson, BLACKING MANUFACTURER.

FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public, that he has taken the store.

No. 10, Sackville Street (near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market : he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure that share of patronage he humbly solicits.—Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each label is subscribed with the Manufacturer's name.

Which is the best ? why mine, will each cry out, That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—Thus they decide, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.

☞ Bottles wanted.

May 27.

SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of the Subscriber, a large assortment of Flower and Garden Seeds

These Seeds have been obtained from the same House in London, whose supplies for the last four years, have given such general satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.

Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.
May 9.

G. HOBSON, Engraver and Copper-Plate Printer, No. 39, DUKE-STREET.

☞ Maps, Plans, Bills of Exchange, Bill Heads, Address and Visiting Cards, Arms and Crests, Labels, &c. neatly designed, engraved and printed. Metal Seals, Door Plates, Dog Collars, and Dandy Ornaments, neatly engraved.

May 13, 1836.

☞ A middle aged woman wishes a situation as Housekeeper, Nurse, or to do plain sewing.—Good reference as to character can be produced. A line addressed to M. N. and left at this Office, will be attended to,
June 10.