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THE WEEKLY MIRROR.



Vol. 27

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No. 15

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 very cheap rate.

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NATURAL HISTORY.

ORNITHORHYNCHUS.

The Ornithorhynchus, or the *platypus* of New-Holland belongs to Cuvier's sixth order of mammalia, namely edentata; so called from the limited number, or absence of teeth. When first discovered, the structure of this singular creature excited the utmost astonishment among the scientific of the day, and many points in the economy of its organization are yet enveloped in mystery. It appears, indeed, in some respects, to form a link between the birds and the mammalia.

Inhabiting marshes and rivers, its conformation is adapted, as is very evident, for such a locality; the body is covered with short close-set fur, like that of an otter, the hind-feet are partially webbed; the fore-feet so much so, that the webs do not only extend from toe to toe, but pass considerably beyond their extremities; forming a broad membrane. The nails of the hind feet are constructed for digging. The limbs are short, those behind being armed in the male, with a strong sharp horny spur. The eyes are very minute, and buried deep in the fur. The muzzle is elongated into the form of a broad and flattened beak with serrated edges, like those in the beak of a duck, to act as a strainer in sifting food from the water; and each mandible is furnished with a leathery projection rising from its root where it joins the fur of the head. At the bottom of the mouth there are, however, two small rudimentary teeth above and below, destitute of roots, and adhering only to the gum.

The ornithorhynchus, is shy and reclusive in its habits; in the water it dives with the utmost rapidity, and on land, notwithstanding the shortness of the legs, it trips along with considerable quickness.

Lieut. Maule, from whose zeal much information has been derived respecting this animal, observes, that "the platypus burrows in the banks of the rivers, choosing

generally a spot where the water is deep and sluggish, and the bank precipitous and covered with reeds, or overhung by trees. Considerably beneath the level of the stream's surface, is the main entrance to a narrow passage which leads directly into the bank, bearing away from the river (at a right angle to it), and gradually rising above its highest water-mark. At the distance of some few yards from the river's edge this passage branches into two others which, describing each a circular course to the right and left, unite again in the nest itself, which is a roomy excavation, lined with leaves and moss, and situated seldom more than twelve yards from the water, or less than two feet beneath the surface of the earth. Several of their nests were with considerable labour and difficulty, discovered.

The ornithorhynchus is scarce where it was formerly very common, and is now only to be met with in abundance in the interior of New Holland, remote from the colonial settlements.

The average length of this animal is from twelve to fifteen inches; the fur is of a uniform blackish chocolate brown, a small white spot indicating the situation of the eye. The fur of the tail is harsh, and grows so as to make the extremity bifid.

BIOGRAPHY.

ORIGEN.

Origen a father of the church, was born at Alexandria A. D. 185, of christian parents. He taught grammar for his own support, and that of his mother and brethren, but was relieved of this employment by Demetrius, who appointed him catechist of his church. From Alexandria he went to Rome, where he began his famous *Hexapla*, or the Bible in different languages. At the command of his bishop he returned to Alexandria, and was ordained. Soon after this he began his Commentaries on the Scriptures; but Demetrius, who envied his reputation, persecuted him with violence, and in a council assembled in 231, it was decreed that Origen should desist from preaching, and quit the city. On this he went to Casarea, where he was well received by the bishop, and permitted to preach. He was consulted in several episcopal synods: but in the persecution under Decius he was thrown into prison, and put to the torture. On his release he applied himself to his ministerial labours, and to writing. He died in 254.

OVID.

Ovid, Publius Ovidius Naso, a Latin poet was born at Sulmon Italy, B. C. 43. Being intended for the law, he was sent to Rome for education, and from thence to Athens. He made a considerable progress in eloquence; but poetry had more charms for him than the art of pleading. On settling at Rome, his accomplishments procured him many friends, particularly Augustus, who, however, ordered him to be banished to the banks of the Euxine sea, where he died A. D. 17. The works of Ovid extant are, his *Metamorphoses*; the *Art of Love*; *Elegies*; *Epistles*; and fragments. The best edition is that of Burmann, 4 vols 8vo.

THE VILLAGE.—No. 8.

ESTHER WILLIAMS.

Those who are unaccustomed to the country sometimes wonder, when they pay it an occasional visit, how such large tracts of land are cultivated; for, unless it be in the busy seasons, there are very few labourers to be seen. A stranger might, at times, walk over a thousand acres without seeing a score of men at work on the land. One man may be seen, perhaps, mending a hedge; another digging a ditch; while two or three at a distance are spreading manure; but for the most part, the fields are seen without labourers. In busy times, however, the case is very different. In the ploughing season half a dozen teams may be seen in one field; and what with picking stones, clearing the ground, burning weeds, sowing, harrowing, and rolling, the country appears busy enough. Then when haymaking comes, go where you will you will find the working people all alive—men, women, boys, and girls. Here are the mowers all in a row, sweeping down with their scythes the long fresh grass. There are the laughing haymakers with their forks and rakes, tossing about, raking, and forming into cocks the sweet scented hay; and yonder are the wagons being loaded; men on each side pitching up the hay with long forks, and others at the top receiving and putting it in order. Some of the labourers' clothes are placed under the hedge with the wooden bottles of drink, and Tiger, the little black terrier dog, is lying on a blue jacket, keeping guard; with two or three children playing around. I never gaze on such a scene without gratitude and joy. Look on the bountiful provision that a gracious God has made, even for the beasts of the field.

"Doth God care for oxen?" Yes, and for all the creatures he has made; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

The earth, in the time of harvest, is like a large banqueting board profusely spread; and the bountiful Giver sends out, as it were, into the highways and hedges, and compels his creatures to come and partake of the feast which he has provided for man, for bird, and for beast. Then it is that the inhabitants of the country are seen; then it is that the farm-houses and cottages pour forth their inmates into the field, and every hand is engaged in gathering in the abundance that covers the face of the land. There is, however, something in the very midst of this abundance to oppress the spirit; and that is the knowledge that a few only, of the many who are employed in gathering in the harvest, are thankful to the "Lord of the harvest" for his abundant bounty. How many a farmer, whose barns are filled with plenty, never offers the praises of a grateful heart to Him who giveth "seed-time and harvest," and health and strength to gather the grain into the garner? How many a labourer whose garden has yielded abundantly, whose health has been preserved, whose wages have been duly paid, and who is provided for the coming winter, never thinks of bending his knee in humble acknowledgement of his unworthiness, nor raises a song of praise to the bountiful Bestower of all his comforts!

I had walked for miles through fields of corn and meadows, gazing with a grateful heart on the harvest scenes which surrounded me, when the sun began to decline. I hastened on, having to call at a farm-house before my return. Now it happened that Esther Williams, one of the Sundayschoolars, was there; so, when I returned, Esther and I walked together.

Esther is a weakly timorous child, but it pleases God often, of his mercy, to give to his creatures one gift, to make amends for the absence of another. Esther is one of the most submissive children I ever knew; not only to the dispensations of God, but also under the little daily trials which often make bolder children very unhappy. When she is rebuked, she takes it patiently, whether she be in fault or not; and this patient, submissive spirit, keeps her in peace when others are in trouble. For two years she was confined to her bed, and it was thought that she would never rise from it in health. During that time I saw much of her. Many are the hours which I have passed by the sick bed of little Esther; where her patience and submission have instructed me, while I endeavoured to give her comfort and instruction.

We had proceeded about a mile, when the sky, which had for some time before been unusually gloomy, assumed an appearance somewhat fearful. The day had been very hot, and even then, at eventide, it was

close and sultry. Not a breath of air was stirring, and every now and then I saw poor Esther's eyes directed to the darkened heavens. It was not a dark cloud here and there, such as are seen frequently in summer time before a storm, but an overwhelming gloom, covering three parts of the heavens, and rapidly rolling along over the remainder. The cattle were seen huddling together under the trees; for though not a drop of rain had yet descended, there seemed a sort of suspense hanging in the heavens, which neither man nor beast could misunderstand. Just as we reached the knolly ground by the river-side, a big drop or two began to fall, and I looked about for a sheltering tree; for the umbrella which I had with me was not sufficiently large to shelter Esther and myself in the coming storm. There was a hovel at no great distance; but before we reached it we were told in a voice of thunder, that the Almighty was abroad with his storms. Such a clap of thunder I never remember to have heard. It seemed directly over our heads, and very near us; and Esther clung to me as though I could protect her. Poor child! I was as defenceless as herself. "The Lord," said I, "Esther, is nigh unto all them that call upon him; to all that call upon him in truth." We were standing under the extended boughs of two large elm trees. I knew that it was dangerous to stand under a tree, on account of the lightning, which is frequently attracted by trees; but all at once the rain had descended like a deluge, so that we were glad the refuge afforded us by the branches. The lightning came flashing around, as though commissioning to wither the trees above us; and again such thunder claps, that poor Esther, who stood on a hillock under the trees, leaning against me, hid her face. "I know it comes from God," said she; "but it is very terrible." "Yes, Esther, but the same God whose lightning and thunder are now afflicting the earth, so loved the world that he sent his own Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us. Ought we not, then, to trust in his mercy and compassion?" I could hear Esther's broken voice every now and then, and I knew that she was putting up a prayer to the Father of mercies. It is an excellent exhortation given by the Apostle James, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." For it is wonderful how the heart is relieved by pouring out its sorrows before the throne of grace, and casting its burdens upon Him who has promised to sustain them. Two hours we remained under the trees in that terrible tempest; but though we were crenched to the skin; though the lightning was as fire around us, and as bright the dark surface of the running river; though the thunder broke over us in crashing peals; the commands of the Most High were given to the storm, that a hair of our heads might not be injured. "And what did you pray for, Esther," said I, when the tempest had pass-

ed,—"that the storm might abate?" "No, sir," she replied; "I prayed that I might be able to submit to God's will, whether I should be struck with the lightning, or kept in safety." Many times since then have I thought of the prayer of Esther Williams, as a suitable petition to be offered up, not in a tempest of thunder and lightning only, but in every earthly storm and trial. The morning after the tempest, I heard that, at no great distance from the place where we stood by the river side, more than twenty sheep were killed under a tree, by the storm.

We seldom forget those who have shared danger and affliction with us; and, since that storm, I have been drawn more and more in my affections towards little Esther. May we, neither of us, ever cease to be grateful for our preservation in that terrible storm, nor to trust in God's mercy; but in every trial to put up the prayer, through Jesus Christ, that we may be able to submit to God's will, whether struck by his lightnings, or preserved in safety. But I certainly do not intend to recommend my readers to take shelter under trees, in such a case, but would rather recommend them to push on, though wet to the skin. Not forgetting, however, that God alone can preserve them.

SCENES ON A FIELD OF BATTLE.

On the evening of the 13th of —, 18—, Captain William Crawford, after having looked to the well-being of the remnant of his troop—sad symbol of glory dearly purchased on the morrow!—drew his cloak around him, and once more bent his steps to the gory field. Many a brave fellow who, but a few hours before, had followed him to the charge, now lay stiff and cold!—others, with hearts still clinging to a world in which all their hopes and joys had centred, with bodies agonized with pain, and minds distracted by surrounding scenes of blood—now first beheld, yawning to receive them, that dread eternity, till then so little thought of! To such, Crawford could only give a passing sigh, and fervent prayer for their speedy release from misery, as he passed on to the spot where his devoted regiment had fought that morning, in which regiment it seemed next to marvellous that he and a few more should have survived. It was a sickening sight around him; but, as he had seen such before, he came not to display his sensibility, but humanity—not to moralize, but to act—to assist the living, if such there were, and not to weep for the dead. "It was in heading the charge," said Crawford, "that St. Clair fell. I saw his upraised arm sink powerless by his side. I knew he was struck, for in another moment his horse rushed across me without a rider—it could not be far from hence." Crawford called aloud, in hope of some feeble reply, "Edward St. Clair! His voice echoed awfully over the field of dead. Again he pronounced the

name of his friend—"Edward St. Clair it is Crawford calls!" This time his cry was not unheeded, for a faint groan was heard, and a feeble voice exclaimed.—"If a friendly hand be near, give me a drop of water, for the love of Heaven, to quench my parched lips." Crawford turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and there beheld the countenance of one with whom he was well acquainted. "Poor Reynolds! is it you?" and approaching him, he knelt by his side, and gently raised his head. "Who is it speaks?" inquired the wounded man. "It cannot be Captain St. Clair?" "No, it is Crawford;" and he moistened the soldier's lips from the flask of brandy and water which he had the precaution to bring with him. "I thank you, Sir," said the wounded man: "but my own captain where is he? I saw the ball strike his side—I shot the rascally Frenchman; but I was wounded myself in another moment. I tried to crawl where my officer lay; but it was beyond my strength. I cannot tell why, but when I heard your voice, I thought it was his;—my head was confused, I suppose—it is better now." "You know then where St. Clair lies?" demanded Crawford eagerly. "It cannot be far from here," replied Reynolds; "he fell just by a single chesnut-tree—it is so dark, or my eyes are so dim, that I cannot make it out." "I see it well." "Then pray, Sir, take no thought of me; look after him, I beg." "In a moment; but first, my good fellow, I must do what I can for your welfare." "You can do nothing for me but put me into the earth. What use will life be to me, Sir, without my precious limb! I know it must go, even if your kindness saves my life." "We will hope for the best, Reynolds. In the mean time, be tranquil, whilst I go and seek for my poor friend." Having placed the wounded soldier in the position most easy to his shattered leg, Crawford hastened to the spot directed, where, beneath the solitary chesnut-tree, withered and dying, like all around from the combat of the morn, lay the object of his search, pale and motionless, but life still marked by a small, tremulous pulse. In opening his dress to give him air, the blood oozed slowly from the fatal wound in the chest. To fan the faint embers of returning life, Crawford had recourse to the slender means in his power; and the gentle pressure of his hand in recognition, and as proof of returning life, gave him a momentary satisfaction almost amounting to joy. St. Clair turned his heavy eyes towards his friend, who ventured to address him with an inquiry as to his hurt. "My hurt is to death," faintly said the dying man. "God forbid!" "Rather, God's will be done!" A pause ensued. St. Clair seemed gradually to revive; but Crawford's experience made him guess too well, from the nature of the wound, that it must be mortal. "Is there any thing I can do for you, St. Clair?—have you

any thing to say? I must also to obey your most minute wishes, and to do all in my power for you, living or dead." "You are very good." Then, after collecting breath, he continued, "I have two poor boys in England—orphans they soon will be—take them to my brother St. Clair, when you return home, and ask him to be kind to them for my sake; implore him to befriend them—to look after their morals and education, and to protect the little fortune they possess. I do not doubt his affection to myself; but my dying wishes must find a passage to his heart for my poor children, if they could not have reached it otherwise. There are others of the family to whom I could wish to recommend them; for, without parents, they cannot have too many friends: but I doubt not their love, for my sake—we were ever an attached family." Poor St. Clair ceased. Crawford promised to fulfil all his desires, and added—"Humble as I am compared to those you name, yet if they all desert them, so will not I; if others fail them, my means shall be their means, my home shall be their home." "They cannot fail," sighed St. Clair,—"they cannot desert their own blood: but if they do," he added with renewed energy, "may you befriend them, and may your reward be all the love, duty, and gratitude that generous natures are capable of, and of which others will be undeserving. You can tell them how I died. . . . and if their profession be that of arms, tell them. . . . here St. Clair's voice became thick. Crawford pressed his friend's hand to his breast as he murmured in his dying ear—"I will tell them to be all their father was before them; to unite, like him, the bravery of a soldier to the tenderness of a woman: that, living, they may be equally beloved, and, dying, as sincerely mourned." Crawford ceased. No answer was returned—the noble spirit had fled to him who gave it.

FRIENDSHIP.

In this world of sorrow and disappointment the consolations afforded by friendship seem granted to us expressly for our happiness. Man being a social and rational being, is capable of taking great enjoyment in the society of his fellow men. But the society of all his acquaintance does not please him equally well; and he naturally chooses the company of those whose views and feelings are most congenial to his own. Indeed it would be very unnatural in choosing a friend to set aside one whose views and feelings were like our own, and choose one with whom he had no feelings in common. I do not mean that friends should always think alike, upon every subject—that would be impossible; but their views, so far as possible, should be in accordance.—Where true friendship exists, little differences of opinion will never cause a separation. Each one will be willing to weigh candidly the arguments adduced by his friends; and if they cannot agree will at least indulge in no hardness.

In the choice of our friends we should not be hasty. Many, there are, who carry about with them the semblance of honesty, that are the most perfidious wretches upon earth. It behoves every one, therefore, to be cautious in whom he confides. He that would not be betrayed should know well whom he trusts.

A true friend is the greatest earthly possession a man can be possessed of. In the society of a bosom friend we can find consolation and support in the hour of trouble. When Slander, with its serpent tongue, is defaming our character, we need one who knows us well, to defend it before the world. If we have a true friend he will ever consider it incumbent upon him to defend our character before the world, so far as is consistent with truth and justice.—No further than this should it be defended. If we use unfair means in the defence of a friend, we do him an injury.

What is all the wealth of the Indies, if there is no one on earth whom we can call a friend? If we are friendless this world must be but a dreary abode—a solitary home. Let the miser hoard his wealth—let the ambitious man possess renown, I ask not for wealth or fame, if I must be deprived of my friends. More enjoyment has the poor man in the society of his friends, than he who possesses thousands, and has not a friend upon earth.

EDUCATION.

Education bears its impress in every word, look, and gesture. It elevates the mind above selfishness—so that in silence it will be active in the development of exalted thoughts, full of inexhaustible propensities. It not only softens the manners, but it also quickens the heart; it quickens the social feelings, ripens the judgment, generates candor, diffuses philanthropy, renders men forbearing and forgiving, charitable and grateful, sincere and just; considerate, merciful, disinterested, wise. It introduces a man before he has time to introduce himself. It makes him at home anywhere, under any circumstances; contents him amidst want, sustains him under discouragement, cheers him in the very darkness of despair; makes the stranger his friend, the community his followers. Blest with the means of mental activity, he is ever tranquil; with a vast field for labor, he is always at work. The fruits of the field are gathering by those around him, and thus he becomes the common property of mankind. He is a sort of schoolmaster; for wherever he goes, a salutary impression either of honor or sentiment is caught, which is quickly and deeply rooted into other minds; so that when he has gone hence, far hence, his influence will hover over the earth, and his mind will live in the hearts of even those who never heard of his name. A refined education expands the intellect, tends to unite the common views of men, strengthens attachment, purifies friendship, and sheds light and lustre around the domestic altar. This accomplishment opens at once the channels of conversation, and cleanses the streams to the minutest pebble. It is the sure herald of integrity, for it despises falsehood, and loves truth; and would blush, that impurity or profanity should drop from its tongue. In fine, it makes the man. By all the demands of knowledge! by all the cries of humanity! by all the injunctions of religion! we beseech you, we conjure you, (in the words of Webster) "Educate all the children in the land."

ARMY.—Sir JAMES LYON, we understand, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in North America. The Rifle Brigade, now in the garrison, are to be relieved by the 85th Light Infantry, which Regiment may be expected here about the end of next month. The 1st Royals are under orders for Canada. The 52d and 81st Regiments are to proceed to Gibraltar.—GAZETTE.

MARRIED.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Richard Knight, Mr. William M. Harrington, to Miss Anna Maria Thompson.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Martin Shofles, late a Sergeant in the Rifle Brigade.

On Monday evening last, Mary Henrietta Forsyth, youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Pyke, aged 2 years.

POETRY.

[From the Boston Palladium.]
A MISSIONARY HYMN:

Now mid the realms of Pagan night,
The countless heathen seek for light,
From Asia's plains the Hindoo calls
The Christian watchman to the walls.

E'en now the Gospel trumpet rings
Where Ethiopia spreads her wings
And the degraded race of Cain
Turn back to Abel's God again.

In the fair islands of the sea,
The blinded native wants for thee,
By Greenland's tempest breathing shore
The sorcerer's mystic spell is o'er.

The Jew forsakes his ancient shrine
Upon the hills of Palestine,
And Gentiles bless the Prince of Peace
In barbarous lauds, and classic Greece.

The Western Indian kneels to pray
Where waving prairies meet his way,
And loud the choral anthem swells
Amid the dark old forest dells.

And shall the harvest now be lost?
Shall selfish worldlings count the cost?
When there remains on land or wave,
One heart to cheer, one soul to save?

Ye drowsy reapers wake and cry—
The coming of your Lord is nigh,
Swift let the Gospel's light be hurled—
And with your sickles reap the world.

The spirit moves, the dry bones shake,
The chains of heathen bondage break—
And earth and sea with one accord,
Await the Gospel of the Lord.

VARIETIES.

PLAIN AND PITHY REMARKS OF OLD HUMPHREY.—*I have very little to say, and that little will lie in a very small compass, though, if you attend to it, it may give you a great deal of peace. The best thing in this world, is the assurance of a better; and our more immediate wants are food, raiment and rest. If you would relish your food heartily, labour to obtain it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; and if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you. Do these things, and you will be pretty well off in this world; as to the next, if you have any desire to attain it, you must follow His footsteps who hath said, "I am the way." Rely upon his atonement, and walk in his ways, and you will be well provided for time and eternity.*

ANTIQUITY.—"In old ignorant times, before women were readers, history was handed down from mother to daughter, &c.; and W. Malmsburiensis picks up his history from the time, of Ven. Bede, to his time, out of old songs, for there was no historian in England from Bede to him. So my nurse had the history from the conquest down to

Charles 1. in ballad. The price of writing MSS. before the use of printing, was 30s. per quire."—Aubroy.

THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Pamphilus was a presbyter of Cesarea, in the latter part of the third century. He was of an eminent family, of great wealth, extensive learning, and was ardently devoted to the scriptures, copies of which he lent to some and gave to others, several of them having been accurately transcribed with his own hand. He erected a library at Cesarea, which contained 30,000 volumes. This collection was made only for the promotion of religion, and to lend out to religiously disposed people. Jerome particularly mentions his collecting books for the purpose of lending them to read. "This," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "is, if I mistake not, the first notice we have of a circulating library." Some traces of this library remain to this day, at Paris and elsewhere.

CONSCIENCE.—Whatever name this moral sense may bear, (and it has been called by several,) its dictates are imperative, and its dominion as extensive as human nature. It lives under the various forms of external observances, and political enactments, but it lives still, often hated, but never despised; feared, but not to be extinguished: it may be weakened, but it cannot be destroyed; it may be lulled, but it cannot be annihilated; and when it rouses from its sleep, the hero turns pale before its accusations: it rushes on with the irresistible fury of the lion, coming up from the swellings of Jordan, roused from the thicket where he had couched by the sudden overflowing of the river. Even to its silent whispers, which none but the man himself can hear, the thunder of heaven is but as the distant water-fall, when its remote echoes are borne at fitful intervals by the light breeze of the summer's evening.

THE WISE MAN AND THE BLOCKHEAD.—"Seven things characterize the wise man, and seven the blockhead. The wise man speaks not before those who are his superiors, either in age or wisdom. He interrupts not others in the midst of their discourse; he replies not hastily; his questions are relevant to the subject; his answers to the purpose. In delivering his sentiments he takes the first in order, first; the last, last. What he understands not, he says, 'I understand it not.' He acknowledges his errors, and is open to conviction. "The reverse of all these characterizes the blockhead.—Jewish Saying.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.—"As oft," says an old author, "as I hear the robin redbreast chaunt as cheerfully in September the beginning of winter, as in March the approach of the summer, why should not we give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses

of our youth's spring? I am sent to the ant, to learn industry: to the dove, to learn innocency; to the serpent, to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn patience and cheerfulness?"—Alix.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule, on which they had mutually agreed, 'Never to be both angry together.'" And he adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children, when they married:—

"Doth one speak fire? t'other with water come;
Is one provok'd? but t'other soft and dumb."

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.—Pharmacies sent a crown to Cesar at the same time that he rebelled against him; but Cesar returned the crown with this message, "Let Pharmaces return to his obedience first, and then I will accept the crown, by way of recognizance." So God will not accept at our hands the crown of our profession, unless we crown that profession with a correspondent life and conversation.

MYSTERY.—As every philosopher will readily admit that there are a thousand mysteries in the natural world, which have hitherto baffled the wisdom of the wise, and brought to nothing the understanding of the prudent; so every christian must admit, that there are deep and inscrutable mysteries connected with our holy religion, which the human mind cannot penetrate, and which must be simply received on Divine testimony.

CONCEIT IS WEALTH.—A poor man that hath little, and desires no more, is in truth richer than the greatest monarch that thinketh he hath not what he should or what he might have, or that grieves there is no more to have.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M'Donald's Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer's wharf—where all kinds of JOB PRINTING, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.
H. W. BLACKADAR.
April 15, 1836.

Wanted, at the Printing Business, a Boy of about 14 years of age.—Apply at this Office.