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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1. Halifax, N. S. Thursday, November 26, 1863. No. 23.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$1 PER YEAR

IN ADVANCE, BY

W. Campbell, 155 Upper Water Street.

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

HALIFAX, N. S. NOVEMBER 26, 1863.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." So says Pope, but we must suppose that he designed the expression to have only a particular application. This, and some other popular sayings have just enough of plausibility in them to exercise an imperfect authority among men; not sound enough to be confidently acted upon, and capable sometimes of a little obstruction to the progress of truth. It has been taught up by the world and quoted on all sorts of occasions, and when followed up by the use of the words "smattering" and "smatterers," it can hardly be resisted.

The plain truth is that there is no danger in any degree of learning. The danger is only when people think that they know more and understand things better than they do. The child must totter before it can walk, and it would be as wise to dread mischief from its tottering as from the first steps in learning. Many have risen, by the acquirement of knowledge, from the humblest and most ignorant condition to positions of high eminence in Colleges, in the Church and in the State, and none of them in early years of learning betrayed any dangerous symptoms or showed viciousness of nature. Many artificers and clerks possess but "a little learning," and what danger do they incur or threaten to their neighbours?

But what is a little learning? The wisest of our inspired men said that the utmost he could know was that he knew nothing. And we cannot doubt that as yet but a small part of what is knowable is known. The high and mighty persons who talk of the danger of a little learning must be possessed of very little learning themselves. The blessing of knowledge

in all its shapes and degrees is so well appreciated by the most of mankind, that these supposedly learned, but really ignorant persons, who clamour about its being accompanied by danger, may well be despised.

It ought however to be thoroughly understood that the cultivation of the intellectual faculties *only* may often advance with no improvement to the moral sentiments. Knowledge is power only when combined with morality; and if the ruling aim of our acquirements is not to enable us to pursue good and shun evil, to promote our own happiness and that of our fellow creatures, we learn either in vain or to our loss. The intellectual improvement of a nature inclined originally to evil, (as we all are,) unprovided with moral checks, can only confer greater powers of mischief. The moral faculties require a separate cultivation from the intellect; and if a corresponding cultivation is given to them as well as to the intellectual faculties, no learning—unless of a kind more pernicious than any now in reputation amongst mankind—could be attended with evil consequences.

THE OAK AND THE SQUIRREL.

It is not generally known how much we, as a maritime nation, are indebted to our little friends the squirrels. These active little fellows render important service to our navy; for most of the fine oak trees, which are so important in ship-building, especially for vessels of war, are planted by the squirrels.

A gentleman, walking one day in the wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, in the county of Monmouth, England, had his attention attracted by one of these crackers of nuts; the squirrel sat very composedly upon the ground, and the gentleman paused to watch his motions. In a few moments the creature darted with wonderful swiftness to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he returned, carrying an acorn in his mouth; this acorn he did not eat; but he began to dig a hole in the ground with his paws. When the

hole was large enough and deep enough to please him he dropped the acorn into it, seemed to eye the deposit with great satisfaction, and then he sat down to work and covered up his treasure. When his task was accomplished the squirrel again darted into the tree, and again returned in his character of acorn-bearer; and this load he disposed of just as he had done the former. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought fit to watch him.

This little animal's industry was certainly not with the intention of providing us with oaks, but with that of providing for himself when food would be less plentiful; the holes were his winter store-houses. As it is probable that the squirrel's memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember all the spots in which he deposits these acorns, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year; these spring up, and, in due time, supply us with the timber that our shipyards require.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

The "Port Wallace Hotel" at Wallace, owned by Mr. John Dotten, together with a barn and a quantity of hay owned by Mr. Stephen Green, are reported to have been consumed by fire on the 19th inst. The hotel premises were probably covered by insurance. It is supposed to have been an act of incendiarism. —*Register.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

"It will be a very wild night," said Michael Wayne to his wife, as they moved up closer to the comfortable fire.

"A bad night for seamen, poor things!" echoed Mrs. Wayne, and a ready tear forced itself down her cheeks, for her father and brethren had all been sailors, and each had found a grave in the sea.

A terrible gust of wind came at that moment, and beat in one of the windows; another, and the chimney threatened to topple down; and the third seemed to shake the foundations of the cottage in which they lived.

Michael Wayne was a poor man. All his life from his youth he had been a fisherman, barely gaining enough in the short summer and autumn to supply the wants of the long winter and the tardy spring. His food was poor, his clothes were poor, and his was also a poor little cottage; yet Michael was rich in many things. He was rich in a sunny, cheerful temper, which no poverty could fret nor sour; rich in a wife, who was the kindest and pleasantest soul that ever brightened a poor man's home; and rich in one child, whose youth was just opening into manhood, and whose devoted attachment to his parents was the theme of all their neighbours.

On this stormy day the good and affectionate son—the only and dearly beloved—was out on the waves, exposed to the storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, and the pitiless hail which came rattling down like a shower of stones. Neither of them could mention Paul's name. Something—they knew not what—kept back the well-beloved name, which before was ever on their lips, until, at a more blinding flash than the rest, and a louder peal, as if the heavens were bursting asunder, Mrs. Wayne uttered the word "Paul!" and sank upon the floor.

Merciful indeed to the poor mother was the deathlike swoon, and Michael thought it almost cruel to awaken her; but he took her in his arms, laid her on the bed, and bathed her cold hands and face with brandy—which he kept in the house as a restorative for those who might be cast on the shore—and poured some of it between her pale lips. She revived, and then begged him to go out if possible and see how the storm was dealing with

human life. There was an interval, perhaps only long enough to gather new force, Michael staid, and he could not bear to leave her, struggling with her fear; but she insisted, and he walked down to the shelving rocks that overhung the beach. Soon other men joined him.

Two or three large vessels were careering onward and still onward to the dangerous shore. Loud cries were heard, above the hoarse murmur of the waves, and the louder din of the storm, while the occasional flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces and clinging forms, in every attitude of the deepest fear. Michael's heart sank within him. Beyond the shore, at a long distance from the other vessels, a single light burned steadily, like a star, when all other lights were quivering and trembling. He kept his eye upon that one beam, and the next flash showed him the whole of the little schooner from which it proceeded. He knew it instantly. Paul's hand had trimmed that binnacle lamp the very day before he sailed, and remarked upon its peculiar steadiness, owing to a certain wick, which he had himself prepared, as well as to the superior oil which he used.

"If he can but keep her head off shore!" said Michael to himself, and yet aloud.—"What is that?" asked a hoarse voice at his side.

"Is that you, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael.

"It is, my old friend," answered the gentleman, who was a large shipowner, and whose son was daily expected home in the Cygnet. "Are you expecting any one, Mr. Wayne?" continued Mr. Washburn; "or is it only your usual custom to brave the elements in this way?"

"I always come out in a storm," replied Michael, "but to-night I am expecting trouble for my son, who is out here, I fancy. I believe that to be his schooner yonder, as well as I can see."

"I, too, fear for the Cygnet's safety," said Mr. Washburn. "And yet, perhaps I ought not to expect her so soon. Heaven grant that my Willie may not be near this coast!" And the strong man wept like a child.

"Is he your only son, Mr. Washburn?" asked Michael. "Paul is my only son, sir. If you have other sons, you can hardly think what store we—

that is, his poor mother and myself—set by the lad."

"I had another son, Mr. Wayne," replied Mr. Washburn; "but he went to sea many years ago, when he was but a mere boy, and since then we have never seen nor heard from him. Ah, that was trouble, my old friend! Must I be called again to endure the same?"

"Mr. Washburn, the Almighty will do right by our children," said Michael. "Let us humbly believe that he will, and give them up to his care. He will not lay upon us heavier burdens than we can bear; and yet, oh Mr. Washburn, while I speak my heart tells me that if my Paul is taken from me I shall rebel against His will!"

At this moment a large ship came on, pitching and rolling, with one mast shivered, as if by lightning, and a band of ghastly-looking objects on deck. As she made one fearful lurch, a terrible and prolonged cry came up from her, that seemed to rise far above the fury of the storm or the deep thunder of the waves.

"That must be the Cygnet," said an old sailor beneath the cliff. "She is expected daily, and Mr. Washburn's bright little son is aboard her."

"Mr. Washburn, hold up, sir!" said Wayne. "There is hope yet, Don't give way so, man! Willie will be saved yet!"

Onward drifted the ship, and fast in her wake shot forth the bright light in the binnacle of the little schooner.

"Both our sons!" exclaimed Michael. "God help us, Mr. Washburn!"

On and on they came, now rising with the billows, mountain high, and then settling down into the trough of the sea, until both vessels were directly in front of the rock where the two fathers stood, regardless of the pitiless storm that was drenching them through, and only alive to the danger of their sons. They grasped each other's hands with a grasp that seemed to bring their very hearts and souls into contact. The poor man and the rich man, now poor alike, and bending before Heaven together in the same deep sorrow!

There was a time—it might possibly be ten minutes—but it seemed hours, when the noble ship was groaning, creaking, bending under each successive strain, when suddenly she righted!—Contrary

to all reasonable expectation, she took advantage of a temporary lulling of the wind, and stood off, with her shivered mast showing strongly in the first bright flash that came. But the schooner!—where was that? They missed the bright light that had shown itself from the binnacle, and at once the fearful truth seemed revealed to them in characters as burning as the fierce lightning that flashed over the waters. The ship in righting had borne down the schooner!

Mr. Washburn had no comfort to give to the half-distracted father, who lay on the wet rock, unable to move, or to control the terrible sighs that burst from him. Nothing could be known, for the ship was still standing off, under bare and shivered masts, and there was no probability that any communication could be had with her until morning. The stricken father arose slowly, and turned towards his home. Mr. Washburn supported him. He had mastered his own anxiety about the *Cygnets*, feeling nearly sure, after her late exploit, that she would ride out the gale; and his sympathies went to his poor neighbour in his sighs and desolation. He bore him up kindly to his home. Mrs. Wayne, hearing the sound of footsteps, joyfully believed that her son had returned with his father. She opened the door, and the appearance which her husband presented sent her back reclining to her chair. The white faces of the two men told a tale which she had for hours been dreading to hear.

Mr. Washburn left the pair together, conscious that here there was no comfort to be given, and then went back to the beach. As the clock struck twelve the wind subsided, and with it the dense black clouds parted. Through a rift a single star shone out like a diamond upon the black robe of the night; and as the wearied man threw himself down on the rocks, beside the powerless watchers there, he saw another and another, until the deep, clear vault showed itself all studded with the "poetry of heaven." A soft, warm, south wind had succeeded the storm, but the ocean lay, with its great heart palpitating in strong, deep throbs, and the stars were looking down on fragments of wrecks that already were thrown on shore.

On the opposite point large fires were burning, and showed, even at that distance, figures moving about, but dimin-

ished by the distance to mere specks. There was doubtless then another wreck there; and the watchers on the opposite point began to think of walking round the narrow strip of land that separated them. A solitary horseman was heard galloping round, and the remaining few felt assured that he would soon be back with the news, whatever it might be; so they walked up into the town. Mr. Washburn was fascinated to the spot. As long as that black mast stood there before him, he must stay, and not lose sight of it. A man crossed the beach, and called to him. He answered, and the man ran up to where he sat.

"Mr. Washburn," said the man, "is that you, sir?"

"It is, Burns," replied Mr. Washburn; "and yonder is the *Cygnets*—and in her is my poor, motherless boy! Burns, there is a stout wherry turned up on the beach a hundred feet from here—I will give fifty pounds to the man who shall row me over to that ship."

"I will do it, Mr. Washburn," said Burns—"not more for the sake of the money than for the sake of the boy. Willie was always kind to every one, and I will engage to take you over safely. The waves are still boiling, but we can do it."

The boat shot out from the beach, and was soon riding on the billows, with the strong spray dashing over her, yet swaying to the fall of the waves, as if conscious that she carried a father's love. The strong arm of Burns was severely taxed, but they soon came within hailing distance. Burns lifted the trumpet, which he invariably took with him whenever a storm seemed to indicate any use for it, and hailed the battered ship. "Ship ahoy!" he shouted, with a strong and powerful voice. "What ship ahoy?"

"The *Cygnets*—Crawford, master," was the reply.

"Are all on board?"—"All on board, but one!"

Washburn started. Was that one Willie? He shrank trembling to the bottom of the boat, awaiting the answer to his name, for which Burns had called. At length it came—"Stephen Morrison!"

"Thank Heaven!" was all that Mr. Washburn could utter. In a moment his joy struck him as selfish. *Somebody* would mourn for that poor lost sailor!

Concluded in next No.

THE SEASONS.

The tender beneficence, wisdom and loving kindness of the divine Maker of the universe is strikingly illustrated in the changes of the seasons; each follows the other in just such order and at just such fit time as to make itself gratefully welcome.

Spring, gentle Spring comes to us precisely at the time when the peculiar joys, amusements and pleasures of Winter, have begun to pall upon the senses, and weary both body and mind. The earth has been, as it were, entombed for months; the verdure has been enshrouded in a mantle of white, or withered, shrivelled, and destroyed by the bleak blast of the tempest or the blighting breath of the frost; the flowers have veiled their bright and many-hued faces from the sight of men, and gone into their graves to await the glad resurrection promised them in May. All geniality and gaiety and warmth seems to have vanished from the face of the earth. Just when the ingenuity and invention, the inconstant and change-loving spirit of man, begin to fail of finding compensations in any of his devices of merriment, and pleasure, for the forbidding face which nature shows to him at this season, the soft and fragrant breath of Spring comes to him like a benison, dissipates the gloom, melts the snow and the ice, unlocks the rivers, the fountains, the brooklets; infuses elastic life into the tender and swelling buds; disenthralles the poor buried flowers; woos back the feathered warblers of the wood; inaugurates the hopeful seed time, and gives cheerful promise of future harvest; sets germination all a-jog, and irradiates the whole earth with laughing sunshine and merry life.

When Spring has begun to "lag superfluous on the stage," like a guest, who, though welcome, agreeable, and entertaining when he came, makes his visit a trifle too long, Summer, luxurious Summer, riper, richer, warmer, but not quite so fresh and jubilant, steps, like a queen with all the conscious pride of full blown beauty, into Spring's abandoned place; and when the delicious and voluptuous languor of her days, the starry loveliness of her nights, her ripening fruits, her fragrant odors, her rainbow colors, and her infinite profusions of delights, have, like confections and bon-bons, eaten by a child, begun to be a burden, and the

song of the grass-hopper has begun to fail, she, in her turn, gives place to Autumn, matured and mellow Autumn, with her realization of the promises of Spring, her full harvest, her golden grain, her luxurious fruits, and her super-abounding plentitude of all good gifts for man.

When we have a surfeit of the more sober and subdued pleasures of Autumn, Winter, grim Winter, the lineaments of his awfully and weather-beaten face softened into an expression of homely joviality and honest humor by his long absence, returns to us amidst the jungling of the merry sleigh bells, the crackling of bright fires around the hearth of home, and the festivities and jinketings of Christmas and New Year's; and is welcomed joyfully like a long lost friend,—to be again dismissed, with a sigh of relief, and hurried with no reluctant hands to the tomb of the dead past.

News of the Week.

The Jubilee celebration of the Nova Scotia Auxiliary Bible Society took place at Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening last. The meeting was numerously attended. The Report—which was read by the secretary Hon. S. L. Shannon—represented the efforts of the Society to have been successful during the past year, their affairs prosperous, and their expectations encouraging. The Rev. R. F. Uniacke occupied the Chair, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. G. W. Hill, His Honor the Chief Justice, and Professor Ross.

An Exhibition of Paintings and Engravings was opened on Thursday last, by His Excellency Major General Doyle, in the Armory of the new Drill Room, and closed on Tuesday evening. During the Exhibition the Military and Volunteer Bands were in attendance. Captains Chearnley, Lytton and Hardy were the primary movers in the matter, and superintended the arrangement of the pictures collected for that purpose. This Exhibition is said to have exceeded in elegance those of former periods.

Tuesday the 8th December has been appointed by the Provincial Government as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, for the abundant harvest and the continuance of peace.

A correspondent of the Journal gives the following as a complete list of vessels built in 1863, between Maitland and Noel, within a distance of twenty miles, with their registered tonnage: Ships Brenda, 958 tons; Mozart, 781; Barques Mary, 642; Craigrourie, 434; Jessie, 414; Cyrene, 473; Ann, 339; Tweed,

340; Emily, 334; Brigs Eureka, 257; Lily, 250; Asia, 226; Ada B, 237; Ariomede, 204; Stranger, 197; Amanda Jane, 182.

William Hector McDonald, the notorious burglar, who recently made his escape from the Jail in this city, was recaptured last Saturday on the Chester Road, by the Halifax jailor and party. The prisoner was locked up for the night in the Chester Hotel, but managed while the wearied jailor slept to clear off. He was subsequently captured and lodged in jail, from whence he escaped, and is again at large for the third time.

The alarm of fire at 2 o'clock on Friday morning was occasioned by the burning of a cow stable on Dresden Row, Spring Gardens, and resulting in the loss of two cows and a young heifer, suffocated by the smoke. The proprietor, Mr. John Duniesle, in attempting to save the cattle narrowly escaped their fate, the firemen having found him lying on the floor quite insensible. The firemen deserve credit for their prompt attendance and efficient action. The fire was doubtless the work of an incendiary.—Reporter.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last a lad named Robert Fudge, aged fourteen, fell from a cart near King's Corner, Kempt road, and received internal injuries of which he shortly died. Dr. J. D. Hume, Coroner, held an inquest next day when a verdict of accidental death was returned.—Citizen.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—There are still complaints that attempts are frequently made to force money into circulation in this city. We ourselves have seen this season specimens of very skilful counterfeits of the British shilling, which would pass as good without due inspection. We hope the trading-community and especially countrymen, will be on their guard against the utterers of bad coin.—*Id.*

A quantity of old linen, etc., contributed by a number of ladies in Halifax, for the use of the Confederate soldiery, had safely reached Richmond. These, with other favours from our city, have been gratefully acknowledged.

A girl named Ann Butler, a servant in the house of Mr. Sutcliffe, died suddenly on Tuesday last. An inquest was held in the afternoon by Coroner Hume, when the verdict was returned—"Death from rupture in the heart."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.—A package of gunpowder was accidentally exploded in Dennis & Doans's store, at Yarmouth, on the evening of 16th inst, by one of the clerks thoughtlessly throwing an ignited match on the counter. The concussion was sufficiently violent to blow out nearly all the glass in the store windows, and considerably damage goods lying around, but fortunately no lives were lost, although three of the employees were more or less burned.

NOVA SCOTIA FRUIT.—The following paragraph from Bell's Weekly Messenger of Oct. 31, shews that the London market may be relied on by our fruit growers:

On Thursday the Prince and Princess of Prussia paid a visit to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington, and happened to witness the unpacking of a large and exceedingly fine collection of fruit sent by two Nova Scotia Associations. The superiority of the chief specimens to those which excited so much admiration last year, is established by a curious test. On the former occasion, models of the principal groups were made, and by comparing the real objects of the present display with the exact copies of last year's exhibition, a very precise judgment has been formed greatly in favor of the new arrivals.

The St. John Globe reports that the Digby packet, on her last trip from that city, was discovered, when near her destination, to be on fire, occasioned by the staking of lime, of which article she had a quantity on board. Although blowing hard every stitch of sail was spread, and with this immense press of canvass, and a most exciting run for life, the little vessel made the Nova Scotia shore, where she was beached. Some of the freight of course was injured, and the vessel, too, was damaged to some extent.

The exploded steamer Sunbury, has been raised at Oak Point, and towed down to Carleton, where she will undergo repairs. Three bodies were found below in the cabin, all of them standing in an upright posture, and all had undoubtedly met their death by drowning.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Nov. 20.—A special despatch from Knoxville to the New York Herald says, that Longstreet crossed the Tennessee River, on the 14th inst. Burnside attacked him, driving him back to the River. Next day Longstreet advanced in larger force, when Burnside fell back, repulsing his charges, and giving severe checks, to enable his trains to get beyond danger, when he retreated to Knoxville, where a great battle is expected. Burnside's loss about 450; Longstreet suffered over a thousand.

Advices from New Orleans report a disaster at Caron Crow, where five thousand of the Confederates caught about two thousand Federals of the rear guard napping. The latter fought bravely, but lost in killed and wounded and prisoners, about seven hundred.

Gen. Price (Confederate) was reported at Alexandria, with 15,000 men, which occasioned the Federals to retreat.

Nov. 21.—New Orleans dates to the 14th, report that Banks' Expedition to Texas has proved a great success. Brazos Island, Points Isabel and Brownsville

have been captured and occupied. The enemy threw away their guns, and flew to San Antonio.

Advices to the War Department yesterday from Burnside state that his position was impregnable, and that he had no fears of Longstreet.

Nov. 23rd.—Previous to the Federals taking possession of Brownsville, a free fight occurred between Confederate sympathisers and Unionists. The Union refugees in Matamoras crossed over and assisted their friends. The Confederate sympathisers crew guns of Fort Brown into the river and burned the greater portion of the town. At last advices seven Federal regiments had reached Brownsville, and heavy reinforcements were to leave New Orleans for that place.

A despatch to the New York Times says that Federal cavalry took possession of Madison Court House.

The Confederate pickets on the Rapidan are doubled, indicating that main army has fallen back, Lee, however, maintains a show of strength along the whole line of the Rapidan.

The New York World states that the French War steamer Milan will take from New York to Mexico \$4,000,000 of Gold purchased for French Government by Agnatus Belmont, & Co

Evening.—Knoxville letter mentions a fight on Broad River, between Union and Confederate North Carolinians, the latter being whipped, and many going over to the Union side.

Post's despatch says the Army of Potomac still moving. Federal cavalry reported already in Confederate rear. Another despatch says the army is not advancing in consequence of bad roads.

Lee's force estimated at from 35,000 to 150,000.

Nov. 24.—It is reported that over 200,000 bales of cotton will be thrown into the market by General Bank's occupation of Texas; the amount stored on the line of the Rio Grande is immense.

It is reported that three vessels ran into Wilmington a month since, loaded with blar'ets, guns, saltpetre, and 50,000 Enfield rifles.

It is reported that the Federal cavalry have made a raid on Bragg's rear, severing his communications, and leaving him extremely short of supplies.

Nov. 24, (even).—Advices from East Tennessee to the 22nd are encouraging. Burnside was still holding out, and notified the citizens of that place that he would certainly hold Knoxville. The force opposing him is estimated at 36,000. Knoxville not closely invested, the Confederates having withdrawn to the South side of the river. It is reported that Burnside is holding his position under Grant's instructions. Important intelligence is hourly expected.

Advices from Washington mention that the Army of the Potomac, with 10 days

cooked rations, are under marching orders, and that the sick and disabled have been sent to the rear. It is presumed that the Army will cross the Rapidan at Germania Ford.

Nov. 25.—Correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the Federal pickets are in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, in addition to Eolly, Morris, Day, Coles, Block, and Distoe Islands.

The Confederates have developed a new battery by tearing down Moultrie House, over which the yellow flag had been flying, to shield their operations. Deserters state that several Federal shells exploded in part of Charleston, killing several, and riddling several buildings.

Chattanooga despatch says that General Thomas made a brilliant reconnoissance, engaging force of enemy, charging their rifle pits, taking two hundred prisoners, and gaining a position of great importance. Should the enemy still attempt to hold Chattanooga Valley, with this position in Federal hands, the column moving to turn Missionary Ridge, is secure from flank artillery.

An engagement is reported probable between Grant and Bragg.

Confederates claim a great victory over two columns of Franklin's division in Louisiana.

Evening.—Chattanooga despatches announce further Federal successes. Generals Sherman and Hooker carried the North side of Lookout Mountain and the end of Missionary Ridge. Hooker reports two thousand (2000) prisoners taken.

The Philadelphia Examiner says official despatches from Gen. Grant report the carrying of two successive Confederate lines, and he hopes to scatter or capture Bragg's army and reach the Atlantic within five days.

Burnside's situation is reported satisfactory. The investment of the north side of Knoxville is close, but the south side is open. Grant's movements will probably relieve him from pressure.

The Tribune's Knoxville despatch says the enemy had invested the city with batteries. Their rifle pits were quite near Burnside's works.

Bragg's despatch to the 23d to Richmond says that Knoxville is quite closely invested.

The enemy evacuated Lookout Mountain on Tuesday night last. Yesterday morning Sherman began an assault against a strong position of the enemy on Missionary Ridge. Two unsuccessful attempts had been made when Grant started two divisions against the enemy's centre, breaking it and gaining the summit. The main force of the enemy was driven northward towards Sherman, compelling them to fly in disorder down the western slope, and across the western slope of Chickamanga. From 8 to 10,000 Confederates are reported captured, with 40

pieces of artillery. The victory was complete. The enemy is reported bivouacking two miles beyond Missionary Ridge.

The World's Army of the Potomac despatch says if any movement has been contemplated it must have been countermanded, as no change has yet occurred. All is reported quiet along the Rapidan River.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

New York, Nov. 16.—The steamship City of London, from Liverpool, Nov. 5, arrived at 6 o'clock this evening.

It is stated that Japan has applied for French intervention with England.

A marriage is said to be in contemplation between Prince Alfred and the Princess of Oldenburg.

The Austrian steam frigate Elisabeth is to convey Maximilian to Mexico.

Continued activity is reported on the part of the Polish insurgents.

It is rumored that the French Government is about to contract a loan of 350,000,000 francs with the Rothschilds.

The new king of Greece was received with enthusiasm at Athens.

The ship Amazon, from London for New York, has been totally destroyed by fire off Margate. The passengers and crew were saved.

La France asserts that Maximilian's acceptance of the Mexican throne is no longer doubtful.

Nov. 5.—The French Chambers have opened. The Emperor's speech was pacific. He proposes a European conference for the settlement of the Polish question. He hopes the arrival of Maximilian in Mexico will be advantageous to that country. The financial report will be published shortly. Although the expectations are not fully realized, the revenue has increased, and without extraordinary resources have met the expenses of the war in Cochin China and Mexico. Reforms are announced and increased powers are to be granted to commerce. Only passing allusions are made to American affairs.

New York, Nov. 19.—The Persia has arrived from Liverpool.

Napoleon has issued letters inviting Sovereigns to European Congress on Polish affairs. His speech to French Legislature is universally discussed by the journals, which seem about equally divided as to whether it means peace or war.

The war in New Zealand is progressing unfavorably for the Maories.

Prussian, Belgian and Saxon Chambers opened by Kings in person. King of Prussia expressed earnest wish for termination of difference between Government and Chambers. Upper House voted address in response by small majority.

INGRATITUDE.

If there is any one sin more to be abhorred than another, it is that of ingratitude. And yet perhaps there is none more common, especially among that class of persons who are just stepping on the stage of active life, and whose good opinion of themselves is altogether in advance of their friends and acquaintances, who are better qualified to form a correct opinion in the matter. This class of individuals are very apt to think themselves in advance of the times upon most subjects which are brought into the circle in which they move, for discussion or consideration, and more especially the family circle, where the counsel and advice of their parents, who have taught them from their earliest infancy, are immediately set aside, or altogether annihilated by those of their children, who ofttime astonish their simple-hearted parents by the unusual precocity of their intellectual and mental powers.

From this good opinion which they cherish of themselves arises a haughty and overbearing spirit towards their parents and others, which too often causes many a fond mother to shed bitter tears of anguish in her home of retirement, and bows the silvered head of many a venerable sire to the dust, in sorrow and regret. With some, this species of ingratitude becomes a habit, and is often practised until it seems almost a second nature to the individuals who are guilty of it. It also blinds them to the effect of this conduct upon their parents and friends, and the heart that would once have been shocked at the very thought of giving pain to her who gave it birth, will inflict the deepest wounds, and leave her to sorrow and die, without one word of sympathy, or a token of repentance for the wrong thus committed.

A few days ago, while on a tour to a neighbouring state, we had occasion to tarry for a season at the house of an acquaintance, over whose head the snows of some fifty winters have sped, not without leaving some trace of their passage. Around him were gathered a family of fine looking children, four in number—the youngest a lad of some seventeen years. He was a bright, intelligent boy, but unfortunately, like too many “youngest,” had been indulged beyond measure, until he had now well nigh got the reins in his own hands.

During our stay at the house of our friend we paid some little attention to the conduct of our young friend, as we were favorably impressed with his appearance at first. But we had not been in the house long before we heard his mother say—

“Come, George, I want you to go an errand for me.”

“*Good thunder!* I can't go!” was the instantaneous reply, in a tone which almost raised the roof of the house, and jarred the crockery from off the shelves.

“But George,” replied the mother, “I want the bread for supper, and cannot wait—you must go.”

“*Good thunder!*” again was the reply; I don't see why the old man couldn't have got it before this. I've got no time to go. I've got my lesson to get.”

But after a few moments' hesitation, George took his hat, and mumbling over something to himself, interspersed with which we could occasionally catch the words “*Good thunder,*” started for the bread. He soon returned, and throwing his bundle down upon the table, cried out,

“There's your old bread—now I hope you are satisfied!”

We looked at the mother to see how this insolence and disgraceful conduct on the part of her child affected her, and saw her silently brush the tear from her eye while she mildly said—

“Why George, you shouldn't talk so to your mother.”

But George was busy reading a novel which he had borrowed from one of his school-mates, and did not deign to notice the remark of his mother. He busied himself with his book until tea-time, and then was first at the table, calling for the first attention from all present, and “*thundering*” away at any one who did not move quick enough to suit his ideas of things, or who happened to be the least in his way. He evidently believed that the best in the house was none too good for him, and such he meant to have.

Now we don't believe George would intentionally wound his mother's feelings. We believe he possesses a generous heart; but he has indulged himself in this course of ungrateful conduct and insolent bearing towards his parents, until almost every word is an insult, and every act like a dagger plunged into the heart of those whom he ought to treat with the most tender and grateful attention. He

has forgotten that for seventeen long years that mother has watched over him with that tenderness and love known only to a mother's heart. He has forgotten that his father, whom he now insultingly calls “the old man,” has toiled day and night, braved the sea and the storm, and spent his strength to provide him with his daily food, and the clothing which covers his body. He forgets that while other boys, whose parents are in no better circumstances than his own, are obliged to toil with their own hands for their subsistence, he is kept steadily at school, and given that which is worth more to him than money, or indeed almost any thing else—a good education. Strange as it may seem, George has forgotten all this; and now, when his mother asks him to do an errand for her, it is, “*Good thunder!* I can't!” or—“Why didn't the old man do it?”

He does not think how unkind and ungrateful this conduct is, nor is he aware how much it injures himself.—When we first saw George we were very much pleased with his appearance. But after his reply to his mother's request we could look upon him only with feelings of abhorrence. We would no more have him come into our family circle, and set such an example before our little ones, than we would expose them to the influence of the lowest dregs of society. We should fear him as we should some deadly contagious disease, and shun him as cautiously.

Neither does George think what the influence of this conduct will be on himself. It will, if persisted in, very likely prove his ruin. It is not only violating the laws of nature, but of God; and experience has shown, until it is a subject of every day remark, that the child who does not treat his parents well never prospers.—*Waverley Magazine.*

For the Weekly Miscellany.
JOY AND SORROW.

“*The one shall be taken and the other left.*”

Sweetly sank the golden sun to his purple couch in the west, as the wild bird warbled his closing note, and gently nestled his tiny head behind his ruffled wing for the night. The gorgeous dahlia seemed to say in their stately loveliness “He hath made every thing beautiful in its season.”

Bright and joyous was the laughing

throng of gentle maidens that approached with elastic steps the pretty residence of the kind widow B. on that eve of radiant sunset. It was our birthday, and the good lady had designed a little surprise party in honour of the occasion. Gay and courteous she appeared as she met on the threshold the smiling party, and greeted them with words of hearty welcome. The beautiful daughter Jesamine, whose graceful neck bowed like a swaying lily, was all animation and kindness; and that social tea-taking was like a love-feast to us all.

We were soon seated in the fairy little parlour, each feeling that this was to be one of the very pleasant evenings. The door was flung open and the elegant Jesamine advanced towards us and placed on each of our heads a wreath of snowy flowers, and never shall I forget the sweet grace—the expression of irresistible love on her beaming countenance at that moment. She seemed indeed like a ministering spirit sent forth to execute a commission of peculiar tenderness on this oft too cold and chilling earth. There was one present on that cheerful night who gazed with an entrancing rapture on the winning face of the lovely Jesamine. Tall and manly was his form—warm and generous his heart. Report said that the spirited young Fielding sought the hand of the blooming Jesamine, and that it was not refused. And who could have looked upon them in their trusting affection and youth, and not have wished them many and happy days to bless and cherish each other on the journey of life?

Twelve months have elapsed since the little birthday party, and now another group has assembled in that same sweet parlour. The blushing Jesamine stands in her robes of matchless whiteness and gives her young heart in all its devotion to the happy Fielding. 'Twas a quiet, pleasant party; all were well satisfied, and the gentle, loving bride prepared to enter her new home in the picturesque village of S—. Many were the warm wishes poured out for the happiness of the youthful pair, and a fond mother's blessing descended on their heads as they turned their steps to the door of Jesamine's pretty cottage home—the home of her childhood—with a promise soon to revisit it again. But alas! we know not what a day may bring forth! Well has

the sacred writer said, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The evening of their arrival at S—, the bride complained of an unusual sensation of languor and fatigue, which was succeeded by severe pain in the temples. Next day she was unable to leave her couch, and symptoms of typhoid fever set in. Constantly did the faithful husband watch beside her bed; every remedy was resorted to; the best and most experienced physicians were summoned, but all in vain! Stern death his work must do; and despite all the impassioned prayers for her recovery the bride of a week was consigned to the dark and loathsome tomb, there to await the final reckoning. Called from the sweet home of her young husband, from all the endearments of life, and with changed countenance was sent away; the bridal robe was exchanged for the ceremonies of death, and the devoted partner of her love now weeps by his widowed hearth.

Oh! ye young and gay whose forms are yet untouched by disease, whose spirits are buoyant with life and hope, to you this mournful event speaks in tones of touching earnestness—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." "I say unto ye all watch." Oh! come without delay and present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. Oh! banish all thoughts of earth and its fleeting enjoyments; "for what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Oh! that your footsteps may be planted securely on the Rock of Ages, so that on the day of adversity and death the Arm of the Allsufficient may be underneath and around you, and His strength be made perfect in your weakness.

E. N. L.

THE SHOOTING FISH.

This very remarkable fish is a native of the East Indies. Nature has constructed this aquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predilections. The fish has a hollow cylindrical beak. He frequents the rivers or the seashore in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he

derives his name. When this hungry gentleman espies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on plants in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five feet, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed and so swiftly shot forth that it never fails to knock the fly into the water, and once there all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon its prey and eagerly devours it; thus supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes in which Nature qualifies it countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for procuring food.

ORDER.

Young friends, put things right back in their proper places. Never leave things all about, helter-skelter, topsyturvy—never. When you use an article—hoe, shovel, rake, pitch-fork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots and shoes, books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thimbles, pin-cushions, needles, work-baskets, kitchen furniture, every article of housewifery or husbandry, no matter what it is—the very moment you are done using it return it to its proper place. Be sure to have a special place for everything—a place for everything and everything in its place. Order, order, perfect order, is the watchword—heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved, aside from vexation, by observing order—systematic regularity! And little folks should begin early to preserve order. These loose, slipshod, slatternly habits are formed in youth, and habits once formed cling for life.

Young friends, begin early to keep things straight in their proper place. Study neatness, order, economy, sobriety—everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—LOCKE.

THE LAYSPRING.

The following Lines were composed on the morning of the departure of the Dayspring from Halifax, and presented to one of the Missionaries on board:—

“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. And to! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.”

Go! with a people's blessing on thee, go!
A greater love no human heart can know;
For thee a people's fervent prayers ascend:
May Jacob's God thy precious life defend!

Although for thee our parting tears may fall,—

For “love as strong as death” can conquer all,—

Although soft sympathy her empire holds,
Bright hope's broad pinion floats in waving folds—

And songs of praise to Zion's God arise,
While songs of triumph ring toward the skies.

The Dayspring well equip'd, the Dayspring comes!

And faithful hearts go forth from Christian homes

To bear the Word of Life to darken'd souls,
Where cloudy blackness round the region rolls.

Go tell the gospel story! raise thy voice!
And heathen lands shall yet in light rejoice.

Go, plant the standard of the glorious Cross,
And cheer the souls that sit in darkness gross.

Impart new eyesight to the groping blind;
With truth and love impress the savage mind.

Farewell! ye noble, firm and earnest band,
For Christ ye leave your lov'd, your native land,

Be His strong arm thy guide, thy shield and stay,

And safely keep thy souls when far away.
G. N. L.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.

The fire side is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection of its graduates; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of

after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and halfobliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Cape Race, Nov. 20.—City of Baltimore, from Liverpool 11th, and Queens-town 12th, was intercepted at 7 o'clock on morning of Friday, 20th.

Palmerston in a speech at Lord Mayor's Banquet deplored the American War; said England would have interfered but for belief it would be vain. She therefore would not yield to blandishments or menaces, but remain strictly neutral.

Regarding Poland he said England had done her duty by remonstrating, but although their remonstrances failed he hoped Russia would cease to pursue an offensive course.

Palmerston's reception was significantly enthusiastic.

Emperor's proposal for a European Congress, attracts universal attention. Fifteen powers are invited. No official advices yet received, but supposed greater number will give acquiescence. English Cabinet were holding meetings to consider answer. Times sees no objection to England joining. Emperor's letter short—mentions no questions.

Captain and crew of “Gold Hunter,” destroyed by the “Georgia,” were landed at Tenneriffe after very hard treatment, and arrived in England on the African Mail steamer.

LATEST.

The R. M. steamship Arabia arrived this morning from Liverpool, with English papers to the 14th inst.

It is rumoured that Lord Palmerston is so dissatisfied with the conduct of the Foreign Secretary that his lordship made his retention of office conditional upon the resignation of Earl Russell; and it is added that at least one other minister has determined to follow the example set by the Premier. In the event of Earl Russell resigning, it is understood that Lord Clarendon will again undertake the duties of the Foreign Office.

The Cabinet met on Wednesday to consider the answer to be returned to the congress proposition of the Emperor of the French. We glean from the semi-official journals that her Majesty's Ministers are not disposed to give a definitive reply to the proposal until it is submitted in a more complete form.

During the week which ended on the 31st ult. there was a decrease of 1552 in the number of persons receiving relief in 27 distressed cotton-manufacturing districts under the inspection of Mr. Farnall.

Accounts received from France represent all branches of business as in a state of prosperous activity, and a very brisk winter trade by wholesale houses is anticipated.

The French experimental squadron of ironcased vessels, which sailed from Brest on the 27th of October, was last heard of near Funchal, in the island of Madeira. The experiments which had been tried had given satisfaction, and the vessels had been found more governable than on their first trial trip.

The letter of the Emperor of the French to the Sovereigns of Europe has been published. It asserts that everywhere from the political condition of Europe, the treaties of Vienna have been broken or misunderstood, and after pointing out the increased danger of a more destructive war in consequence of improvements effected by civilisation it suggests the propriety of endeavouring to re-adjust existing inequalities before more disturbing influences arise. The Emperor modestly alludes to his antecedents, and assures the Sovereigns his only object is to arrive without a shock at the pacification of Europe. The letter concludes by inviting the Sovereigns to a congress at Paris.

With the exception of the King of Italy, who is reported to have telegraphed to the Emperor of the French “yes” no Sovereign has yet accepted the Imperial invitation, probably for the same reason which induces the English Cabinet at present to withhold its sanction—that the scheme is too vague and indefinite, and that the co-operation of the Sovereigns can only be secured by the business of a congress being unequivocally defined.

Amongst other matters to which public attention in Southern Italy is now being turned is the growth of cotton, for which some parts of that country seem admirably adapted.

The prevailing feeling throughout Italy is that war is rapidly approaching, and preparations are being made by the Italians against all possible contingencies.

Garibaldi has addressed a letter to the Workmen's Association in Ravenna, in which he declares that Napoleon is the great enemy of Italy, and that it should be the aim of every Italian to “un-Napartise” his native land.