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NATURAL HISTORY.

ADJUTANT BIRD.

Nothing tends more to diversify the scenery of India from that of England, than the number of adjutants (large birds of the stork species, the *ardea arguta*), which are beheld in all parts of the presidency and military stations. They do not frequent the native part of Calcutta, nor the dwellings of the natives generally, so much as they do the residences of Europeans, as near the latter (being carnivorous) they find a greater supply of food than they possibly can do around the habitations of the former, whose diet is principally composed of vegetable productions and milk. They seem to entertain no fear of injury from the natives, as they will not flee at their approach, nor exhibit the least symptoms of alarm if surrounded by them; but if a European comes near, they immediately retreat to a great distance, and will not suffer him to approach anything like so near as the natives do. This may in a great measure be owing to the many tricks which Europeans are accustomed to play on their voracity. Every morning, several of these birds station themselves near to the cook-room doors, ready to receive the offal which may be thrown out by the cooks: and many furious battles take place in the course of the morning for the possession of bones, and other spoils, which may occasionally present themselves to their watchful eyes. Their beaks are very long and thick, and they possess great strength in them. When they are fighting, the chopping of their bills and fluttering of their wings are the signals to waiting kites and crows, numbers of which immediately surround them; and one of these active and vigilant spectators will commonly avail himself of the dispute of the quarrelling adjutants to carry off the prize for which they are contending. The crows are about the size of the English jackdaw, and very numerous in every part of Bengal. They are to be found by hundreds around all the houses of Europeans, and are ten times more active, vigilant, annoying, and crafty, than any birds we have in England. Nothing to which they can have access is safe from their marauding attacks. A lost many small articles from their pilfering disposition. I have seen them often times fly into the room, and take off a slice or two of bread and butter, or any thing else that might be left in the hall after the dinner or tea party had just risen from the table. Sometimes a number of crows will beset an adjutant, and torment him exceedingly. At length, the poor bird, quite wearied out by their impertinent attacks, suddenly makes a start, and catching hold of one of their number, devours it instantly, when the other crows set up such a cawing as to disturb the whole

neighbourhood. This I have witnessed more than once.—*Stuttam.*

GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The chief remains of ancient art in China is that stupendous wall, extending across the northern boundary. This work, which is deservedly esteemed among the grandest labours of art, is conducted over the summits of high mountains, some of which rise to the height of 5225 feet, across the deepest vales, over wide rivers by means of arches; and in many parts is doubled or trebled, to command important passes: at the distance of almost every hundred yards, is a tower or massy bastion. The extent is computed at 1500 miles; but in some parts of smaller danger, it is not equally strong or complete, and towards the N. W. only a rampart of earth. For the precise height and dimensions of this amazing fortification, the reader is referred to Sir George Staunton's account of his embassy, whence it appears, that near Koopekoo the wall is twenty five feet in height, and at the top about fifteen feet thick: some of the towers, which are square, are forty-eight feet high, and about forty feet wide. The stone employed in the foundations, angles, &c. is a strong grey granite; but the greatest part consists of bluish bricks, and the mortar is remarkably pure and white.

Sir George Staunton considers the era of this great barrier as absolutely ascertained, and he asserts that it has existed for two thousand years. In this asseveration he seems to have followed Du Halde, who informs us that 'this prodigious work was constructed two hundred and fifteen years before Christ, by the orders of the first emperor of the family of Tsin, to protect three large provinces from the irruptions of the Tartars.' But in the History of China, contained in his first volume, he ascribes this erection to the second emperor of the dynasty of Tsin, namely, Chi Hoang Ti; and the date immediately preceding the narrative of this construction, is the year 127 before the birth of Christ. Hence suspicions may well arise, not only concerning the epoch of this work, but even with regard to the purity and precision of the Chinese annals in general. Mr. Bell, who resided for some time in China, and whose travels are deservedly esteemed for the accuracy of their intelligence, assures us, that this wall was built about six hundred years ago, (i. e. about the year 1169.) by one of the emperors, to prevent the frequent incursions of the Monguls, whose numerous cavalry used to ravage the provinces, and escape before an army could be assembled to oppose them. Rensudot observes that no oriental geographer, above three hundred years in antiquity, mentions this wall: and it is surprising it should have escaped Marco Polo; who supposing that he had entered

China by a different route, can hardly be conceived, during his long residence in the north of China, and in the country of the Monguls, to have remained ignorant of so stupendous a work. Amidst these difficulties, perhaps it may be conjectured that similar modes of defence had been adopted in different ages; and that the ancient rude barrier having fell into decay, was replaced, perhaps after the invasion Zingis, by the present erection, which even from the state of its preservation can scarcely aspire to much antiquity.

VOYAGE FROM HALIFAX TO BERMUDA.

On the 6th day of December, we sailed from Halifax, with a fresh north-westerly wind, on a bitter cold day, so that the harbor was covered with a vapor called "the barber," a sort of low fog, which clings to the surface of the water, and sweeps along with these biting winter blasts, in such a manner as to cut one to the very bone.

As we shot past one of the lower wharfs of the town of Halifax, just before coming to the narrow passage between George's Island and the main land, on the south side of the magnificent harbour, a boat put off with a gentleman, who, by some accident, had missed his passage. They succeeded in getting alongside the ship; but, in seizing hold of a rope which was thrown to them from the mainchairs, the boatmen, in their hurry, caught a turn with it round the afterthwart, instead of making it fast somewhere in the bow of the boat. The inevitable consequence of this proceeding was, to raise the stern of the boat out of the water, and, of course, to plunge her nose under the surface. Even a landsman will comprehend how this happened, when it is mentioned that the ship was running past at the rate of ten knots. In the twinkling of an eye, the whole party, officer, boatmen, and all, were seen floating about, grasping at the oars or striking out for the land, distant, fortunately, only a few yards from them; for the water thereabouts is so deep, that a ship, in sailing out or in, may safely graze the shore.

As the intensity of the cold was great, we were quite astonished to see the people swimming away so easily; but we afterwards learned from one of the party, that, owing to the water being between forty and fifty degrees warmer than the air, he felt, when plunged into it, as if he had been soused into a hot bath. The instant however, he reached the pier, and was lugged out, like a half-drowned rat, he was literally enclosed in a firm case of ice from head to foot! This very awkward coat of mail was not removed without considerable difficulty; nor was it till he had been laid for some hours in a well-warmed bed, between two other persons, that he could move at all.

and, for several months afterwards, he was not able to leave his room.

For us to stop, at such a time and place, was impossible; so away we shot like a spear—past Chebucto Head, Cape Sambro, and sundry other fierce-looking black capes of naked rock. The breeze rapidly rose to a hard gale, which split our main-topsail to threads, and sent the fragments thundering to leeward in the storm, in such grand style, that, to this hour, I can almost fancy I hear the noise in my ears. I know few things more impressive than the deep-toned sounds caused by the flapping of a wet sail, in such a fierce squall as this, when the sheets are carried away, and the unconfined sail is tugging and tearing to get clear of the yard, which bends and cracks so fearfully, that even the lower mast sometimes wags about like a reed. I certainly have heard thunder far louder than the sounds alluded to; but have seldom known it more effective or startling than those of a sail going to pieces in such a tempest of wind and rain.

I was standing, where I had no business to be, on the weather side of the quarter-deck, holding on stoutly by one of the belaying pins, and wondering where this novel scene was to end, but having an obscure idea that the ship was going to the bottom. The admiral was looking up at the splitting sail as composedly as possible, after desiring that the main-top-men, whose exertions were quite useless, should be called down, out of the way of the ropes, which were cracking about their heads. Every now and then I could see the weather-wise glance of the veteran's eye directed to windward, in hopes that matters would mend. But they only became worse; and at last, when the fore-mast seemed to be really in danger, for it was bending like a cane, though the foresail had been reefed, he waited not to run through the usual round of etiquettes by which an admiral's commands generally reach the executive on board ship, but exclaimed with a voice so loud, that it made me start over to the lee side of the deck:—

“Man the fore-clue garnets!”

In the next minute the sail rose gradually to the yard, and the groaning old ship, by this time sorely strained to her innermost timber, seemed to be at once relieved from the pressure of the canvas which had borne her headlong, right into the seas, and made her tremble from stem to stern, almost as if she were going to pieces.

(To be continued)

RICH AND POOR.

‘Halloo! there goes Bill Watkins with his meal bag! exclaimed proud little Edward;—and what have you there, Billy?’

‘Rags, Edward; mother picked them up to day for me to sell, to get money enough to buy a writing book.’

‘Sell rags to buy a writing book! I would’nt do it!’

‘But, Edward, my mother is poor and is not able to buy me one; and if I were not to sell these rags, I should have no book to write in this afternoon.’

‘Then I would’nt write. I should be ashamed every day or two to lug down a bundle of rags.’

‘I do not go every day or two, Edward; you know I do not; but if I did I should not be ashamed of it. Poverty is no crime. I might have been born of wealthy parents, and had every thing I could wish for, but our Maker designed it otherwise.’

‘So saying William continued his errand, while Edward ran laughing along.

Edward was a very dillitory scholar; although he had been privileged with the best of schooling, he made little or no progress in his studies. On the contrary, William improved his few advantages, and though no older than Edward, was much his superior in knowledge. He could read correctly and write a fair hand. He was beloved for his sweetness of temper and pleasant disposition. His mother being poor, he was often obliged to leave his school to assist her in obtaining a livelihood. At the age of 13 or 14 his mother put him to a good trade. William being used to industry, took well to his business, and secured the confidence and the love of his master. When he became a man, he removed to a newly settled but flourishing village, where he engaged in business for himself. He prospered. Not only in his secular concerns did he prosper, but he became a devout and a happy Christian. He began to exert a good influence upon those with whom he associated, as soon as he entered the village; and his example and instructions were often the means of leading others to practice a more moral, if not a religious life. In his own family he was a ‘shining light.’ Never did he set before his household any other example than that which the gospel requires of all those who profess to obey its requirements.

Many years had elapsed since William left his native town, and he daily saw the village flourish in which he resided. He had not heard from his youthful associate, the rich man's son, for many a year. One day, as William was contemplating taking a journey, he called at a stable to procure a horse. While the hostler was getting the animal ready, something perplexed him which caused him to utter a dreadful oath. William looked at him with astonishment; for he could never bear to hear Jehovah's name taken upon the thoughtless lips. His countenance was familiar—his eye caught the hostler's—it was Edward—he who many years before was possessed of a wealthy father. ‘Can it be possible?’ thought William. But he could not be mistaken. After the horse was ready, William said to him, ‘Do you not remember the poor little boy with whom you used sometimes to play; who was often

obliged to sell rags, to get some money to buy his school books with?’

‘I do, said Edward, with a sigh, and I wish that I had possessed half his nobleness of mind; if I had I should never have been in this disagreeable situation. I would give all I possess to see him again.’

‘That person is in this village—he is now talking to you—I am the one who used to sell the rags.’

Edward was amazed; he could hardly speak. When a little recovered from his astonishment, he expressed his sorrow in tears, that he had so sadly misimproved his youth, and was now almost pennyless. William poured into his soul the balm of consolation, and invited him to that Redeemer whom he had found to be so precious. When they parted, Edward promised to forsake his evil practices, and live a virtuous and useful life, and consented to a request that he would often call on William at his house.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

That our language has its faults and imperfections, it would be folly to deny. These have been pointed out; and, when well considered, may tend to its improvement; but its excellences, particularly its great power and beauty, have never been more effectively stated than by the late Earl of Moira, when governor-general of India. At one of the anniversary meetings of the college of Fort William, in Calcutta, when the prizes were distributed to the students for proficiency in the Asiatic tongues, his Lordship thus eloquently and justly eulogized his own:

“It may appear singular that on a day professedly devoted to applaud and stimulate proficiency in the Asiatic languages, I should beg permission to expatiate for a few minutes on our English tongue.

“Regard it not, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse. It is a mine whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never had adequate tribute paid to it. Among the languages of modern Europe, specious but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to cadence, terseness, or dextrous ambiguity of insinuation, while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think that we have erred with regard to Greek and Latin. Our sense of the inestimable benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science, which they have handed down to us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit without doubt, but it is a bigoted gratitude, and an unweighed admiration, which seduces us to prostrate the character of the English tongue before their altars. Every language can furnish a genius casually a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness

and delicacy may be found in most of them; but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object of all language, precision, the English tongue surpasses them all, while, in richness of colouring and extent of power, it is exceeded by none, if equalled by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination, which some British author has not clothed in British phrase, with a nicety of definition, an accuracy of portraiture, a brilliancy of tint, a delicacy of discrimination, and a force of impression, which must be sterling, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm? Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety, to glow with animation, to thrill with horror, to startle with amaze, to shrink with awe, to throb with pity, or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love,—know ye not the mighty magicians of our country, whose potent spell has commanded and continues irresistibly to command those varied impulses? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? Justly conceived collocation of words is the whole secret of this witchery, a charm within the reach of any one of you; and remember that there was a period, not remote, when all these recorded beauties of our language were a blank, were without form, and void. The elements of those compositions, which now so uncontrollably delight and elevate our souls, existed; but they existed as dormant powers, inert capacities; they were the unconnected notes of the gamut; the untouched strings of the harp. The music was in the instrument; but the master's hand had thrown itself across the chords to arouse them from their slumber, and bid them scatter ecstasies. Then, do you make trial of their force; fear not that the combinations are exhausted. Possess yourselves of the necessary energies, and be assured you will find the language exuberant beyond the demand of intensest thought."

AFRICAN ROAD MAKING.

Mr. Pringle remarks, in making our roads, we overcame one of the chief difficulties, the removal of the enormous blocks of stone which frequently obstructed the only practicable line of road, not by the aid of blowing-irons, but by the joint application of fire and water. This process, which we learnt from the Hottentots, consisted simply in kindling a large fire of wood upon and around the mass of rock we wished to get rid of, and, when it was well heated, to sweep of the fire, and dash suddenly upon it several buckets-full of cold water, which, by causing an instantaneous change of temperature in the mass, generally split it, if it lay in an isolated position, into a number of manageable fragments.

I afterwards found that this mode of splitting rocks had been practised with great success by Captain Stockenstrom, at Graaff-Reinet, in constructing an aqueduct along

the side of a hill for the use of that village. The same process is also well known in Hayti, and is employed on a large scale there by the negro engineers, as I am informed by my intelligent friend, M. C. Hill, of Jamaica, who, on recently travelling through that interesting island, found magnificent public roads carried through some of the most difficult passes of the mountains by this simple operation. It seems probable that it was solely by these means that Hannibal facilitated the famous passage of his army over the Alps; and that the story of his pouring vinegar on the rocks after he had heated them with fire, is a fabulous addition to the real facts.

OLD LETTERS.

There is a pleasure in reading old letters, almost as great as that of meeting and conversing with the friends by whom they were written; old letters are the land-marks of our journey through life: they tell at what time occurred the brightest and at what time the saddest events of our history; when were formed the friendships which through every vicissitude of our fortune, have continued unchangeable; and when those were nipped in the early leaf or which ripened, decayed and are forgotten.—They point us in living characters to the memory of those who have passed away from this world, and set before us all the amiable and endearing qualities with which they were adorned. By means of old letters we read in manhood the gay and jocund feats of boyhood, and when age had laid his withering hand on our faculties, it still delights us to retrace in the epistles of manhood, the scenes and events which characterized the early part of our life. To those who would treasure up the series of events by which each year and day are in some way distinguished—to those who delight to call up in distinct review the companions who started with them in life's uncertain race and whose various fortunes they would wish to remember—to all, indeed whose condition in life has engaged them in epistolary correspondence whether of a friendly, literary, or mercantile nature, we would recommend the preservation of old letters. They are faithful monitors which teach volumes of wisdom; and therefore we say again, save old letters.

AN ORIGINAL PAINTER.

What painter ever drew a portrait without learning something of the character as well as the face?

Appelles, was one of the most famous painters of antiquity. He flourished at the time that Alexander was king of Macedonia, and was in such high favor with the prince, that he would allow no one else to draw his portrait.

The prince, although very haughty, yet permitted the painter to be on the most familiar terms with him. On one occasion, Alexander came into his shop and made some absurd criticisms on his paintings; upon

which Appelles begged him to hold his tongue, lest the boys who were preparing the colors, should laugh at him.

Another anecdote is related to the same purpose. Appelles having produced a highly finished painting of Alexander and his horse, was exhibiting it to the king, who did not appear to discern its merits. A horse was brought in, who immediately neighed on observing the picture of the horse; upon which Appelles exclaimed, that the horse was a much better judge of painting than his Majesty.

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1835.

Having made arrangements with the late Proprietor of the *Weekly Mirror*, to continue that Publication, we shall just introduce ourselves to our Patrons, by saying that we shall do our utmost to make the *Mirror* worthy of support; in our selections, our aim shall be to blend the *useful* with the *agreeable*. We contemplated enlarging the *Mirror*, but have been advised to continue it in its present shape for the remainder of the year, to make it uniform for binding; with this in view we have enlarged the columns as much as we could at present, and expect very soon to receive a supply of smaller type, which will enable us to give considerable more matter, and should we meet with sufficient encouragement, we intend next year to give a larger sheet.

We shall be glad to receive original Communications of a *Literary or Scientific* character.

A few sets of the *Mirror*, from No. 14, can be had at this Office, or of Mr. Bowes, Marchington's Lane.

The *Mail for England* by H. M. Pacht Tyrian, will be closed To-Morrow, Saturday, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED.

On Sunday morning, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Mr. John Liswell, to Miss Eliza Ann Myers, second daughter of Mr. Jacob Myers.

At Quebec, on the 25th ult. Mr. George J. Wright, Printer, to Miss Margaret Ann Passow Mount, of Halifax.

DIED.

On the 13th inst. after a long and painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Melchior Artz, in the 76th year of his age.

On Sunday morning, after a long and severe illness Mr. Thomas Holderness, in the 48th year of his age.

Yesterday morning, after a lingering illness, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. John Muhlge, in the 29th year of her age. Her funeral will take place on Sunday next, at 4 o'clock, from her late residence, near the Old Dutch Church.

JOB PRINTING.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public generally, that he has taken a room, in the House at the head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf, lately occupied by J. A. Barry, Esq., where he has commenced the above business, and hopes to merit a share of their favors. The smallest order will be attended to with punctuality. H. W. BLACKADAR. Halifax, 13th July, 1835.

POETRY.

THE LINK OF NATURE.

There is a kindred tie which knits
 The mightiest tree that grows,
 To each unheaded leafy gem,
 That near it buds or blows.
 The same first cause created both,
 Nor deemed the transient flower
 Was less unworthy of His care,
 And all-sustaining power.
 The same bright sun is felt by each,
 The same soft whispering breeze ;
 The light and nurturing dews of heaven,
 They share a like in these.
 But though united thus they seem,
 Equal they cannot be ;
 We look for beauty in the flower,
 And shelter from the tree.
 What would it boot the fragrant buds,
 To be upraised and share
 The dazzling honours of the great,
 The storms they could not bear ?
 The might, too, of the lofty trees,
 If it were once laid low,
 What would preserve the lowly flowers,
 When chilling blasts should blow ?
 'Tis thus in nature as in life,
 Each has a separate lot ;
 To some is given a gilded home,
 To some a peaceful cot.

HISTORICAL REFLECTION.

Great changes in human affairs never take place from trivial causes. The most important effects, indeed, are often apparently owing to inconsiderable springs; but the train has been laid in all such cases by a long course of human events, and the last only puts the torch to its extremity.—A fit of passion in Mrs. Masham arrested the course of Marlborough's victories, and preserved the tottering kingdom of France; a charge of a few squadrons of horse, under Kellermann, at Marengo, fixed Napoleon on the consular throne; and another, with no greater force, against the flank of the old guard, at Waterloo, chained him to the rock of St. Helena. Superficial observers lament the subjection of human affairs to the caprice of fortune or the casualties of chance; but a more enlarged observation teaches us to recognise in these apparently trivial events the operation of general laws; and the last link in a chain of causes which have all conspired to produce the general result. Mrs. Masham's passion was the ultimate cause of Marlborough's overthrow; but that event had been prepared by the accumulating jealousy of the nation during the whole tide of his victories, and her indignation was but the drop which made the cup overflow; Kellermann's charge, indeed, fixed Napoleon on the throne, but it was the sufferings of the revolution, the glories of the Italian campaigns, the triumphs of the pyramids, which induced the nation to hail his usurpation with joy; the charge of the 10th and 18th hussars broke the last

column of the Imperial array, but the foundation of the triumph of Wellington had been laid by the long series of his Peninsular victories and the bloody catastrophe of the Moscow campaign.—*Alison.*

DESCRIPTION OF NEW-YORK.

About three quarters of a mile off from Castle Garden, a prospect presents itself of rare beauty and interest; you have at once before you, a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic banks to the west, and the numerous masts along its eastern bank, down toward the sea, over the quarantine ground, and the beautiful bay out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the plain of vision; whilst the charming and well-wharfed battery lies right before you, with its regular walks and fine foliage, through which may be seen a crescent of neat houses, and close alongside innumerable masts on the western side of the Sound, while on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank crowded with the horses of a busy sister city. To your right, some what in the rear, you have Staten Island, with her gently sloping hills, capped with country seats; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city; and all the three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations, some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, aloft and aloft, with a drowsy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commerce, some with a heavy burden of metal, some are coming up from the Narrows, after a long passage; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow capes, thrown out into the sea to mark where the Atlantic ceases; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboats, there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvas, like a wide-winged gull's, at a distance, so many in number that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp on the even surface; here the heavy laden Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and eager news boat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessels ever did before, and the skills of the fisherman, the flat of the patient oysterman, and the buoyant yacht to carry buoyant youths; and between all these vessels move the quick ferriers, like busy spiders to and fro. It is indeed an enchanting sight! what man loves and what he dares; nature in all her fulness, freedom, and grandeur, and nature, tamed by man—all is here collected in one spot.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

On the 21st day of December last, I was passing through the State of South Carolina, and in the Town of —, where I had

an acquaintance, on whom I called.—I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding at a neighbouring house, an on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated and the most profound silence ensued—(the man of the house being religious.) A young lawyer then rose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and finishing his discourse begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. On obtaining leave, he proposed:—That one man in the company should be selected as President; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name with whom they wished to marry;—then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices were kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president the communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had reciprocated choices; but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company retired.

Now hear the conclusion. I passed through the same place on the 14th March following, and was informed that eleven of twelve matches had been solemnized, and the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.

Gentlemen under twenty, and ladies under fourteen were excluded as unmarriageable.—*American Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The following anecdote is an example of the wildness of this great and learned man. Sir Isaac Newton had a little dog named Diamond; and one day, being called from his study into another room, Diamond was left behind. His master, when he came back, found that the dog had thrown a lighted candle down among some of his papers which he had been working at for years; they were in flamma, and almost burnt to ashes. Newton could not hope to retrieve his loss for he was not then very young, yet without striking the dog, or being at all in a passion with him, he only said to him, "Oh Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

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