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NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

There has been a difference of opinion among learned men, with respect to what creature is intended by the Hebrew word which we render *quails*, Exodus xvi. 13, &c.

It would appear, however, that the quail is a bird of passage, and about the size of the turtle-dove. Hasselquist states that it is plentiful near the shores of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and also in the deserts of Arabia.

On two occasions the demands of the murmuring Hebrews were supplied with quails; and, in each case, the event is distinctly referred to the miraculous interposition of God, Exod. xvi. 12, 13; Numb. xi. 31. On the former occasion, the birds were scattered about the camp only for a single day; but, on the latter, they came up from the sea for an entire month. The great numbers of them which are said to have been provided for the people, has been regarded as almost incredible, but without sufficient reason as may be shown, without resorting to the supposition that they were created for this express occasion. Varro asserts, that turtles and quails return from their migrations into Italy in immense numbers; and Solinus adds, that when they come within sight of land, they rush forward in large bodies, and with so great impetuosity as often to endanger the safety of navigators, by alighting upon the sails in the night, and by their weight upsetting the vessels. Hence it appears, that this part of the narrative is perfectly credible; and that the miracle consisted in the immense flocks being directed to a particular spot, in the extreme emergency of the people, by means of 'a wind from the Lord,' Numb. xi. 31.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

There is no tree the sight of which excites more tender emotions in the heart than the *Weeping Willow*. It is out of place in a public walk—but looks delightful when flourishing in luxuriant beauty on the borders of some winding stream, or in some secluded spot, which has long been the asylum of solitude and tranquility. It is the emblem of sorrow and devotion, and forms a beautiful and appropriate ornament to a burying-ground. With its drooping foliage, it appears to be looking back on the past—and sympathizing with the afflicted mourner. It reminds one of the things which were—and hushes all the angry passions of the human heart.

The tree thrives well in this climate, particularly where the land is low, and the soil somewhat moist: and we regret that it is not more frequently seen in New-England. Independent of the associations which are inseparably connected with its appearance, there is no tree in our forests, which presents

an aspect more graceful and lovely, or whose branches are more umbrageous. It is said that the first weeping willow was planted in England by the celebrated poet, Alexander Pope.—He received from the Levant, a basket of figs, and observed one of the twigs, of which the basket was formed, putting out a shoot. This twig he planted in his garden. It flourished.

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
and from this parent-stock, all the weeping willows, which are now by no means uncommon in England, have sprung.—*Merc. Jour.*

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

From a life of Sir John Moore, by his brother, recently published in London, the following extract, descriptive of the close of the battle of Corunna, and the death of Moore, is made:

"Moore then turned to where the 50th regiment, commanded by Majors Charles Napier and Stanhope, was warmly engaged. They leaped over an enclosure, and charged the enemy, Moore exclaiming, 'Well done the fifth! well done, my majors!' The French were driven out of the village of Elvina with great slaughter; but Major Stanhope was killed, and Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded and made prisoner. The contiguous regiment was the 42d, to whom Moore called loudly, 'Highlanders! remember Egypt!' They heard his voice, and rushed forward, bearing down every thing before them, until stopped by a wall, over which they poured their shot. He accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers he was well pleased with their conduct.—Then he sent Captain Hardinge to order up the guards to the left of the Highlanders. This order was misunderstood by the captain of the Highland light company, whose ammunition, from being early engaged, was expended. He conceived that the guards were to relieve his men, and was withdrawing them, when the General, apprized of his mistake, rectified it, by saying, 'My brave 42d, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you still have your bayonets!' They instantly obeyed. The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely—fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Hardinge rode up and reported that the guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest. He had half raised himself, when Hardinge, having dismounted, caught his hand, and the General clasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said, 'they are advancing,' his countenance lightened. Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from

the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood streaming from his wound.—Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons.—Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash; then, by the help of some Highlanders and guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off, when he said with soldierly feelings, 'It is well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them. Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part and then replied, 'No Hardinge; I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to Gen. Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.' He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.—* * * * * The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird, who, hearing of the disaster, which had occurred to the commander, ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, 'You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful;' and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating. Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Col. Anderson met him; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand and said in a low tone, 'Anderson, do not leave me.' As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant, Fraugois, came out, and stood aghast with horror; but his master, to console him, said, smiling, 'My friend, this is nothing.' He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with un-subdued fortitude, he said, at intervals, 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice! Anderson, you will see

my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—every thing.—Say to my mother—' Here his voice faltered; he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject. 'Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp safe?' (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Capt. Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued,—'I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers. As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, 'Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has long been with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it.—He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, 'Have the French been beaten?' He assured him they had on every point. 'It's a great satisfaction,' he said, 'for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told that he was not, he resumed, 'Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.' Though visibly sinking, he then said, 'I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying. It's great uneasiness—it's great, great pain!—Every thing Francis says is right—I have great confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their attendance.—Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated the question, 'If all his aides-de-camp were safe; and was pleased on being told they were. After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, Stanhope! remember me to your sister.' He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country."

MY AUNT BARBARA, OR, OBSERVATIONS ON PRESENTS.

It will save you many a penny, ay, and many a stinging reflection, too, if you will bear in mind, that of all dear things, those are often the dearest which are given you for nothing.

He who pays too high a price at market for his articles, or makes a bad bargain in business, and loses by it; or is cheated in a purchase he may happen to make, knows the worst of it, or the end of it, at once; but if you seek for favours, if you lie in wait for unnecessary kindnesses, you may never know the worst of it, or the end of it, for years to come. That man is to be pitied who is too proud to accept the services of the poorest being on earth, when necessary; but he is to be pitied more, who stoops to

solicit obligations from the proudest, when he can do without them.

Again, I say, those things are often the dearest that are given us for nothing; and I could give you twenty illustrations of the fact, but will content myself with narrating one.

My aunt Barbara, from London, paid a visit to the country, when I lived in a snug little cottage; and one day, after she had been talking for half an hour, about the beautiful codfish, and oysters, that were to be had for little or nothing at Billingsgate, I foolishly said, "If that was the case, she might as well send me a fish as not." In a little time after she returned home, a fish came sure enough, by the coach, and a barrel of oysters; but, by some neglect or other, they were not delivered so soon as they ought to have been; the oysters were bad enough, but the cod-fish was good for nothing. I paid three shillings a four-pence for the carriage, and two-pence to the porter.

"Well," thought I, "another time if I want fish, I'll buy it, and not beg it, for one bought fish is worth two begged ones at any time." It was absolutely necessary to write a letter, and pay the postage too, to acknowledge the kindness of my aunt Barbara; but before my letter reached her, she had gone, for a few days, thirty or forty miles from home, from which place she wrote me and unpaid letter; fidget as she was, full of fears and anxieties, lest I should not have received a beautiful large cod-fish and a barrel of fine oysters, sent me by the coach, and requiring an answer by return of post. Once more I sat down to thank my aunt for her oysters, and once more, I paid the postage of my letter, not a little ruffled in my temper.

In the course of the day, a cousin of mine came to see me, having walked five miles to tell me of a letter she had received from my aunt, who had requested her to make immediate inquiry whether or not I had received some fish and oysters by the coach?

"Oysters," said I hastily, "I am sick of oysters, and have already written two letters to thank my fidgety aunt for them."

Well, I had got into a scrape, and wanted sadly to get out of it again, for, thought I, if I remain under this obligation, every relation I have in the world will be told about it.

The first opportunity I dispatched very carefully, carriage paid, a good thumping sucking pig to my aunt, as a return for her kindness, and felt as though a heavy weight had been taken from my shoulders. "Bad as the affair of the fish has been," thought I, "it is a good thing that it is all done with now." But I little knew my aunt Barbara!

Another unpaid letter from her, thanked me coldly for my pig, but added, "she thought I knew that she did not like pork; a turkey would have suited her much better." Here was a pretty piece of business: it scen-

ed as though there was to be no end to those unlucky oysters.

I sent off a carriage-paid turkey, to my aunt Barbara, in a sad unchristian spirit, for I could not help remembering, that though she could not eat sucking-pig in London, she ate it heartily enough in the country. She never paid the postage of her letter, which acknowledged the receipt of it; no, nor would she, had I sent her fifty turkeys.

Some time after, when I thought the affair of the fish was dead and buried, I called in at my sister Sarah's.

"So, Humphrey," said she, "you have had a fine catch of it; my aunt tells me in a letter just received from her, that she never remembers having seen so fine a cod-fish in her life, as that she sent to my brother with a barrel of oysters."

"And does she say anything about pigs and turkeys, and carriage, and postage of letters?" "Here have I paid over and over again, for her present of good-for-nothing fish; and yet must have it ding, dong'd in my ears continually." I was sadly vexed at my aunt, and still more at myself, for my folly.

It was long before I again heard from my aunt Barbara; when she did write, one line of her letter ran thus:—How rapidly time flies! do you remember that on this very day, twelve months ago, I sent you by coach, a fine large codfish and oysters?"

"Remember it!" thought I, "ay, that I do; and if you never send me another till I ask you for it, it will be some time to come."

Dear! have I paid for presents, and dearly will you pay for yours, if you needlessly put yourself in the way of receiving them. Better is a crust of your own, than a haunch of venison given by another; therefore be content with such things as you have.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

REVOLUTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The title of this paper may lead the reader to imagine that it is political. It is not—at least not exclusively. Its object is to bring before the eye a brief view of the wonderful change which has taken place in governments, institutions, manners, arts, sciences, and manufactures, since the year 1800. The result of such a review, in itself by no means uninteresting, will, in our opinion, be a conviction that never was so much done, in the same space of time, since the world began.

In France, at the commencement of the century, there existed a consular government—Bonaparte being first consul—a government raised upon the ruins of a sad and memorable revolution. In 1802, Bonaparte became consul for life; in 1804 emperor; in 1808, he deprived the Pope, who crowned him, of his territories; in 1809, he divorced his wife; in 1810, he married Maria Louise. Between the commencement of his career, and

is close, he created three Kingdoms—Bavaria, Saxony, and Wertemberg. He made his brother Joseph King of Spain—his brother Louis King of Holland—his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia—his brother-in-law Murat, King of Naples, and his son-in-law Eugenio, Viceroy of Italy;—facts astounding in themselves, but not more strongly illustrative of the revolution of the present century as connected with France and its Emperor, than as exhibiting the generality of revolutions as to the other nations in which those family promotions were made.

Keeping our eye, then, upon France, we see, in 1814, the exiled and denounced Bourbons restored to their throne—Russian Cossacks bivouac in the Champs Elysees, and English soldiers mount guard at the Tuilleries—Bonaparte is banished to Elba and his family dethroned and degraded; from Elba he escapes, returns to Paris, is again in the ascendant, reigns for his hundred days, and then, by a series of disasters, crowned and copsummated by that of Waterloo, is beaten down never to rise again. Unable to escape, he surrenders himself to the English government, and is sent to St. Helena, where he dies. On his departure, the Bourbons again succeed—Louis XVIII dies at a good old age in his palace, and is succeeded by Charles X. The son of the duc de Berri, murdered before his infant's birth, is heir presumptive to the throne—a new revolution breaks out—Charles X. abdicates—his ministers are tried and imprisoned for life—the throne is occupied by his nephew as Citizen King of the French—the son of Bonaparte dies—the widow of the duc de Berri imprisoned, marries a second husband, and has another child—and France, altogether in the strictest alliance with England, her oldest and most inveterate enemy, is only kept from a revolution by the unflinching severity of the "liberal" King, who was forced upon the throne by the best one. All these events have occurred during this century.

In Portugal, after the Prince Regent and his family had been driven to the Brazils, through the influence of the French, the English government becoming jealous of that of France, succeeded in superceding it and destroying its influence in Portugal. In 1824, the King, (as he than become, by the death of his father) returned to his throne; in 1820, his eldest son, Don Pedro, having formerly dissolved the union between Brazil and Portugal, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Brazil; Don John VI. died in 1826, when Don Pedro reclaimed the crown of Portugal for his daughter, Donna Maria; Don Miguel, second son of Don John, claimed the throne by virtue of the law of the land and the decree of Lamego. In the mean time a revolution occurred in Brazil, and the Emperor took to flight; his son, a child, is now the Emperor. The struggle between the brothers is too familiar to need a word of remark; Don Pedro is

now dead, and his daughter, Donna Maria, a child, occupies the Portuguese throne.

(To be continued.)

LAWS OF NATURE.

One of the most striking circumstances to which our attention is drawn when looking about us, is that all the various objects in Nature are, in some way or other connected. Not only is there a mutual dependence between beings of the same species and things of the same kind, but also between animate and inanimate, the organized and the unorganized, &c. For example, when the earth is covered with snow, and all verdure but the evergreen has disappeared, we perceive upon the dry and withered rose bushes numerous little buds of red color. Now the wintry wind which sweeps over these and the frost which shrivels them, renders them sweeter and more palatable, to the few birds whom the cold has not been able to destroy or drive to warmer climes. We cannot doubt that one purpose which these buds are designed to answer, and one object of the wind and frost is, thus to furnish acceptable food to the birds. And we here see an instance of this remarkable adaptation of one thing to another, which prevails throughout nature.

As all things have a fixed nature, or constitution, so their adaptation one to another is fixed. These adaptations are called *relations*, and from these being thus constant are generally designated *laws*. Thus when we speak of the *laws of nature*, we merely allude to these various and well known relations. If a seed be placed in the earth we know that in vegetating, the *radicle* will incline downwards and the *plumule* upwards, and hence we call this well established fact a law of nature. The creator has accordingly established *laws* with regard to human beings. These are of course very interesting to us whom they so early concern. To any infringement of them, punishment is affixed, and as they are independent of each other and invariable, it is in the highest degree important for us to know them and act in accordance with their dictates.

MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.—The *Waterford Mail* contains a prospectus put forth by a Company formed (or rather to be formed,) in London, for the purpose of diverting the trade and intercourse between the United States and this country from the old into a new channel. According to the plan of the prospectus, it is proposed to form a railway from Waterford to Valentia, in county Kerry, which in future will be the great highway of nations. At each end of this line there are to be steam-boats, those at the Waterford end to communicate with Bristol, and, we presume, Liverpool, and those at the Valentia end with the United States. By means of these conveyances the whole voyage and journey is to be made by steam half the time now spent upon it is to be saved, and the company having, by means of this Irish railway, the monopoly of all the passengers, are to realize a very handsome profit! This project, it must be admitted, is at least a bold one.

BERMUDA, JULY 14.

A fish, very much resembling the common turtle, was taken by some fishermen on the grouper ground, south side, on Thursday last, and brought into Hamilton on Friday. The shell on the back was ridged not unlike the bottom of a clinker-built boat: it was

in length 7 feet, and 3 1-2 feet broad; head fin 3 feet 6 inches long, and 15 in. broad; lower fin, 2 feet 4 in. long, 14 in. broad; length of head, 1 foot 10 1-2 inches; length of neck, 9 inches; estimated weight, 1,200 lbs. It got foul of the grapnel roap, and towed the boat for a considerable time, at a very rapid rate. The assistance of another boat was obtained before they could capture it.

FOR THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

HOPE.

True Hope is Jacob's staff indeed,
True Hope is no Egyptian reed,
That spring's from mire, or else can feed
On dirt or mud:

By Hope, just men are sanctified,
In the same ocean safely ride,
Fearless of wreck by wind or tide,
By ebb or flood.

Hope's the top window of that ark,
Where all God's Noahs do embark:
Hope lets in light, or else how dark
Were such a season!

Would'st thou not be engulf'd or drown'd,
When storms and tempests gather round,
Ere thou dost anchor, try the ground;
Hope must have reason.

Hope hath a harvest in the spring,
In winter doth of summer sing,
Feeds on the fruits while blossoming,
Yet nips no bloom.

Hope brings me home when I'm abroad;
Soon as the first step homeward's trod,
In hope to Thee, my God! my God!
I come, I come.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1835.

SUPREME COURT.

Trinity Term, July 25, 1835.

Stewart Campbell, Esq., Attorney at Law, and this day enrolled a Barrister of the Supreme Court of Judicature for the Province of Nova-Scotia.

Peregrine Cunningham, Esq. A. B. having taken the usual oaths in open Court was this day duly admitted and enrolled an Attorney and Barrister of the Supreme Court of Judicature for the Province of Nova Scotia; and David S. Kerr, William Hall, Elias Tupper, and John D. Kinnear, Esquires, having taken the said oaths were admitted and enrolled Attorneys of the said Court.

The Prince Regent Transport arrived on Monday, from St. John, N. B. with part of the 34th Regiment; and the *Parmelia* Transport, with the remainder, arrived yesterday.

☞ A Stranger in London, in our next.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. R. F. Uniacke, Captain James Cameron, to Ann, daughter of Mr. N. LeCain.

DIED.

At Parrsboro', on Saturday the 18th inst. after a short illness, Frances Amelia, aged 3 years and 2 months, only daughter of Mr. William J. Starr, of this Town.

On board the brig *Greenock*, on his passage from Jamaica, Mr. Charles Parrot, of this Town.

POETRY.

A THUNDER-STORM.

HARK ! o'er my head loud thunders roll,
See forked lightnings fly ;
'Tis God that speaks : be calm, my soul,
Tho' tempest cleave the sky.

Tho' awful as the scene appears,
I'll wait his sov'rain will,—
Clasp from my soul my onward fears,—
And, worshipping, stand still.

'Tis his own voice that rous'd the sky,
He pours the liquid fire,
When once he speaks, his armies fly
To accomplish his desire.

Upon his mighty throne above,
He sways his iron rod,
Sometimes for purposes of love,
'To draw us near to God.

O'eraw'd with such sublime reviews,
Of majesty and power ;
Can I, a worm of earth refuse,
To worship and adore.

Far be my heart from doubting more,
When stormy clouds appear ;
I am as safe when thunders roar,
As when the sky is clear.

How various are death's shafts, that fly
Round each unconscious head !
A pebble stone, as thunders nigh,
May stretch us with the dead.

But this I'll own with thoughts divine—
That though his ways are deep,
Though storms may rage or suns may shine,
His mercy does not sleep.

VARIETIES.

Grammatical Amusements.—The celebrated Horne Tooke contends, in the "Diversions of Purley," that there are but two parts of speech in any language under heaven, namely, the noun and the verb. I wish you to read the following dialogue, which absolutely took place between a poor author and a printer, in a country village in England :
Author. You have omitted the word *that* in my piece. Printer. The word *that* in the copy is superfluous. A. Not at all ; I say that the *that* is correct. P. What that ? A. Why, that that of which you are speaking. P. Then do you consider both of the *thats* to be of the same kind ? for Horne Tooke says *that* words never change from one part of speech to another. A. I know that he states *that* and many other palpable falsehoods, for instance, he says *that* there is no difference between *of* and *for* ; both signifying cause, as, 'she died *of* love,' or, 'she died *for* love ;' love being the cause in both instances, and the preposition pointing out the cause. So, according to Horne Tooke, "Chelsea Hospital is built *of* disabled soldiers *for* bricks and mortar ;" and if a man goes to a store for any article, he may say 'give me a quarter for a pound ;' and thus the "Diversions of Purley" would lose him three-fourths of his bargain.—*Buffalo Adv.*

The Mouth.—Artists differ in their opinion as to the feature which gives a character to the face. Some hold that it is the eye—the window of the soul—through which beams the spirit of the man.—But how often do we see the most gifted mind dimly lighted by a black lustre eye, or an eye full of brilliancy in the head of a fool, which like a jewel in a toad's head, serves only to render its defect the more hideous. Others, again are great sticklers for that prominent feature, the nose. They talk of the Grecian nose, as beautifying the female countenance, and the Roman, adding dignity to the masculine. But it seems to me that the nasal organ can boast but little in characterising the face. If it be not a monstrosity, it attracts but small notice, and I challenge any man to give me the shape of another's nose, after seeing him twenty times. The last feature, the mouth, is by many, and I believe the largest class, ranked first in the scale of physiognomy.—The lips—those expressive outlines of the mouth—how varied are they in shape, how strangely defined, and how full of character ! Look at this gallery of portraits. Here you behold one with the lips thin and compressed—he is a man of decision. This picture whereon you see persuasion hanging on its mouth, is the picture of one full of sweetness and amiability. Here is another—its lip is curled as if habitually in mockery and derision—it is the portrait of a man I well know ; he is a scoffer at religion, a sceptic and an infidel. But pass on to the next—what a fearful smile gathers around its mouth—it is the smile of the tiger, crouching, ere he leaps on his prey. I once saw that man rise in a public assembly to answer an opponent, and that same smile lurked on his lip, like a sun beam resting on a thunder cloud, ere it bursts on its victim. The mouth is emphatically the porch of the head and the heart—from the architecture of the former we judge of the structure and finish of the latter.

Dont Quarrel.—One of the easiest, the most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world is—to quarrel, no matter with whom ; man, woman or child ; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians quarrel, lawyers, doctors, and printers quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things and on all manner of occasions.

Strawberries.—Strawberries, says a medical writer, have been found useful to persons who were disposed to consumption. They are also an excellent dentifrice—cleansing the teeth and gums in the most pleasing manner, and without the least trouble. There is no kind of fruit more delectable to the

sense of taste than the strawberry ; and there are few more agreeable to the sight, when fresh from the stem—full ripe—large—pulpy. They too, like the rose, have lent the poet a simile ; and the richest one, most graphic, we ever met with, is a couplet from an old Irish ballad :—

"Her eyes were like light on the morning's
blue stream,
Her cheeks were like strawberries smothered
in cream."

They would be far better without the cream.

Anecdote.—A minister in the town of A. by some strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people ; and they, to show their spunk, on a certain March Meeting, elected him *hog-reeve*. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus : Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as Pastor of this flock, but as my flock have turned into swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.

Striking a Balance.—A chimney sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you have the less to carry."—"True," replied the lad, and throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, "halloo my black friend, you have not left money enough." "Oh, never mind that," replied young sooty, "you have the less to count."

Novel Exhibition.—One of the most novel exhibitions is now open at Joy's Building, that has ever been presented in this city. It is nothing more nor less than a troop of *steas*, (start not, fair reader, they are not at large, but) in complete harness. Monsieur Maestro, from Paris, has contrived to fasten a large number of these alert animals to carriages, ships, &c., they may be seen with the naked eye performing the duties of horses. Two of them draw a carriage, with another for a coachman ; the Duke of Wellington appears mounted on another, and he starts briskly round a course ; another runs away with an elephant, and another draws a good sized brig : two others fight a duel with small swords, and a dozen others appear to perform a concert of music.—*Boston Paper.*

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