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The St. Andrews Standard

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Ct.

[25 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 36

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 24, 1860.

No 8

Poetry.

THE CRIMINAL.

He sitteth at the window of his cell
That blood stained criminal, and his dark eye
Where joy and happiness were wont to dwell
Is full of deep despairing agony;
A long, a burning and remorseful sigh
Proceedeth from his heart, and to his brow
His hands were pressed, as if to try
And crush thoughts that sweep upon him now.

The thick dark bars almost exclude the day,
Yet through them gleams one ray of quivering light.

Which, as though in mute mockery doth play
Around his form and makes that dungeon bright,
The guilty one is fettered, and the night
Of his young limbs is strongly bound with chains
But they do not confine the spirits flight
No link its dreary fantasy restrains.

Although he wept not, his dark tearless eye
Had maddening grief in its half placid stare
(That grief that has no tears is agony—
The very soul in silence it doth bear)
And to his fevered brow the cooling air
Came murmuring through the prison bars, and
With the damp matted tresses of his hair,
And fanned his cheek so wan and so decayed.

There is beside an old and holy man,
With deeply furrowed brow and silvery hair,
He speaks of mercy, of the glorious plan
Which saves the sorrowing sinner from despair
Now from his lips a fervent prayer
Is breathed forth for that dark man of crime
Who heart-struck gazeth on him as it were
On some soft spirit of a purer clime.

Oh! there are feelings in the human heart
That may for years lie hushed in deep repose,
Then in a moment from their slumber start
Roused by the bitterness of human woes;
And dreadful are their agonizing throes
The pangs of our whole life, in one wide sweep
Rush over the soul—the blood half stagnant flows
How blest are they who at such times can weep.

Miscellany.

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which with-
drawn away to all but nothing under the firm
rot of gossip only. Friends once as dry
as granite, dissolved to jelly and then ran away
to water, only because of this; love, that prom-
ised a future as enduring as heaven and as
stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist
that turned to day's long tears, only because
of this; a father and son were set foot to foot
with the fiery breath of an anger that would
never cool again between them, only because
of this; and a husband and his young wife, each
straining at the golden leash which in the tem-
poring had been the golden bondage of a God
blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the
grave where all their love and all their joy lay
buried and only because of this. I have seen
faith transformed to man doubt, hope given
place to grim despair, and charity take on
itself the features of black malice, all be-
cause of the spell words of scandal and the
magic workings of gossip. Great crimes
work greater wrongs, and the deeper tragedy
of human life springs from its larger passions;
but woe! and most mournful are the uncalcu-
lated tragedies that issue from gossip and de-
gradation; most mournful the shipwreck often
made of the noble nature and lovely lives by
the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slan-
der. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—
throwing on the innocent all the burden
and the strain of demonstrating their innocence
and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck
out the strings they never saw, and to silence
words they never heard—gossip and slander
are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons
man has ever forged for his brother's hurt.

How HE DID IT—A mean man having a
large family found it rather hard to keep up
the table, and has adopted the following in-
genious plan:

"Who'll take a cent and do without his sup-
per?"

"I'll" exclaimed the children, all eager
to get the price.

The old man pulls out a pocket book full of
red cents, which he keeps for the occasion,
and after giving them one apiece sends them
off to bed.

The next morning they all looked like starv-
ing Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and
with an air of gravity asks:

"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm
biscuit for breakfast?"

It is needless to say the cents are forth-com-
ing.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Standard.

To the Tax Payers.—No 3.

In previous letters I dealt with matters main-
ly affecting your purses, and for the nonce,
will refer to a proposed measure to curtail
your chartered liberties. While doing so, do
not suppose that I am an advocate for drunken-
ness, or to close up what some fanatics call an
iniquitous traffic; no, no; I wish every one
to eat and drink what they please, and to en-
joy the liberty guaranteed by the Constitution.

You have read the notice is sent by the
Clerk of the Peace, and published in the Coun-
ty papers.—That it is the intention of the
Court of Sessions not to grant Licenses for
the sale of ardent spirits, after April next."

Indeed! Is it possible that their Worship
or a majority of them will make the attempt
to stop our grog?—Till it is not in Bonaventure
speaking of it not in Magalloway, breathe it not
in Selkirk, omnia it not in St. Andrews—
that the old familiar and time honored custom
of drinking your good health and prosperity,
is to be stopped; that no one will dare sell a
glass of good beer, or a "bump of bur-
gundy fill, fill for me." Alas! my boy, you
must drink cold water to chill your bright ideas,
damp your good fellowship, and freeze your
sociability. Why is it enough to give generous
feelings the clamp.

The next thing they will do will be to pass
an "order" to prohibit the importation of liquors
and, perhaps "order" the closing of the
distilleries in the mother country. Should
the "Reverend" be carried out when and how
can the County expense be made up? Li-
censes are a good thing; but the County derived
a revenue the last twelve months from Licenses
of upwards of \$100 and if the fee had been
\$20 instead of \$5 it is said that several
would have taken out license who are now
selling country to law. If I had a seat at the
honorable Board or was qualified for that office,
now as "lawfully" bestowed, I would grant Li-
censes to all desiring them, thereby preventing
the "Reverend" to lay, and increasing the re-
venue of the County, which would be one step
towards reducing our heavy taxation. I want
to encourage men to be sober, but this cannot
be done by "legal coercion," it must come from
these organizations the elders, sons of temperance,
or, to replace, all excellent institutions as
for as far as they go; no compulsory laws to
compel a man to join their ranks, but they
hold out inducements to those who cannot, or
will not keep sober, or who prefer to show an
example to their fellow men to become tem-
perate. I respect their motives; but I am
temperance people (most of us) a moderate drink-
er—but for me to say I am a teetotaler, is
poetic as I am sorry to say a few of them do.
I hope their Honors will think well below their
rank to be "order" to grant Licenses. I hope
this letter is rather long, but I give the opin-
ions of a large number.

TAX PAYER.

[We request our correspondents to write
more plainly, as we cannot spare time to copy
his letters for the coupe here.]

The murder of Gen. McConnell, at Jack-
sonville, Ill., is the most shocking and horrible
crime ever committed in that State. Some
time in June last one Wm. A. Robinson, a
young man, borrowed \$100 of the General,
giving him his note in return. The relations
of the parties had always been very friendly,
and the loan was granted, it is supposed, more
from a personal regard than any pecuniary
motives. On Tuesday morning the General
was sitting quietly at a table in his house when
Robinson came, sat down by him, and asked
about the amount due on the note. Gen. Mc-
Connell opened his interest tables, and while
running down a column of figures, was knock-
ed down by a heavy iron paper weight which
had been lying on the table. The General
fell forward, and the second blow fell upon the
back of the head. He dropped to the floor,
and the assassin, to make assurance doubly
sure, struck repeated blows upon the left side
of the head while the lifeless corpse was pro-
strate; then, taking the instrument of his ma-
licious with him, he retreated from the room, across
the yard to the street, and away. An investi-
gation left no doubt of Robinson's guilt, and he
afterwards made a full confession. He is de-
scribed as 26 years of age, well educated,
of pleasing manners, of correct habits in every
particular, a genial, social man, esteemed and
respected by every one, and as many persons in
warm personal friends as any person in Jack-
sonville; in short, just about the last man in
the world to whom, under ordinary circum-
stances, any suspicion would have attached.

Written for the Standard.

"Put this in your Pipe and Smoke."

No two products of the vegetable kingdom
have been so unjustly abused and vilified as
Tea and Tobacco. Certain individuals seem
to have been specially created for the purpose
of hurling anathemas against these two luxu-
ries, in fact, to such an extent has their fanat-
icism gone, is that all the evils which flow from
Pandora's inexhaustible box are attributed to
the use of tobacco and tea; of late they have
dealt leniently with tea, and thrown all the
odium on tobacco. They have even gone to
the extent of asserting that it has the ten-
dency to excite an appetite for spirituous liquor.
Even since King James wrote his famous
counterblast against tobacco, which was intend-
ed to put out all the pipes in Great Britain,
hundreds of others (arguing with as little rea-
son), have hurled fast and furious invectives
against this unfortunate plant; while avowed
the adherents of the Vatican, Physiologists,
seminaries, and the friends of the "Noble Order of
Society," few of the "Noble Order of Smok-
ers," have had the temerity to take up cudgels
in its defence. In consequence of which the
Anti-Tobacco Society have had it all their
own way, as the public evinced a gullibility
on this question, which is remarkable. But as
the day has gone by for this one-sided view of
the case, and we are just beginning to be
awake to the fact, that by this time the world
must have been decimated, if all that has been
said against tobacco be true, whereas as yet,
it has made no visible impression on the hu-
man race, whether as regards its longevity,
or its physical or mental ability. As a peo-
ple we are longer lived than those of the time
of Henry VIII, we surpass them in mental
attainments, and we equal them in the quick-
ness of our recovery from disease, which quick-
ness shows tobacco has not yet injured us either
mentally or constitutionally. I have reference
in this paper, to the use of tobacco, not to its
abuse, as the immoderate use of anything, tends
in a greater or less degree, to the damage-
ment of the general health. I most emphatically
deny that the moderate use of tobacco has any
detrimental effect whatever on the health, or
the contrary, its gentle stimulating and tran-
quilizing properties by their action on the
brain, tend to lengthen the period of our ex-
istence. But the grand argument against it,
and the corner stone of the Anti-Tobacco
edifice, is its supposed tendency to create a
desire for stimulants; the unfortunate smoker
is always met with this argument, which is the
most puerile and untenable the "Honorable
Society of Pipe Breakers" ever promulgated.
France, Spain, Turkey, countries renowned
for their general use of tobacco, consume by
far the smallest quantity of liquor, in propor-
tion to their population, in the world. They
have being of itself (like the Coca) cheer-
ful and invigorating, and a gentle stimu-
lant assuaging the desire for excitants, and
by its tranquilizing effect, destroying all crav-
ings for liquor. How the Honorable Pipe
Breakers can reconcile these facts, with their
theory I am unable to say, but I would merely
advise them in future to hold their tongues.

The Spaniards have a proverb to this effect:
"On a cigarette, a glass of water, and kiss
from a pretty girl, a man can live a day."
I think on this that man might even reach
green old age. If any intelligent person will
take the trouble to look around among his ac-
quaintances, they cannot fail to observe
that the most inveterate smokers are rarely
drunkards; men may be both smokers and
drunkards together; but take away their to-
bacco and they will remain sober.

Few drunkards smoke, at least to any ex-
tent; if they smoke at all, it will be found
that the love of drinking led to the use of
tobacco. The decrease of drunkenness among
us seems to have kept pace with the increased
demand for tobacco. Spencer in his "Fairy
Queen," written soon after its introduction
into England, calls it "divine tobacco," and
since his days literary men have been more
and more addicted to the smoking pipe, be-
cause it aids them in concentrating their nervous
energies upon intellectual labor, by allaying all
extraneous irritation. Some of the literati,
who smoked to an excessive degree, as Dr.
Parr, and Hobbs of Malmesbury, had their
pipes put out, one at seventy eight, the other
at ninety two! Of the French literary smok-
ers, you may mention Madame D'Alembert, bet-
ter known as George Sand, who regales her-
self with a cigar, as do the Mexican and Span-
ish ladies, with no detriment to their personal
attractions. Charles Lamb slandered tobacco,
when he said it gave him water hus, and as
this effect, but gin and water hus, and as
Charles was an admirer of this mixture, "he
blamed the wolf for the fox's depredations."
Robert Hall when at Cambridge, acquired the
habit of smoking from being in Parr's com-
pany; and being asked why he commenced,
said, he was qualifying himself for a Doctor of
Divinity; this—holding up a well browned
tobacco pipe as the test of my admission. Chewing
tobacco can hardly be looked upon as a car-
dinal virtue, but no generous votary of the

weed can withhold his sympathy from its ad-
mirers in this form, and may the British tar
"never be hard up in a pinch, with no knife
to cut the seizures, and no bachelors to clear."
Miss Fanny Fern and Henry Ward Beecher
have of late launched furious invectives against
the use of tobacco, but it would be well to re-
mind these worthies, that the Universe was
not created solely for their gratification, and
that they in future confine themselves to their
respective vocations. Married ladies, if you
wish for carnal felicity, don't hide your
husband's pipe, if you wish for a new silk
dress preface the request with the present of a
few cigars. Young Ladies, let Tom kiss you,
even if he does smell of smoke, and make the
dear fellow a present of a merebauba, for be-
assured it will in no way injure his general
health, while the quiet gratification he will de-
rive from smoking it will be the means of
keeping him from Bar Rooms, and some one
who also admires Tom. Tom's a good fel-
low, but he won't stand much abuse on the
tobacco question, and refuses to identify him-
self with the Ferns and Beecher's in any
consideration. Ladies Tom don't say any-
thing about your vagaries in costume, your
little expenses (which narrow minded people
call extravagances), he's a good fellow, so
don't "go back on him" by putting out his
pipe.

Longevity of Animals and Birds.

The length of life that animals would natu-
rally attain, has been in few cases, exactly as-
certained. Domestic animals, for the most
part are either sacrificed for the purposes of
economy, or destroyed by accident, long before
they reach the period that nature had assigned
to them; and wild animals are but in few
cases the object of accurate observation. It is
merely from accidental circumstances that the
natural duration of the life of these can be as-
certained.

Of all domestic animals, the sheep and cat
seem to be the longest lived. "A" sheep at
five or six years of age, usually loses its teeth,
so much as to be unable with difficulty after that
period to collect food sufficient for its subsis-
tence; and few cats outlive eight or ten years.
The dog lives longer. I have had three dogs
myself, that all attained the age of fourteen or
fifteen; and all of them suffered violent death
at last. Another that died of old age, was
known with certainty to have been more than
twenty one years old; probably it might have
lived a year or two more, but this could not be ac-
curately ascertained. Many horses have been
known to exceed thirty and some, I think, have
been known to live nearly half a century. The
cow seldom continues to have good teeth be-
yond ten or twelve.

But of all kinds of terrestrial animals, the
fathered tribe seem to be susceptible of the
greatest longevity. A tame goose has been
known to live a hundred years; and swans
are apparently equally long lived. Among
the wild fowls, a few accidental cases have
been recorded, that tend to prove that they
in general live very long. To which list I beg
leave to add the following case, which I had
from the most unobscured authority.

Years ago, a gentleman caught a seagull (a
sea hawk) whose wings he cut, and put it in
his garden to clear it from the sea and other ver-
min. The bird remained in that situation for
several years, and he kindly used, it be-
came very familiar, so as to come, up to a call
to be fed at the kitchen door. It was known
by the name of Willie. This bird became at
last so tame, that no care was taken to pre-
serve it, and its wings having grown to full
length, it flew away, joined the other gulls
upon the beach, and came back from time to
time to pay a visit to the house. It followed
its companions, however, when they left this
country; at which the family were much dis-
concerted. To their great joy, however, it
returned with them the next season; and with
its usual familiarity returned to its old home,
where it was welcomed with great joy, and
fed very liberally with the garbage of fish, its
favorite food. In this way it went and re-
turned for forty years without intermission, and kept
up its acquaintance in the most cordial man-
ner; for, while in the country, it visited them
almost daily, answered to its name like any
domestic animal, and ate almost out of the hand.

One year, however, very near the period of its
final disappearance, Willie did not pay his res-
pects to the family for eight or ten days after
the general flock of gulls were upon the coast,
and great was the lamentation for his do-
ing; they naturally concluded he must be dead.
The gentleman from whom I had this story
appeared to be there on a visit at that time,
and was witness to and cordially joined in
their regret. But to the great joy of the
whole family, a servant came running into the
room one morning while they were at break-
fast, in ecstasy calling out that Willie had re-
turned. The whole company got up from the
table immediately to welcome Willie, and the
human guest among the rest. Food was soon
found in abundance; and Willie, with his usu-
al frankness, ate of it heartily, and was as tame
as any barn yard fowl about the house. In a
year or two afterwards this grateful bird dis-
continued his visits forever, so that they con-

cluded he must be dead; but whether of old
age, or from accidental causes, could never be
ascertained. I did not learn that they dis-
covered any symptoms of decrepitude or decline
in this animal, seemingly the effects of age.

THE RAILWAY CONTRACTS.—Late Cana-

dian papers give the names of all the contrac-
tors. The figures of the lowest tenders are:
Section 1.—\$175,000, or \$8,750 a mile;
Do 2.—255,000, or \$12,750 a mile;
Do 3.—285,000, or 12,000 a mile;
Do 4.—297,000, or 11,000 a mile.

Amongst the tenders we notice several from
St. John:—

No. 1.—M. Laughlin, Buck and Tuck, St. John,
\$235,175 or \$11,890 per mile.

No. 2.—M. Laughlin, Buck and Tuck, St. John
\$247,269.97 or \$26,997.96 per mile.

No. 4.—Steeves & Steeves, Salisbury, \$234,000,
or 11,750 per mile.

No. 5.—A. W. Masters, John, N. B., \$537,000,
or \$22,420 per mile.

No. 6.—F. R. Burpee, St. John, N. B., \$550,000,
or \$22,916.66 per mile.

No. 7.—McLaughlin, Buck and Tuck, St. John,
\$519,302, or \$19,975 per mile.

No. 8.—Ross and Mackenzie, St. John, \$600,000,
or \$25,000 per mile.

No. 9.—A. W. Masters, St. John, \$615,600,
or \$22,600 per mile.

No. 10.—F. R. Burpee, St. John, \$510,000 or
\$22,000 per mile.

No. 11.—F. R. Burpee, St. John, \$531,800, or
\$23,400 per mile—bids himself to com-
plete work before 1st Nov. 1870.

No. 12.—McLaughlin, Buck and Tuck, St. John,
\$703,435, or \$18,585 per mile.

No. 13.—Ross and Mackenzie, St. John, \$634,500,
or \$23,500 per mile.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN REBELLION.
An American citizen, who was in the Theatre
of Villanueva on the evening of the 22nd ult.,
and witnessed the riot and massacre in the
street of Havana that evening, says that the
origin of the disturbance was the shooting of a
young woman. "It says:—

"A very beautiful girl, the daughter of
Alabama one of the wealthiest and most noble
of all Cubans, wore upon her left breast the
American flag, with the inscription: 'Long live
the Republic of Cuba,' upon it. When the
singing song was being sung, the whole audi-
ence rose and cheered this young woman, and
as she rose to acknowledge the salute—all
eyes were now bent upon her—she, mean-
while, suddenly drew forth a revolver, and
killing her instantly. Two American gentle-
men occupied the box adjoining Senorita Alama's
box; whose names I do not know, but one of whom,
seeing the pistol pointed at the young lady's
breast, drew his revolver and a second after
the Spaniard had fired blew the top off the
head of the cowardly assassin. Instantly the
whole theatre was the scene of the greatest
confusion, and the Spanish troops rushed in
and began firing upon the masses of the hud-
dled, unarmed, innocent men and women."

Anna Stacey is a Michigan woman, fifty
years old and lame of one leg. The Detroit
Post tells the following of her and wants to
know why she should not vote. Eighteen months
ago she bought 40 acres of land in the West-
ern part of State, and two months built a nice
house with her own hands. No she has cleared
14 acres of heavy oak, enclosed it with a
fence made by herself, dug a ditch, sowed
eight acres of wheat, built a pair of "hobsteds"
and in short furnished her farm, besides mak-
ing six horses for her neighbors and doing
extra work for them as payment for the use of
their teams. Let her vote.

"Bridget! Bridget! why don't you bring
up the lemonade?" said Mrs. N. on the Fourth
of July, in the p. of the kitchen stairs.
"Why marm, said Bridget, wiping the sweat
from her red face with her check apron, as she
put her head round the staircase partition,
why marm, you see the ice I put in the lemon-
ade is so hard that it has not melted yet, tho'
it is stirring it over the fire I have been for the
last fifteen minutes or more."

Pat's idea of sympathy was a good one—
that long been trying to get Bridget to give
him a putting kiss. Finally as a last resort,
turning away, saying, Good-by, Biddy. "So
no sympathy for me at all at all."
"Sympathy is it?" And what do you mean
by that, Pat? "Come here, Biddy, and
I'll tell you." "What have you to say to
me? I'd like to tell you a lot of your own do-
ings and ye feel as if you like to have me do so—
that's sympathy, he jakes?" "Ah, Pat, I
know my weakness! Take a piece; but
be sure you leave it, so that ye can take it
again when ye come home!"

An Eastern State editor says that he had
a present on Christmas Day, which was a
piano, but made as much noise as one.

What bird is that which is is absolutely
necessary that we should have at our dinner,
yet need neither be cooked nor served up
swallow.

