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THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

"O mother, see! my little bird,
Where'er she stoops to drink,
Lifts up her little bill to Heaven;
Why is it, do you think?
Is it because she thinks that God
Supplies her want each day,
And she would show her gratitude
In this sweet, simple way?"

"We'll think 'tis so," the mother said,
As she caressed her child:

And beading o'er him, softly spoke,
In accents sweet and mild—

"We'll do it so, my darling one,
And thus a lesson learn—

Our hearts and souls, like Birdie's bill,
To Heaven we'll grateful turn:

We'll thank God for our daily food,
For every want supplied;

We'll thank Him for this glorious world,
Which He has beautified.

We'll raise our hearts in grateful praise
For every thing we see,

And like your bird, for stranger things
We will most thankful be.

"It's God who gives us all we have;
He 'keeps our daily breath;"

And if we love and serve Him well,
He'll raise us, after death;

Take us to dwell with Him in heaven—
And there, my precious one,

We'll meet your angel sister, when
Our race of life is run.

"Remember this, and never take
The smallest offering given,
Without returning thanks to Him
Who cares for us, in heaven."

Far higher is the office of the teacher, who makes admirable men, than that of the sculptor or painter, who makes admirable imitations of them.

The greatest good a miser does is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you only flatter one or two, you affront the rest.

Mrs. Partington says, "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so conjurious to their institutions."

"Sam, I have lost my watch overboard, it lies in twenty feet water. Is there any way to get it?"—"Yes, of course there is."—"How, Sam?"—"Why, divers' ways, to be sure."

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

HALIFAX, N. S. FEBRUARY 11, 1864.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

In addition to the appointments previously recorded, Mr. Richardson Harris was elected Assistant Sergeant at Arms, and Rev. Mr. Cochran was unanimously chosen Chaplain.

On Friday (Feb. 5) the Answer to the opening Speech was unanimously passed, and presented to His Excellency the Administrator of the Government.

Mr. McLellan presented a petition from Lewis Smith, Esq. against the return of Charles Allison, Esq. as member for North Queen's County. Saturday the 18th was named as the day on which the House would take it into consideration. A general committee was appointed to prepare lists for standing committees of the House.

On Saturday Hon. Prov. Secretary laid on the table a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle, announcing the birth of a Prince; and a committee was appointed to join a committee of the Legislative Council to prepare an address to Her Majesty on the subject. Standing Committees were also appointed.

Correspondence, relating to the tenure of office, which had passed between Lord Normanby, the Duke of Newcastle, and the Provincial Government, was laid on the table and afterwards read. A lengthy correspondence on the subject of the International Railway was also submitted.

On Monday the bill for the consolidation of the Revised Statutes was read a second time. The House then went into committee on the bill; and a few amendments were made.

On Tuesday Hon. Prov. Secretary submitted copies of despatches relative to the appointment of Hon. Samuel Chipman to the Legislative Council.

The House decided to accept Mr. Bourinot's proposal to publish the debates and proceedings in the *Colonist*, *Chronicle* and *Reporter*.

A Bill to vest certain property in the Board of Works—which it was believed might be very conveniently appropriated for the site of the new jail, for a drill ground, and for agricultural and other exhibitions—was read a first time.

On the presentation of several petitions considerable discussion took place on the rule regarding the initiation of money votes by the Government; and the following resolution, moved by Mr. Tobin, was allowed to lie on the table as notice:—"Resolved, That all petitions for grants of monies presented to the Government under the rule for the initiation of money votes, be reported upon by the Govern-

ment within 21 days after the meeting of the House."

The House then went into committee on Bills, and took up the bill for consolidating and revising the Statutes of the Province.

On Wednesday a despatch was laid on the table, from the Duke of Newcastle—acknowledging the receipt of the address of the Legislature to the Queen. Also despatches relating to the resignation of the late, and the formation of the present Government.

Hon. Prov. Secretary laid on the table a Minute from the Executive Council of Canada, relative to the Intercolonial Railway, dated 25th February, 1863.

Mr. Blackwood presented a petition asking for a change in the distribution of school monies. Referred to committee on Education.

The bill to vest certain public property in the Board of Works was read a second time. The House then went into committee on Bills, and took up and passed the bill just named.

The bill for the revision of the Statutes was next taken up. Several amendments were made in the License Law, at the suggestion of Mr. Longley and Dr. Hamilton.

Mr. Kaulback presented a petition from J. D. Nash and Samuel Rettie, against Adams G. Archibald and Francis Parker, Esqrs. Wednesday the 17th instant was set down as the time for taking the petition into consideration.

Family Department.

The Evil of a Bad Temper.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion, a perpetual nettle destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a church, neighborhood and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and evil work.

Ridicule and Repartee.—The fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded, to reflect that the hand that shot it was a fair one.

The Model English Daughter.—I do not like the discredit of the popular notion that our English girls are too genteel to understand how to cook, and to do shopping, and to manage the house. Whether the business is properly done or not, women should insist on its being regarded as a duty that there may be the better chance for its being done. If the daughter we are now contemplating is a rational girl, she will presently be in possession of the key-basket, and getting into training under her mother. She will be up early (thereby ensuring the early rising of the servants), and off to the fishmonger's, or the vegetable market—having the benefit of an early choice of good things. She will have planned with her mother the dinners of the week (with a margin for unexpected occurrences); and, therefore, when she has made breakfast, she is ready for her conference with the cook. She chooses to know how to do everything that she requires to be done; and, as far as may be, by experience. She experiments upon cakes and puddings; and the syllabubs, tarts, and preserves, are of her making, till she is satisfied of her proficiency. The linen in the housemaid's department is under her care, and it will be her fault if a tablecloth has a jagged corner, or the sheets a slit in the middle. These matters, so far, occupy very little time, while they afford more or less of exercise and amusement to a healthy mind.—*Harriet Martineau.*

EMMA ELMA.

"Come here, child; what makes you act so shy? don't you want to go home with me, and live in a fine house, and wait upon my little girl?"

"No I don't," replied the little flax-haired girl of some ten years, looking timidly in the face of the fashionable Mrs. Fenton.

"But you're obliged to, child; so don't make a fuss. I'm going to be very kind to you; buy you plenty of new clothes,

and you'll be far happier than you are here."

Turning to the matron of the asylum she continued:—

"I will call for the child this afternoon;" and with much fashionable grace the votary of fashion swept from the room.

"Emma, you lazy brat, take this bonnet to Mrs. Tanny's, and tell her it does not suit."

"Please ma'am, can't I wait till evening? 'tis so warm now, and my head pains me badly."

"No, you cannot wait one moment; you must go directly; your head always pains you when I bid you do a thing; you're the laziest child I ever saw, and so ungrateful; come, Miss, don't stand there gazing at me in that style! step along, and be back within an hour."

And little Emma took the bonnet box in her arms, and with faltering step she started for the millinery store of Mrs. Tanny. She had accomplished but a portion of her journey, when, overcome with heat and fatigue, she sank upon the stoop of an elegant dwelling. Resting her aching head upon her little hands, she thought of the time when she too lived in a large and elegant dwelling, and a fond mother's love was bestowed upon her; a faint recollection, too, she had, of a handsome man she used to call papa. Thus was she musing when she was startled by the appearance of a gentleman, who ascended the steps and entered the dwelling. A few moments more and a feeling of dizziness pervaded her system, and she fell fainting to the pavement.

When she again became conscious she found herself stretched upon a snowy bed, surrounded by all the appearances of wealth. A large easy chair in the centre of the room was occupied by the gentleman who had entered the dwelling just before she fainted. At first she knew not where she was, but a moment more and she remembered all, and supposed herself within the elegant dwelling upon whose steps she had stopped to rest.

"It must be her child—the same blue eye and flaxen curls, the expression of the whole face is the same;" thus mused the gentleman.

At length his reverie was broken by a

faint noise from the bed. Advancing, he said:—

"You feel better, do you not, child?"

"Yes, sir," faintly murmured Emma.

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Fenton, sir, in Oxford Street."

"Is she your mother?"

"No sir, I have no mother; she died two years ago, and Mrs. Fenton took me from the orphan asylum."

"Do you know what name your mother bore?"

"Mrs. Emma Elma, sir; 'tis my name, too."

"And you are my own, my darling little girl," he said, folding her to his breast; "I am your father: I have sought for you for many months, but now I am so happy, so very happy that I have found the child of my darling Emma."

No more unhappy moments, no more unkind treatment fell to the lot of Emma Elma.

Mr. Elma had, some eight years previous to the opening of our little sketch, left his native land and sought for wealth in foreign climes. The vessel in which he took passage had been wrecked, and he was reported as being among the lost.

Mrs. Elma, after learning that her husband was among the lost, left her native city and removed to a distant village; his letters, that were written after he was rescued from a watery grave, therefore, never reached her. He, after an absence of years, returned to his native city, to learn the tidings of his wife's death. Emma was happy, very happy in the home of her infancy. Life is composed of clouds and sunshine; to some the sunshine comes first, but to Emma her life-clouds were the first that crossed her pathway; but the sunshine stole through the darkness and she was happy in a father's love.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant says that he heard a caged one imitate the mowing of a cat,

and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says his pipes came nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description given by Wilson in his own inimitable manner, as far exceeds Pennant and Barrington as the bird exceeds its fellow-songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage screams of the baldcagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression he greatly improves them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half-an-hour or an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps around with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells and dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.

A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce his utmost effort—so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses a little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red-bird, with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters confess his triumph

by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song. His imitations of the brown-thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue-bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens.

During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their nocturnal excursions, know the moon is rising the instant they hear the delightful solo. After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which, in the open glare of day overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking-bird are similar to those of the brown-thrush.

A MODEL COMPOSITION.

Boys and girls who are perplexed to know what to write about, and how to write it, when required to bring a "composition," will be amused by the following model:—

WINTER.—Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in the winter. In some countries winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in the summer in this country. Then I could go skating barefoot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snowball without getting our fingers cold—and men who go out riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm, as they do now. It snows more in the winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made at that time.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice-houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. If people could take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night and keep them by the fire, they wouldn't freeze.

Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over, (sometimes they get drowned,) fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once borrowed my skates and ran off with

them, and I could not catch him. Mother said punishment would overtake him one day. Punishment will have to be pretty lively on its legs if it does, for he runs bully.

There ain't much sleigh-riding except in the winter—folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. The grown-up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand, and help the girls to hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once, when he took Celia Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horse.

Snow-balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in summer. But we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as in the winter, somehow.

But enough. I have dashed off these little things about winter, while sister is getting ready for school. Good-bye.

NEDDY.

THE BEST LIQUOR.

In the announcement of a great public meeting in the open air, better liquor than usual was promised. When the people were assembled, a rowdy cried out: "Where is that better liquor?" "There," replied the principal speaker, pointing to a bubbling spring, "there is the liquor which God brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, does our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green and grassy dell, where the red-deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain-tops, where naked granite glitters in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods; and away, far out on the wild, wild sea—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere is it a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops, shining in the gem, till the trees all seem to turn to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataracts, dancing in the hail-showers, folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris of the sky, whose roof is the sunbeam

of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its taste breeds not madness and murder; no blood stains its limpid flow; pale widows and orphans weep not burning tears in its depth; and no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair!"

PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

One of the common mistakes made by the young, before knowledge of the world has convinced them of their errors, is in supposing that the world attaches any particular importance to them or their acts.—That which we call self-conceit, and which occasionally afflicts persons who have reached maturity in years, (the only maturity of which such persons are capable, by the way,) is an expression of this feeling. It is more properly an intense self-consciousness, which leads the individual to intrude himself on all his fellows with whom he comes in contact, and that unmercifully and pertinaciously. Another expression of that feeling is in that morbid shrinking from notice, which equally presupposes a large share of interest for one's self in the world's thought.

Both these conditions are entirely unnecessary. The fact is, the world cares little or nothing about any one of the individuals who compose it. Wear a smiling face, and it takes no part in your joy. Clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes, and water the ground with your tears, and it will not mourn with you. It is hard and cold, and very much like the popular idea of corporations—body without soul. Therefore there is little use in seeking its favour or deprecating its injustice. Be sufficient for yourself. Do right. Act conscientiously, and neither hope for praise nor fear censure. You may become famous, but the chances are that you will live unnoticed and die forgotten. It is quite enough that you satisfy yourself, and keep in mind that there is one Eye which sees all.

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

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

News of the Week.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The R. M. steamship Arabia arrived at this port on Thursday night, with English dates to the 23d ult.

The Princess of Wales and the infant prince continue to make "most satisfactory progress."

The state of affairs in the cotton manufacturing districts is no better. While the fund for the relief of the poor is rapidly decreasing, the number of those who are thrown on it for support is increasing.

It is stated in one of the papers, that the meeting of Parliament "will not be attended by that pageant which the members of both Houses and the country at large would so gladly see renewed;" in other words, Parliament will not be opened by the Queen in person.

After an illness of the most painful character, extending over several months, his Grace the Duke of Athole, Knight of the Thistle, and Grand Master-Mason of Scotland, expired at Blair Athol on Saturday. He was born Sept. 20, 1814, and was the grandson of George the Fourth.

A fearful explosion took place in Liverpool, on the evening of the 15th inst., caused by the blowing up, in the river, of a large ship heavily laden with gunpowder. The gas was extinguished, and enormous quantities of broken glass encumbered the streets, from the river to beyond the Town-hall. The neighbourhood was in almost total darkness. The vessel which was blown up was the barquo Lottie Lee. She had been taking in gunpowder for the West Coast of Africa, about Woodside, and caught fire early in the evening. After burning some time, the fire reached the powder, and a fearful explosion ensued. No lives were lost, the men engaged having left the ship before the explosion occurred.

A Liverpool paper of the 19th says—"The Dano-German difficulty is still within the limits of solution without war, but affairs have been pushed to a point so nice that the arbitrament may still be with the sword.

It is reported that the Saxon and Hanoverian troops are to be withdrawn from Holstein and concentrated in Altona, so as to allow a free passage for the Austro-Prussian army to Schleswig.

We have reason to believe that the Government has received a telegram from the British minister at Copenhagen to the effect that Denmark has agreed to suspend and even to withdraw the Constitution of November, 1863. By making this additional concession, King Christian IX. will have removed the last pretext for complaint on the part of the German Powers, and will have transferred to them the whole responsibility of the dispute.

According to the Independence Belge, when the British Government asked the French Government what attitude it would assume, in the event of our being compelled to give material aid to Denmark in this emergency, the answer was in favour of the dispute being referred to the adjudication of England; and a corroborative proof is adduced by the Paris correspondent of the Morning Post, who declared that, in all the various propositions made by England in the interest of peace, France has been invited to join our diplomatic action, and has never refused.

Although no treaty has been concluded between the Danish and Swedish Governments, the King of Sweden has informed King Christian that under certain circumstances he may count on his support, and in a letter from Stockholm it is asserted that the appearance of German troops in Schleswig will be the signal for the departure of 20,000 Swedes into Denmark.

The alleged conspiracy against the life of the Emperor of the French now wears a very different aspect, in consequence of the public repudiation by Mazzini of the parties implicated in the plot; and his bold denial of the charges of complicity lodged against him. It is said that the course adopted by Mazzini has greatly perplexed the secret police of France, and that "we shall now have to await the trial to see—first, whether the letter of instructions from Mazzini was really discovered; secondly, whether it was, if found, written by him; and finally, whether the Paris police, as many have hinted from the beginning, have, if not invented the plot, yet contrived to surround it with a halo of horror from which the Government was to derive great public sympathy at the expense of Mazzini."

A letter from Turin declares that although the Italians look upon Mazzini as rather a hindrance to the contemplated unity of Italy than otherwise, they are perfectly satisfied, after the publication of his letter, of his innocence of all complicity in the alleged plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French.

A private letter from Italy speaks of the prevalence of discontent with the existing state of things in that country. Garibaldi, however, is opposed to immediate action.

Accounts received from Venice speak of a growing feeling of mistrust and suspicion on the part of the Austrian authorities, and of their increasing vigilance in guarding against anything like a popular rising.

Notwithstanding the assertions of the Austrians to the contrary, letters from Hungary confirm the fact that the greatest excitement does exist throughout that country, and so alarmed is the Government that it has sent for some of the chief officials to Vienna to concert plans

of action in the event of any further popular manifestations.

The intelligence from Japan appears too good to be true. A singular change seems to have come over the policy of the Empire, and the probability is that the consequences of a war with England being apprehended, wise councils have prevailed. The proclamation expelling foreigners has been withdrawn, with the declaration that the Government had changed its policy in the matter; some restrictions, however, are still sought to be imposed on trade. More singular still, the Prince of Satsuma sent envoys to the British Minister, expressing a desire to settle matters amicably. Several interviews occurred, and finally it was arranged that he would give up the murderers of Mr. Richardson, and pay the £25,000 demanded from him for the assault of his retainers on the Tokaido, upon the party whereof Mr. Richardson was one. Furthermore, it is said, the British Minister has accepted these terms.

The United Service Gazette asserts that the Second Brigade Royal Artillery is under orders to embark for Copenhagen.

It is stated that the French Ambassador to the United States has returned to Paris with a scheme for a compromise between the contending parties in America.

The Reporter says—Nine of the leading merchants of this city have associated themselves together, for the purpose of establishing another banking institution in Halifax, under the title, it is said, of "The Merchants' Bank."

The steamer Ospray left on Saturday for St. Johns, Newfoundland, carrying thither a mail from this city, together with the mails and a passenger left here from the Galway steamer Hibernia, the master of which reported his inability to get into the former port, in consequence of the ice.

A Sheriff's Jury awarded on Saturday last the sum of £350 currency, for additional land for military purposes, at McNab's Island.

An inquest was held yesterday afternoon, before J. Denham Hume, Esq. Coroner, on view of the body of Timothy Collins, late butler to Judge Bliss, who was found drowned at Her Majesty's Ordnance Dock on the forenoon of the same day. The jury, after hearing evidence, returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased was found drowned in the dock of Her Majesty's Ordnance Yard, and the jurors further say that there is no evidence to show under what circumstances the deceased got into the water.—*Chron.*

We understand that Mr. Augustus Tupper brought 25 ounces of gold to town yesterday, the yield of 9½ tons of quartz, the produce of his own claim on the

South lead, Tangier, at a depth of 65 feet.—*Id.*

A portion of the County of Victoria, in Cape Breton, has been declared a gold district, under the title of "The Magatmacook Gold District."

Among the passengers per steamer for England, was Colonel Laurie, Inspecting Field Officer of Militia, accompanied by his lady. The gallant Colonel intends returning in May next.

Hon. W. H. Pope, Colonial Secretary for Prince Edward Island, arrived here in the Arabia from England. That gentleman was one of the Delegation sent home to arrange the difficult Land question in our sister colony, and there is some reason to hope that the efforts made will be ultimately successful.

Between 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon and 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, no less than four attempts were made to set fire to Stubb's Hotel, in St. John, N. B., but they proved ineffectual. Another attempt has since been made; and two employees of the establishment have been arrested on suspicion of being guilty of the offence.

Mr. Lang's tender for putting up the new Provincial Buildings, Market Square, being the lowest, has been accepted. It amounted to £22,450.

Rheft, the South Carolinian, who fired the first gun on the flag at Sumter, died recently in an obscure town in that State.

A sailor going ashore on a hawser from the bow of the R. M. steam-packet Solvent, at Aspinwall, on the 5th ult., was seized by a shark which took off one of his legs at the first bite. The next attack the man lost his left arm near the shoulder, then the right arm at the shoulder; and last his head was taken clean off. The trunk, with one leg attached floated, was recovered, and buried on the 7th by the ship's company.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN FEELING.—The Richmond Sentinel of the 29th ult. says, in reference to the Spring Campaign—"There is a great and general revival in the spirits and confidence of our people relative to the war. And there is reason for this. Our army is acting nobly, and is in the best of spirits. The men whose three years' terms are approaching their close have ceased to wait upon Congress.—From all quarters—from Johnston before Chattanooga, and from Lee on the Rapidan—glorious tidings come from these gallant veterans. Without any inducement, save the promptings of patriotism and the inspirations of a manly courage, they are coming forward with the utmost enthusiasm, by regiments and brigades, to volunteer for the war. Our armies are also in excellent health, and will give

a good account of themselves in the coming campaign."

By Telegraph to Morning & Evening Papers.

St. John, Feb. 3.—The "South Carolinian," of Columbia, reports a disastrous fire there on Tuesday week, which destroyed three millions worth of cotton, a large portion of which belonged to the Confederate Government.

Evening—Rear Admiral Lee officially reports the completion of the destruction of the salt works in St. Andrew's Bay, Florida. Ninety additional works to those already reported were destroyed ten miles above St. Andrew's, and the Confederates destroyed some two hundred more on the 28th of December.

Cult's original pistol factory in Hartford, Conn., was burned this morning; loss about a million dollars. Several lives were lost by falling of a roof.

Feb 6—The Confederate campaign in West Virginia is a failure; Gen Early has been compelled to retreat up South Fork towards Shenandoah Valley. In consequence of the vigorous pursuit of Gen Kelly's forces, the enemy has been driven out of Petersburg.

Feb 9—Special Washington report concerning the recent demonstration on Saturday morning—The Third corps advanced to the Rapidan and crossed the river, capturing many prisoners. During the afternoon the Second corps crossed and the advance was continued. The enemy fought desperately for two hours, but were unable to check the forward movement.

The Postmaster of Malden, near Boston, has been detected as the murderer of the Cashier of the Malden Bank.

Feb 10—An Expedition from Knoxville against Bank Indians and whites at Quarrickon, was successful, killing and wounding over 200, and capturing 500.

The town of Warsaw, North Carolina, was destroyed by fire on the 13th ult.

Evening—Richmond Whig says Virginia Legislature has been occupied in secret session upon a resolution, requesting Confederate Government to suspend outlawry against Gen Butler until an exchange of prisoners is effected.

A refugee says that Atlanta will be destroyed before being allowed to fall into General Grant's hands; also, there is nothing like starvation at the South, but plenty of corn and sweet potatoes.

Feb 11—It is reported that several thousand Federal prisoners now in Richmond are to be removed to Georgia.

A German from Mobile represents the Confederate troops not over 500, all others having been sent to Atlanta, in anticipation of an attack on that place.

The Mexicans are reported to have captured San Luis de Potosi by assault after a day's struggle.

AN AMERICAN IN JERUSALEM.

Near St. Stephen's Gate, is pointed out a mosque, where it is said the Virgin Mary was born, and without the Gate is the spot where St. Stephens was stoned by the Jews, not far distant from the cistern into which his body was afterwards thrown. After examining these localities with much interest, I passed outside of the walls to the Damascus Gate, which presents the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Syrian architecture any where to be found.

Leaving the Gate, I walked through the Via Dolorosa, and from thence to the walking-place of the Jews, on Mount Moriah. This is esteemed by the Hebrews the most sacred place within the limits of Jerusalem, on account of its vicinity to the "Holy of Holies." Here large numbers of them repair daily to wail and to pray; and on Fridays the number is much greater than on other days. They face the wall, which they believe to be a part of the original wall of the temple. On the day I visited the place, there were many assembled—both males and females—some were reading their prayers, in an undertone, while others were devotedly praying or reading their prayers aloud, exclaiming with broken sobs, "How long yet, oh Lord! oh, Lord, how long?" To me it was an impressive service, and I felt that their prayers were offered in the full belief that the Lord will appear to them, at no distant day, and restore this, their former home, to them and their descendants.

Not far from this holy place stands the celebrated Golden Gate of the temple, now closed, it having been blocked up by the Mussulmans, on account of the belief they entertain that at some future day, should they neglect this precaution, it will be entered by a king, who will not only take possession of the city, but will extend his reign over the whole earth.

I next visited what is called the Jews' quarter of the city, and was conducted through their various public edifices, including their synagogues. I was courteously shown by them everything which they thought deserving of particular notice. I received from them all marks of respect and kindness. They are a fine-looking set of people; and if the friend who accompanied me on this occasion had not informed me where I was, I should have had no difficulty in knowing

that I was in the Jewish section of the city; for they are, indeed, a peculiar people, and the same traits, both of feature and mind, are apparent in them all, whether they dwell in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

The inhabitants of Jerusalem, as I learn, have, without consultation among themselves, selected different parts of the city for their respective residences. The Christians reside chiefly west of the street leading from the Damascus to Zion's Gate. The Jews occupy the north-east side of Mount Zion, and the Turks every other part of the city.

Being in the neighbourhood of Zion's Gate, I was conducted to the spot occupied by those who are afflicted with that loathsome disease, the leprosy—a disease of which I had read and heard much, though I knew little of its real character, until my visit to this spot. The lepers usually range themselves in rows, and extend their hands to the passers-by, for alms. Their condition is so frightful that no one is disposed to remain long among them.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I have often wished I could be useful in making children think more about being kind to all dumb animals. And many times have I longed to prevent the great cruelty of confining birds in small cages; and have sighed at the sight of such little prisoners; while I said to myself, "If every one felt as I do, they would never make prisoners of the beautiful creatures a kind Providence has given, for us to admire and enjoy abroad in the open air."

Would any of you like to be always shut up in a little room, only able to move from side to side in the space allotted? How cruel! you would say, for any one to serve you so. Therefore you should think and feel for these little creatures; and I can not suppose you would delight in punishing the animals God has made, if you were taught to think more, for we should be very tender to all dumb creatures. If we loved God, we should learn to be good, and then we should feel happy in trying to make everything happy around us. Kindness to animals is always spoken of as an amiable trait in a child's character; and I hope you will ever bear in mind that they can feel as well as you.

Remember there is an eye that constantly sees you, and takes an account of all you do; and your delight should be in loving to make others happy as well as yourself. Once having known of a bird being starved to death is enough, or ought to be enough, to check others from liking to make prisoners of little birds.

I knew a family in which there were several children, and probably the care of feeding their "Dakie" was not left to one only; but he was

found dead in his cage, and their grandfathers told me, with a sad countenance, that the poor bird had died through neglect. I can not forget the horror that came over me on hearing it. I wish it might be told, to prevent the keeping of such prisoners, and causing such cruelty again.

Some time ago, I was much interested in the fondness evinced between a little boy and a cat. Puss was a favorite with all the family, and attached herself so much to him, that when he was poorly and confined to his chamber, puss would find her way up stairs, and lay herself on his bed, purring, and seeming so happy to be by him. If any one went into his room, she would conceal herself until the visitor had retired, and then creep out, that she might enjoy her young master's caresses; and when he walked out, she would follow him with his faithful dog, wherever he went about the home premises. Indeed, it was beautiful to see how his kindness to his pets was rewarded by their attachment and watchfulness.

"Keeper" seemed to be a dog of no little intelligence, and a word to go or to stay was understood by him. Many a lesson, I thought, might be learned from this example of kindness, of love.

A little girl, in a very plain dress, was returning from school, when a coarse and savage-looking man came along, dragging a dog by a string. Sometimes he would twitch the string sharply, and then beat the poor dog, because he cried, and tried to get away.

"Please don't," said Mary; "please don't hurt poor doggy so."

"What is that to you?" growled the savage; "mind your own business, and keep out of my way."

"Why," said Mary, looking him calmly in his face, "don't you know that God sees you?"

The brute was very angry, but that calm, quiet look and fearless attitude were too much for him. He turned away, and went on growling; but he did not twitch the string nor beat the dog till he was quite out of Mary's sight.

How many a child has been won by gentleness and kindness, that would not yield by severe measures! And we often find it so in the treatment of animals. The dog, for instance, that barks in surprise on first meeting you, and with a stick held up to him, will grow very angry, but by speaking softly and kindly, and coaxing him, will often come and appear to be quite ready for a pat on his side: do you not recollect these lines?

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you," etc.

And also the verses:

"A man of feeling to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions mark a brutal mind," etc.

It is well to store the memory with such useful rhymes, as the saying of them to others may often cause them to think how beautiful is the law of kindness.

COACHING IT IN CHINA.

Perhaps the most illustrious personage that ever sat on the box was his Majesty the Emperor of China. George the Third selected a splendid carriage as a present for this monarch, and sent it by Lord

Macariny, that ambassador of whose diplomatic stewardship so voluminous a record has been written. The emperor received the gift graciously, and when the embassy had departed he determined on astonishing his flat-nosed subjects with this new addition to his magnificence. But there was a difficulty in the way. His celestial majesty did not know in what part of the vehicle to deposit his celestial person. A council of Mandarins was called, and the question and coach gravely put before them. After a long debate the wise Ho-mi-hi, a very Ulysses and (willow) pattern of sages, pronounced that the front place outside, covered with gorgeous (hammer) cloth, was alone worthy of being pressed by the weight of the Brother of the Sun and Stars, and that as for the driver, the rascal should be put out of sight in the body of the carriage. This decision met applause and was pronounced worthy of Ho-mi-hi; and the emperor accordingly, amid the cheers, shouts and prayers of his admiring courtiers, majestically ascended the box-seat. But the excursion was very brief, and of so unsatisfactory a nature, that the Brother of the Sun and Stars had scarcely an appetite for his usual dinner of sucking pig and birds' nests. The coach was converted into an ornament for a pagoda, where it may still remain for aught I can affirm to the contrary.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE ARTIST.—For many years Radcliffe, the physician, was the neighbor of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the artist, in Bow Street, London. A dispute that occurred between the two neighbors and friends is worth recording. Sir Godfrey took pleasure in his garden, and expended large sums of money in stocking it with exotic plants and rare flowers. Radcliffe also enjoyed a garden, but loved his fees too well to expend them on one of his own. He suggested to Sir Godfrey that it would be a good plan to insert a door into the boundary wall between the garden, so that on idle afternoons, when he had no patients to visit, he might slip into his dear friend's pleasure grounds. Kneller readily assented to this proposition, and ere a week had elapsed the door was ready for use. The plan, however, had not been long acted on when the painter was annoyed by Radcliffe's servants wantonly injuring his parterres. After fruitlessly expostu-

lating against these depredations, the sufferer sent a message to his friend, threatening, if the annoyance recurred, to brick up the wall. "Tell Sir Godfrey," answered Radcliffe to the messenger, "that he may do what he likes to the door, so long as he does not paint it." When this vulgar jeer was reported to Kneller, he replied, with equal good-humor and wit, "Go back and give my service to Dr. Radcliffe, and tell him I'll take anything from him—but physic."

THE NEW KEY.—"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word; guess what." But aunt was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child; "aunt, it is *please*. If I ask one of the great girls in school, '*Please* show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, '*Please* do this for me,' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, '*Please*,' he says, 'Yess, puss, if I can;' and then if I say, '*Please*, aunt—'"

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"Oh! you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Kind Words.—They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own souls; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured; cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image

on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whisper of affection, how grateful! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP of P. SHEEN & BROS., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, bearing date from 1st May, 1863.
Halifax, Feb. 11, 1864:

LLOYD'S REGISTER OF

British & Foreign Shipping.

Surveyor for the Province of Nova Scotia.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mr. JOSEPH JOHN TUCKER has been appointed the Surveyor to this Society for Nova Scotia, to reside at Windsor, N. S.

Notice is also given that all Ships built in Nova Scotia, after this appointment, which shall not be surveyed while building by the Surveyor, or where the Owners or Builders shall refuse such Survey, will be subjected to the loss of one year (as prescribed by the Rules, page 16, sec. 53, in regard to British built Ships) from the period which they would otherwise be allowed.

All ships built under the immediate inspection of the Surveyor, on the terms prescribed for Special Survey, will be distinguished in the Register Book by a Cross, thus †, and in the Certificates of Classification then issued, as "Built under Special Survey."

By order of the Committee,

GEO. B. SEYFANG, Secretary.

2 White Lion Court, Cornhill, London, {
Jan 14.] 22nd October, 1863. }

Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Committee of Lloyd's Register, London, their resident Surveyor for the Province of Nova Scotia. Shipbuilders and Ship Owners in Nova Scotia requiring to have their vessels surveyed for classification in the Register Book of this Society will please make application for the present at the Office, Windsor, N. S., where copies of the Society's Rules and any necessary information can be obtained.

JOSEPH I. TUCKER,

Dec. 17.

Lloyd's Surveyor.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE

Weekly Miscellany.*County of Halifax.*

Mrs. Margaret Crooks, Lawrencetown.
Messrs. Luther Sterns, Dartmouth.
William Blakeney, Jeddore.
William A. Cox, Oldham.
John Lingley, Waverley.
James Sutherland, Gay's River.
R. B. Taylor, Gay's River Road.
Joseph Lantz, Indian Harbour.
John Booth sen'r. Prospect.
James Gardner jr. Musquodoboit Harbour.

Samuel L. Henry, Upper Musquodoboit.

D. F. Lockerty, Bedford.
Neil Bollong, Pope's Harbour.
Henry G. Leslie, Spry Bay.
William Bissett, Lower Ward.

County of Colchester.

Messrs. Thomas Baird, Onslow.

J. B. Calkhan, Truro.
Hugh McIntosh, Head of Bay, Tatamagouche.

Hugh Dickson, Upper Onslow.
Walter B. Hingley, Kempt Town, Salmon River.

Saml. C. Cox, Upper Stewiacke.
Simon McDonald, L'r Stewiacke.
Andw. K. Graham, Five Islands.
P. Fulmor, DeBert River.

County of Cumberland.

Messrs. M. E. Hewson, River Philip.

Levi Borden, Pugwash.
Michl. K. Pugsley, River Hebert.
Wm. B. Lodge, Maccan Mountain.
James Finlay, Head of Amherst.
Jos. Atkinson, Maccan Interval.
John McNeil, Wallace Ridge.
Gilbert Seafman, Minudie.
John Bragg, Windham Hill.
Oliver King, Tidnish Cross Roads.
W. E. Angervine, Wallace River, Six Mile Road.

Archd. Robertson, Fox Harbour.
Wm. Grant, Parrsboro' Shore.
George H. Forshner, Head of Wallace Bay.

Chas. D. Rockwell, Rockwell Settlement, Amherst Shore.
Donald McAuly, Amherst Corner.
Andrew Taylor, East Branch River Philip.

County of Pictou.

Messrs. Wm. Fraser, New Glasgow.

Alex. Fraser, Middle River.
Thos. R. Fullerton, Sutherland's River.

John McGillvray, Knoydart.
Matthew M. Archibald, Alma.
Mrs. C. M. McDonald, Forks. M. Riv.
Christy McDonald, French Riv.

Messrs. D. McDonald, Bailey's Brook.
William Dunbar, West Branch East River.

Geo. McKay, Mount Thom.
John Forbes, Bridgeville, E. Riv.
Alex. Fraser, McLellan's Brook, East River.

Jas McDonald, Piedmont Valley

County of Hants.

Miss Theresa B. Wolfe, Falmouth.

Mary Cox, Lower Selma.

Messrs. James McDougall, Five Mile River, Shubenacadie.

John T. Cochran, Newport.

John W. Lavers, Up'r Rawdon.

Evan McPhee, Nine Mile River.

Jos. Mosher, Mid. Kennetcook.

Joshua Fish, Highfield, Newport

Samuel Kerr, Antrim.

Daniel Huntly, Hantsport.

Osmond O'Brien, Noel.

King's County.

Messrs. J. W. Borden, Canning.

C. S. Davidson, Berwick.

William Gilliatt, Church Street Cornwallis.

Amos Bill Jacques, Waterville, Aylesford.

Thomas Farnsworth, Morden.

Cyrus Webster, Sheffield Mills, Cornwallis.

Oliver Lockhart, Lockhartville.

B. W. Chipman, Aylesford.

James H. Hamilton, Walbrook, Horton.

Samuel L. Fitch, Kentville.

John Casey, Beach Hill.

John Strong, Wolfville.

County of Annapolis.

Messrs. James E. Chipman, Bridgiston.

R. Graves, Port Williams.

R. M. Shaw, Clementsport.

T. A. Margeson, Margaretville.

Geo. Wells, Saw Mill Creek.

Alfred Hoyt, Lequille.

John W. James, Lawrencetown

Alfred Troop, Granville Ferry.

Israel McNayr, Springfield.

Timothy C. Munro, Maitland.

Robt. A. Dakin, L'r Granville.

County of Digby.

Messrs. Enos Patten, Brookville.

John Smith, Petite Passage.

John C. Morse, Sandy Cove.

John W. Powell, Long Island.

L. McKay, St. Mary's Bay.
Charlton Sabcan, New Tusket, Clare.

Ambrose Poole, Cedar Lake.

Clement M. Melancon, Chica-
ben, Clare.

County of Lunenburg.

Messrs. J. W. Andrews, Bridgewater.

C. Publicover, Blandford.

Jacob Mosher, Petite Riviere.

Queen's County.

Messrs. John R. Hall, Brooklyn.

Ephraim Mack, Mill Village.

Z. P. Armstrong, East Port
Medway.

Elkanah Morton, Middlefield.

John S. Morse, Brookfield.

Philip Fancy, Pleasant River.

Joseph J. Letson, Port Medway.

John W. Scott, Liverpool.

County of Yarmouth.

Messrs. Benj. C. Robbins, Arcadia.

Froeman C. Parry, Beaver River.

James H. Hamilton, Kempt.

County of Shelburne.

Mrs. Nancy Snow, Port Latour.

Messrs. Leonard Knowles, Barrington
West Passage.

Robert Currie, Lewis Head.

X. A. Chipman, Locke's Island.

James McKay, Clyde River.

County of Guysborough.

Messrs. S. McGuire, Salmon River Lake.

E. C. Cunningham, Guysboro'.

Jas. H. Feltmate, White Head.

Jas. W. Whitman, Manchester.

Jonathan Hartley, Pirate Harbor

William Sawers, Cross Roads,
Milford.

George Norris, Cape Canoe.

County of Sydney.

Messrs. Donald Sinclair, Goshen.

F. S. Cunningham, Harbor Road

Robt. Chisholm, Pomquet Forks

Jas. Randall, Little River Shore.

John McMillan, St. Andrew's.

Jas. McDougall, Marshy Hope.

E. Corbett, Harbor-au-Bouche.

Donald McMillan, Head Lake-
bar Lake.

A. Stewart, Foot Lochbar Lake.

Levi Irish, Little River.

Charles McGillivray, Glon Road.

County of Cape Breton.

Messrs. D. McPhee, Low Point Shore.

P. T. Clarke, Coxheath.

Walter Young, Lingen.

Donald Gillis, Lewis Bay.

County of Victoria.

Messrs. R. McKenzie, Great Bras d'Or.

Murdoch McKenzie, Munro's
Point, St. Anns.

John Burke, Ingonish.

Donald Gillis, Big Interval.

Neil McAskill, Cape North.

D. McIntosh, Bay St. Lawrence.

John McNaughton, St. Patrick's
Channel.

County of Richmond.

Messrs. Angus McNeil, D'Escousse.

Jas. Smith, McPherson's Ferry.

William Urquhart, Rear Lands,
Sporting Mountain.

Rod'k. Bethune, Loch Lomond.

Josiah Hooper, Forchu.

John Murchison, Grand River.

J. R. P. McLean, River Bourgeois

Daniel Fraser, Grandique Ferry.

R. G. Morrison, St. Peters.

County of Inverness.

Messrs. J. H. Tremain, Port Hood.

Angus McMaster, Low Point,
Strait of Canoe.

Arch'd. McIntyre, River Dennis

John Ross, N. E. Branch Mur-
garee.

Alexander McEachern, Boom.

Chas. McMillan, Lake Ainslie,
East Side.

Hugh McDonell, Judique.

Jas. S. Lawrence, Margasee.

Angus McInnes, West Lake
Ainslie.

Prince Edward Island.

Messrs. Laird & Harvie, Charlottetown.