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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. I. Halifax, N. S. Thursday, December 31, 1863. No. 27.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$1 PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE, BY

W. Gunnubill, 155 Upper Water Street.

Subscriptions received by the Agents, and at the office of publication.

HALIFAX, N. S. DECEMBER 31, 1863.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Before this Number reaches the hands of our readers at a distance another year will have passed away: 1863, the commencement of which is so fresh, and but as yesterday in our memories, will have gone to join the years before the Flood. And while we warmly wish all our friends a happy New Year, with many returns of the season in prosperity and comfort, we feel constrained to address them in a few words of reflection upon the serious considerations which should regulate our feelings at this season.

We feel for the closing Year as for the departure of an old friend, never more to return. We have had many blessings and comforts along with the ordinary trials of life, during its course. Are we sensible of them? sufficiently thankful for them? We fear not. Let us reflect upon all the incidents that have occurred to us during the progress of the year, in so far as our memories serve us, and consider how we have met and improved them. Let us seriously think of the good that we might have done, but *did not*: and penitently of what our consciences may tell us that we have done amiss.

Another marked period of time has passed away, and each of us is now a year nearer the time—and we know not how soon it may be—when all our connexion with earthly concerns must cease. Seventy years is the allotted time of man's life. How few exceed or even reach it! And how very many never attain to half that sum!

While we part with the old year reluctantly, let each and all welcome the New Year with earnest resolution to improve whatever time may be in reservation for us, in the cultivation of the faculties with which we have been benevolently endowed. Not with selfish pur-

poses, but as in duty to our Maker, and kindness to our fellow men. We have all our several distribution of talents—let us remember the doom of that servant who hid his talent and did not improve it.

And now, in conclusion, we again heartily wish our friends a happy new year; and may all who are spared to see its close—and we wish that all may—be able to look back upon the days that have passed with inward satisfaction, and gratitude to the SUPREME DISPENSER OF ALL GOOD.

Family Department.

In making selections for the edification of our young readers, we have also collected some useful hints, and other items of general interest to the family circle; and—believing that a compilation of valuable receipts, suggestions, and remarks relating to household matters, &c. will be duly appreciated by adult readers—have concluded to devote a portion of the present and future numbers of the *Weekly Miscellany* to this Department.

Advantages of Wedlock.—None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailling assurances of care and love. He may be courted for his money; he may eat and drink and revel; and he may sicken and die in an hotel or a garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

To Clean Canary Birds.—These pretty birds are often covered with vermin, but they may be effectually relieved of them by placing a clean white cloth over their cage at night. The cloth will soon be covered with red spots, so small as hardly

to be seen, except by the aid of a glass; these are the vermin, that are a source of great annoyance to the birds.

Moths.—A pleasant perfume, and also preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients:—Take of cloves, carraway-seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and tonquin-beans, each one ounce; then add as much Florentineorris-root as will equal all the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags among your clothes, &c.

Childhood.—The shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music. There are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are those of the purest pleasure.

Every man ought to reflect, by way of consolation, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

Remembrances.—The memories of childhood, the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayers, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and schoolmaster, in all their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the autumn time of life, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own sweetness over it.

Baked Apple and Almond Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar; pound all well together, then add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs. Grate the peel of one lemon, and add the juice of it and one tablespoon of flour. Mix well all together, whip the whites of the six eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them with the other ingredients before baking. Pour the whole upon a thick layer of stewed apples already prepared in a baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Whoever is honourable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

Before you ask a man for a favour, consult the weather. The same person that is as ugly as sin while a cold rain is spitting against the window glass, will do sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine than his heart will expand like a rose-bud.

Fruit-Storing.—For general purposes, there is nothing better than open shelves. To keep long and fresh, we have found

nothing better than large earthenware pots or lit de wood barrels; the sound fruit put carefully in, and carefully covered down at top, with something almost impermeable to air. We know where apples, pears, walnuts, filberts, are kept as fresh, or fresher by this mode than any other, merely placing a thick turf, grass side downwards, over the top of the vessel, with a sheet of paper or a piece of calico between the fruit and the turf, and no packing is used. All our experiments with packing injured flavour; bran and sawdust were perhaps the worst. In an underground dry cellar, nothing is better than open benches.

Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear bargain, and never rely on the oft-repeated assurance, "We shan't disagree about trifles."

Honest Labour.—There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honourable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour.

NEW YORK STREET MERCHANTS.

I remember very well, when I went to New York, seeing a man pushing about a hand-cart, who kept crying—

"P-aug-e!—P-aug-e!

Paug-e! paug-e!"

And then he would blow a horn as loud as he could. When I asked Bill what he meant? he laughed a little, and said—

"Why, he's a merchant! and sells porgies," which is a kind of fish.

I had always thought of a New York merchant as a gentleman, with warehouses and goods, and clerks, and heaps of money. But I have since learned, that in New York any man is a merchant who acts between the producer and customer; and that this ragged man, who bought the fish from the man who caught them, and sold them to him who eat them, was really a merchant. There is a very large number of people in New York who live in the street, and among them many a merchant who pays no rent. In the first place, early in May, boys and girls, and men and women go about the streets, singing out—

"Rad-shees—Rad-shees."

And most of the people buy their radishes of them at three, or two, or one cent a bunch. Then, in a month or so, you hear them crying at the top of their voices, and some of them cry with a

rough, gruff voice, and some cry with a sharp, shrill voice—

"Straw-breez—Straw-breez,"—that way. And from them people buy little baskets of strawberries at ten, or eight, or six, or five cents a basket. Then, by and by, they cry raspberries, and then huckleberries, and then blackberries, in the same way. But, besides these, oranges, and pine-apples, and potatoes, and peaches, and apples, are sold by the street merchants, many of whom go with an old wagon and horse. And you must know, that away on the outskirts of the city, is a place where many a horse is sold to these merchants for five dollars; and as one of them once told me, a very good pair could be bought for fourteen dollars. Think of it! How the crows must be after them.

Then, when it comes corn-time, you will hear the cry in the evening, first from a rough voice—

"HOT-K-O-R-N—HOT-K-O-R-N."

And then from a small, child voice—

"Hot-K-o-r-n—Hot-K-o-r-n."

And if you go out to buy, you will see people with baskets on their heads, out of which they will take ears of smoking-hot boiled corn, which are kept hot in cloths, and will sell you one for two or three cents. But I don't eat corn that way.

Every day there goes by my house a man who cries, what sounds like

"Vried vish!—Vried vish!"

And my wife said, "Why does that man cry fried fish?" He did not cry fried fish at all—but "Glass-pu'-in." And there are many of these who mend up the broken windows.

Little girls and boys go about with baskets and cry,

"M-at-chez—M-at-chez!"

And they sell a great many.

There are some street merchants who have no cry at all; but have a sort of board, upon which they spread out their apples and pea-nuts, and candy at the corners; and some of these make more than two dollars a day profit. The book merchants have their stands, here and there, where they sell a good many second-hand books. There are men and women, too, who, in May and June, sell bunches of flowers in the streets, and some of them very beautiful ones, too.

There are others who get their living in the streets, who, perhaps, cannot be

called merchants. You will see in the very early morning these little carts drawn sometimes by a man, sometimes by a woman, but almost always with two dogs, harnessed underneath; and it is curious to see how those dogs do pull. I had no idea, until I saw them, how much they could drag, and how strong and willing they were. Some of them collect swill, and all sorts of old bones and refuse at the houses; and some collect at the ash-boxes bits of half-burnt coal. These they use and sell, and so get livings for themselves and their dogs.

You will see, too, men and women going about the streets, and they start early, too, with sacks on their shoulders, and an iron hook in their hands; they poke into any pile of rubbish or filth, and hook out anything that has value. These are called "Rag-pickers" here; and there are hundreds of them in Paris, and there they are called "Chiffoniers."

Some of them have done it all their lives; and are as well known there as the Duke of Wellington was in London.

You will now and then hear a rich, loud voice come along the street singing away—"Sweep-o-sweep-o! Ho-o-hie-he-o! Ho sweep-o!" Almost always these are negroes, and they are chimney-sweeps. Now they sweep the chimneys with long-handled brushes. But some years ago, little fellows—sometimes not more than seven or eight years old—would crawl up the fire-places; I would hear him go brushing up; and then, when I ran out of the door, I would see his little head come pop out the top of the high chimney, where for a few minutes he would sing away—"Hi-ho! Ho-ho! Sweep-o! Sweep-o! Hi-ho! Hi-ho!" which sounded better to me than it did to him, I guess.

In London these little sweeps formed quite a class by themselves, but they were white boys.

There was a man in London who had a great fancy for the little rough, dirty fellows; his name was Jem White; and every year he would give them a smoking hot supper at a tavern, where he, Charles Lamb, and other friends, put on aprons and waited on them. When they had eaten enough, White and Lamb would propose toasts and drink their healths, and make funny speeches. They all enjoyed it and had a good time.—*American periodical.*

NERVOUS HENRIETTA.

"Oh, my patience!" thought Henrietta, "if I could only pack grandma off by herself for awhile just till I jot down a word or two! To have a pair of black eyes following your every motion is enough to stiffen you out straight. I never saw eyes look through a body so!"

Henrietta was growing nervous. There sat the glaring white kitty on the rug, staring at her with winking eyelids, and in the corner stood the tall clock ticking with all its might—and what a clicking grandma made with those knitting needles! There was a bright fire, but Henrietta was quite sure one of the brands was about to split in two and come rattling down upon the hearth.

"Henrietta," said grandma, slowly, settling her spectacles and picking up a stitch, "are you writing a letter to your mother?"

"No ma'am," answered Henrietta, shortly, scowling at her paper.

Grandma went on with her knitting, the clock went on with its ticking, and the cat still stared at Henrietta as she puzzled away at her writing. By-and-by grandma dropped another stitch, settled her spectacles, and asked, sloyly:

"Henrietta, are you writing a letter to Charles?"

"No, ma'am," repeated Henrietta, "I am trying to write a composition. But seems to me you are very wide awake to-night, grandma! It's eight o'clock, and I've had your flax-seed tea ready for an hour!"

"Yes, dear," said the good old lady, innocently, "but I don't feel sleepy a bit!"

Henrietta sighed, and scribbled on her paper as a slight relief to her feelings.

"I do believe the Fates are against me to-night! Can I keep my temper? I will try, if it kills me! I've got ideas enough in my head now for twenty compositions, but they float, and dive, and fly and creep, and slip through my fingers. You might as well try to catch a will-o-the-wisp and use it for a lantern as to try to fasten one of my thoughts down to this paper!"

"Why, Henrietta," said grandma, "your fingers are flying pretty fast! I guess your pen isn't so very bad after all is it?"

"Oh, dear!" thought poor Henrietta, "does grandma mean to drive me crazy

to-night? I believe I won't answer her, and then she may begin to mistrust that I don't want to be bothered!"

But the next moment a better spirit prevailed, and she answered her good grandmother kindly.

"Yes, grandma, but you know I don't like steel pens—they always plague me. It's my honest belief now that if I only had a gold pen I could write what I want to just as easy!"

Grandma smiled. Henrietta was afraid she was going to speak again so she added, very pleasantly:

"Grandma, dear, you know how nervous and silly I am! Now if you'll just please not to talk, I think, maybe, I could write better."

"Bless your dear little soul!" said grandma, "I've been putting you out, haven't I? Well, I won't say another word! I wouldn't have sat up so long, only I thought for once I'd wait till your father got back from the post-office."

Then grandma turned about and put her feet on the fender. Henrietta felt greatly quieted. She had fought against her unkind thoughts and "conquered a peace."

"Well," thought she, "my head seems to have settled. I think I can write now."

She took for a subject these words of the Koran: "A spoken word no chariot can overtake, though it be drawn by four swift horses."

"That is the very thing for me to write about," thought Henrietta; and it seemed as if her pen had wings as it flew over the paper, tracing just the very words she wanted, and putting them in just the right places. True, she wrote so rapidly that she did not stop for punctuation marks, and the sentences looked as if they were all out of breath; but she was laying the corner-stone for her best composition, which afterward brought her the prize.

When her father came in from the driving storm, looking like a walking snow-image, Henrietta was greeted with the words:

"Well little lady I've got a letter for you with something in it as hard as a stone and as long as my finger. Who do you suppose would be sending you a stick of candy through the mail-bag?"

The old clock in the corner had not ticked twice before Henrietta had found

out what was inside that letter—a gold pen in a beautiful gold case! "From grandmother."

"Oh, you dear lovely, darling grandma!" cried Henrietta throwing her arms about her neck, "I'm just as happy as I can live! Why what a precious grandma you are? And that was what made you sit up all this long evening, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said grandma with one of her loving smiles which never grew old; "I wanted to hear what you would have to say about the pen. I would sit up a good deal later, too, to see your eyes shine so my dear."

"And how near I came to fretting at the dear grandma who was trying to make me so happy!" thought the conscience-stricken Henrietta. "If I had spoken one disrespectful word to her, I should want to bite my tongue right out! I've made up my mind to one thing—always to wait for the second thoughts."

THE EVILS OF WAR.

Who can observe the terrible evils afflicting people during the progress of war among them without the conviction that it is the most deplorable calamity that can happen to a nation? The sickening horrors of famine and pestilence are but faint exhibitions of misery and death which follow in its devastating train. The blood and carnage of contending armies, the slaughter of innocent women and children, the incalculable destruction of property, the total disregard of law and order, of religion and morality, are but few of the innumerable evils engendered in the ruthless name of this vile monster.

This hideous demon of tyrannical invention goes forth to devastate the homes of innocence and beauty, to destroy peace and shame justice to desolate the fertile fields and blooming gardens of rural industry, and to blast forever the rising hope of honest, toil-worn millions.

Nothing is too sacred to escape the venomous fury and iron grasp of inhuman war. In its unholy career mercy is forgotten, virtue disregarded and religion abhorred, while the holy instincts of pure hearts are crushed beneath their increasing errors. Reason and resolution, humanity and christianity—indeed all those higher and nobler faculties of the human mind which render man "but little low-

er than the angels," are ineffectual to control the wicked passion aroused by the din of battle and the strife of tumultuous war. Onward it moves like a tremendous avalanche overwhelming everything in its progress and leaving nothing but death and desolation in its murderous track. It destroys enterprise and commerce, shuts up the avenue to wealth, arrests the progress of science and art, and brings universal consternation and financial ruin. It razes towns and cities to the ground, demolishes the most splendid specimens of architecture, breaks monuments of beauty and valor, desecrates the temple of the living God, and leaves in its place only a pile of smouldering ruins to mark the sacred spot on which it was erected.

These are some of the evils exhibited in the progress of war, not among the dark and benighted nations of the earth, but among those on which the light of science and revelation has shone with the greater splendor.

After contemplating these scenes of blood and carnage and death, the conclusion is irresistible to individuals in whom the moral and religious sentiments as well as intellect, holds supremacy over the baser passions of the mind, that nations which countenance such barbarities are neither properly civilized or christianized.

When men will not adjust their difference without strife; when states and great nations assume the attitude of ferocious monsters and fight each other with the most destructive engines of death, and in the most beastly manner, we must conclude that man, instead of being "but little lower than the angels," is, in reality but little higher than devils.

Not only the loss of human life and the demoralization of the people, but the enormous expenditure of money and severe taxation required for the support of armies, render the evils of war doubly distressing. It is astonishing to observe the facility with which an enlightened Christian nation will raise enormous sums of money for the inhuman purposes of war, and at the same time with what tardiness a meagre pittance to the languishing cause of humanity!

Oh! deluded man—my countrymen—how barren art thou of the fruits of righteousness! how lead in thy profes-

sions of christianity, and yet how destitute of those practical virtues which so eminently characterized the great Master.—*Boston paper.*

News of the Week.

A system of Post Office Money Order Interchange between Money Order Offices of Canada and Nova Scotia, is to commence on 1st January, 1864; and a system of similar interchange between the Halifax Office of Nova Scotia and the United Kingdom at the same date.

The detention of the steamer Chesapeake has caused some bitter feelings in the Federal States; and the New York Herald indulges in misrepresentations and vindictive abuse of the natives of Nova Scotia, in reference to her capture and subsequent detention.

Officers of the Excise department have been sent to several localities on the western coast of this province, to recover if possible the goods which had been landed from the Chesapeake, and we understand they have met with some success. It is said that the cargo will all be restored to the proper owners.

A Montreal paper says that one house in that city had on board this vessel 113 hhds. of sugar, and another 100 casks of wine. A Quebec firm a quantity of tobacco.

We learn from the Reporter that a party of the Royal Artillery detailed for that service, were sent on board the steamer Chesapeake on Friday. It is understood that His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has made an Imperial matter of the whole affair, and the same has been referred to the American Government for adjudication.

The Chesapeake has since been hauled in and berthed alongside the Naval Yard, where she will remain until the decision of the British Government is made known. Several of her Confederate captors are said to have been arrested in St. John, N. B.

The schr. Wilmot, from St. John for Parrsboro, or some other port up the bay, has been lost near Apple River. The crew, consisting of four persons, got safely ashore, but the Captain, mate, and one of the hands, perished from cold and exposure.

Professor Silliman reports most favorably of the mining prospects of Nova Scotia.

The "Cottage of Contentment," as performed by the Cadets of Temperance, with great success, some ten years since—will be reproduced by the Miemac Band of Hope, with appropriate scenery, music, &c., at Temperance Hall, early next month.

Elinos, the Spaniard, took passage hence in the R. M. S. Canada for England.

Colonel William Robinson, R. E., died on the 5th inst. at S. Helier's, Jersey.—The Christian Messenger says—He was engaged some years since in the arduous service of surveying the boundary lines between New Brunswick and the United States, and between Canada and New Brunswick. He also performed other highly important services, one of which was, we believe, the first survey of a route for a Railway through New Brunswick to Quebec. He left a widow (the eldest daughter of our respected friend, J. W. Nutting, Esq.) and three sons.

A Colored woman, named Jennie Hudson, died at Guysboro' on the 10th inst. who is supposed to have reached her 110th year.

The recent visit of Professor Silliman to Nova Scotia for the purpose of inspecting our gold fields, has created quite a furore among certain speculators in Boston, who, it is stated, will go into the diggings a foot or two during the ensuing summer of 1864. The New York and Nova Scotia Company have exhibited a three pound lump of gold in Shreve, Stanwood & Cor's window, Boston. Altogether the year closes with most promising prospects in the future, so far as gold mining operations are concerned.—*Reporter.*

It is rumoured that four or five additional regiments of infantry may be expected in Halifax, en route for Canada, during the present season.

The Yarmouth Herald of the 24th. reports two burglaries in that town, and an attempt at highway robbery.

Two new Ocean Steamship Companies are about being formed; one to run a line of steamers between Montreal and Liverpool and London—the other for the purpose of starting a new line between Boston and Liverpool.

A gentleman of this city has a letter from his brother, now in Boston, after serving some time as a soldier under the Lincoln government, stating that the muster-roll of United States forces, lately published, shows the names of no less than five thousand two hundred Nova Scotians in the ranks of the Northern armies.—*Citizen.*

The brig, Geo. Washington from the B. W. Indies while making Liverpool harbor was driven ashore on Black Point and totally wrecked. Her cargo of sugar and molasses was lost, and there was unfortunately no insurance on either ship or cargo.

An unusually brilliant meteor was seen in different parts of the Province on the evening of the 21st inst. At Amherst, over which it passed a little after eleven o'clock, it appeared with a nucleus as large as a barrel, and a long swinging comet-like tail. It is said that such was the intense brilliancy of the meteor, that

for miles around the interior of every house was lit up as if by a noonday sun, and the flash was more startlingly bright than the most vivid lightning on a dark night. Red, white and blue flashes mingled in the brilliance, which was steady for some seconds. Its disappearance was accompanied with hoarse rattling reports like distant thunder or artillery. At Parrsboro, the phenomenon presented a most beautiful appearance. It glowed like an immense ball of fire, and thrice in succession scattered showers of sparks accompanied with blue flashes so magnificently bright that the whole heaven was illuminated, and the moon made nearly invisible. When the flashes ceased, the scene, notwithstanding the clear moonlight, seemed to sink into pitchy darkness. Startling reports like thunderbursts were also heard, and a strong sulphureous smell was felt on the disappearance of the meteor. At Minudie the sounds seemed like thunder on distant hills.—*ib.*

DEATH OF LORD NELSON'S COXSWAIN.
—Lord Nelson's coxswain on board the "Victory," Mr. John Pringle, died at his residence, Newton Bushel Devon, on the 5th inst. having attained the extraordinary age of 103 on the 19th of May last. The deceased veteran had only been ill about a month. Prior to his illness, although he was rather infirm, still his mental faculties were unimpaired, and he was accustomed to display those social qualities which so distinguished him in early life. On his birthday for several years past he was in the habit of driving round the town in company with his wife, and the old and respected couple were the observed of all observers on the occasion. He was by birth a Scotchman, having been born in the county of Fife, and on attaining the age of 21 he joined the Royal Navy. Whilst in the service he took an active part in many of our celebrated naval battles, and among others those of the Nile, Trafalgar and Alexandria. He was in receipt of a pension, and at the ripe age of 92 he married, and his wife survives him.

La France states that General Fleury will proceed very shortly to Copenhagen. The ostensible object of his mission is to congratulate King Christian on his accession to the throne.

The Prussians are willing now to submit to the despotic rule of their King, which hitherto they have patriotically resisted, if he will take part with the rest of Germany, violate the Treaty of London, and assist to wrest Schleswig-Holstein from the Danish authority.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

A letter received at New York from a naval officer on board the flag-ship *P. sacola* at New Orleans, states that the

embers of mutiny are gathering fast among the sailors of the men of war in that harbor. It seems a great many of the sailors enlisted for one year, and their time has expired, but the Navy Department being pressed for men was obliged to issue an order that no sailors should be allowed to come home even if their time had expired, until relieved by others. This order is said to be felt very severely by a portion of the sailors, and the officer who writes the information fears a mutiny may be the result of it.—*Globe.*

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Dec. 25.—Gen. Gilmore was shelling Charleston daily with 100-pounders. Charleston despatches to Richmond mention the same, but report little damage.

It is expected that Arkansas will soon be represented in Congress, arrangements are progressing for election in that State. Reported all the Confederate rams in England have been offered to the English Government at a certain price. The proposition is before the Admiralty.

Gen. Averill officially reports a dashing raid by his command in West Virginia, burning at Salem three depots containing twenty thousand barrels of flour, ten thousand bushels wheat, one hundred bushels of corn, fifty thousand bushels of oats, and two thousand barrels meal, besides a large amount of equipment, and a hundred waggons; also wrecked 15 miles of Virginia Railroad. On his return he narrowly escaped from the enemy, who were concentrated to intercept him. The command made 350 miles in 13 days, and took 200 prisoners.

Evening.—Two Union prisoners escaped from Richmond (one feigning death was carried out in a coffin) and arrived in Washington. They report Union prisoners suffering great hardships in prisons and hospitals. Rations of Confederates themselves scanty, consisting of corn bread and occasionally a piece of bacon.

Secretary Welles issued instructions to post vessels at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other important ports to enforce the new regulations relative to passengers for vessels and passengers.

Russian fleet gone to winter near Fort Monroë.

Dec. 28.—Steamer *Cheatham*, laden with cotton, tobacco, rosin, &c., was captured. The prize is estimated at \$150,000.

The English barque *Circassian* was seized in New York under suspicious circumstances; and arrests were made both of males and females. Four revolvers were taken from one woman.

Evening.—Advices from Charleston to the 24th, represent no prospect of active operations; there was but little firing for several days.

Keels for two immense war vessels were laid at Brooklyn last week.

U. S. Marshal, on Saturday, found a number of revolvers among the passengers on steamer *Morning Star*. A number of roughs offered large inducements for passage, if taken on board after passing the guard ship.

Russian Minister at Washington, by instructions from Emperor, personally thanked President Lincoln for courtesies to Russian fleet.

Dec. 29.—Newbern advices report that a number of Confederate officers and soldiers recently came within Federal lines to accept the President's pardon, have taken the oath of allegiance, and report that large numbers will do likewise at the earliest opportunity.

The plan for leasing abandoned plantations in Eastern North Carolina proves a great success, financially and to the laboring classes.

The Federal Cavalry raid returned to Benton station, having driven the guerrillas to the mountains, and destroyed six tanneries between Juray and Springville.

Late Wilmington papers announce numerous arrivals of blockade runners. A refugee reports twenty-three arrivals the night before he left.

The Alabama has destroyed the ships *Winged Racer* and *Armada* off Java Head.

Since Congress has refused to increase the bounties, re-enlistments have greatly increased, and at the rate now offering, it is supposed that nearly all the army of the Potomac will have re-enlisted. Within a few weeks some of the regiments have re-enlisted bodily; a few have refused altogether.

Eighty-two Confederate prisoners came from Camp Douglas, Chicago, to New York, and enlisted in the Federal Navy, going on board receiving ship "North Carolina."

J. D. Storer, general contractor for the Navy Department, has been arrested, and is to be tried before the Military Court in Philadelphia, on charges of grave character.

Evening.—General Wheeler, with a force of cavalry of 1500, and mounted infantry, attacked Col. Siebert and captured supply train from Chattanooga for Knoxville. Col. Long went to Siebert's support and drove the enemy off, and captured over 100 prisoners.

General Kelly at Harper's Ferry has information from deserters just from Shenandoah valley that Gen. Early with 9000 men is between New Orleans and Mt. Jackson.

Deserters report great dissatisfaction among Confederates, and that if the President's amnesty proclamation were circulated among them, thousands would come to the Federal lines.

The Richmond Enquirer laments the loss of East Tennessee.

THE BEAR AND VENTRILOQUIST.

A Ventriloquist having arrived at Hopefield, England, and being at the Red Lion, beheld from a window a ludicrous scene. A showman and his bear were in view of his window, and he having formed an opinion of the ignorance and credulity of the inhabitants, resolved to amuse himself at the expense of the showman, left the window, and joining the assemblage of spectators, approached him.

"Your bear can doubtless speak?" said he, in a serious air.

The showman looked at him cunningly, shrugged his shoulders, and answered, roughly,—

"Speak to him yourself, and you'll then find out."

This was just what the ventriloquist expected. He approached Bruin, and assuming a most comical expression, said to the bear, in a droll tone of voice:

"Allow me to compliment you, Mr. Bruin; you are as graceful as an operadancer. What country claims the honor of your birth?"

A voice which seemed to issue from the grisly jaws of the bear, replied:

"The Alps—in Switzerland!"

We will not attempt to describe the amazement of the crowd; every one was struck mute with fear and astonishment, but the amazement of the showman would have offered an admirable subject for the pencil of Hogarth, surrounded by all those faces in which consternation was so strongly depicted. His black, lustrous eyes seemed starting from their sockets; he stretched wide his toothless mouth, and remained aghast and motionless, as if his feet had taken root where he stood.

The ventriloquist turned towards him, and said:

"Your bear speaks very good English, and has very little remaining of the Helvetic accent."

Then turning to Bruin he observed, in a kind tone:

"You look sad; are you not well?"

"The fogs of England has given me the spleen," replied the animal.

Here the affrighted crowd began to move off.

"How long a time have you been with this master?"

"Quite long enough to be tired of him."

"Is he not kind to you, Bruin?"

"Oh, yes! as kind as the hammer to the anvil."

"Will you not seek revenge some day?"

"Assuredly! one of these mornings I will eat him like a radish for my breakfast."

At these words the crowd, whose curiosity had led them, in spite of their fears, gradually once more to approach, now suddenly fell back on each other; and great was the confusion that ensued; the showman had heard enough, and forcibly drew the chain of the animal to enforce his control, but the wearied bear only growled fearfully.

The ventriloquist, perfectly satisfied by the experiment, turned suddenly about and hurried towards the tavern. This augmented still more the fear of the spectators, and each one took to his heels as if the bear was in pursuit of him.—

The ventriloquist laughed heartily to see the effect it had produced, and the poor showman with Bruin was now consulting whether he had not, in future, better give Bruin his freedom, lest the promise he had made in answer to the inquiry of the ventriloquist might prove true at some early hour in the future.

AN HONEST BOY.

"That is right, my boy," said a merchant smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "always be honest—it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the boy timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best of policy? Why, it is a time-honored old saying—don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly toward the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad had resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called into the store. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a

boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop," said the merchant; "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?" "He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who have boys to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly; "that he is remarkable for principle. Never did I know him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant continued), he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws on the goods and I can not teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—common—common prudence—a-hem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than have been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word I can't.

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world; except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him: and if I have found really one honest boy, thank God."

This little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious room; and he who sat shivering in a cold corner listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

"Them that honor Me, I will honor."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MARKETS.—Mrs Partington says she can't understand these market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers drooping—that is, if it's raining; but how whiskey can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how laid can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed; nor flour rising—unless there had been yeast in it—and sometimes it wouldn't rise then.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE
Weekly Miscellany.

County of Halifax.

Mrs. Margaret Crooks, Lawrencetown.
Messrs. Luther Sterns, Dartmouth.
William Blakeney, Jeddore.
William A. Cox, Oldham.
John Lingley, Waverley.
James Sutherland, Gay's River.
R. R. Taylor, Gay's River Road.
Joseph Lantz, Indian Harbour.
John Booth sen'r. Prospect.
James Gardner jr. Musquodoboit Harbour.

Samuel L. Henry, Upper Musquodoboit.

D. F. Lockerty, Bedford.
Neil Bollong, Pope's Harbour.
Henry G. Leslie, Spry Bay.
William Bissett, Lower Ward.

County of Colchester.

Messrs. Thomas Baird, Onslow.
J. B. Calkhan, Truro.
Hugh McIntosh, Head of Bay, Tatamagouche.

Hugh Dickson, Upper Onslow.
Walter B. Hingley, Kempt Town, Salmon River.

Saml. C. Cox, Upper Stewiacke.
Simon McDonald, L'r Stewiacke.
Andw. K. Graham, Five Islands.

County of Cumberland.

Messrs. M. E. Hewson, River Philip.
Levi Borden, Pugwash.
Michl. K. Pugsley, River Hebert.
Wm. B. Lodge, Maccan Mountain.
James Finlay, Head of Amherst.
Jos. Atkinson, Maccan Interval.
John McNeil, Wallace Ridge.
Gilbert Seaman, Minudie.
John Bragg, Windham Hill.
Oliver King, Tidnish Cross Roads.
W. E. Angervine, Wallace River, Six Mile Road.

Archd. Robertson, Fox Harbour.
Wm. Grant, Parrsboro' Shore.
George H. Forshner, Head of Wallace Bay.

Chas. D. Rockwell, Rockwell Settlement, Amherst Shore.
Donald McAuly, Amherst Corner.
Andrew Taylor, East Branch River Philip.

County of Pictou.

Messrs. Wm. Fraser, New Glasgow.
Alex. Fraser, Middle River.
Thos. R. Fullerton, Sutherland's River.

John McGilvray, Knoydart.
Matthew M. Archibald, Alma.

Mrs. C. M. McDonald, Forks, M. Riv.
Christy McDonald, French Riv.

Messrs. D. McDonald, Bailey's Brook.
William Dunbar, West Branch East River.

Geo. McKay, Mount Thom.
John Forbes, Bridgeville, E. Riv.

Alex. Fraser, McLellan's Brook, East River.

Jas McDonald, Piedmont Valley

County of Hants.

Miss Theresa B. Wolfe, Falmouth.
Mary Cox, Lower Selma.
Messrs. James McDougall, Five Mile River, Shubenacadie.

John T. Cochran, Newport.
John W. Lavers, Up'r Rawdon.
Evan McPhee, Nine Mile River.
Jos. Mosher, Mid. Kennetcook.
Joshua Fish, Highfield, Newport.
Samuel Kerr, Antrim.
Daniel Huntly, Hantsport.
Osmond O'Brien, Noel.

King's County.

Messrs. J. W. Borden, Canning.
C. S. Davidson, Berwick.
William Gilliatt, Church Street Cornwallis.

Amos Bill Jacques, Waterville, Aylesford.

Thomas Farnsworth, Morden.
Cyrus Webster, Sheffield Mills, Cornwallis.

Oliver Lockhart, Lockhartville.
B. W. Chipman, Aylesford.

James H. Hamilton, Walbrook, Horton.

Samuel L. Fitch, Kentville.

John Casey, Beach Hill.

John Strong, Wolfville.

County of Annapolis.

Messrs. James E. Chipman, Middleton.
R. Graves, Port Williams.

R. M. Shaw, Clementsport.

T. A. Margeson, Margaretville.

Geo. Wells, Saw Mill Creek.

Alfred Hoyt, Lequille.

John W. James, Lawrencetown.

Alfred Troop, Granville Ferry.

Isaac McNayr, Springfield.

Timothy, C. Munro, Maitland.

Robt. A. Dakin, L'r Granville.

County of Digby.

Messrs. Enos Patten, Brookville.
John Smith, Petite Passage.

John O. Morse, Sandy Cove.

John W. Powell, Long Island.

L. McKay, St. Mary's Bay.

Charlton Sabeau, New Tusket, Clare.

Ambrose Poole, Cedar Lake.

Clement M. Melancon, Chica-

ben, Clare.

County of Lunenburg.

Messrs. J. W. Andrews, Bridgewater.
C. Publicover, Blandford.

Jacob Mosher, Petite Riviere.

Queen's County.

Messrs. John R. Hall, Brooklyn.
Ephraim Mack, Mill Village.

Z. P. Armstrong, East Port Medway.

Elkanah Morton, Middlefield.

John S. Morse, Brookfield.

Philip Fancy, Pleasant River.

Joseph J. Letson, Port Medway.

John W. Scott, Liverpool.

County of Yarmouth.

Messrs. Benj. C. Robbins, Arcadia.
Freeman C. Parry, Beaver River.
James H. Hamilton, Kempt.

County of Shelburne.

Mrs. Nancy Snow, Port Latour.
Messrs. Leonard Knowles, Barrington, West Passage.

Robert Currie, Lewis Head.
X. A. Chipman, Locke's Island.
James McKay, Clyde River.

County of Guysborough.

Messrs. S. McGuire, Salmon River Lake.
E. C. Cunningham, Guysboro'.
Jas. H. Feltnate, White Head.
Jas. W. Whitman, Manchester.
Jonathan Hartley, Pirate Harbor.
William Sawers, Cross Roads, Milford.

George Norris, Cape Canso.

County of Sydney.

Messrs. Donald Sinclair, Goshen.
F. S. Cunningham, Harbor Road.
Robt. Chisholm, Pomquet Forks.

Jas. Randall, Little River Shore.
John McMillan, St. Andrews.

Jas. McDougall, Marshy Hope.
E. Corbett, Harbor-au-Bouche.

Donald McMillan, Head Lochabar Lake.

A. Stewart, Foot Lochabar Lake.
Levi Irish, Little River.

Charles McGilvray, Glen Road.
County of Cape Breton.

Messrs. D. McPhee, Low Point Shore.
P. T. Clarke, Coxheath.
Walter Young, Lingan.

Donald Gillis, Lewis Bay.
County of Victoria.

Messrs. R. McKenzie, Great Bras d'Or.
Murdoch McKenzie, Munro's Point, St. Anns.

John Burke, Ingonish.
Donald Gillis, Big Interval.

Neil McAskill, Cape North.
D. McIntosh, Bay St. Lawrence.

John McNaughton, St. Patrick's Channel.

County of Richmond.

Messrs. Angus McNeil, D'Escousse.
Jas. Smith, McPherson's Ferry.
William Urquhart, Rear Lands, Sporting Mountain.

Rod'k. Bethune, Loch Lomond.
Josiah Hooper, Forchu.

John Murchison, Grand River.
J. R. P. McLean, River Bourgeois.

Daniel Fraser, Grandique Ferry.
R. G. Morrison, St. Peters.

County of Inverness.

Messrs. J. H. Tremain, Port Hood.
Angus McMaster, Low Point, Strait of Canso.

Arch'd. McIntyre, River Dennia.
John Ross, N. E. Branch Margaree.

Alexander McEachern, Boom.
Chas. McMillan, Lake Ainslie, East Side.

Hugh McDonell, Judique.
Jas. S. Lawrence, Margaree.

Angus McInnes, West Lake Ainslie.

Prince Edward Island.

Messrs. Laird & Harvie, Charlottetown.

PASSING WORDS.

The good old year is well-nigh gone,
 We count its soamy saunders,
 And fain would we reverse the glass,
 But ah! our feeble hands
 Are powerless 'neath the giant grasp
 Of the relentless Past.
 These fleeting moments, they are all
 Most dear, because the last.
 Yet ere they pass, with each we'll link
 A loving thought or prayer;
 The rose may droop, but ere it die,
 It sheds, upon the air,
 Its fragrant breath, and thus e'en now
 From many a spirit shrine,
 Love's incense floats to bless mankind,
 Then mounts to the Divine.
 Few, fewer still those golden sands I
 (Then let me speak to thee
 Ere they shall pass, I come e'en now
 With blessings fond and free
 For thee, for thine—thy chosen guide,
 Thy "little children" dear—
 God grant the morn may bring to each
 In truth, a happy year.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA:

Complete through endless space I roam,
 And countless millions call me home.
 And though quite large, I move as fast
 As does the war-wind or the blast;
 But when transposed, it is confessed
 I dwell in every human breast;
 One letter drop, and through the grove
 A free and happy beast, I rove;
 Another gone, and you'll decide,
 I am to science near allied;
 If now transposed, by all 'tis said,
 Again, and I'm a quadruped;
 My whole curtail, transpose, and lo!
 I flow for sorrow, joy, and woe;
 Reheaded now, I truly claim
 To be a portion of man's frame;
 Curtail, and then replace my head,
 And I'm a fragrant herb instead;
 Transposed, and there are very few,
 When well, but will me daily do.

CHARADE.

An article that's oft in use
 You'll find my first to be,
 And that which rises to a point
 You'll in my second see;
 The poet's soul is in my third,
 As vivid thought and feeling burst;
 Sometimes 'tis grave, sometimes absurd,
 While with my whole you'll be reversed.

REBUS.

In many shapes I now am made,
 And many low I've often laid;
 I never smile, though make many a face,
 And generally one of the human race.
 Behold me now, and don't despair
 If I do not suit, and am not fair.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator became a member of a legislative body in one of the Eastern States. In speaking he was addicted to an old habit of handling his spectacles, first placing them on his nose—suffering them to remain a minute or two—throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them and laying them before him upon the desk. One day a very important question came up for consideration, and he commenced a speech in opposition. A friend to the proposed measure, who was a most incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the honorable member's remarks, and accordingly, before he entered the house, provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few minutes had elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair upon the desk before the speaker. These were taken up and, by regular gradations, gained a place on his forehead, by the side of the others. A third, fourth and fifth pair was disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenance of the honorable members, which gradually lengthened into a grin; and, at last, when the speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and eloquent sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was one long and loud peal of laughter from all quarters of the hall—president, clerk, members joined in chorus. The speaker himself looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but accordingly raising his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses to the floor, took up his hat and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's very silly and useless habit.

SMART CHATS.—We have very smart boys in this town, says a cotemporary. one in particular, who was called up the other day by the pedagogue to give some account of his absence, and to give some evidence if possible, of progress in his studies.
 "Where was you yesterday, sir?"

"I was out in the field alone."
 "What were you doing in the field, sir;—picking berries?"
 "No, sir, I was out alone by myself."
 "Well, but what were you doing?"
 "I was meditating."
 "Meditating upon what?"
 "I was meditating what I'd be when I got to be growed up—printer, doctor, lawyer, or school-master; and took the field for it."
 "Brave boy! what was your conclusion?"
 "Thought as how I'd be a school-master—they live easy, likes to give lickin's, and teach the young idea what to shoot at."

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes, at which rate one may peruse twenty-six volumes, of two thousand pages each, in a year. You say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the biography of self-taught men. Think of Franklin, the printer; of Linne, the shoemaker; of John Hunter, the cabinet-maker; of Herschel, the musician; of Donald, the weaver; of Turner, the printer; of Buritt, the blacksmith. Love learning, and you will be learned.—Where there is a will there is a way.—Begin at once, take time by the forelock, and remember that it is only the first step that costs; and having begun, resolve to learn something every day.—Strike the blow, and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of life in thinking of what they shall do next. Always have a volume near you which you may catch up at a few odd minutes as are your own. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.

A fine intelligent boy, twelve years and nine months old; son of Mr. Joseph Brown of Wallace Bay, was killed on Saturday, 19th inst., by falling from a horse. He had ridden the animal to water, and when returning the horse took fright at some noise behind him and started to run; when near the barn-yard the horse stumbled, pitching the boy forward, and rolling over him. The poor little fellow was picked up instantly, but life was already extinct.—Citizen.