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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

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HALIFAX, N. S. SEPTEMBER 1, 1863.

GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.

We shall now take a cursory view of the productiveness of several Quartz Leads in the various districts. Selecting only the best from the Gold Commissioner's Report for 1862.

Tangier. The South leads and Nigger leads have been supposed the most valuable. The working of the former has been very remunerative; the yield of gold per ton of quartz ranging from one to six ounces—the average estimated at 3 oz. 7 dwts. per ton. The veins increase in richness as they descend. From the Nigger lead the finest specimens of gold in the district have been taken: several were sold for upwards of \$100, but much of the quartz by crushing has not yielded sufficient to be remunerative. However it was principally obtained from the surface, and at a depth of 22 feet has yielded 1 oz. 6 dwts. per ton, besides several heavy nuggets, indicating increased richness at a greater depth.

Wine Harbour. The Smith lead at the depth of 30 feet, in the richest vein, averaged six ounces to the ton; and five tons of quartz from the Hattie claim gave 125 oz. The average yield at fifty feet is about three ounces.

Sherbrooke. The Hewitt lead at 60 feet, averaged four ounces to the ton. The McKay lead at 32, and the Blue at 40 feet averaged four ounces and three quarters, and Comminger's at 20 feet, one ounce and a half.

Isaac's Harbour. The Mulgrave lead has been the most remunerative; but beyond the depth of 15 feet the quartz rapidly deteriorates in quality. But hopes are entertained that deeper mining will develop a richer quality. The highest yield has been 5 oz. 6 dwts., and the average 1 oz. 13 dwts. of gold to the ton of quartz. The Burke lead proved rich to the depth of 10 feet, and beyond that

rapidly diminishes in quality, until at 30 feet it was found to be wholly unproductive. The average yield was 2 oz. to the ton.

Country Harbour. There has not been much mining here. Two tons and a quarter of quartz, from one of the veins from which the best sights had been culled, yielded 11 oz. 2 dwts. of gold.

Renfrew. The Preeper lead is considered one of the richest hitherto worked in the Province. From a trench 80 feet in length, and from 6 to 8 feet deep, 83 tons of quartz were taken, which yielded 180 oz. of gold.

Oldham. At a depth of 23 feet, the quartz has averaged 1 oz. 5 dwts. of gold per ton. Mining has only been conducted to a limited extent here.

Ovens. The value of the quartz here has not been tested from the want of proper crushing and amalgamating machinery.

Waverly. The principal vein is called the Taylor lead; the quantity of quartz from it, up to the end of the year, crushed, was 36 tons, which yielded 64 oz. of gold.

Lawrencetown. The quartz here has not yielded profitable returns.

So much for last year. But from all that we can gather, the gold mining this year will prove far more remunerative. In general the richness of the quartz increases with the depth; and several wonderful reports of heavy yields, in various districts, have been circulated. The only new Gold District declared this year is the Montague district, at Lake Loon, only six miles from Halifax, and a little to the Northward of the main Eastern shore road. The discovery of gold here was reported on 21st April last; and since then, up to the end of June, 203 areas have been laid out of class No. 1. There are many auriferous quartz veins in the district, varying from three inches to a foot in thickness—from one of which 39 tons of quartz crushed, yielded 3 oz. to the ton. Over a hundred men are at work.

The average yield of gold in the Province this year, up to 1st July, amounts to nearly eight ounces and a half per man employed—exceeding the rate at same

period last year by above two ounces and three quarters per man; and it is more than probable that this rate will be found to increase.

Several mining lots have been recently taken up at Gay's River, about four miles North of Gay's River Bridge, on the old Truro Road. But it has not yet been declared a Gold District. The formation is very peculiar there—being a thick bed of conglomerate crusting upon slate. The gold is found interspersed in scales and small pieces, and the field appears to be very rich.

Applications have been made for gold-mining licences in Victoria County, near the head of Middle River. Several parties have been obtaining gold there since Spring opened, but the extent or richness of the field have not yet been ascertained.

We refer, for latest information, to the news department of this number.

COAL, AND ITS HISTORY.

Coal was not generally employed as fuel until the beginning of the reign of Charles I. It is, however, mentioned in documents anterior to the reign of Henry III., for that monarch, in the year 1234, renewed a charter granted by his father to the inhabitants of Newcastle, who were permitted to dig for coal on paying an annual tax of one hundred pounds. That this fuel had been introduced into London before 1300 is proved by the fact that in that year its use was prohibited from the supposed tendency of its smoke to "corrupt" the atmosphere. The coal-fields of Colliery, near Lancaster, were first opened in the year 1330; those at Merrington and Ferry Hill, in 1345, and those of Gateshead, Wickham, and Tynemouth, in the year 1500. The coal-fields of the United Kingdom have been estimated to contain an area of 12,000 square miles. The present vend of coal is about 5,500,000 tons per month. This is obtained from 2700 collieries.

The Halifax Directory.

A FEW copies of this useful Publication for sale (at a reduced price) at the Weekly Miscellany Office, 155 Upper Water Street.

ELEPHANTS, HOW TAKEN AND MANAGED.

Arrian, a Greek writer of the second century, thus describes the ancient mode of catching elephants; A large circular ditch is first made, inclosing space sufficient for the encampment of an army. The earth thus removed is heaped up on each margin of the ditch, and serves as a wall. In these walls there is one opening toward the south, with a bridge across the ditch, covered with earth and grass. In the outer wall are several excavations, near the bridge, in which the hunters secrete themselves, and watch, through loopholes, the movements of the elephants. Several tame female elephants are placed in the inclosure, to attract the wild ones from without. When a sufficient number have entered the trap, the hunters issue from their hiding places, and take up the bridge. After a day or two, when the captives are somewhat weakened by want of food and water, they muster a large company of men with tame elephants, replace the bridge, and send the tame elephants into the inclosure. A battle ensues, which naturally terminates in favor of the tame animals, their opponents being quite exhausted by what they have previously suffered. The men now coming up tie their feet. After this, the process of taming and training them is not difficult.

It is remarkable, that in every mode of capturing the wild elephant, man avails himself of the docility of those he has already subdued. Birds may be taught to assist in insnaring other birds, but this is simply an effect of habit and training. The elephant, on the contrary, has an evident desire to join its master in subduing its own race. It enters into it with alacrity, and exercises ingenuity, courage, and perseverance, that are astonishing.

It is often noticed that large male elephants, the very ones that would be selected from a flock as most desirable for use, or for sale, are wandering away by themselves, apart from the herd. These are watched, and followed cautiously by day and night, with several trained females called Koomkies. Approaching gradually nearer, and grazing with apparent indifference, the Koomkies at length press round their victim, and begin to caress him. If he is in good humor, and submits to their caresses, his capture is cer-

tain. The hunters cautiously creep under him, and while he is dallying with his new-found friend, bind his forelegs with a strong rope. Some of the more wily of the Koomkies will not only protect their masters, while doing this, but actually assist in fastening the cords. Sometimes the hind legs are fastened in the same manner; when the hunters retire to a distance to watch the motions of the captive. The Koomkies, satisfied that he is secure, now leave him. He attempts to follow, but is unable. He now becomes furious, throwing himself down and tearing the earth with his tusks. If he succeed in breaking the cords, and escaping to the forest, the trappers dare not pursue him. If not, he is soon exhausted with his own rage. He is then left until hunger makes him submissive, when, under the escort of his treacherous friends, he is conducted to an inclosure, where he is fed, trained, and completely subdued.

The inclosure, surrounded by a ditch, is still in use in India. But not content with enticing their victim to the place, they gather in large numbers, and with fire-arms, and all kinds of noisy instruments, drive whole herds of them in, the way being first strewed with the fruits they most like, to tempt them onward. From this inclosure they never come out till they are perfectly tamed. Each elephant has his own *mahout*, or master, and will obey no other.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland, which throws mere light on the art of being happy, than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly anything but their eyebrows, and these were white and glistening with frost. At last they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers. "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveller: "I must go to his relief," and

he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come help me rouse him." "Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back." So saying he resolutely kept his seat while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man whom they had providentially discovered. The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveller was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow creature that he had forgotten his exposure; and what was the consequence? Why the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself! And thus he had twofold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions he had made. And how was it with his companion who had been so afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding all the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travellers to a distant country. At every step of our journey we find other travellers who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, as far as the eye can reach we see their dense and gloomy ranks. Now, there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purposes of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our feelings, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say with the warm-hearted traveller, "I cannot see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases will determine the question whether we are to be happy. The man who lives only for himself cannot be happy. God does not smile on him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joys in his own breast.

LAND LEECHES.

The island of Ceylon is celebrated for its tropical luxuriance of animal and vegetable life. Huge elephants roam its forests in large droves, and the richest spices impart fragrance to every breeze. Yet with all its abundance it does not seem to be a very inviting count, for a residence. There appears to be a bitter for every sweet; poisonous serpents and noxious insects are very numerous, but the greatest pest of the whole country is the land leech. These plagues are most detested by travellers. In size they are about an inch in length and as fine as a knitting needle, but they are capable of swelling out and distending until they are about two inches long and as thick as a writing-quill. They are so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, and ascend up the back to fasten upon the most tender parts of the body. They are never found in ponds and moist places, but lie among the grass and fallen leaves, and such is their vigilance and instinct, that they hear a man or a horse at a considerable distance, when they prepare for attack with great alacrity. They advance by some circuitous strides and lay hold of the traveller's foot, raise themselves from the ground, and ascend his dress in search of an aperture to enter for a feast. Mosquitoes, spiders, and centipedes are very troublesome pests, but they are all "gentlemen" in comparison with the land leeches of Ceylon.

HONESTY.

A Quaker, passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none" said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend, I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir, here are some of the finest nutmegs of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then canst thou commend them?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Very well; I will take two."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the previous day asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou may'st speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbor chose to deal uprightly with me, and for henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou would'st do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

A True Incident.—"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and his special care than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy.

"We soon recovered—I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not

a drop of blood or a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

BURSTING OF AN ICEBERG.

Some years ago, while a French man-of-war was lying at anchor in Temple Bay, the younger officers resolved on amusing themselves with an iceberg, a mile and more distant in the Straits. They made sumptuous preparations for a picnic upon the very top of it, the mysteries of which they were curious to see. All warnings of the brown and simple fishermen, in the ears of the smartly-dressed gentlemen who had seen the world, were quite idle. It was a bright summer morning, and the jolly-boat, with a showy flag, went off to the berg. By twelve o'clock the colours were flying from the ice-turrets, and the wild midshipmen were shouting from its walls. For two hours or so they hacked and clambered upon the crystal palace, frolicked and feasted, drank wine to the king and the ladies, and laughed at the thought of peril where all was so fixed and solid. As if in amazement at such rashness, the grim Alp of the sea made neither sound nor motion. A profound stillness watched on his shining pinnacles, and hearkened in the blue shadows of his caves. When, like thoughtless children, they had played themselves weary, the old alabaster of Greenland mercifully suffered them to gather up their toys, and go down to their cockle of a boat, and flee away. As if the time and distance were measured, he waited until they could see it and live, when, as if his heart had been volcanic fire, he burst with awful thunders, and filled the surrounding waters with his ruins. A more astonished little party seldom comes home to tell the story of their panic. It was their first and their last day of amusement with an iceberg.

News of the Week.

GOLD NEWS.—Montague District.—A gentleman who visited Lake Loon has called at our office and given us the following information: Mining commenced on Conrod & Conners' claims, (adjoining Belt's claim, between Preston and Waverly,) about two months ago, and the prospects are very promising; gold-bearing quartz veins running through both of them. Two new crushers are building there, one by Mr. Belt and one by Mr. Miller; and it is expected that they will commence working in about a month hence. On the 25th August a contract was given out to construct a road from Preston to the locality of Mr. Miller's crusher—a distance of three miles.

Oldham.—We learn from a letter to the Editor of the Sun that there has been great improvement in the gold mining interests in this district; 26 tons of quartz from Carpenter & Davis's claim, at a depth of 14 feet, have yielded 113 oz. of gold—100 days' work being the amount of labour expended. There have been about 30 claims taken within the last few days, on the range that this lead is supposed to pass through.

Hall's lead is producing astonishing results. I. C. McKenzie & Co.'s gave from two barrels of quartz eleven ounces and three quarters of gold. The McAllister's, from a ton and a half, 65 oz. 14 dwts. Oakes & Malcom's, from 200 lbs., seven ounces and a half—which is at the rate of 75 oz. per ton; the quartz was not selected. Other claims are yielding from 1 to 1 oz. per ton. The American company have put up one of the best mills on the diggings, and will have it in operation in the course of a few weeks.

DAMAGE TO SHIPPING.—The Cape Canso correspondent of the Chronicle, in writing of the gale of Saturday night, 22d ult. says—"All day Sunday vessels arriving from sea report a fearful, though short gale, and numerous disasters; among which we notice an American brig, name unknown—finding she could not weather Red Head, the west side of south entrance to Strait of Canso, let both anchors go, cut away the masts, safely rode out the gale, and was towed into Arichat on Sunday morning. The schr. Wave, from Pictou, bound to Halifax, struck on Cape Jack Shoal, lost rudder, sails and anchors, but fortunately got off, and by steering with ease got into Ship Harbour. A brig ashore at Ship Harbour. Schr. Debenaire, of Canso, parted chains and went ashore at Steep Creek. Three schooners, Ocean Wave, James Dickey, and Maitlicks, parted chains and drove ashore in Guysborough Harbour. Two schooners ashore in Tor Bay, and a good many fishing boats lost in that quarter."

The Hon. Provincial Secretary left on Tuesday for Canada. The object of his visit is said to be in connection with the railway.

The Miramichi Gleaner learns that the Bay is at present swarming with mackerel, of a most excellent quality, being large and fat. A correspondent of the same paper, writing from New Carlisle, County Bonaventure, reports that summer herring are coming in plentifully, and are uncommonly fine, large, and fat. Mackerel are growing scarce.—*Journal.*

The steamer Zimmerman was completely destroyed by fire on the 21st ultimo, at Niagara, Canada. The Watchman, Patrick Lawless, and the second mate, Duncan Sinclair, lost their lives in the flames.

The St. John Globe learns that a new and improved battery, complete, is on its way out in the Cunard steamer, to Captain Morris, in the garrison of that city, and orders have been received to put the troops in garrison on the most thorough war footing.

Lord Lyons and suite arrived at Hamilton, Canada, on the 23th, where they remained until the 27th, when they proceeded enroute for Montreal and Quebec.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Newfoundland Times says—The vexed fishery question is now occupying the serious attention of Hon. Mr. Howe, Her Majesty's Commissioner.

The shore fishery of Newfoundland had somewhat improved during the fortnight ending the 25th ult. Intelligence from Labrador reports favourably of the fishery along the coast.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

From the Boston Journal of August 23.

SEVERE STORM.—The Springfield Republican reports that a second thunder shower of unusual severity passed through a part of the Connecticut Valley, on Friday afternoon, doing considerable damage in its course.

At Chicopee Falls there was a destructive hailstorm that broke glass, and injured the standing crops to a very perceptible degree. The hail-stones were as large as walnuts.

At Springfield, although there was not a drop of rain, yet the electric fluid struck in several places.

WINTUROP.—The hailstones which fell in this town during the brief storm on Thursday evening were very large. A large proportion of them were not less than four and a half inches in circumference, and fell upon the roofs of buildings with the sound of ten-thousand hammers giving the last blow to as many nails. Six hundred panes of glass were broken in Dr. Ira Warren's glass house, and the fields of corn had almost all the leaves cut from the stalks.

Last Saturday the Mississippi river was dyed the deepest green, and the surface of the water overspread with a thin scum of the same color. It has been in this remarkable condition for several days, and

no one is capable of giving a reason for it. The matter perplexes the eldest steambotmen, who declare that they never beheld anything like it before.

ROXBURY.—A man named John Vance, lately a soldier in the Thirtieth regiment and belonging in Nova Scotia, was knocked down by a horse car on Washington street about 8 o'clock Friday evening, his collar bone broken and other injuries received from the effect of which he is reported to have died next morning.

The Stanstead (Canada) Journal has seen potato tops, which measure two feet from the ground, five and a half inches in circumference; and the Southbridge (Mass.) Journal tells about some of the same article in that town, measuring ninety inches in length.

Gen. Hooker is expected to resume active service on the 1st of September, either in a separate command or as commander of a corps in the Army of the Potomac.

Philadelphia, Aug. 23.—The Arkansas left the fleet at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning. At that time huge volumes of smoke were seen issuing from Fort Sumter, as if from the burning of cotton, and the officers of the Arkansas believed that the fort would be captured or entirely destroyed by noon. Her guns were replying feebly to our fire. Fort Gregg had been entirely silenced. Wagner still held out. The bombardment continued without cessation during Tuesday night, and was renewed Wednesday morning, and when the Arkansas left the firing was furious. The Ironsides, five monitors and the shore batteries being all engaged.

Two refugees from Savannah, named Joseph H. Califf and John C. Collins, are passengers on the Arkansas. They report that there is nearly a famine in Savannah.

New York, Aug. 22.—A private dispatch has been received in this city from Philadelphia, which says Fort Sumter has fallen and our gunboats have passed the Fort.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John August 25th.—The advance of General Rosecranz's army appeared before Chattanooga on the 21st and opened fire on the city. The enemy opened from 19 small guns, which did little damage and were soon silenced by the Federal fire—General Wilder crossed the Tennessee river on the 22d, and burned the bridge near Shilbourn, thus cutting off communication between the left of the Confederate army.

August, 27.—Federal cavalry, under the command of Col. Woodson, made a raid to Pocehontas Creek, and routed several bands of guerrillas, capturing 100 prisoners, among them Jefferson Thompson and staff.—183 bodies have been buried at Lawrence, and more found;

182 buildings were burnt; 86 widows and 215 orphans are the result of Quantrell's massacre.—Gen. Lane is reported at Lawrence, having killed 41 of Quantrell's men.—Chiefs of the Delaware, Sioux and Fox tribes of Indians have offered their service to Lane.

Plymouth (England) papers say that two British vessels of war, Hecla, and Merlin, out of service, have been sold to a London company. It is supposed they are intended for the use of the Southern Confederacy.—A correspondent of the London News mentions the launching of an iron-clad at Birkenhead and another building for the same service.

Aug. 28 (p. m.) Gen. Gilmore, on Thursday, notified Gen. Beauregard if he did not surrender fort, he would shell the city in 24 hours. No notice being taken on Friday night Gilmore threw some shells into the city, charged with Greek fire. Beauregard protested against the missiles, asking for more time. Gilmore refused.

The shelling was renewed on Saturday night.

Pursuit of Quantrell's murderers in Missouri continues. Eighty of them reported killed. No prisoners are taken, and none will be. Much of their plunder recaptured. All houses of known guerrillas destroyed wherever pursuers have gone.

Aug. 31.—The reported capture of Forts Sumter and Wagner, as previously announced, was premature.

Charleston despatch of 28th, to Richmond, says that the Federal forces were working hard in the trenches, in front of Fort Wagner.

Another despatch mentions Federal attack on the Rifle Pits, on Wednesday night. [No particulars given.]

The execution of five deserting substitutes took place in the Army of the Potomac, on Saturday last, at the headquarters of the army.

A refugee from Richmond reports that the authorities have given up all hopes of Charleston, and that hundreds of convicts had been released from prisons to be put in confederate ranks.

Evening.—Confederates in the trans-Mississippi department are organizing for better concert of action.

Publicly stated at New Orleans that grand movement is to be made against Mobile.

There is considerable concentration at New Orleans.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamer Saladin, with Liverpool dates to the 15th August, arrived at St. Johns Newfoundland on the 26th.

The American Legation in Paris protest against the arrangement of placing an Emperor in Mexico, as an interference with the affairs of Republica America.

The old Garibaldian Legion has been disbanded, but the Italian Government is prepared to organize a new legion of 10,000 Hungarians, which is looked upon as a most significant act.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe states that a pamphlet is preparing by M. Theirs, urging a strict alliance between France and Austria.

POLAND.—On the 5th the insurgents gained an important advantage over the Russians at Chelme, in the Palotmate of the Lublin. Three Russian companies were dispersed. It is asserted that the Russians, under cover of their artillery, locked up their killed and wounded in a barn and burned them, in order to conceal their loss.

The conduct of the Russian soldiery is described as revolting. An individual suspected of being a Russian spy having disappeared in the village of Szeruka, in the government of Grodno, the whole place was set fire to by order of Mouravieff; all the inhabitants were taken to Unbanowka, two leagues from Grodno, there surrounded by soldiers, and condemned to die of hunger. Seven persons had already expired when the account came off.

INDIA.—Nana Sahib has been identified by a Chitab Brahmin, who was captured with him and turned Queen's evidence. A plan for a general rising in the cold weather is said to have been organized.

New York, Aug. 26.—The steamship Persia, from Liverpool 15th, via Queens-town 16th, arrived at 10 o'clock this morning.

Lord Clyde died on 14th. Nothing decisive about Prince Maximilian accepting Mexican Crown.

There was a growing belief that war on the Polish question would be avoided.

Little is said on American affairs. The Army and Navy Gazette draws attention to the fact of the Federals pushing forward the construction of powerful sea-going monitors.

Wm. Cornell Jewett has been having an interview with the King of the Belgians, in the interest of mediation.

The King promised to use his influence to induce England to join France in her efforts for peace.

There are vague rumors that Prussia contemplates secession from the German Confederation.

St. John's, N. F., Aug. 26th.—Hibernian with dates to 18th, arrived off St. John's at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Characteristic letter from Garibaldi dated Caprera, August 6th, is published, addressed to "Abraham Lincoln, Liberator of Slaves in Republic of America," and rejoices at noble efforts for freedom and human progress.

La France asserts acceptance of Mexican Crown by Archduke Maximilian is not doubtful, and believes negotiations entered into to secure adhesion of England. La France says present Government of Mexico will administer affairs for a year to organize the country, but the consent of the Archduke will probably be forwarded to Mexico in November next.

British war steamer from Rio reports passed ship, name not given burnt to water's edge, on 2nd July, lat. 26 S., long. 38 W. Shortly afterwards spoke steamer Alabama, which had captured and burnt this ship.

Napoleon's fete day at Paris passed off quietly, without political significance.

London, 18th.—French Government revoked measure of confiscation in Mexico, and withdrawn opposition to specie exports.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

The R. M. Steamer Africa arrived at noon to-day. We have received English papers to the 22d August.

The Times announces that, by desire of her Majesty's Government, the remains of the late Field-Marshal Lord Clyde are to be buried in the most private manner in Westminster Abbey.

The funeral of Field-Marshal Lord Clyde will take place at noon to-day (22d). His grave is only six feet from that of the late Sir J. Outram, his comrade in arms.

No news has yet been received from St. Petersburg of the notes of the three Powers having been remitted to Prince Gortschakoff.

The Army and Navy Gazette ridicules the report of an offensive and defensive alliance between America and Russia.

That some steps will shortly be taken by the Garibaldian party with regard to Venice or Rome may be inferred from the addresses which have recently been published, and a report is now current that enrolments for a Garibaldian expedition are making in the Emilia and Umbria.

An announcement of a very unexpected nature has just been made through the medium of the Vienna Presse, which says that an offensive and defensive alliance between St. Petersburg and Washington will shortly be ratified.

Mr. Seldon, the owner of the Phryne, has given a challenge to race any yacht in the world from 15 to 75 tons, on the 15th May next, for any sum from £1000 to £20,000, the course to be three or five times round the Isle of Wight. It is not at all unlikely that the owner of the American yacht Gipsy, now on her voyage from New York to England, may accept the challenge.

HELPING TO BUILD NESTS.

Look up in that grand old elm and see that new bird's nest on one of its overhanging branches. It belongs to a pair of orioles, or golden robins, as they are sometimes called. These birds construct their nests of bits of twine, cotton, tow, &c. which they pick up with great pains from the surrounding country. On that tree a pair of these birds have built their nest for several years, because there they were sure of a kind reception and a helping hand.

I saw that nest built the other day, and learned the secret of their attachment to the place. Being on a hasty visit to the country, I called at the residence of John Preston, Esq. of New Ipswich, N. H. I found him seated in his little office very busy cutting up twine of different lengths. He greeted me very cordially, but kept on with his work, which seemed to be of great importance. When he had prepared quite a handful, he led the way out of the office, and deposited the strings under the tree. Then he told me they were for the birds to build their nests with, and that every year, when the sweet notes of the oriole

sounded through the branches of the trees, filling the neighbourhood with sweetest music, he had supplied them with material for building their nest. We retired a short distance, and very soon down came one of the beautiful birds, like a flash of golden light, and commenced selecting material for his nest. I supposed he would take the first piece that came to hand, but, like a skilful builder, he took up first one piece, then another, examining them very curiously and apparently measuring the length with his eye, like a practical carpenter. When one was found that suited his purpose, away he flew to his chosen limb, and having securely fastened it he returned for another. He was the very personification of industry, and set an example worthy of imitation by many bipeds without feathers.

Ordinarily it would require a week or more of hard work for a pair of these birds to finish their nest, as they must usually take long journeys to find proper material, but having everything provided at hand, they nearly completed the outer walls in a single day.

The following morning my friend provided a quantity of tow from bits of rope, which he picked up pieces for the use of

the birds, which they speedily appropriated for a soft lining to the nest.

I was greatly pleased in watching them; but what I admired most, and what I am sure you will also think worthy of imitation, was the kindness shown to these little creatures by this noble-hearted man. He could find time, from pressing business, to care for the birds that came to cheer his home with their songs.

It made me love him better than ever. He has his reward for his kindness in the friendship of the birds, who have learned to know their benefactor, and sing for him their choicest songs. Here, thought I, is a lesson for our boys and girls. How much good you can do if you only improve the opportunities that directly cross your path every day! It is the little acts of kindness all the time, that make life happy, and bring sunlight to the heart and music all around you. Be kind and do good, not only to your young friends and schoolmates, but to the animals that God has made. The Creator is kind to the birds, and we may be sure he will smile upon all those who imitate his example.

BEN CHEILT.

Some years since, Sir John Sinclair in vain urged his brother landowners to supply the deficiency of roads which existed in his native Caithness. There was a steep hill called "Ben Cheilt," which ran right through the country, and as an objection to the turnpike, it was always asked—often in tone of ridicule, "When will you show us a road over Ben Cheilt?" But one morning, having provided beforehand a great store of implements, the young laird mustered on the spot several hundred labourers, and a good carriage way was soon thrown over this terrible mountain.

Now, I am sure, dear reader, that if you have ever tried to accomplish any useful plan, you have often encountered some "Ben Cheilt," which stood as a hindrance in your way. At the present moment, you are, perhaps, gazing in a desponding attitude at such an obstacle to your progress? Take courage; set out with fresh energy; and rest not until you have conquered the difficulty before you.

Are you an earnest student, bending with thoughtful brow over some well-worn

page? And do you find there some principle which you cannot comprehend; some truth which you cannot grasp; some rules which you do not understand? Be not afraid of these "Ben Cheilts," but persevere in your application; give all the powers of your mind to your task, and you shall ere long gain your desired object.

Or is it in the more arduous work of self-improvement that you are just now engaged? Striving to subdue some strong and sinful habit which impedes your onward course? Ah, it seems an almost insurmountable barrier! Yet be not disheartened. Though you fail today, begin again to-morrow. For vigorous and prayerful effort, leads on, step by step, to victory.

Or, are you employed in some work for the good of others which meets with opposition, and disapproval? Are you endeavouring to fashion some smoother pathway through the world for weary and tender feet? And are you stopped by some huge "Ben Cheilt" which confronts you? Fear not; neither yield to indolent self-reproach. Toil on with a steady and cheerful spirit, and the mountain shall become a plain, and you shall rejoice in the reward of your labour.

There are many "Ben Cheilts" to be met with as we pass through life. Therefore we must be prepared for difficulties; we must nerve ourselves for conflicts. Nothing good or noble was ever achieved without much painstaking. But patience, linked with perseverance, surmounts great barriers, and wins constant success. So, "be not weary," dear reader, "in well doing."

WHEN A DAY BEGINS.

Most of the nations of Europe begin to count the hours from midnight, but this plan was not adopted by men in the early ages of the world, and is not used now by full three-fourths of the nations of the earth. Some of the most ancient nations of the world, as the Babylonians, Persians, and Hindoos, began the day with the rising of the sun, as do the Greeks of the present day. The Jews and the ancient Greeks looked upon sunset as the commencement of the day. The Egyptian day began at noon. This mode of reckoning is still observed by astronomers, because the particular instant of time called noon can be ascertained more

nically than any other part of the day. The Mohammedans begin their day at twilight.

A MISERABLE DAY.

"What is the matter with my little Edith?" said Mrs. Lindsay to her daughter, who was standing disconsolately at the window one fine summer's evening: "come here, and tell me what makes you look so unhappy my love."

"O mamma, I have been so miserable all day," replied the little girl; "every thing has gone wrong with me,"

"There must be some reason for that, I think," said Mrs. Lindsay: "our troubles are very often of our own making; but let me hear what your's have been."

Edith came to her side, and, seating herself on her low chair, began as follows:—"It has been a regular day of misfortunes, mamma, like Rosamon's in the story book. First of all, I happened to sleep too long this morning, and I had not time to learn my lessons perfectly; that made Miss Merton angry, and although papa said I might go for a drive with him at twelve o'clock, she kept me in to learn them: so he went without me. When I did get out at last, Harry was rough and disagreeable, and teased me until we had quite a quarrel. Miss Merton heard us and gave me a bad mark for getting out of temper. Of course that vexed me still more: and then she said I was impertinent, and set me an imposition, which, you know, prevented me going for a walk with you this afternoon. Indeed, I had only just finished my lessons by tea-time. So now, mamma, have I not had cause to be miserable?"

"I think you have, my dear; but I fear you will consider me very unkind when I say all has been your own fault," replied Mrs. Lindsay.

"Oh mamma, I thought you would pity me," said Edith, reproachfully.

"So I do, my child, for being cross; but now tell me truthfully, did you try hard to learn your imperfect lessons as soon as you could?" Edith was silent, and her mother continued, "Did you feel in good humour when you were playing with Harry, or were you cross, and determined to think him rough and disagreeable?"

"I am afraid I was rather, mamma," said Edith, sorrowfully.

"And if you had said nothing when Miss Merton gave you the bad mark, could we not have taken our walk together?"

"Yes, mamma, because I should not have had the imposition."

"Then, my dear, have you not confessed that all your misfortunes were caused by yourself? But I will go back a little further. After sleeping so late, had you time to ask God's blessing this morning, without whose assistance you could not hope to do right during the day?"

"No, mamma," replied Edith; "I was very naughty, and forgot my prayers altogether."

"Then can you wonder, my child, that a day, without God's blessing attending it, has been badly spent? I see you are very sorry, and need no further reproof. It is your bedtime now: do not forget to ask your heavenly Father's forgiveness before you sleep, and be sure, my dear Edith,

'That day alone can profitably end,
Which God with His great blessing doth attend.'

NO MOTHER.

She has no mother. What a volume of sorrowful utterance—no mother! We must go down the rough path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, ere we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in this one short sentence! Who now shall administer the needed counsel?—who shall check the wayward fancies?—who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doings? is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, she has no mother!

OLD JACK.

There is a very curious account of a horse, whose name was Jack, given in "Smiles' Lives of Engineers." This horse worked hard. Almost the whole of

the stone required for Waterloo Bridge, London, was drawn by him. He was a most sensible animal, and a great favourite with all the workmen employed in building the bridge. His driver was, generally speaking, a steady and trustworthy man, though rather too fond of a glass of ale. As the railway along which the stone was drawn passed in front of the public-house door, the horse and truck were usually pulled up while Tom entered for his glass. On one occasion he stayed so long that "Old Jack," becoming impatient, poked his head into the open door, and, taking his master's coat collar between his teeth, though in a gentle sort of manner, pulled him out from the midst of his companions, and thus forced him to resume his day's work. Did he not teach his master a good lesson?

SECRETS.

We must regard every matter as an entrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets entrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own person and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by, is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we would wish to be treated, under many circumstances: but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken of in his absence.

'TIS HABIT THAT MAKES OR MAKES US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed: no flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the evidence of truth and virtue.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

OUR FIRST PLOUGH.

Oh, the happy days of childhood !
 When our hearts were light and gay :
 As we wandered in the wild wood,
 On a pleasant summer's day.
 With our merry voices ringing
 So glad some and so free ;—
 Not the birds around us singing,
 More free from care could be.

Sweet were the simple pleasures,
 That charmed those peaceful hours,
 When we found our choicest treasures
 In a few fresh blooming flowers ;
 When we sailed our tiny vessel,
 Watched the soft white cloudlets pass,
 Or in playful sport would wrestle,
 And tumble on the grass.

One morning we provided
 Ourselves with a mimic plough,
 And while one of our number guided
 Its course with a thoughtful brow,
 The others with patience drew it—
 Grave workers indeed were we ;
 But our plough—if you only knew it—
 Was the branch of a fallen tree !

We are wiser now, and older,
 And such trifling things despise—
 But the summer-time seems colder,
 And less bright appear the skies ;
 And as through life's tangled wild wood
 We toil on sadly now,
 We think of the days of childhood,
 And that strange, but dear old plough !

WHAT TEMPERANCE CAN DO.

In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage, which a person will hardly read without emotion :

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork ; a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them : " My husband is a wheelwright, and has always earned his guinea a week ; he was a good workman, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge, and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh ! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night ; still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to my-

self, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed ; and glory to God ! there was no change for the bad in my husband ; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings ; so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week, when he came to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, four for the children, and one for himself ; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God ; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than my own ? "

JAPANESE PECULIARITIES.

We quote for our readers what Dr. Macgowan, the Eastern traveller, tells of the Japanese and their differings from us :

" One great peculiarity of the people is their mania for squatting ; they seem to do everything in this position. Their habits in many things seem to be so often exactly the opposite of ours that it almost resolves itself into a rule that everything goes by contraries. When they cook a goose, instead of putting the goose on the fire, they put the fire in the goose, thus making a great saving of fuel. In planing or sawing a board they plane or saw toward themselves, instead of sawing from themselves. When you go into a house, instead of taking off your hat you take off your shoes. Instead of saying John Smith they would say Smith John, and instead of Mr. Brown, Brown Mister. The country is rich in flowers and in vegetable productions. They have carried the art of making paper to great perfection." Dr. Macgowan showed an overcoat made of paper, perfectly strong and serviceable. " In this country we have paper collars, but in Japan they go further and have paper handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful and soft, and of very fine texture.

But they are more delicate than we in one respect : after they have used a handkerchief they throw it away, and are thus saved the trouble of washerwomen. They even weave their paper and make what may be called paper cloth of it."

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charades—1, Charleston, South Carolina.
 2, Intemperance.

VARIETIES.

" Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he couldn't say his lesson.

A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west. " Then," said a bystander, " go to school and learn geography."

" You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a musical dealer. " Yes, —first-rate—all new—can't be beat," was the response.—" If that's so," said Quiz, " I must look elsewhere." " Why ? " asks the amazed dealer. " Because," replies Quiz, " I want a drum !"

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking-sticks ?—One owns ca-nines and the other nine canes.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.

In order to deserve a true friend, you must learn first to be one.

Fools open their ears to flattery, and shut their eyes to truth.

Young people should reverence their parents when at home, and attend to the instructions of their teachers when at school.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure ?—In the case of a watch.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun " bachelor " was singular. " Because," she replied, " it is so very singular that they don't get married."

Always start right—be who goes the wrong road must travel his journey twice over.

Experience is the best teacher, but she charges exorbitantly high for her instruction.

" I see you have never got over the whooping cough," said a gentleman to a lady the other day. " Ah ! how is that ? " was the surprised rejoinder. " O ! you have got rid of the cough," but are still troubled with the hoop."