

the industrious habits I then acquired under my paternal roof, and having adhered to them in after life, and by my humble endeavors to make all dealing with my fellow men for mutual benefit, and never to deceive any one knowingly, I have fully experienced, that by what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

I came to this city without any friends saving those which I gained by my fidelity when a boy, in selling vegetables; and there were many, for the late Hon. Thomas Russell and David Greene, Esq., and many others, would lend me money, and endorse my notes at the Bank, which laid the foundation of all my after usefulness and all the blessings I now enjoy. Some think labor is an evil. But I consider labor one of the greatest blessings of man. It gives me a relish for my food and my sleep, and I am never troubled with the dyspepsia.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

A glance at the main arsenal, from the heights on which the barracks stand, shows you that it is an immense establishment; but so much of it is concealed by the high wall around it, that you can form no conception of what a fearful magazine of human slaughter it is, till you are admitted within the inclosure. You had expected to see several hundred, or, possibly, some two or three thousand pieces of cannon, large and small. But instead of this you behold acres of ground covered with field pieces, and howitzers, and mortars, lying in rows, side by side, as near to each other as they can be placed, with just room enough between the rows for one man to walk, in taking care of them. "I shuddered," says the Doctor, "as I passed along, and thought how all these open-mouthed instruments of death might, and probably would, be employed; and coming up to a small train of brass pieces taken at the battle of Waterloo, I asked an officer of rank, who was standing by, how many cannon there were in the arsenal. 'Twenty-seven thousand,' he replied coolly. 'So ignorant was I in these matters that I hardly supposed there were so many in the whole British empire. Yet here there were before my eyes 27,000 pieces of ordnance in this single inclosure—all now reposing peacefully in their places, but ready to be waked up at any moment. It is said that when the Allied Sovereigns visited this arsenal after the fall of Napoleon, they could not at first believe their own eyes. They suspected that their Royal host of England intended to amuse them with a cheap deception of wooden imitations, till the ringing of the brass metal convinced them that it was no ostentatious pageantry by which they were surrounded. Within this dread inclosure, too, there are no less than two millions of bomb-shells and cannon-balls, all neatly painted and piled up; and in one of the

buildings 10,000 sets of artillery and dragoon harness, which may be put in requisition at an hour's notice."—Letters from Europe.

Rev. xix 9. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

"Well, Hodgo," said a smart looking Londoner to a plain cottager, who was on his way home from the church, "so you are trudging home after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breezes in the country this morning." "Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness and neglect of religion; but I have been at the house of God, to worship Him, and to hear his preached word." "Ah! what then, you are one of those simpletons, that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible. Believe me, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense; and none but weak and ignorant people now think it true." "Well, Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have two strings to our bow." "Two strings to your bow! what do you mean by that?" "Why, sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be the better man, for living according to it; and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string; and if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string; and a pretty strong one it is! But, sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not one string to your bow. And oh! if its tremendous threats prove true, oh think what then, sir, will become of you!" This plain appeal silenced the cockcomb, and made him feel, it is hoped, that he was not quite so wise as he supposed. [Pleasing Expos.]

BISHOP HUTTON.—While Dr. Hutton was bishop of Durham, he was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, when he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, he retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favor he had shown him.

Popularity.—The brightness of a falling star,—the fleeting splendor of a rainbow,—

the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician who, in these lunatic times, hopes to adapt himself to all the changes of public opinion, should qualify for the task, by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.—[Carey's Library.]

MARRIED

On Sunday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, Mr. George Bayloy, to Miss Mary Jane Gover.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Rector of St Paul's, Mr Daniel Holman, of this town, to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Moses Smith, of Sambro.

Wednesday morning, by the Rev. John Martin, William Robertson, Esq. Collector of H. M. Customs at Shielburne, to Catherine, only daughter of Mr. James Miller, of Glasgow, Scotland.

At Falmouth, on Tuesday the 4th of October, by the Rev. John Stevenson, Mr. Thomas Harding, Merchant of St. John, N. B. to Miss Maria Alice, eldest daughter of the late William Young, Esq. of Falmouth.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, after a short but severe illness, Mr. James Smith, Grocer, in the 37th year of his age.

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

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

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