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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE RATTLE SNAKE.

Of the Rattle Snake, which is bred both in North and South America, but in no part of the old world, the colour is yellowish brown above, marked with broad transverse bars of black. Both the jaws are furnished with small teeth, and the upper one has four large incurvated and pointed fangs. At the base of each is a round orifice, opening into a hollow that appears again near the end of the tooth in the form of a small channel; these teeth may be raised or compressed. When the animals are in the act of biting, they force the fatal juice out of a gland near the roots of the teeth. This is received into the round orifice of the teeth, conveyed through the tube into the channel, and from thence with unerring direction into the wound. The tail is furnished with a rattle, consisting of joints loosely connected; which annually increase in number till they amount to about forty. The young Snakes, or those of a year or two old have no rattle at all.

As the tail of these Snakes, which are the most dreaded of all Serpents, keeps rattling upon the slightest motion, passengers are thus providentially warned of their approach to them. In fine weather the notice is always given, but not always in rainy weather; this inspires the Indians with a dread of travelling among the woods in wet seasons. In addition to this circumstance, the odour of the Rattle Snake is so extremely foetid, that when it basks in the sun, or is irritated, it is often discovered by the scent before it is either seen or heard. Horses and cattle frequently discover it by scent, and escape at a distance; but when the Serpent happens to be leeward of their course, they sometimes encounter its venom. It must, however, be remarked, that the Snake is not the aggressor; it being perfectly inoffensive to mankind, except when provoked. In fact, it always tries to avoid the presence of man. Instances have even been known of its being tamed, and becoming exceedingly gentle and docile.

The usual motion of the Rattle Snake is with its head to the ground. When, however, it is alarmed, it coils its body into a circle, with its head erect, and its eyes flaming in a terrific manner. But it cannot pursue rapidly and has no power of springing on its enemy.

### POMPEII.—Concluded.

The temple of the pantheon is a magnificent ruin, and must have been one of the choicest in Pompeii. Its walls are decorated with exquisite paintings in fresco, arabesques, mosaics, &c., and its court is one hundred and eighty feet long, and two hun-

dred and thirty broad, and contains an altar, around which are twelve pedestals for statues and the twelve principal deities of the ancients. Gutters of marble are placed at the base of the *triclinium*, to carry away the blood of the victims. A thousand coins of bronze, and forty or fifty of silver, were found near the sanctuary.

We passed on to the *Curia*, a semicircular building, for the discussion of matters of religion by the magistrates; a temple of *Romulus*; the remains of a temple of *Janus*; a splendid building called the *Chalcidicum*, constructed by the priestess *Eumachea* and her son, and dedicated as a temple of concord, and came at last, by a regular ascent, into a large and spacious square called the *Forum Civile*. This part of the city of Pompeii must have been extremely imposing, Porticoes, supported by noble columns, encompassed its vast area the pedestals of colossal statues, erected to distinguished citizens, are placed at the corners; at the northern extremity rose a stately temple of *Jupiter*, on the right was another temple to *Venus*; beyond, a large public edifice, the use of which is not known; across the narrow street which bounds it, stood the *Basilica*, an immense building which served as a court of justice and an exchange.

We passed out at the gate of the city, and stopped at a sentry-box, in which was found a skeleton in full armour—a soldier who had died at his post! From hence formerly the road descended directly to the sea, and for some distance was lined on either side with the magnificent tombs of the Pompeians. Among them was that of the vestal virgins, left unfinished when the city was destroyed; a very handsome tomb in which was found the skeleton of a woman, with a lamp in one hand and jewels in the other, (who had probably attempted to rob before her flight,) and a very handsome square monument, with a beautiful *relievo* or on. of the slabs, representing (as emblematic of death) a ship furling her sails on coming into port. Near one of the large family sepulchres stands a small semicircular room, intended for the funeral feast after a burial; and there were found the remains of three men around a table scattered with relics of a meal. They were overwhelmed ere their feast was concluded over the dead.

The principal Inn of Pompeii was just inside the gate. We went over the ruins of it. The skeleton of an ass was found chained to a ring in the stable and the tire of a wheel lay in the court yard. Chequers are painted on the side of the door as a sign.

Below the tombs stand the "suburban villa of *Diomed*," one of the most sumptuous edifices of Pompeii. Here was found

every thing that the age could furnish for the dwellings of a man of wealth. Statues, frescos, jewels, wine, household utensils of every description, skeletons of servants and dogs, and every kind of elegant furniture. The family was large, and in the first moment of terror they all retreated to a wine vault under the villas, where their skeletons (18 grown persons and 2 children) were found seventeen centuries after! There was really something startling in walking the deserted rooms of this beautiful villa—more than one feels elsewhere in Pompeii—for it is more like the elegance and taste of our own day; and with the brightness of the preserved walls, and the certainty with which the use of each room is ascertained, it seems as if the living inhabitant would step from some corner and welcome you. The figures on the walls are as fresh as if done yesterday. The baths look as if they might scarcely be dry from use. It seems incredible that the whole Christian age has elapsed since this was a human dwelling—occupied by its last family while our Saviour was walking the world.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the curious places to which the guide led us in this extraordinary city. On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the *house of Sallust the historian*. I did not think, when reading his beautiful Latin in school, that I should ever sit down in his parlor! Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining room, his guest chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescos on the walls. In the court was a fountain of pretty construction, and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden containing arrangements for dining in open air in summer. The skeleton of a female, (supposed to be the wife of the historian) and three servants, known by their different ornaments, were found near the door of the street.

We passed a druggist's shop and a cookshop, and entered, treading on a beautiful mosaic floor, the "house of the dramatic poet" so named, from the character of the paintings with which it is ornamented throughout. The frescos found here are the finest ancient paintings in the world, and from some peculiarity in the rings upon the fingers of the female figures, they are supposed to be family portraits. With assistance like this, how easily the imagination re-peoples these deserted dwellings!

A heavy shower drove us to the shelter of the wine vaults of *Diomed*, as we were stepping into our carriage to return to Naples. We spent the time in exploring, and found some thirty or forty earthen jars; still half-

buried in the ashes which drifted through the loop-holes of the cellar. In another half hour the black cloud had passed away over Vesuvius, and the sun set behind Posilipo in a flood of splendor. We were at home soon after dark, having had our fill of astonishment for once. I have seen nothing in my life so remarkable as this disinterred city. I have passed over in the description, many things which were well worth noting, but it would have grown into a mere catalogue else. You should come to Italy. It is a privilege to realize these things which could not be bought too dearly, and they cannot be realized but by the eye. Description conveys but a poor shadow of them to the fancy.

#### THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—unescapable presence!—lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchral images of departed time, opening anew the deep fountains of earthly passion, the loves and sympathies of boyhood, the thrilling aspirations of after years. While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sunbow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on thy sunlight and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone before me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in the land of strangers; and many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone, even as the last survivor of a fallen forest, the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts, some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory, thoughts of pure and angelic communion, linked by a thousand tender associates to the paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect, a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike the earth. Yet was she not proud of her gift. With the brightest capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect, the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind.—It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the

eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her deeply, passionately as the young heart can love, when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances.—But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standing of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion; it was avowed underneath the bending heaven, when the perfect stars were gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that highminded girl. She would ask my friendship, my sympathy; but she besought me—ay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly, and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams. She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Claspings her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eye to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart.

"Henry," she said, and I bent low to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and frequently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change of circumstances can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted—but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I deformed—wretched—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over the features, and fixed there like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she herself had selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green, young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every

breeze that whispered among the branches the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amid the trials of humanity—to mingle thy heavenly sympathy with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovals known and felt in the darker moments of existence, in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being, in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near to me—

Thyself a pure and sainted one,  
Watching the loved and frail of Earth.

#### A SOLDIER AND HIS FATHER.

One day says Robert Raikes, Esq. (the founder of Sunday Schools,) as I was going to church I overtook a soldier just entering the door; this was on a week day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. "Ah! sir," said he, "I may thank you for that." "Me!" said I, "why, I do not know that I ever saw you before." "Sir," said he, "when I was a little boy, I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service, in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter; and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot; and in hopes of once more seeing you."

He then told me his name; and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier; a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me his father was wonderfully changed; and that he had left off going to the ale-house on Sundays. It happened soon after, that I met the man in the street, and said to him, "My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the ale-house on Sunday; your boy tells me you now stay at home, and never get tipsy!" "Sir," said he, "I may thank you for it." "Nay," said I, "that is impossible: I do not recollect that ever I spoke to you before." "No, Sir," said he; "but the good instruction you give my boy, he brings home to me; and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life."

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

## 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-fur-t, 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.

## POETRY.

## THE MELLOW HORN.

At morn Aurora gaily breaks,  
In all her rich attire,  
Resplendent o'er the glassy lakes,  
Reflecting liquid fire.  
All nature smiles to usher in  
The blushing Queen of Morn;  
And huntsmen with the day begin  
To wind the mellow horn.

At eve when gloomy shades obscure  
The Shepherds tranquil cot,  
When tinkling bells are heard no more,  
And daily toils forgot;  
'Tis then the sweet entrancing note,  
On Zephyrs gently borne,  
With watching cadence seems to float  
Around the mellow horn.

At night, when all is hush'd and drear,  
And startling on the deep,  
When lambskins hous'd from ev'ry fear,  
Are lull'd in balmy sleep;  
'Tis then the blighted lover flies,  
With faxen locks unshorn,  
Beneath the cottage window sighs,  
And winds the mellow horn.

## VARIETIES.

## Extracts from Coleridge's "Table Talk."

**Love.**—Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the cause in her presence.

What is love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as one?

**History.**—If men could learn from history what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us.

**Metaphysics.**—No studies give such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting. Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

**Keeness and subtlety.**—Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle.—If you ask me the difference between keeness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing difference—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

**Philanthropists.**—I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals

so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations, men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labor, and time, on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitan which does not spring out of, and blossom upon the deep rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

**Mechanics.**—If there is any situation truly enviable, it is that of an industrious mechanic, who by his own unaided exertions, has established a respectable place in society; who commencing in poverty, by his skill and perseverance overcomes every obstacle, vanquishes every prejudice, and builds up for himself a reputation whose value is enchanted to others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable by all who have health, and practical knowledge of their business, industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

**A Mother's three holidays.**—The interesting Cora in the tragedy of Pizzaro, thus describes the three holidays, "allowed by nature's sanction, to a fond mother's heart."

When the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking through the crimson buds that did encase them, that is a day of joy. Next, when from his fathers arms he runs without support, and clings laughing and delighted to his mother's knees, that; that is the mother's heart's next holiday; and sweeter still the third, whenever his little stammering tongue, shall utter the grateful sound of Father, Mother. O, that is the dearest joy of all!

**Negro Philosophy.**—John Canepole was a small man, a pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant who was a stout fellow; and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcass. John was taken sick and Sambo went for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the doctor pronounced his patient in no danger. Reassured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery. "I tell you Dr. Massa Canepole will die, cause he got a fever!" "A fever, you black dog, said the patient, "does a fever always kill a fellow?" "Yes, massa, when a fever get into such a little man it never hab room to turn in him, and if de fever no turn, you die, sartin!"

**Reducing a Story.**—There lived away south, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word, he was fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a somewhat unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black man, Cudjo, to give him a

hint, whenever he found him stretching the truth to much.

One day dining in company with sundry other gentlemen, he told some prodigious large stories; and among the rest of a fox which he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjo thought this quite too extravagant, and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

"Twenty, did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen."

Cudjo gave him a second nudge.

"Eh! let me see. 'Twas ten at least."

A third nudge.

"'Twas every inch of five."

A fourth nudge.

"'Twas three any how."

A fifth nudge.

The sportsman took these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed, "Why, the d—, Cudjo, wout you let my fox have any tail."

**Exercise.**—Persons whose habits are sedentary, deceive themselves into a belief that mere physical exercise will preserve health; and accordingly take daily walks for that purpose, while the current of their thoughts remain unchanged. This we conceive to be a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, and diverts them into new and various channels. An eminent writer has said, that it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention is still fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true; and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

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