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WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1. Halifax, N. S. Tuesday, September 15, 1863. No. 13.

HALIFAX, N. S. SEPTEMBER 15, 1863.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We regret to learn from our correspondent at Langan, that the papers for that place have not been received for several weeks. As all the papers have been forwarded, we are at a loss to account for this omission; but inquiries will be made in reference to the cause. In the mean time other copies shall be forwarded, in order that the subscribers may not be at the loss of the missing numbers. Detentions of this kind are sometimes unavoidable; agents will therefore oblige by informing us when similar mistakes occur, and we will endeavor to have them promptly rectified.

We would also state here, that although the subscription list is so far encouraging, an additional number of subscribers is still requisite to enable us to carry out several contemplated improvements; and if each of our readers could send to the office of publication, or introduce to the nearest agent, one new subscriber, it would contribute materially towards that object. All the back numbers can be supplied if applied for early.

Those who have not as yet conformed to our terms, will oblige by doing so without further delay—as our preparatory outlay has been considerable, and the publishing expenses, which are weekly incurred, render the required advance indispensable. Small sums that cannot be remitted in paper currency may be sent in postage stamps.

It has been suggested, that if the *Miscellany* was published at a later period of the week, it would be more accommodating to subscribers generally who receive their papers by mail: we have therefore concluded to issue the succeeding numbers on *Thursday*, instead of Tuesday.

COAL.

Coal—or the Black Diamond as it has long been familiarly called,—not only on account of its vast value to the countries in which it is found, but because it actually consists chiefly of the substance which constitutes that brilliant gem the diamond, which is perfectly pure carbon—or, to speak intelligibly to our young friends, charcoal. Coal and the diamond are both of vegetable origin, and when burnt in the open air are entirely consumed: the coal leaving ashes, which are foreign to its constitution, consisting of sand, lime, iron, &c. The diamond is supposed to

have been produced by the slow decomposition of vegetable matter; but it is of coal that we have at present to speak.

Coal is formed from vast forests of an early period of time, the precious relics of a former world—it has altered but little from its original vegetable condition, but all traces of woody fibre have disappeared. It lies in vast beds of variable thickness, overlaying each other, and is generally associated with sands and clays. The most early date to which we can carry back its origin was when it existed amongst the swamps and forests of the primeval earth; in a climate considered by geologists to have been hotter than the tropics of the present day. The trees and plants must have been torn from their native beds by the storms and inundations of a hot and humid climate, and transported into some lake, estuary or sea. There they floated on waters until they sank saturated to the bottom, and being buried in the detritus of other lands, became transferred to a new estate among the members of the Mineral Kingdom. A long interval followed, during which a course of chemical changes and pressure have converted their vegetable elements to their present condition of coal. By the elevating force of submarine fires these beds of coal have been uplifted from beneath the water, to a new position where they are within the reach of and available to the industry and comfort of man.

Many of our readers may suppose that when coal is burnt it is destroyed entirely. Not so—as coal it may be said to be destroyed; but it is merely decomposed. Not an atom of its elements is destroyed, and the apparent destruction is only the commencement of a new succession of changes. The elements are merely set free from imprisonment to return to their native atmosphere, from which they were absorbed to take part in the primeval vegetation, again to contribute to the substance of trees in our existing forests.

The presence of coal in a country is the foundation of increasing riches, population and power. The wealth and strength of Great Britain are clearly attributable to her extensive resources in coal and

iron, which constitute the foundation of her manufactures and commerce. And we have reason to congratulate ourselves that the resources of Nova Scotia are so similar to hers.

The Albion Mines are considered, as yet, to be the most important coal measures. In one section the vertical thickness of a seam of coal is thirty-seven feet and a half; and a pillar or column from this was sent to the International Exhibition in London last year. The Pictou coal ranks high amongst the qualities of bituminous coal. The Sydney coal ranks next in importance, and is said to cover an area of 250 square miles. It is principally used for domestic fires, for which it is well suited.

Other valuable coal fields exist at Langan, east of Sydney: one of which is found to be a superior gas coal.

Next follows the coal field at the Joggins in Cumberland, which is known as the "South Joggins." It abounds in roots of the early vegetables of our earth which are now extinct; and is remarkable for the great number and small thickness of its coal seams. The main seam consists of two beds, 3 feet 6 inches, and 1 foot 6 inches in thickness.

There are mines in the Pictou coal measures where oil coal is found. They yield 63 gallons of oil per ton, and are likely to prove a source of great wealth.

There are other places in Nova Scotia where coal has been found, but in seams too thin to be worth working. These may be the indications of thicker and more valuable seams in their vicinity.

It is not to be supposed that all the valuable coal deposits in our country have as yet been discovered. In all probability there are several that we yet know nothing about. But enough is known to assure us that sufficient coal exists in Nova Scotia, to last, at a very greatly increased rate of demand beyond the present, for many ages to come. One square mile of coal, of 24 feet deep, will yield 23,000,000 tons.

The Halifax Directory.

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

WITHOUT AN OBJECT.

"It is raining again, I declare," said Mary Anne. "Oh, is it not tiresome?"

"Well, I am rather glad of it," said Felicia, "for now I shall be able to do a little more drawing."

There was profound silence for about five minutes, when Miss Polehampton, looking up from her Berlin-work, said, "My dear, has it left off raining?"

"No, aunt; nor does it seem likely to do so."

"Then have you any object in keeping on your things?"

"No, aunt," and yet she still continued to linger.

"There!" said Miss Polehampton, after another pause, "I do believe I shall be able to finish my urn-stand without waiting for any more wool, after all. The half needleful I have left will just do. Stay, where is it?" and she looked about her in perplexity.

"Oh dear, is this it?" said Mary Anne, rather contritely, and holding out half-a-dozen little morsels of wool as she spoke.

"Why, my dear, you have broken it all into bits. What could you be about?"

"Oh, I'd no particular object," and Mary Anne again turned towards the window, more to hide a little awkwardness than to resume her observations of the weather.

"Let me go and get you a skein, aunt," cried Felicia, jumping up from her drawing.

"No, my dear, it rains."

"Not enough to kill a fly; and I never mind a little sprinkling when I've an object."

Off ran the good-natured girl, though she left off in the midst of "a broad wash."

"Dear me, if any one goes, I think it ought to be me," said Mary Anne, lazily.

"Indeed, I think so too," said her aunt, rather nettled, "especially as you are already equipped."

"But, aunt, it really is raining."

"Well, then, you had better tell Felicia she must not go."

"But it is not raining much."

"Then, my dear, you can go yourself."

"Well, then, I will; but I've no umbrella."

"Then you may take mine."

"There goes Felicia!" cried Mary Anne, as her cousin ran past the window. "How quick she is about everything!"

"Felicia knows the value of time," observed Miss Polehampton.

"She might as well have looked in here, and given me the opportunity of going with her," said Mary Anne, rather discontentedly.

"Nay, my dear, you cannot make a grievance of that, when she is gone out in the rain to do *your* errand."

A few minutes afterwards Felicia came in, fresh as a rose.

"Oh, I have had such a nice run!" exclaimed she. "It does not rain now. Will this wool do, aunt?"

"Yes, my love; I thank you very much." "If you had asked me I would have gone with you," said Mary Anne, reproachfully.

"Would you?" said Felicia in surprise. "Come now, then; we can still have a short walk before tea."

"Then, my dears, if you are going," said Miss Polehampton, "I wish you would leave the Athenæum at the vicarage, and thank Mrs. Harford for letting me see it."

"Yes, aunt, that will give us an object," said Felicia, and away they went. A few moments afterwards, Mr. Grantley, the doctor, came to see Miss Polehampton.

"I met your nieces just now," said he; "Miss Felicia grows quite pretty, and looks bright and cheerful; but Miss Lintot is not equally improved. What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing, I believe," said Miss Polehampton, "except that she wants rousing out of her idle, desultory habits. She wastes her time so that it is quite provoking. I can't think what she will be when she grows up, for if she does not get better she will get worse. It was a sad misfortune to her to lose her mother so early! her father spoils her, I am afraid. She is too young to be without guidance; but he will not send her to school, so she reads a little bit out of one book, and then a little bit out of another, does a little bit of work and then a little bit of drawing, but without any energy or perseverance. In fact, she never has an object."

"She will get quite out of my good graces if that is the case," said Mr. Grantley. "Without an object? when there are so many—

'Life is real, life is earnest,
And this world is not its goal.'

And then he left off talking of Mary

Anne Lintot, and began to speak of the distress in the cotton districts. Miss Polehampton said she did not think it was entirely owing to the American War, because she understood that many manufacturers had so much more calico on their hands than they could sell, that they would have been obliged to close their mills at any rate. But however that might be, the distress of the poor, unemployed people remained the same, and they were bearing it so well, that it made every one pity them and eager to help them.

"I remember," said she, "the terrible distress among the working classes of Lancashire in 1839 and the two following years. Trade had gradually been getting worse and worse, while the price of provisions rose higher and higher, so that whole families wasted away with starvation. But what made their sufferings more difficult to bear, was that they did not seem to be sufficiently appreciated by the rich, who accused them of discontent and disaffection. Now, on the contrary, this sad trial may prove a blessing in disguise by drawing the hearts of rich and poor together."

"Ah, it is very sad," said Mr. Grantley, sighing deeply. "But it is very beautiful to see how the poor creatures are helping one another. Did you see that letter, dated August 28th, from the Times correspondent at Blackburn? He found one single street entirely occupied by the people of a mill which had been stopped more than a year ago, and who had now got to the end of their savings. In hardly a single cottage was to be seen more than a couple of chairs and a table, though the walls were still decorated with a few gaily-coloured pictures, as if in mockery of their want."

"I was particularly touched," said Miss Polehampton, "by the account of that good old woman who kept a shop in the 'general line' at the corner of the street, with whom all the street had dealt for fifteen years, and who now let them have things on credit, saying she knew they would pay her as soon as they could. She deserved to have her name written in letters of gold—and yet, no, that would be a poor reward. Her name is in God's book of remembrance we may be sure."

"Such instances of humanity, I am told, are not uncommon there," said Mr. Grantley. "There have been cases in

which a man on full time has given up his loom for a couple of days to a less fortunate friend, to enable him to earn a few shillings. Others have given nightly shelter to those who could no longer pay for lodgings. Such people deserve help, and it is pouring in abundantly. The only fear is people may get tired of helping when the novelty is over, before the distress is ended. But I must not sit gossiping with you over this comfortable fire any longer. How fast the days are drawing in!"

"Ah, don't put me in mind of it," said Miss Polehampton.

When Mr. Grantley had gone, she sat looking into the fire and musing on the Lancashire folk, unconscious how time passed, till suddenly she became aware that it was growing quite dark, and too late for the girls to be out. All at once there was a loud ring at the door bell, and in they came, glowing, and in high spirits.

"Why, where have you been all this time?" said Miss Polehampton.

"Only at the vicarage, aunt," said Mary Anne.

"Oh, and they are all in such a state of bustle and confusion," said Felicia, laughing; "the drawing-room looks like Rag Fair. Old boots and coats, new frocks and petticoats, heaps of pinafores and woollen stockings. They are making up a parcel for the Lancashire operatives——"

"And only think, aunt," interrupted Mary Anne in glee, "I have undertaken to make six pinafores, and Miss Harford has cut them out for me. Is it not almost time to have candles? The gas is lighted in the street, and I long to begin."

"Tea must come first though," interposed Felicia; "and, besides, we have not taken off our things. Let us run up at once, and by the time we come down, I daresay tea will be ready."

Off they went, laughing and talking, and when they returned, the shutters were shut, the red curtains drawn, and the bright candles were lighting up the cheerful tea-table with its hospitable display of bright muffins and crumpits.

The girls were quite hungry enough to do them justice; and in general Mary Anne liked nothing better than her meals, but on the present occasion she really seemed to prefer talking to eating; and all her talking was about the Harfords.

"Dr. Harford is such a nice man," said she. "He told us so many interesting things; and he puts things in such a forcible light that you can't help seeing them as he does. I wonder whether I shall finish my pinafores, Felicia, before you have done your frocks."

"You ought," said Felicia, "because there is so much less work in them. I suppose you know the old rule, 'They that have done first must help the others.'"

"With all my heart," said Mary Anne, "I am so glad, Felicia, I did not buy that portemonnaie, my old one will do very well, and I can lay out the three-and-sixpence in coloured prints. How many yards will it buy?"

"That will depend upon the quality."

Directly the table was cleared the cousins set to work, and Miss Polehampton, not to be behind-hand, produced a most charming collection of remnants. Cutting out, contriving, working, and chattering made the time fly so fast, that Mary Anne was quite surprised when the prayer-bell rang.

"What a pleasant evening this has been!" said she.

"I hope you will have many such pleasant evenings, my love," said her aunt. "You may, if you will observe this simple rule—to let the end of one good action always be the beginning of another."

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other's, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immeasured space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we once cherished and loved. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at eventide to meditate and weep. But among all the charnel houses of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred than all the rest, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy—the guide of our youth—the counsellor of our

riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

NUMERICAL RELATIONS IN NATURE.

Every one has observed that the leaves of some plants stand in pairs opposite each other, on opposite sides of the stem. In other plants the leaves are scattered over the stem; but in these cases, also, we find them arranged in the most regular manner. Commencing with any given leaf, for instance, we shall find the next leaf above this, one-third of the way round the stem: the next, another third; and the next, another third,—so as to stand exactly over the first. The series is therefore arranged in a spiral, which may be designated by the fraction, $1/3$. Taking another plant, we shall find the next leaf above any given one, two-fifths of the distance around the stem. The next will be four-fifths; the next six-fifths; and so on—each leaf moving two-fifths of the circumference further round the stem. Here is a spiral, therefore, which may be expressed by the fraction, $2/5$. In precisely the same way we discover, in other plants, spirals, which may be expressed by the fraction, $3/8$, $5/13$, $8/21$, &c. If, in the case of opposite leaves first mentioned, we consider each leaf as separated from the preceding by one-half the interval around the stem, we shall obtain the series of fractions, $1/2$, $1/3$, $2/5$, $3/8$, $5/13$, $8/21$, &c. It must be kept in mind that these fractions are ascertained by actual observations. But notice the relation which exists between them. Each numerator is equal to the sum of the two preceding numerators, and each denominator to the sum of the two preceding denominators. Knowing this law, we may continue the series to any extent; and it has been so continued, and fractions obtained, to which plants have been found to correspond. Is all this the result of chance? Is it not rather mathematics?—law?—intelligence?

But the most wonderful coincidence is yet to be noticed. Neptune, the remotest planet, revolves round the sun in 60,000 days; Uranus, the next, in 30,000 days—

which is one-half the preceding number; Saturn, the next, in 10,000 days—which is one-third of the period of Uranus; Jupiter revolves in 4,000 days—which is two-fifths of the period of Saturn. And so we go on through the system, and find a law regulating the revolutions of the planets, which is identical with that which determines the arrangement of leaves upon the humble stem of a plant. This wonderful law is so exact and uniform in its application, that, before the discovery of the planet Neptune, the botanist in his garden could have predicted its existence and its place in the heavens, with greater precision than the French astronomer in his observatory. Moreover, an examination of this series of fractions renders it impossible that any planets should exist exterior to Neptune, though more may exist within the orbit of Mercury. Astronomers will therefore please take notice, and not be found planet-hunting in the deserts of space beyond the orbit of Neptune.—*Prof. A. Winchell.*

News of the Week.

The Regatta took place on Wednesday according to announcement; and although the weather was unpleasant, the races were witnessed by a large number of spectators. There were 16 races, in which were engaged—yachts, wherries, flats, whalers, fishing sail boats, gigs, man-of-war launches, merchant ships' jolly boats, and Indian canoes. The Regatta was under the patronage of Vice Admiral Milne, General Doyle, his Worship the Mayor, and Dr. Cogswell.

An address was delivered before the Athenæum Division, on Friday evening, by Thos. M. Brown, Esq. Mr. Brown is favorably spoken of as a lecturer on Temperance; he has visited New Brunswick and the State of Maine, and it is expected the Nova Scotia public will shortly have an opportunity of listening to him.

We learn from the Chronicle that on Wednesday afternoon His Excellency inspected the Volunteer Artillery, under the command of Capt. Tremain. At the close his Excellency was presented with a highly flattering address by Capt. Tremain, on behalf of the officers and men of the company, to which he replied verbally in suitable terms. The address conveyed the thanks of the whole body of Volunteer Artillery to his Excellency for the interest he has always manifested in the Volunteer movement in this Province, and stated that to his efforts and influence is attributable the measure of success that has attended it. His Excellency told the men of the battery that in view of the

efficient and valuable services Capt. Tremain had rendered, he had instructed the Adjutant General to promote him to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

The Digby Acadian reports the potato blight to be making sad havoc in that neighbourhood. Some farmers will not save as much as the seed planted, where they ought to have had three or four hundred bushels.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of the Poor's Asylum held on the 7th inst., the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved—That the thanks of the Board be tendered to Dr. Cogswell, for his generous gift of the Iron Railing around the garden, and also for the interest manifested by him in his desire to promote the improvement and comfort of the inmates of the Poor's Asylum.

The Pictou Standard says the shipment of coal proceeds with unabated briskness. The freights have fallen in consequence of the number of vessels seeking charters.

THERE is a large amount of tonnage at present at Glace Bay, Block House, and Gowrie Mines; and at the Lingan Mines, C. B.

The construction of a Marine Railway has been commenced at Ship Harbor, in the Strait of Canseau. It is to be built by Mr. Crandall.

The Rothsay Blues Volunteer Company fired at Truro, on Thursday last, for a beautiful gold medal presented to the company by Hon. A. G. Archibald. After a spirited contest, the medal was won by Mr. Thos. McKay. He made 19 points, at the 100, 300 and 400 yards ranges.

A Horticultural and Agricultural Exhibition will be held in the Horticultural Society's Gardens on Tuesday, the 13th day of October next, under the patronage of the Government. It will be open to competition from all parts of the Province. The prizes will be from the funds voted by the Legislature for this object. The show will be open for all descriptions of fruit, vegetables and cereals.

A telegram to the Merchants' Reading Room reports that a serious fire occurred at Weymouth on Thursday night. The bridge, Lovitt's new building, containing two stores, and the Acadian printing office, were totally consumed. The goods were saved.

An Inquest was held this morning before Coroner Jennings, on the bodies of two soldiers of the 16th, found on the Western shore of Lawlor's Island on Sunday last. The unfortunate men were stationed at Chobham Camp and have been missing since last May. It appears that they left the city for the camp in company with a Sergeant of the Regiment, and were never heard of until sometime after, when the body of the Sergeant was discovered. It was not known whether they had deserted or not, but the finding

of the bodies has shown that the poor fellows met a watery grave. The verdict was "found drowned on Lawlor's Island."—*Express.*

Thos. Bayard, a colored man, formerly cook of the steamer Ariel, has been committed to take his trial at the Supreme Court on a charge of stealing money letters. The letters were handed to him at Sherbrooke, to give to Capt. McDaniel of the sch. Ariel, who was to have brought them to the city. The evidence is pretty strong against the accused.—*Reporter.*

It has been reported that the Canadian Legislature have made the necessary appropriations for an immediate survey of the Intercolonial Railway.

On the afternoon of Friday last the dwelling house of Mr. Alexr. Fraser, Elmsdale, was destroyed by fire, together with a part of the contents. Mr. Fraser was not at home when the fire broke out.

The French war steamer Guerrier, 60, Admiral Renaud, arrived to-day, from New York.

A man named Tobin, at Charlottetown, P. E. I. has been swindled out of a large sum of money, by a Gipsy and his wife. Ross's Weekly says—"The Gipsies induced Tobin to place in their hands the number of 520 sovereigns, which they to all appearance placed in a box, securely locked thereafter, and the key given to Tobin, promising him that by some locus pocus the money would be doubled in a short time. The box was left in Tobin's charge until the return of the female Gipsy, who was to be absent a fortnight from the Island." The box was subsequently opened, and instead of the bag of gold being inside, a bag of a similar size, filled with lead slugs, was in its place.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Richmond Enquirer says the Southern Government will not recognise captured negroes in the Union service as prisoners of war, and will not consent to exchange them.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Sept. 8.—Burnside occupied Knoxville, with a slight resistance. At Kingston a cavalry force from Rosecrans's army at Chattanooga joined Burnside. A sharp fight had occurred at Loudon, the enemy being routed with considerable loss. The Japanese forts firing on English and American vessels had been destroyed.

Sept. 9. Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle states that Capt. of the Alabama, took command of the Mississippi, a new and formidable craft of 24 guns; and not the Georgia as before stated. The desertions from Bragg since his retreat commenced, is estimated at 10,000. A Charleston despatch of 6th says that batteries Wag-

ner and Gregg were exposed to a terrific bombardment of 32 hours, ending on night of 5th. Federals landed in barges, and assaulted Gregg. No particulars. Excitement in Kansas prevailing since the Lawrence massacre, has subsided, and earnest determination to avenge it taken its place. The people of Kansas are organizing, but will not invade Missouri, if the military will rid the infested counties. Quantrell reported 30 miles from Kansas city, with largely increased force. The Indian territory is now clear of Confederates.—Several Confederate officers, in conference with General Costar, near the Rappahannock gave their opinion that peace was near at hand. A hundred men belonging to both armies bathed together in the Rappahannock.

Sept. 10.—A Charleston telegram of the 6th announces the evacuation of Morris Island on that day. A Cincinnati despatch reports that Crittendon's division of Rosecrans's army has taken possession of Chattanooga, the enemy evacuating and retreating South.

Sept. 11.—Peace movement is progressing rapidly in North Carolina. Gen. Gilmore officially confirms the capture of forts Wagner and Gregg, with 19 pieces of artillery and large supply of ammunition. Burnside's advance took possession of Cumberland Gap. Confederate Gen. Fraser, with 2,000 men and 14 pieces of artillery, surrendered.

Sept. 12.—The headquarters of the Cumberland army is established at Chattanooga. Forey has appointed Miramon commander of the Mexican forces. Representatives of the foreign governments have been notified and requested to recognize the new government.

Sept. 14.—The correspondent of the New York World, writing from Banks' department, says that a movement was on foot, the success of which would produce results of the highest importance.—Fort Moultrie bombarded on the 8th and 9th with great fury, sustaining great injury to parapet and walls, several guns being dismounted and one of the magazines exploded. An expedition in boats was made against Sumter, but only a portion landed, they receiving a severe fire from the works and neighbouring batteries. Their boats were smashed, and 40 or 50 killed or wounded, and as many more captured.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Scotia was intercepted off Cape Race on Saturday, 5th inst.

The ship Anglo Saxon was burnt by the Confederate steamer Florida on the 21st of August. The former had a cargo of coal for New York, and had a channel pilot on board at the time.

The Liverpool Post reports that the Confederate privateer Alabama had gone to Cherbourg for repairs, and that the

Florida was at Brest. This lacks confirmation.

A letter from Frankfort says that the American Consul continues to display the Mexican flag in conjunction with the Stars and Stripes.

The Committee appointed by the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to examine tenders have reported unanimously in favor of Messrs. Glass, Elliot & Co.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News believes that the American protest regarding Mexico would be presented to the French Government in the course of the following week.

It is asserted that the King of the Belgians recommends Prince Maximilian to insist on conditions equivalent to the refusal of the Crown.

The Polish question is unchanged.

The Emperor of Austria intends paying a visit to the Queen of England whilst in Germany.

The American steamer Pembroke has arrived at Shanghai, narrowly escaping capture by two Japanese vessels.

English papers consider the construction of vessels for the Confederates wrong.

The Times, Daily News and Star, condemn the practice and say it is England's interest as well as legal duty to prevent it.

Saint Johns, N. F., Sept. 8.—Steamship "Adriatic," from Galway 2nd, arrived at 11 A. M. to-day.

The Liverpool Mercury professes to have reliable information, that the Vanderbilt was sunk by the Alabama on the 13th, in lat. 47, long. 45.

The Times editorially admits that the question of ships for the Confederates is becoming serious and urgent. No concession can be made to menace. Laws must take their course. It hopes if the rams are really intended for Confederates, that the law may be strong enough to stop them.

It is reported in Paris that Russia will not reply to the three notes, but will give a constitution to Poland.

Paris, 31st.—A decree has been issued for striking a medal commemorative of the Mexican Expedition, to be distributed to all who have taken part in the campaign.

GERMANY.—In Frankfort it is thought that if the Congress of Princes does not prove satisfactory to the German people, resolution may follow.

POLAND.—After burning a Polish village the Russians sent to Siberia all the inhabitants, men, women and children, numbering one thousand, and confiscated their estates for executing a Russian spy caught in the neighborhood of the village.

LATEST VIA GALWAY, 1st.—Polish insurrection still raging. Telegraph advices received of great victory gained at Kanow.

JAPAN, July 4th.—There is reported to be a growing affinity between Tycoon's Government and Foreigners. The Tycoon has chartered a British steamer to carry troops.

The Central Association for the recognition of the Confederate States at Manchester has issued a manifesto, strongly urging recognition and friendly mediation by European powers for the interest of all parties.

The Times in its City Article, says there is no belief in the threat of the Washington Government against France in regard to Mexico. The general belief is that the American protest will be feeble, and unattended by any threat, for the first really offensive threat against Napoleon would be the signal for the deliverance of the Confederates.

The conference of the German Princes continues at Frankfort. The rumors of an important dissent from the Austrian scheme are contradicted. Progress is making towards a common understanding. Prussia holds entirely aloof.

It is stated that Garibaldi's health is perfectly restored.

The Globe's Paris correspondent says it is reported that sundry vessels modeled after the Alabama, were quietly building for the rebels in French ports.

The committee of the Emancipation Society on the 25th ult. memorialized Earl Russell to stop the departure of two steam rams designed for the Confederate service, constructed by the builders of the Alabama, and ready to sail from the Mersey. They allege that one was to sail on or about the 27th of August, and be received by the Florida, which was hovering on the coast for that purpose. They also allege that another iron-clad is approaching completion on the Clyde, and call on the Government to promptly interfere and apply the law with vigor to prevent hostile act against a friend power. The Daily News backs up the memorial by demanding Government interposition.

It was reported that the Conference of German Princes have adopted most important recommendations to Austria.

The Advertiser says correspondence from Germany states that Queen Victoria has addressed a letter to the King of Prussia, urging on him the advisability of a change of policy.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—It is reported that the United States Minister, Mr. Dayton, has received instructions from his Government to protest against French proceedings in Mexico.

[For Latest Intelligence, see page 101.]

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UTILITY OF SMALL BIRDS.

* Birds are the staunch friends of every man that raises fruit, grain or grass. They are the constitutional check put upon depredating insects. Every cherry that a robin eats he pays for at least five hundred times over by countless and nameless injurious insects devoured as a part of his meat diet. Woodpeckers, meadow-larks, bluebirds, blue jays, sparrows, robins, and the whole tribe of thrushes, are valuable friends of the garden and farm. They never boast of their services. They seem quite unconscious of their usefulness. They make no demand upon the farmer, on the score of beauty, song, or service. They perform their disinterested labour of abating the insect plague under all discouragements, and even when requited with abuse and persecution. With these services, they also bring to us an amount of enjoyment in their songs which no man of sensibility can enough appreciate; and which is not a whit less deserving because they sell no tickets for their concert, and pass around no hat after their performance.

And yet one would think that the service and the songs of birds were their vices. The eagerness of boys to kill them, the ruthless destruction of them around towns and cities, principally on the Sabbath days, by boys, apprentices, and grown-up louts, bids far to extirminate small birds in the vicinity of large places, unless laws shall interfere. This evil, like all others, is largely the result of ignorance. If all parents would make humanity to brute beasts, and partiality to birds, a subject of instruction; if all schools would give to boys some intelligent conception of the use of birds; if all newspapers would join in giving line upon line and precept upon precept; if ministers of the gospel would take that sparrow for a text, which our Saviour has immortalized by his words, there would soon exist a public sentiment that would put an end to this barbarism. Reader, can you do nothing for the birds?

A NOISY BREAKFAST PARTY.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd has published an interesting book, called "Brambles and Bay-leaves." In it he tells us something about his pet birds, and as the account is very amusing, and also shows how much may be done with birds by kindness and

patience, we ask our readers to listen to him as he describes a rather noisy breakfast party.

"We are just now ready for breakfast, and we sit at the fire surrounded with cockatoos, macaws, and parrots. All the voices of the animal world salute and deafen us. *Old Poll*, the pet of the parlour, can bark, growl, bleat, purr, or whistle, and in addition, ask for every thing she wants, and for many things she does not want. She can be insolent or polite; and, as a result of our teaching, she is a very expert thief. I could tell a hundred anecdotes about that one patriarchal parrot; how she takes tea from a spoon and beer from a tumbler; how she cracks nuts, and crows like a cock; how she leaves her cage to steal sugar or fruit; how she can recite two complete stanzas of *Johnny Gilpin*, and bandy small talk with anybody. When her noise and impudence ceases, we turn to the cockatoos, of which we have three elegant, docile, loving creatures: one pure white, with a crest that looks like flakes of turbot; another with pale sulphur crest; and a third with white and crimson plumage—strictly a cockatoo parrot, the most loquacious of the whole family, but so gentle in her demeanour that she never was guilty of a single mischief yet. To visitors, the gray and green parrots, of which we have two each, are a perfect bore; they scream and yell and bark, and, if a chance were afforded them, would dig their pickaxe beaks into innocent faces and hands; but these gentle crested favourites are determined to be loved, and at the first sound of a strange voice, up go their crests, down go their heads, with a soft ejaculation of 'Cock-a-too;' and if they do not get their accustomed scratching on the poll, they seem dejected for the day. As for *Betty*, the cockatoo parrot, she says plainly, 'Scratch your *Betty's* poll; *Betty* wants her poll scratched,' and scratched it must be over and over again before *Betty* will turn to her bread and milk, and allow an interval for conversation.

"Then we have a pair of Australian ground parroquets; two splendid macaws that dazzle the eye with their oriental plumes of azure and vermilion; a pair of slender and brilliantly-coloured lorries, that have never yet, and never will, acquire more speech than the utterance of their names; and a pair of Brazilian toucans, with enormous bills, and plumage

more dazzling than the dress of a harlequin.

"You would just think yourself in *Babal*, were you to be spiritually present when we sit down to breakfast surrounded by these, the noisiest members of our happy family. But if you were present in the body also, I would insure complete silence by one clap of the hand, and you should hear a pin drop if you wished it. Then one by one each should go through its performance of imitating a farm-yard, a fiddle, a pair of bagpipes, or a series of incoherent and very comical speeches. *Old Poll* is the only one that would occasionally trouble; and she is so self-willed, that you would have to take your chance whether she would take breakfast with us and talk sensibly, or cough, bark and growl you into a state of stupid deafness. But if all went well, *Polly* would be a polyglot; for she can gabble French, German, and Latin with very tolerable accent, and mix with her classical quotations the more familiar sounds of 'Beer, ho,' 'Ba-ker,' and the words and air of 'Pretty, pretty *Polly Hopkins*.' When *Betty's* turn came, she would in a nasal singing tone, ask you some impertinent questions, such as 'Can you spell *Istactepetzacuxochitl Icohueyo?*' and before you could give her an answer, such is her want of politeness, she would hurry through a whole string of small talk; ask for tea, beer, cakes, nuts, grapes, and finish off with *Quin's* 'incoherent story,' which, with a slight blush, I confess to have spent the occasional leisure of a whole year in teaching her. While this went on, the other birds would get jealous; and to keep peace, we should have to scratch no end of proffered polls, and make a compromise with master *Tommy*, the elder of the green parrots, by the present of a chicken bone for him to pick and chuckle over.

"The exhibition always finishes by feeding the toucans, which are the 'lions' of the collection; we hand them each a choice morsel—a task which you might think dangerous, seeing that their beaks are large enough for the seizure of a fat baby, and you would think it no trifling matter to appease appetites having such formidable representatives. Yet, immense as are the horny appendages with which the toucan takes his daily bread, his mode of eating is decidedly pretty and amusing. The food is taken on the point

of the bill, it is then tossed high in the air, the immense jaws open like a pair of park-gates, and the descending morsel falls straight into the gullet with a 'cluck' that makes one roar with laughter. The conjurer who catches knives and rings might take a lesson from these comical creatures."

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

Frank sat in his little chair by the fire, looking quite thoughtful for such a curly-headed little rogue as he was. "What puzzles your little brain now?" asked his mother. "Why mother," said he, "I have been thinking how it is God gives me bread; it seems to me as if you made it and gave it to me, and every time I say, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' I can't make out how it is, and it troubles me." "Why, Frankie," exclaimed Emma, "what a naughty question. The Bible says so, and that is enough."

Frank looked a little frightened; but his mother gave him a pleasant smile, and said, "I am glad you inquired; I like to explain whatever I can to you. There are many things we cannot understand, and those we must believe because the Bible asserts them. But I think I can show my little doubter how it is that while I make the bread, it also comes from God. What is bread made of, Frank?" "Flour, mamma." "And where does the flour come from?" "I know," said little Susie, who had drawn up to hear what was saying; "it came from Ames' store; I saw his man bring it in a barrel in a great wagon yesterday." "So he did, my dear; and where did Mr. Ames get it?" "From Rochester," answered Frank; "for I saw, Rochester mills, New York, marked on it in real letters." "Yes, but where did the Rochester miller get it?" "He ground it from wheat." "And where did he get the wheat?" "He bought it from some farmer, I suppose," said Emma, the oldest of the group. "Yes, and where did the farmer get it?" "Why, it grew," said little Susie very briskly, at which they all laughed.

"So it did, my child," said their mother, "and now, who will tell me how it grew?" Frank looked a little doubtful, and Emma replied, "Why, some farmer ploughed his field, sowed the seed, and when it was grown and ripened, he cut it with a

sickle, dried, and thrashed it." "Yes," said her mother, "so far all seems to have been done by man; but could man do the whole?" "He couldn't make the ground," said Frank, after a long pause. "No, God made the earth; but will wheat grow in every part of it?" "Yes, I guess it will," said Frank. "No," said Emma, "it won't grow up where Dr. Kane went, it is so cold there." "No, nor under the equator," added her mother, "for there it is too hot. God made the earth, and caused it to move round the sun in such a way that some portions of it should be neither very hot nor very cold, but just right for grain to grow and ripen. He also made the right kind of soil; if the seed had been sown in a bed of soft clay or mud, or in dry sand, or on a rock, it could not have flourished and borne a crop. But the soil being provided, could man do all the rest?" "Yes," said Emma, "he could cultivate and gather it." "Then if God had quite forgotten it from spring to autumn, it would have grown just as well?" "No, it wouldn't," said Frank, "he had to keep the sun shining on it all day long." "Yes," answered Emma, "and he had to send rain, or it would have all withered and died." "Oh yes, so he did," said Frank; "I didn't think of that."

"You see," continued his mother, "that though man does a part, God also does a very large and important part. If he had not made the right kind of soil, and given the right degree of warmth, if he had not shed over the field the beautiful sunlight, the refreshing rain, and the gentle dew, there could never have been one single stalk of wheat. Man alone could never create a foot of ground, a ray of sunlight, or drop of dew; for all these he is dependent on the kindness of our heavenly Father, and without these we could none of us have our daffy bread. Does my little Frank see how it is God gives him bread?"

"Yes, I do; and he made you too, mother, or else you could not do your part in making the bread." "I think," said Emma, "it takes a great many to make our bread. There is the farmer, the miller, the merchant, and the cook; each has a part to do in it: your part, Frankie, seems to be to eat it." "Yes, and to be thankful for it. I am glad I asked you mother, because now I see how it all is, as clear as can be, and when I

say my prayer I shall know what it means." "Yes, always tell me when any thing perplexes you. I like to have you think for yourself, and inquire the meaning of things, and not merely repeat words without connecting any ideas with them."

A LEARNED WITNESS.

Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether this witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation, with the "says I" and "says he;" but the counsel could not comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement. So the court took him in hand. "Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he—" "No, no; he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me. "Look, here, my good fellow! he did not say that he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person! and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

AUSTRALIAN BEESWAX.—Amongst the productions of the colony that are likely to become valuable in future time, we may mention the wax of the native bee. These bees deposit their honey in the hollow portions of trees, of the Eucalypti more especially, and in some parts of the colony, trees that have been the receptacle have yielded three and four hundred-weight. Our attention has been particularly drawn to the subject, by learning that the wax of the honeycomb has been manufactured into candles in this district, with a considerable amount of success. Although not of the virgin-wax colour which characterises the Belmont candles, they are, nevertheless, very excellent in burning.—*Yass Courier*.

CHARITY.

'Tis charity to think with love
Of every poor man's case ;
To feel our hearts with pity move
At sight of misery's face.

To help when need and deep distress
Are o'er our pathway thrown :
Then when the object's worthlessness
May be to us well known.

To give—not where we feel inclined
But where we see the need :
For all who seek will surely find
Some helpless poor to feed.

And yet true hearted charity
Neglecteth not her own :
Or yet remains content to see
The wants of them alone.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Riddle.—That the little finger is not so long as the middle finger.

Enigma.—A Hat.

Rebus.—Seat ; cat ; sea.

Arithmetical Question.—When the cat reaches the top on the last day she descends no more ; then $63 - 7 = 56$ feet to make good ; and $11 - 7 = 4$ feet made good every day ; also $56 \div 4 = 14$ days.

DRAWING-ROOM GAME.

A new drawing-room game has been introduced, which presents some novel and attractive features. It is called Squaring Words, and is described below. The apparatus consists of a few scraps of writing paper and a pencil for each player.

The game should be played with words of three, four, five, or six letters ; more than six will be too difficult. The words should be chosen either by a person who remains independent of the game, or at random, from a vocabulary. The game may be played either for a small pool, to which each player contributes, or for forfeits. If for a pool, a prize may be awarded to the player who first squares the word, and another to the second.

The operation of squaring a word may be best shown by example. It may, however, be described as follows :

WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.—*Example.*—To square the words

CAT DOG TEA PIG RAP
A O E I A
T G A G P

Having written down the word horizontally and perpendicularly, (as above,) you must find other letters to complete the

square, which will also read in words both horizontally and perpendicularly—thus :

CAT DOG TEA PIG RAP
ATE ONE EAT ICE ALE
TEA GET ATE GET PET

Words of three letters are generally very easily squared, and should only be used for the purpose of teaching the game.

WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS are more difficult. *Examples:* To square *Love, Milk, Lamp, Town* :—

LOVE MILK LAMP TOWN
OBEY IDEA AREA OBOE
VETO LEAN MEAT WONT
EYOT KANT PATS NETS

WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS are more difficult still. *Chair* may be squared with the help of *Haddo, Adieu, Ideas,* and *Rosce.*

With SIX LETTERS the difficulty increases progressively. Here, however, we may achieve the apparent impossibility of

Squaring the Circle.

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

The six Words required to perform the feat, may suggest the following cognate reflections : 1. We have the *circle* to square, which is regarded as a mathematical impossibility. 2. A man who attempted an impossibility, and failed miserably. 3. That which the accomplishment of an impossibility would be. 4. That which only the Omnipotent can accomplish. 5. The physical expression of Glory. 6. The mental expression of the same

Sometimes in squaring six letters we may have recourse to two, or even more words, as in the word *Dominio* :—

DOMINO
ONE DAY
MERITS
IDI DIT
NATIVE
OYSTER

Here we have *One day* and *I did it*, for lines. The sequence of *Native* and *Oyster* is curious enough ; though very curious accidents of this kind are not uncommon in the game of SQUARING WORDS

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

The R. M. steamer *Arabia* arrived this morning with English dates to 5th inst.

The harvest is safely secured. In a few districts crops still remain wholly or partially ungathered, but these are the exceptions. In the southern counties the "harvest homes" have commenced ; and in the midland and northern districts nearly all the wheat has been stored. Not only is the quantity abundant, but the quality is excellent.

It is again announced that agents of the Federal Government are actively recruiting in Ireland.

The success which has attended the cultivation of cotton in Italy is of the most gratifying character, and gives promise in future years of profitable investment of capital and an abundant supply of labour for the unemployed Italians.

It is almost impossible to close one's eyes to the indications of a coming struggle in Italy, the results of which will not be confined within the limits of that kingdom, but will be felt more or less the wide world over. An anti-Austrian spirit is spreading through all classes of the people, and a demonstration in favour of united Italy would be popular, but the difficulty is how to carry it out.

The King of Prussia on Monday paid a visit to the Queen of England at Roseman, and the Emperor of Austria paid a similar visit on Thursday.

A meeting of Hungarian notables will shortly assemble at Pesth, under the presidency of the Emperor of Austria, to discuss measures that may bring about the settlement of the Hungarian question.

The Frankfort Congress of German Princes, towards which the eyes of Europe have been turned for the past week, has concluded its sittings, and the kings and petty princes have returned to their respective dominions. Notwithstanding the opposition of some of the minor sovereigns and the absence of Prussia from the Congress, the Emperor of Austria appears delighted at what he terms "the complete fulfilment of his hopes of a direct co-operation on the part of the German Sovereigns."

The French recognition of the Southern Confederacy, it is said, rests with the Emperor, and there are therefore strong probabilities that his decision will be speedily promulgated.

The Assembly of Notables, which declared Mexico an empire and invited the Archduke Maximilian to ascend the throne, has completed its labours by confirming the appointment of a regency to conduct affairs till the new Emperor shall arrive.

By a letter from Vera Cruz it is ascertained that Juarez has been abandoned by all his followers of note, and with an escort of only a few hundred men he is now awaiting at Potosi the hour to leave his country.