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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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POSITION AND CLIMATE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Let any of our young readers look at Nova Scotia on a Map of the World—or better, a Globe if they can find one—and see what a trifling little speck it is. But let them at the same time mark where it is situated, and how it is nearly surrounded by water. They will see that it lies further East than any other portion of the American Continent, and is consequently so much nearer to Europe; and if they pass their eye along the line of latitude they will notice that Halifax is as far South as Bordeaux in France, and further South than London.

Now the effect of the sea nearly surrounding us is very beneficial to our climate, causing the temperature to be neither so hot in summer nor so cold in winter as in places further in-land. And it is also a great advantage to the trade of the country, being indented by numerous excellent harbours. There is no point in the Province where one can be thirty-five miles distant from the sea, and while farmers in Canada and the States have often a long way to carry their produce to a shipping place, our farmers have but a trifling distance to carry theirs.

The circumstance of its stretching out so far towards the east and having so many harbours gives it great political and commercial advantages. Should war unfortunately occur, ships could enter harbours in any direction, either as places of refuge or to receive supplies, and might be in readiness at any point to go out and attack an enemy. In times of peace and commercial prosperity vessels may load, and goods may be shipped from any quarter. And when railroads are

constructed, connecting us with New Brunswick and Canada, much of the trade of these provinces will pass through our road and harbours, more especially in winter time. Nova Scotia will also become the great highway of travel between Europe and America.

Our climate has been grossly misrepresented, as rigorous and disagreeable, by several writers of former days, because they wrote about what they knew nothing of, except from the information of persons who had no experience of it, or had some supposed interest in traducing it. It is true that the extremes of heat and cold are greater on this than on the European side of the Atlantic. This is owing to causes which we need not enter upon, but we may safely say that the average of human life is as great here as in any other country.

Our coldest season is during the first three months of the year—but the cold is not so continuous, nor does the snow remain so long on the ground as in New Brunswick and Lower Canada, owing to the frequency of thaws, which occasion more varieties in the temperature than at any other season. Our Spring commences in April, and seed time continues through May; but even during these months the transitions of temperature are frequent and sudden. Afterwards vegetation proceeds with rapidity. In June the fields and the forests are in full bloom.

Our Autumn is commonly a very agreeable season, although we cannot boast much of it this year. Apparently we are to have no Indian-summer. December, although called a winter month, may rather be regarded with us as belonging to Autumn—the usual weather not being of a wintry character.

Altogether, when we compare our Country with others, taking all its faults and properties into account, we have much reason to be pleased with and thankful for our lot. It should be our endeavor to make the most of the benefits with which Providence has blessed us, and not complain of some discomforts which no land is free from.

THE HUMAN PULSE.

The human pulse, in all ages of the world, has been consulted as an index of health or disease. It is a kind of dial within us, which gives us both the measure of time and of health. The pulse of a person in health beats about seventy strokes in a minute, and the ordinary term of life is about seventy years. In this seventy years the pulse of a temperate person beats two billion, five hundred and seventy millions, four hundred and forty thousand times. If no actual disorganization should happen, a drunken person might live until his pulse beat this number of times; but by the constant stimulus of ardent spirits, or by pulse-quickening food, the pulse becomes greatly accelerated, and the two billion, five hundred and seventy million, four hundred and forty thousand pulsations are performed in little more than half the ordinary term of human life, and life goes out in forty or forty-five years, instead of seventy. This application of numbers is given to show that the acceleration of those forces diminishes the term of human life.

A MOTHER.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed down his pillow and administered to his helplessness? O, there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcendeth all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his frame and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dear to her by his misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will love and cherish him, and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

"Tom, here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in tones of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear me, sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace?" said the father, angrily. "Come quickly, I want you; when I speak I like to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep, by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note; there was a cloud upon his brow. He moved onward, but at a slow pace.

"You, Tom! is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quickly?" called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour I will punish you."

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent; he experienced a sense of injustice, a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. "My words scarcely made an impression on him."

"Kind words often prove most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and the refreshing dews; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words, they will prove a hundred fold more powerful."

The parent seemed hurt by the reproof but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; but the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them.

At last the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stayed far beyond his time he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it with an angry defiance.

To his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of angry reproof and punishment, said, kindly—"Very well, my son, you can go out to play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed, and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions, he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. While he thus sat he heard his name called.

"Thomas, my son," said his father, kindly.

The boy sprang to his feet, and was soon beside his parent.

"Did you call, father?"

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner; he looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it he bounded away with a light step.

"There is power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back with a cheerful, happy face, and said—

"Can I do anything else for you, father?"

Yes, there is a power of kindness. The tempest of passion can only subdue, constrain, and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew, and the sunshine.

HEREDITARY FEATURES.

A peculiar thickness of the upper lip has been hereditary in the Imperial House of Hapsburgh ever since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of Jagellen, whence it came. In the British Royal Family a certain fulness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of Sovereigns from George I. to Victoria, and has been equally marked in other members of the family. The fe-

males of the ducal house of Gordon have long been remarkable for a peculiar, elegant conformation of the neck. The Clackmannanshire Bruces, who are descended from a common stock with the famous Robert Bruce of Scotland, are said to have that strongly marked form of the cheek, bones and jaws, which appears on the coins of that heroic monarch, as it did in his actual face when his bones were disinterred at Dunfermline, about thirty-five years ago. The prevalent tallness of the inhabitants of Potsdam, many of whom are descended from the guards of Frederick I.; the Spanish features observable in the people of the county of Galway, in which, some centuries ago, several Spanish settlements were made; and the hereditary beauty of the women of Prague—are well known facts which have frequently attracted the attention of chronologists. The burghesses of Rome (the most invariable portion of every population) exhibit at the present day precisely the same type of face and form, as their ancestors, whose busts may be seen carved in relief on the ancient sarcophagi; and the Jewish physiognomies, portrayed upon the sepulchral monuments of Egypt are identical with those which may be observed among modern Jews in the streets of large cities.

REMARKABLE LAKES.

On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estralla, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when that is stormy. It is therefore probable that they have a subterranean communication with ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships that they throw up, though almost forty miles distant from the sea. There is another extraordinary lake in this country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful rumbling noise that may be heard at the distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called "Fervencias" about twenty-four miles from Coimbra, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, etc., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Entremos, which petrifies wood, or

rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter it is perfectly dry.

BIG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than short ones, just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affection delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half" long.

GIGANTIC BIRD'S NESTS.

Mr. Gould describes the Watted Falcon, or Bush Turkey, of Australia, as adopting a most extraordinary process of nidification. The bird collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by decomposition for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying. It varies in size from two to four cartloads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. Several birds work at its construction, not by using their bills, but by grasping the materials with their feet and throwing them back to one common centre. In this heap the birds bury

the eggs perfectly upright, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched; when the young birds are clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. It is not unusual for the natives to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time, from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are as eagerly sought after as well as the flesh. The birds are very stupid, and easily fall a victim to the sportsman, and will sit aloft and allow a succession of shots to be fired at them until they are brought down.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREATNESS.

The eminent Lord Lyndhurst's father was a portrait painter, and that of St. Leonard's a saddler. The origin of the late Lord Tenterden was, perhaps, the humblest of all the English nobility, nor was he ashamed of it; for he felt that the industry, study and application, by means of which he achieved his eminent position, were entirely due to himself. It is related of him that on one occasion he took his son Charles in a little shed then standing opposite the western front of Canterbury Cathedral, and pointing it out said, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! That is the proudest reflection of my life."

AN INDIAN'S GIFT TO CHRIST.

In a portion of the southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a large protracted meeting, held in the wide forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd, who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane and the unbefriended Saviour who wept there. He pointed to Him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit

and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give Jesus; the white man take them away; me give him my dog and my rifle." The white man told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The Minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, "*here is poor Indian; will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done its work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered forever.

A Balloonist states that he has made the following discovery:—"I take a bar of brass, which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds. When I ascend up three miles in the atmosphere and weigh the brass bar it actually weighs, by a spring balance, only seven and a half pounds. Five miles up, it only weighs three pounds and a quarter. What is the cause of this? The want of atmospheric pressure on it, and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent the nearer we approach its orbit."

REVENGE.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil; than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied it will torment you now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept on this case is "Let not the son go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practiced in a literal sense: "Who, if at any time in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sunset gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual conciliation, parted friends."

News of the Week.

There was a considerable fall of snow in Guelph, Upper Canada, on Friday, 30th Oct. It was eight inches deep in the streets. It extended east as far as Georgetown, and west as far as St. Mary's. At Sackville and St. John, N. B. and even as far south as Boston, heavy squalls of snow have also been experienced.

On Sunday last an alarm was made, during the hours of morning worship, that St. Paul's Church was on fire. The furnace under the church appears to have been placed too near the floor, and the fire communicated with it during the time of public worship. If it had occurred at any other time it would in all probability have entirely destroyed the building. Only two or three pews received any material damage.—*Christian Mess'r.*

The potato crop of Canada, says the *Quebec News*, has been saved in excellent order, and the absence of disease and excellent quality of the root, together with a large yield is highly gratifying. Turnips and all other root crops are most plentiful.

The *Quebec Gazette* reports that one day last week a man picked up a nugget of gold, which weighed two pounds, on a claim near the Gilbert River, in the county of Beauce, Canada.

LABOR YIELD OF GOLD.—R. G. Fraser, Esq., had in his possession on Tuesday 164 ounces 17 dwts. 10 grs. of gold received from Isaac's Harbor, the product of 50 tons quartz, taken from Taylor and Butler's claims.—*Sun.*

LECTURE.—Rev. G. M. Grant, the popular pastor of St. Matthew's, delivered the second lecture of the present course before the Young Men's Christian Association on Tuesday evening. His subject was the "Dawn of the Reformation," which he treated in a most powerful and eloquent style. The audience which was very large testified its appreciation of the lecture by a hearty vote of thanks at the close.—*Citizen.*

GOLD NEWS.—During the last week, a considerable amount of gold has been received in this city from the several gold fields. We learn that about three hundred ounces came from Sherbrook and White Harbour. One hundred and fifty ounces of this were from Mr. Hewitt's claim.—On Wednesday fifty-four ounces were sent in from the Rocklyn Company's claim at Kenfrew, being the net proceeds of that Company's work for the last three months, about thirty-eight ounces of the yield, for these months, being absorbed in sinking expenses.—*Id.*

The steamer *Sunbury*, Capt. True, left Ladina Town at 4 P. M., on the 13th inst., with an extra quantity of freight and a large number of passengers, and leaving a scho. in tow. About 9 P. M.

she arrived off Oak Point, where a passenger was put on shore. Immediately on turning the steam down for the purpose of resuming the trip, the boiler burst forward, completely ruining the vessel, when she sunk in deep water. Several of the passengers were knocked overboard and many of these were probably either killed or drowned. One or two saved themselves by swimming. The greater number of those left on the steamer managed to get on board the schooner, but those who had retired to their berths for the night, and that portion of the crew below at the time went down with the wreck. There were about 50 passengers in all; of those 9, are missing, besides six of the crew. Among the missing are: L. Burper, of Sheffield; Miss Wilson, daughter of Rev. Mr. Wilson, of do; Miss Artherton, daughter of Mr. Artherton of Fredericton; young Mr. Laughlin; two Misses Livingston of Fredericton. Several of the saved were much injured. The total number of missing, all told, is eleven.

St. John papers furnish further particulars of the recent explosion and sinking of the river steamer *Sunbury*. Fourteen persons perished by the disaster. The explosion occurred when the boat was 500 feet from the wharf at Oak Point. No satisfactory cause is assigned for the accident. Mr. Christie, who was injured by the explosion, is a son of the Rev. Mr. Christie, of Yarmouth, N. S. The verdict of the coroner's jury will probably attribute the casualty to accidental cause.—*Reporter.*

A letter from the Magdalen Isles, dated Nov. 13, 1863 says the *bil. Transit*, of and for Whitehaven, England, from Quebec with a cargo of timber was lost on the east point of the Magdalens, night of 11th inst. The master and six of the crew perished—three being saved. The vessel and materials were totally lost.—*Id.*

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The R. M. Steamship *Asia* arrived on Friday morning, with English papers to the 31st October.

The *Queen* arrived safely at Windsor Castle on the 28th. Her Majesty's sojourn in the sharp, bracing air of the Highlands has improved her health.

A violent gale visited England and Ireland on the 29th ult. In the Channel the gale was very violent, with a heavy sea running—Several vessels that had started for sea were obliged to put back, but without suffering any serious damage.

During the week that ended on the 17th instant there was a decrease of 1062 in the number of persons receiving relief in the 27 unions under the supervision of Mr. Farnall

The Government of the Emperor of the French has informed Mr. Dayton, the

United States Minister in Paris, that the "authorisation" for the construction of certain vessels of war now proved to be building in France for the Confederates, and for certain cannon and munitions for their armament, has been withdrawn, and that the parties engaged in the business have been warned of the danger of prosecuting their work.

Mr. Ashworth estimates an increase in our supply of cotton for 1864 equal to 11,730 bales a week, or one and a half day's extra consumption. He expects 200,000 bales additional from Syria and Turkey, 350,000 from India, and 250,000 from Egypt, Brazil, and miscellaneous quarters.

The Bishop's Waltham Clay Company have made a brick with a hole through a moulded portion of it, for the purpose of securing lightning conductors. The material of which the brick is composed is said to be of admirable quality.

From Spain a strange rumour has been received. It is to the effect that the Emperor of the French intends to put aside the present candidate for the Mexican throne, and that the Empress is now in Spain to secure the nomination by the Queen of that country of a Bourbon Prince for the post assigned to the Archduke Maximilian. One of the conditions of the arrangement is that the Queen of Spain shall furnish a contingent of troops and ships in the event of France going to war with Russia and Prussia without the co-operation of England and Austria, and also that she shall replace the French garrison at Rome by a Spanish garrison. The Queen, however, whilst willing to accept the throne of Mexico for a Spanish prince, and to assist the Poles, declines to supply the garrison at Rome, as it would entail her country in war with Italy.

Unusual military and naval activity has been awakened in Spain by the rebellion in St. Domingo. The rebels are in great force, and, notwithstanding the efforts made to give the best complexion to Spanish affairs in the province, the position of the Spanish troops is extremely critical. To cope with these difficulties and to suppress the rising, the dockyards are ringing with naval preparations; large additional bodies of troops will be despatched, and a private letter from Madrid says that "all the resources of the country will be poured forth cheerfully by the Government and people to save what they call the national honour."

Affairs in Copenhagen daily assume a more serious aspect, and the general impression on the mind of all classes is that notwithstanding all the efforts on the part of England and France to prevent it, the long threatened Federal execution will now be carried out, and the unavoidable result will be a war between Denmark and Germany, of which no one can anticipate the end.

La France of Monday evening complained of the indecision of England and Austria on the Polish question. France, it said, had pointed out the advantages of united action, and now waited for Austria and England to come to an understanding.

The special correspondent of the Times at Warsaw has written a letter descriptive of the state of that city, in which, it appears, seizures and confiscations, executions and murders, are things of everyday occurrence. All public confidence has been destroyed, and every person appears suspicious of his neighbour. It is asserted that for every Polish life destroyed by execution at the citadel or elsewhere a Russian life is to be exacted, and the experience of the past few days sadly testifies to the truth of the rumour.

It is stated that the Archduke Maximilian has misgivings about the state of public feeling in Mexico, and that he hesitates to accept the crown offered to him by the Assembly of Notables. If the Archduke does not accept, the Emperor of the French will probably look out for another candidate; but, in the meantime the army must remain till the edifice of Mexican regeneration is crowned by the election of a sovereign.

The overland mail from India and China has arrived. The reports of the growth of cotton in the central provinces of India are satisfactory, and a very large increase of land has been placed under cultivation. Enormous tracts of country are also being devoted to the growth of tea, so as to render Europe independent of China as an exclusive source of supply.

A communication from Alexandria represents the effects of the overflow of the Nile as most disastrous. It is said that from 80 to 100 villages have been swept away, and no one can tell what has become of the inhabitants, hundreds, perhaps thousands, may have been drowned, and all they possessed destroyed.

The complete accounts of the bombardment of Kagami, in Japan, have been received.—The forts attacked by the British fleet mounted 98 guns and mortars, including 13-inch and 8-inch shell guns, four 150 pounders, ten 80-pounders, and the remainder all 32 pounders, the best United States manufacture; and as they simultaneously fired upon the vessels at a range of only 450 yards, the escape of a single ship appears extraordinary. There were but two frigates in the English fleet, the other vessels being small war steamers. The English loss was 13 killed and 50 wounded. The Euryalus, which led the line, lost her captain and commander, and her total casualties were 10 killed and 21 wounded. She was hulled ten times, and her masts and rigging were cut to pieces. The vessels engaged were the Euryalus, Pearl, Argus, Persues, Coquette, Havoc and Racchorse; the first two only are frigates. The

Japanese ammunition appears to have been of a superior quality.

Russia.—The Botschafter, of Oct. 16th, contains the following from St. Petersburg:—Our court and aristocracy entertain the most hostile feelings towards the West. This is manifest in the sentiment displayed towards the Grand Duke Constantine, between whom and the Emperor there is an open rupture. The Grand Duke will not appear at St. Petersburg this winter, but will remain with his family at Orianda, in the Crimea. At court he is accused of sympathy with the insurrection, of not having signed a single sentence of death, and of having paid the tax of 10,000 roubles to which he was mulcted by the National Government of Poland. The feeling of animosity is gradually extending through the whole empire, and the Grand Duke is at present the most unpopular man in Russia.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Nov. 13.—General Mead's head quarters are now near Brandy Station. The army will not probably move further until railroad repairs will admit.

Reported that large part of Banks' forces are removed from the west side of the Mississippi, with the understanding that Mobile, now nearly denuded of troops, is to be attacked.

About two thousand Confederate officers are now prisoners on Johnston's Island, Sandusky Bay. The War department have received information from a high source, that the Confederate refugees in Canada have formed a plot to release them, and burn Buffalo. Precautions have been taken to thwart them.

Evening.—Information of plot among the Confederate refugees in Canada to release the Confederate prisoners at Johnson Island, burn Buffalo, &c., came from the Governor-General of Canada to Lord Lyons, and was by him transmitted to the Federal Government. The comity and good faith of the British authorities are highly appreciated. The plotters intended to seize several steamboats for their purpose.

Nov. 14.—The Federals occupy the old battle field of Cedar Mountain.

The Confederates are strongly posted on the Rapidan. The Confederates again occupy Clark and Thoroughfare Mountain, and observe all Meade's movements.

A Chattanooga despatch says that Longstreet with 16,000 men has gone to East Tennessee. Bragg has 60,000 with him.

The N. Y. Times despatch says it is semi-officially announced that the War Department intends retaliatory measures on Confederate prisoners, for the treatment of Federal prisoners in Richmond. Evening.—The enemy is reported to

have attacked Gen. Washburne's advance at Vermillionville, losing 200 prisoners: the Federal loss is 40 killed.

A severe railroad accident occurred at Opelousa, killing 12 and wounding 70 of an Illinois regiment.

The blockade runner "Cornubia," owned by the Confederate Secretary of War loaded with materials of war, was captured off New Inlet, N. C., on the 8th. On the next day, the "Robert E. Lee," which left Bermuda five hours after the former vessel, was also captured with a large cargo of shoes, blankets, &c.

Nov. 16.—Burnside's resignation has been accepted, and General Forest has succeeded him.

Confederates now show strong front on the Rapidan, and recommenced picket shooting.

Herald's despatch says, that important despatches from Confederate Agents in Europe to Confederate Government, recently captured, despair of foreign aid.

Wilmington, N. C., about closed to blockaders. Four large steamers have been captured within a few days, among them richest prizes of the war.

Nov. 18.—A Cavalry reconnoissance on the 13th ascertained quite conclusively, that although the enemy maintains a strong picket line on the Rapidan, Lee's army has fallen back to some other position. Heavy rains have caused a great rise in the river, rendering fords and roads impassable, and greatly deranging contemplated movements.

The World's despatch says the enemy has evidently been industriously adding fresh defensive works at the various fords of the Rapidan. It is expected that Meade and Lee will have a battle in a few days. Meade has advanced to the Rapidan and will cross.

General Butler has gone to North Carolina. Before leaving Fortress Monroe, he commenced enlisting and organizing negroes.

Nov. 19.—The Washington Star says that news from East Tennessee indicate that Longstreet is moving in that direction. Some skirmishing has already occurred between his advance and Burnside's outposts.

The steamer from Fortress Monroe, with provisions for the prisoners at Richmond had returned with them; Col. Irving being refused the privilege of distributing them.

Three hundred and fifty paroled men arrived at Annapolis yesterday from Richmond in a wretched condition. Six died on the way up.

A St. Louis despatch says the Federal forces occupy Waldrow, forty miles south from Fort Smith.

General McNeil has issued an order to hang a guerilla prisoner for cutting wires. At last accounts Cooper was flying rapidly towards Red River.

THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.

A man who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began whipping them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of the most blasphemous oaths. The oxen, breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner, in a passion, pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began whipping them again and swearing as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect that he never was heard to utter an oath afterwards.

THE MASTER ARTIST.

Looking up into the heavens at the mid-day splendor of the sun, or when night has unveiled the planetary glories of the universe, and man can but exclaim, "Behold, these are the works of the Master-BUILDER—the infinite fabric of almighty skill—the worthy habitation of omnipotent wisdom and power." Nor less when man looks out upon the magnificence of nature—the populous air, and earth, and sea, clothed about with light and verdure, incense and music—will he exclaim, "Behold! these are the limnings of the Master Artist." What endless variety of form, what matchless combinations of color, what successions of gay and sober beauty feed the eye with wonder and the soul with delight; what sounds fill the ear with melody and the heart with joy; what odors steal upon the senses, bewildering and ravishing the spirit of man!"

When the spring came, like a resurrection morn, bursting the cerements of winter, bringing bud and leaf, and bird-song and seed-time, and balmy air and skies full of tranquil glory—or the summer like a bride garlanded with sunshine and blossom, and treading the earth with a pomp of beauty—or the autumn, like a fruitful mother, sober and queenly, bearing in her lap the earth born children of

the year, gathered from field and forest, and tree and vine, and on her brow the gorgeous, many colored crown of nature's ripeness, how poor to the conscious soul seemed all the power and art of man! What can he create so marvelous and enduring as the least of these manifold works of the Master-Artist? Can he hew a column to match the kingly oak? Can he build a palace or temple grand as the o'erarching woods? Can he make melody like the ocean, or the brooks, or the birds, or the voice of the wind in the pipes? Can he tint his canvass to rival the blushes of May, the smiles of June, and the regal splendors of October? With what pigments can he match the gold and crimson of the autumnal maples, the blood-red sumach, and the scarlet ivy?

Surely, God is the Master-Artist. He alone can mould the perfect form, and lay the matchless color. He alone can "hew the beam and lay the architecture" of temples, peerless and indestructible. In all nature He has set up a standard toward which the proud art of man may strive, but never reach. Vain man, with his idols, and Babels, and atheisms—as though he had wisdom and strength to fashion his own gods, or create the smallest perfect, durable thing. Vain man, wherever he stands aloof from God, and the worshipful study of the Master-Artist's works. And yet, most noble and God-like, when recognizing in nature the presence of his Maker and Master, he reverently aspires, with all his powers, to imitate the perfections of the Master's handiwork.

ANIMALCULES.

Animalcules have been discovered, whose magnitude is such, that a million of them does not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand; and yet each of these creatures is composed of members as curiously organised as those of the largest species; they have life and spontaneous motion, and are endued with sense and instinct. In the liquids in which they live, they are observed to move with astonishing speed and activity; nor are their motions blind and fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice, and directed to an end. They use food and drink, from which they derive nutrition, and are therefore furnished with a digestive ap-

paratus. They have great muscular power, and are furnished with limbs and muscles of strength and flexibility. They are susceptible of the same appetites, and obnoxious to the same passions, the gratification of which is attended with the same results as in our own species. Spallanzani observes, that certain animalcules devour others so voraciously, that they fatten and become indolent and sluggish by over-feeding. After a meal of this kind, if they be confined in distilled water, so as to be deprived of all food, their condition becomes reduced; they regain their spirit and activity, and amuse themselves in the pursuit of the more minute animals which are supplied to them; they swallow these without depriving them of life, for, by the aid of the microscope, the one has been observed moving within the body of the other. These singular appearances are not matters of idle and curious observation. They lead us to inquire what parts are necessary to produce such results. Must we not conclude that these creatures have heart, arteries, veins, muscles, sinews, tendons, nerves, circulating fluids, and all the concomitant apparatus of a living organised body? And if so, how inconceivably minute must those parts be! If a globule of their blood bears the same proportion to their whole bulk as a globule of our blood bears to our magnitude, what powers of calculation can give an adequate notion of its minuteness? These and many other phenomena observed in the immediate productions of nature, or developed by mechanical and chemical processes, prove that the materials of which bodies are formed are susceptible of minuteness which infinitely exceeds the powers of sensible observation, even when those powers have been extended by all the aids of science.

MODIFICATION OF SLEEP.

Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus, an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is by

them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement. Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus, while sound ceases to be so. Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this, so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether, and it did not take place till the mill was set a-going again. For the same reason, the manager of some vast iron-works, who slept close to them amid the incessant din of hammers, forges, and blast-furnaces, would awake if there was any cessation of the noise during the night. To carry the illustration still further, it has been noticed that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which is ringing, may hear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be nevertheless aroused by its sudden cessation. Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound; the noise of the bell was no stimulus; it was its cessation, which, by breaking the monotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

In spite of the poems sung by idealists to a "common humanity" and "brotherhood of the human race," there is really an immense lack of that desirable spirit. It is Burns who pictures November's blasts as less biting than the selfishness and hatreds of kinsmen, and who truly says:

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Though, as affirmed by Holy Writ, "God hath made of one blood" all men, and has declared Himself "no respecter of persons," the practical relationships of men, everywhere, and in all stages of society, show assumptions of difference and superiority almost as endless as the individualities of the race. However the more philosophic and wise may temper their expressions and disguise their feelings, every man's rank and actions are gauged by himself, and judged by those around him, not by the rule of common blood and brotherhood, but according to his relative talent, character and means.

We are all more tolerant and gracious to those we regard as our equals or superiors, than to those who are assumed to rank below us.

Not alone in civilities and courtesies, but in the tender of aid and the award of benefits, is this universal infirmity of our manhood, this fruit of our selfishness and false praise perceptible. Noble and pleasing as the consideration of the virtue may be, we dislike its practice when it bids us abjure extrinsic considerations. The poorest man will step more nimbly to serve the richest, than to help one of his own class; and the stoutest plebeian will leave his fellow in the ditch and hasten to push the chariot of the patrician. Truly it is said, "to him that hath shall be given, and of him that hath not, that which he hath shall be taken away."

What a slough humanity would be lifted from, if the aid we volunteer to those above were extended to those below us; if, instead of helping those who have no need, we helped the really needy! Indeed, there would be little wanting toward a millennium, if we were the brotherhood humanity pleads for and Christianity teaches. Then, however we might exalt and respect the offices and appointments of men, according as they served the common good, we should esteem no man above another save for his superior virtue and goodness, and should give our sympathies and aid where they were most wanted and deserved.

ANCIENT TABLE CUSTOMS.

The ancients set us a good example in the improvement of the time occupied in taking their repasts. There was always something to excite and gratify the higher nature, while the animal man was refreshed with good cheer. Music and the relation of stories were the accomplishments of the feast, whether domestic or special, as early as the time of Homer, of which the tables of Alcinoüs, Menelaüs and Eumæus may be taken as examples. Among the later Greeks the *Skolia*, (short songs adapted to be sung at repasts,) were the product of the same propensity to combine the pleasures of intellect and taste with those of appetite.

Some of these were exquisitely beautiful, and what is more surprising, for the times, they are almost all characterised by a high and pure moral tone. Some

of them clothe in verse a patriotic sentiment or commemorate the name of some illustrious hero or martyr of liberty. Others enounce an ethical sentiment, such as the shortness of life, the vanity of human pursuits, the transitoriness of sensual pleasure, and the like. "The very *Skolia* or drinking catches of the Greeks," says Bishop Hurd, "were seasoned with a moral turn; the sallies of pleasantry, which escaped them in their freest hours, being tempered, for the most part, by some strokes of the national sobriety." "During the course of their entertainments," says Athenæus, "they loved to hear, from some wise and prudent person, an agreeable song; and those songs were held by them most agreeable which contained exhortations to virtue, or other instructions relative to their conduct in life." The sublime ode of Aristotle, "To Virtue," was a *Skolium*, or dinner song.

The Spartans were content to season their frugal repasts of black porridge with concise apothegm and sharp repartee. In fact, the public dining room was one of the most effective places of Spartan education.

The grave Roman had his *reader* (*agnostes*) generally a highly educated and accomplished slave, who had been formed by an expensive training in elocution, to read in a graceful and effective manner. One of these was also present to read and thus suggest subjects at the family repast, of useful and entertaining conversation.

Nepos mentions it as one instance of the combined frugality and elegance of Articus that his *agnostes* were trained in his own family, that they were admirable readers, and that he never dined without having something read at table, that the mind of his guests, as well as their appetites, might be gratified, for he only asked those to dine who were of like tastes with himself.

SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIGO.

At Elbœuf, in Normandy (a seat of the broadcloth manufacture), a newly-devised chemical combination has been discovered, which is said to produce a brilliant blue, less costly than indigo, if not also a faster colour. It has been brought under the cognizance of our Board of Trade, and may possibly affect a large class of interests in India.

DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD.

"Why is our infant sister's eye
No more with gladness bright?
Her brow of dimpled beauty, why
So like the marble white?"
My little ones, ye need no more
To hush the sportive tread,
Or whispering, pass the muffled door—
Your sweetest one is dead.

In vain you'll seek her joyous tone
Of tuneful mirth to hear,
Nor will her suffering, dove-like moan
Again distress your ear.
Lost to a mother's pillowing breast,
The snow-wreath marks her bed,
Her polish'd cheek in earth must rest—
Your sweetest one is dead.

Returning spring, the birds will call
Their happy task to take;
Vales, verdant trees, and streamlets, all
From winter's sleep shall wake,
Again your cherished flowers shall bloom,
Anew their fragrance shed;
But she, the darling, will not come—
Your sweetest one is dead.

BE KIND.

Be kind and gentle in your words
To each of all your friends,
Remembering that a bitter word
Wakes grief that never ends.
A gentle word and loving smile
Will open up a heart
That bitter words would tightly close
And fill with bitter smart.

Your brother's face sometimes grows sad,
His heart fills up with care,
And yet you never think that you
Have placed the sorrow there.
But some unkind look, act or thought,
Of which you know not how,
Has caused his heart to swell with grief,
And wrinkled up his brow.

Your sister's face, the deep impress
Of hidden grief doth wear,
And in your soul you never dream
That you have placed it there.
But if you carefully reflect
On all the scenes of life,
You'll find that hasty, bitter words,
Have caused thee care and strife.

Your mother's face, whose every line
Should be expressive love,
Is sometimes found to wear a look
That grief alone could move.
That look of pain was caused by some
Impatient, thoughtless word,
By which, perhaps, you never thought
Her heart's deep grief was stirred.

Be kind to all, and never let
Your kindness be forgot;
Though others may its worth forget,
Do you forget it not.

And thus, while giving others joy,
Your heart consoled will be
With thoughts that kindness done on earth
Lasts through eternity.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Enigma.—The Letter E.

Charade.—Tar-tan.

Rebus.—Geelong; Liverpool; Asia;
Staines; Glenelg; Ontario; Warsaw.
—GLASGOW.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Mr. B. had two pet goldfinches which were allowed not only to fly about the room, but also through the open window. The winter was beginning to be severe, and the food suitable for small birds consequently scarce, when one day the two goldfinches brought with them a stranger of their own species, who made bold to go into the two cages that were always left open, and regaled itself on the hospitality of its new friend, and then took its departure. He returned again and brought others with him, so that in a few days half-a-dozen of these pretty warblers were enjoying the food bountifully provided for them. The window was now kept up, and then open cages, with plenty of seed, were placed on the table close to it, instead of on the sill, as previously. The birds soon learned to come into the room without fear. The table was by degrees shifted from the window to the centre of the room, and, as the number of birds had continued gradually to increase, there was soon a flock of not less than twenty, visiting the apartment daily, and undisturbed by the presence of the members of the family. As the inclemency of the weather decreased, the number of birds gradually diminished, until at length, when the severe weather had quite passed away, there remained none but the original pair.—"Wood's Illustrated Natural History."

INGENIOUS MODE OF TYING HORSES.—

The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which, I believe, is entirely peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants; and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they

tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on either backwards or forwards, one pulling the one way and the other the other; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then, there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

VARIETIES.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

Fly in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

Disgust and aversion are the unavoidable consequences of the constant pursuit of pleasure.

The three most difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

At a school examination, a youngurchin, being asked why it was so warm in the torrid zone, very promptly replied, "Because it is so hot!"

JUDGE OF A TREE BY ITS FRUITS.—When we see what a man is, we should not ask how he was educated. The fruits of a tree afford a better test of its condition than a statement of the composts used in dressing it.

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress, somewhere out West, "feller-citizens, you are well aware I never went to school in my life but three times, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and t'other night I hadn't any candle."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "can a door speak?"—"Certainly not, my love."—"Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

"Grandma," said an intelligent but cunning child, "do you want some candy?"—"Yes, dear, I should like some."—"Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

"Well, Mr. Tree, if you're about to leave, I shall detain your trunk," exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

Henry IV. of France, passing through a small town, perceived a congregation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration an ass began to bray, on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

Springer says, that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is a plenty of *booz mustin*.