

The Great Spring Meeting in New Brunswick, 1874, open to all Comers. The way it looks just now.



### MR. CROAKER ON EDUCATION.

I'm skurcely riled at anything;  
Sich blood ez mine don't bear no malice;—  
(My feyther fit for Church an' King—  
A soger under Lord Cornwallis.)

But yet I've often sot an thort,  
The mind is like the fields a-growin';  
Where evil creeturs crawl an' sport,  
Jest like the snakes you meet when mowin'.

I think, says I, wut's raily good  
Grows like the grass by meditation.—  
Wut's *useful* needs no outside food.  
(The snakes, I says, is edication.)

We know thet Adam, at his birth,  
Wuz good—(He never went to college.)  
But wickedness came on the earth  
By eatin' of the tree of knowledge.

Eve thort, I s'pose, thet Adam warn't  
In fashion, without "mental feedin'!"  
(Had him an' her not gut so larnt,  
We'd all ben livin' still in Eden.)

Did Moses, in the Promised Land,  
Teach jography to nigger wenches;  
Put buildin's up on every hand,  
Crammed with mahog'ny desks an' benches?

Did Solomon set up "Free Schools,"  
To be supported by taxation;—  
Or tell the Jews thet they wuz fools,  
Because they hed'nt edication?

Our Free-School men their own ways go;  
An' "Wut says Scriptor," no one axes.  
(The only *prophets* thet they know  
Is wut, I s'pose, they git from taxes!)

But still I hope to see the day  
When all will jine the mighty howlin',  
To sweep these here Free Schools away!—  
(Led on, I hope, by Mr. Nowlin.)

Now let all Free-School men git hushed;—  
Let these great scholars git their level;—  
Let Edication soon git crushed;—  
(Taint *money* thet's the root of evil.)

Free Schools indeed! a pretty name!—  
The very mention al'ays galls me.  
Why folks put up with sich a game—  
I'm free to say it, raily pulls me!

But I am old. I'll never bring  
Myself to speak in any malice;—  
For feyther fit for Church an' King,  
A soger under Lord Cornwallis.  
JOB CROAKER, Kingston.

### SPRIGS OF FASHION.

**P**IQUE will be as fashionable as ever next summer for mourning suits. Pater familias will look out for pique-pockets.

The last new bonnet is ornamented with a huge *aigrette*. Mrs. Quip don't know what sort of an animal it is, but supposes it will be ai-grette improvement or it wouldn't be fashionable.

Ladies shoes of dog-skin are new in Paris. "Bark-is is willin'." Purp-le will of course be the proper color.

The Danbury *News* says: "Fichu Collars are all the rage." Choler is generally productive of rage. If you don't think so just

promise your wife a lace Fichu worth \$50, and see if she don't make it warm for you around the house if you disappoint her.

Sailor hats in blue and white straw will be stylish favorites with the young girls, and will probably meet with a quick sale. To be in keeping the footsy tootsies will be covered with navy-gaiters.

The Medici Sacque is *en regle*. It is made of sack-cloth and ashes for female cremationists.

The Polonaise is still fashionable among the Polynasian ladies.

Gold arrows in the feminine ears are something new. Our fashion editress was all in a quiver of delight when she read the above. She says she knows they will *draw* the beaux.

The beading mania continues. Mrs. Quip thought it would bea-ded before this.

Morning dresses for Summer, *a la Watteau*, are coming. Watteau rush there will be for them.

