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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1. Halifax, N. S. Tuesday, August 25, 1863.

No. 10.

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HALIFAX, N. S. AUGUST 25, 1863.

GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.

We concluded our last article on this subject with an account of the discovery of gold at Renfrew, and will now proceed with the other districts, requesting our readers to bear in mind that the circumstances relate to the year 1861.

At Oldham in the spring, two men, Edward Horne of Elmsdale, and Samuel Isner of Gay's River, had observed, in their hunting excursions, a large boulder of white quartz in a densely wooded tract, about three miles East from the Truro road. Having heard of the discovery at Tangier, they proceeded with some friends to the spot, and commenced operations by breaking the rock, when they obtained some small sights of gold. But as none of them had seen gold in quartz before, they were doubtful as to whether it was gold that they saw, until sometime after when exhibited to persons of some experience, who pronounced it to be the precious metal. Amos Hough also found gold about the beginning of September, in a brook about a mile and a half South Westerly from the first discovery; and at the same time it was found about a mile East from his diggings, by Edward McDonald and Donald McKenzie, who brought it to the notice of the Government. After an investigation the free claim was awarded to Isner and Horne, and during the succeeding winter leases were applied for in the district.

The Ovens. The first discovery in this district was made by James Dowling, Esq. on the 13th of June, in a vein of quartz, on the promontory called the Bluff, under which the caves called the Ovens are formed. In the following month John Campbell, by making search, discovered gold on the shore among the sand, and from this source the greater part of the gold obtained in this district has been

procured. Quartz mining has not yet been successful here, from the want of efficient crushing and amalgamating machinery.

Waverly. The first discovery of gold in this district, brought to public notice, was made by Alexander Taylor, on the 23d of August, in the West division on the Eastern side of Muddy Pond, on the Waverly farm, the property of the late Charles P. Allen. The specimens obtained during two days search—broken from surface boulders lying about the spot—were sold in Halifax for \$80. From the proximity of this place to the city, many people were immediately upon the ground, and a number of claims were applied for. An association was formed to search on the farm, for which was obtained a privilege, until the 1st of May following; but they were not successful in discovering quartz leads sufficiently auriferous to warrant any extensive arrangements, until *that day*, (1st May,) when the original discoverer exposed a vein of gold-bearing quartz at the place where the first specimens were found. A hundred acres of class number one were leased up to 31st December, but very little work was done in prospecting this division of the district.

Gold was first discovered in the Eastern district, on the high ridge of land on the East side of the main post road leading to Truro, known as Laidlaw's Hill, (immediately opposite and within three quarters of a mile of where the first discovery was made,) by James Skerry on the 14th of September. The attention of the discoverer was first attracted by some loose boulders, which, on being broken, gave sights of gold. The boulders were imbedded in gravel about three feet deep; and on clearing away the gravel there appeared what was at first supposed to be a very thick vein of quartz. A width of about six feet being exposed, and in breaking up the quartz—which at this point was very rich—the peculiar barrel formation, which has since excited so much curiosity, was disclosed.

Lawrencetown. The discovery of gold

in this district was made by William Crooks, in the spring, shortly after the commencement of operations at Tangier. An undue excitement in reference to gold discoveries prevailed at that time, throughout the province, and gave Lawrencetown a prominence that has not been sustained. There are several quartz leads in the district which have proved auriferous, but mining there has not given profitable returns as yet.

Placer washings were tried on the slope of a hill rising one hundred and fifty feet on the West side of the river, where the bed rock is covered with from five to twenty feet of gravel and boulder clay. In several places gold was obtained by washing the surface gravel; and hopes were entertained of richer deposits next the bed rock, but were not realized. In every instance the gravel next the surface was found to contain more gold than that below, disappointing the expectations based upon the results of gold washings in other countries.

The discoveries of 1862 have not yet led to the opening up of any new district, yet the applications for free leases, accompanied by notices of discoveries, are numerous, and prove that gold is extensively diffused over a large portion of the Province.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

As the WEEKLY MISCELLANY is pursued something more than occasionally by parents and teachers, we commend the following judicious remarks, from the London Quarterly Review, to their discriminating attention and regard. They contain an important principle in reference to the education of the young, and one which cannot be too carefully heeded:—

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head and forget there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when he is

only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father shall instil a more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity are laid. When the studies for maturer years are stuffed into the child's head, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man, that the one is confirmed and can bear exertion—the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical and scientific details—in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same experiment on the muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart, to the formation of principles rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than by reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period as is necessary to its health, and the best is oral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, at this period of life, special attention

should be given, both by teachers and by parents, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever either of these are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless sufferings have in innumerable instances been sown into the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law, and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land, "Give us free air and wholesome exercise; leave us to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood."

THE SUNBEAMS WE SCATTER.

(Concluded.)

A group of happy children clustered around the chair of Herbert Villiers on his return, after a few days of necessary absence from the home he loved. The young heir apparent, a brave, dark-eyed, but somewhat haughty-looking boy, stood at his father's right hand; the younger horn, a blue-eyed, yellow-haired darling, adorned with all the elegance a doating mother's taste could devise, had clambered to his knee; two fair girls sat upon cushions at his feet, and all shared in turn the father's caresses, laughed at the droll adventures he recited, and received with unhesitating confidence the wonderful tales which his creative imagination furnished for their amusement. At the other side of the fireplace sat a shrinking, sensitive, timid-looking child, watching the group with eager eyes, but taking no part in their conversation. As one of the merry peals of laughter ended, the elder of the two little sisters turned her head, and observed the subdued, sad look of her quiet brother. It went to her heart to think that any one could feel sorrowful when all around herself seemed so bright and sunny; and with an intuitive insight into the depths of his sensitive nature, she quickly saw what string was out of tune. Going behind her father's chair, she whispered in his ear: "Papa, why do you never talk to Wilfred?" A start, and a flush of the cheek proved that Emily had clearly revealed to the

quick eye of her parent the wrong which he had long but unintentionally done his child. "Wilfred, my boy! why do you not come to share your father's love?" The boy's eye flashed with glad surprise at the unwonted words. As he joined the group, his sister placed him on the cushion which she herself had just left; and while Herbert read in the glowing face of his child what untold wealth of love had been shut up in his heart, he reproached himself severely, and determined that never again should his Wilfred feel the want of a father's smile and blessing. Little Emily's thoughtful consideration and whispered word had proved warm sunbeams; the ice was melted for ever, and the pure waters leaped up and sparkled in their brightness.

* * * *

The sultry air of a summer afternoon had tempted its inmates to throw open the windows of an apartment, where full in view a fair young girl was seated. Her form, slight and flexile as the willow, bent languidly forward; her eye wandered heavily over the beautiful landscape which surrounded her dwelling; the shadow of grief was upon her brow; and as she touched the instrument which stood before her, the notes which she drew from it were low and plaintive. Yet more sad were the words which fell upon my ear as they were breathed by her rich voice:—

"Gay laughing voices pass me by,
And bright and sparkling eyes—
The fair, the young, the beautiful,
In all their glory rise;
But oh! my heart is far too sad
To join in that light throng,
To listen to the voice of mirth,
Or pleasure's reckless song.

"More dear to me the loneliness
Of forest, or of bower,
Than all the gay and festive scenes
Of yonder lordly tower;
Where the full pulse of joy is taught
In every breast to bound,
And the flower-crown'd cup of happiness
From lip to lip goes round.

"Alas! amid the healthful herd
I'm like a stricken deer:
For my parch'd lip no unseal'd fount
Of gladness is there near;
No breeze of heaven with freshness plays
To cool my burning brow;
No bow is seen in that dark cloud
Which stretches o'er me now."

"Blanche! Blanche! sweet friend!" exclaimed a fresh young voice as she

concluded, "this will never do! There is a bow in every cloud, and I am quite sure there is one in yours, if you will but look upward and see it. The sun is sinking in the west, and the evening breeze is springing up; get your bonnet, and come with me for a walk."

Sadly and heavily Blanche closed the instrument, and with the habitual submission of the weaker to the stronger spirit, left the room in order to prepare herself.

"Gather some of those roses, and bring them with you, Blanche," said Edith, as her friend came forward to join her. It was months since her fragile form had bent over those rose-bushes, with whose fragrant clusters she had once delighted to wreath her golden curls; and now, while she mechanically obeyed, a tear dimmed her eye, and she pressed her hand upon her heart as if to keep down its swelling. Edith would not seem to notice this, but with a buoyant footstep passed on, while Blanche, drawing her veil with a trembling hand, followed her.

Wishing to discover by what means the young Edith purposed to shed sunlight upon the spirit of her friend, I quickened my own pace and followed them unobserved. They approached one of the cottages with which the neighbourhood abounds, a low thatched dwelling, and although wearing now a neglected appearance, the verandah, with its climbing roses and woodbine, and the arrangements of the little garden, indicated the presence of a refined spirit and delicate taste. As the young girls entered the open door, a low hectic cough was heard, followed by glad words of welcome. Upon a couch reclined a creature almost as fair as themselves, and in the first dawn of womanhood.

The hand of disease which was upon her had as yet left no disfiguring marks, but had rather given an ethereal appearance to features which Nature had evidently cast in a mould of classic beauty. In obedience to a whisper from Edith, who bore in her hands more substantial gifts, Blanche offered the clustering roses she had gathered. A flush of joy lighted up the invalid's pale face, and she exclaimed:—"Oh! thank you, ma'am. I do love flowers, and it is so long since I have seen any." Her voice sank into a faint murmur of music, as she repeat-

"Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of his sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth: bring him flowers,
fresh flowers."

The countenance of Blanche brightened as she felt the joy of giving happiness to another, but was soon again clouded by a pang of self-reproach while she thought how many sweet roses had budded, and bloomed, and faded around her own pretty home, whose beauty and fragrance, all unheeded as they had been by herself, might have cheered the sick, and gladdened the weary-hearted.

They passed on to another lowly dwelling. From the open door proceeded a moaning sound, accompanied by the sobs of a child, and within the room lay the emaciated form of a woman whose spirit seemed just pluming its wings for its long, last flight. Beside the bed, and concealing his face in its covering, stood a boy of six or seven years old, whose rounded form and rich curls contrasted strangely with the worn features and faded locks of the mother.

"Elsie," whispered the soft voice of Edith, "is all peace?"

"Oh! ma'am," replied the woman, speaking with a strong Scotch accent, "I have but one sorrow—my bairn! my bairn! Who will care for him when I am gone?"

The convulsed sobbing of the boy gave way to an uncontrollable fit of weeping, and Edith exclaimed, "Dear Blanche, I cannot provide for him, but you are rich."

All the slumbering charity of Blanche's gentle nature was awakened by this appeal, and she exclaimed with energy, "Fear nothing for your child; he shall be mine. I will care for, and rear him with all a mother's love."

The parting spirit seemed only to have awaited this assurance, for, as the closing lips murmured, "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," a deeper pallor, yet an expression of pure and holy joy, settled upon the pallid features.

I looked at the face of Blanche. A sacred awe, combined with the light of heaven-born charity, gave it an almost angelic expression, and I thought "Ah! the rich sunbeams which have burst from the bosom of that cloud have brought life and gladness to more than one heart."

Leaving these ministering angels to their work of mercy, I passed on and entered the crowded wards of a hospital. Sorrow and sighing, disease and death, surrounded me on all sides: the burning brow of fever; the staring, ghastly wound: the consumptive's attenuated form and sharpened features. Surgeons and physicians passed from couch to couch, giving such relief as their art afforded; but they could not stay the hand of death, or minister to the mind diseased. As I stood in the doorway gazing upon this painful scene, and thinking of the suffering with which the world is filled, a woman, dressed in the touching garb of a widow entered the room. At a single glance I saw the effect produced by her presence. Many an eye brightened, many a cheek flushed with pleasure at the sight of her sable dress and evidently familiar face, as she passed from the bedside of one patient to that of another, her low tones breathing of love, her wasted hand pointing upward, and her lips telling of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. A sympathy which she had learned in sorrow's school seemed to shed its rich balm into every bosom, and the sunbeams she scattered around her waked into life and joy the hearts where so lately shadows had rested, and cheered the spirits pressed down by a weight of care and sorrow.

* * *

Sunbeams! blessed sunbeams! with your golden light, who would not delight to impart such treasure to the worn and weary? Go, then; a kind look, a tone of sympathy, a word of tenderness, conjugal and filial love, brotherly and sisterly affection, Christian care and guidance, all these are given to lessen the darkness of this world, to alleviate the sorrows of a smitten race. But as the sunbeams come down to us from their glorious source above, even so, in order that our thoughts of love and deeds of mercy may accomplish their blessed purpose, both gentle words and kindly acts must spring from Christian faith, and charity divine.

Musk.—The enduring odour of musk is astonishing. When Justinian rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, in 538, the mortar was mixed with musk, and to this day the atmosphere is charged with the odour.

News of the Week.

It is stated that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor goes to England on the 17th of next month, probably not to return in an official character. The English papers (says the Recorder) make a note of the fact of his Lordship's having resigned the Governorship of this Province.

At a meeting of the Horticultural Association and International Show Society, held at Wolfville, on Tuesday last, in connection with the Provincial Commissioners, it was unanimously resolved, That this Association hold an exhibition in connection with the Provincial Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibitions at Kentville, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th October next. The prize lists will be ready for publication in a few days; the medals received from the Royal Horticultural Society, London, will be competed for. A grand display of fruits, roots, and cereals, may be expected.

The Mission vessel (says the Journal) was launched on Saturday morning last, from Mr. Carmichael's ship-yard at New Glasgow, in the presence of a large number of spectators. She is brigantine rigged, and of an extremely neat model; and has been named the "Day Spring." The Sabbath School children belonging to Pictou, as well as those of New Glasgow, were present on the interesting occasion.

The Chronicle reports that the violent storm of wind and rain, accompanied by loud thunder and vivid lightning, on Saturday night, has caused considerable damage to the fruit growing in the vicinity of the city. Already we hear of disasters to the shipping on the coast.

The annual prize firing for the Militia and Volunteers of this Province will take place in Truro, about the middle of October, or immediately after the drill of the Provincial forces has been completed. We learn that six from every Militia Regiment will be allowed to compete.—*Express*.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—We are informed (says the Chronicle) that a movement has been inaugurated in this city to organize an Historical Society, the object of which will be to collect incidents in the past history of the province, and arrange them in a tangible shape, as a work of reference. Several prominent gentlemen in this city have signified their readiness and willingness to co-operate in the enterprise and lend it their assistance and the support of their influence. Gentlemen throughout the Province desirous of identifying themselves with the Society, will learn further particulars by addressing Mr. Hunter Duvar, secretary of the Provincial Building Society, in this city.

An Excursion to Woodside, is announced by the Catholic Institute, to take place to-morrow. A steamer will leave Power's

wharf at 10 o'clock A. M., at 12, and at 2 o'clock P. M. The 17th Band will be in attendance; arrangements have also been made for the enjoyment of gymnastic exercises, foot races, and other popular amusements.

A grand Concert, according to announcement, took place last night in the Horticultural Gardens. The Chronicle says about 1500 persons were present, and the performance of the united bands was unexceptionable. We learn that it is the intention of the managers to repeat the programme some evening next week.

A Bazaar will be held at Maitland, on Tuesday next, 1st September, in aid of the new Episcopal Church at that place.

At a public meeting, held at the City Council Chamber on Wednesday evening, it was decided that the Regatta will take place on the 9th September next. A resolution was also adopted, recommending a general holiday on that occasion.

The Chronicle reports that the Oak Island Association have re-commenced operations in seeking for treasure supposed to have been buried by Capt. Kidd. Men and machinery are now at work pumping the water from the pits previously sunk, and it is said they are sanguine that before the lapse of one month they will strike the treasure.

It is stated that a large quantity of merchandise to the value of \$10,000, and a box containing \$32,000 in specie, have been recovered from the wreck of the Anglo-Saxon, on St. Paul's Island.

We were shown this afternoon, by Messrs. Northup & Sons, some new potatoes, being the second crop raised this year off the same piece of land by Mr. William Thompson. At 's yet early part of the season, such a remarkable indication of the richness of our soil is worthy of extended notice. Thompson and his potatoes both grew in Wolfville.—*Recorder*.

The new Canadian Parliament met on the 13th inst. at Quebec. In the speech of Viscount Monck, Governor General, reference was made to the Militia law, and the necessity of amendment urged. Attention was also directed to Postal and Telegraphic communication to the Pacific.

Several thousand horses were recently purchased in the neighbourhood of Kingston, Canada, by the agents of the Federal Government, for the use of the Northern army.

Bermuda papers received by the brig. Jabez, report the occurrence of two fires at St. Georges on the 5th inst. The first broke out at Pineo's wharf, in the morning, among some cotton bales. The fire raged six hours before it was subdued, and the loss of property is estimated at about £30,000. The second fire occurred during the night, in the cellar of a dwell-

ing house. From the suspicious conduct of some coloured labourers on the wharf, in the morning, it was apprehended that both fires were caused by incendiariism.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The claims for property destroyed during the late riots in New York amounted to nearly \$500,000. The sum of \$75,000 has been subscribed in aid of the coloured people who had suffered by the ill-treatment of the mob.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers. The Telegrams during the past week announce that the draft proceeded quietly in New York on Wednesday.

The steamer Vanderbilt was passed going into Rio Janeiro on July 14th.

A Confederate despatch from Western Miss. of the 9th says that Gen. Logan attacked the Federals, seven hundred strong near Jackson, taking a large number of prisoners, and two pieces of artillery.

Conscripts from Wilmington report that within a few days 17 large steamers have run the blockade into that port with stores for the Confederate army.

A cavalry expedition from Corinth released 250 conscripts. Another company of conscripts came into Corinth desiring to enter the Federal service.

St. John, Aug. 22.—The Times despatch says confirmation has been received of large desertions from Lee's army.

The report is current that Lee will ere long offer battle to Meade, and should the latter decline, and fall back upon Washington, Lee will invade Maryland, where the secessionists are prepared to assist him.

Aug. 22, P. M.—The Richmond Whig's despatch from Charleston says that operations on the 19th were mostly confined to the continuous bombardment of Fort Sumter from Parrot guns on Morris Island. They proved too much for the fort which only replied at intervals.

The same paper says Federal cavalry from Yazoo City reached Duvat station on the Mississippi R. R. capturing a train. Serious destruction on the Railroad to the Northward is apprehended.

The Confederate Guerrilla Quantrell, with 800 men, crossed Missouri River on the 20th, and destroyed the town of Lawrence, Kansas. The loss is supposed to be upwards of \$2,000,000.

All the Confederate forces in Arkansas are concentrated at Almeda, near Little Rock. Ruby Smith has taken command and is erecting fortifications.

The despatch to yesterday evening's Express, states that Lee's army is believed moving towards Richmond. His movement towards Fredericksburg is regarded as a ruse.

Burnside's army is removing to Knoxville, and Rosecrans to Chattanooga, both in fine spirits.

An officer in Rosecrans' army writes

that the country is swarming with Confederate deserters from Bragg's and Johnson's armies; both of which can no longer be called armies.

Further accounts of the bombardment of Charleston last Monday represent the effect of the navy and siege guns on that place as being terrific. False wall some ten feet thick on Sumter's face, in ruins, and an old wall honey combed with shot.

Fort Wagner has been silenced, and Gregg nearly so. Monitors went near the fort and Com. Rogers of the Catskill (Federal) was instantly killed. No other casualty.

Quantrell's sacking and burning of Lawrence, Kansas, was accompanied with savage and indiscriminate slaughter of unresisting citizens in their own houses. The Mayor, clergymen, and prominent citizens murdered,—about 180 killed and wounded; but majority of them instantly killed. Twenty-five negro recruits were among the victims.

Expedition from LaGrange, Tennessee, reached Granada, Mississippi, on the 17th, driving the Confederates out, and destroying 57 locomotives, 40 cars, Machine shop, &c.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

In England the harvest of the present year promises to be one of the earliest and the most abundant ever known.

We learn from the Dublin Evening Post that for many a year the harvest prospects in Ireland have not been so favourable as they are for the present season. Wheat, oats, barley, potatoes and turnips—all promise abundance. This is the first year since the disastrous famine of 1846 that there have not been rumours about the potato blight.

A high rate of mortality prevailed in London the last week in July. In the four weeks that ended the 25th of July the deaths were successively 1187, 1287, 1364, 1432. In the week that ended Saturday August 1, they rose to 1514, being 239 above the average.

Eighty destitute weavers and their wives sailed from the Clyde last week for Canada. This is the second company sent out by the sub-committee on emigration appointed by the cotton operatives' relief committee in Glasgow.

From the weekly returns of the Central Relief Fund it appears that the number of persons obtaining relief in the distressed districts of Lancashire and Cheshire is gradually decreasing.

Some thousands of persons assembled on Sunday afternoon near Greenwich Park to further the cause of Polish independence. The first resolution expressed a desire that the English committees of the friends of Poland should put themselves in communication with similar committees in France, Sweden, Italy, and other parts of the continent, and pledged the meeting not to desist from agitating

the question of Polish independence until Poland is restored in all her ancient integrity. The second resolution recommended the disuse of the productions of Russia. The tone of the speakers was in favour of war by England and France in behalf of Poland.

From June 18 to July 7, 21 ships sailed from Bombay for Liverpool, with cotton. Their cargoes comprise in all about 100,080 bales.

The condemnation which enlivened public opinion in this country has bestowed on those acrobatic exhibitions which have so frequently proved fatal to tight-rope dancers is participated in in Paris.

The Emperor of the French has convoked all the members of the Privy Council for the 12th of August, and in certain circles vast importance is attached to this unexpected movement.

Mazzini has published an address calling the young men of Italy to arms. The task of the day he declares to be war with Austria, and says they will not go to Rome till Venice has been conquered. This is supplemented by a letter from Garibaldi at Caprera, to the Venetian committee of action, in which he incites the free men of Italy to the emulation of the noble deeds of the Poles.

Hungary is threatened with famine. In half the country the harvest has been ascertained to yield less than the seed, in consequence of the prolonged drought. At the very lowest estimate the loss is valued at 30,000,000 florins.

Now that all doubts upon the unity of purpose of England, France, and Austria with respect to the Polish question have been dissipated, fears arise in various parts of Europe as to the part which Prussia will take in the dispute between those Powers and the Government of St. Petersburg. Hopes were entertained that she might act a useful part as a mediator; but the republication in the *Moniteur* of a correspondence dated Weimar, July 24, explodes such a notion, and holds up the conduct of Prussia to reproach as contrasted with the bold policy which Austria has adopted.

The Prusso-Russian Convention is in constant activity. Prussian troops are being poured up to the Polish frontier line incessantly and on a vast scale, and on the Russian side of the frontier a similar course is adopted, so that the borders are now hermetically sealed. The slightest movement of the insurgents cannot escape detection, and the departure of insurgent recruits from Prussia into Poland, as well as the flight of defeated bands into Prussia, will be henceforward an impossibility. The conduct of Prussia towards the patriotic Poles is described as partaking much of the severity of the Russian policy.

The Prussians on the frontier have been charged by a colonel in the service of the

Polish National Government with attacking him and a body of men who wished peaceably to pass into Poland, and also with murdering in cold blood 13 Poles and one Frenchman who were taken prisoners.

Posen, Aug. 6.—Large bodies of Prussian troops are being concentrated on the Prussian frontier. It is positively asserted here that in a few days all Prussian districts bordering on Poland will be declared in a state of siege, and that immediately after the Prussian troops will enter the kingdom of Poland.

A further indulgence of 18 days has been granted to the Tycoon of Japan for complying with the ultimatum of the British Charge d'Affaires. It is said, however, that native preparations for war go on briskly at Nagasaki.

The Archduke Maximilian of Austria has sent the Pope a copy of a letter transmitted by the Emperor Napoleon, requesting the Archduke to accept the throne of Mexico, if chosen by popular suffrage. The young Austrian has informed the Pope that he is greatly disposed to accept the offer, and that in going to Mexico religious interests will largely occupy his attention. The prospect is said to be satisfactory to his Holiness.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamship Sidon, off Cape Race on Wednesday, brings dates from Queens-town to the 12th inst.

Times says rumor current at Chatham that in consequence of recent menacing news from America, the Government intends sending additional troops to British North America.

Times says it should not be surprised if something arose out of alleged proposition from Jeff. Davis to Napoleon, for offensive and defensive alliance between Mexico and French, and Confederates, which would be quite consistent with late French policy. The world might look with favor on such contingency, but absolute neutrality would be England's policy.

Times looks upon election of Archduke Maximilian in Mexico as an important fact. It will have tendency to union between France and Austria, and to division between France and America. Northerners must be incensed against Napoleon, and Federal power can hardly fail to come into collision with new empire.

Twenty-seven German Princes accepted the Emperor of Austria's invitation to conference at Frankfurt.

Polish question exhibits no new phase, but public opinion points to peace. Engagements continue between insurgents and troops.

It is generally conceded that Maximilian will accept the Mexican Crown.

China telegram announces Japan affairs temporarily settled. American legation was burned.

EXERCISE.

How important to man is bodily exercise! Not only does it keep all our physical organs in vigor and health, but it conduces also the cheerfulness of mind, enabling us to think and reason with greater soundness and facility than is possible during long periods of idleness and sluggish repose. Walking, equestrianism, manual labour and gymnastic games are all desirable for converting debility into strength, and supplanting the sickly palor of disease by the ruddy glow of salubrious pleasure. Walking is always available, and in a walk in cheerful frame of mind, with the eyes open for beauty and the air attuned to natural melody, is no despicable exercise. But as President Hall remarked: "It is rare to find an American, man or woman, who enjoys taking a walk. Our excessive heat in summer and excessive cold in winter gives us a ready excuse for neglecting this exercise. But if we would know what the true enjoyment of life is, we must learn to walk. We have no lark to tempt us, by the exquisite music of his morning hymn, to walk before sunrise, nor nightingale to lure us out in evening rambles; the sweet scented violet, the early primrose and the fragrant thorn are absent from our hedgerows and our lanes. Yet I am slow to believe that our friends of the Old World have any greater attractions out of doors than we."

If men ask for the songs of birds, we have the song sparrow, the American robin, the cat-bird, the brown thrush, and the mocking bird, to fill the morning air with music; the oriole, the vireo, the purple-finch and the bobolink sing all day, and after sunset the ring of the Wilson's thrush, and the long-drawn plaintive sweetness of the wood thrush, mingling with the cheerful song of the beeswing-finch, leave nothing to be desired. If you ask for beauty in the flowers, our woods and our meadows and prairies pour out an unmeasured abundance; if you ask for fragrance, May gives the spicy breath of the arathusa cicea. June festoons the trees with the odorous flower of the wild grape; July fills the air with the perfume of the azalea; August brings the sweet eletra, and the modestly concealed clusters of the apios makes the woods redolent of the memory of the flowering grape. But what can compare with the Ameri-

can forest in October? When every tree is dressed in such glories that it would repay one for an hour's walk to see a single tree; or if a tree declines to put out this holiday array, some wild vine running up its trunk, and, laying hold of its branches, honors its modesty by clothing it in more than regal purple. But a difficulty occurs, which is thus noticed by the gentleman we have mentioned above: "Believe me, the only drawback to the enjoyment of the long walks in America is the difficulty of finding a companion who is willing to walk far enough to reap the full benefit of the recreation." The exhilaration and happiness produced by exercise and a contemplation of the beauties of nature elevate the soul and invigorate the body. Gloom is changed into gaiety, and morbid melancholy is supplanted by merriment. Nay, even the semi-convulsive paroxysms of laughter chase away hypochondriacal ennui, and dispose sufferers from that too common complaint, the "blues," to view men, and matters, and things, *en couleur de rose*.

KITE FLYING.

If ever you go to China, and wait for the ninth day of the ninth moon—which any Chinaman will indicate to you—you will be surprised to see floating in air, above every hill and mountain, and above a good many plains, thousands of little white specks which dance about, and flutter, and rise and fall, like snow-flakes that will not or cannot drop to the earth. These are kites, which hundreds of thousands of Chinamen are flying on that day, in honour of some old custom which is, no doubt, highly respectable.

The ninth day of our ninth moon is not, that I know of, more famous for kite-flying than any other day in the year. But I dare say, if this country was examined, that on that day as well as others, white specks could be detected in the neighbourhood of many a school and many a quiet home, and that a closer inspection would prove that the white specks are kites.

A common kite is, as you know, made of two cross laths, or slender sticks, a bow, and paper. The way to make one is as follows: The straight stick, which is the backbone of the kite, is the first thing to be looked to. It should be straight, without knots or splits, light,

and strong. It should have three notches in it—one about an inch or two from the top, another about a third of the whole length from the top, and a third about the same distance from the bottom, and two holes, one about one-fifth of its length from the top, the other about one-fifth from the bottom. The second piece is a short cross piece about half the length of the backbone, or a trifle more; it should be tightly fastened to the backbone at the middle notch. Then the bender—which is a flexible lath, or half a strong hoop, must be fastened to these—the two ends of the bender being tied to the ends of the cross-piece, while the centre of the bender is made fast to the upper notch of the backbone. The frame of the kite is thus complete. Over the whole, now, a large sheet of paper, or several sheets fastened together, must be pasted. To make all secure, a string must be run from the ends of the cross-piece to the holes in the backbone, and also to the notch where the bender crosses it; this done, a second string must be run through the two holes of the backbone, and knotted; to this, at the point where the kite balances, the string, by which you fly it, must be tied. The next thing to be done is to fasten the wings, which are bundles of paper tightly folded, and not too large, to the ends of the cross-piece; then you tie on the tail. The tail is made of little rolls of paper about four to six inches wide, and tied at intervals of a couple to four inches: it should be six or eight times as long as the backbone of the kite. Now, your kite is complete; and you have only to choose a windy day, jerk it into air, and run off with the string, to see it rise. After it has risen a certain distance, you may stand quite still, keeping the string tightly drawn; it will rise till it seems a mere speck, and, in cloudy days, you may lose sight of it altogether.

Other kites are sold in the toy shops, which are more elaborate, and more convenient to carry. They are made of canvas or linen, and fitted upon cross-sticks, so contrived that they can be folded up and packed in a very small compass. These kites are very ingenious, and less liable to be torn than the common ones.

You know, of course, that it was by means of a kite that Franklin discovered that the lightning we see in stormy weather, and the electricity we make by rubbing sealing-wax or glass against certain

substances, are one and the same thing. He tied an iron key to his kite, flew it near a storm-cloud, and attracted the lightning; whence it was said of him, with more truth than of the old Grecian hero, Prometheus, that he had stolen fire from heaven. The story—which is quite true—shows you how great works may be accomplished by means of play-things, in the hands of thinking men. If you be fond of science, you may yet make discoveries, or at least interesting experiments by fastening registering thermometers, and other scientific instruments, to your kite. It would be curious to notice how and in what degree the air is altered at a distance of half a mile from the earth.

Other amusing uses may be made of the kite. They say that Franklin used to make his kite—which was a very large one—tow him across a stream, by lying down in the water and holding the string. Other men are said to have travelled on land in the same way; using kites of enormous size, and flying them on very windy days. A large kite, on a gusty day, will either break its string, or pull its owner off his legs, if it be not carefully managed. In olden times, a lantern tied to the tail of a kite, which was flown at night, was often used as a signal by smugglers and other persons in danger.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut out by shears, from coils, into the length of the needles to be made. After a batch of such bits of wire have been cut off they are placed in a hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward until they are straight. They are now ready to be ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first on one end and then on the other. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles in an hour. Next comes the punching of the eyes, done by a boy so fast that the eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but they are rough and rusty, and easily bend. The hardening comes next. They are heated

in batches in a furnace, and when red-hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed over the cloth; the cloth is rolled up hard, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a kind of wash-pot to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after a rinsing in clean water and a tossing in sawdust, they become bright and are ready to be sorted and put up for use.

"AN AXE TO GRIND."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM.—When I was a little boy, says Dr. Franklin, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of the "fine little fellow," "O yes," I answered; "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my little fellow," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" Could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest little fellows that I ever saw—will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Ticked at the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud for school or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it is hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the

people, making great profession of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas! deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a body.

ENGLISH GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than half her waking hours in physical amusement, which tend to develop, invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, and rows upon the water, runs, dances, and plays, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttle-cock, and all this without having it pressed forever upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is large, her muscular system is in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her voice healthier. Girls, think of this.

NEW INVENTION OF HOBBY HORSE.—

The rider rests his feet on two cranks in the axle of a pair of wheels and by pressing on these, as a rider does who rises in his stirrups, he revolves the wheels and gives motion to the horse. It is guided very ingeniously, by the reins being attached to a bit or piece of iron in the mouth, connected with rods leading to and directing a single hind-wheel at pleasure—so that the rider guides and uses the reins in the ordinary way. On a level, smooth, hard, surface, any child can use it to great advantage—the exercise being nearly the same as riding a pony.

NEVER HESITATE TO DO RIGHT.—If the most virtuous are those who pretend to have been strongly enticed by their vices before submitting, we could better say that the soldier, who suffered all the agony of terror, and finally fled before the enemy, is more worthy of esteem than the soldier who, without fear and without resistance, remained firm at his post. The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger; the most upright he who does not hesitate to do that which is right.

SUNBEAMS.

The merry golden sunbeams
Are falling everywhere;
They float along the ether
And tremble in the air.
They gild the waving tree-tops
Like golden arrows bright.
While some the boldest venture
To kiss the brow of night.

Upon the restless ocean
They dance in very glee;
And, fearless, seek the caverns
Which lie beneath the sea.
They sparkle in the rain-bow,
And glisten in the dew;
Their varied colour glowing
The same, yet ever new.

They linger for a moment
Upon the brow of care;
Then hide among the tresses
Of childhood's sunny hair.
The weary heart grows lighter,
And yet it knows not why;
For lo! the tiny sunbeam
Has quickly hurried by.

Upon life's checkered pathway
In beauty there they stray;
And through the shadows glancing,
Chase gloom and care away.
The poor man feels their presence
Around his humble door,
And smiles to see them creeping
Across the cottage floor.

These merry little sunbeams
E'en smile where rain-drops fall;
They seek the grated prison,
And flicker on the wall.
Then to the lonely church-yard
They come with voiceless tread,
And gild the moss-grown tablets
Above the peaceful dead.

They frolic 'mid the flowers.
They dance upon the spray,
And in the breaking ripples
Of mountain streams they play.
Yes, 'mid the forest shadows,
Upon the land or sea,
I love these tiny sunbeams,
Wherever they may be.

For, with a gentle presence,
They walk this lower sphere,
And make our earth seem brighter,
Because they linger here.
Then let us learn the lesson,
A blessing to impart;
For deeds of love and kindness
Are sunbeams to the heart.

SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

NEW LIFE-BOATS.—Some harbours

trials were lately made in the Regent's Canal Dock, Linchouse, with two powerful lifeboats, thirty-three feet long, and rowing ten oars, double banked, belonging to the National Life-Boat Institution. They underwent their several trials of self-righting, and self-ejecting the water shipped, in the most satisfactory manner. They are to be stationed respectively at Tenby and Lytham.

A NEW TRACTION ENGINE.—An illustration of the progressive nature of the times has lately been afforded to the inhabitants of Northampton by one of Messrs. Allechin & Son's traction engines steaming through its streets. The engine runs very easily, and can be stopped almost immediately. It is guided by a wheel placed in front of the boiler, the wheel being attached to a chain fixed to the axles, and by this means the engine can be turned from one side of the road to the other as easily as a horse.

CYLINDRICAL ROTARY PRINTING PRESS.—Wilkinson's machine prints 22,000 papers on both sides in an hour, and dispenses with manual labour, it is said, to an extent never before contemplated. Its principle, is simple, consisting merely of the passage of the paper, not cut into sheets, but made in an immense web, between cylinders on which the types are set, while a folding and cutting machine, self-acting, is ready to separate each paper as it is printed from the web, and pass it out of the machine ready for publication. Those who have seen this machine at work in London agree that it is as much superior to Hoe's as Hoe's is to Middleton's.

ECHOING FLOORS.—As houses are now built, floors are apt to be very noisy annoyances. The timbers are so strained up that the floors become resonant like a drum. Now this can be easily remedied at a trifling expense. After laying the under floor, nail down some sawed laths, directly over and across the sleepers. These will show where to lay the upper floor. Now make a mortar of lime and sand, in which the latter ingredient may be in excess. It may be made thin. Pour it on to the floor, and spread it just as thick as the laths, and let it dry before laying the second floor. Nail down the upper floor through the laths, and it will seem to you like walking on a brick pavement.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

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

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 23 letters. My 1, 4, 9, 13, 16, 15, is what a tiger will often do; my 11, 18, 6, 23, 7, 12, 22, is

a national offence; my 2, 19, 10, 6, 7, 8, is what we should all be; my 11, 17, 21, 5, is a piece of canvas; my 20, 3, is an interjection. My whole is a place belonging to the Southern Confederacy. G. 2. I am composed of 12 letters. My 1, 10, 3, 12, 8, is to bury; my 11, 7, 2, 3, is a coin; my 7, 5, 6, 1, 8, 4, is an imperial dominion; my 9, 6, 3, is an adjective. My whole is a prevailing moral evil. (3.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charade.—Washington.

Enigma.—Hope.

Rebus.—CuercaN; Ohio; WatcheT; PeEL; EboLL; RockinghaM.—COWPER; MILTON.

VARIETIES.

How to Prevent Flies from getting at your Bacon in Summer.—Eat it all in the winter.

What is that which you can see, but cannot catch?—A shadow.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners?—Because it is not aloud.

An outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside, "a leaver naturally takes to the water."

A truly grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flower of sulphur and water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces. "It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor. "Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

Why is anything reconsidered accounted "profitable"?—Because it is considered *a-gain*.

There is no objection to broils in a house, so that they only emanate from the kitchen.

Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.