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NATURAL HISTORY.

ELECTRIC ANIMALS.

Amongst all the diversified faculties, powers, and organs with which Supreme Wisdom has gifted the members of the animal kingdom to defend themselves from their enemies, or to secure for themselves a due supply of food, none are more remarkable than those by which they can give them an electric shock, and arrests them in their course, whether they are assailants or fugitives. That God should arm certain fishes, in some sense, with the lightning of the clouds, and enable them thus to employ an element so potent and irresistible, as we do gunpowder, to astound, to smite, and stupify, and kill the inhabitants of the waters, is one of those wonders of an Almighty arm which no terrestrial animal is gifted to exhibit. For though some quadrupeds, as the cat, is known, at certain times, to accumulate the electric fluid in their fur, so as to give a slight shock to the hand that strokes them, it has never been clearly ascertained that they can employ it to arrest or bewilder their prey, so as to prevent their escape. Even man himself, though he can charge his batteries with this element, and again discharge them, has not yet so subjected it to his dominion as to use it independently of other substances, *offensively* and *defensively*, as the electric fishes do. The fishes hitherto ascertained to possess this power belong to the genera *Tetrodon*, *Trichinrus*, *Malapterurus*, *Gymnotus*, and *Raia*. The most remarkable are the three last. The faculty of the *Torpedo* to benumb its prey was known to Aristotle, and Pliny further states, that, conscious of its power, it hides itself in the mud, and benumbs the unsuspecting fishes that swim over it. The Arabians, when they cultivated the sciences so successfully, had observed this faculty both in the *Torpedo*, and the *Malapterurus*, and perceiving an affinity between the electric fluid of the heavens and that of these fishes, called them *Raash*, a name signifying *thunder*. It is singular that in three principal animals which Providence has signalized by this wonderful property, the organs of it should differ so much both in their number, situation, and other circumstances; but as there appears to be little other connexion between them, it was doubtless to accommodate them to the mode of life and general organization of the fishes so privileged.—*Bridgewater Treatise*.

Fruits of the West-Indies.—I don't think the fruits of the East are to be compared with those of the West-Indies. I doubt if the garden of the Hesperides could have boasted of such a profusion of golden tints,

and such a variety of delicious flavours. In the order of their excellence, let me regale your ladyship's fancy with their enumeration: the imperial shaddock, the grace and ornament of a dessert, of the West-Indies; the luscious granadilla, which none but Creole hands can duly prepare with sugar and Madeira; the melting avocada pear, which it is forbidden to eat without salt and pepper; the delicate anana, which must be tasted in the birth-place of the pine apple, to understand the benefit, that Ripley, the Jamaica planter, has conferred on the epicurean world; the mellifluous nabisberry, which, like the medlar, and some other fruits of precocious qualities in fashionable hot-beds, must be yellow at the core before it is mature; the full grown pomegranate must not be forgotten, teeming with liquid rubies, and reminding the Eastern epicurean of the golden fruit, which grows (on the authority of Mahomet) on that extraordinary tree Tuba, which grows in Paradise, close to the prophet's house, and is continually bending down its branches, to present the passers-by with grapes, dates, and pomegranates, 'of size and taste unknown to mortals;' and lastly, the blooming mango, whose exquisite hue is like the blush on the bashful cheek of a maiden of fifteen; and finally, indeed, *agro-dolce* admixture of the star-apple and orange, which stands not the proof of Seneca's test of wholesomeness, for the eating of the same may be a pleasant thing to-day, but by no means agreeable to-morrow. If it were not that I have a certain loving respect for beef-stakes and boded mutton, and a wholesome apprehension of all crude vegetable diet, I would daily breakfast, dine, and sup, on the fruits of the West-Indies.—*Madden's West Indies*.

Passengers in the Susan.—Messrs Macomber, Welch, Gray & Rayner's ship *Susan*, arrived yesterday from the Cape of Good Hope, bringing the following passengers: Two elephants, one large rhinoceros, eight full grown ostriches, three Bengal and three African leopards, six white vultures, five Secretary birds or serpent eaters, one Cassawary bird, three laughing hyenas, two strand or beach do, three spotted do, one Bengal or royal tiger, five porcupines, a full grown lion and honess, two young do do, two jackalls, one tiger cat, one Java poney, one mongoss, two Poonar or Hindostan bears, two white and one crested pelicans, two zebras, one large Coffa crane, and six minor animals.—*Boston Paper*.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

It is much to be regretted, that some one of competent abilities does not spend a short

time in Egypt, for the express purpose of illustrating the Scriptures. This regret came to me with peculiar force when examining the carvings of the Beni Massan, the paintings in which are of the most interesting description. In one cave there are figures of wrestlers, in at least a hundred different attitudes, and various other games are represented in separate compartments. A number of females appear to be playing at the rough game of leap-frog, and others at ball. There are washermen beating the clothes against a stone, and others wringing them out; blacksmiths, hunters, and fishermen; houses, flowers, and musical instruments; men exciting bulls to fight, and driving cattle as if to market; children riding upon asses in panniers; the sacrificing of bulls and human beings; the various processes of ploughing, sowing, reaping, treading out the corn, and housing it in the granary; groups of cattle, antelopes, asses, and dogs; lions and tigers; men shooting at game with arrows; weighing in a balance, hauling boats, and rowing; marriage processions; in fact, a peep is given at most of the common transactions of life as they took place in the olden time, not after the crude imagination of a modern painter, but in all the force and fire of living truth. There are two harpers, with instruments of a form more simple, and, perhaps, more ancient, than those in the tombs of Bruce. The dresses, and the manner of carrying burdens, suspended from the end of a stick placed upon the shoulders, the way of guiding boats by an oar instead of a rudder, are exact representations of the present customs of India, proving the similarity of manners in the early ages, and the antiquity of the usages of India, where to say 'it is customary' is thought a sufficient excuse for acts in themselves the most absurd. The sooner a mission is commenced for the preservation of these and other relics of antiquity the better, as they would throw great light upon many passages of the Bible, and every succeeding day adds something to the destruction of these valuable records.

THE WEARY FINDING REST.

The following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the twelfth anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union;—

In the county of Kent lives, or lived, a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath School, connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school

eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon afterwards enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Sometime after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and oh! sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him that he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the bible) and James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, (opening the bible) so here goes."

He opened the bible at the words. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, that is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school, I never could, for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! But who is this *me*, that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness?

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged with the enemy, at the close of which, the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his bible, which was opened at the passage, "come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the bible in his hand; there was not less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D. is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James, is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in Heaven.

From Dr. Madden's Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE WEST INDIES

To see Naples, and then to die, is said to be fortunate;—to visit Switzerland, and then to write a book, is to tell the world there is no magnificence like that of the mountains of Helvetia—to wander over Italy, and then to return home, is to 'disable the benefits of our own country,' and to disparage the advantages of every other. Your Ladyship, however, has visited these countries in a different spirit. 'I too have been in Arcadia,' but I need not assure you that nature has not lavished all her beauty on the scenes that are walled by Alps or Apennines, but that between the tropics she is the mother of island beauties, 'such as youthful poets might fancy' for their belles, or older bards might dream of while they are

"Still conscious of romance-inspiring charms."

While in the metaphorizing vein, allow me to liken the three fair islands of Barbados, St. Vincent, and Granada to three rival charmers of very different countries and complexions:—Barbados, the most ancient of our colonies, to a plain elderly Dutch spinster—'flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable;' St. Vincent, in her sweet but sombre features, to a lovely Creole damsel luxuriating in repose, whose smiles are like 'the setting glories of a happier day;' and Grenada, in all the stately splendour of her mountain scenery, to a Spanish senhora of gorgeous loveliness, whose sun-bright eyes and noble air are bills at sight on the beholder's admiration. We reached Grenada after a pleasant run of fourteen hours from St. Vincent. We made the land about midnight; and if I ever gazed on enchanting scenery, revelled in the serenity of summer airs, and felt the influence of lovely moonlight on a placid sea, without a speck on the horizon, or a sound on the waters but that of the ripple at the bows, as our vessel glided softly and slowly through the sparkling Caribbean, it was close along the shore of Grenada, with the shadows of her blue mountains projected far beyond us, and the white shingle beneath clearly visible in the pellucid waters as we approached the land. In my wanderings, east, or west, I have seen nothing which took such entire posses-

sion of my fancy as the scenery by night off Grenada. Moonlight in the West Indies no language can give an adequate idea of, or convey a notion of the splendid reflection of its beams in every diversity of light and shade on mountain scenery, or of that flood of pure ethereal lustre, which it pours over the fine features of this romantic country. I wished that night, from the bottom of my heart, that I could prevail on time 'to give me back my youth,' to rejoice even for a few hours with a real Anne Rattcliffe sort of romantic joy in the moon-lit mountain scenery of 'the most beautiful of the Antilles,' as Coleridge justly designates Grenada. But reasonable wishes are not always gratified: I kept gazing and gazing on the scene the live-long night, and now and then the ghost of a feeling of younger days would flit across my imagination, and the atmosphere around it would seem of a mellow mineral greenish vapour, somewhat like the tinge of Stanfield's moonlight views in the fairylands and enchanted islands of a melodrame.

How to make Money.—Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with? 'Tom,' you say has got a farm, and Henry has one thousand dollars, but I have nothing.' I say to you look at your hands, and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them or for the use of them, through your life? If you can make half a dollar a day with them, it would not be a bad bargain, for that sum is the interest of more than two thousand dollars; so that, if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are more than twice as rich as he is, and when you can do man's work and make a dollar a day, you are four times as rich and are fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land is therefore not the only capital with which a young man can begin the world, if he has good health and is industrious. Even the poorest boy has something to tread upon, and if he be beside well educated, and have skill in any kind of work, and add to this moral habits and religious principles, so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him, he may then be said to set out in life with a good chance of becoming independent and respectable, and perhaps rich as any man in the country. Let it be remembered, that 'every man is the maker of his own fortune.' All depends upon setting out upon right principles, and they are these:

1. Be industrious. Time and skill are your capital.
2. Be saving. Whatever it be, live within your income.
3. Be prudent. Buy not what you can do without.
4. Be resolute. Let your economy be always of to-day, and not of to-morrow.
5. Be contented and thankful. A cheerful spirit makes labour light, and sleep

sweet, and all around happy—all of which is much better than only being rich.

FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.

"It is impossible," said some, when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold, northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts; but Peter was not discouraged, and the thing was done.

"It is impossible," said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's. To benefit his people, he had determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasburg, so that the productions of de la Roche, (his own village,) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted, and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but still they thought it impossible. But he seized a pickaxe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, and went to work, and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The road and bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the ragged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of 24,000 pine trees, 6 feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was contemplated in 1811, was kept moist. Its length was 44,000 English feet.

It had been conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done.—The trees slid down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were one hundred feet long, run through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work says—"Such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows."

Say not hastily, then, of any thing, "It is impossible." It may not be done in an hour, or a day, or a week; but perseverance will finally bring you to the end of it. "Time and patience," says a Spanish proverb, "will turn a mulberry leaf into silk."

Art Comparison.—In a discourse delivered before the Benevolent Fraternity of

churches, recently, by Dr. Channing, the following comparison is found:

"When I compare together different classes as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too much, than from eating too little; vastly more from excess than from starvation. So as to clothing, many shiver from want of defences against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked, but they suffer less than many of the rich who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite cravings of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of *ennui*, a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil! The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overtaken poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich."

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.—A youth who was brought up at the almshouse was lately taken into the family of Mrs. —. of Pearl street, to run of errands. The first day he became an inmate of her house the following dialogue passed between them; "Are you not sorry, my dear," said Mrs. —, "to leave home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care." "Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave," resumed she. "No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body." "What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she. "Nobody ever was good to me," said the boy. Mrs. — was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cold indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?" "No, for old dusty Bob, the rag-man, died last week." "And was he your friend?" Yes, that he was," replied the boy, "he once gave me a piece of gingerbread."

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 30, 1835.

The Cordelia arrived on Monday evening in 4 days from Boston, bringing London dates to the 15th September.

The Corporation Reform Bill has received His Majesty's assent. It was amended in the House of Lords; and the Commons, at the recommendation of Lord John Russell acceded to the amendments.

The Irish Tithe Bill has also received the Royal assent.

Parliament was prorogued by His Majesty's in person, on the 10th September.

Steam Passage to India.—The first mail from England to India, by way of Alexandria, arrived at Bombay on the 22d April last in 50 days. The time required for the passage is 17 days from Falmouth to Malta, 5 days from Malta to Alexandria, and 20 days from Alexandria to Bombay, including stoppage.

The Boston Evening Gazette of the 17th instant, says,—“The Question between the United States and France, according to all accounts, remains as far from adjustment as it has been since Mr. Livingston's departure.”

FIRE.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning a House in the long range of Buildings on the south side of Marchington's Wharf was discovered to be on Fire—an alarm was instantly given—The Troops in Garrison, Seamen from His Majesty's Ships, and inhabitants, soon assembled, and every exertion was made to extinguish the same—but we regret to state that before an effectual stop could be put to the destructive element, all the buildings in the range (except that nearest to the end of the wharf) a Store and Keeper's Dwelling House in the Ordnance Yard, were destroyed. The wind was from the north-west, and most fortunately, very light. The Town is, as usual, much indebted to its Military and Naval friends for their exertions, and the conduct of our fellow-townsmen was, with some few exceptions, every way creditable to them.—*Gaz.*

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 24th Oct, 1835.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief has been pleased to make the following appointments.

Quar. - Master-General Edward Wallace, to be Adjutant General, vice McColla, deceased.

Lieut. Colonel G. N. Russell, of the 1st Halifax Regiment, to be Quarter-Master-General, Vice Wallace.

Capt. S. Binney, of the 1st Halifax Regiment, to be Brigade Major for the Eastern and Middle Division, of the Province.

Bills of Lading and Seamen's Articles for sale at this Office.

ALMANACS

For 1836, for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the grief that afflicts us to-day?

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish,
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope, oh! how soon it would lessen my anguish
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unattended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings may
cease;

Then at home when with care sympathetic attended,
I should rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
When hurry and toil have my spirits oppress;
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be the sweet sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are returning,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight.

VARIETIES.

The enjoyment of Reading.—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified, and interesting scene; and, while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself, the next day, with his money in his pocket, or at least, laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family—and without a head-ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and, if the book he has been reading be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to.

* * * * * If I were to pray for a taste which should stand instead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir John Herschel.*

Dissimulation.—Generous and open hearted conduct is ever the characteristic of the man who is worthy of our confidence. He is no dissembler—wears no false garb, nor does he attempt to cheat us by his pro-

fessions of friendship. But unlike this is the man who would pass himself off in the world as the pattern of godliness and virtue.

It cannot have escaped the observation of the discerning, that dissemblers ever talk the loudest against those vices they themselves are guilty of and in the highest terms of praise, of those excellencies of which they are deficient. We ever need to be on our guard, to suspect that all is not right, either when we hear a person talking loud of practical piety, and 'vital godliness.' We may feel not a little apprehensive that he cares not so much for 'moral principle,' as for some other object, for which the Saviour says he shall receive his reward.

Influence of Professions on Mortality.—There are some curious facts respecting the influence of professions on mortality, collected by Dr. Casper, of Berlin, from which it appears, that "head work is more injurious than bodily labour; but that the combination of the two is the most wearing.—A sedentary life, free from all excesses, is, on the contrary, the condition most favourable to life." Of all professions, that of a physician is the most life-wearing; while that of the divine occupies the other extreme of the scale. Of 100 divines, 42 reached 70 years and upwards—of 100 physicians, 24 only attained to that age. Of 1000 deaths between the ages of 23 and 62 inclusive, the years of greatest professional activity, there were—of physicians, 610—of divines, 345.

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN.—"Because you are a gentleman," replied the girl, curtsying, 'for all your homespun clothes.' 'Ha! pray how have you found that out?' 'You talk differently from our people, sir. Your words or your voice—I can't rightly tell which—are softer than I have been used to hear; and you don't look and walk, and behave as if homespun had been all you ever wore.' 'And is that all?' 'You stop to consider, as if you were studying what would please other people; and you do not step so heavy, sir; and you do not swear, and you do not seem to like to give trouble. I can't think, sir, that you have been used to such as are hereabouts.'

RULES OF SPEAKING.—The following rules of Dr. Cotton Mather, on the subject of slander are recommended to the consideration of the lovers of peace.

He resolved he never would speak evil falsely of any man—and if he ever spoke against any it should be under the following restrictions and limitations, which he conscientiously observed—

He would consider whether he would not speak to the person himself, concerning the evil before he spoke of it to any one else.

He would ordinarily say nothing reflecting on any man, behind his back, which he would not readily to his face.

He would aggravate no evil of another, which he had occasion to speak of, nor make it worse than it was.

When he was properly called to speak against any man, if he knew any good of him, he would speak of that too.

He would be sure to maintain charity towards the persons of all that he had occasion to speak against; and would heartily wish them all good.

PREVALENT CAUSES OF CRIME.—1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect. 2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade; and if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had lawfully expired. 3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient, or entirely wanting. 4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime. 5. By preventing intemperance, and by promoting education, we are authorised to believe that we shall prevent crime in a considerable degree.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. But we are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with spontaneous and unbounded profusion.

The body and mind are improved by the toils that fatigue them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar, no wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said, that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity, and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived, than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

Fear debilitates and lowers, but hope animates and revives; therefore rulers and magistrates should attempt to operate on the minds of their respective subjects, if possible, by reward, rather than punishment. And this principle will be strengthened by another consideration; he that is punished or rewarded, while he falls or rises in the estimation of others, cannot fail to do so like wise in his own.

DIODEGENES being asked, the biting of which beast was the most dangerous, answered,—If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's; if tame ones, 'tis the flatterer's.

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H. W. BLACKADAR
Halifax, July, 1835.

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