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

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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE OWL.

Of Owls there are about fifty species. It has not unaptly been said of these birds that they are to falcons that which moths are to butterflies; as, generally speaking, they prey only in the night time, while the falcon never preys but in the day. The head of the Owl is round, somewhat like that of a cat, of which animal, indeed, the bird has all the mice-destroying propensities. The eyes also of the Owl, like those of the cat, are so constructed that its visual faculties are far more perfect in the dusk than in the glare of day. Owls retire in the winter to holes in old walls and towers, and pass the inclement season in sleep. In most countries the owl is foolishly considered as a bird of ill omen, but it was anciently courted by the Athenians, and regarded as the favourite bird of Minerva.

BIOGRAPHY.

MAHOMET, or MOHAMMED.

Mahomet, or Mohammed, a famous impostor, was born in 570 at Mecca, a city of Arabia, of the noble family of Koreish. Losing his father in his infancy, the guardianship of him devolved on his uncle Abu Taleb, who employed him to go with his caravans from Mecca to Damascus. In this employment of camel driver he continued till he was twenty-eight years of age, when he married Cadiga, a rich widow. Having remarked in his travels the infinite variety of sects which prevailed, he formed the design of obtaining the sovereignty. He accordingly spent much of his time in a cave near Mecca, seemingly alone, and employed in meditation and prayer, but in reality he called to his aid a Persian jew, well versed in the history and laws of his persuasion, and two Christians, one of the Jacobite and

the other of the Nestorian sect. With the help of these men he framed his *Koran*, or the book which he pretended to have received at different times from heaven by the hands of the angel Gabriel. At the age of forty he publicly assumed the prophetic character, calling himself the apostle of God. At first he had only his wife and eight other followers; but in three years his disciples were considerably numerous. On these he imposed the most marvellous tales, and pretended to have passed into the highest heavens in one night, on the back of a beautiful ass called Al Borak, and accompanied by the angel Gabriel. There he had an interview with Adam, Abraham, Moses, David, and Jesus Christ, who acknowledged his superiority, which was confirmed to him by the Deity himself. This romance staggered even some of his best friends, and a powerful confederacy being formed against him, he was forced to quit Mecca, and to seek refuge in Medina. This retreat occasioned the foundation of his empire, and of his religion. The Mohammedans adopt it as their chronological standard, calling it the *Hegira*, that is the *Flight* or *Persecution*, being the first day of our July, A. D. 622. Mahomet had still a number of disciples, upon whom he inculcated this principle, that they were not to dispute about their religion by word but by the sword. The Jewish Arabs were the first who experienced its effects. Mahomet committed upon them the most shocking cruelties, put numbers to death, sold others for slaves, and distributed their goods among his soldiers. In 627 he made a treaty with the inhabitants of Mecca, which two years after he violated, and stormed the place with fire and sword. Having made himself master of Arabia, he extended his conquests into Syria, where he took several cities, and laid some of the princes under tribute. While engaged in this victorious career, a jewess poisoned a shoulder of mutton, which was laid before him, and of which he and his companions ate heartily. One of them died immediately, but the prophet lingered some time. When the woman was examined, she declared that she had perpetrated the deed on purpose to try whether he was really a true prophet. Of the effects of this poison he died, A. D. 632, and of the *hegira* 8, aged 62. After the death of Cadiga he had several wives and concubines, by whom he had many children, but left only a daughter named Fatima, who married his successor

Ali. The best printed edition of the *Koran* is that of Maracci, in Arabic and Latin, Padua, 2 vols. fol. 1698. It has been well translated into English by Sale, in 2 vols. 4to. and 2 vols. 8vo.; and into French by Du Ryer and Savary.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.

It was on the 20th of December last that I received an invitation from my friend Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him, in Mark-lano, on Christmas Day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining parlor; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well read in cotton and sugar to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. The third was, and is, that I never drink Cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas Day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P. reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason and for one other, viz. that on dining there ten Christmas days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast-beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle-sealed with violet-colored wax, from Upper Brook street, "Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas Day." Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate with myself upon the policy of securing this bird in the hand, instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings, fresh from a boarding-school—moths and roses, on embossed paper—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on the Java sparrow that had been a favorite in the family for three days. I rung for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regrets, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned. Time was getting on rather rapidly, but no card time. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins, from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and the Christmas was not my own. Now, my cousins keep no albums, and they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid

gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in sifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had not asked me to mince-meat and musletoo: and I ultimately gained my cause, by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ankle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone, I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a "happy" Christmas. As I approached a porter brought a large hamper to the door, "A present from the country," thought I: "yes they do dine at home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately a servant issued with a letter: he took the near way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired despatch had come; it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes with the fourth bottle; and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation, I wrote an almost irritable apology, and despatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty fourth, I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack! no letter came;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honor, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *literati* then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "Childe Harold," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sat "nursing my wrath," till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from —; but no matter: it was not the letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to eat a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tert fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me how could I think of joining a "friendly party," where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "Junius," but had forgotten his name, and who had once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St Paul's." I seized a pen, and presented my compliments, I hesitated, for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat: dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man! To-morrow appeared to have commenced already its career; mankind had anticipated the future; "and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before."

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here, however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No; my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September payable 3 months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock: they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and with a mouth full of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas eve at Portland place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words I went to bed.

To be Continued.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Wherever circumstances throw a large number of young men into each other's society, and where similar pursuits naturally lead to a homogeneous character, temptations are forcible, and often fatally successful. This happens in large cities, and in literary institutions. In the former, there is a vast concourse of young men assembled from all parts of the country, who come together as adventurers in the pursuit of affluence or pleasure. Some of them bring into the metropolis a reputable character, and correct moral principles. Others come to give loose to evil propensities, which, in the country, and under the restraints of home, were kept in some subordination.

When these characters mingle in a large and bustling city, the former class will naturally be exposed to the seductions of the latter. The pioneers in wickedness, the practiced and hardened crew, who have abandoned themselves to the indulgence of their passions, lie in ambush, to seize upon their victim and hurry him to ruin. Hundreds of such, with a comparatively plausible exterior, may be found in the streets and shops, and alleys of our cities. Some of them manage to keep up an outward show of decency, and conduct their plans of dissipation in so covert a manner, as neither to fall into disgrace nor excite suspicion or investigation. These are most to be dreaded. Those who have gone beyond the bounds of external decency, and become so hardened as to feel no shame, have less influence in proportion to their loss of character and their notoriety in crime. A moral youth

feels contaminated by their approach. A visible connection with such, would be once a forfeiture of character.

It is men of fair professions and unsuspected wickedness, plausible, but insidious who are most to be feared, because most likely to be successful. Practised in the art of temptation, they make a gradual advance upon the ingenuous and unsuspecting youth. They insinuate themselves into his confidence and friendship. When they have learned his scruples, and fathomed his character, they begin the work of drawing him on to their own desperate state of hypocrisy and crime. They will represent as mean, what is only frugal, characterize as childish those scruples of conscience which it is their object to eradicate. They will first appeal to curiosity, and then make curiosity the avenue of crime. They will speak of the possibility of concealment, and insist that we could not have been endowed with propensities which it is unlawful to indulge. They will represent as manly, what is mean and debasing; and tauntingly ascribe to superstition, what is but the sober dictate of reason and religion. By every possible mode of attack, persuasion and ridicule, by professions of friendship, and sneers of contempt, will they assail the principles and conduct of their victim, until reason and conscience give way, and like the bird lured on by the Fowler, he goes directly into the fatal snare.

The indulgence, at first, will be only such as causes a tinge of conscience, or a secret misgiving of soul. The tempted youth will feel a sort of shame and self-contempt; and in the cool moment of reflection, will fix his resolution against all future attacks. But, alas! the first step in a retrograde course has been taken. Like the first step in the retreat of an army, it is as dispiriting to the vanquished, as it is invigorating to his foe. The next attack is less likely to be resisted, for the ability to resist decreases with every successful temptation. The first sacrifice of conscience and principle is like Samson giving up his locks. It is in vain then to go out and shake yourself in the consciousness of your strength. The seducer will be upon you. He will no longer fear either the force of principle, or the vigor of resolution. He has carried his point; and one breach of obligation, he well knows, will make way for another, until your character and destiny become identified with his own. How many a young man has fallen a victim to this process of temptation! How many, with prospects of usefulness and success, and with a character which might have insured respect, have, by listening to the voice of the seducer, forfeited the confidence, and fallen under the pity and contempt of the community. Yes, and with the wreck of his own character and prospects, he has become a source of mortification to his friends, and perhaps "bright down the gray hairs of a parent with sorrow to the grave."

These remarks apply, with equal force to the dangers and temptations of a college life. Human nature is the same in both circumstances. Instances of successful temptation are very common in our literary institutions. There is, there, the absence of parental watchfulness, and the presentation of powerful inducements to ruin. There is, there, a class of youth whose progress in dissipation is incredibly great. It is in inverse proportion to their years. Idle themselves, their study is to make others so.—Lost to morality and decency themselves, they watch for opportunities to reduce their companions to the same degraded level.—They endeavor not only to copy the manners but to ape the vices of older profligates; and the rapidity with which they make shipwreck of health, character, and conscience, is a most melancholy proof of the force of temptation, and prevalence of youthful depravity.

O, ye reckless young men, let me reach your ear, and pour into it a note of friendly warning. If there be left in your heart any feeling; if the rapid abandonment of all that is sacred and honorable have not carried away every vestige of remorse; let me remind you of the claims of your relatives, your country, and your God. Your course will give a death-blow to a father's hopes, and a death-pang to a mother's heart. It will deprive your country of services which might adorn her annals. It will draw down upon you the displeasure of Heaven, and, if persisted in, will cover you with ignominy, and ultimately consign you to the prison of despair. With such certain consequences of your dissipation staring you in the face, can you, *dare* you, rush on to the issue?—Is it not time to pause—to repent—to break from the grasp of the destroyer?

If these pages meet the eye of one who is still on comparatively safe ground, who has not yet made a plunge into sensual and forbidden pleasures. I would bid him beware of the destroyer. For YOU, there is hope. If a freedom from gross vice, and an avoidance of the occasions of temptation yet sustain you in the confidence of your friends, and in justifiable hopes of respectability and influence, again I say, beware of the destroyer. Place yourself in an attitude of defence. Insidious foes lurk around your path. A dangerous enemy lies in ambush. Avoid a vicious companion, as you would avoid the fascination and the fang of a serpent. His eye may attract, and his movements may seem graceful; but his intentions are deadly, and his venom fatal. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

CURIOUS MODE OF CATCHING CROWS IN ITALY.—A recent traveller gives the following remarkable account of crow shooting in Italy: Being called up (says the

author) early in the morning, a few days after Christmas, we proceeded with two servants about a mile from the city of Milan, and entered a large meadow covered with hoar frost, when my friends conducted me to a cottage, a little on one side of the meadow, where we found five or six peasants, with a good fire, several fowling pieces, and abundance of ammunition in readiness. Being told that every thing was prepared, we drank coffee till the peasants who had left us about an hour, returned and informed us that we might proceed as soon as we pleased. We however, advanced no further than the porch of the house, where, as we waited some time without the appearance of any crows, I was eager to fire at them, but my friend checked my ardor. "Stay," said he, "they will descend presently, and approach so near to us, that we may shoot them without trouble." And soon after, to my utter astonishment, I observed them stop their course all at once, take several circuits round the meadow, and afterwards descend, a few at a time, upon the ground upon which we were waiting for their appearance. Not knowing the secret, my curiosity still increased, especially as I observed that the whole of them not only descended, but that they seemed to have stationed themselves, as it were, in various parts of the field. But this was not all; for upon a closer inspection I found their heads were absolutely fixed in the ground, from whence, after a struggle of some duration, I saw them successively rising, and apparently with a white cap on their heads, which I soon perceived to be made of strong cartridge paper. It was now that this comedy commenced, and began to take a tragical turn; for the crows, to liberate themselves, putting themselves in a number of laughable attitudes, brought forward the peasants, who, clapping their hands and setting up a loud cry, the motion of the crows became the most confused imaginable. Flight, if such an awkward movement deserves the name, was in all directions; striking against each other with such force, as frequently to bring them to the ground.

It should be observed, that the noise of their talons scratching upon the thick paper caps that inclosed their heads, had no small effect; till in the end, taking to our fire arms, we were employed near an hour in shooting them: at the termination of which, I was informed by my friends, that holes being purposely dug in the ground, and filled with paper of a conical form, the narrow extremities of the latter containing each a piece of raw meat, it was the smell of the meat that brought the crows to the spot. It is further to be observed, that the inside of this paper cap was copiously larded with bird lime. Attached so much the closer by the pressure of the crows' heads after the meat, that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves.

Distressing Accident at Windsor.

A very distressing circumstance occurred at Windsor on Friday evening last, on the western side of the Town. Mr. Henry Mixner, and his brother-in-law, Suide, who had just finished their day's work, got into an Indian Canoe for the purpose of amusing themselves in a pond near their place of residence, when, after paddling about a few minutes, the Canoe unfortunately overset, and they were both drowned.—The Wife of one of them, with a child in her arms, was watching them, when the accident happened—the man who suffered with her husband was her brother.—Her feelings can well be imagined. The bodies were found in an hour or two afterwards, and interred on Sunday afternoon. A large concourse of People attended the Funeral.—*Gazette.*

DIED.

Monday morning, Mr. William Kidston, aged 48 years.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Dorothy Munden, Widow of the late Mr. Thomas Munden, in the 76th year of her age, leaving a large circle of Friends to lament her loss.

On Sunday, the 10th July, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation to the Divine will, Helen Scott in the 27th year of her age, consort of Mr. William V. Andrews, of Bridgewater, Le Have, and daughter of the late Mr. John Boyd, of Falmouth, N. S.

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

The Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received, and begs leave to inform them, that he continues to manufacture SILVER PLATE, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms.

He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons, Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Watch Guards, &c; and he has lately received an assortment of JEWELRY, viz:—Cornelian Ear Rings, (white and red,) Plain Gold do, a variety of Broaches, plain and ornamented. Silver ever pointed Pencil Cases, Silver Thimbles, Tortoise Shell back and side Combs, wrought and plain Horn Combs of every description, Hair, Nail, Tooth and Plate Brushes, Gilt Watch Guards, Lavender, and Cologne Water, Cream of Amber, Macassar and Bear's Oil, Scented Family Soap: Palm do, Wash Balls, Razor Straps, Cut glass smelling Bottles, Medallions, Gold and Seed Beads, all of which he offers for Sale at the lowest prices. ALSO—2 very superior ACCORDIONS.

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Corner of Buckingham and Barrington streets.
August 5 1836.

Job Printing in all its variety, performed at this Office at a cheap rate.



MY BOYISH DAYS.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
To you my tearful eyes I raise !
Ye hang above my straining sight,
Like pale clouds glimmering through the night ;
Or like a sky all rich with stars
Shining in vain through dungeon bars.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
Too soon you veiled your sunny rays.
The old would hardly deem ye fled
Even while I morn ye now as dead,—
And you indeed, may still be here,
But not the charm that made you dear.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
How can I bear on you to gaze ?
I loved a flower, a modest flower,
And would have won it from its bower ;
But ruder hands forestalled the theft,
And even of hope my heart bereft

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
Still sadly o'er ye memory strays,
As though to cull some relic blossom,
Lingering there yet for my lorn bosom.
But what are blossoms without rays ?
Adieu ! adieu, my boyish days !

PRIDE AND DESTRUCTION.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. 16 ; 18.

Pride is offensive to God. The Bible declares that he "resisteth the proud"—and that he "hateth a proud look." The ancient heathen used to say, that the gods were envious of every thing which is lofty, and were quick to cast it down—that the winds rent the tallest oaks, and lightnings oftentimes strike the highest turrets.

Pride is always very offensive to men. However they may cherish it in their own hearts, they dislike nothing so much in others.

And pride is not only offensive but dangerous. Our old English proverb says, "Pride must have a fall." King Louis XI., of France, used to say, "When pride rides in the saddle, mischief and shame sit upon the crupper." The course of the proud man naturally leads to ruin. He over estimates his own powers. He often has, at the same time, a love of display, and a wish to outdo others in splendor, and in the extent of his business. He enters upon grand schemes—he must do every thing upon a large scale. The narrow views and scanty enterprises of others, will not answer for him. His house must be larger, his furniture more elegant, his entertainments more costly, his ships more numerous and his speculations more venturesome. Others think him rash, but he pities or despises them for their timid spirit, and regards himself as able to accomplish any thing he chooses to undertake. But when the trial comes, he finds his capacity unequal to the crisis—he means at his command, inadequate to the end to be effected. His plans all fail, and he is totally ruined. His pride

has alienated his friends, and made many enemies who rejoice in his overthrow. Without sympathy and without compassion, he drags out an unhappy life, an illustration of the Proverb, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

If a proud man is the commander of an army, he overrates his own ability and skill, and undervalues those of his enemy. Relying too much on his own resources, he neglects to make those preparations which are essential to success, and marches forward heedless and confident of victory. Secure of conquest, he ventures upon rich measures, which give the enemy a fatal advantage—or he makes less effort than the occasion demands. He is overcome ; and amid the mortification of defeat, learns from bitter experience, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

If a proud man is in search of truth, he is always sure to miss it. "The meek," God "will guide in judgement—the meek will he teach his way." But the proud man has so high an opinion of his own talents and discrimination, that he deigns not to seek for direction from above. The opinions of others he despises. He trusts in his own ability to discover truth ; and disdainingly to walk in the same track with common minds, strikes out some untrodden path for his feet.—When he gets into difficulty, he will not brook advice from those whom he accounts inferior to himself :—but goes on from error to error until he sinks into the lowest infidelity, and becomes another proof that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.—There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower—it bears a thorn. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid among the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch with but adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced by her protecting thorns : would you pluck the rose and wave it into a garland for the brow you love the best, that brow will be wounded : or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never-ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and woe, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite, in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh," and from

this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love—indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures ; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life, without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, has had its peculiar thorn. Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury, without finding that his couch was strewed with thorns ? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling on that pinnacle that he stood on thorns ? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow, without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet ? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasure's, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns ? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment the sharper the thorn ; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unflinchingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest—pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley ; when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surround us at our board, cheer our fire-side, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long—long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint. I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish ; because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and pain, which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fullness, the peace and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

BLANKS.

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