

STABLE.

RANK ALGAR  
a public that he is prepared to fur-  
t notice good horses and comfortable  
reasonable rates.  
-William Henry street.  
Ms. March 30th, 1864.

BE SOLD,  
if applied for immediately  
used by the 15th of April, the  
will be let and possession given  
on 1st May next

HAT desirably situated House for  
business next to the Record Of-  
fice; has been newly shingled and is  
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and  
cellars.

A. I. S. O.—  
r Town Lots in good situations for  
business. Apply to subscriber.  
payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

Amanacks 1865.

IAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and  
star for 1865, can be obtained singly  
or by the dozen for retail from  
J. LOCHARY & SON,  
of the old Farmers' Almanac always  
news Nov. 20, 1864.

Rubber.

Rubbers  
AT THE  
Albion House.

IN S. MAGEE,  
has received an assortment of  
Misses,  
Ladies,  
Gents,  
Rubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balloons Boots, a nice  
set of the present season, which with a lot  
of old Ladies Boots,  
SKELETON SKIRTS,  
and the balance of stock of  
NTER DRY GOODS,  
sell CHEAP for Current Money  
in Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.  
RECEIVED and now open for sale  
the very lowest prices:

ats, Bonnets,  
hairs, and Ribbons.  
AWLS, MANTILLAS,  
FANCY DRESS GOODS  
Grey and White Cottons,  
ing, Stripes, and Regattas  
its, and GORSET CLOTHS  
Crashes; Towel-  
ling & Table Li-  
bons, Shirt-fronts,  
ollars, and Fan-  
cy Neck Ties,  
lars, Rubbers,  
Boots and Shoes  
nce of Summer Stock daily expected  
eamer "Europa" and when received  
e sold at a very small advance on cost.

D. BRADLEY.

adies Seminary,  
ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

ES, KENDALL will receive a limited  
er of young Ladies as boarders, in addition  
daily pupils.  
course of instruction comprises the  
nglish, French, and Italian  
Languages;  
ng and Arithmetic, Geography, including  
se of the Globes; Astronomy, History,  
and Singing, plain and Ornamental Needle  
work, &c.

English, 2 0 0 per ann.  
Fees, including French, 8 0 0  
Music, 8 0 0  
Fuel for season 0 3 0  
REFERENCES:  
Dr G. Percy, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,  
Falkirk, Esq., high school, Wm Andrews, M.A.,  
Leaseur McGill College, Montreal.  
Dr S. Bacon, S. Benson, M.D., Henry Comand  
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Dr W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.  
et, Esq., St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,  
and Worked Col-  
ver Garments for Boys & Girls  
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,  
Waists, &c. &c.  
Each pattern can be used with ease.  
JAS. McKINNEY,  
June 23.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

8 VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1865.

No 48

## Poetry.

For the Standard.

HAMLET IN A STATE OF BEER.

BY A LADY.

To drink or not to drink, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer  
The desperate longings of outrageous thirst,  
Or take up the bottle against a sea of trouble,  
And by drinking end them? To drink—to  
Stagger—no more; and by a fall, to say we get  
Head-ache and the thousand natural shocks,  
Which the drunkard is heir to. 'Tis a  
Consummation devoutly to be dreading!  
To fall—to sleep perchance—and waken  
In the Station-house! Ay! there's the rub!  
For in that drunken scene, what falls, what  
Bruises, what stings from "Boomer" may come  
When we have shuffled off the jailor—  
Shout! well be pondered.  
There's the rub, "use that makes the drunkard's  
So short a life." For who would bear  
The jeers and scorn of the employer's  
Wrong, the sober man's contempt—the pang  
Of rejected love—the uncertainty of office—  
And the spur to patient sobriety of in-  
Takes, when he himself might his life prolong  
By taking "the pledge"? Who would then  
"Mint juleps" drink—and reel and totter  
Into a dirty gutter? when the dread of something  
After one gets HOME—puzzles the will  
And makes us rather throw the spirits  
That we have away than fly  
To a wife's angry spirits we know TOO WELL OF  
Thus whiskey does make drunkards of all  
Who lack the native line of resolution,  
And man's nose is sickened o'er with the red east  
Of drink!—and all his limbs  
Their currents turn away  
And lose the power of equilibrium.

## Miscellany.

MY BURGLAR.

The story of my burglar is as follows: I  
indeed you can call a man a burglar who meets  
you at mid day, sitting on the grass, instead  
of choosing the far more appropriate and class-  
ical midnight hour, illuminated by the fitful rays  
of a dark lantern and the gleam of a polished  
blade. Such as he was, however, he was the  
only burglar I ever met, although I have been  
nighly on the watch for him ever since I can  
remember.

I must begin by describing what delightful  
little picnic our particular "act" used to in-  
dulge in a few years ago. Model picnics;  
none of your crowded commodes, with a brass  
land on the top, and fifty incongruous people  
mable to escape from each other for a long,  
long weary day; spoiling all the silent beauty  
of woods and rocks; flinging their lemon peel  
and empty bottles down the silver waterfalls,  
and generally fulfilling the spirit of the old  
hymn—  
"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

Our were little impromptu affairs: a boat-  
load of friends sailing down to Cove or  
Light house, or some other favorite spot, or a  
drive in our several carriages to Mount Carmel  
or Wintergreen Falls; with no greater pre-  
paration than could be crowded into the hour  
during which the party would be proposed,  
arranged, and started.

It was on a bright June morning five years  
ago that such a boat-load of friends assembled  
at the water side, matrimonized as usual by sweet  
little Mrs. Gilbert and her dear old doc-  
tor, whose united presence insured the com-  
plete success of any of our little festivities.  
There was the usual son, Amy and Adelaide,  
Professor Tucker and his sister, a clergyman,  
a lawyer, an officer, my rattle-brained cousin  
Charley of the senior class, and last but not  
least to each other were Frank and myself.  
As usual, Mrs. Gilbert's immense hamper was  
lifted out of the carriage with much ceremony  
and deposited on the wharf, putting to shame  
the little baskets which Amy and I carried,  
filled with anything we could find at the mo-  
ment in the larder. Mrs. Gilbert's larder was  
always in picnic order, and we grew to depend  
a good deal upon that well-known hamper, and  
to think our duty done if we carried forks,  
spoons, and cups enough to aid in dispatching  
his liberal contents. Frank's great dog, of  
course, accompanied him, for our picnics would  
not have been at all complete without good  
old Nero. But unfortunately this day, as we  
sat on a pile of boards waiting for the sails to  
be hoisted and the cushions to be placed, Amy's  
red shawl, which she always carried for the  
picturesque, was flung into the boat but  
into the water; and, of course, dear old Nero,  
being a Newfoundland could not for an instant  
refrain from jumping to its rescue, so that both  
were in quite too dripping a condition to be  
thought of as companions in so limited a space.  
"No, no, Nero!" cried Frank, as the dog sidled

up to me for a comfortable shake over my  
white dress, "you're in no state for a boat ride  
with ladies, so you may lie down and take care  
of this till we come back!" and he flung the  
dripping shawl upon the wharf, where it lay in  
a gorgeous scarlet heap, and beside it lay  
down his obedient guardian; and as we pushed  
off we knew that thus they would lie, and so  
we would find them when we sailed home un-  
der the setting sun.

How beautiful was the sea that day! how  
cool the breeze which swept us dancingly  
along, and how the "Fairy" dipped and skim-  
med with her great white wings spread and  
her colors flying! Frank took his seat by  
me, yielding his post of responsibility and  
honor as master of the boat to Captain Heavy-  
top, whose nautical knowledge formed the  
theme for much of his conversation, and whose  
uniform and whiskers were at least highly or-  
namented by way of figure-head, as I thought  
Amy seemed to me by means the drug in the  
market which they have since become, and a  
girl who had "a soul above buttons" was strong-  
minded indeed who could resist one.

But I must not dwell on every incident of  
that bright sail, as I sat by my lover's side,  
with our thoughts known only to each other,  
and our vows—two days old—known as yet to  
none on earth but my dear old father. We  
sailed along into the boundless future, bright  
to our eyes as the sea before us, our hearts  
dancing like the little waves around the brow,  
and thinking—Thus shall we sail, hand in  
hand, heart by heart, through life!—know-  
ing not nor dreaming of the sound of battle,  
the separation, the agonized hearts, the sick-  
bed, and the honorable wound which should at  
last restore the maimed hero to his home, to  
bear through life the remembrance of the proof  
that he had fought and bled for his country!  
The sea told us none of these things as it  
splashed and bubbled around our boat. The  
wind whispered them not, as it came freighted  
with the songs of birds and the scent of clover  
meadow. Blessed wind and kind sea! We  
were happy that day, without a shadow of care  
or dread upon our spirits!

Our favorite sea-side spot was a grove about  
half a mile beyond South End, where the rocks  
piled up at the water's edge were washed  
twice a day by the tide, which, lapped away,  
leaving behind in crevices little natural acqui-  
ria full of shrimps and anemones, green sea-  
nettle, and pretty little fish and snails.  
Every such discovery was a treasure to Ger-  
trude Tucker and Adelaide Wade, who were  
now speedily at work with their tin pails with  
perforated covers upon their arms, dipping up  
all sorts of tiny monstrosities, uttering little  
shrieks as they tried to seize the swift slimy  
creatures in their white fingers, and gallantly  
aided by the Professor and the clergyman,  
each armed with a minute fish-net. Dear to  
each maiden's heart was the tank in the bow  
window at home, and bitter and ill-concealed  
the rivalry between them. They paid each  
other daily visits. "How very thick and dark  
the water looked in your aquarium yesterday,  
dear Adelaide!" I heard Miss Tucker say-  
ing, in a sympathizing tone. "You should  
clean the rocks and filter the water I think."  
In fact, I would advise a complete change of  
water. I tried it myself a short time since,  
and mine is as clear as crystal." "Thank you,  
dear!" says Adelaide, lovingly; "but I go  
upon purely scientific principles, and make my  
aquarium entirely self-supporting—the animal  
and vegetable life just balancing each other."  
And Mrs. Gilbert and I laughed soft-  
ly, as we went up the rocks arm in arm to  
seek the friendly shelter of the grove.

An hour later even our indefatigable mer-  
maids were tired with their work and contented  
with their spoil, and returned to our mid-  
dled looking cool and comfortable, with their round  
heads wreathed with sea-weed, while their de-  
voted cavaliers toiled by their side, laden with  
shells and fish pails, nets, and bundles of shells,  
and with a generally moist and dispirited look,  
which excited my compassion, as contrasted  
with the cool loungers under the trees. Amy  
sat a little apart, with "Buttons," as Charley  
persisted in calling the rattle-brained captain;  
and I noticed that he had furtively drawn from  
his pocket a blue and gold Tennyson, and was  
reading to her his favorite extracts. It is al-  
ways the "dog" Heavytops who take you by  
surprise by betraying their hidden poetry  
of mood, and go about with those dreadful li-  
beral contents, as they would a pocket pistol. So  
thought no fair little Amy, however; and as  
I heard the lines,  
"She looked so lovely as she swayed  
The reins with dainty finger-tips,"  
rolled out in a deep, suppressed bass voice and  
remembered that I had met the happy pair  
entering side by side through Laurel Lane  
only the day before, I felt that the case was a  
foregone conclusion.

Take away those slimy reptiles! cried  
Charley, shrinking before the pail which the  
panting Professor had deposited upon the  
grass. Restore the horrid monsters to their  
native element!—See, I am going for a swim,  
and I will so far sacrifice my feelings as to  
bear the dreadful burden to the water's edge  
and restore the wretched creatures to their be-  
loved waves!

Really I am much obliged to you, Mr.  
Grant! replied Adelaide. Hands off that  
pail, if you please!

I quite approve of one part of Charley's  
proposal, said the good old Doctor, fanning  
himself with his hat; this heat is dreadful and  
swim would be delicious. What say you, gen-  
tlemen—shall we leave the ladies to prepare  
the table, and shall we go down to Inlet cove  
to cool ourselves off a little? The proposition  
was agreed to, with a sigh of regret for Nero,  
whose duty on such occasions was to keep  
watch on shore over the clothes of the bathers.

Of course in so retired a spot there was little  
danger, as all agreed, of any stragglers who  
might meddle with their property. Still, said  
Dr. Gilbert, I think I shall leave my watch  
behind. Here, my dear, turning to me, you're  
the only woman I know who sits still for ten  
minutes, so I confide it to your care; and he  
threw into my lap his ponderous old repeater  
with its massive chain. After such a recom-  
mendation, said Frank, I can not do better  
than follow the Doctor's example, and he laid  
his watch in my hands. Permit me also, said  
the Captain, handing over the contents of his  
pail; and, laughing, each gentleman in his  
turn bestowed upon me, as I sat on the grass,  
his watch and purse, Charley, particularly  
and solemnly, confiding his pocket book to my  
care as if I did not know how light a charge it was.  
A moment after the Fairy reared her white  
wings, and, contending coquettishly round the  
Point of Rocks, bound for Inlet Cove.

And now to business, cried Mrs. Gilbert  
briskly. One thing is evident—Helen is a  
figure; she can't stir with all that plunder in  
her lap, so I propose that we should bring her  
leaves, and let her make herself useful by  
weaving the wreaths for the table. So they  
brought me oak-boughs, and bunches of grass,  
and wild roses; and then laid the cloth, and  
prepared to arrange the contents of the hamper.

The hamper! Where was it! High and  
low, far and near, they searched—on the rocks  
and among the bushes—but no traces of its  
comfortable rotundity appeared.

The boat, suggested Miss Tucker; but Mrs.  
Gilbert had seen that the boat had been left  
thoroughly emptied. No, it has been left be-  
hind; and as we recalled the scarlet heap be-  
side which Nero laid him down, she felt, fail-  
ing hearts, that under that shawl and be-  
side the dog reposed the hamper, lost to sight  
to memory dear; but that day of starvation  
at South End would be ill repaid by the sight  
of its well-known plethoric beauty on our re-  
turn.

With shame and contrition Amy and I opened  
our baskets. Plenty of forks, spoons, and  
goldens gleaming with silver and aristocratic  
with crests; but a dozen hard boiled eggs, and  
a paper of macaroni made a poor preparation  
for a sea-side meal! What was to be done?  
Those dreadful men, sighed poor Mrs. Gilbert,  
only thing we can do is to see what can be  
bought at the boarding-house at South End.  
Helen, hand me over the Doctor's purse; and  
you come with me, Amy. And I think if  
Adelaide and Gertrude will climb that fence  
and go across the fields they will find a farm-  
house about half a mile off where they can  
get something—potatoes to roast, if nothing  
better. Luckily the oven we had built of  
stones months before was still standing; so we  
plucked up courage, and they went off, two  
and two, leaving me sitting, as before, weav-  
ing garlands, with my lap full of wreaths!—  
And now, I think my reader will agree that  
the appropriate moment for my Burglar to ap-  
pear is drawing nigh!

There is much individuality in a watch's face.  
I never had so good an opportunity for study-  
ing the matter as when I was thus left alone  
twining wreaths, and gazing down at my gold-  
en lapful. There was the Doctor's old plump,  
overgrown, old-fashioned repeater, just such  
as Mr. Pickwick might have carried, with its  
faded greenish face, and its tinkling bell in  
your pressed the spring; and beside it lay in  
strong contrast the Captain's exquisite and  
lady-like little article, twenty-five minutes  
slower than the Doctor's watch, which was the  
model for the whole town, and almost shamed  
the sun itself. A little painted picture of  
shepherds and Cupids was on the back of  
this toy, and altogether I thought it a fit offer-  
ing for Amy, and a highly desirable thing  
that the worthy Captain should take to him-  
self a wife to cure him of a little redundant  
foppishness, which does not seem to thrive un-  
der the matrimonial yoke.

The Professor's and the lawyer's watches  
were like themselves—entirely proper, entire-  
ly unremarkable. Sensible and plain and  
useful, and so much alike that they only could  
reclaim each his property, I could not distin-  
guish between them. The clerical watch  
was perfect in its way—exactly the right size,  
with a hunting case, a very quiet guard, and  
every thing severely en regle. Then came  
poor Charley's silver watch, which he blush-  
ingly deposited among the folds of my dress,  
and I mentally resolved that if before his next  
birthday, his parents had not awakened to the

fact that their boy had grown into a man, I  
would make my dear father choose him one fit  
to graduate in.

Then, of course, I studied Frank's pretty old  
fashioned watch. It had been his mother's  
and he valued it greatly. It had a quaint  
looking wreath around its face of different  
golds, greenish, white, and deep yellow; and  
it had a magnificent coiled edge, which at one  
point and slender at another, just as the light  
fell upon it. I knew Frank had loved every  
thing his mother had worn, and I hid it down  
tenderly upon the softest folds of my dress, and  
took off my glove for the first time that morning  
to look again at the betrothal ring which he  
had yesterday slipped upon my finger. It  
was a sky-blue forget-me-not, of enamel, with  
a great diamond dew-drop in the centre. It  
gleamed in the shade, and shot out insidious  
rays as a stray sunbeam fell upon it; and I sat  
entranced, feeling all the hopes and promises  
bound around my life of which that circle  
was an emblem; and heard no more the splash  
of the waves, or the sound of the breeze, but  
glided off into a sweet golden day-dream of  
youth and love. I heard no sound of oars,  
nor saw any shadow upon the rocks, until in  
the silence of my soul a footstep struck sharp  
upon my ear, and, looking up, I saw at the  
entrance of the grove an evil face and a pon-  
derous form; a little boat drawn upon the  
beach, and myself alone with a new terror.  
Quick as thought I dropped the leaves and  
grasses with which I had been playing upon  
my lap, and looked as resolute as I knew how  
to, hoping against hope that the intruder on  
my peace might prove more innocent than he  
looked, perhaps even pass without remark.

Not he! The villainous countenance was  
close beside me, and a harsh voice remarked:  
"Morning, ma'am; I thought you seemed to be  
alone. Yes for a moment, I replied, but I  
have a large party of friends at hand; and  
I tried to steady my nerves, and conceal my  
fright. Yes, I saw them; at least that gentle-  
man of the party. They were down yonder a  
mile or so, and are having a fine swim about  
this time, no doubt. And I thought as how  
they had probably left the ladies all alone, so  
I'd better come and see if I could be of any  
use; though I didn't think I'd have such luck  
to find only one pooty girl to talk to! And  
the horrible face gazed sardonically upon me.  
I tried to speak as laughably as I could. You  
better pass on, sir; I've no wish to talk to  
you, and if you annoy me staying here I shall  
be obliged to call for assistance. It was of  
course too much in the "John, bring the gun"  
style to impose upon so practical a hand. He  
had probably watched our movements for  
hours, and knew his ground well. You may  
call my dear, he replied, holler and screech,  
and I'll promise to sit still and let any body  
take me as comes! You know as well as I do  
that there's nobody within ear-shot or gunshot  
and the best thing you can do is to keep a  
civil tongue in your head, and I shant offer no  
rudeness.

So saying, he turned him to the table, mut-  
tering that he was empty enough by this time,  
and looking as disconsolately as we did at the  
slender feast prepared. Quick work did he  
make with the provisions, crushing the egg-  
shells and crunching the macarons. Pretty  
soon, he remarked, for a man who sits up  
o' nights! I'll trouble you for your watch,  
Miss. I haven't it with me, I replied, firmly.  
He glanced at my waist. Your purse, then.  
I haven't that either, I replied, and turned out  
my pocket to verify my words. As he took  
the handkerchief and gloves it contained, con-  
tempuously but promptly transferred them to  
his own pocket, and then looked around. The  
silver was of course the first thing that met  
his eye, though nearly concealed by a shawl  
thrown over it. That's more like, he said,  
with great satisfaction, at he proceeded to  
pocket the forks and spoons, and tie up my  
father's superb old gollets in a villainous look-  
ing bandanna. There's a pretty lump, said  
he; you'll never see these again, my dear;  
they'll be melted down before your two hours  
older—that's our way.

Just then I saw the shadow of a distant  
sail, and felt that my perils were lighter. He  
did not see it, but looked down upon me till I  
feared he would see the gleam of gold through  
the leafy screen in my lap, and hear the tick-  
tick which came so clearly to my ears, almost  
drowning the thick beating of my heart. He  
touched my hair. Only girl, I see, he grum-  
bled, and put back the comb which held up my  
curls. I wonder you ladies ain't ashamed to  
wear them bogus things. How's a man to  
know what's worth taking? Perhaps this is  
brass too; and he made a snatch at my brooch.  
No, it is brass, I said. Wait a moment and I  
will give it to you. And I unclasped my  
pretty pin and yielded it to his dirty, horny  
fingers. And the shadow crept noiselessly  
nearer, and my heart bounded with relief.

The ruffian seized the pails, and finding how  
unworthy the contents were of his attention  
kicked them contemptuously over, and the un-  
happy creatures lay flapping and gasping upon  
the grass. I glanced again at the sea, but the  
sail had disappeared. Had the party gone  
off on some new whim? Had the sea swal-  
lowed them up? Were they landing at some

new point? Or did my hopes deceive me, and  
was not that the "Fairy," with her friendly  
freight, after all? Perhaps only some fisher-  
men. I felt sure I had seen some standing  
figure; or perhaps some more dreadful tramp  
to trouble me. And as I sat and looked and  
listened, with a faint heart, I fancied I  
heard a very faint scraping sound, as of a keel  
upon the sand. The man turned and looked,  
and said, We'll must be off. Then suddenly  
desecrating through my clasped fingers the  
gleam of my precious ring, he cried, Hello!  
here is a find! Now, my girl, you just take  
that off as gently as you did that 'ere breast-  
pin, or I'll help you. I sat in despair. I  
could not give up my ring. How could I for-  
get it? I entreated; I wept. I told him I  
would send him any sum of money he would  
name to any direction he might give, and  
promised upon my honor that no inquiry should  
be made. Only do not take my ring. He  
grinned broadly. I'm not such a greenhorn as  
ye take me for, ma'am. I'll not put you to  
any trouble but just to open your fingers and  
give me that shiner, or I'll have to take it my-  
self.

I clasped my hands in despair. He seized  
them with a violent grasp, clutched the ring,  
and would have torn it off in another instant,  
but was suddenly laid prostrate by a violent  
blow from behind, and Frank Lee fell upon  
him and held him down. Quick, Helen! he  
cried; call Charley; he's just behind. They  
held him down and bound him tight. The  
other gentlemen, who were quickly on the  
scene of action, brought the boat's rope and  
tied it around his arms and legs. They em-  
ptied his pockets of his ill-gotten gains, and  
Frank's indignation rose higher than ever  
when he found my poor little scarf and hand-  
kerchief defiled by such a hiding-place. They  
lifted the great prostrate, helpless hulk be-  
tween them, and bore him down in a process-  
ion to his own small, leaky, dirty boat which  
they tied to the "Fairy," and left him rocking  
there, to be towed home behind us to safe cus-  
tody and a prison.

From time to time, as the grand cooking  
business approached its climax, one or another  
of the unemployed would steal down as volun-  
teer scouts to look after the prisoner, and the  
last report was that he was asleep with his hat  
shoved over his eyes.

But when we finally gathered together our  
little band, and packed our baskets again, and  
murmured over the untimely end of shrimps and  
stock-leaks, and went our way down to the  
beach with a shuddering thought of that leaky  
little boat with its disagreeable occupant, who  
were to follow in our homeward track—be-  
hold! no boat was there. Boat and boatman  
alike had disappeared, the rope was cut—prize  
was gone—where? The horizon told no  
tales, nor in our homeward sail did we see any-  
thing resembling our escaped prisoner and his  
craft. He had stolen a march upon us, that  
was all we knew. How or where we shall  
never know, I suppose; for from that day and  
from that hour I have never seen my bur-  
glar.

We found on our return, as we felt sure we  
should, the black dog and the red shawl, and  
underneath the Gilbert hamper, untouched—  
although the faithful old fellow by its side and  
guarded it from fifty loungers—had resisted in-  
numerable temptations in the shape of stacks  
thrown into the water, etc., and the constant  
temptation of his own dimmed instincts, ren-  
dered keener than ever by the chronic scent of  
chicken-pie under his very nose! There's a  
dog for you!

Well, as I said, I never again saw my bur-  
glar, nor am I at all anxious for that honor.  
But the days afterward as I was walking  
alone up Chapel Street toward dark, question-  
ing my steps as the shadows deepened, I ap-  
proached two men, who shuffled before me  
with lolling steps, and I heard one of them  
say, I tell you she was a bang-up, smart gal!  
All the while she sat still with all six of them  
in her lap, and he never misjudged it! I  
hurried on, determined to pass them and get a  
good look at their faces, when they turned sud-  
denly into a cross street and disappeared in the  
darkness of an oyster-cellar. I am sure it  
was not my burglar, but it must have been his  
pal.

Hon. George Brown returned on Thursday  
evening from Exeter, where he was the  
guest of the Lieutenant Governor, and left  
last night in the Empress of Halifax, whence  
he will proceed in the China to Boston.  
(Telegraph.)

Mr. Brown's mission to this commercial  
Province has been of a very important char-  
acter. We must, we suppose, await the meet-  
ing of Parliament before we learn what the  
Government have agreed to do on the im-  
tant matters of Reciprocity and Colonial trade,  
unless the Government papers see fit to illu-  
minate us upon the subject.—[Journal.]

The Rev. Dr. Tyng's Church, in New  
York, has been burned. The loss is \$200,  
000; insurance \$70,000. The organ, worth  
\$5,000.

We are glad to say that Chief Justice  
PARKER is a great deal easier, and has re-  
solutely rested well. He suffers from disease of the  
heart, and general prostration.—[Journal.]











