

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN  
NEW JERSEY.  
HARMON TOWN TRACT OF  
LAND IN NEW JERSEY.

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## Poetry.

### Never mind a Pinch, Boy.

Never mind a pinch, boy,  
Never mind a pinch;  
Set the wedge the closer,  
Heretofore never flinch;  
Mind it fits the cleft, boy,  
Firm, and tight, and strong,  
Never to worthy labor  
Did intolerance belong.

What if frequent failure  
Frequent failure seems?  
From narrow mountain springs  
The mountain torrent streams.  
Then lift the mallet high, boy,  
Strike it like a man;  
Never mind your mallet,  
Labor while you can.  
See, the rift grows wide, boy,  
Deeper sinks the wedge;  
There's your sturdy block, boy;  
Split from edge to edge;  
Then never mind it, boy,  
Labor while you can,  
Fit your wedge the closer,  
And strike it like a man.

## Miscellany.

### LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

The following is an extract from the celebrated speech of the Right Hon. Mr. Curran, in defence of Hamilton Rowan, in which he glowingly advocates the liberty of the Press—  
"If the people, say, let us not create tumult, but need in delegation, they cannot do it; if they are anxious to promote parliamentary reform in that way, they cannot do it; the law of the last session has, for the first time, declared such meetings to be a crime. What then remains?—The liberty of the press only—that sacred palladium which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury can ever destroy. And what calamity are the people averted from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you what they are averted from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you also to what both are exposed, by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth—the public eye is upon him—he lifts his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bear him down, or drive him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the mull of rebels steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame.  
If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion even of individual dissent, look to those enslaved countries, where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, leave any slumber; the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal error is equally a surprise upon both; the precise instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by perversity on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. But if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own Revolution; you have it in that memorable period when the monarch found a scilicet acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when royal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundations of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness and sanity remained in them; but, at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they floated, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.  
In that awful moment of the nation's travail—the last gasp of tyranny and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example? The Press extinguished, the People enslaved, and the Prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, how you to guard the liberty of the Press, that great sentinel of the State, that great detector of public imposture—guard it, because when it sinks there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the Crown."

## THE QUEEN AND THE KIRK.

"God save the Queen," or King, as the case may be, is a prayer that may be uttered under various expectations. Burns described it as a "cuckoo song that once said aye."—Brougham, in his hot youth when George III. was King, when loud loyalty was great gain, and when all sorts of political profits and popularities were monopolised by one side, and that the wrong side, said that "God save the King" merely meant "God save my snug pension," and so on. But perhaps never till now was the prayer uttered as a cry of pain and in a tone of despair. What has happened? Why, the Queen, "head of the Church of England," has, when in Scotland, been attending worship in one of the unseparated buildings of the Church of Scotland, and not only so, but has published an expression of the satisfaction which, on at least one occasion, she derived from her transgression. Thereupon, a London paper, claiming to be peculiarly an organ of the Church of England—not a paper of much importance, but, from excess of zeal and lack of discretion, saying about what many of the High Church party only matter—gives a lengthened exposition of the sinfulness of that act, into which which Her Majesty has fallen, and, after demonstrating its inexcusable nature, effectively concludes with "God save the Queen," uttered so as to indicate that our afflicted contemporary is depressed by a fear that the prayer even of so righteous a man as he may not, in the circumstances, avail enough. Happening to possess even a modicum of the hopeful view of the matter, we cannot but think that our contemporary—if we may use that perhaps too familiar and secular phrase of a brother so graphic—somehow under rates his own solemnity, or at least the difficulty of the case he has set before himself—That, indeed, may be his wrong to our inability to see things in the same light, standing as we do at a different point. Naturally, the sin of attending a Scotch church is more visible from an English than from a Scotch point of view—in especial, an English Churchman naturally sees in it more iniquity than any kind of Scotchman, and the higher his Churchmanship his view, we suppose, must be the more extended if not the more correct. Yet we might without violation of modesty claim the merit of not being entirely one-sided in our view of such questions.

For instance, even the most liberal of our Scotch Churchmen were pleased to take offence at the act of the Archdeacon of Canterbury in recently officiating at the founding of an Episcopalian place of worship in a Scotch town; and we so vituperated our own friends and so vindicated His Grace that we received commendatory letters from bishops and deans to an extent—regarding a misgiving that we must somehow be wrong. At all events, we are now the more free to decline participation in our sacred contemporary's lamentations and forebodings regarding a transaction converse to the other—people who were not horrified at an Archdeacon patronising an Episcopalian church in a Presbyterian country are not bound nor even entitled to be horrified at an Episcopalian Church attending worship in a Presbyterian church in that part of her dominions where Presbyterianism is the religion both of the State and of the population. Many controversies arise mainly because some people are so constituted as to see, and others so not to see, that such things as this have two sides, and moreover that the difference between the two sides is not vitally important. Thus, in this particular, this very particular case, there is an English view and a Scotch view; but there is also a British or both-sided view. Or, other way, there is an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian view; but there is also a Christian view, differing from both and better than either.

Upon the personal as distinguished from the official features of Her Majesty's offence in entering the kirk of Craithie, it must be admitted that only one imputation is made, while there are offered two palliations or apologies; but then the apologies are more offensive, if not more absurd, than the imputation. The English Church is "the Church of Her Majesty's baptism"—therefore, she ought never and nowhere to attend any other Church; but we may mention that, if it cuts at all, it cuts two ways, seeing that, unless we mistake some of the present Prelates of the Church of England, they were baptised in Presbyterian churches, as certainly were some of the greatest names among her (adoptive) sons. If baptism is a perpetual appropriation—a mark which prevents those bearing it from ever straying even for an hour into any other fold—then how much greater is the offence of those who, baptised in one Church, minister in another, than of those who, though still adhering to the Church in which they were baptised, leave now and then on convenient occasions to worship in another? But of course a question like that is only offered as a mechanical oblivion of the fact that the people aggrieved by Her Majesty's baptismism

cannot see more than one side, nor apprehend that Presbyterian may have rights and feelings as well as Episcopalian. Be the fault, however, great or small, or none at all, in Her Majesty taking any notice of or benefit from any Church but "the Church of her baptism," there are, it seems, excuses to be made—firstly, because of her youthful upbringing, and secondly, because of her marriage. Those around her in infancy held, it seems, "no-called liberal views," and moreover there was an "absence of all definite faith, if not of faith in any form whatever, in many of those who were her confidential advisers during the first years of her reign. Her Majesty was unfortunate, first in her family, such as the Duchess of Kent, and then in her public advisers—indeed, it would appear that the Queen never had the happiness of possessing an adviser of true orthodoxy and sanctity till the advice of Mr. Macmillan. The second apology made for Her Majesty is, that she "married a Presbyterian husband." Of course, there is no reason for the late Prince Consort being thus stigmatised as a "Presbyterian," but that our High Church neighbours know of no stronger term of opprobrium; but, equally of course, the epithet, rather fails of effect on this side of the Tweed, where there are so many persons under the same condemnation. This sort of display, however, will not be without some effect—though it is, contemptible to excite indignation, it will serve the more to impress on the national mind how much we lost in the Prince Consort, by showing what spirit they are of who failed to appreciate him alive and do not fear to misrepresent him dead.

Officially, Her Majesty is charged with deposition of duty, inasmuch as, being "head of the Church of England," she has attended the ministrations of another Church. But, though with more limited regard, Her Majesty happens to be at the head also of the Church of Scotland. Her Majesty's year, in accordance with ancient custom if not obligation, sending as from the sovereign a considerable sum of money for the propagation of the Presbyterian religion she annually presides over the General Assembly in the person of her Commissioner, and in her name, though not exclusively, is not the Supreme Court of the Kirk convoked and dismissed. Would it be national or even decent of the Sovereign to exercise such functions in favour of the Church of Scotland, and then, when living within the jurisdiction of that Church, ignore and repudiate it?

Her Majesty remembers, though others may have forgotten, that she was not only baptised but also crowned—crowned Queen of Scotland as well as of England. As if secretly conscious of all this—the facts that Her Majesty is head of more than one Church, and more than one Kingdom—the complaint is attempted to be strengthened by putting it as if the Queen not only remembered her position as Scotland, but in so doing forgot of abdication of her position as to England. It is said that Her Majesty not only gives to the Presbyterian Church acknowledgment when in Scotland, but shows toward that Church, "an undisguised preference" everywhere or generally. When? where? It is the most fiction that Her Majesty ever showed any preference disguised or undisguised, for the Church of Scotland, where the Church of England had away or even existence. The offence is not in giving preference to Presbyterianism, but in not making the preference of Episcopacy entire and exclusive.

And because Her Majesty confesses herself affected by Dr. Nonson McLeod's prayers, it is indignantly asked, "Are she and her children to the Scotch Kirk?" Certainly not—but are they confined to any other Church, and excluded from the Scotch? This melancholy display is rendered the more deplorable by the fact that the dense and insolent bigotry which instigates it is the bigotry not of theology, but only of ecclesiasticism. The Church of England does not represent one theology, and the Church of Scotland an opposite theology, so that a person worshipping in both might be held as renouncing in one the doctrines taught in the other. The Church of England comprises several theologies, with a preponderance of that theology which the Church of Scotland mainly advocates. It is only a matter of Presbyterian and Bishop—our aggrieved and complaining brother admits that the quality in the Presbyterian Church which renders Her Majesty's countenance thereto an offence is that it is "non-episcopalian." How great a fire from so small a spark! Nay, what a fierce conflagration from peculiarly combustible materials! Who could have thought that the simple and touching record of Her Majesty's mode of life in the Highlands—the happy home, the simple pleasures, the quiet charities, the quiet piety—should have roused even in the coldest brain and hardest heart the passions of a sectarian or a heretic? Her Majesty's piety even to be contemplated as a scandal? To ordinary men, not disinterested by theological extravagances, the record scarcely excites any feelings of piety and admiration, which conveyed to the mind.

"Oh bright occasions of dispensing good,  
So seldom used, so little understood!  
To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward;  
To keep Vice restrained behind a double guard;  
To quell the faction that affronts the throne,  
By silent magnanimity alone;  
To give religion her unrivalled scope,  
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope—  
Blest country, where these Queenly glories  
Shine;  
Blest England, for such happiness is thine."

If, as now appears, there are some among us whom such a spectacle only stimulates to "affront the throne" by words of reproach, the country with the most admiring and love its Sovereign for what she has to bear, as well as for what she is and does.

### Easy Lessons in Geography.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded of getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or the moon except the difficulty of getting there.

It is estimated about two thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures shake their heads daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whiskey ships, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is ninety-six million miles, and at the least distance something over ninety four million miles. A saving of two millions could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in raining and reduce the expense very materially.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty four hours except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day.  
It isn't every foot of a planet that can get around the sun. The earth does it however. She would get around most anything.  
The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as anybody—it is far preferable to any other planet as a permanent residence. At least we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here as long as we are on "earth."

A GOOD SENTINEL. Hugh Mac—, a son of the Emerald Isle, who had volunteered from Fairfield District, S. C., in the sixteenth regiment of Infantry, was stationed on the beach of Sullivan's Island, with strict orders to walk between two points, and to let no one pass without the countersign, and that to be communicated in a whisper. Two hours afterward, the corporal with the relief, discovered by moonlight, Hugh, up to his waist in water the tide having set in since he had been posted there.

"Who goes there?" Hugh shouted.  
"Relief!"  
"Halt, relief! advance corporal and give the countersign."  
Corporal—"I'm not going in there to be drowned; come out and let me relieve you."  
Hugh—"Halt! I'll put a hole in ye if ye won't not to leave the post!"  
Corporal—"Well, then, I'll leave you to the water all night." (Going away as he spoke.)  
Hugh—"Halt! I'll put a hole in ye if ye won't without the countersign. Them's me or calling him a gun!" (Cooking and levelling his gun.)

Corporal—"Confound you, everybody will hear if I draw out on the beach!"  
Hugh—"Yes, me daikin", and the lieutenant said it must be given in a whisper. In a whisper my finger's on the trigger, and me gun may go off."

The corporal had to yield to the force of the argument and made in to the faithful sentinel, who rejoined, "The tide has most drowned me."

PICKED POCKETS IN ENGLAND.—It has been gravely asserted by a Russian author that whenever a Russian has his pocket picked in England, he is always sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, whilst the thief is allowed to go free. However absurd this assertion may seem, there is, or at least there was, some ground for it.

It is related that some years ago, before the Criminal Justice Act came into operation, the captain of a Russian merchant vessel, whilst passing through Chesapeake, had his pocket picked and his handkerchief stolen. The supposed thief, a lad, was arrested and taken before a magistrate. He was committed for trial, and the witnesses had to be bound over to appear that day, fortnight and give evidence.

The form of recognizance is to appear or to furnish \$100 to the Queen. To this the Russian objected. His vessel was to sail next day for Old San. Her crew were all on board, and by the terms of his charter-party he must sail. The magistrate had no choice. He

could not try, neither would he discharge the prisoner. The Russian must enter into the recognizance or go to prison. The latter alternative he preferred, for then the owners of the vessel would know he was not to blame; and thus to prison he was sent. On the other hand, the friends of the prisoner, alleging his innocence, went before a judge at chambers, and procured his liberation on bail. At the termination of the fourteen days the sitting at the Central Criminal Court were held. The Russian captain was brought in custody. The accused, forfeiting his bail, did not appear. Whereupon without explanation the Russian was discharged after having suffered fourteen days' imprisonment. Surely a foreigner would be justified, if he judged our law by its anomalies, in doubting its wisdom and justice.

THE WAY PAT GOT TO BOSTON. Some years ago, a son of the Emerald Isle, in the city of Portland, Me., escorted the captain of a steamer (plying between that city and Boston) to inquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:  
"Good morning, Captain. Could ye be after the tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.  
"But suppose I want outside?" "In that case said the captain, "ye can go for two dollars." This was undoubtedly beyond Pat's worldly possessions; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him. "I say, captain dear, would ye be after takin' a hundred pounds of freight for?" "Seventy-five cents," replied the captain. "Be jabber, then ye may put me down, Captain, for I'm just the boy that weighs that." The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and show him in the hall!"

"True Trials all Things," and has proven that Winter's Balm of wild Cherry is the remedy par excellence, for the cure of colds, cough, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and last, but not least, consumption.  
A Shoemaker who made a pair of boots for H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, during his recent visit to Melbourne, had his shop besieged ever since by persons desirous of obtaining models of the boots made for the Prince, and becoming thoroughly conversant with the size and shape of the royal foot.

A FEW HARD THINGS.—Experience and observation have taught men that it is—  
Hard to quit chewing tobacco.  
Hard to keep from eating too much.  
Hard to drink liquor and not be intoxicated.  
Hard to pay our debts.  
Hard to resist temptation.  
Hard to believe a man you know to be a liar.  
Hard to turn the other cheek when we are struck.  
Hard to borrow money from friends when we need it.  
Hard to love our enemies.

The gentle taskmaster we ever knew is a blacksmith, who says every evening to his apprentices, Come boys, let's leave off work and go to saving wool! He must be a brother of the farmer down east, who one evening when he was building a new house, used to try to get his hired help out to play, dig cellar by moonlight.

Mrs. Abigail Loring, of Boston, lately deceased gave in her willsum of \$171,000 to various charitable and philanthropic institutions of that city. The will was contested by the heirs, but the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed its validity.

The Red Sea is to be drained to recover the valuables of Pharaoh's lost host.

The basis of all true life is industry; and the product of industry is wealth.

Wagon requires no eulogy. She speaks for herself.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

A fop may excel in dress, but address is the characteristic of a gentleman.

The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more they will thrive.

There are 397 miles of water pipes underlying the streets of New York.

The first Virginia newspaper was issued in 1730 at \$10 per annum.

HEAVY CROPS.—The Lawrence (Kansas) Journal tells of a farmer who last season raised eighty acres of corn, averaging eighty bushels to the acre, and twenty acres of wheat, with thirty bushels to the acre. His crop was valued at \$5,155.











