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W. R. GOULD, Chatham, N. B.

At the Eagle's Nest.

Folklore, however fanciful and improbable, has always a charm. "The Boy Travellers" found in Ireland a guide, who, in expatiating on the echo at a bluff called the "Eagle's Nest," recalled the following explanation of the name. He said:

There was an eagle had a nest there for years and years, and that's why the place got its name. The ould bird was a sly one, and she'd put her nest where it wasn't aisy to get at. The only way was for a fellow to lower hisself down along the face of the big rock you see over beyant there.

Well, one day, whin the ould bird was away, a sodger said he'd have the young uns out of the nest, onyhaw, and so he goes and gits a long rope, and lowers hisself down.

Just as he got in front of the nest, the ould bird come a-flyin' out of a cloud. "Mornin'!" says she to him, and he says "Mornin'!" to her, just as perlithe as ye plaze.

"Wot ye want here?" says she. "Nothin'," says he. "I jist dropped down to ask arter the hilt uv yer nice little birdies."

"That's a lie!" says she. "It's the truth," says he. "No, 'tisn't," says she.

And thin she hollered out so's yer cud hear her a mile, ez if she was a-talkin' to the mountain:

"Didn't he come to rob the eagle's nest?" Av coorse the echo said, "Rob the eagle's nest!" and wid that she hit him between the eyes wid her ould hooked nose, and away he tumbled into the lake, and he's been there iver sence.

ALL SORTS.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. A Californian obituary: "The deceased was a man, of romantic nature. He placed the butt of his gun in the fire while he looked down the muzzle, and departed hence spontaneously."

Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an old sack, with a cheese in it. On the sack, the letters G. P., are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" inquired a lady of her little three-year-old daughter. "Well, mamma," was the melancholy response, "I s'pose I should have to spank myself."

"Do be frank," said young Mr. Smith to Miss Francis, who had been quizzing him for an hour. "But Edward I have been Frank for 25 years, and I should like to try some other name, just for a change," was the arch reply.

"The first bird I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a forkupine. I treed him under a haystack, and shot him with the barn shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time."

"Pray bestow your charity, young gentleman on a poor blind man," said a beggar to a passer by. "You are blind, my good fellow, how did you know that I was young?" "Oh, sir! I made a mistake," said the beggar; "pray give a trifle to a poor dumb man!"

"Josh Billings says that the difference between a mistake and a blunder is this: "When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one," he makes a blunder."

During the late conference at Worcester, the following conversation was overheard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here altogether?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they meet once a year to swap sermons."

A lady writer says, if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, and would be something more than froth and foam

A Kentucky reporter thus chronicles the loss of a valuable cow: "Another twenty-five-thousand-dollar cow will nevermore be troubled by blue-bottle flies in this world. The Fourth Duchess of Oneida has been driven home by the Angel of Death."

Swallowing his sword.—The colonel of a regiment of militia was informed that one of his men had swallowed his sword, and that it had run through his body without hurting him. On inquiry he found that he had sold his sword to buy liquor.

When a new railroad is to be built, the first thing they do is to "break ground," which is done with great ceremony. The next thing is to break the stockholders, which is done without ceremony.

A tombstone in a Colorado cemetery has the following touching epitaph: "He was young, he was fair, But the injuns raised his hair."

"I say, Bill, what's the difference between your watch and a bill-poster?" "I give it up, Julius." "Well, one is a Bill's tucker and the other is a bill-sticker."

"Were you drunk?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Well," was the reply. "I had been drinking so much I couldn't tell whether I was sober or not."

Why should a Frenchman say that an inferior singer at the opera was an indecent character? Because he is always in de chorus (indecorous.)

A lady recently advertised a lecture on the subjects of "Moods," and was greatly disgusted because she didn't have the "first person present."

A schoolmaster said of himself: "I am like a home, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

The difference between a tippler and his bottle is, that the former is apt to fall when full, and the latter when empty.

The spinsters of Athens, Ga., have requested the Legislature to make it a special offence for any widow to marry again.

A man's a fool to try to beat the sun in rising. It will be sure to rise some morning when he won't.

Railroads are built on three guages now-a-days—narrow gauge, broad gauge, and mortgage.

"Oh, my dear wife!" exclaimed a young married man, as he paid the first milliner's bill.

No wonder a jack-o'-lantern flies about so; it is always light-headed.

There is always a great waist of water in dropsy. The wandering heiress—the wind-lass. A business man at North Hadly, Mass., who recently failed, went out calling, the other day, where his former servant girl was at work. "Ah," said he, "Biddy, you are here at work?" "Yes," replied the industrious woman, "and I have been on my knees scrubbing your floors when you were off at Saratoga spending the money that belonged to other people—and you haven't paid me yet!"

Brevities.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ring'n, All abroad their echoes flung, Wilder still and wider winging On the waste of wintry air; On their solemn, swift vibrations, Rapture, rapture through the nations— Rapture, till their glad pulsations Million blissful bosoms share.

Hark! the Christmas bells resounding, Earth's old jargon all confounding! Round the world their tumult, bounding, Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame! Million hands their offering bringing, Million hearts around Him clinging, Million tongues Hosanna singing, Swell the honors of His name!

Crown Him, monarchs, seers, and sages; Crown Him, bards, in deathless pages; Crown Him King of all the ages! Let the mighty anthems rise. Hark! the crash of tuneful noises; Hark! the children's, thrilling voices; Hark! the world in song rejoices, Till the chorus shakes the skies.

Scotland's Influence on Civilization.

(John Elder Esq. in Methodist Magazine.) The land of the thistle and the heather has furnished a history of what a small population can do for themselves and the world. Scottish influence has gone as an important factor into the general advancement of human civilization, and the world is better for it to-day. It is instructive to notice the part which the smaller nationalities of the earth have played in the grand drama of civilization. We hear much of the great nations of Europe marshalling their vast armies and struggling for supremacy of power, and crushing smaller nations under their heel; but there is something sublime in the influence which has gone forth from the smaller countries. They have done much to make the larger nations what they are, and to make the world what it is.

Palestine gave the world a religion—the first, the best and only divine religion. Greece gave it art, literature, philosophy. Switzerland and Holland gave it the earliest practical demonstration of the republican institutions. Scotland—there can be no mistake as to what it has done, both in development of the individual man and the development of national character. The sons of Scotland have ever marched with the vanguard in the vast army of human progress. They have a brave and united people loving liberty as they love life itself. No yolk has ever crushed their spirits. The same glorious race that existed a thousand years ago is still at home upon the soil, only more advanced in all the elements of true national greatness, and the latter glory outshines the earlier, because of all the fiery trials of the past which has had its influence on civilization.

The close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, with all its military glory, was an age of iron and an age of blood. Century after century went on until war had reddened her fields and filled her land with havoc and ruin. No portion of the earth's surface is perhaps more thickly strewn with the ashes of martyred heroes and the bones of slaughtered champions of truth and right. Was all that gallant blood shed in vain? Assuredly not. The seed was long in sowing, but the harvest has been abundant and glorious. It was the price of independence, of self-government, of civil and religious liberty. When these were won they were not won for Scotland alone, but for posterity, for mankind, and they will for all time to come have their influence on civilization.

It has been said that a land without ruins is a land without memories and a land without memories is a land without liberty. We are always proud in referring to one of Scotland's greatest men, who had done so much for his country. John Knox, during the trying times of the civil war, was the one pillar of strength upon which Scotland leaned her whole weight. With a price on his head, with hired assassins waylaying his path, careless of his own life, thinking only of his dear Scotland, he fought the good fight bravely enough, until peace was proclaimed, and had fully established the glorious heritage of a free Church in a free State, with equal rights of conscience for all classes of men. He contributed largely in moulding the national character of Scotland, and Scotland has ever since been sending that self-same influence around the globe. In the vast populations of the world it has kindled the lights of education, of free thought, of science, of liberty—in a word, of Christian civilization. The name of David Livingstone has been written across the centre of the Dark Continent. Robert Moffat, John Wilson, Alexander Duff and many others belong to the noble band of Scotchmen who have contributed to Scotland's influence on civilization.

In the early history of Scotland there are two great names—William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Their names are the very watchword of liberty. All generations delight to do them honor for their valor and their courage, champions for truth and liberty. If Scotland had done no more than produce these great men she would have gained the gratitude and admiration of the world, and sent down an influence to be felt as long as liberty is loved among men.

It Seldom Falls.

DEAR SIRS—I took two bottles of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, and it cured me of hoarseness and tightness of the chest after other things had failed. I have also tried B. B. B., it works splendidly for weakness and headache.

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