

ENTERPRISE.

Aye, *Enterprise*—that's the word—do half of our citizens understand and know the meaning of it? We doubt if they do practically, and in our own village it is like "*heathen Greek*"—a word without a meaning, or they would not have stood so long, and still stand surrounded with so many unoccupied resources and privileges given them by Nature, and they dozing over them.

Enterprise!—What is it? Indeed, we see so little of it about us that we are beginning to forget what it is ourselves. But at any rate, we can tell what it is not. It is not lying idle and let other towns outstrip you in public improvements—in schools—in the encouragement of mechanics. It is not that little selfish spirit which prompts one to throw impediments in the way of any one, especially a young man who has to depend upon his exertions—to "*try his wheels*," laugh at his projects, slander his character, and injure his credit. If this were Enterprise, some places not a thousand miles from our office are full of it. It is not the enjoyment of a sunny climate—or of eating fruit spontaneously brought forth by Nature—or of basking in the favors of fortune which we never labored or even asked for,—this is not Enterprise. The beasts of the field or the veriest fool can do that. What is it then? It is the laying out and exerting the energies of the mind and body to some great and useful purpose. It is wrestling with difficulties and overcoming obstacles which may be thrown in our way. It is checking and curbing the rushing torrent and making it a slave to your own feeble power. It is levelling the hills and elevating the plains, that they shall sustain the rail road, or making out new channels for the lake and the stream that they may bear the laden boat in safety to market. It is bending the disadvantages of any kind, which may arise naturally, and overcoming them by art and skill. It is the harmonious union of individuals in a community, all lending their combined strength to some undertaking which shall be of public utility. Looking and acting above a mean and sordid selfishness which belittles a man, and conducting in a manner that shall elevate him in the scale of intellectual being. These are some of the characteristics of enterprise. Would to Heaven we could see more of it around us! We hope some one will answer this question—Why do we not.—*Maine Farmer.*

MARKETING.

We have lots of Mr. Dismals in market now-a-days—your lively, jocund fellows, who immediately look grave and serious the moment they mount the stone steps of Washington or Fulton markets, then their troubles seem to rush upon them like an avalanche. We hear nothing but com-

plaints—deep drawn sighs and melancholy *heighoes!* from those who are cheapening articles; and we almost caught the infection, until yesterday, complaining of the high price to a merry wag—a fellow on whom time and circumstances made no impression, he laughingly said, "O you are not up to trap—can't accomodate yourself to the times—you complain that beef is eighteen pence per pound when formerly you paid ten pence or a shilling—what's your remedy? Why eat less, my boy, make the average, and you will soon bring things down to their old prices—we all eat too much beef—we are too carnivorous—now let me buy your dinner. "Mr. Ames, cut me off three pounds of that knuckle of veal—how much?" "A shilling a pound," said the Alderman. "Now a porter house steak thin and tender, how much?" "Eighteen pence." "Very well." "Those four mutton chops?" "Two shillings." That will do—in all six and six pence—now have a nice white stew with lemons and plenty of *sauce blanche* made of the veal—have the cutlets done *en papiolettes*—serve up the beef steak rare and hot—have your potatoes scalloped—buy a shilling's worth of peas and three cent's worth of salad, and here you have a neat, delicate dinner—the whole cost of which is less than a dollar, whereas you were about giving twelve shillings for those ribs alone; now add a nice batter pudding with wine sauce, and drink two glasses of Sherry after dinner, and there is economy and philosophy for you, my boy."

We took him at his word, and the experiment operated like a charm. Instead of a single heavy costly dish, we found several small, neat and inviting, and at thirty-three and a third per cent, deduction as they say in the stores. We are convinced of the fact that by accommodating ourselves to the times, we overcome its exorbitance, like the reed that bends to the wind, and recovers itself when the blast is over. We really eat too much animal food, and too little bread and vegetables, and seldom commend to ourselves practically, that healthy and useful maxim "rise from the table with an appetite." As to marketing, the women are the best managers, the best economists, by all odds. Men who are accustomed to receive and pay away thousands in the course of a day's transactions, cannot descend to the calculation of cents; they are all bustle—haste and extravagance in market, while the women, cool and reflecting—cautious and persevering, skilful and quick sighted, count the pennies, and are a match at all times to those monopolists of their own sex who forestall all the delicacies of the season. We met one of those invaluable helpmates, whom we delight to have a chat with occasionally, going out of the market with a few eggs and some peas in her basket. "Indeed I shall do no such

thing as to give sixteen shillings for three ribs of beef, or eighteen pence a pound for fish, or ten shillings for a pair of chickens," said she; to-day I have five pounds of salt codfish, which cost three shillings—a dozen of eggs—some peas—salad—potatoes—few boiled onions, and a rice pudding for dinner, all for a dollar—now isn't this management?" She was right. Management is the word—to make the nimble six-pence go as far as the slow shilling—this is the true economy.—*American paper.*

Coroner's Inquest.—An Inquest was held on Monday afternoon, on the body of John Purple, who was found drowned at the south side of W. F. Black's wharf. The deceased had been missing for several days. Verdict—Accidental Death.

The Mail for England, by H. M. Packet Reindeer, will be closed on Saturday evening next, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last by the Rev. Richd. Knight, Mr. Samuel Templeman, to Miss Eliza Ann Wilson, eldest daughter of Mr. Wilson, of Halifax.

At Granville, on the 3th inst. by Rev. J. Moore Campbell, James N. Shannon, Esq. of Halifax, merchant, to Seraphina, daughter of the late Augustus Willoughby, Esq.

JUST PUBLISHED,

CUNNABELL'S
Nova-Scotia Almanack,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1837.

CONTAINS,—Thoughts on Astronomy, Eclipses, Table of the Solar Systems, Equation Table of Time, New Chronological Series, Astronomical and Ecclesiastical Calendar, Answers to Mathematical Questions in Nova-Scotia Almanack for 1836, and New Questions. Lists of English Ministry, of Nova-Scotia Council and Assembly, Merchants' Private Signals, Militia, Navy, Army, with date of present rank, Principal Roads throughout the Province, with a variety of other information. ALSO, a List of Temperance Societies, throughout the Province.

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October 20.

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