

never portrayed all that is here. The pictures that I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colours without life; none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and the interwavings of the different horizons;—the moving sails scattered over three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the report of the cannons on board the vessels,—the flags waving from the mast heads;—the floating caiques;—the vaporous reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea;—all this has never been described. I will try it. The hills of Galata, Pera, and some others, descending to the sea, are covered with towns of various colours, some have their houses painted bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plaintains, fig-trees, cypresses of the little garden adjoining each house. Between the houses are large spaces; these are cultivated fields and gardens, in which may be discerned groups of Turkish women covered with their black veils, and playing with their children and slaves beneath the shades of the trees. Flocks of turtle-doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses, and, like light flowers blown by the breeze, stand out from the background of the picture, which is the blue sea. One may discern the streets, winding, as they descend towards the sea, like ravines, and lower down, the bustle of the bazants, which are enveloped in a veil of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or these quarters of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure, crowned by wooden palaces and kiosks painted in every colour,—or by deep valleys, whence arise the heads of cypress trees, and the pointed and brilliant spires of minarets.

AUTUMN.

“—Summer's gone.”

It requires not the language of poetry to remind us of the coming autumn. The last rose of Summer may linger a little while, and the sun may shine warmly, but the lonely condition of the one, and the pale rays of the other, tell to the practised eye that summer's gone.

There is a kind of pleasing melancholy that comes over the mind in its contemplation of autumn, which may be likened to the feeling of the faithful christian when about to enter upon the dark valley of the shadow of death. He has passed the seed-time and summer of life, and is standing amidst the shadows and gloom of that last autumn which brings the harvest of all his toils and the reward of all his labours.

The killing frost of autumn falls not alone upon the green and beautiful vegetation of the earth: ‘Man too has his autumn. When he arrives at the evening of his existence, those beauties which adorned the spring of youth and the summer of his manhood begin to discover the autumnal tint—here and there a leaf has forsaken its parent branch: his joys and delights have all emigrated to another country—winged their way over the sea of time, and taken possession of a more benignant region. And as the only time to prepare for the future is the present, it may be well to remember that man has also his winter, in which the cold wind will whistle about this frail tenement.—There is little chance of any valued preparation for the future in that gloomy and forlorn season of life, when the stream of vitality is congealed with the ice of chilling old age. To-day man is like the stately poplar, rising majestically to the heavens. To-morrow, fallen on the ground, and shorn of all his beauty.

Usefulness sometimes long concealed.—

Recently a respectably dressed man entered a Sunday-School in London, and after some conversation with the superintendent, stated that about twenty-five years ago he was a scholar in that school, and while in attendance, the truths of religion which he was taught made a strong impression on his mind. He left the school, and entered on board a ship in his majesty's navy. He there experienced many trials, and endured many vicissitudes, and though he made no profession of religion at that time, still many lessons which he had received from his teachers would come into his mind. At the close of the war he was paid off, and as reward for his services he received a considerable grant of land in Canada, in which he had been located for several years, and while there he became decidedly pious, and had prospered very well on his estate. He attributed to the instructions received in the Sunday-school, the state of his mind while on ship board, which would not allow him to commit sins as others did, and traced to the same cause his ultimate decision to lead a pious life; and further, that he considered his prosperity in his farm as mainly arising from the lessons of prudence and religion received in early life from his teachers. He expressed himself very grateful to God, that he had been brought up in a Sunday-school.

SPURZHEIM ON EDUCATION.—*Dr. Spurzheim's treatise on education, published since his death, takes cognizance of the original powers of man which are the subjects of education or training, and the proper mode of training them. It takes a view of the threefold nature of man, as a physical, intellectual and moral being. It also designates the faculties in each of these departments, both in their number and degree as they are*

found in different individuals, and in the two sexes.

Great stress is placed on female education and the duties of mothers. *Dr. S. considered females as a part of God's creation no less important than that of the other sex, though designed for a different, though not an inferior education.*

The growth and final strength of the human powers, whether of a physical, intellectual or moral nature, considered as depending principally and equally upon exercise. He thinks that the intellectual powers have been cultivated at the expense or neglect of the moral faculties; that the moral faculties are the most important, and that christianity contains the only pure moral code ever given to the world.

The Royal Gazette of Wednesday last contains a Proclamation summoning the Legislature to meet for the *Dispatch of Business*, on the 21st of January.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Captain Kendal Holmes, to Mary-Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. David Frost, of Dartmouth.

DIED.

Tuesday, after a protracted illness, William Hudson, Esq. Master in the Royal Navy, in the 62d year of his age.

At Bridgetown, on Sunday last, after a short illness, Mr. James E. C. Ridout, a native of Halifax, aged 21 years.

ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Halifax, that he has removed his Office immediately opposite Mr. Thomas Forrester's Store.

☞ Copperplate, Silver Ware, Arms and Crests, &c. neatly designed and engraved. Copperplate Printing neatly executed.

G. HOBSON.

November 20, 1835.

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JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced business in the Building at the head of Mr. M.G. Black's wharf, where he is prepared to execute all Orders in the Printing line; and hopes to merit a share of their favors.

☞ Pamphlets, Circulars, Cards, Hand-Bills, Catalogues, &c. &c. printed at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. W. BLACKBURN,
Halifax, July, 1835.