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TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Young people are apt to think that it is a "great thing" to be a schoolmaster; that it is a position of power and pleasure, and that it is a gratification to the teacher to impose restraint and inflict punishment upon the scholars. Little indeed do such estimate the real state of matters, or appreciate the irksome and harassing duties of the teacher. How astonished they would be to be told that their teacher would often gladly change places with them! And such we doubt not is often the case. Great responsibilities and hard toilsome duties rest upon the teacher, and none but those who have been engaged in teaching can form an idea of all the trouble he has to encounter. The confinement in the school-room is as oppressive to him as it is to the scholars, and his task there is not to learn lessons, but to teach. Any one so disposed can learn some lesson, but it is very difficult to make another learn a lesson, and this the teacher has to do, not with one, but with many; among whom are frequently found indolent, careless children, who cause an incredible amount of annoyance.

When they are attentive and willing to learn, the teacher's situation becomes pleasant, and his duties agreeable and interesting. He becomes attached to such scholars, and they become attached to him, and all go on delightfully. But when children are idle, careless and disobedient, it is vexatious and discouraging to him, and the infliction of punishment becomes absolutely necessary;—otherwise those who are indolent and obstinate had better be taken from the school and put to some useful work.

We earnestly invite our young friends to consider what we have said. If they find any lesson too difficult they should at once tell their teacher, who will give them

every assistance in explanation. It is very easy for any one to *try* to please. Whenever a disposition is shown to satisfy others, and to make them happy, it is sure to produce a mutual feeling of kindness, that will render both happy. But when people are disobliging, selfish and rude, their conduct begets dislike, and makes both themselves and others discontented.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

People of genius without endurance cannot succeed. Those who start in one kind of business may find it impossible to continue in the same all their days. This may arise from various causes—their health; new fields of enterprise may be opened to them, or new elements of character may be developed; and some may have positive distaste for certain pursuits; success in life demanding a change.

No kind of business is free from vexations. We all know our own troubles, but cannot know what others suffer. Life is not long enough to allow any one to be *really* master of more than one pursuit, and if one is "everything by turns and nothing long," he cannot expect to prosper.

Children with natural abilities, but without instruction, must remain as dunces; and without application to, and endurance in their studies, they will lose the instruction which is essential to their pursuits in life. Without trouble, painstaking or application, nothing of importance can be done. Many who have succeeded in life have been of high resolve and endurance. The famed William Pitt was in early life fond of gaming. He knew that he must at once master the passion, or the passion would master him. He made a firm resolution that he never would play at a game of hazard; and he kept it. His subsequent eminence was the fruit of that power.

William Wilberforce—the celebrated leader of negro emancipation—loved the excitement of games of hazard; but seeing the ruinous consequences of the vice of gaming, he withdrew entirely from the

society of gamblers, and became afterwards highly distinguished.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his first speech in parliament, it was regarded on all hands as a mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a parliamentary career, and enter upon some other field better suited to his ability. "No," said Sheridan—"no; it is in me, and it *shall come out*." It did, and he became one of the most splendid debaters of his time.

So, when it is discovered that young persons possess ability to excel in any particular department of education, or line of business, let them persevere industriously and honestly to cultivate their natural talents; and with judgment and good conduct they cannot fail to succeed,—at least so far as to pass through life respectably. If they feel what is in them, let them resolve that it *shall come out*.—First of all, they must attend to their schooling—otherwise they will be fit for nothing.

WHERE OUR FLOWERS COME FROM.—Our sweet peas we have received from Sicily and Ceylon; pinks, carnations and stocks are natives of Spain, Italy, and the Greek Islands; sweet Williams come from Germany; the pretty saxifrage, or London Pride, from the Alps; and heart's-ease from the wastes of Siberia. The amaranths are chiefly from the East Indies; the anemone grows wild in Germany and Switzerland; the hepatica comes from the mountains of Sweden; the fuchsia is a native of Chili, in South America, where it is a tree. Chrysanthemums and hydrangeas have been introduced from China; the gladiolus was brought from Turkey; the crown imperial comes from the woods of Persia; hyacinths belong to Syria; and dahlias grow wild in the sandy plains of Mexico. The scarlet lychnis is a native of Asia, Greece and Russia; the ranunculus was brought to Europe from the Holy Land by the crusaders.

THE WORK OF WAR.—An American paper states that the Pension-office at Washington has lately recorded the nineteenth thousandth application of wives made widows by this war between the Northern and Southern States.

MY FIRST LESSON.

Abby Punderson—yes, that was the name of my first schoolmistress. She was one of the stiffest, nicest, and most thoroughly prim old ladies that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school-house, in "Shrub Oak," about half a mile at the back of Fall's Hill. I like to be particular in the geography, though I had never opened an atlas in my life when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

I see her now, sitting so very upright in her high-backed chair—solemnly opening the blue paper covers of our primers and calling me by name. I see the sharp pointed scissors lifted from the chair at her side. I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the leather covers of that new spelling-book; yes, I feel myself dropping that bashful little courtesy and blushing under those solemn grey eyes, as she points down the long row of Roman capitals and tells me to read. I remember it all: she had on a brown cotton dress; her hair was parted plainly and done up in a French twist behind; there was a good deal of grey in that black hair, and around her prim mouth any quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet; she was stiff, but not cross, and the little girls loved her in a degree, though she did give them long stitches of hemming, and over-seams to sow.

My first schoolmistress came from some neighbouring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian; but wore the nicest little Methodist bonnet, made of silver-grey satin, without a bow or bit of lace—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, tinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief folded when she went to prayer-meeting.

The school-house stood upon the banks of a small stream which turned a mill just above; it was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could only hear the singing of the waters as they stole by the windows. Some forty feet of meadow lay between the windows and the bank, and a noble pear-tree, full of golden fruit, flung its shadow over the school-house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell pears were cruelly tantalizing as they grew and ripened amid the green leaves! but when they came rushing down from the boughs and fell in the grass directly under us, so plump and mellow, it was really too much for human nature.

But Miss Punderson was strict; she read the golden rule every day, and kneeling at her high-backed chair, prayed diligently night and morning, while we stood mutely around. Indeed her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at the pears when they fell; the idea of touching them never entered our hearts.

But one thing troubled us very much;

just as the fruit grew ripest, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner-basket and cross into the meadow at the back of the school-house, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank, and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the topmost boughs of the tree, and rolled down towards the mill-stream. Dan Haines, who was sitting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling-book "that the mistress would be after that pear about noon time."

Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mistress crossed the bank every noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself—greedy old thing! We began to feel very angry and ill-used; no one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the mill, and lived in the great house with painted gables, just in sight, was the only person who had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

When the recess came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mistress took her dinner-basket, and, getting over the fence, went towards the hemlock bank. Once she stooped, as if to tie her shoe.

"See, see!" whispered Dan, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. "She's making believe to tie her shoe, but she's only picking up a pear! Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!" Dan climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

Dan went before, treading very softly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yellow in the hand he was pushing with considerable hurry and trouble into his pocket, that swelled out enormously after. But Dan looked straightforward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

Dan grew cross at this, and went back in high dudgeon, trying to cover his pocket with one hand. Mary Bell and I would have gone back too, I think, but at that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank.

"Come, come," whispered Mary Bell; "let's see if she has really got it."

We crept forward very softly, and looked over into the stream. It had a dry pebbly shore, broken with a few moss-covered stones, all in deep shadow—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistress singing. Her voice was

soft and clear, and joined in with the murmurs of the stream, solemn and sweet.

She sung her little hymn, and, after casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by the mossy stone, which had been her seat, and began to pray.

The mistress was alone with her God; she had only very simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnestness brought the tears into our eyes.

Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side at prayer. She besought God with such meek earnestness to touch our hearts, and bring us humbly to his feet, kneeling, as she did, for a blessing, or in thankfulness. She told Him, as if he had been her only father, how good and bright and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I crept away from the bank, crying softly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

Dan Haines was sitting in a crook of the fence, eating something very greedily; but we avoided him, and went into the school-house quite heart-broken at our own naughtiness. After a little the mistress came in, looking serene and thoughtful, as if she had been comforted by some good friend.

Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking at me wistfully, over her spelling-book, but we knew that it was wrong to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

At last the classes were all heard. The mistress looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, arose, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell; she was trembling a little; the colour came and went on her face. My heart beat quick, I felt a glow on my cheek, something soft and fervent stirring at my heart. We both rose hand in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt softly down by the mistress. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to God for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us, she poured forth her whole soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs.

I have heard burning prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mistress down to the mill stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that God himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Dan Haines

appeared to have done it. Wicked instruments were often used to work out good. God had answered her prayer and it was enough. She only hoped we would not be ashamed of having knelt by our lonely schoolmistress.

Ashamed! For the first time in our lives we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so long unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were very young and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as if it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labours earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolises; yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follow it up, he may expect to accomplish anything reasonable.

SELF-CONTROL.

A merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing his voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up to him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the

meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and that he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?"—"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful; and I found it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke loud; and I thought if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

PRESENTLY.

Never say you will do *presently* what your reason or your conscience tells you you should do *now*. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in *presently*. Look at Nature. If she never hurries she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their rising or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been pre-determined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonoured. Make *now* your banker. Do not say you will economise *presently*, for *presently* you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement *presently*, for *presently* you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, *presently* is TOO LATE.

ADVANTAGES OF LABOUR.

There is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that if they could live in idleness they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on these occasions to

see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that after two or three days recreation the diligent mechanic or labourer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labour; and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be doing. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

FORGIVENESS.

Amongst all the proverbs, maxims and apothegms, which the poets have furnished, there is none more useful than the familiar line,

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

The context of this conveys such admirable advice, that it deserves equal familiarity, running, as it does, thus:

"For every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join.
To err is human, to forgive divine."

It cannot be too familiarly or strongly impressed upon the minds of our young readers, that there is nothing more beautiful than forgiveness of real injuries. And, as for imaginary ones—the trifles spoken of by the poet—it should require no effort to overlook them in our erring fellow-beings.

IGNORANCE.

There was a time when Ignorance could scarcely be called a vice. In the dark ages, ignorance was a matter of necessity with the great bulk of mankind; and we ought rather to pity the mistaken notions and rude ferocity of manners to which that ignorance gave rise, as inevitable consequences of a cause over which our ancestors had no control, than to ridicule the former, or declaim against the latter. But in the present enlightened state of our country, the meanest among us has no excuse for being ignorant. To the poorest and humblest, means of information and improvement are now accessible which in the earlier and dark ages did not exist, even for the wealthy and noble.

CURE FOR CORNS—For the benefit of those who hobble through the world under the affliction of corns, a Correspondent sends us the following, which is said to be a thorough cure:—"A little white bread soaked in vinegar, applied to the corn night and morning, will remove it in a short time. I have tried it, and four applications cured my corns." We would suggest that the soaked bread be laid on as a poultice, a piece of oilskin being bound on to keep it moist.—*Family Her.*

THE SOCIABLE VISITORS.

Mr. Willis, in his *Home Journal*, has the following charming little story :

I have two very sociable sets of visitors, every morning early, in my study, at the northwest corner of the house; first, two or three little folks in their slippers and nightgowns, who jump out of their beds to follow Laina the cook as she comes through the entry, punctually at half-past five, with the tea-tray for my writing-table and the bread for my presently expected birds; and second, the fifteen or twenty little pensioners, in only their bare feet and feathers, who (when there is snow upon the ground) are certain to be at the outside of the window with the earliest daylight, and whom the children love to see made happy with the crumbs. It is a full hour after the tea tray, of course, before the birds come; but when we have broken up crusts and strewn the feast over the roof of the portico (early, so as not to frighten the youngest of them with the opening of the window), we pass the rest of the time in telling stories before the fire, talking over the dogs and their behavior, and getting ready for the day's lessons and work. So you are introduced to our morning party, if you please—consisting of, say twenty birds on the outer side of the window, and on the inner side, a rosy troop of cheerful little folks, and their *Natural Pencil* by the *Way*, best known to you by the initials of 'N. P. W.'—Now, I looked with some little anxiety for the return of my birds with the first snow-storm this winter. Every day, riding home in the edge of the twilight, I took a good look at the Clove Mountain and Skunnemunk (the parenthesis in our horizon which incloses all promises of storm), and on one evening in particular (I think December 20), my friend Torrey the blacksmith, who hears from the weather by rheumatic telegraph, had sung out as I passed his shop in the village that he "felt a snow storm in his bones." And it came accordingly. Enter Laina with my tea the next morning, and the kind, dark face under the bandanna was quite a contrast to the snow-white hemlock looking in at the windows. Of course we should see the birds! The bread-feast was soon crumbled and spread, and the little nightgowns and I waited patiently for our feathered guests with the daylight. And oh! such a fluttering as there was, with the first gray over the mountains in the east! The dear old birds were there (the same, I knew, by their finding their way to the same tree-hidden window-sill at the coldest corner of the house), and there they were all made happy with the breakfast they expected! And I and my little folks were as happy as they! It is something to be thought of in the woods—something to have birds that would be sorry if we were gone! They would not know—such little ones as these—why the death that might come to

us should stop remembrance of them; and, with every willingness to go hence when my time shall come, I could wish (I trust it is not irreverent to say) that there were hope of still being joyfully remembered at the waking of beloved ones, and of still ministering kindly—watching and crumb-giving from the windows of the spirit-land!

News of the Week.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

All the Gloucester vessels thus far known to be destroyed by the Tacony are insured in the Fishing Insurance Company, of that town. None are covered by war risks, and so every one destroyed is a total loss. The value of these vessels ranges from \$2000 to \$5000. A committee of three Gloucester gentlemen are en route for Washington to lay before the Government a memorial, asking immediate attention, and particularly impressing the need of some protection for the fishing fleets, and asking that two steamers be permitted to cruise—the one between Cape Sable and Canoe, the other in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

A Telegraphic Dispatch of June 30, reports that Gen. Hooper has been superseded by Gen. Meade, as Commander of the army of the Potomac.—20,000 Confederates reported at Carlisle, their advance is within 5 miles of Harrisburg.—Affairs on the Upper Potomac are quiet. Confederates have a small force south of Hagerstown—Federals remain in possession of South Mountain.—Confederate cavalry have made a raid within 8 miles of Washington, seizing a large number of horses.—Siege of Vicksburg progressing vigorously. Rosecranz has commenced a forward movement and defeated Confederates at Liberty Gap.

St. John, July 1—(p. m.) Reported Hooker was removed for ordering the evacuation of Maryland Heights, which order Halleck countermanded.—Confederates reported falling back along the entire line, evacuating York.—Gen. Corish and staff crossed Susquehanna, occupying south bank.—Gen. Meade occupied Hanover and York, cutting the enemy's lines, yesterday morning.—Gen. Grigg attacked Stuart, driving him from Westminster to Hanover, Pa., 18 miles. Generals Kilpatrick and Castor then drove him from Hanover.—Pleasanton is harassing rear of enemy's trains.—Five companies of the 14th New York cavalry reported captured by cavalry raid within 3 miles of Banks' headquarters.

President Juarez and cabinet evacuated Mexico. Church party offered allegiance to Napoleon. Whole French army expected to occupy the Capital on June 8th.

July 2.—A dispatch from Harrisburg

says that a battle took place yesterday,—lasting the whole day, at Hanover Junction between Gen. Pleasanton and the enemy's cavalry—the latter losing 400 men killed, wounded and prisoners, and six pieces of artillery.—The Federal loss is reported to be about 200. Heavy firing was heard all last evening in the direction of Carlisle. It is supposed the enemy attacked the Federal forces between Carlisle and Mechanicsburg.—A large fire was seen in the direction of Carlisle.—It is supposed that Lee's head-quarters is at Dover, York Co. Pa.—A dispatch to the Herald from Carlisle dated yesterday, p. m. says that the last of the enemy left at 9 o'clock in the morning, moving via Baltimore; the whole numbered 12,000.—Johnston's division encamped near Carlisle fled precipitately to Shippensburg.—The Missouri Convention has adopted the Emancipation ordinance to go into effect July 4, 1870.

July 2, (evening.) Immense trains of supplies have been sent by the Confederates from Pennsylvania into Shenandoah Valley for future use.—The attack on Carlisle terminated on Tuesday night at 2 o'clock, the Confederates falling back, but burning barracks, gasworks and some buildings outside the town.—A New York dispatch says the Confederates evacuated Pennsylvania last evening.

July 3 (morning)—The 7th and 11th Corps Army of the Potomac entered Gettysburg on Wednesday last, passing through the town, the Confederate cavalry retiring. In passing out of the West end, the Confederates under Longstreet and Hill advanced rapidly upon Chambersburg turnpike, in line of battle. Gen. Reynolds, of the 1st Corps, pushed forward in double quick time to gain an advantageous position, when a severe fight ensued, the Confederate charges being repulsed. Gen. Reynolds and Brigadier Gen. Paul was killed. The battle closed at 4 o'clock, when 2 more army corps arrived, and Gen. Meade, with concentrated forces, was in the position to renew the battle yesterday morning. The Confederates are reported as having lost heavily in prisoners. The 11th Corps wiped out its Chancellorville disgrace.—General Rosecranz (Federal) occupied Tullahoma on Wednesday, Confederates having fled leaving stone fortifications.

July 3, p. m. Fighting is reported to have been renewed yesterday to the right of Gettysburg, towards Benderville, with fierce energy and larger force, but the result is unknown.—Federals are said to have captured 6000 prisoners, among them Gen. Archer.—Johnston is said to have received reinforcements from Bragg, and to be perfecting arrangements to attack Grant.—Marmaduke, Price and Kirby Smith have got possession of points along the banks of the Mississippi, and probably will attempt to obstruct navigation.—Southern official dispatches

state that Gen. Taylor stormed and carried the Federal position of Berwick's Bay, giving Confederates command of the Mississippi above New Orleans, and cutting off Banks' supplies.

July 3, (evening). The latest news from Vicksburg states that the Confederates attacked Gen. Osterham at Big Black River. A severe battle ensued, and after a long engagement the enemy was repulsed with great slaughter.—The surrender of Vicksburg is announced at the Washington navy yard but the news is doubted.—The battle near Gettysburg is reported to have been renewed yesterday afternoon and a brilliant victory said to have been won. The enemy were repulsed and several thousands taken prisoners.—A special dispatch from Harrisburg says that the impression prevailed there that a great decisive battle was fought yesterday between Gettysburg and Chambersburg. No particulars have been as yet received.—In Wednesday's fight only 10,000 Federals opposed 30,000 of the enemy.—It is rumored that Gen. Dix from Fortress Monroe is closely investing Richmond.—It is believed that Lee will attempt Baltimore or Washington on the retreat from Pennsylvania.

July 4, (morning). The battle near Gettysburg on Thursday, p. m., was most desperate, neither side taking prisoners though the Federals sent some 1600 to the rear.—Longstreet is said to be in command and is reported killed. Gen. Barksdale of Mississippi was killed. Gen. Sickles lost a leg, and a number of Federal officers were wounded.—The battle was renewed again yesterday, a. m. Important despatches were captured from Jefferson Davis and Cooper to Lee, indicating anxiety for Richmond, and declining to send reinforcements from Beauregard.—The Confederates have captured Baeshear city, La., with a 1000 Federals, including 600 convalescents, and twenty pieces of heavy artillery. The Federal outposts have fallen back to Butte Station, 20 miles from New Orleans. The latter city is considered secure.

July 5. A great battle was fought on Friday last near Gettysburg. Gen. Lee (Confederate) attacked Gen. Meade's (Federal) left, and right, and was defeated. After several hours another fierce assault was made, and repulsed with terrible loss. The Confederates retreated under cover of night, leaving dead and wounded on the field. About 8,000 prisoners, twenty battle flags, &c., have been thus far secured.—The Confederates were reported at Cashtown, on Saturday morning.—Important dispatches from President Davis to Gen. Lee captured.—Generals Longstreet and Hill, are reported killed.—Recent storms have swollen the Potomac, rendering fords impassable.—The Confederate pontoon bridges at Williams port had been destroyed.—

A dispatch from Tullahoma announces that Gen. Rosecrans has driven the Confederates entirely from Tennessee.—The new steamer Neptune, of Glasgow from Havana for Mobile, captured; also the steamer Planter of Mobile.

July 6—(p. m.) Gen. Meade reports on morning of 4th, that the enemy had withdrawn from his position occupied for attack the previous day; but it was not known whether it was a manœuvre, a retreat, or for other purposes.—At noon of 4th he reports—We now hold Gettysburg; enemy has abandoned a large number of killed and wounded on the field.

Monday, 6th, he reports enemy retreated under cover of night and heavy rain, in direction of Fairfield and Cashtown—our cavalry in pursuit. I cannot give details of our captures in prisoners and colors—upwards of 20 colors will be turned in by one corps. It is estimated that 50,000 men were put hors du combat—20,000 Federals, and 30,000 Confederates.—Federals said to have captured 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners.—At Vicksburg on the 29th ult., the Confederates sprung a counter mine in Sherman's front, and destroyed head of his approach; Federals have withdrawn to outer side of contested fort, to obtain advantageous position.—Johnson is near Canton, prepared to move forward.—Forey entered the city of Mexico on the 13th June.

LOSSES DURING THE WAR.—The Knoxville (Tenn) Reporter says: Clark's Diary of the War for Separation has the following estimate of killed, wounded and missing, from the commencement of the war to the 1st of January, 1863; Federals—killed 43,874; wounded, 97,027; prisoners, 68,218—total 209,119. Died from diseases and wounds, 250,000. Confederates—killed, 20,893; wounded, 69,615; prisoners, 22,169—total 112,677. Died from diseases and wounds, 136,000.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

St. John, N. F., June 29th.—The City of Baltimore was boarded by fishermen off Cape Race, on the evening of the 26th.

The Times is of opinion, that once delivered from the Mexican war, the Emperor of France will make his powerful voice heard in America, in very different terms from those which he has hitherto asked, nor can we entertain much doubt that his voice if earnestly and decidedly raised will be obeyed. To a great part of the American people, a summons to give up a wasteful profitless war, which has engulfed in its vortex their youth, their wealth, and their liberties, will be eagerly hailed, let it come from what quarter it may.

The International Financial Society have made arrangements for purchasing the property and right of the Hudson Bay

Company, giving three hundred pounds for every hundred pound shares.

LATEST.—Queenstown, 17th.—Palmerston, in a speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet yesterday, said that in all questions of peace or war, whether in west or east, France and England were in perfect accord.

New York, July 1.—The China arrived up at 3 p. m.

A requisition to the Lord Mayor of London was being signed, urging him to call and preside over the meeting to petition Parliament to promote the restoration of peace in America.

Polish affairs were debated in the House of Lords. Stratford de Redcliffe has little faith in diplomatic measures. Earl Russell said notes of the three powers were dispatched to Russia on the 17th.

The probable reply of Russia to the three powers is eagerly canvassed. Some rumors say it will be favourable, others, the reverse. Russia continues her military preparations.

London, June 21.—The ship Dover Castle has arrived from Melbourne with 27,000 ounces of gold.

Mr. Shidel, the Envoy of the Confederate States, has had a very long correspondence with the Emperor of France. The Emperor sent for him and had a private interview with him at breakfast, and did not part with him until the council of Ministers had assembled. This interview has given strength to the rumor that a renewed effort of mediation in American affairs by the Emperor Napoleon is likely to be the result of the fall of Puebla.

[For Latest European News see page 24.]

Arrangements are being made by the Horticultural Society to hold a Flower Show in the Hall of the Gardens during the present month. Exhibitors will be allowed to dispose of their specimens after the exhibition, and cards of merit will be awarded them instead of money prizes.

The annual examination, preparatory to the summer vacation, of Rev. Mr. Wood's Academy, Spring Gardens, came off on Thursday morning. The result (says the Reporter) was eminently gratifying to the parents of the pupils, and afforded most conclusive evidence of the assiduity and ability of the Principal. A variety of games and sports were also performed with great dexterity by the boys.

A Toronto paper says—The home-spun cloth of Nova Scotia is now being extensively introduced into Canada, and costing as it does but from two to four shillings a yard, it is suited to all classes.

On Sunday, the steamer Harriet Pinkney arrived at this port from Bermuda, laden with cotton. Colonel Vallandigham, who was banished from Ohio, came passenger by her and will proceed to Canada.

THE CHILD WITNESS.

In one of our courts, a little girl, nine years of age, was brought forward as a witness against a prisoner, who was on his trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now," said the counsel for the prisoner, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, my lord," said the counsel, addressing the bench, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Attend, my child."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child turned toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in a court before," was the answer.

"Do you know that book?" said the Judge, handing her the Bible open.

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening," she replied.

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of God," she answered.

"Well place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not speak the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"I learned that before I could read," said she.

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to repeat to her the commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was, before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge; you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued; "and were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with various and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies until he deemed himself impregnable; but before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little girl for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was, before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel.

ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

CRICKET.

You will learn more about cricket from one match played in the field, than from the best book that could be written on the subject. Still, I will try to give you some idea of the game.

You must suppose a large level field, as smooth as can be found. Somewhere in the middle of this field, three short sticks (called stumps) are set up close together, and, upon the top of them, in a niche made for the purpose, a cross-stick (called a bail) is laid. This is the wicket. Opposite, at a distance of some twenty-two yards or so, another wicket, exactly like the first, is set up. In front of each wicket, at about four feet distance, is drawn a line in the ground called the popping crease; and, beside each wicket, other lines, called the bowling crease and the return crease, mark the place where the bowler stands.

The players come on, take off coats,

buckle waist-straps tight, make ready for the game. There are eleven on each side. They toss up for innings. The side that wins places two of its men, each with a bat in hand, at the wickets, facing each other; the other nine remain quiet for the present, waiting their turn.

The outs divide their men. One is chosen bowler; he stands between the bowling and return creases. Two stand straight behind the wicket towards which he will bowl, one behind the other; they are called the wicket-keeper and the long-stop. Three others stand behind the wicket, at angles on either side; they are called short-slip, long-slip, and leg. Three more hover round the bowler, edging out into the field; and the two remaining players station themselves far behind the bowler on either side; they are known as long-field off, and long-field on.

When all is ready, the umpire shouts: play! Then away flies the ball at the wicket. If it is bowled straight, and the batsman is wide-awake, he strikes it as hard as he can, as it comes, and away it goes, bobbing, bounding, leaping over the ground. Off start both batsmen toward the opposite wicket. Every time they can reach the popping crease opposite them, before the ball is found and thrown up, counts a run; the side which makes the most runs, wins the game. Meanwhile, the fieldsmen of the outs are after the ball like the wind. If they can catch it in the air, the batsman is out, and the next man of his side takes his place. If they pick it up on the ground, quick as thought, they throw it to the bowler or wicket-keeper; if he gets it while the batsmen are running, he knocks down the wicket with it, and the striker is out. He is out, also, if the bowler can manage to bowl so as to knock down the wicket; and though this may seem to you no easy matter, when the batsman has his great bat full in the way, it can be done very quickly if the batsman is slow or unskillful. And he may put himself out by knocking down his wicket or the bail with his bat, or his leg, or even his hat.

He need not strike the ball hard unless he like. If it does not come as he would have it, he may simply stop it, and not run at all. The most difficult thing in cricket is, to know when to stop a ball and when to strike it.

After four balls have been bowled to the same batsman, it is usual for the bowler to change sides and bowl to the opposite wicket. But there is no legal enactment on the subject; and you may make any rule you please as to the number of balls. The rule is, that the bowler must bowl to each man (or his partner, if they have changed sides) until he is put out in one of the ways I have described; the other players, on the side of the innings then take his place successively, until all eleven have been put out.

Then the outs get the innings, and the

ins go out. The latter divide their men as the outs did, and one of them bowls until the new eleven are put out in their turn. A match is commonly four innings. When the fourth is ended the scorers count up the runs that have been made, and the side which made most is adjudged to have won.

There are other rules besides these; but they vary according to custom, and you will learn them best on the field. The best rule of all, however, is to keep your temper. Bats and balls are harder than boys' heads; and, with the best intentions, they will sometimes hit you in a very unpleasant manner. A long time ago, it used to be the fashion for the boy hit, to fly into a rage and fall foul of the batsman, or the player who threw the ball; but this plan was given up by all sensible people some years before you were born. The best fashion, now, is to laugh and say some pleasant thing about the uncommon hardness of that bat or that ball.

BEEES.

We know of nothing more interesting than the ways of these truly wonderful little creatures. At first sight there seems to be nothing but a confused insect mob, buzzing about in a continual hubbub or running over each other pell-mell, like a crowd of children playing at rough-and-tumble. But a little careful looking shows that they are going to and from the hive in the most orderly manner, and that the idlers hanging on the outside of the hive all know their places as well as you know your seat in the school-room.

By closely examining a colony of these insects, you might find that each hive contains three sorts of bees. First in numbers and importance are the *workers*. These are smallest in size, and most active in their habits. It is their business to build the comb, fill it with honey, remove all offensive substances from the hive, take care of the young, defend the stores, and, in short, do all of the work. There are usually several thousands of them in a swarm.

Next to the workers are the *drones*. They are of larger size and have no stings. You can handle them as safely as you would a fly, but don't think of catching one of them when you see bees buzzing about flowers. You would find only workers there, each armed with his poisoned dagger, ready to fight in self-defence with any foe, however great in size. The *drones* stay at home in the hive, feeding upon the honey stored by the workers, or in fine weather they fly out on pleasure excursions. They are the male part of the swarm. The workers are without sex, and are therefore called *neuters*. The *drones*, however, have to pay dearly for their life of ease. Late in the summer, when the swarming season is over and the hive is well filled, the workers attack the *drones* with their

stings, and either quickly kill them, or drive them from the hive, to die of hunger or be caught by birds, or destroyed by inclement weather. Thus there is every year a sort of French Revolution on a small scale in the bee-hive, when the working classes overwhelm the aristocracy.

The *queen* bee is the only female in the hive. She is larger than either workers or drones. Her form is also more elegant, being longer and more tapering. Several queens are usually produced in a hive every year, but only one is allowed to remain alive. One or two usually lead off part of the swarm to set up new colonies in another location, and the others are stung to death by the queen who remains. She is cared for with great pains by the workers, who almost seem to reverence her. They surround her wherever she goes, and show her the most respectful attention. If in any way her royal person is soiled, her faithful attendants lick her carefully to remove the offending substance. They always stand with their heads toward her as she moves among them, seeming to understand good manners as well as human courtiers. If she leaves the hive, which rarely occurs, the whole swarm is in great commotion. They set up a loud buzz, and run hither and thither in the utmost confusion. If she returns, they manifest the liveliest joy, by a peculiar buzz, and all is soon quiet again.

We can hardly believe that bees really have sentiments of veneration, or that they can feel loyalty for their queen; yet it is certain that they take the utmost care to preserve her from injury, and to supply all her wants. Though they may not reason about the matter, they are certainly wise in this care of their queen, for she is the only female in the hive, and but for her, a colony must soon dwindle away and die out. She lays many thousand eggs during a single season, which are carefully deposited in the bottom of the cells of the honey-comb, one egg being placed in each. If you should carefully examine the comb from a hive, you would find cells in it of three different sizes. These are made so by the bees to fit the bodies of the workers, drones, and queens that are to be reared in them. If a drone egg were left in a worker cell, the baby bee would grow deformed for want of room for his body to expand: but it is a wonderful fact that the queen makes no mistakes. She places each egg in a cell that will accommodate the bee until he is full grown.

When first hatched, the bee is only a small, white maggot, curled up in the bottom of the cell. The workers feed these little worms very carefully, and they grow so fast that in a few days they are full grown as worms. Then they stop eating, and undergo a change from worms to winged insects, and are soon buzzing about with their companions.

In healthy colonies the hive becomes

so crowded with young bees during May and June, that they are in each other's way, and preparations are made for part of them to change their quarters. We cannot tell how they talk over the matter, and decide which of them shall emigrate and which remain at the old homestead, but in some way everything appears to be fully understood. It is said by some observers, that a few days previous to the issuing of a swarm, scouts or pioneers are sent out to look for a convenient place for the new colony to occupy; this seems somewhat doubtful, however, as we know that the bees usually cluster on some tree near their old hive, where they will remain hanging for hours unless removed to a new hive.

The time of bee-swarming is quite exciting at the farm-house as well as in the hive. The bees come rushing forth with a very loud and peculiar hum, like a regiment shouting for a charge, or a school of children let out to play. They circle round their queen, and carefully follow her motions. The bee-keeper, who is usually on the lookout for them, watches to see where they will settle. Sometimes they fly away in a "bee-line," swift as an arrow, to the woods, and take possession of a hollow tree: but they always instantly alight wherever their queen may stop. It has sometimes occurred that the queen has alighted on the head of a man, and the whole swarm have at once clustered about him. It is the custom at some farm-houses when the bees swarm, to make a great din by beating tin pans, &c. supposing that this will make them settle; but many experienced bee-keepers say that this is of no use. A more certain method of causing them to alight is to throw sand among them, or, if possible, sprinkle them with water. If, when they first issue from the hive, the queen bee can be secured, the swarm will be sure to remain with her.

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.—

At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavoured to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men, lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

I rise from balmy sweet repose,
To hail the glorious dawn;
To view bright nature's various flowers,
Which deck the verdant lawn.

I love to see the light begin,
And watch each spreading ray;
To see the progress of the sun,
Illuminate the day.

How nobly grand, how beautiful,
Is yonder soft blue sky;
On which I gaze with holy thoughts,
And many a heartfelt sigh.

To me, in nature's loveliness,
A sweet delight is given;
For that which yields true bliss on earth,
Prepares the soul for heaven.

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 sixteen letters. My 2, 5, 12, 11, 15—15, 14, 15, 10, 16 will give you the name of a Cornwallis schooner. My 1, 3, 9, 13, 11, 6 is the name of an eminent divine. My 7, 8, 5, 4 is indispensable in raising children.—My whole is yet quite young; but has travelled over the greater part of the province, and found friends everywhere. I.
- 2.—My first is either bad or good,
May please or may offend you;
My second, in a thirsty mood,
May very much befriend you.
My whole, though term'd a cruel word,
May yet appear a kind one;
It often may with joy be heard,
With tears may often blind one.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charade—Canning. Enigma—Glass.

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

The R. M. Steamship *Asia* arrived at an early hour this morning, with English papers to the 27th ult.; from which we have compiled the following summary:—

GREAT BRITAIN.

Since Mr. Roebuck expressed his intention to move in the House of Commons a resolution to the effect that it is the duty of her Majesty's Government to recognise without delay the independence of the Confederate States, the friends of the South in England have been actively engaged in evoking expressions of public opinion in favour of the resolutions. Several public meetings have been held, and taking courage by the result of the ap-

peal in the provinces, they are about to submit the question to a metropolitan audience.

The reports from the agricultural districts remain unmixed with apprehensions, and there is no doubt that the ensuing harvest will be one of the best that has been experienced for many years. Wheat is already in full ear, and vegetation generally well advanced.

FOREIGN.

The King of the Belgians, to whom war referred for arbitration the dispute between this country and Brazil, has given his decision, which is believed to be more favourable to Brazil than to England.

Garibaldi is expected in France early in the ensuing month. By the advice of his physician he is about to take the waters of *Neris-les-Bains*, in the department of Allier, where lodgings have been engaged for him.

The offer of the French Emperor to unite with England in negotiations with America and in a recognition of the South has again brought the question of the American war into prominent public notice.

The propositions of the three allied powers upon the Polish question, which were forwarded to St. Petersburg on Friday, arrived there on the 23rd, and were to be remitted to Prince Gortschakoff on the 25th inst. They are nearly identical in form and pretty well agree in substance, the only portion in dispute being those paragraphs in the propositions having reference to an armistice, to which Austria demurred.

The Constitutional publishes an article on the part England should take if the propositions be rejected, and in conclusion says—"We are convinced that England will dispel all equivocation. Her honour and the interests of Europe and humanity demand it."

The part which England will take in the settlement of the Polish question, and the present position which she occupies in Europe, are subjects now creating some considerable amount of uneasiness. The Times declaims against a continuance of the present policy as dangerous, and as leading to difficulties from which England could not extricate herself with credit. The country is declared to be drifting into a state which will lead to war if it advances, and to loss of character if it retreats.

The National Government of Poland, it is said, will accept of a suspension of hostilities, if extended over the whole theatre of the insurrection; it will agree to a congress, if Poland has a representative; but as for the result, the Government and the nation will accept nothing short of the complete independence of the kingdom.

Further encounters have taken place on

the Russian frontier; and the Poles have penetrated as far as Klodawa.

Battles have also taken place at Blizin and Bobrze, where the Imperialists were completely routed, with loss of 260 killed and wounded. The Poles lost 60 men.

In the neighbourhood of Warsaw several skirmishes have taken place, and from time to time the insurgents surround the city and tear down the imperial colours. The telegraph wires are destroyed, and all communication with the town by that means is suspended. Executions continue daily, some of the victims being persons of standing and influence; the prisons are crowded, notwithstanding the drafts sent to Siberia, and the flower of the peasantry are compelled to join the Russian army.

A new insurrectionary movement close to the Austrian frontier has been apprehended; fresh bands of insurgents are being continually organised and reinforcements sent in exceeding the losses by capture and death.

Warlike rumors arising out of the Polish question are again prevalent in Paris. Several Russian papers fully anticipate war with France.

A letter from St. Petersburg says that the constant arrival of troops from the east, the crowded state of the military depots, and the daily departure of detachments for the west and the provinces of the Baltic, indicate that the Russian Government is preparing for some greater emergency than the suppression of the Polish insurrection.

The commotion which has for some time existed in the minds of the people of Prussia exhibits no symptoms of subsidence. The Cabinet has been called together nearly every day, and the unusual length of its sittings and the silence of the Prussian press upon internal affairs are looked upon as indications of a coming storm.

The Emperor of the French has had an interview with several practical men upon the subject of working the Mexican mines, which, it is asserted, under proper management, would produce wealth enough to pay off the national debt of France; but what course he will adopt with respect thereto has not yet been determined upon.

A statement has gone abroad that the Emperor of France intends taking possession of Lower California and Sonora, as an indemnity for the cost of the Mexican expedition, and in order that France may have her auriferous regions in common with England and other parts of the world.

The High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, Sir Henry Storks, has issued a proclamation announcing the annexation of the Ionian Isles to Greece, as proposed by England.