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

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE LYRE-BIRD; OR, SUPERB MENURA.

New Holland, which affords so rich a harvest to the student of nature, and which produces the most singular and anomalous beings with which we are at present acquainted, is the native country of this rare and beautiful bird, the habits and manners of which are yet but little known. Considered by many naturalists as allied to the paradise, or birds of paradise, it exhibits in its general form, and especially in the figure, of its large elongated nails, which are evidently adapted for scratching up the soil, a certain degree of approximation to the gallinaceous tribe, to which others are inclined to refer it; but there is, however, a group of ground thrushes as they are expressively called, to which, in the characters of the plumage and in habits, it would appear, we think, to be still nearer related.

Dr. Shaw, in his account of the manners of the superb menura, says, "At the early part of the morning it begins singing, having (as is reported) a very fine natural note; and gradually ascending some rocky eminence, scratches up the ground in the manner of some of the pheasant tribe, elevating its tail, and at intervals imitating the notes of every other bird within hearing; and after having continued this exercise for about two hours, again descends into the valleys, or lower grounds." This account has been confirmed to us by the testimony of a gentleman, who, during his residence in New Holland, took particular pains to investigate its manners and habits: he describes the menura as being very shy and recluse, and consequently not easy to be observed. Its own notes are rich and melodious, and it imitates those of other birds with admirable tact and execution; these powers of melody are the more remarkable, as connected with its size and rasorial habits, for the voice both of the birds of paradise and of

the gallinaceous tribe is harsh and discordant. Dr. Latham informs us, that the menura is "chiefly found in the hilly parts of the country, and called by the inhabitants the 'mountain pheasant'; as to its general manners, very little has come to our knowledge. It will occasionally perch on trees, but for the most part is found on the ground, having the manners of our poultry, as is manifest from observing the ends of the claws, which in most specimens are much blunted." Like many other desiderata to the naturalist from New Holland, this curious bird has never been brought alive to Europe.

In size, the menura, is about equal to a pheasant. Its general plumage is of a dull brown, inclining to rufous on the quill-feathers; the tail, which is much longer than the body, consists of feathers so arranged, and of such different sorts, as to form, when elevated, a figure bearing no unapprising resemblance to an ancient lyre.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### CHARLES VON LINNÆUS.

Charles von, Linnæus, or *Linne*, a celebrated naturalist, was the son of a clergyman, and born at Roeshult, in the province of Smaland in Sweden, in 1707. He studied physic at Leyden, and in 1735 took his doctor's degree in that faculty, after which he settled at Stockholm. At the age of 34 he was appointed professor of physic and botany in the university of Upsal. He also became physician to the king, who created him a knight of the polar star, and conferred on him a pension with a patent nobility. He was the founder and first president of the academy of Stockholm, and a member of several foreign societies. Linnæus travelled into Norway, Dalecarlia, Desert Lapland, Germany, Holland, France, and England, in eager pursuit of his favourite science. In this country he was greatly noticed by our most famous naturalists, and brought a letter of introduction to sir Hans Sloane from Boerhaave. He invented a new method of dividing plants into classes, and he extended the same to animals. He died in 1778. His son *Charles Linnæus* was professor of medicine at Upsal, and died in 1783, aged 45; he was the last of the family.

*A liar is a hector towards God, and a coward towards man.*

### ELM TREE HALL.

I love to tell a cheerful tale,  
In happy-hearted mood;  
Come, read it with a willing mind,  
For it may do thee good!

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the old Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

His dress was as old fashioned as his habits. He wore a cocked hat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat reaching nearly to his knees, and his shoes came up almost to his ankles. No poor cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply, no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance, and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty handed from the Hall.

The sick he sooth'd, the hungry fed,  
Bade care and sorrow fly,  
And loved to raise the downcast head  
Of friendless poverty.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend to him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it, and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character, for though of a cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but had there been forty, no one would have been engaged until he had undergone a trial, for a boy with a curious, prying disposition the old gentleman would not engage. It was on a Monday morning that seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with faces as bright as cherry-cheeked apples, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that, if any of the

young people who applied to be his servant were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers, he might be aware of it, and he took care that the lads, who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

At first Joe Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so Joe sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him, but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that, at last, he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover, and Joe wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things, and as Joe was of a curious disposition he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by the current of air, flew about the room, and Joe, in his fright, putting down the cover hastily puffed the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done? Joe began to pick up the feathers, one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room to the consternation of Joe Turner, who was very soon dismissed as a lad not likely to suit the situation.

When the room was once more arranged, Tom Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for; no sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries, now Tom was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought that it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it in his mouth. It was excellent, and then he persuaded himself that he ran no great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it in his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial cherries at the top of the others filled with cayenne pepper, one of these Tom had unfortunately taken, and no sooner did he put it in his mouth than he began to sputter in such an outrageous manner, that the old gentleman knew very well what was the matter. Tom Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in it.

Bill Parkes was next introduced into the room, and left to himself, but he had not been there two minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was

of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly. Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein, but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room. Bill Parkes was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him; he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted any thing? Bill stuttered and stammered, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Sam Tonks was then shown into the room, by an old servant, and, being of a cautious disposition, touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch further, looking down at the bottom of the door that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for to the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. Sam ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that Sam Tonks was half frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found Sam Tonks nearly as pale as a sheet. Sam had opened one door, the old gentleman soon opened another, bidding him walk out of it, and never again to show his face at Elm Tree Hall.

It now came to the turn of Ned Roberts to be put into the room, and as it was in a distant part of the house, he knew nothing of what had happened to the other lads.

On the table stood a small round box with a screw top to it, and Ned, thinking that it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscruwing the top, but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. Ned started back and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Ned with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, handing him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a

time, therefore the sooner you are gone the better;" with that he dismissed him without waiting a moment for his reply.

Harry Ball next entered the room, and, being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. Ball was not only curious and prying, but downright dishonest, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase he stepped on tiptoe in that direction, but the moment he touched the key he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it which communicated with an electrifying machine, and Harry received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to walk off the premises, and leave other people to lock and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as the rest of them, but he had more integrity in his heart, neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat, and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his good old Master to his grave, and received a legacy of fifty pounds for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of John Grove.

#### BEAUTIFUL TRAIT IN A YOUNG GIRL.

Sometime after the horrible massacre which signalized the commencement of the French revolution, the contagious example propagated murder and destruction, even in the new world. One cannot remember it without shuddering with horror, that, in order to put to death more quickly a multitude of men and women at once and without trial, they collected them in groups, then fired upon them several cannons loaded with cannon shot.

An honest Creole of St. Domingo, who had committed no other crime than that of preserving the heritage of his fathers, and of being rich, was in consequence inscribed upon the list of proscription: the wretches who decorated themselves with the name of patriots, in imbruing their hands in the blood of the most innocent citizens, denounced him as an enemy to the public welfare, and he was condemned to perish together with a number of the unfortunates.

Happily for this old colonist, he was a father, and a father, above all, of a little daughter, full of courage, tenderness and energy. When he was dragged from the bosom of his family, his child resolutely followed him, and resolved to share his destinies, however dreadful they might be.

Placed one of the first among the victims the Creole had his eyes blindfold and his arms tied; already the satellites of death adjusted their murderous arms upon the unfortunate, deprived of hope and ready to die. O happiness! O sentiment! sacred of nature, what powers is yours! You anticipate the years in uncommon persons whom you animate with your divine fire; you lend them the foresight of the wise and the strength of men in their infancy.

At the precise moment of the signal for the discharge of the artillery, a little girl comes running, crying, 'My father! O my father!' Vainly they try to take her away from danger; vainly they threaten her—nothing stops her—nothing intimidates her. She rushes towards her father, she attaches herself to his body, which she presses closely with her little arms, and waits for the moment to perish with the author of her days.

O my daughter, dear child! only and sweet hope of thy weeping mother, said her father trembling and melting into tears, 'retire, I entreat thee, I order thee,' 'O my father,' responded the maiden, 'let me die with you!'

Oh! what an empire has virtue over souls most ferocious! this unexpected incident discourses the commander of the massacre. Without doubt, he was a father also. The voice of admiration, the cry of pity, rise suddenly from his heart! He alleges a specious pretext for delivering the Creole from death, and causes him to be reconducted to prison with his child. A moment of delay is sometimes precious. The face of affairs having shortly changed, the good father was released; and since that happy day, he ceases not to relate, with the tenderest emotion, the heroic action of his little daughter, aged then only ten years.

THE POLAR STAR.

Among the northern constellations, that which is situated nearest to the north pole, and is termed the little bear, is naturally the first to attract our notice. The last star of the tail is but two degrees from the pole, and is thence denominated the polar star. It may be easily distinguished from all the neighbouring stars, because it seems scarcely to change its position, and is almost always observed in the same point of the heavens. Notwithstanding it appears to be fixed, this star revolves round the pole but its motion is so slow, and the circle which it describes so small, that its change of place is scarcely perceptible. This apparent fixity of situation renders the polar star an infallible guide, especially to mariners. In all ages, especially before the discovery of the compass, navigators had not a surer conductor than the polar star; and even now, since the invention of that instrument, so invaluable to seamen, this star sometimes proves, when the sky is serene, a guide on which they may rely more securely than on the

magnetic needle, and which conducts them with unerring certainty to the most distant coasts.

The advantages which we derive from the polar star naturally lead me to the consideration of the benefits conferred on us by the revealed word of God, especially of the gospel. How inestimable a gift for a man tossed about on the tempestuous ocean of the world, and surrounded with the obscurity of night. Without this guide I lose my way, and am unable to find the track that leads to God and everlasting felicity. Without the word of God for my conductor, I wander to and fro, sometimes racked with fears, sometimes cheered by hope, but always in uncertainty. In the divine revelation alone I find a certain and invariable rule, by which I can pursue with courage what is set before me, and accomplish it with joy. Henceforth will I, therefore, follow this unerring guide as attentively as the pilot consults the polar star, and will keep it constantly in view, that I may never go astray. By its assistance I shall at length arrive in safety in the desired port, where I shall enjoy everlasting repose and felicity.

GLASS.—Glass does not exist in a natural form in many places. The sight of a native crystal, probably, led men to think originally of producing a similar substance by art. The fabrication of glass is of high antiquity. The historians of China, Japan, and Tartary, speak of glass manufactories existing there more than two thousand years ago. An Egyptian mummy two or three thousand years old, was lately exhibited in London ornamented with little fragments of coloured glass. The writings of Seneca, a Roman author who lived about the time of our Saviour, and of St. Jerome, who lived five hundred years afterwards, speak of glass being used in windows. It is recorded that the Prior of the Convent of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, in the year 674, sent for French workmen to glaze the windows of his chapel. In the twelfth century the art of making glass was known in this country. Yet it is very doubtful, whether it was employed in windows, excepting the e of churches, and the houses of the very rich, for several centuries afterwards; and it is quite certain that the period is comparatively recent when glass windows were used for excluding cold and admitting light in the houses of the great body of the people, or that glass vessels were to be found amongst their ordinary conveniences. The manufacture of glass in England now employs about forty thousand people, because the article, being cheap, is of universal use.—*Working Man's Companion.*

Diogenes being asked—How one should be revenged of his enemy? answered—By being a virtuous and honest man.

FOR THE MIRROR.

S. M. Air—Shirland.

Ye saints that love the Lord,  
Come sing aloud his praise;  
Your hearts and souls with one accord,  
In tuneful voices raise.

Sing of his wondrous love,  
Sing of his grace and power;  
Tell how he left his throne above,  
Sing of his dying hour.

His love! what tongue can tell,  
Or half his beauties sing?  
In every thing He does excel,  
Oh what a glorious King!!

His grace how full and free,  
His power is great indeed;  
He left his throne to die for me,  
For me the "LAMB" did bleed.

Bless him ye earth and sky,  
Ye seas his name adore;  
All things below, and all on high,  
Praise him for evermore.

A. Z.

The chr. Industry 7 days from Boston, arrived this morning, bringing papers to 31st ult.

BOSTON, March 30.

FROM ENGLAND.—The Packet ship Francois 1st, arrived at New-York from Havre, via Plymouth, England, brings London dates to Feb. 15th, two days later. The news is not important.

Mr Somonosoff, first Secretary to the Russian embassy at London, has been appointed Minister to Washington. He will proceed to the United States from England.

Lord Brougham is still in feeble health, at his seat, Brougham Hall.

A new treaty of commerce is spoken of between England and France.

The emperor of Russia has confiscated more of the Polish estates.

Coroner's Inquest.—An Inquest was held on Saturday the 2d of April, on the body of a youth named Robert Hutton, who was out shooting on Good Friday, and was accidentally shot by a companion. He had gone before to fire at some birds, and while the other, whose peice was cocked, was bringing it to the half cock, it went off, and Hutton received the charge in his hip, from the effects of which he died the following day. The Jury returned a verdict that the deceased was accidentally killed.—*Times.*

MARRIED.

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Alexander Carsens, to Mrs. Sophia King of this town.

DIED.

On the 2nd inst. Robert, fourth son of Mr. W. H. S. Neal, aged 4 months. Yesterday morning, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Geddes, widow of the late Charles Geddes, Esq. Her funeral will take place on Sunday next, at one o'clock, from the house of the late Doctor Clark, in Barrington street; when her friends and acquaintance are requested to attend.

## POETRY.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

## ON DEPARTURE OF THE WINTER OF 1836.

The reign of the ice-King now has past,  
His mantle of Snow is melting fast,  
The Storm clouds are sitting fast along,  
To tune their Harps for their Summer song.

He has been busy the livelong day,  
Paving the Lake for the Skater's way;  
He clad the Earth in a robe of frost,  
And all complaints, to the tempest, tost.

He scattered his morsels far and wide,—  
Shrouded the Heavens, and chained the tide;  
He gave the Mountain a snowy crown,  
And made the Oak, in its pride bow down.

He softly stole to the palace door,  
And walked unseen on the marble floor;  
He went to the poor man's lowly cot,  
And revelled in triumph o'er his lot.

What else? What else! Do you think this all?  
He has been busy plotting the fall,  
Of the lofty one whose kindling eye  
Would never tell he was born to die.

He met in his way a lovely one,—  
The palm of beauty she gave to none;  
He kissed her lips, till she drew a breath,  
Then sent to her lungs the seeds of death.

King of the seasons! What hast thou done!  
He answers not, but a hollow moan,  
On the dying storm is borne to me,—  
"He came on his Maker's embassy."

## VARIETIES.

**PROGRESS OF REASON.**—All the inventions and discoveries of man are only various exertions of his mental powers; they depend solely upon the improvement of his reason. With the vigor of reason must keep pace the probability of adding new discoveries to our stock of truth, and of applying some of them to the enjoyment and ornament, as well as to the more serious and exalted uses of human life. By a parity of reason we perceive, that those who remove impediments on the road to truth, as certainly contribute to advance its general progress as if they were directly employing the same degree of sagacity in the pursuit of a particular discovery. The contrary may be affirmed of all those who oppose hindrances to free, fearless, calm, unprejudiced, and dispassionate inquiry; they lessen the stores of knowledge; they relax the vigor of every intellectual effort; they abate the chances of future discovery. Every impediment to the utmost liberty of enquiry or discussion, whether it consists in fear of punishment, in bodily restraint, in dread of the mischievous effects of new truth, or in the submission of reason to beings of the like frailties with ourselves, always, in proportion to its magnitude, robs a man of some share of his rational and moral nature.—Truth is not often dug up with ease: when it is a general object of aversion,—when it is represented as an immoral or even impious search,—the difficulties that impede our

labours are increased; the most irresistible passions of our nature, and the most lasting interests of society, conspire against improvement of mind; and it is thought a crime to ascertain what is generally advantageous, though thereby can be learned the arduous art of doing good with the least alloy of evil.—Sir J. M'Intosh.

**VICISSITUDES.**—The human mind is so constituted as always to seek a level. If it is depressed, it will be proportionably elevated; if elevated, it will be proportionably depressed. It may justly be compared to a ship riding upon the billows; at one moment, clearing the heavens—at the next wrecking in the troubled waters. We can neither be entirely miserable nor superlatively happy. Here will be a mixture of sunshine and storm, the one continually succeeding the other. Those who have their dark thoughts—their moments of gloom and despondency—experience subsequently a corresponding degree of animation, and their spirits leap up and soar away as upon the wings of an angel.

**THE SCHOLAR.**—Oh! what are the glitter of wealth, and the pride of royalty—the pomp of troops, and the allurements of sensual luxury to the plain garb and attended simplicity of the scholar? Visiting no spot but its history is familiar; reading a thousand sweet secrets and eloquent lessons in every simple flower, in every throned city, in every lonely wood; gorgeous visions and stately phantoms rising up before him upon every plain, by every ruin. Is he not a monarch? Does he not dwell in his own solemn kingdom? Are not the air and the earth, the desert sea and the gold paved sky, more to him than to other men?

**HAPPY DAYS.**—A paper was found after the death of Abderama II<sup>d</sup>, one of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 961, after a reign of fifty years, with these words, written by himself:—"Fifty years has passed since I was Caliph. I have enjoyed riches, honours, and pleasures—Heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed—their number is 14. Consider then, mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world, and what is life!"

**A FINE ANSWER.**—When Bernardo Tasso remonstrated with his son, the immortal Torquato, on his indiscreet preference of philosophy (for with him philosophy and poetry were identified) to jurisprudence, and angrily demanded, "What has philosophy done for you?" Torquato replied, "It has taught me to bear with meekness the reproofs of a father."

A distinguished German entomologist has calculated that a single square inch of the wing of a peacock-butterfly, as seen through

a powerful microscope, contains not less than 100,735 scales.

## SELECT SENTENCES.

Alexander the Great had such extraordinary value and esteem for knowledge and learning, that he used to say he was more obliged to Aristotle, his tutor, for his learning, than to Philip, his father, for his life; seeing the one was momentary, and the other permanent, and never to be blotted out by oblivion.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

None can be eminent without application and genius. Aristotle says, That to become an able man in any possession whatsoever, three things are necessary; which are, nature, study, and practice.

A man of ingenuity may go a great way in the field of learning by himself. Heraclitus, a philosopher of Ephesus, had no master or tutor; but attained a great knowledge by his own private study and diligence. Though this can be no rule, it is an example to those who have not the advantage of a guide.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour; the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke suddenly vanishing, which, if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance; and for a moment of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

In the height of your prosperity expect adversity, but fear it not; if it come not, you are the more sweetly possessed of the happiness you have, and the more strongly confirmed; if it come, you are the more gently disposed, and the more firmly prepared.

It is a necessary, and should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our circumstances, and whatever expectations we may have, to live within the compass of what we actually possess.

Quintilian recommends to all parents the timely education of their children, advising to train them up in learning, good manners, and virtuous exercises, since we commonly retain those things in age, which we entertained in our youth.

The sciences chiefly to be recommended, are natural and moral philosophy; for these entertain us with the images and beauties, both of nature and of virtue; shew us what we are, and what we ought to be; to which we may add mechanics, agriculture, and navigation; most other studies are in a manner emptiness and air—diversions to recreate the mind, but not of weight enough to make them our business.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.