

A SUMMER EVENING.

It has long been debatable ground, we believe, with Poets, whether morning or evening is the best fitted for contemplation—which of them show forth most of the beauties of nature—and which presents the highest theme for the flight of their muse. We leave them to settle the question. But we must confess the time when is "toll'd the knell of parting day"—when

"The lowing herds wad slowly o'er the sea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness—"

is peculiarly grateful to our feelings. The mind is elevated at the sight of, and there is majesty in the uprising of the sun, when he comes forth from the chambers of the east, and "goes as a giant, rejoicing to run his race." There is beauty, too, in the harmony and concord of sweet sounds warbled from the throats of the feathered songsters—there is joy in the breath of flowers, and loveliness in the face of the earth spangled with dew drops: But all these bring not the same soothing calmness—the same mild luxury to the heart and feelings, as the sight and sound incident to the evening. More especially are the Summer evenings in our climate beautiful and delightful. The air is fragrant and limy—the hum of the day gradually sinks into silence—the skies are streaked with grey and golden clouds, while innumerable fire-flies, rising from the grass emit their phosphorus light athwart the "shades of evening." Nature's own little torch-bearers. The holy tranquility of the time, too, suits the contemplative mood more than any other. We learn then emphatically to "look through Nature up to Nature's God;" for there is nothing to steal away the soul, or distract its meditations.

Evening is the proper time to view the works of Art as well as Nature—especially architectural grandeur and decay. A rich mellowness is imparted to marble columns and granite pillars—

"Hues, which have words, and speak to ye heaven,
That o'er the vast and wondrous monument,
And shadow forth its glory."

And when the destroyer has "leant his hand, but broke his scythe" upon these proud trophies of man's genius, it is sweet to linger among their ruins, and watch the

"Stars twinkling through the loops of time,"
and listen

"As the low night breeze waves along the air,
The garland-furled, which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald nest Cæsar's head."

The town is no place to enjoy the pleasures of a summer evening. You must leave the busy haunts of men, and go into the retirement of the country. We do not think, with North's Shepherd, that a man can be as good and as happy in the streets and alleys of a city, as in the sprinkled domicils that from the green earth look up through the trees to heaven. Cowper says, "Man made the town, God the country;" and perhaps a happier illustration of the idea could not be found than the enjoyment of

such an evening as we have attempted to describe.

NEW YORK.—Captain Back arrived in town on Saturday evening, from his Arctic expedition, and took lodgings at the City Hotel, he proceeded for England in the packet ship North America, which sailed this morning for Liverpool.

He was accompanied by a soldier of the artillery, who went with him from Montreal, and has accompanied him through all his expedition. Dr. King and the other companions of Capt. Back have gone home by the way of Hudson's Bay.

He did not go to the wreck of Capt. Ross' vessel.

On his arrival at the Sault St. Maria he was saluted by the American garrison in a most gratifying manner. He mentioned some very interesting circumstances connected with his journey, which we do not feel at liberty to mention, since they will be made public by himself on his arrival in England.

The friends of Capt. Back here and elsewhere, have reason to regret his speedy departure to his own country.—But such was his anxiety to return, that he has declined the civilities tendered him at Montreal, Albany and this city. A large crowd attended at the steamboat this forenoon, to pay their respects to this intrepid officer. We trust he will have a speedy passage, and find Capt. Ross under a more genial sky than he anticipated when he went in search of him.

THE MONTHS.—No. 9

SEPTEMBER is the ninth month of the year, reckoned from January, and the seventh from March, whence its name, viz from Septimus, seventh, the discrepancy between the name and the number arises from the circumstance that the Romans began their year in March. The name was retained, though the style was changed. September is emblematically drawn with a merry and cheerful countenance, in a purple robe.

This is one of the most active months in the whole year. In many, and indeed in most parts, the harvest is at its height, and where this is not the case a variety of employments are afforded. The days are now very sensibly shortened; and the mornings and evenings are chill and damp, though the warmth is still considerable in the middle of the day, and it has been frequently observed, that there are generally as great a number of fine days in this month as in any other of the year. Hence it is frequently chosen for country excursions. The scenery of nature is rich and splendid. The endless variety of tints and hues enchants the beholder.

About the 22d of this month the sun enters Libra, and becomes vertical, as when he entered Aries in March. Hence no shadow is cast from the equator, and the days and

nights are of equal length throughout the world. The vertical position of the sun, and the consequent nearer approach of the earth to the great orb of day, materially affects the tides, and causes in some cases a dreadful swelling of the mighty deep. The change in the position and motions of the tides tends to produce a correspondent change in the atmospheric currents; so that gales and storms are the almost invariable consequences of the sun's visit to the equator. Great damage is often experienced by the shipping at these seasons, but a general benefit is conferred on the world. The agitation of the seas and of the air produced by the gales promotes their purity and hence the health of mankind. Thus "good comes out of evil;" and an occasional inconvenience is converted into a lasting blessing. Truly, O God "thy way is in the deep, and thy path in the mighty waters."

PROPERTY.—The advantages of the acquisition of property are two-fold; they are not merely to be estimated by the pecuniary profit produced, but the superior tone of industry and economy, which the possessor unconsciously acquires. When a man is able to call his own that which he has obtained by his own well-directed exertion, this power at once causes him to feel raised in the scale of being, and endows him with the capability of enlarging the stock of his possessions. A cottager having a garden, a cow, or even a pig, is much more likely to be an industrious member of society than one who has nothing in which he can take an interest during his hours of relaxation, and who feels he is of no consequence because he has nothing which he can call his own. The impressions which have been produced upon the minds of the peasantry, by affording them the means of acquiring property and of possessing objects of care and industry, are great, unqualified and unvaried. In every instance the cottager has been rendered more industrious, the wife more active and managing, the children better educated, and more fitted for their station in life.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, 22d ult. by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. William M'Kay, to Jane, daughter of Mr. James M'Kay of Shubenacadie.

At Lawrence Town on the 30th ult. by the Rev. James Morrison, Mr. Benjamin Pyke Green, to Miss Lucy Wisdom.

Tuesday evening, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Irvine S. Whitty, Lieutenant and Adjutant, of the 8th or King's Regiment, to Mary, third daughter of the Hon. Hibbert N. Binney.

Tuesday evening by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Mr. Neil McLean, to Susannah Fraser of this town.

In Portland, Capt. W. H. Dwinall, of P. to Miss Margaret Fisher of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

DIED.

On Tuesday 26th ult. after a short illness, Eliza Ann, infant daughter of Mr. Alex. Keith, aged 16 months.

On the 26th ult. in the 43d year of her age, Miss Mary Hollman.

On the 28th ult. Sarah Jessy, daughter of Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, aged 5 months.