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# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. I. Halifax, N. S. Thursday, December 24, 1863. No. 26.

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## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

At no period of the year are the best feelings of our nature more actively awakened, or more practically illustrated, than during the last week in December, and the first in January. In this joyous season the young are enabled, during the "Christmas Holidays," to indulge more freely in skating, coasting, and other favorite amusements—while those in more advanced stages of life participate with greater zeal in the enjoyments of social gatherings, and in the gratification of bestowing and receiving mementos of mutual friendship.

This hallowed season, however, is peculiarly adapted to impart present happiness to all classes—high and low, rich and poor, old and young; and to impress the memory with pleasing recollections long after it has passed away. But one of its most commendable features is the Christian spirit which induces the practice of those divine but ordinarily too often neglected precepts, inculcating the remembrance of the poor—for which it is hoped the present Anniversary may be marked, by increased benevolence.

Although our mode of celebrating Christmas may be deficient of some of the observances in the mother country, yet the custom of presentations, and mutual expressions of good will, has been entirely derived from that source; and while each community here adapts itself to existing circumstances, in observing Christmas and New Year's Day, the celebration of the former anniversary in Great Britain appears to be based on ancient customs; as our readers will learn from the subjoined extracts from an article on that subject in the London Family Herald:—

"Christmas Day—the Nativity of the Saviour—is a great festival all over Chris-

tenom, one of the most hallowed in the calendar of human destiny. This period of the year for countless centuries had been devoted to feasting, even before the advent of the Romans into Britain, when the Giant worship of the ancient Druids prevailed, or before St. Augustine converted the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. The only relic of the ancient Druidical worship is the mistletoe, and, in some remote districts of the country, the burning of the yule log carries us back to the days when the truculent Anglo-Saxons almost destroyed all traces of Christianity in Britain, except in the mountain fastnesses of the west, and the sea board of the south.

"We know that Christianity is not a religion of gloom, but one of cheerfulness, hope, and faith in the future, and we do not, as a rule, abuse the knowledge. Therefore, while indulging in merriment, and those exuberances of joy which spring from the heart, we do not forget the day is one of solemnity as well as rejoicing, and inaugurate it by religious service. However, as the heart loveth to be glad, we indulge in the reflection that, as 'Christmas comes but once a year,' we ought all of us to celebrate it in the best way our means will permit. So that, from the monarch on the throne, to the humblest agricultural labourer in his cottage, Christmas Day is the best prized one in the year. Right royal, consequently, are the preparations. The cattle shows take precedence. Then the shops are gaily decorated, huge oxen and plump sheep surround us on every side, and the palate is tempted by fruits from every country under the sun; the windows are profusely adorned with mistletoe boughs and holly. Toys are exhibited in bewildering variety and abundance;—Christmas trees cause countless young hearts to thrill with prospective delight; the streets may be dreary and dark, the Winter's fog and icicles may hang on every house, but there is within—

A little world of clear and cloudless day, and with beaming smiles, quickly throbbing hearts, and millions of wishes of 'A merry Christmas,' the festival subsides into the family character, and Christmas Eve beholds our English households in all their glory, because they are then appalled in the noblest and best of human affections, and garlanded with those sentiments which spring from love of home and duty, and a due reverence for all things sacred.

"With a kindly feeling for all without whether poor or rich—how could it be

otherwise on such an occasion?—the family gather round the domestic altar, and throughout the length and breadth of the land the cry is—

Here, boy, another cheering fire,  
A waste of fuel—heap it higher!  
Though storm with storm, in ceaseless jar,  
Without wage everlasting war,  
Within we have song and peace.

"The home circle is completed. As the heads of the family glance round it, perchance they miss the faces of some: but with a sigh for the absent and a tear for the departed, they bid all present enjoy themselves, while they retire into the depths of an old arm-chair, to look upon a scene which conjures up many a pleasant reminiscence of a well-spent past; or, with aged relatives and old friends around them, gather in a corner to discuss philosophy or politics; while the youthful brothers, the sisters, the invited of both sexes, the gay old bachelor uncle and the brisk spinster aunt, devote themselves to more lively amusements.

"On the morrow the happy family circle is again formed at dinner; and out of doors too English hospitality and benevolence are dispensed in all directions. One of the finest characteristics of Christmas Day in England is that no person need starve, and few are without friends at whose tables they would be gladly welcomed.

"At Christmas every hand is open; the unfortunate inmates of our gaols and workhouses are bountifully regaled, nay, allowed what to them in their state of freedom would be luxuries, and everywhere we behold the national sympathy for distress and misfortune exemplified in the most pleasing and least offensive form. Whether it be a criminal, a pauper, or an honest labourer out of work, at this time the universal feeling is that 'a man's a man for a' that,' and that his errors and his poverty alike appeal to our Christian consideration.

"But the salient feature of an English Christmas is its domesticity. The others are merely, although necessarily, auxiliary. It is at home that the Englishman is always seen to the best advantage, and never more so than at Christmas tide. Surrounded by sons from college or school, by daughters trained to become good wives and mothers in whatever station of life their lot may be placed, having by his side the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children, one whom he has cherished, and who has been his loving partner through many long years, and with old friends before him he feels 'happy—deceply, quietly, but exquisitely

happy; and how could it be otherwise? His family are re-united, his dearest household treasures are on all sides of him, and if he be a man of some imaginative power he may, while the young people merrily chat, and the elder ones gossip about anything and everything pleasant, call up before his mental eye a vision of the same scene being enacted in every dwelling in the land, from the highest to the lowest, and while thus engaged philosophise on the effect of the festival of Christmas on society at large. He discerns in Christmas not an ordinary feast, but one in which unstudied and involuntary homage is offered to the Divine Being, not only by our worship of Him and our gratitude for His bounties, but by the unbidden spontaneous feeling that to give to the poor is to give to Him, who gave Himself up for us, for rich and poor alike."

New Year's Day is also an interesting Anniversary—being generally observed as a day of social intercourse, and mutual congratulations. May 1864 be to our patrons, friends, and the public, a year of moral, intellectual and general progress—a year of prosperity—a year of happiness.

#### GRATITUDE:

When the nature of gratitude is considered in its proper light, as a debt which we have contracted, and which consequently must be discharged, we see at once that the merit or demerit of the individual to whom we owe this debt has nothing whatever to do with the payment of it. A generous mind would perhaps feel more bound to discharge it to an unworthy object, simply because where respect or love was wanting, grateful feeling would be all that could with propriety be offered. But, as in all such cases, the debt, though just, must still be painful and humiliating, it is of the utmost importance, both to young and old, that they should be careful never to be the willing recipients of obligations from persons whom they neither love nor esteem. They need great watchfulness in this respect, and sometimes from their over-willingness to incur obligations, involve themselves in connections and associations highly disadvantageous. It is an excellent plan for young women always to put this question to themselves before they accept an offered kindness—"Is the person who offers it one whom I should like to feel indebted to?" Or, "Am I prepared to make all the return of gratitude to that person which would, under similar circumstances, be due to the most praiseworthy and distinguished individual of my acquaintance?"—*Mrs. Ellis.*

#### SNOW AT CHRISTMAS.

What better sport is there than sliding down hill? Take your sled on a clear, winter day—start from the top of a long slippery hill—and—away you go—sliding, rushing along—faster and faster—your very blood dancing in your veins—now jumping over this knoll and then over that—bouncing away to the bottom of the hill. What if your feet are cold, and your fingers too? Off of your sled quick, and trudge back again—the exercise will warm you ready for another start.

Well do I remember a good time I had years ago. It was two days before Christmas—there was a heavy fall of snow, and all of us boys, and some of the girls too, were rejoicing over the capital fun we should have as soon as it stopped snowing.

In the afternoon as we left school, one of our number, who was always prophesying about the weather, said, "See! how red it is in the west! and look, the wind is in the north—it will stop snowing before morning, and will be cold enough." "What sport we will have then!" said another who stood by; "I will have my 'Gen. Jackson,' ready to run a race with any of you!"

And sure enough, the next morning it was clear and cold, and half an hour before school we boys were at work, clearing away the snow, and making a good path on the hill just back of the school-house; before we had finished, however, the bell rang, and with red cheeks and cold fingers we rushed into the school-house out of breath, and flocked about the stove, where there was a rousing wood fire; some of us who were too eager to get warm paid for it dearly—soon our fingers and toes began to smart. Upon the advice of some one, we ran our fingers into our hair; but what were we to do with our toes? We were not long to consider—the teacher calling the school to order directed us to find our seats, and we soon forgot our pains in getting ready for recitation.

As it was the day before Christmas, we were dismissed early in the afternoon. Once out of school, there was a rush for sleds; and boys and girls, all of us were ready for a start. We found our hill one glare of ice, with deep snow banks on both sides; we soon found out how this came. One of the boys asked permission to "go out" during the morning exer-

cises, and had taken the opportunity to draw several buckets of water, and pour it upon the track we had opened.

Soon we were at it, "Gen. Jackson" taking the lead, followed by several larger combatants. I was ready with my long sled, seated in front steering, with two of the girls behind; all were cheering, laughing, and shouting, "out of the way, or I'll run over you!" Gen. Jackson did not keep ahead; but some said, he did not start fair. We were soon back again for another start—one of our number, more adventurous than the rest, took his sled in his hands, ran a short distance, and then threw himself at full length on the seat, using his feet behind for steering; when half way down the hill, and at full speed, suddenly his sled turned, and away he went head first into the snow bank, nothing left but his feet, kicking furiously in the air; he soon found his way out, with a red face and clothes covered with snow. We all laughed heartily, which so vexed him, that he left the hill and was not seen again that day; but I was as unfortunate, for soon after, when near the bottom of the hill, with my sleigh load of girls, over we went, & into a bed of snow, they here, there, and everywhere; and what a time, sleds whizzing past—boys hallooing, girls crying—all in confusion. We soon found that we were all safe, no one hurt, and all was forgotten in the excitement. The next day was Christmas, warm, and the snow melting; and from the way the snow-balls flew one would think we were bound to make the best use of it. But talking about snow-balls puts me in mind of a story I read not long since in a book called, "The Private Life of an Eastern King," in which an Englishman, who lived for some time in Oude, in Hindostan, describes, at length, the strange doings of the king of the country. He was a whimsical, passionate, and often very cruel fellow, with the power of doing pretty much as he liked. One day they told him about snow and snow-balling, and he tried to imitate the fun with flowers for snow-balls. Here is the story:—

"Christmas sports led to a description of what winter was; winter led to snow; snow to snow-balling. We described to his majesty the art and pastime of snow-balling as well as we could. To a man who had never seen snow, it was not very easy to describe it vividly.

"The garden abounded with a large yellow flower peculiar to India, the smaller varieties of which are used to ornament houses in Calcutta at Christmas-time. It is not quite so large as a dahlia, but somewhat similar in appearance. When snow-balling had been described to the king as well as we could describe it, he pulled three or four of these yellow flowers, and threw them at the librarian, who happened to be the most distant of the party. Like good courtiers, all followed the royal example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. These yellow flowers were our snow-balls, and we all entered into the game with hearty good-will. The king bore his share in the combat right royally, discharging three missiles for one that was aimed at him. He laughed and enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before we had concluded, we were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about in our hair and clothes, and on the king's hat, in a tenacious way. What the gardeners must have thought of the matter, when they came to set the garden to rights again, we did not stop to conjecture: it was enough that the king was amused.—He had found out a new pleasure, and enjoyed it as long as those yellow flowers continued in bloom."

#### MEKRAN.

The geography of many parts of Asia is but little understood. Not having much to do with those distant regions, we are too apt to content ourselves with simply knowing their names and their general position on the map, without a word of inquiry about the face of the country, its mountains, rivers, lakes, harbors, its natural productions, or the character and habits of the people.

The Province of *Mercan*, or, as it is more commonly written, *Mekran*, is one of those remote countries, of which little is probably known to the majority of our readers. It is in the southeast part of the empire of Persia, and stretches along the Indian Ocean, from Cape Jask, near the entrance of the Persian Gulf, to the western borders of Hindostan. It was known to the Ancient Greeks as *Gedrosia*, and its inhabitants or those of them who inhabited the coast, were called "Ichthyophagi," or fish-caters—as if it were anything strange for people on the sea-shore to eat fish.

Alexander, with his army, attempted to return through *Gedrosia*. In the country of the *Orizæ*, who were a semi-barbarous people, the army suffered so much from hunger, thirst, and fatigue, that about 100,000 of them perished.—In *Gedrosia*, those who survived found plenty of everything, and the army was soon replenished and equipped. Everything seemed to yield to the iron will of the conqueror. But he had now arrived at the summit of his glory, and was soon to fall. In *Caramania*, the land of the vine, as the name signifies, he began to lose his strength, by losing his command over himself. He gave himself up to indulgence, and his troops followed his example. His march was a constant ca-rousal.

In the midst of his revels, however, his heart was often filled with intense anxiety for his fleet, which he supposed to be lost. But *Nearchus* was a skillful navigator, as well as an able general. He sailed from the *Indus*, across the *Erythræum Sea*, now called the *Indian Ocean*; passed into the *Persian Gulf* (*Sinas Persicus*), and arrived at *Harmusia*, or *Ormus*. He there learned that *Alexander* was only five days' journey from him, and immediately started with four attendants to meet him. Overjoyed to see his faithful general, and be assured of the safety of his fleet, the monarch ordered him to re-embark and proceed up the *Euphrates* to *Babylon*, where he would soon rejoin him.

In making this voyage, *Nearchus* skirted the entire coast of *Mekran*, and doubtless made acquaintance with the "Fish-caters," for in those days they rarely ventured out of sight of land, and made very frequent harbors.

*Caramania*, vine land, is now called *Kerman*. *Persis*, or *Persia* proper, is *Farsistan*, and *Susiana*, *Chusistan*, supposed to be derived from *Cush*, one of the descendants of *Ham*, and to have retained the same general name from the earliest ages. *Cush* was the father of *Nimrod*, who is represented as the founder of the *Assyrian* empire.

*Mekran*, as described at the present time, is divided into two parts by a range of mountains running east and west. The northern part is known as *Beloochistan*, the country of the *Beloochees*. Perhaps we might rather say that little is known

of it, except its name. It is said to be fertile and populous, and to abound in dates and other Eastern fruits.

In the southeast corner of the province, bordering on *India*, is the district of *Lussia*. It is almost circular in form and nearly surrounded by mountains, or rather by one stupendous chain, which, like a monster serpent, encircles and incloses it.

This inclosed valley is flat and sandy, but remarkably fertile in every kind of grain. Two small rivers, rising in the mountains near *Bayla*, the capital, traverse the valley and find their way into the sea at *Sommeance*.

In the north part of the province there is a district called *Gurmsyl*, very remarkable both for the face of the country and for its great fertility. It is a long, narrow valley, like the bed of a dry river with very high banks, which depends for all its fertility upon the overflow of the *Heermund*, discharging its surplus waters into this valley.

In *Western Mekran* the mountains run nearly parallel with the shore, at the distance of eight or ten miles. At capes *Jask* and *Choubar*, however, they approach very near the coast, and present some very singularly bold promontories.

The rivers of *Mekran* present a singular appearance in the summer months, being almost entirely dry. One of them, called the *Neamkhor*, or *Salt River*, is almost as salt as the sea. The *Bunpoor*, running westerly, traverses the fertile plains of *Lushar*, and after a course of about 200 miles, loses itself in the sand, about forty miles west of the city of *Bunpoor*.

There are mines of lead and iron in some sections of the country, which, if the people had any commercial enterprise might be very valuable. Gold and silver have also been found in the mountains, as well as copper, tin, antimony, sulphur and other sources of wealth and comfort.

The inhabitants are of many different tribes, having independent chiefs. The *Beloochees* are the most numerous. They speak the language of *Persia*, corrupted with that of the *Scinde*, which is the most westerly of the province of *Hindostan*.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The colonies of Great Britain comprise altogether 3,350,000 square miles, and cost us for management

£3,350,000 per annum, or just about a pound a mile. They have an aggregate revenue of £11,000,000, and owe among them £27,000,000, or just two years and a half's income. They import goods to the amount of £60,000,000 yearly—half from ourselves, and half from all the rest of the world. They export produce to the value of £50,000,000, of which three-fifths come to this kingdom; and all this is done by a population which is under 10,000,000 in the aggregate, and of which only 5,000,000 are whites. Add to these figures, 900,000 square miles for India, and 200,000,000 of people, with a trade of £71,000,000, and we have as a result that the Queen reigns over nearly one-third of the land of the earth, and nearly a fourth of its population.—*London paper.*

#### HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.—

It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above the water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above the water for an hour. If seized by any other part of the body, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

**THE DUKES AND THE BAGMAN.**—Not long since there were travelling in a Scottish railway three individuals of the male gender. Two of them were small, the third was not. One of the smaller gentlemen was known to the larger one. They conversed instructively, it is to be hoped; and the third, who was a bagman, joined in the talk, and was courteously treated. At a certain station the taller gentleman rose to leave, and his companions beheld two footmen ready to receive him, and a carriage awaiting him behind the palings. The train went on, and the bagman said, "I wonder who that swell was?"—"That," replied his companion, "was the Duke of —." This information was given in a manner that left no doubt of its truth, and the bagman was silent, and self-congratulating on the thought that he had been talking to a duke. At length his honest heart broke out with a gush which did him no discredit. "That was a duke? Well, now, I say it was very kind of him, very affable, to talk in that familiar way to a couple of little snobs like you and me." His companion laughed cordially;

and when he got out at the station nearest his castle, much amused, told the story, for he too was a duke, and one of the most distinguished men of the day.

### News of the Week.

**THE CHESAPEAKE.**—Since the arrival of the Chesapeake from Sambro, it was found that one of her Confederate captors, named Wade, and two others, were confined in irons on board one of the Federal war vessels. In compliance with an order from our Government the prisoners were conveyed on Saturday to the Queen's Wharf, and there released in presence of the Hons. Provincial Secretary and Solicitor General, the High Sheriff, the Acting American Consul, and a large number of citizens. Immediately after his release, Wade (who is supposed to be the man who shot the Chesapeake's engineer) jumped into a boat lying alongside the wharf, and two fishermen who were in the boat pushed off with him.—Policeman Hutt (as we learn from the Christian Messenger), stood ready to take him in charge, but not being sufficiently alert, he allowed the man to escape, and on finding he had got into the boat, aimed a pistol at him, and threatened to fire at him unless he returned, when Drs. Almon and Smith, who were among the spectators, interposed, and the former struggled with Hutt to prevent his shooting at the men, and in doing so, both got into the water. In the meantime, however, Wade got away, and was rowed down the harbor, followed by the cheers of those on the wharf, and thus he escaped capture.

The Chesapeake remains here at anchor, and it is the intention of the government, we believe, that she shall so continue until the Court of Admiralty have determined what are the provisions of the law in her case.

A proclamation in the Gazette of last evening summons the Legislature of this Province to meet for the dispatch of business on Thursday, the 4th of February next.

The Spanish prisoner, Llines, has been discharged by order of the Judges of the Supreme Court; Judge Wilkins dissenting.

**PROVINCIAL DIRECTORY.**—Mr. Thomas Hutchinson is preparing for the press a publication entitled "*The Provincial Directory of Nova Scotia.*" It will contain accurate descriptions of all the towns, villages, &c. in the province; with the names and occupations of the inhabitants. Agents are now engaged taking the names of citizens: and the Directory will be published about the 1st March next. This work commends itself to the favourable consideration of the people of Nova Scotia,—as it will afford a great public

convenience, particularly to persons in business. We hope therefore that the efforts of Mr. Hutchinson, in this undertaking, will be duly appreciated by the public generally.

Nearly £110 was realized at a Bazaar held in the Dartmouth Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday the 16th inst., in behalf of that institution.

**AN EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENT.**—A couple of score or more of the sweeps, and other boys, that have been superseded in chimney operations by the elevator process, are now employed in and about the country markets carrying home the purchases made by customers. These juveniks are neatly and comfortable clothed in brown pants, blue guernsey frock and glengarry caps. It is understood that our worthy Mayor, who is always concocting some scheme for the benefit of his constituents, the citizens of Halifax, is the head and front of this truly excellent arrangement. A regular system has been adopted in the management of these market carriers, and the philanthropy manifested can scarcely fail to prove as beneficial to the lads themselves as it is convenient to the citizens and creditable to the originator. Deran's, Parker's, Cody's, and the New Market have each a detachment of these cupid like carriers.—*Reporter.*

### AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Dec. 18.—St. Louis Democrat has overland despatch that Federals had entire possession of the coast of Texas, including Sabine Gulf, Galveston, and Bronsville; and Federal force was ascending Red River, and marching on Alexandria, where General Taylor awaited attack.

Evening.—Newbern despatch says that blockade running into Wilmington, N. C., increases. It is estimated that half a million of dollars worth of goods arrive there daily.

Gen. Butler is raising an army of colored troops in his department. Three black regiments of cavalry rapidly filling up.

Texas news says Confederate conscripted negroes, promising them freedom—Confederate army, in State generally at posts on outskirts of State. Gen. Magruder ordered in circulation a pledge, devoting life, liberty and property to support the Confederacy. Recusants to be treated as enemies and traitors.

Dec. 19.—Mutual friendly and satisfactory explanations took place yesterday between the Secretary of State and Lord Lyons concerning the recovery of the Chesapeake within British jurisdiction.

Stuart's cavalry, accompanied by Mosby, made a bold raid on the night of the 17th inst., on Orange and Alexandria

Railroad, a mile beyond Fairfax Station. The company guarding the road was surrounded and captured. The object of the raid was probably to capture the provision train.

Escaped prisoners from Richmond say that the statements regarding the treatment of prisoners are much exaggerated. The supplies, though poor and meagre, were the best the Confederates had.

It is reported that the late heavy gale swept away all the obstructions in Charleston Harbor.

Juarez is reported to have recaptured Puebla.

Dec. 21.—Schr. S. L. Garrety from Matamoras bound to New York loaded with cotton was captured two days after being out, by the passengers on board, who hoisted the Confederate flag and set the captain and crew afloat in a boat. They report four other parties in Matamoras waiting for similar chances.

Stories afloat at Culpepper that the Confederate army with President Davis in command is about to make a last desperate attempt upon the North.

A Magazine exploded in Yorktown destroying nearly all the buildings in the town.

Evening.—Richmond papers of the 9th contain the following telegraph from Charleston :

“ Ironsides and three monitors, while attempting to pass the obstructions, became entangled and will probably have to be abandoned. Two monitors also badly disabled.”

Government will despatch a messenger to Halifax with instructions to American Consul relative to Chesapeake.

The arrival of the French corvette at Richmond to receive the French tobacco caused considerable feeling, and loud objections made unless French would break blockade.

England's refusal to let the rams sail has caused great indignation; the gold having been sent in advance to pay for them.

Several thousand Confederate troops reported repulsed near Natchez, with loss of 800 prisoners.

Dec. 22.—A letter from Bealton Station reports a rumour that the Confederates are reinforcing Lee with the intention of attacking the Army of the Potomac at Cumberland.

Heavy firing was heard on the 17th between Frazerville and Church River.

Later advices report Longstreet returned to Bull Gap.

The Confederate attack on Fort Gibson, Ark., was repulsed.

Two-thirds of Kirby Smith's forces are reported to be preparing to attack Little Rock, and the balance to attack Fort Smith.

Roving bands of guerrillas are swarming in East Tennessee.

Dec. 21.—The World's despatch says

that Burnside is expected to take a permanent leave of the Army, and retire into private life.

A Fort Smith despatch says that the Confederate force, whilst crossing Arkansas river and going Northward, under Standewait Adair and Quantrell, were routed by Capt. Spillman with some Indiana troops after a four hour fight at Banner Fork the Confederates losing 70 men. They will doubtless organize again and concentrate on Kansas border.

#### EUROPEAN NEWS.

English dates to the 12th inst. have been received by the R. M. steamship Asia, which arrived at this port yesterday.

Her Majesty held a Privy Council on Tuesday. In attendance were the Earl Granville, the Duke of Somerset, Earl Russell, Earl DeGrey and Ripon, and Viscount Palmerston. The Prince of Wales, by command of the Queen, was introduced into the Privy Council. His Royal Highness took his place at the board.

Sir John Lawrence, the recently appointed Viceroy and Governor General of India, and suite, left London on Wednesday evening for Marseilles, where his Excellency will embark for Alexandria, en route to assume his duties at Calcutta.

Lord Wodehouse has gone to Copenhagen on a mission from the British Government, and in the hope of arranging the matters in dispute between Denmark and Germany, so as to avoid hostilities.

Kelk and Lucas have commenced active operations for the demolition and removal of the Exhibition building. Its interior is already dismantled of its fittings and fixtures.

All the glass in the domes has been destroyed by the late gales. It is calculated that a complete clearance of the structure cannot be effected in less than six or seven months.

In the comparative statement of pauperism for the month of October, 1862 and 1863, just issued by the Poor-law Board, it is gratifying to find a very large and continual decrease of the number of paupers in receipt of relief. This decrease is due, however, entirely to the returning prosperity of the north-western district, comprising the counties of Chester and Lancaster.

PARIS, Saturday Afternoon.—The Constitutionnel of this morning publishes an article signed by Limayrac, upon the replies to the Congress proposition, which are now nearly all known. The writer says:—“The events in Denmark prove that the proposition was opportune. The line of conduct to be followed by France is traced out. After having expressed regret to England, and thanks to the Powers who accede to the proposition.

France can give the required explanations. Nothing is adverse to a preliminary understanding, the advantages of which are manifest. In the midst of all the uncertainties and differences this understanding would create fixed points; and if the majority of the members of the European family concurred therein, a considerable result would be obtained, on which we should have to congratulate ourselves.”

Copenhagen, Friday, Dec. 11.—Sweden has withdrawn from the alliance with Denmark. The reason put forward, according to the Dagbladet, is that, as the quarrel between Denmark and Germany concerns the London Treaty of 1852, Sweden cannot separate herself from the other Powers who signed the treaty.

Bombay, Nov. 26.—Lord Elgin died on the 20th inst., at Dhurinala.

Sir William Denison has gone to Calcutta.

More hard fighting has taken place on the frontier. All the hill tribes have risen against the British rule. The following is the latest intelligence received in Bombay:—“Sir Hugh Rose telegraph from Lahore on the 26th inst. that on the 20th the tribes again attacked our position with much determination and took a picket which was, however, regained, and the enemy gallantly driven back. Two English officers were killed and five wounded, including General Chamberlain and Colonel Hope; 128 British and native troops were killed and wounded. Since this repulse the enemy have not again attacked. General Chamberlain reports that he does not require reinforcements,—only reliefs. He is confident of final success. The troops are in a commanding position, with thirteen guns. The health of the men is good, and provisions and ammunition are plentiful.”

JAPANESE RESOLUTION FOR PEACE.—Letters from Japan to the 15th of October state that, at an extraordinary meeting of Daimios, it was decided by 65 against 47 votes that there was no ground for declaring war against foreigners.

The death of Frederick VII, King of Denmark, announced in the last papers received from England is regarded as an event of much political importance to Europe. The Crown of Denmark is transferred by it to Prince Christian, the father of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece. The new King is a cousin of the late King and a German. He was elected as the next King of Denmark and Schleswig by the five powers in 1852. The Prince of Augustenberg claims the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and if Germany backs his claims war must result. It is doubted whether Austria and Prussia will resort to this extreme measure whatever several petty German Dukedoms may do.

## THE SPIRIT OF INDUSTRY.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

*Concluded.*

The appearance of a public-house at some little distance on the road at last cheered him; for though he had no means of procuring a meal, yet there was a bench at the door, and a pump close by and these were something to a weary traveller. He accordingly sat down on the bench, and waited till a team of waggon horses that were getting some hay and water should move away, for his turn to drink. As he was listlessly watching them, he was roused by hearing a rough voice exclaim, "If that ben't Tom Rayland: why, my man, what brings you here?" And, looking up, he saw that he was accosted by the driver of the waggon, a man who had often been on different errands at his father's shop, and for whom he had often performed little acts of neighbourliness—such as holding his horses, opening a gate, and various such services, which Tom, being an obliging lad, was always on the alert to perform.

Tom, however, would rather not meet his acquaintance at this moment. His heart was too full for mere passing talk, and he felt in no mood to cope with the full flow of mirth that usually attended the carrier. But Will Matthews was one who was both merry and wise, and could always suit himself to his company; and a glance at poor Tom's dejected countenance told him in an instant that this was no time for the gibe and the joke. "How is this, Tom?" said he with a softened voice, and sitting down by him on the bench; "why are you here alone, and so dull? Nothing has happened at home, I hope." "All's well at home, I believe," answered the little hero. "But all is not well with you; I'm sure I see something is amiss. Come, my lad, you and I have known each other long: so you may as well tell me what it is." "It is that I can't stay at home any longer; and I am going to seek work somewhere else." Will's eyes flashed with indignation. "Your father has not turned you out, I hope—you so weakly and so lame!" "Oh! no, no," said Tom; "don't think such a thing of him. But he is getting into years, and is not so strong as he was. And mother, too, works till I cannot bear to see her. So I thought if I was away, there would be one less to provide for, and one less to work for: and so I am

going to Norwich." "And did your father and mother know you were going away?" (Tom turning away his face to hide the starting tears,) "No I did not know which way to bid'em good bye; so I thought I'd best come off and say nothing." "And what are you to do when you get to Norwich?" "Seek for some work. I've learned how to make shoes, and am a pretty good hand."

"Have you any friends there?" "No." "And any money?" "Not yet; but Joe is to send me five shillings to-morrow." "And what is to become of you to-night? Come—go home, go home, you foolish lad!" "I can't go home to see my father and mother toiling for me, and I doing nothing: I have been a burden to them long enough. I will never go home till I can earn my living."

"Well," said Will, after a pause, "I'm not very fond of young folks taking fancies into their heads, and leaving their homes all in a tantivy; but, as for you I believe you mean for the best, and what is done from a good motive, God, we may hope, will prosper. So I'll tell you what I'll do for you: I have a brother a shoemaker at Norwich, Jacob Matthews by name; you shall go to him from me, and tell him I've sent you; and he perhaps may help you to a place. At any rate, you may say I wish he would take charge of you till Saturday, when I shall be there myself—but may be I'd better write a bit of a letter."

So saying, he stepped into the house and having written his dispatch, gave it to Tom, telling him to go into the kitchen and get some bread and cheese for that he looked as white as a sheet; then putting a shilling into his hand, he smacked his whip, and he and his horses set off on too full a trot to be overtaken by Tom's overflowing thanks for this unexpected and very seasonable kindness.

Having refreshed himself with a comfortable meal our hero resumed his march with fresh strength and spirits. He was no longer a desolate wanderer not knowing where to go: he was like the dove, that had found dry ground amidst the world of waters. But still, though hope will cheer, hope will not do every thing and it could not lessen the six long miles that yet remained to be toiled through ere he could reach Norwich. But his good fortune again prevailed. A return chaise-driver who had been resting him-

self at the public-house, and had seen something of the scene between Tom and the carrier, overtook him when he had accomplished about half the distance, and compassionating his halting gait and wearied air, invited him to take a seat on the dickey. This was a great help to poor Tom; and happily the postboy knew also where Jacob Matthews lived, and set him down at the nearest point to his house. Jacob and his wife looked rather grave, as might have been expected, at the stranger, thus, as it were, dropped from the skies, and claiming their hospitality. But as Saturday was not far off, and their visitor had a good look about him, they agreed to take him in till William should come.

And now, our friend being thus established in comfortable lodgings for the night, we will go back to the disconsolate family at home. Joe's return brought no satisfaction; on the contrary, the thought of lame Tom alone at Norwich, without a friend and without a farthing of money sank every heart. The mother's only comfort was, that he had always been such a good lad. Still this could not reconcile her to his absence; the house seemed dull and sad without Tom, whose cheerfulness had generally been the life of the family circle. His vacant place—his little shelf of treasured books—the ballad he had last nailed against the wall—the slate on which he had cast up the account of what he had expected would be his year's earning—all, all, were renewals of sad recollection and of grief.

At last the sorrowing parents and their family went to bed. Dick who had been out at work all day, had only heard of Tom's absence when he returned at night and could not close his eyes for thinking of him. "What's the use," at last he said to himself, "of tossing and tumbling about here, a-fretting about the lad? I had better get up, and go and see after him. It is now two o'clock; I can walk to Norwich in four hours, stay two hours there and be back here by twelve, and shall lose only half a day: at any rate, better lose a whole day than lie here, and not know what has become of him." To decide and to act were one and the same thing to Dick; and in less time than it has taken me to write it he was up, dressed, and had quietly quitted the house, without disturbing any one but Joe, to whom he imparted his intention, that

his disappearance might not occasion any alarm.

At first as he walked on by the dim light of the stars, he felt perplexed by the difficulty he might meet with in hunting out Tom in a town of forty thousand inhabitants. He was not, however, of a character to be daunted by trifles; and at the public-house I have already mentioned he gained something of a clue which enabled him, after not more than two hours' wandering through the labyrinth of streets in Norwich, to find the house he was in quest of. On opening the door, the first person he saw was his brother, sitting at breakfast with the old shoemaker and his wife. Dick during his walk had been preparing a most severe lecture for Tom on the sin and folly of running away from home. But his joy at finding him put two-thirds of his lecture to flight; and he began with what he had intended should be his winding up: "Oh, Tom! how could you think of serving me so?—to go away without letting me know any thing about it—when, if I had but known of it, I would have come with you, and seen you settled in some good place; or, at any rate, you should have had some money, and not have gone in that shiftless way, without a penny in your pocket."

"That was the reason," replied Tom, "why I left home without saying any thing to you, or to any one; for you have all been doing so much for me all my life, that it is high time for me to do something for myself, and not be burdensome to you any longer."

"And he shall do something for himself," said Jacob Matthews, whose eyes glistened with tears at this dialogue between the brothers; "he shall do something for himself, and for me too; and though he is but a weakly lad, and not so strong as I could wish, yet I see he is a willing and a handy; and I am sure, moreover, that where there is so much affection, between brothers, they must have some good in them; and he need not look out anywhere else for work; he shall stay where he is, if he likes." The offer was most thankfully accepted, and the terms soon settled to the satisfaction of all parties; and Dick, resisting all Jacob's further hospitalities, set off, as soon as he was a little rested and refreshed, to take to his parents the joyful intelligence that Tom was happily settled

in a good place, and with a good master.

All has hitherto gone on well with Tom. He and his master continue to be well satisfied with each other; and he again occasionally indulges himself in building castles in the air, with the shop-window and the back-parlour; and, in the meantime, he has sent his mother various little tokens of his affection and his prosperity.

#### SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

##### A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister," said little Frank.

"Oh, don't disturb me," I said; "I'm reading."

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?" said Frank.

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

Frank was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it; and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this immediately after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour Frank came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up. Just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the outhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to please any

boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better." He mused a moment, and then added.—"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me finish it, and you were reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear!—and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead that I had ever spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still whirling in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to one another. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.

TRIALS.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.



LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE  
**Weekly Miscellany.**

*County of Halifax.*

Mrs. Margaret Crooks, Lawrencetown.  
Messrs. Luther Sterns, Dartmouth.  
William Blakeney, Jeddere.  
William A. Cox, Oldham.  
John Lingley, Waverley.  
James Sutherland, Gay's River.  
R. P. 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. Lockerby, 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. Angervinc, 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.  
Israel McNay, Springfield.  
Timothy C. Munro, Maitland.  
Robt. A. Dakin, L'r Granville.

*County of Digby.*

Messrs. Enos Patten, Brookville.  
John Smith, Petite Passage.  
John C. Morse, Sandy Cove.  
John W. Powell, Long Island.  
L. McKay, St. Mary's Bay.  
Charlton Sabeau, New Tuskot, 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 Me Iway.  
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 Curri, 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. Fehmat, White Head.  
Jas. W. Whimman, Manchester.  
Jonathan Hartley, Pirate Harbor.  
William Sowers, 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, Lingah.  
Donald Gillis, Lewis Bay.

*County of Victoria.*

Messrs. R. McKenzie, Great Bras d'Or.  
Murdoch McKenzie, Munro's Point, St. Ann's.  
John Burke, Ingomish.  
Donald Gillis, Big Interval.  
Neil McAskall, 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 Dennis.  
John Ross, N. E. Branch Margaree.  
Alexander McEachern, Boom.  
Chas. McMillan, Lake Ainslie, East Side.  
Hugh McDonald, Judique.  
Jas. S. Lawrence, Margaree.  
Angus McLunes, West, Lake Ainslie.

*Prince Edward Island.*

Messrs. Laird & Harvie, Charlottetown.