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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 23, 1867.

No 43



Charlotte County Agricultural Society Fair.

The following is a list of the premiums awarded by the Society at its Annual Fair, on Thursday last, 17th inst. We may state that the largest amount of prizes were awarded to Messrs. G. Mowat and M. J. C. Andrews \$9.75 each, A. D. Thompson and B. Pettigrove \$7.75 each, Moses Greenlaw \$6, Jesse Bartlett \$5, Messrs. Gillman, Hill, McCann, Greenlaw, W. H. Mowat \$4 each, G. S. Grimmer and others \$3.

Endure Horses.

1st prize. W. H. Simpson
2nd do. James McNeill
3rd do. Samuel Craig

Spring Cattle.

1st prize. Ben. Johnson
2nd do. Isaac Richardson

3 year old Cols.

1st prize. M. J. C. Andrews
2nd do. Luther Lawrence

2 year old Cols.

1st prize. John Higgins
2nd do. Wm. Simpson

1 year old Cols.

1st prize. A. D. Thompson
2nd do. M. J. C. Andrews

Farm Horses.

1st prize. R. Hawthorn
2nd do. John Dolby

Neat Cattle—Bulls.

1st prize. W. H. Mowat
2nd do. M. J. C. Andrews

Yearling—Geo. Mowat.

1st prize. Wm. Hill
2nd do. Bull Calves—G. S. Grimmer

John Curry.

1st prize. John Curry
2nd do. Hutter Calves—H. H. Huggins

Jas. McFarlan.

1st prize. M. J. C. Andrews
2nd do. W. McCann

Heifer 2 yrs.—W. H. Mowat.

1st prize. Geo. Mowat
2nd do. P. W. Bradford

11 years yearling.

1st prize. Luther Lawrence
2nd do. John Curry

3 yrs old—M. Greenlaw.

1st prize. W. Hill
2nd do. 4 yrs old—J. McFarlan

W. McCann.

1st prize. Ram under 4 years.
2nd do. M. J. C. Andrews

Ewes—John McFarlan.

1st prize. Arch. McFarlan
2nd do. Ram Lamb, D. Mowat

Arch. McFarlan.

1st prize. W. McCann
2nd do. Jesse Bartlett

Alex. Gillman.

1st prize. Moses Greenlaw
2nd do. C. Greenlaw

Duckweed.

1st prize. C. Greenlaw
2nd do. M. J. C. Andrews

Corn.

1st prize. G. S. Grimmer
2nd do. Luther Lawrence

B. Pettigrove.

1st prize. B. Pettigrove
2nd do. B. Pettigrove

Potatoes.

1st prize. B. Pettigrove
2nd do. B. Pettigrove

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Poetry.

The Mystery of Nature.

The works of God are fair for naught,
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded,
To image forth and inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake,
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone,
Because the unseeing need it,
But on an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which to all who seek
Are precious in their finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears that dull to hear her.

Whoever, at the concert sound
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the holy word go round
To music the divinest.

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

BY JOHN RANDOLPH.

[Concluded.]

Go on, sir, I replied, the blood mounting to
my forehead, as I returned my revolver to my
pocket.

The schooner came rapidly up with us, al-
though we had by this time caught the breeze,
and with every rag spread that we could muster;
but a gentle hint, in the shape of a thirty
two pound shot, which struck our mainmast
head which caused us to leave to a bury
with our top-lammer lying around the decks
in great confusion.

In two minutes the schooner rounded to under our stern, and I
must say, I never in all my life saw such a
splendid hull and spars as she possessed. The
deck set low in the water, rising with consid-
erable shear forward, amidships; the bulwarks
were low, displaying to advantage a large pivot
gun; long, low and rakish, a red stripe set
off about as handsome and yet villainous a look-
ing vessel as it ever fell to my lot to encounter.

A large white flag was flying at her fore, on
which for a device was a large black raven.

This settled the question as to her name and
character.

I heard a wild cry followed by a splash, and
looking over the side, I saw the captain slowly
sinking to a watery grave. He preferred
death by his own hands, sooner than be made
to walk the plank, affording amusement and
sport to the murderous villains, who now low-
ering a boat, and preparing to board us.

I shall leave you to imagine my feelings, as
I saw the boat filled with armed men, rapidly
approaching the vessel. I breathed a short
prayer for my wife and little one at home, and
then stepped to the gangway to receive my
executioners. The first man that stepped over
the rail was a tall, lantern-jawed Yankee, and
he was followed by a score of villainous-look-
ing ruffians, all armed to the teeth, and re-
presenting every nation on the face of the earth.

I say, do you command I am shy?

I am the mate, sir, the captain jumped over-
board, to escape your tender mercies. He, he,
he, giggled the Yankee, as he deliberately
squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice in my
face and eyes, "ye'er would do well ten
hells, followed his example." The Yankee
seemed to exercise some sort of authority over
the gang, and he ordered them to rig a plank,
which was quickly accomplished. One by
one, I beheld my shipmates mount that fatal
plank, walk to the end and sink without a
struggle, beneath the water, the infernal fiends
roaring and laughing, in diabolical glee. At
last my turn came, and I held out my hands to
have them bound. "Looka here drawled the
Yankee, do ye'er mind-rat shooten the sun?
I replied that I did. Well then, I'm agoin to
give ye a chance to save yer own gizzard. The
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