

the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table and putting them into my own pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here, I shall now open these drawers and see what suits my purpose." "Oh! pray help yourself, I beg," replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer and many other articles which suited him, and in about ten minutes he made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle; he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning soon after, he dispatched him immediately to Bow street with the drawing, and an account of what had happened. The Likeness was so good, that the man was pursued by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks he was on his passage to Botany Bay.

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

CYRUS, when quite a youth at the court of his grand father, Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of cup-bearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted the usual custom of first tasting it himself. The king reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten:

"No, sir," replied Cyrus; "I was afraid there might be poison in it; for I have observed that the lords of your court, after drinking, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and that even you, sir, seem to have forgotten that you were a king."—"Does not the same thing," replied Astyages, "happen to your father?"—"Never," answered Cyrus.—"How then?"—"Why, when he has taken what wine he chooses, he is no longer thirsty; that is all."

Happy the man who shall live in those days in which the practice of excessive drinking shall be universally laid aside and detested! At present we can scarcely name a vice more common, or that is carried to a more alarming height. It prevails in the city, in the town, in the village, in the hamlet, among gentlemen, who ought to blush for its vulgarity, and among labourers, who can ill bear the expense. Are there not intemperate young men, intemperate old men, intemperate parents, intemperate magistrates, intemperate professors of religion, intemperate preachers of the gospel? Oh! could we view the scenes which intemperance creates in the alehouse, the tavern, and the festive parlour; what grief, what indignation, would stir within us! There is woe, there is sorrow, there is contumeliousness, there is babbling, there is redness of eyes, there are wounds without cause.

ON THE DUTIES OF SCHOOL BOYS.

Quintillian includes almost all the duties of scholars in this one piece of advice, which he gives them, to love those who teach them as they love the sciences which they learn of their instructors, and to look upon their teachers as fathers, from whom they derive, not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. If they possess this sentiment of affection and respect, it suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives.

Docility, which consists in submitting to the directions given them, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and in reducing these to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a laborer to sow the seed unless the earth, after having opened her bosom to receive it, encourages its growth by warmth and moisture; so the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the master and the scholar.

Gratitude for those who have labored in our education is the characteristic of an honest man, and the tribute of a good heart. "Who is there among us," says Cicero, "that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up?" Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendments of faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honor and probity.

The exactness and severity of our teachers may displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgments we discern that their admonitions, reprimands, and severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, are the very things which should make us esteem and love them. Thus Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked heaven for two things especially, for his having excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

—This celebrated preacher, though in general manners retiring, and rather unsocial than otherwise, and withal a little irritable, was easy and playful in his intercourse with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, and when among them, affected no extraordinary gravity. On one occasion he was rebuked by a fellow preacher more precise than himself, for the vivacity of his conversation—"Brother Hall, I am surprised at you, so frivolous after delivering so serious a discourse." "Brother," was the

retort, "I keep my nonsense for the pulpit, while you publish yours from the pulpit."

A TALKING TURTLE.—Some time since, (the day we cannot exactly recollect,) a gentleman had purchased a fine green turtle, from which he intended to manufacture a most excellent repast. As Mr. Turtle was among the living at the time, it became necessary to deprive him of vitality prior to his being converted into food, for fear that he might kick up a row in the interior department of the stomachs of his devourers. He was accordingly suspended by a cord placed round his neck, with the intention to decapitate him in the most genteel manner imaginable.—A butcher was called in with his huge knife, to do the work of death *secundum artem*, and when about to apply the sharp instrument to the throat of the animal, as if inspired, it appeared to cry out, "O! don't kill me!" The butcher sprung back, and cried, "Halloo, can the turtle talk!" After the wonderment was over, he came up cautiously again, to execute his errand. The turtle was not to be disposed of in that way, and screamed out again, "O, pray don't kill me!" This was a poser, and the butcher started back in affright, with eyes like two full moons, and said he believed it was the devil himself who was in the body of the animal. The turtle, for that time, remained unkilld, until the ventriloquist, Nichols, had departed, who in one of his fits of fun, had thrown his voice into the turtle, which caused the consternation produced.

[Mr. Nichols, the gentleman above alluded to is now in Halifax, and will perform at the Exchange Coffee-House, this evening.]

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Scott, Mr. John Strachan, to Miss Mary Toogooddays, both of Halifax.

On the 14th July, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. George Weston, to Mrs. Johanna Williams, widow of the late Captain Williams.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Twining, Hospital Sergeant George Green, 83d regiment, to Mary Nixon, Spinster, of this Town.

On the 13th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Mr. Walker, Joseph J. Walker, to Deborah M. Hughes, third daughter of the late Edward Hughes of Dartmouth.

DIED.

Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Henry P. Dixon Esq. aged 43 years.

On Saturday the 9th inst. at Sydney Cape Breton, deeply regretted, Charlotte, widow of the late Doctor J. W. Clarke of that place.

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