

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Distressing Accident at Windsor.

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

#### DIED.

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

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

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

#### SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

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

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

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