

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>							

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1. Halifax, N. S. Thursday, December 3, 1863. No. 24.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$1 PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE, BY

W. Cannabell, 155 Upper Water Street.

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

HALIFAX, N. S. DECEMBER 3, 1863.

ERRATA.—In the first article in our last No., 8th line from the bottom of 1st column, for "wisest of our inspired men," read "wisest of uninspired men."

AMUSEMENT.

Some people are so severe in spirit that all amusement appears to them a departure from strict rectitude. Others are so perplexed between a love of amusement and the abhorrence of abuses which many means of entertainment are liable to, that they can neither fully assent to amusements on the one hand nor condemn them on the other. There seems to be a want of principle on this point—something which may enable us to enjoy amusement with a clear conscience.

One fact strikes us—namely, that the power of producing amusement and the power of enjoying it are parts of our nature. If it is acknowledged that the Creator has, by the general arrangements of the world, manifested a disposition to confer happiness upon his creatures—which we think no one will deny—we cannot doubt that the powers in our mental system operating for enjoyment, were meant to be employed for that end: and amusement thus appears a part of the great Beneficent Design.

In amusements, as in everything else, we must distinguish between the use and the abuse. For instance, some young men will neglect their studies or other duties for the sake of music, and some young ladies will think more earnestly about a dance than about their moral and intellectual improvement. These errors form no valid argument against music or dancing—as well might we condemn eating, because some people surfeit themselves at a feast. In like manner other popular amusements—when they can be enjoyed free from circumstances of a

contaminating character—are not reprehensible. The faculties which produce entertainments of this kind, and the faculties which take pleasure in them, are, like all the rest, given to us for wise and kind purposes. When exercised in conformity with our moral obligations, they are a direct source of happiness, and our duty is not to suppress them, but to guard against their abuse.

The line between the use and abuse may, with some care and discrimination, be easily distinguished. We may represent in paintings, in statuary or tales of fiction objects only calculated to demoralize; and this is a disgraceful abuse of the powers conferred on us. But we may also body forth scenes calculated to excite, and by exciting to strengthen, the most refined and praiseworthy feelings, and carry forward our whole being in the paths of virtue; and this is a right use of these gifts.

The application of the faculties for amusement, naturally bears a reference to the mental condition of any particular people. The ancient Romans were devotedly fond of sports in which human life was wantonly sacrificed; and the Spaniards of the present day indulge in spectacles involving great cruelty to animals, and in which human life is sometimes accidentally sacrificed. The former were, as the latter are, in a moral condition of a very low description. In the days of Queen Elizabeth persons of the best condition witnessed plays turning upon incidents and involving language which would now shock the coarsest mind. In those of Charles II. the plays represented before the most illustrious companies were full of deliberate profligacy, which the former were exempt from. The first class was an emanation of the national mind when it was rude, but not positively vicious. And the latter was appropriate to a time when the national mind was positively vicious, but not rude. We must, of our own day, say that the stage has not kept pace with national morality; but many representations are comparatively faultless.

By telling young people, as many pa-

rents do, that amusements are altogether vicious, an act of deception is committed—an act extremely reprehensible, and which the children are more apt to detect and value rightly than may be supposed. They consequently lose respect for the word of their parents, and launch into forbidden indulgences with a recklessness proportioned to the indignation of the deception. If told that amusement is one of the necessities of life, but ought to be moderately indulged in; and that various amusements, although in themselves innocent, are not conducted in such a way that good men can freely indulge in them, we think that all the necessary caution would be imposed.

COTTON IN THE RIVER PLATE.—The cultivation of cotton in the River Plate territories is attracting universal attention and the testimony of Mr. Hutchinson, the British consul at Rosario, is conclusive as to its practicability and the vast regions which by nature are adapted for the production of the great staple. The Buenos Ayres Standard states that the governor of Corrientes had received and distributed a ton and a half of seeds of different descriptions, and, after remarking that the majority of the estancieros of that province had planted or were about to plant cotton, predicts that "in a few years cotton will take the place of wool and hides, and become the first staple article of the Argentine Republic."

A rumor has been current here for months, which we understand has recently received confirmation, to the effect that a daughter of Gay's (a decent colored man resident for many years in Upper Amherst) who was married last spring to a colored man, has been taken South and sold into Slavery. Poor Gay, the father of the girl, is horrified and inconsolable, and declares his intention to get his daughter back if it takes all he is worth to accomplish it. If Slavery under any circumstances be justifiable, the rascal who sold the poor girl should be made feel the Overseer's lash and heaviest whip.—*Sackville Borden.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

(Concluded.)

They neared the ship, and with difficulty got to her side. A crowd of eager forms were seen standing on her deck, looking down upon the little, venturous boat, and eager to exchange words with the men who were in her. A slight boy appeared among them, and as the father was raised slowly into the ship, Willie's arms were around him! Even the rough sailors wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their water-soaked jackets; and old Tom Saunders, who had drunk rather freely after the storm from a bottle which he had stowed away behind his berth, blubbered out his satisfaction, in tones that sounded like a nor'-wester.

Burns hung on to the side of the vessel for some time, his stout arms sore and tired. At length by a strong effort he sprang on board, and as he pitched into the midst of the weather-beaten crew, he looked steadily at one man, who, with head and face tied up, and his arm in a sling, was sitting near.

"I ought to know that man," said Burns, approaching him. "Isn't it Paul Wayne?"

"Paul Wayne, sure enough, Burns, what is left of him," he replied. "I have got a small battering—not much to speak of; but when I went down in the schooner—poor old *Angenora*!—I struck the side with my head, and somehow, my arm got broken, and—"

He was running on, quite out of Paul's usual calm and quiet way of talking, when one of the sailors, more considerate than the rest, suggested that the poor fellow was delirious, and advised his being sent to a berth, to sleep off the effects of his wounds.

"By no means!" said Mr. Washburn. "He must not be permitted to sleep for several hours."

The morning was now dawning, and hundreds were coming off from the shore to the ship. As Mr. Washburn was the owner, he could take Willie back with him, and feeling assured that young Wayne needed medical aid, he had him wrapped in the only dry blanket that could be found, and placed at the bottom of the boat. Another man took the oars from Burns, and they soon touched the shore.

At Mr. Washburn's house all was bustle and confusion. The wreck at the

point had thrown on shore several persons only a few of whom had been restored to life. Among the latter was a beautiful child, whose rich clothing and jewels were so conspicuous that the doctor who had been called to the spot deemed it best to take her in his carriage to town, and confide her to the care of Mr. Washburn's housekeeper, whose skill and kindness had been proverbial. The child had been restored with great difficulty; had it not been for the persevering skill of Dr. Page, she would have been laid aside with the other dead bodies.

She was a slender, delicate girl, with blue eyes and long golden hair, now soiled and draggled with the sand and seaweed; while her skin, except where the rocks had cut her face and arms, was exquisitely fair and white. She lay on a sofa, in the housekeeper's room, when Mr. Washburn returned home with Willie and Paul Wayne. The doctor was still there, and it was thought best to dress Paul's wounds and set the limb before his father and mother should know of his being there. The carriage which brought him to Mr. Washburn's house was now despatched for his parents, and when they arrived, the housekeeper's room seemed like a hospital. Willie looked pale and wan, after his restless night, and occupied a great chair, while a large lounge was drawn in from the parlour for Paul; for Mr. Washburn had decided to keep him at his house until he had entirely recovered, promising to bear the expense of his sickness, and also to provide him with a good vessel, when he should be able to go again to sea.

They found that the little girl was a West Indian who had been sent over, with her nurse, to visit some friends, her father and mother being dead. Mr. Washburn communicated with her friends, and they agreed to let him adopt her as his daughter, although not quite willing that he should do so, when they learned that she was a wealthy heiress. Mr. Washburn gave Paul a year's schooling, to fit him for the station of mate, and afterwards captain, of a fine vessel which he was having built. The last voyage which Paul made was finished just in time to see Willie married to little Alice Robinson, his father's adopted daughter, now become more truly his daughter.

Nothing is so beautiful as the devotion

Paul bears to his parents. He has placed them in a comfortable home in sight of the ocean. Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room is filled with marine treasures, shells, coral, and sea-mosses, wrought into beautiful pictures by her son's hand; and these, with curiosities brought from foreign countries, form a perpetual amusement for all. Michael Wayne can distinguish his son's vessel before any one else knows a vessel is in sight, for in the upper room Paul has fitted a splendid telescope on a frame, and hither, when they are expecting him, Michael takes his book and Hannah her knitting, and alternately they peep through the telescope, until one or the other exclaims, "He is coming!"

THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

I sincerely declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames night and day, and it is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed, upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the soul-dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will satisfy the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice—love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be yours, not in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and fraud! Therefore if any young man here has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him

not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs; by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirement, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows, in all the relations of life.

BE A MAN.

"Be a man," by filling the place you are in. If you are a man, be a man, every whit a man. If you are not a man, glory in this; be a woman in the true sense of the word. If you are a youth or child, do not disdain productive disciplinary years. Are you poor or rich, humbled or honored, citizen or magistrate, be your position what it may, if you cannot improve it, show yourself a man in it. To the young I say, do not make haste to become men prematurely, but seek to become the best specimens of youth. Men's garments do not become boys; youth is the stepping-stone to manhood, the apprenticeship of life. God has adapted responsibilities to relations, and these to natures and spheres. Seek to show yourselves true to the nature and sphere you are in; it is thus you will prove yourselves to be men in the best sense. Let us magnify the position we are appropriately in, and show ourselves to be the noblest specimens of what God made us to be. "Be a man," by cultivating yourself. There is need of a sound body, invigorated by habits of virtue and healthful enterprise; but there is more need of a noble mind, disciplined by culture and subject to principle. This is essential to the highest state of manhood. Uncultivated mind, like uncultivated soil or brute strength, fails of its highest productiveness. The whole mind and heart needs thus to be developed and disciplined. We cannot show ourselves men in any true sense till we raise our standard of thinking, of acting, and purpose, to the highest practical point; and to gain this high ground we must take covenant with labor, we must resist temptation, and put the heel upon

the neck of inordinate appetite and indulgence. We must store the mind and taste with what is useful and wholesome; we must be able to go from cause to effect, and from effect back to cause, upon the strong chain of reasoning; and we ought to know how to form those chains by clear links of knowledge. We measure men, not by stature, nor station, nor by age, nor sex, nor circumstances, but by cultivated powers, and the success with which they are able to bring those powers to bear upon the nobles' interest of earth.

THE DEAD' AND THE LIVING.

By a deep and sensitive instinct of the heart we are impelled to think and speak kindly of the dead. Therefore we should think and speak no less kindly of the living. Why wait until the green turf is laid over his breast, before we have compassion upon our erring brother? Only when he is past all sense of benefit or injury—alike indifferent, we suppose, to harsh judgment and tender sympathy—we relent towards him. The forgiveness of faults, the charitable constructions of motives, which is of so little consequence to him now, would have opened sweet fountains of feeling in his bosom when he lived. We had no mercy for him then; but now that death has taken him we stand awe-struck, thinking he has gone to be judged where we shall also some day render our account; remembering now his better qualities which in our old impatience and anger were all forgotten; and feeling the arrows of our unkindness glance back from his tombstone, and enter our own remorseful hearts.

Is it not well, then, to take a little forethought, and be kind before death comes with his stern reminder? Time and toil and care have perhaps worn away the flowering soil of youth from your father's rocky character, and left its hard, sharp angles bare for you to bruise yourself against, and every day you suffer your hurt spirit to be influenced against him; but the time will come when you will see that you never owed him anything but love and forbearance for the faults with which he was so blindly afflicted. Or it may be your mother is old-fashioned and peevish, and you think of her as a burden, not con-

sidering that you yourself may some day be old and peevish and burdensome—and reflecting that the surest means of avoiding that unhappy condition is to cultivate now that patience and cheerfulness which will enable you to bear with her whimsical sorrows. Or your brothers and sisters anger you, or your friends, by an unconsidered word or deed, offend you, and your inexorable heart turns stony towards them, when by one appealing look or affectionate remonstrance you might save yourself the bitterness of that later grave-side repentance.

Alas! that our daily trials should so often make us forget that we are all brothers—that we must all sleep side by side at last—and that the judgments we render to others here shall surely be rendered unto us again.

TRUE WORTH.

True worth consists in the amount of goodness which fills the souls of men, and makes life radiant with its celestial sunbeams. Fashion, rank, splendor, worldly riches, fame; these can never impart value to the immortal soul. They may save to show the want of true worth, but of themselves can never create it. Soul-purity constitutes the only reliable scale by which true worth is measured. Ardent affections, warm impulses, high aspirations and desires for perfection, intellectual and moral developments, tinged with the aroma of goodness, will always be counted in the estimate of our real value by the great soul-measurer,—God. This Pearl of great Price, which constitutes the only really valuable jewel in the crown of humanity, should be sought after by all men, women and children, throughout the length and breadth of our earth, for it is a jewel whose diamond lustre will continue to glow throughout all the ages of eternity!

GOT LEFT.

A genuine touch of woman's, as well as human, nature, pervades the following:—A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us in a railway car, during one of the hottest days of last summer. Their journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the general attention of the passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman got out for a drink, or to

buy a dough-nut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house to see the train move off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, looking out the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed,

"There! my old man has got left! he has!—there! see, he has! Well," she continued, sitting back in her seat again, "I'm glad on't; it's always been, 'Mammy, you'll get left,' all my life long, and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't."

Her candid reflection on the accident and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted with a round of applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man, and not the old woman, who had made the blunder and "gone and got left."

News of the Week.

A correspondent of the Eastern Chronicle announces the loss of the brig *Transit*, of Whitehaven, England, on the North Beach, on the east point of Magdalen Islands. The brig was from Quebec, and was wrecked on the evening of the 10th ult. Shortly after daylight the captain and six men attempted to leave in a boat—which was swamped immediately, and all of them lost. After the tide fell from the reef and the surf had settled down a little, four gallant fellows put out from shore in a boat, reached the wreck, and brought off the rest of the crew—three in number.

Yesterday, about 10 A. M. a fire broke out in a house in Falkland street, owned by Mr. John Est. The building was considerably damaged.

The late Exhibition of Pictures resulted in realizing the handsome sum of £40, which has been distributed in the following way:—Deaf and Dumb Institution, £10; Protestant Orphan Asylum, £10; R. C. Orphan Asylum, £10; Ragged School, £5; Infant School, £5.

The *Mary Morton* which arrived here lately from Matamoras with a cargo of cotton, estimated at £29,000 worth, sailed hence for Liverpool on Saturday.

The Witness says that Her Majesty's commissioners have awarded the Rev. D. Honeyman a handsome bronze medal as a token of appreciation of his valuable services in connection with the International Exhibition.

Diphtheria has been very prevalent in New Brunswick, especially in the neighborhood of Chatham and Newcastle. In the latter place it has cut off a number of victims, principally young persons, and in several cases the disease assumed a most malignant type—parties attacked being hurried away after a brief illness of three or four days.

Prof. Siliman, of Yale College, New Haven, is at present at Tangier, and will probably return to this city on Monday. Prof. Chase, of Providence, has also recently visited the same locality. The visits have no doubt been for the purpose of scientific enquiry into the gold mining prospects of Nova Scotia.—*Citizen*.

A young man named McKeschrar, living in New Glasgow, was found drowned in the river at the bridge on Friday morning last.

The Bridgetown Free Press learns that Major-General Kilner, of the Bombay Engineers, now on the retired list, has purchased the "Magee Farm," at Bellisle, Annapolis County, and that he will take possession of it in the spring.

The Poor's Asylum is now nearly full—the return of cold weather having caused more wretched paupers to apply there than can be accommodated.

A Committee of six members and the Recorder has been chosen to confer with Mr. Spence's solicitor relative to the settlement of his claims against the Council for the obstacles raised to his taking a seat as Alderman for Ward 5.

Mr. Jas. J. Wilkie, a young Nova Scotian, and formerly a telegraph operator in this city, was accidentally killed the other day at Trenton, N. J., by the cars running over him and cutting him in two pieces. He was a young man of a superior education, and an excellent operator, and his death is deeply regretted.

Monday being the anniversary of St. Andrew, a number of the members of the North British Society, and their friends, celebrated the event by supping together at the Halifax Hotel in the evening.

The Yarmouth Herald says that a young man named Asa Crosby fell from a stage at Church Point, a few days ago, and was killed.

A man named Samuel Sims hanged himself in the sail loft of Mr. Goudey, Yarmouth. The unfortunate suicide was a native of Sussex, England, and was 47 years of age. He had been six months in Mr. Goudey's service, and had shipped as a seaman on board a brig bound for Port Medway two days before.

A young man named Cormier, at Long Point, was accidentally shot through the head by a rifle which he was handling. He was the son of the Mayor of Magdalen Islands.

Large supplies of war stores have been

shipped at Quebec for distribution in Upper Canada.

A violent row between soldiers of the Royal Artillery and some civilians occurred lately in Kingston, Canada.

The Bermuda Gazette says that the report of Colonel Jervoise, recently from England on inspection duty, will include recommendations for adding to the defences of Bermuda on a very extended scale. It is stated that as many as 50 additional works of one kind or another will be recommended, and that the south side of the Main Island will come in for its full share of attention.

A new line of packets has been established between the West India Islands and Liverpool.

It is said that an engine, invented by Mr. McDonald, the railway engineer of the Island of Jamaica, to run on a common road, has been successfully tried on the streets of Kingston, and ran 2' miles per hour.

The Confederate steamer *Georgia* was seen on the North side of the Island of Jamaica on the 30th Sept., and the same evening was seen to attack a steamer. When last seen one of the vessels appeared to have the other in tow.

The steamer *Flora*, with a cargo of cotton, arrived at Bermuda from Wilmington on the 18th ult.

A smart shock of earthquake was experienced at Antigua on the 6th October at 20 minutes past ten at night, corresponding to the 6th October at 2 28 a.m., thus coinciding with a similar phenomenon in England.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Nov. 27.—On the evening of the 25th Grant reports, although the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, I believe that I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg. We have carried Look-out Mountain top, all rifle pits in the Chattanooga Valley and Missionary Ridge, and now occupy all these points.

Thomas reports that on midnight of the 25th he captured 40 pieces of artillery and two thousand eight hundred prisoners, and his force would pursue the retreating enemy on the morning of the 26th.

Evening.—Herald's despatch, dated Headquarters of Army of Potomac, last evening, says the centre Army moving and fight certain, unless enemy retreat.

A. P. Hill's corps has left and Ewell's right of Confederate line. President Davis reviewed both.

Chattanooga despatches further confirm the recent important victory of Grant. Bragg's defeat represented as a perfect rout, closely pursued by Hooker, and burning Bridges after them, and their depots and stores.—Number of cannon captured over 5.

Sherman's loss estimated at 5000.

Nov. 28.—Advices received at the War Department from General Grant, report that Hocker and Thomas are continuing the pursuit of Bragg, who attempted to make a stand at Chickamauga station, but was forced back. Bragg's loss so far is 90 cannons and 7000 prisoners; his retreat is a rout; the road is lined with caissons, wagons, commissary stores, &c. It is conjectured Longstreet will attempt to rejoin Bragg, and measures have been taken to prevent it.

The Army of the Potomac broke Camp on Thursday, and in three columns crossed the Rapidan. Little opposition was made to the crossing of the army except at the Upper Forks where the enemy entrenched their lines, and fell back from the river. Heavy cannonading was heard yesterday morning in that direction.

Nov. 30.—Despatch from Chattanooga of the 28th, reports no fighting in front that day. Bragg's (Con) forces were concentrated below and near Dalton for the purpose of making a stand. The Federal line is believed to be at Ringold.

Bragg had recalled Longstreet from before Knoxville on the 25th, and the latter is endeavouring to rejoin him by a circuitous route.

The north portion of the town of Knoxville is reported burned.

Some heavy skirmishing attending Meade's advance, operations taking place in wilderness country, and little artillery used.

General French (Federal) in connecting with the centre encountered Ewell's corps, losing heavily, but holding his position, taking nine hundred prisoners.

Banks has captured Corpus Christi, and several smaller places.

Evening.—But little news from the Army of the Potomac. It is reported Meade has two weeks' supplies with him, he intends striking a vital blow whenever it can best be done.

Gen. French (Federal) is reported having lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred killed and wounded. Enemy also captured considerable number of prisoners.

Continued and heavy firing was heard on Saturday, which indicated a general engagement, but no particulars have been received.

Confederates reported retreated from Fredericksburg towards Richmond.

General Meade entirely deceived Lee as to points of crossing Rapidan. Latter fell back some two miles.

Dec. 1.—A Chattanooga Despatch says that Grant holds as far as Ringold and Cleveland. The enemy are below Tunnel Hill.

The campaign is probably ended. The fruits of the recent battle are 6,000

prisoners, 58 pieces of artillery and 7,000 stand of arms.

News from Burnside to the 25th state that he was amply provisioned, and fully able to maintain his position till Grant could relieve him.

Longstreet's communications being cut off, he might make desperate attempts to take Knoxville to obtain supplies to retreat with.

Confederate General John H. Morgan escaped from Cincinnati and arrived at Toronto yesterday.

Nothing has been heard from the army of the Potomac.

Dec 2.—Yesterday, heavy firing, probably from general engagement, heard nearly all day in direction of Orange Court House. One division of Meade's army occupied Fredericksburg at the time.

It is reported that 20,000 Confederates are threatening Memphis and Fort Pillow. Order issued closing lines back of town and drafting all able bodied men for defence.

A report from Cumberland Gap says heavy firing heard in direction of Knoxville.

Evening.—Cincinnati Commercial's Cumberland Gap despatch of yesterday, says that all available force has been sent there to intercept Longstreet's retreat into Virginia.

It is also reported that the enemy attempted to cross River on Sunday, bringing on general engagement, resulting in defeat of the enemy, with the capture of General Wheeler's division of five thousand.

Engagement of the third corps on Friday much exaggerated.

Report that Lee has retreated not credited; he is reported strongly posted on Mine River.

Richmond papers have reports of continued bombardment of Fort Sumter, and falling of several shells in city.

Also reported Yankees succeeded at Chickamauga by force of numbers.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

A special correspondent of the Times, writing from Warsaw, says that although the Russians have lately gained advantages over the National Government, the insurgents continue as valient and determined as ever, and that the insurrection has again broken out in several districts in which it was thought to have been suppressed.

That Russia, in the Black Sea ports and dockyards, has constructed armaments in violation of the Paris treaty of 1856, does not appear to be questioned. In fact, Russia scarcely seems to conceal or deny it, but declares it to be merely a defensive step, rendered necessary by the assistance given from without to the increasing insurrection in Circassia.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

CAPE RACE, Nov. 30th.—Steamship "Scotia" from Liverpool 21st, Queens-town 22nd, intercepted 2.30, Monday p. m.

Great Eastern advertised for sale by auction January 14th by order of mortgagees.

English journals quiet on America. Times says America has rapidly settled into normal state of war and an early peace looks hopeless.

Arguments in "Alexandria" case still progressing. Attorney General concluded his argument in favor of a new trial on the 20th, with a warm eulogium upon decisions in American courts, calling them an honor to jurisprudence in that country. Solicitor General commenced his argument for Crown on 21st.

Contract concluded for monthly mail service between England and New Zealand via Panama.

Successful experiments with great Armstrong Gun throwing shot and shell weighing 550 lbs. at Shoeburyness.

English Parliament stands prorogued to the 13th January.

English answer to Napoleon on the proposed Congress has been delivered. Does not announce unqualified acceptance, but seeks for information as to precise points proposed for occasion. Further communications between the two Governments expected.

Papal Government assents and Prussian reply was expected on 21st.

Believe principal replies will all seek information as to programme.

Vaguely rumoured that Napoleon has invited the King of Belgium to draw up a programme.

Paris correspondent of London Times asserts the belief that the meeting of the Congress has lost ground daily.

Times continues editorially to show abortiveness of the scheme.

Reported that Spanish Government supports candidature of Maximilian for Mexican crown.

A Bill submitted to French Council of State for supplementary credit, ninety-one million million francs to meet Mexican expenses.

Moniteur and other French journals were treating, under instructions, Polish affairs in milder tones. Moniteur now only publishes Russian version of events.

Prussian Upper House has voted address to King—62 to 80.

Great fire at Portugal; Municipal Chamber and numerous buildings destroyed. Several lives lost.

Citizens of Schleswig-Holstein held meeting near Hamburg; voted address to Prince Augustenberg, inviting him to place himself at the head of the people.

Sweden is making naval preparations for war.

Japan advices unfavorable. Satsuma and other Princes preparing for war.

BIRD-CATCHING SPIDERS.

H. W. Bates, an English naturalist, has lately published an account of his adventures in the region of the river Amazon. The following is his account of a bird-catching spider, which he saw at Cameta, in the Province of Para:

"The species was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it. The individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by the movement of the monster on a tree trunk: it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds; finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female; one of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider, not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster.

"I drove away the spider and took the birds; but the second one soon died. The fact of species of *Mygale* sallying forth at night, mounting trees and sucking the eggs and young of humming birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited.

"The *Mygales* are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistic tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Aranhas caranguejeiras*, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some *Mygales* are of immense size. One day I saw the children belonging to an Indian family who collected for me, with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog."

THE OCEAN.

Man, as a conqueror, can ravage the earth; cities are plundered, countries are desolated and laid waste; ruin and destruction mark his path. But his reign stops him. Over the might of ocean he has no control, and his dominion cannot extend over the great deep. Here he is powerless. What earthly arm can save him or his frail bark, when the rushing waves and angry billows are rolling upon them like clouds upon some mighty giant coffin, to entomb it?

Their doom is sealed, another and another victim are added to the long list of those who have perished upon its treacherous waters. What a record of blighted hearts and withered hopes could the wreck of ocean furnish! How many have gone forth full of joy and gladness to return no more! The anxious and expectant forms awaited them on shore have looked in vain for their coming. No intelligence has ever reached them of their fate, and anxiety has sunk into despair. Alas! they have perished, with none but the solitary sea-bird to chant their last requiem.—But if the ocean is so terrible in its wrath it is equally lovely in its repose, when upon its tranquil surface is reflected the rays of the rising sun—"The glorious orb of nature"—what myriads of the finny tribe can be seen sporting in its glossy waves; what monsters are found buried in its dark caves!

How lovely the golden sunset, as the last rays glitter upon gorgeous piles of clouds floating above the horizon. How does fancy wander into its fathomless abyss, and read in its dark and gloomy chambers, peopling them with a fairy creation of its own. What priceless gems, and untold treasures adorn these gloomy caverns of the sea.

For many centuries the mysteries of the ocean have reposed undisturbed by man, but the spirit of improvement and progress have at last intruded upon this solitude and brought to light many an unknown fact regarding these dark regions. The submarine telegraph has invaded the territory of old Neptune, and disputed with him his empire over the waves.

There is nothing so dear to the heart of the mariner as the sight of the ocean; its white-capped waves and blue expanse are objects of deep love and veneration

to his soul. Every breeze that is wafted over its surface is laden with health and life to him, and the roar of his own element is music to his own ears. Even those whose home is upon the sea-coast ever delight in its wave-lashed shore. Earth has no charms for them that equal the steep cliff and boundless views of waters around them.

HOW ANIMALS COOL OFF.

Every observing farmer knows that man and horses are the only animals that have double means of refrigeration, and all others have but one. No other being sweat like men and horses, and therefore cannot cool themselves by perspiring through the skin. This will be found true throughout the whole range of comparative anatomy, and applies to the largest as well as the smallest beings. All the thick-skinned animals, except the horse, have no powers in the skin to exhale heat by perspiration, it being only a secretive surface. All the cleft-footed species, including those with feet and toes, rounded and unprovided with claws, the rhinoceros, elephant, bison, mammoth, mastodon, buffalo, or, swine, deer, the lion, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, squirrel, dormouse, opossum, racoon, all, like the dog, have no means of cooling themselves when heated except through the medium of respiration. Thus the ox, when very hot thrusts out his tongue and pants, to exhale the heat generated by exercise, and if driven without time allowed for this, will die with the heat that accumulates within him. Hogs often die when driven too fast, because they cannot part with the general heat.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

Existence would be altogether miserable were it not for the exercise of the social affections. Our desires concentrated within the narrow limits of self-gratification, and our feelings unexcited by any other object than self-esteem, we should never enjoy the sweet interchanges of mutual attachment, nor experience the pleasures of communicating delight. We should wander like hermits through a dreary world; our wants unrelieved by friendship, our sorrows unmitigated, and our anxieties unassuaged by sympathy. No kind hand would shield us from error or misfortune. No disinterested counsel would direct us to wisdom, happiness and

prosperity. If not desirous of each other's happiness, we would, at least, take no pains to promote it, and indifference is always a foundation for hostilities. Regardless of esteem, we should lose a powerful inducement to be virtuous; and careless of admiration, we should sink into sloth and obscurity. Thus the affairs of life would stagnate; virtue, industry, and enterprise would be lost to the world. On the other hand, from the overflowing source of the social affections are derived the most exquisite enjoyments of lovers, the confidence of friends, the charities of philanthropy, the beneficence of patriotism, and the blessings of gratitude. All these are the offspring of those generous and virtuous feelings which prompt us to extend our views, exertions, and anxieties, beyond the contracted sphere of our own personal concerns.

CALICO.

Calico dresses are grand institutions. Delaines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or band-box, and all such, but after all, the old "stand by," the substantial, is the shilling calico. Care must be taken not to soil the silk, nothing must come in contact with the nice dress that will tumble or stain it; but the calico is made for work, and as the high-salutins say, "nobly does it fulfill its mission." Silk rarely finds its way into the realities of life; that is, into the kitchen at home, or the hut of the sufferer abroad. But calico, O! what rich meals we get by it; how it cheers the suffering, as with its bright colors and cheerful presence it stands with soft gentle hands ministering to our distresses. Calico seems to be always more willing and ready to give to want than silk. It is a curious fact of our nature, that the nicer our dress the harder our heart is, as if when dressed in silk we changed our natures and rose above base, worldly things. What! our silk dresses to be seen near enough to that poor workman to give him assistance or drabbing into a dirty hut? No, never! Calico might do it—silk, it's just impossible. But when, in addition to all, calico comes in rosy with the exercise of kitchen duties which it knows how to do so well, and loves to do so dearly, and sits down at the piano, melodeon, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; aye,

even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then do we appreciate and admire calico.

HOW FOWLS GRIND THEIR FOOD.

Fowls have no teeth to grind or masticate their food with, and the best way they are able to do with it at first, is to pick it to pieces and swallow it whole. Kernels of grain are swallowed whole by them, and as they are surrounded with a tough pelicle or skin, which the juices of the stomach of animals will not readily dissolve or digest, they could obtain no nourishment at all from grain if this tough pelicle were not broken. Let horses, cattle, or people swallow kernels of grain, or ripe seeds of fruit, whole, and they will pass off in the ordure unbroken, and most of them will not lose their vitality, in consequence of such a process, and such grain would afford no more nourishment than so many smooth gravel stones.

Now, if we dissect the gizzard of a fowl of any kind, we find a lot of small gravel stones, which are usually the hardest kind of flint, granite, or sand stone.—Surely here is a pocket edition of Farm Grist Mills. The mystery is, where do fowls find such little flint-like stones, when their abode is on farms, the soil of which is a complete mould or muck, destitute of gravel, or when they are confined in close quarters for month after month, during winter, for example, or in a grass-yard in warm weather; these little gravel stones are very important articles with fowls—quite as important as the teeth of ruminating animals?

Fowls swallow their food, broken or not, and it enters the crop or first stomach, and remains in it until it has become softened, more or less, when a small quantity at a time, just as grain runs into a grist mill, is forced into the gizzard, among the gravel stones. The gizzard is a strong, muscular stomach, and plays night and day, when there is a grist to grind, similar to a bellows, contracting and expanding, thus forcing the gravel stones into the grain, and breaking it to fragments; and triturating the whole mass; after which it is in a suitable condition to be digested. Of course, these little stones will become very dull, after having been in operation for a month or two, and the gizzard, like an economical

mill, throws them out of doors, and demands a better set; and if they are not furnished, of course the grist is not half ground, and of course more than twice as much food is necessary to sustain life, and form eggs, as would be required were it well ground; and of course the eggs of fowls would cost double in this case that they would in another with the same food. This suggests the importance of supplying fowls and birds in cages with plenty of sharp gravel stones, and of having their food bruised or ground fine before they eat it.

OUT OF DOORS.

It is best for everybody to be out of doors all he can. The inside air is nothing to that we can get outside. It is wonderful what a ruddy, fresh colour the consumption of so much oxygen gives to the cheeks, and how it elevates the spirits, what a dance and play it gives to the fancy, and how much larger grows the disposition in a person to be happy and contented. Some people shut themselves up too much. There is pure atmosphere for miles above us, and in every imaginable direction around us; and yet we caulk up our windows, when we build our houses, just as if we were afraid the air would poison us! What nonsense and folly! Why, it is an impossibility for people to be strong and healthy if they regularly deny themselves draughts of pure air. They can no more expect it than if they were to go without proper food, nor one-half as much. We are none of us out of doors enough, but stay in the house and mope until we are really become more ill than we merely fancy ourselves. If a strong man should lie in bed without intermission long enough, his friends would be apt to find that he required their personal care, so weak and helpless would he become by reason of his self-imposed confinement. So with breathing pure air; if we deny it to our lungs and our blood long enough, through a mistaken notion of tenderness or of comfort, we shall just as surely reach the same result, though perhaps by a different path somewhat. Air and water are wonderful invigorators; no human soul can be healthy and happy without both of them, and in plenty.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

'Tis not from scenes that please the eye,
From summer's green repose;
From mountain's brow, or azure sky,
That purest pleasure flows.
The streamlet's voice, the song of birds,
Can healthful joys impart,
But sweeter still are kindly words,
The music of the heart.

The workings of that Power which fills
The temple of the free,
The murmurings of forest rills
Are e'er dear to me;
Yet, what are Nature's choicest things,
If blindly view'd apart
From love's deep source, whence richly springs
The music of the heart.

READING AND TALKING.

Those accomplishments are the most excellent and most worthy of cultivation which contribute most largely to the happiness of others. We place that of reading well, before every one of the arts which usually are so designated; and certainly, had we the fairy's power to bestow on those we loved the gift which should most endear them to others—not of course including good principle, good sense, and good temper—we would give them the power of delighting their own family circle by reading and talking well. The former art especially is cultivated far too little for the health as well as the happiness of young women; so much is it neglected, that probably twenty can sing pleasingly for every one that can read agreeably. Yet we cannot doubt that a voice for singing is comparatively rare, and that almost any one who chooses to do so, can read so as to give pleasure. Perhaps there are two reasons for the general neglect of this charming accomplishment. In the first place, we are far too apt to cultivate most carefully that which is to please in society, and to neglect those arts which can contribute to domestic happiness. We sing for our acquaintances to excite the admiration of people who see us but seldom, but in being able to read well a good book or paper, we are only likely to give pleasure to an invalid father or brother, or perhaps a group of younger brothers and sisters. Yet to increase the happiness of but one of our home circle ought to be a source of far more satisfaction to us than the applause of any stranger. To while away the dreary hours of pain and sickness—to charm a group of young listeners into forgetfulness of the rain or snow that is preventing them from enjoying their usual sports—these are objects we can easily attain, and from which we shall derive such real happiness, that they are well worth a little effort.

PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Think what poor specimens of the human animal, physically, many of our noblest, and ablest men are. Do not men, by their beautiful, touching, and far-

reaching thoughts, reach the heart and form the mind of thousands, who could not run a hundred yards without panting for breath; who could not jump over a five feet wall, though a mad bull were after them; who could not dig in the garden for ten minutes without having their brain throbbing and their entire frame trembling; who could not carry in a sack of coals, though they should never see a fire again; who could never find a day's employment as porters, laborers, grooms, or anything but tailors? Educated and cultivated men, I tell you that you make a terrible mistake; and a mistake which, before the end of the twentieth century, will sadly deteriorate the Anglo-Saxon race. You make your recreation purely mental. You give a little play to your minds, after their day's work; but you give no play to your eyes, to your brains, to your hearts, to your digestion—in short, to your bodies. And, therefore, you grow weak, unmuscular, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted, out-of-breath, neuralgic, pressure on the brain, thin-haired men. And in time, not only does all the train of evils that follows your not providing proper recreation for your physical nature come miserably to affect your spirits, but, besides that, it comes to jaundice and pervert and distort all your views of men and things.

VARIETIES.

Why is a ploughed field like feathered game? Because it is *part ridges*.

A short time since as a well-known master in a grammar school was censuring a pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, sir, they sell them two for three halfpence when they are stale."

A hatter advertises that his hats sit so easily upon the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Unquestionably the best hats are not *felt*.

"Do you draw at all?" asked a sprightly young lady of a sentimental youth who was suffering from a slight cold, and in consequence confined to the parlour. "No, not exactly," he drawled out; "but I have a blister that does."

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—"The invention of postage-stamps," says the *Monde*, "is far from being so modern as is generally supposed. A postal regulation in France of the year 1653, which has recently come to light, gives notice of the use, for Paris, of post-paid tickets, instead of money payments. These tickets were to be dated and attached to the letter, or wrapped round it, in such a manner that the postmen could remove and retain them on delivering the missive. These franks were to be sold by the porters of the convents, prisons, colleges, and other

public institutions, at the price of one sou."

LOVE OF THE FRENCH FOR FLOWERS.—The passionate love of flowers is a marked characteristic of the Parisians, and the sale of flowers is in Paris an extensive and lucrative branch of trade. It is computed that the various little patches of ground in the vicinity of the French capital, appropriated to floral cultivation realise an annual income of 32,000,000 francs, and give employment to 500,000 persons. In Paris alone there are no fewer than 284 florists; and on occasions of public festivity their conjoint traffic not unfrequently amounts to 70,000 francs. At a *fete* given last season by one of the foreign ambassadors the cost of the flowers was 22,000 francs.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like—cordiality, good humour, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humour. Three things to contend for—honour, country, and friends. Three things to govern—temper, impulse, and the tongue.

During an argument the other day, a boasting Yankee declared that the North could lick the South with a fleet *manned* with women.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following Questions will be given in next No. In the mean time we suggest to our young friends to exercise their ingenuity in solving them; so that they can compare the results of their efforts with the published Answers, when their papers are received. All communications in connection with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany should be sent post paid.

ENIGMA.

An Eastern shrub we all desire,
A pronoun most of us admire,
A liquid used before our meat,
A vowel seen in all that's sweet,
United, will at once express
A friend ill-used beyond redress.

CHARADE.

A town in Naples; a city in Devonshire; a town in Lombardy; a lake in Russia; a town in Nassau; a river in Cork; and a river in the north of Holland. The initials form the name of a town in Spain, and the finale what it is famous for.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person bought a number of oxen for £80, and if he had bought four more for the same sum he would have paid £1 less for each. How many did he buy?