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# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

Devoted to the Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Young.

Vol. 1.

Halifax, N. S. Tuesday, July 28, 1863.

No. 6.

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HALIFAX, N. S. JULY 28, 1863.

## SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD.

Who would have thought a few years ago, most people will say, that Nova Scotia was a gold-bearing country? Yet some *did* think that gold existed in it, but had no idea that it did to the extent which it now proves to do.

We have always thought that the French (who for a long period disputed the occupancy of this Province with the British) had a clearer idea of the mineral wealth of Nova Scotia than the British settlers were enabled to form. The French being in league with the Indians—who consequently were for a long time enemies to the British—had many facilities for exploring the country which our forefathers had not. And we believe that the French names of certain places in which the word “gold” is introduced, indicate the discovery of some specimens or sights of gold in their localities. Thus Cape d’Or *the golden cape*, and Bras d’Or *the golden arms*. And we would venture to suggest that our name of Jeddore may be a corruption of the French words Jet d’Or—a jet or bit of gold. Let it be remarked too that Jeddore lays directly in the line of the gold-bearing quartz veins, and that gold was discovered there last year—although we have not heard of the mining being prosecuted.

Gold is found only in the metallic state, but frequently alloyed with other metals—chiefly silver and copper; and to those alloys the differences in color are due. It is found in the crystalline primitive rocks—such as the quartz—and in some others of the oldest formations. Also in alluvial soil, and in the sands of many rivers.

In the rocks it never occurs in such quantities as to constitute veins by itself. The ores accompanying the gold in the veins of quartz, calc-spar or sulphate of

baryta, are chiefly iron, copper, arsenical pyrites, (called mispickel), galena and blende. It is sometimes disseminated in the rock, as it were in strong masses; sometimes in threads of various sizes twisted and interlaced, spread out in thin plats or grains, on the surface, or implanted in the cavities in the shape of filaments or twigs.

In alluvial soils gold is found disseminated in spangles or rounded grains, and in the sands of rivers of the same appearance or character—but always in very limited spaces. It comes from the grounds washed by those rivers as they glide along; and the soil of these grounds is mostly of a silicious, argillaceous and ferruginous description, and of a black or reddish color.

Spain anciently possessed gold mines, but the richness of the American mines caused them to be neglected. The only gold mines of importance now in Europe are in Hungary and Transylvania. They produce about 1430 pounds avoird. annually. In a future No. we shall notice the gold of Asia, Africa, California and Australia.

As some words are used in the foregoing article which may not be familiar to all our readers, we subjoin the following explanations:

**CRYSTALLINE**, like crystal, or in shape of crystals.

**ALLUVIAL**, earth, sand, gravel, &c., which has been transported by rivers or floods.

**GALENA**, an ore of lead.

**BLENDÉ**, an ore of zinc—called by miners Black Jack.

**ARGILLACEOUS**, soil containing clays.

**FERRUGINOUS**, containing iron, of a rusty iron color.

**SILICIOUS**, containing sand.

## GOOD BREEDING.

In entering on this oft-discussed subject we would premise that in its consideration good breeding should not be confounded with etiquette; the one is the pure metal; the other but the plating. Good breeding is lasting and permanent; etiquette, varying and dependent upon

ashion and circumstance. With the latter it is not our present intention to take up the reader's time. It is undoubtedly often the pleasing satellite of good breeding; but good breeding may exist without much knowledge of etiquette, and etiquette also frequently pursues its own independent line of action. Good breeding is not confined to rank; it is to be found in the poorest habitation as well as in the palace of the sovereign, while etiquette is but the offspring of an artificial state of society.

Perfect good breeding requires the union of many qualities of the mind and heart. It is not a mere code of customs and manners; it is not merely the ease and polish which constant intercourse with good society is generally supposed to give; nor is it a mere outward and artificial dress to be worn in public; but it is the inward, natural, and unvarying tone and temper of the mind, and is consequently free from effort, from constraint, and, not less so, from any danger of being forgotten or thrown off in some unguarded moment or sudden emergency.

Nothing is, alas, more common, nor is anything more fatal to ease of demeanor, and a graceful freedom from either constraint or embarrassment in society, than the assumption of what can only be termed “company manners,” which are put on and off like the ball-room dress, and which are too often considered quite unnecessary for home and the family circle. Why should not good sense and good feeling rather revolt at the carelessness, the disregard of the feelings and comfort, the abruptness of tone, the non-observance of the thousand pleasing little kindly courtesies, which are but too often to be met with in the domestic circle, yet all of which are suddenly called into life by the presence of some stranger, to whom they cannot be of the hundredth part of the importance which they are to those with whom these transgressors of the first laws of good breeding daily and hourly live? Those, on the contrary, who constantly strive to observe those simple rules, are not in danger of forgetting on any occasion what is habitual to them at all times, nor do they run the risk of wearing with constraint and awkwardness the graceful garb which is their every-day dress.—*Family Herald*.

He who does a good action is proportionally ennobled.

He who is guilty of a mean action is contaminated and degraded.

## THE COOK'S BOY.

Our ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sam's naval architecture. After the hammocks had been "piped down," a knot of old ocean's hardy sons collected beneath the topgallant forecastle, which place was their regular "forum." Old Ben Miller, our second Boatswain's mate, had been quite thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the occasion of it, he said—

"It is now fifteen years ago that I was a foremast hand on board the old ship 'Hunter.' She was from New York and bound to India. A man by the name of Adam Warren, who was one of the owners, had taken passage, and with him were his wife and daughter. The latter was one of the sweetest, prettiest little creatures I ever saw, only about twelve years old, and as blithe as a lark. They called her Judith. O, it would really have done your souls good to have seen her skipping about the deck!—now hiding in a coil of rigging; now pulling at some rope, and then clapping her little dimpled hands as she repeated the orders of the captain. Her merry laugh rang through the ship like the notes of our own native robin, and the sun seemed to be envying her brightness. Her father was one of your business men—a right down dollar hunter, who didn't seem to care for much else than the purchase and sale of his cargo; and as long as his child was well and happy, he seemed to take but little notice of her; though, I must say, he was a kind-hearted man when you could bring it out. Judith's mother was a proud, overbearing woman, who seemed to think there was nobody of any consequence only herself.

"We had a boy on board named Luke Winship, only fourteen years old, who had been put in the galley to help the cook. He was a noble little fellow, though we hadn't then exactly found it out.

"One evening after we had entered the southern tropics, Luke was sitting upon a spar that was lashed against the galley, and Judith Warren came along and sat down by his side.

"What makes you look so sober, Luke?" she asked, in a silvery tone of real kindness.

"I was thinking, Miss Judith," returned the cook's boy, and as he spoke he gazed into the face of the girl as though she was one whom he could almost worship.

"Don't call me miss. I don't like it, Luke. But tell me what you were thinking about. If I ever have troubles it always does me good to tell them to somebody. Now tell me yours."

"It couldn't interest you, Judith, to hear the story of a poor boy like me."

"O, yes it could!" the little girl cried, clapping her hands together with much earnestness. "You were thinking of your father and mother."

"Alas! I have none."

"No parents?"

"No!"

"Then you were thinking of your brothers and sisters?"

"I have no relations on earth, Judith!" As Luke said this he drew his greasy sleeves across his eye to wipe away the drops that were springing forth.

"The little girl gazed into Luke's face with a look of pity and sorrow, that seemed to make her tender heart bleed.

"Tell me your story. Come, do," she said, and she laid her hand so affectionately upon the boy's arm, and looked so kindly at him, that he began to weep again.

"It is but a short story—a few words will tell it all," Luke returned, as he struggled like a giant to keep back his emotions. "My mother died when I was only four years old, and before my father had taken the mourning weed from his hat, he, too, was laid in the cold grave. They were both of them kind parents, and after my father was buried, I sat upon his grave all night long and cried. O, Judith, you don't know what it is to lose a father or a mother! but to lose them both! Yes, you know something how you would feel. In the morning they came and took me away from the little church-yard, and a man who lived near the cottage my father had hired, gave me some breakfast. My parents were very poor, and after the funeral expenses were paid, there was not a cent left. I knew of no relations; I knew not that I had one, and I was sent to the almshouse! There I staid until I was nine year old, and during that time I suffered more than words can ever tell. It wasn't bodily suffering, for I had enough to eat and drink, and clothes enough to wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year, but I wasn't like the other school-boys, I was a poorhouse child, and they shunned me. If they had done no more than this I should have been content, but they taunted me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage. If they had known what pain their words gave me, I don't believe they would have spoken them; but they knew not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelty of their sneers."

"Poor Luke!" murmured Judith, and when the boy looked into her face, he found that she was weeping.

"At length," he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, "an old farmer took

me from the almshouse, and set me to work upon his farm. At first I felt thankful, but I soon found that I was worse off than before, for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hard-hearted woman, and she often beat me. That was worse than all the rest, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I staid with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer. One dark, stormy night, I secured a few crusts of bread, and after the folks had retired I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I travelled on, and at length I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get a chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing. I told my story to Captain Flaton, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help, at times, thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed her dying blessing; and I can see the pallid cheek and sunken eyes of my father as he took me by the hand, and made me promise that I would ever be honest and virtuous. I have most faithfully kept that promise, and I always will."

"Little Judith wept as though she had herself suffered all she had heard; but she was not the only one who had heard Luke's story, for, as he closed it, Mr. Adam Warren moved carefully away from the other side of the galley, where he had been standing all the while.

"At this moment Mrs. Warren came up from the cabin, in a terrible flurry, in search for her child.

"Where is Judith?"

"Here I am, mamma."

"Mrs. Warren started forward, and saw her daughter just rising from the side of Luke.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"Luke has been telling me a story," returned the little girl, as her mother led her aft.

"Don't let me see you talking with that dirty boy again. It's horrible, Judith, for you to be contaminated with such low company!"

"Luke heard those words, and I could see the heaving of his bosom and the quivering of his lip as they fell upon his ear. He arose and went into the galley, and pulled the door to after him.

"We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. It was in the afternoon. The old ship was under double reefed topsails and reefed courses, with the wind blowing hard on the larboard quarter. Little Judith was on the poop, holding on upon the weather mizzen topmast backstay. Her father was there, too, and he was

gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to windward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction, we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been ments in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of itself. Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay, but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let go her hold and started towards her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter, she reeled and staggered beneath the blow, Judith was dashed to leeward, and on the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry and sprang to the lee shrouds. The men gazed into the boiling surge where the broken sea was whirling in one wild vortex, but they dared not brave the mad terrors of the scene.

"My child, my child!" cried the frantic father; and while he yet strained his eyes upon the place where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.

"Cut away the life-buoy!" shouted Captain Flaton. "Cut it away quick. Both of them. Down with the helm. Give them a surge to leeward. Cut away the boat-lashings. All hands on deck here. Who'll go in the boat? Spring to the head braces!"

"All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first in the stern-boat; I was the second, and five more quickly followed. We got out the oars, and then the falls were eased carefully off till the boat touched the water. We unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear, the ship's head yards were braced sharp up, the mainsail clewed up, and she was laying to with her main-topsail aback.

"Luke struck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was surely superhuman to him, he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose and fell upon the bosoms of the long waves. Both the life buoys were driven past them. Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver, and twice his head sank beneath the surface of the running sea; but as he arose the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when

I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip, and soon they were both safe in the boat.

"We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but her husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejoiced mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.

"It was sometime before Luke recovered; but when he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was now allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; public opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.

"We anchored in the Hoogley, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day I saw him not again. Shipmates, you noticed that man with whom I was talking on the quarter-deck this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes," we all returned.

"And you noticed that splendid-looking woman by his side?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, "that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business in New York, and is up here on business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him tomorrow. 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the hand, 'I am rich, but I have never forgotten nor broken that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed. And, shipmate, I don't believe he ever has.'"

As the old boatswain's mate closed his yarn, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterwards we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story, but I could see that the sentiments it had inculcated had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

#### HUNTING UP SIGHTS.

One day as a military man was passing up the steps leading to the State House, he observed a very fat female of middle age, accompanied by two children, evi-

dently from the rural districts, climbing up to the State capitol. The woman, who was very puffy and short of wind, approached a short, thick, but exceedingly sunny-faced gentleman, who seemed to be hurrying up the steps, and inquired "if he could tell her where she could see the governor." The sunny-faced little man replied in an exceedingly courteous manner, "I am the governor, madam; what is your business?" "Nothing, particular, sir, only I have brought my children into the city to look at the sights, and have been to the Aquarial Garden, on the Common to see the soldiers, to the managerie, and have also seen the hippopotamus, and thought we would like now to take a look at the governor." "Well, madam, indulge your curiosity as quickly as possible, as I am in haste," pleasantly replied his excellency. "Come here, your children, and see the governor," shouted the woman to her youngsters; and after a good long stare, the female and her children made a low courtesy, with a "thank you, sir," and left evidently satisfied that they had seen all the sights in Boston.

#### BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea!

**SELF-SACRIFICES.**—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate, whom we can make better as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist with which you were about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden; for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.

**OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE PORTION.**  
—Captain John Hull, who was one of the first founders of the Old South Church, Boston, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Major Samuel Sewall, in 1640. As usual in those days, the father was expected to give his daughter a marriage portion. So father Hull, after his daughter was richly dressed and prepared for the ceremony, caused her to be put into one side of a large pair o' scales, in the presence of her friends, and then piled on dollars and crowns, and other silver money, until they weighed her down. As she was plump and heavy, this must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. A little better, thank you. "Have you taken any dinner to-day?" "Yes, a little goose." "With appetite?" "No, sir, with apple-sauce."

A captain, lately a railroad conductor, was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank, turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again towards his squad, he saw they were in the act of "butting up" against a fence. In his hurry to halt them, he shouted out "Down Brakes! Down Brakes!"

Green Peas can be preserved in the same manner as gooseberries and currants.

Green gooseberries are frequently preserved by placing them, when dry in a stone jar or other vessel, and burying it in the soil below the reach of frost.

### News of the Week.

The Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, of Canada, delivered an eloquent address at Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, on the contemplated Intercolonial Railway, and the Union of the British North American Colonies. He logically pointed out the necessity that existed for such a consummation; and from arguments based on association, commerce, immigration, patriotism, and political necessity, showed the advantages which these provinces—separately and collectively—would derive from the accomplishment of these desirable objects. The address was cordially responded to by the Hon. Messrs. Johnston, Howe, Tilley and Tupper, and by his Worship the Mayor, who presided.

**DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.**—Some of the pupils of this excellent Institution are about to visit the counties of Guysborough, Sydney, and Cape Breton, accompanied by their Principal, Mr. Hutton. They have on previous occasions given interesting illustrative exercises, at Halifax and other parts of the Province, of the varied instruction and information imparted to them by Mr. Hutton; and judging from the sympathy and hospitality they met with during their former tours, we trust their contemplated journey will elicit forth a corresponding interest in each

of the communities they are about to visit, and ensure to themselves such a reception as may be adapted to console and gratify them, under their peculiar circumstances. They will visit Caledonia, Friday, July 31; St. Mary's, Saturday, August 1; Sherbrooke, Monday, August 3; Goshen, on Wednesday, August 5; Lochaber, Thursday, August 6; Antigonish, Friday, August 7; Guysborough, Monday, August 10; Port Mulgrave, Tuesday, August 11; Hawkesbury, Wednesday morning, August 12, and Plaister Cove in the evening. Further appointments in Cape Breton will be duly notified.

It is said that the Hon. Joseph Howe, Fishery Commissioner, will shortly leave here for Newfoundland in H. M. S. Greyhound, which vessel will be placed at the disposal of the Commissioner for the duties appertaining to his office.—*Express*.

On Saturday morning last H. M. S. Barracouta left this port for St. John, N. B. for the purpose of repairing some damage caused to her bottom in consequence of having struck upon a sunken rock during her recent trip to Cape Breton with their Excellencies the Lieut. Governor and the Admiral.

We regret to learn that the blight has already appeared in some of the potatoe fields within a few miles of the city.—*Chronicle*.

A Fancy Fair was recently held on behalf of the Recreation Fund for the inmates of the Provincial Hospital. Upwards of \$420. were realized by the sales.

The sum of \$180 was realized at the Bazaar in aid of the Church at Lake Porter, in addition to about \$60 collected in Halifax and elsewhere.

A decision has been rendered by the Judges of the Supreme Court in favour of Mr. Thomas Spence's election as Alderman for Ward 5. Mr. Roche consequently resigned his seat in the City Council.

The Flower Show, Bazaar, &c., which was to have been held on the grounds of the Horticultural Society on Thursday, was postponed until to-day.

The Chronicle reports on the authority of a correspondent that an Indian in Mill Village, Queen's County, has landed, from the 1st April to the 1st July, 220 salmon.

We learn from the Colonist that through the spirited exertions of a few individuals, a very pretty structure has been erected near the Railway Station, to be used as a school-house for that hitherto neglected locality, which will prove a great boon to the neighbourhood. The building was designed by Mr. Sterling, and executed by Messrs. Lindsay and McDonald. It is capable of seating about 200 persons; is well ventilated, and certainly reflects credit on the architect, builders and all concerned.

The Journal says—Some \$88 have

been handed to His Worship the Mayor as the proceeds of Mr. McGee's address at Temperance Hall. Half this sum is to be given to the Protestant and the remainder to the Catholic Orphan's Home.

A picnic, under the auspices of the St. Mary's and St. Patrick's Catechetical Teaching Societies, will be held on Tuesday next, at Thornville, the country residence of His Grace the Archbishop. The Procession of the Children and the Teachers will leave St. Mary's Cathedral at 9 o'clock A. M., and march through the principal streets, before proceeding to the grounds.

The Scull Race for the Championship of Halifax Harbor, will take place on Saturday next.

The schooner Julia, from Maitland for New York, put into Portland on the 21st inst. leaking badly, having been run into on the 14th by an unknown schooner.

The St. John N. B. Morning Post of Thursday last, says:—We understand that a few gentlemen came to this city per steamer New England in search of substitutes for their drafted friends. What the *County* offered is we did not learn. We hope our authorities will keep a sharp look out on these men stealers.

The Toronto Globe reports that in all the neighbouring lake counties, the insects are making great ravages among the wheat. The crop on the ground appears to be so large, that it is probable the average yield will still be satisfactory; but the sample will be greatly injured.

**CASE OF LONGEVITY.**—A man named Edward Downs died recently at Montreal, at the advanced age of 111. He retained his memory, and was quite vigorous up to the time of his death.

President Lincoln has appointed Thursday, August 6, as a day of national thanksgiving for the recent Federal victories.

**MADAGASCAR.**—The official report of the French Consul at Tamatave, explains that the cause of the political revolution in Madagascar was the rivalry between the nobles and Neumasco. The young men who, at the accession of King Badama, took power, and monopolised all favours, suggested to the King measures disapproved of by the people. They were accused of injustice, of being open to corruption, and great immorality. Under their influence the King published a law authorising duels, and even combats of tribe against tribe and village against village, without any other formality than the consent of the two parties, thus proclaiming civil war and furnishing a pretext for hostilities. The officers and principal inhabitants begged of the King to recall this law, who, however, refused, and the preparations for the conflict then began. The French Consul assembled all his fol-

low-countrymen, and the English Consul wished the Methodist missionaries to take a similar course, but they did not respond to his invitation. The King, having again refused to revoke the law, the people, slaves, and soldiers assembled in the public places to search for the thirty three individuals belonging to the King's court who had been prescribed by the conspirators. Eleven were killed by the multitude. While this was going on negotiations were entered into with the King, who asked mercy for the unfortunate men remaining, who, he promised, should be exiled for life. This was refused by the conspirators, who demanded that the guilty should undergo perpetual imprisonment in chains. The King would not at first comply with this demand, but, after much parleying, ended by accepting it. The following day the King was assassinated, and the council proclaimed Queen Robodo, announcing that the King, disconsolate at the loss of his friends, had committed suicide. The Queen accepted the constitution, which stipulates among other things that "she shall not drink strong liquors," and that the right over life and death belongs to the council. It also abolishes the Tanquin, and maintains religious liberty.

#### AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The following summary has been compiled principally from despatches to a portion of the city Press:

106 violent deaths occurred in New York during the riot.

Richmond papers report the landing of a considerable Federal force at Boardman on the James River.

A New Orleans paper announces the unconditional surrender of Port Hudson on the 9th inst.

A list of killed and wounded of the Federal army in the battles of Gettysburg occupies nearly three columns of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is stated in a Boston paper that hundreds who have been drafted, on hearing the fact left the city, chiefly in the direction of St. John and Halifax.

The Boston Post intimates that the carriage of President Lincoln is constantly preceded and followed by a force of horsemen much larger than the average body-guard of a commanding-general actually in the field. The object of this escort is personal safety.

An appropriation of \$2,500,000 has been proposed by the New York City government, to exempt men who are unwilling to enter the ranks, which it is thought will tend to soften the opposition to the draft.

The Express says:—A Democratic Convention was recently held in New Hampshire—at which 30,000 people were present, another protest was offered to the arbitrary kind of government, of late

in vogue in the Northern States. Ex-President Pierce declared he held the war to be futile and fruitless, and that the only hope of reconstruction of the Union was to be found in moral power. Bloodshed only tended to separation.

The N. Y. Evening Post says that a messenger of the rebel government, recently captured was found in possession of a correspondence between four of the principal military chiefs of the rebellion—Beauregard, Lee, Bragg, and Adjutant General Cooper. According to the plan as at first formed, Lee was to enter Pennsylvania with a strong force, and keep the army of Hooker fully occupied; secondly, Beauregard and Bragg were to send a picked force and capture Washington; thirdly, while these things were going on, the agents of the rebellion in New York were to get up a riot, and stop the progress of the draft. But the first failure was on the part of Beauregard, who wrote that the Federal forces near him were not diminished, and he could not spare a man. Bragg wrote that he had just sent to Johnston all that he could spare. Then came Lee's failure, which was the most unexpected of all, because he had with him the very flower of the rebel army, in abundant force, as was thought. The fate of the riots we all know.

The telegrams report fighting going on at Charleston on Friday last. The Herald's despatch says that the Government will enforce the draft in New York; the conduct of the rioters rendering the measure inoperative. The Brooklyn Common Council recommend an appropriation of half a million to secure the exemption of drafted men with dependent families. The wall of the station house in New York, burnt by a mob, fell on the 21st, burying 30 or 40 persons, mostly children; 11 bodies were recovered up to the 22nd, four of them alive.

The Reporter's despatch of the 23d inst. states that an expedition from Tullahoma returned from six days' operations, bringing in 800 horses, 250 negroes, 80 head of cattle, 10 guerrillas. They killed 50 officers and captured 50 privates. The New York Express gives a rumor that a test case as to the constitutionality of the conscription is to be immediately brought before the Court of Common Pleas and carried to Court of Appeals.

Matters in New York, at present, are quiet, but there is little doubt if any attempt to renew the draft will lead to fresh disturbance. The Fire Marshal reports as the loss by the conflagrations in New York during the riots: on Monday, the 13th, 24 buildings were destroyed involving a loss estimated at \$358,100; on Tuesday, 12 buildings and a bell-tower all valued at \$72,000; on Wednesday, 3 houses and a lumber yard, at an estimated loss of \$17,000;—making the total

loss by conflagrations about \$447,000. The coroners have held nearly sixty inquests on the bodies of rioters in New York, and over a hundred cases of gunshot and other wounds have been treated at the hospitals.—*h. porter.*

St. John, July 25.—An expedition up the Kanawha valley successfully cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Wytheville, capturing the latter place after a severe fight, with 100 prisoners, 2 pieces of artillery, and 700 stand of arms. The Federals lost 65 killed and wounded, and the enemy 95 killed. The town was nearly destroyed in retaliation for firing from the houses. The Richmond Whig says that the loss of rolling stock of several railroads left in the hands of the Federals, by the evacuation of Jackson, is incalculable and irreparable, and that nothing goes well in the South West. It also mentions the destruction of a railroad bridge over the Meuse river by a Federal cavalry raid from Newbern, cutting off communication for several weeks. The steamer Imperial, from St. Louis, arrived at New Orleans on the 18th, without annoyance or obstruction. A despatch has been received at Newbern on the 20th, stating that the Federals had obtained total possession of Morris Island.

St. John, July 25, evening.—Capture of Huntsville, (Ala.) and 800 prisoners confirmed. One hundred and forty more of Morgan's men arrived in Cincinnati last night. 2,800 have arrived altogether.

July 27, morning.—General Morgan and the balance of his command (Confederates) were captured yesterday. Confederates attempted to drive Federals from Bowe's Island, on the 19th, repulsed with great slaughter. Bombardment of Fort Wagner resumed 22d. Federal charge was repulsed with severe loss. The whole of the Federal loss since the 10th has been 1,000. Federal cavalry captured 1200 head of cattle at Chester Gap. On Thursday all the Gaps were in possession of Federal forces. The Washington Republican says that Gen. Lee has been delaying on the Upper Potomac to secure his plunder, and is now moving towards Richmond, with immense trains of supplies. Gen. Blunt attacked the Confederates near Fort Gibson, Arkansas, routing them, capturing many prisoners. The Confederates left 60 dead on the field.

July 27, evening.—Council of notabilities at Mexico, proclaim Mexico an Empire, and Maximilian, of Austria, Emperor. Should he decline, they implore Napoleon to select one. Immense conflagration at Havana on the 22d, destroying four million dollars worth of sugar.—Jeff. Davis's library was captured at Jackson, with papers showing full history of secession. Reported that leading citizens of Mississippi are despairing of Confederacy, and desire state to return to the Union.

## SOPHIE'S INFLUENCE.

"Will you be kind enough to write my name in the centre of this white square? I'm sorry to trouble you to do it, but my eyes are dim, and I cannot do it nicely myself."

"Certainly," we replied; "so you are piecing a quilt;" and we took the album square from her hand.

"Oh no, it's for Mary Liman's wedding quilt. She wants all the neighbors to contribute a square of their own dress pieces, to remind her of old friends, when she is married and gone; so I found this commenced among poor Sophie's things, and thought that I'd finish it. It's her work."

"It is a beautiful square," we remarked; "what a pretty harmony between this buff and blue."

"Yes, that buff was Sophie's dress, and it was so becoming to her, and—the old lady turned abruptly from us, as though some startling thing claimed her attention at the window. Too well we understood the interpretation of this movement, so we quietly took the patchwork and went up to our room for pen and ink, to render the simple service.

Sophie was a stranger to us. We had never known her while living, and never seen her, save what the little wan, but cherished miniature on the parlor table, revealed to us of her form and features. But we knew her before long—knew her by a thousand little nameless associations and memories, that clustered around the old farm house.

Whether we wandered up, into the dim old garret, where stood the spinning wheel, still and useless, and the broad old cradle, dusty and untenanted, or peered into the deep dark closet where hung the drapery that had clothed her light figure, there was an ever present sense of hallowed memory, of the lost one before us. All about the little parlor were vivid mementoes, in the worsted lamp-mats, sketchings, scrap-book, and album, containing the written offerings of kind hearts.

Four years ago they laid her to sleep in the church-yard, and the tall, old fashioned clock in the corner, ticked ceaselessly away the hours, one by one, but still that sense of loneliness remained. The little low lounge by the window was vacant; there was no Sophie with her

sewing basket and cheerful face to occupy it, but the mother sewed on, alone; and when the Sabbath morning came, and good Father Sawyer drove to the front door with "little Kate" in the family chaise, there was no Sophie with her kind hands to shape the mother's bonnet, or adjust her shawl, preparatory to church going!

We felt like walking very softly when we went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the grieving mother, to whose heart her child's loss was ever like a fresh-opened grave. We wanted to cover it with soft mosses, and sweet flowers; anything that should awaken a simile of the angel life she had entered upon.

But the great bereavement clouded every consolation, and we could only go out from her presence, with a prayer at our heart, that He whose hand had stricken, might be the one to bless and cheer her bowed soul.

There are many homes in this wide world, that owe their most refining influence to these tender associations, linked with departed ones; and that faith is beautiful and divine, that looks uncomplainingly up to God, blessing him for the brief life, that makes Heaven a dearer place—a home!

## IMPORTANCE OF EXERCISE.

Without the regular exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained; the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the power of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirits: it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are, early in the morning, and towards the close of the day. Walking is the most beneficial and the most natural exercise, because, in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking,

free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred. Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health—such as working in the garden or in the fields, running, leaping, &c.

## AMERICAN NICKNAMES.

The inhabitants of Maine are called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Leather Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizzards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tad Poles; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases.

## SELFISHNESS AND GENEROSITY.

"Just see what a beautiful turnover mother has baked for me," said a little boy to his aunt, as she entered the room where he was sitting.

"It is a very nice turnover," said his aunt. "Will you give me a part of it?"

"It is hot," said the boy, taking the plate in his hand, as if he feared he should lose his treasure.

"But I will wait until it cools; will you give me a piece then?"

"I am not going to eat it now—I shall put it away."

"But I shall stay here all day; I am in no hurry. Will you not give me a taste when you eat it?"

"It is a very small turnover," said the boy.

"I only want a very small taste. Will you not give me that?"

"It is not good."

"O, I think it is good. Your mother makes good turnovers; I know it would taste good to me."

"Mother would not be willing; she made it for me."

"I am sure your mother would be willing. She is always generous."

"I want it all myself," said the boy, at last, giving the true reason.

This is a correct report of a conversation which took place more than forty years ago. The selfish boy is still living, and he is a selfish man. I have observed him through all these years, and he has

never been anxious to share his blessings with others. Whatever good thing he has, he wants it all himself.

A few days ago, the very same lady who asked for a part of the turnover, gave six oranges to a little boy about four years of age. She gave them all to him for his own, but she told him she wished him to give away part of them. So he immediately gave one to his sister Helen, and another to his sister Alice, and two to other members of the family. His aunt then said to him, "You must not give them all away; you must keep two yourself."

But his mother, in whose lap he was sitting, said to him:

"Will you not give one of those to aunts, and the other to me?"

"O, yes," he cheerfully replied, "I will."

"But what will you do? How will you get any orange?" said his mother to him.

"You will give me some of yours," said the generous, confiding boy. The future of this darling boy is known only to God, but we trust that while he lives, he will be ready to "deal his bread to the hungry," and to "have pity on the poor."

### THE GIANT ILL-TEMPER.

This giant may generally be found hanging round the nursery, the dining or sitting-room, ready to pounce upon the children, and make them prisoners; and, when he gets hold of them, makes them so ugly and disagreeable, that no one cares to have any thing to do with them.

Now let me give you some signs by which you may know when this giant is getting hold of a boy or girl. He generally waits and watches till he hears them asked to do something which he knows they don't like. Then he is ready, in a moment, to begin his attack. He makes the eye begin to frown; he pinches up the mouth; he makes the lips to pout, and swell out to twice their usual size. The fingers begin to wriggle about, like a set of worms; or sometimes one of the fingers goes into the corner of the mouth. The shoulders are seen to twist about, first one way and then the other. If the boy has a book in his hand, down it drops on the floor; or else it is flung across the room. If he is walking, he stamps with his foot, as if he were trying to get a tight shoe on. If he is sitting, his feet begin to swing backwards and forwards, and make a great noise by striking against the chair. Sometimes he seems to become deaf and dumb. He hears nothing and says nothing. At other times he speaks, but it is just like a dog when snarling over a bone. Whenever you see these signs, you may know that this ugly giant is about, and is busy making prisoners.

And if you don't fight bravely against him, he will fasten his chains on you, and then you will be spoiled. How are we to fight against this Giant? I answer, By trying to be like Jesus.

### THE USE OF GRANDMOTHERS.

A little boy, who had spilled a pitcher of milk, stood crying over the wreck in view of a whipping. A little playmate stepped up to him, and said condolingly, "Why, Bobby, haven't you got a grandmother?" If there's not a sermon in that text, where shall we find it? Who of us cannot remember this family mediator, always ready with an excuse for broken china, or torn clothes, or tardy lessons? Whose consoling stick of candy, or paper of sugar-plums, or seed-cake, never gave out?—and who always kept strings to play horse-with, and who could improvise riding-whips and tiny kites, and dress rag-babies, and tell stories to an indefinable amount to ward off the dreaded go-to-bed hour? Who stayed at home, none so happy with the children, while papa and mamma "went pleasuring?" Who straightened out the little waxen limbs when papa and mamma were blinded with tears? Who gathered up the little useless robes and shoes and toys, and hid them away from torturing sight, till Heaven's own beam was poured into those aching hearts? "Haven't you got a grandmother?" Alas! if only our grown-up follies and faults might always find as merciful a judgment, how many whom harshness and severity have driven to despair and crime, would now be found useful and happy members of society!

### WONDERS OF A WATCH.

The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks, 17,160 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a-day, and 150,424,560 a-year, allowing the year to be 365 days and six hours. Sometimes watches will run with care a hundred years; so I have heard people say. In that case, it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times. Is it not surprising that it should not beat to pieces in half that time? The watch is made of hard metal. But I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass; it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm. Yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour; 120,000 times a-day; and 43,830,000 times a-year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,000 times. One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body—you can feel it beat—it is your heart.

### WILD FLOWERS.

The wild flower is the earliest thing of beauty which every child that treads a green field, or wanders along a green lane takes to itself: it loves the flowers, as it were, by instinct; and this love is the best and surest point to the memory. Cultivate it, and you will find how quickly the young will learn and remember, not the names merely of their favorites, but much of their botanical history, provided only that these things are taught, not as a schoolroom task, full of long names, and technicalities, but as the pleasant out-door lesson, in which the affections are engaged as well as the intellect. Thus may be laid in the young mind a love for the natural sciences, which will never forsake it, and which may in after years prove a solace and resource amid the cares of life's battle, or, perchance, a real service in that battle itself. Nay more—the time is coming fast when no man or woman will be considered properly educated who is ignorant of the leading facts, at least, of the natural sciences, and when the knowledge and study of these natural revelations from God will rank second only to knowledge of the higher revelation He has given us of Himself.—*Wild Flowers: How to See, and How to Gather them.*

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

Glass windows were first used in 1180; spectacles were invented by an Italian in 1299; paper was first made from linen in 1302; printing was invented in 1440; watches were made in Germany in 1477; the circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey in 1619; the first newspaper was published in 1630; the first steam engine was invented in 1619; stereotype printing was invented in Scotland in 1785; the electro-magnetic telegraph was invented by Morse in 1835; daguerreotypes were made in 1839.

### ENCOURAGEMENT TO BENEVOLENCE.—

Good deeds are very fruitful, for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all succession of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others; and as they are more beneficial to others are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them for that they are so profitable both to myself and others, and to myself in others.—*HISTORICAL.*

## THE CHILD'S PATTERN.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. ii. 5.

Through all the daily walks of life,  
O Saviour, grant that we  
May shun the paths of sin and strife,  
And meekly follow Thee.

We would be gentle as the dove,  
Yet firm in what is right;—  
Would cheer the sad by deeds of love,  
And make their burdens light.

But, Lord, without thy grace, how vain  
Are all resolves of ours;  
Oh send thy Spirit down, like rain  
Upon the opening flowers!

So shall we in thy footsteps tread,  
And in thy likeness grow;  
And love's sweet sunshine ever spread  
Around us where we go.

## SCIENTIFIC, &amp;c.

**THE LOG SUPERSEDED.**—An experiment has just been made on the Seine, at Paris, with an instrument called a lodometre, for measuring the speed of vessels. This instrument, which is intended to supersede the log now in use, is composed of a metal syphon, of which the extremities are immersed in the water. A small screw is fitted to the top and to the interior of the instrument, on which the water acts as soon as the ship or boat moves, by constantly entering one end of the syphon and running out at the other. Some clockwork is attached to the screw, the functions of which are to mark on a dial-plate by hands the distance in yards performed by the vessel, commencing with one unit, and extending to hundreds of miles. The experiment was tried on board the steamboat *Parisien*, which carries passengers between Paris and St. Cloud. The distance was accurately marked on the dial-plate by the movement of the hands.

**TELEGRAPH WITHOUT WIRES.**—The *Court Journal*, which was the first paper that alluded to this extraordinary discovery, now states that messages have been so sent from Kensington-park gardens to Brighton, and between London and Limerick.

**WATERING TREES.**—The subjoined mode of watering trees is recommended for its simplicity and universal application. The only articles required are a piece of old rope and any vessel that will hold a quantity of water. The rope is to be wound several times round the trunk of the tree below the level of the water, into which the two ends must be plunged. When so placed, the rope, acting as a syphon, draws the water, and keeps the foot of the tree and its roots moist. Nothing more is required than to renew the supply of water when required. It has

been found that the bark of trees watered in this manner is seldom attacked by insects.

Gold has been found in large quantities in the streams and quartz formation of the Cuyuni, in British Guiana. It is curious that this is the region which Raleigh believed was an El Dorado, and Shakspeare makes Falstaff speak of as "a region in Guiana all gold and bounty."

**GREAT DINNER.**—The most extensive dinner ever given in England was that of Lord Romney to the Kent Volunteers, when his late Majesty George III reviewed them at his lordship's seat, near Maidstone. Tables were 13,333 yards, or seven miles and a half, long; the boards for the tables cost £15,000.

What old English pastime reminds you of your head? The greased pole.

## 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.

## RIDDLES.

1.

Ever man was made I life had given,  
I had no soul; I'll ne'er see heaven.  
When brought to man, he gave to me a name  
Then went I forth, and ne'er returned again.  
I ne'er had given, wings, hands, or feet,  
Ne'er float in air, nor walk the street,  
Yet I do roam the world all o'er  
From frigid North to India's shore.  
Tho' men me seldom ever see,  
Yet they're indebted much to me;  
I often give to them great light,  
Oft' heat and shelter day and night  
A soul my maker gave to me,  
Yet, heaven nor hell I ne'er shall see.  
God took from me again that soul,  
But still I roam from pole to pole.  
The bible, children, tell of me.  
Then carefully read and answer me.

J. F.

2. He who has me, does not say it;  
he who receives me does not know me;  
he who knows me, will not have me.

## PARLOUR AMUSEMENTS.

## THE BLIND MAN'S WAND.

The blind man's wand may be easily played in a drawing-room.

The blind man (in this instance, really blinded, as for the primitive form of the game) is placed in the middle of the room, a light cane or other similar instrument having been given to him. The players form a circle, and dance around him, holding each other's hands, culvening the proceedings by the chorus of any popular melody that may be approved of. The

chorus finished, all stand still. The blind man holds out his wand at hazard, the person to whom it is pointed being obliged to take hold of it by the end presented to him. The blind man then utters three cries, which the holder of the wand is obliged to imitate in the same tone of voice. If the latter does not know how to disguise his voice, he is detected, and takes the place of the blind man. If not, the game is resumed, with a new wand; and so on, *ad libitum*.

## MAGIC MUSIC.

This game is an improvement on the old one known as *Hot boiled beans*, and very good butter.

In that obsolete entertainment, it will be remembered, a bean or other small object was concealed, and one of the players (previously sent out of the room) summoned to look for it by the complement—

Hot boil'd beans, and very good butter;  
Wont you please to come to supper?

His only guide to the whereabouts of the hidden treasure being as follows: In proportion as he neared it or receded from it, he was said to be *hot* or *cold*—the other players telling him which, and in what degree. When close to it, he was *burning in the fire*, &c. When on an entirely false scent, he was *freezing*; at the *North Pole*; and so on, till the bean was found.

The game, as it now stands, is as follows:—

A player is sent out of the room, as heretofore; but instead of hiding a bean for him to find, the company think of a task to be performed by him. This task may be anything: To untie a ribbon, to sing a song, to displace all manner of articles of furniture—the more fantastic and out of the way, the better. When they have decided what it is to be, the patient is summoned in, and has to set to work to discern and perform the work allotted to him. Instead of the *hot* and *cold* regulations, he is guided in his experiments by the sounds of a piano or other musical instrument, played softly, or the reverse, in proportion to his success, or the want of it.

Those who have never played at this game, can have no idea of the interest attached to it. The tasks that may be devised and accomplished, with no other clue than the threatening or encouraging tones of the music, would appear incredible. The complete bewilderment of the *gambler*, on first entering the room, as to what he is to do; his numerous experiments, all wide of the mark; his first catching at a hint, and gradually following it up, with various intervening discouragements, till he has fulfilled his mission (as a player of ordinary intelligence usually does) furnish entertainment of a by no means unelevated description.

Forfeits may be exacted in case of non-success. Their assistance, however, is not required to make the game interesting.