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Poetry.

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bride pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical city,
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished Spring time
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angel imprinted there.

We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the west,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tale tell to come,
With its age and date arise
Of the two who are old no longer,
In their Father's house in the skies.

HOW!

Perhaps I am a little too hasty, a little too ready
To light up at a minute's notice; but there are
some words that seem to me to carry an especial
kind of gunpowder in them, and the above is one
of the sort. To have a person, after you've been
through a long explanation, put his finger to his
mouth and say "How!" is too exasperating for human nature to
bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me,
when he said that I was a little too hasty, and speaking in
an abrupt, aggravating manner that tantamounted to
beyond words.

You see John Stringer and I were engaged;
we had been engaged for a long time, and perhaps
I had got to be a little too matter of course to
other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the
old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him
a story of my life, and he listened to it with great
attention, and he said, "How!"

But it didn't make any difference, John, to people
that love each other; all that's of no more ac-
count than last year's snow drift. They could be
married in calico and home-spun, with their feet
on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just
as well.

"How?" said John, absently. He was watch-
ing the coals flicker up and die out again, and
picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on
the embers—a fashion he had when he was think-
ing.

Now I had had the headache all day, and I guess
I was rather more fidgety than usual, though I
didn't think so then; but when John bent his
great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard
a word I said, and in fact, had something better to
occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then
the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted
that night John and I had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw
John's great tall figure going out the door, it was
the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year;
but so it was.

You see, I held my head pretty high in those
days and I wouldn't show that I was a bit out of
about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plummer's J-ess,
a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more
to be compared with John than a cockle-shell is
to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to
bring us together again; but it wasn't to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used
to see him go up the road many a time when I
was out in the shed mending, and peeping out
through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders
scooped more than ever, and his figure was grow-
ing more stately like. Such an awkward fellow as
John was! I came near rushing out on him once,
with my sunbonnet and with my eyes rolled up,
and flung my arms around his neck, but John
likes to see the folks tidy, and I never did it.

Jess Plummer was the beau of the village—
dapper, neat, and dandy as you please—and all
the girls thought I had come to my senses when I
married Jess. And by-and-by it was Jess that
came sparkin' off winter evenings over the
embers, and he was so soft spoken and pleasant
that even mother forgot her vexation. (She al-
ways set store by John, mother did.) Well, in
the spring we were married, and I had a string of
pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and felt kind of
lifted like when the girls crowded round me and
hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so too; I wasn't
sure of it.

Remembering the days that came after, I can't
call one hard word I ever heard from Jess. We
weren't near enough to each other to quarrel;
there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor anything 'twixt
us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I
had always been bubbling over one way and
another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace
were all I had of riches; and I cut up my gown
one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see
I couldn't give up my pride, and I was just as high
spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper;
and Mrs. Plummer came to live with us, to look
after things, she said; and she got to pitying him
every now and then for marrying a poor wife,
and—oh, well, what's the use of talking?—some-
times I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong
shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working
myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when the baby grew bigger I took to
teaching an A.B.C. class as I used to before I was
married; but that little I knew had run wild
since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight
enough, and the girls didn't care about sam-
plers, for the sewing machine had ridden right over
everything. Then Jess fell ill of the fever, and
with all the fanning and fretting and nursing of
his mother and with all my watching day and
night, somehow he slipped off between us, and
I found myself a widow with the ribbards, wasted
fain on my hands, and Mother Plummer drizzling
and mundering after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirits up yet, and I advertised
half the place for sale at the court house; for if I
could sell it, we should skid through somehow on
an acre or two, I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny
afternoon as I was standing in the kitchen? Who,
to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little
gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but
keen and strong as ever. He'd use for that bit
of land, it seemed, and wanting what wasn't his,
Mother Plummer said. She owed him a grudge
for being more forward than Jess. It took a
deal of looking after, and surveying, and the Lord
knows what to settle; and I used to see John
Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat
down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and
again. But he scarce ever came near the door,
till one day—I can't tell how it was—when the
settlements were to be made, I just took baby up
stairs and had a good cry; for that bit of land had
been Jess's favorite place, and Mother Plummer
had been burying me all day about it.

"The ways of Providence are so strange!" said
Mother Plummer, laying her specs down atop of
the Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air
which was wearing me to skin and bone—"just
finding out. Now if Jess had married Sophie
Mills that was, and you—"

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say,
I just caught up baby and went off to the garret.
And while I sat by the cobwebbed window, Mrs.
Barrett—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by
in their spring wagon, and she and her half dozen
children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples,
Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up
the road; and looking along I saw John Stringer
walking, thoughtful-like, right up to our gate, just
as he used to come in courting day—for John
never had any foolish ways about him. I saw
Sophie look back at him as she and the children,
with fluttering ribbons and gay gingham, disap-
peared at the turn of the road. Then I smoothed
my hair and washed my face and went down. The
time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, the lawyer
will be here presently; but I reckon we can make
it all clear in our own minds without his help.
And I've settled it, in fact, that there are certain
conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree.

Then I flew into a passion. You've been long
enough making up your mind, says I. I don't
throw my land at anybody's feet, and I haven't
asked any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer.

Softly, there, softly! said John, putting out his
hand. Don't be in a hurry, little woman.

John Stringer, says I, all in a heat, you're just
the same man you was years ago, when you
thought I was always firing up every time you got
out of temper yourself.

And weren't you, little woman? said John,
quite gravely. Don't women talk always like
their own way better than anything else?

You don't know anything about women, I cried,
any more than you did then. You thought I want-
ed silks and furbelows more than—than

Than you did me, said John; and right enough
you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always
said so, Mary Ann.

Any man with half an eye would have known
better, says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great hulking figure
lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those
sharp, brown eyes that used to give me a start in
the old time. "How?" he repeated, softly. Do
you mean to say I was mistaken years ago? His
big, brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it
out to me. Little woman, says he, "let's ha' done
with it all now, and it will be as if it never was."

Presently Mother Plummer put her head in the
door. "Pears to me that lawyer's making a long
spell of it, says she. Ben't you 'a'most tired o'
waitin' for him, Mr. Stringer?"

I guess we've settled it pretty much without the
lawyer, says John, rising; "and that's the condi-
tion I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you
and the meadow land together!"

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

BY HARRIET W. PRESTON.

I have been wondering of late, about the
proper function of pathos in literature, and
since the inquiry, when formally propounded,
has a somewhat pompous air, I will win, if I
may, my reader's startled interest by sketch-
ing the scene which first suggested it.

A ruinous mill upon a wild, New Hamp-
shire stream, whether a determined reading
party has fled for refuge from the hotel hard-
by, North and east the sides of the
building are partly open to the weather. We
catch the sparkle of water through the chinks
of the loose floor. The machinery is rusted,
and by the help of gay shawls and sum-
mer wraps, we make luxurious seats upon
the logs that never were sawn. Those gaps
in the walls disclose beautiful bits of moun-
tain scenery. Here, the breadth of the sun-
flecked stream, brown water and white foam,
with green boughs dipping, and fern waving,
and old roots interlocking along its border.

There, a bridge, a stretch of sunny intervals,
and beyond, the long, slow, magnificent sweep
of one grand mountain, bearing upon its vast
sides miles of forest, sun-touched above, a
pathless mystery below. In front, framed
rude by the gaping doorway, a foreground
of gay, autumnal flowers; then, a rising tract
of whispering, beechwood, deciduous trees;
further up the pines, with here and there a
leafless giant towering above the rest, and
glancing to its fall; high over all, the steep
mountains—once again and in their dimmest
mists, the dry haze of August floods their
slopes to day. The inaccessable peaks are
reluctant blue.

We are a party of seven and unfortunately
I, I was going to say, all women. A little
golden-haired artist sits on a broad stump in
the doorway, and m-dlesty records, for future
dramatic, the beauty upon which we feast.

The rest of us, four being young, and there-
fore and by other titles fair and not quite yet
old, occupy the impromptu seats aforesaid,
and lounge or work—these are Yankee
women, with slim, nervous fingers, much ad-
apted to what Help quizzically calls "the last
of finishing," and we read aloud by turns.

We all read well, our young ones very
well, with clear, cultivated enunciation, sym-
pathetically, dramatically. We miss no shade
of author's meaning. Our author's own shadow
it have them, might light, well pleased,
to hear their themes so reverend. Each
syllable is distinctly audible above the mur-
muring accompaniment of a ringing leaves and
fanning wings and the stream, which under
our weary feet, "goes on forever."

Who whispers that those voices were a trif-
fle too full and resonant, failing entirely to an-
swer the one requisition of dear chivalrous
sentimental Mr. Burke? Is it my basest
friend? "Girl of the period," indeed! I base-
sinner and scold, and stand afar off, as befits
us, and consider them well. Fair, but on no
account feebly, right, brave and self-reliant,
gracious in quiet moderation, and absolutely
fancy free; whose work is not simple, nor
their tin pantheism; who prove what you say,
could do well, handsomely, to concede, that
daring does not preclude delicacy, nor strength
sweetness. They clamor for no rights and
assert no vocations, three latter day heroines
of mine, yet one shall interpret for the
wonderful sweet of Schumann, and one shall
write you letters that illustrate Mr. de Sevi-
gne's and one will flash all over her noble
and most unclassical forehead, if reminded of
the wise and spirited charities whereby her
wealth is made to sink hearts in many
graves of life, cheer in the present, and hope
for the future. Of whom but these was she
the antitype, that "perfect woman" only
imagined, who glided years ago into Words-
worth's prophetic imagination? Did you ob-
serve that, comfort being secured, you could
dispense with assistance and authority, that
the woman who can live without love seldom
attracts it, and that that our morning read-
ings were rarely interrupted by the lowering
of a cigar, or the passing of a fishing-rod at

our rustic doorway? My friend, your reply
is hackneyed and futile. Your whole, uneasy,
and self-conscious attitude argues the pres-
ence of "something rotten in the state of
New Hampshire," and suggests that it
is the fathers, rather than the mothers of the
next generation over whom we should mourn
and pray. Adieu. And so to the substance
of our reading. By what seemed a kind of
fatality, for we were as I have shown, a
healthful and a merry party, they were all
utterably sad. We read H. dged in, and
Mrs. Tuckersay's Village—on the Cliff, some-
briefer sketches by the latter, and notices by
one heart reading little story called Out of the
World, Dante Rossetti's poems and the Tale of
Two Cities. And again and again we elders
were fain to resign the illegible page, and re-
sume our stitching with agonized fingers,
while the former nervous daughters of the
forties and the fifties, took up the tragedy of
the day and rehearsed it, gravely and steadily
to the bitter end.

The sum of our imaginary woes becomes at
last so great that one is moved to examine
and analyze it. Is it well, is it ill, that our
soft hearts should be thus "dilly stirred"?
What is the use and significance of our tears
and are we better or the worse for them? Was
the acute Greek right when he approved the
action of the tragedy as "purifying" the soul
through "pity and terror," or shall we abide
by the austere sentiment of that modern classic
De Newman?—G-d has made us feel in
order that we may go on to act in consequence
of feeling. If then we allow our feelings to
be excited without acting upon them, we do
mischievous to the moral system within us, just
as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of
mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it.
We weaken the springs, and they cease to act
truly."

It is a pleasant and plausible supposition
that both these authorities are right. There
are two kinds of pathos, each frequently ex-
emplified by the perplexed authors of the
present day. One invigorates the moral
sense, the other enervates it; one is fruitful,
the other barren; one true, the other false.

The true pathos deals chiefly with the aver-
age conditions, and probable results of life—
which, God knows, are sad enough—the false
deals curiously far unparalleled misadventures.
The true is mostly incidental, often unconscio-
us, the false is always deliberate. And
since, after all, an exclusive or exaggerated
sense of human misery means simply madness,
the true pathos is above everything shy in its
bit, simple and moderate in speech, while the
false, appealing to coarser sensibilities, em-
phatically, to produce its effect, all arts known
and unknown to rhetoric, and makes as Matthew
Arnold says of Byron, a "pageant of its
bleeding heart." From the touch of the true
pathos we always rise, with a corrected sense
of our relations to the world, humbled in view
of our own advantage, and patient of our de-
privations. From the presence of the false
we are p to rebound with the selfish and
childish reflection, that what has moved us is
only a story, and that things are not so bad
after all.

Then we marshalled each his author to show
who made us cry, why he made us cry, when
we cried to any purpose; but then, years
after the J wish fashion, we put into a bottle
and reserve for next month.

A Strange Story of the Bank of England Forgeries.

We understand that a curious sequel to the
story of the American forgeries on the Bank
of England is in process of disclosure. Just
before his conviction at the Old Bailey, Mac-
donnell, the principal forger, wrote out, signed
and swore to a statement which was placed
in the hands of Mr. Freshfield, the solicitor
for the Bank of England. In this statement
Macdonnell said that through the agency of a
friend of his in New York a bargain was ar-
ranged with two of the New York police
officers. In pursuance of this bargain, these
officers were informed that Macdonnell would
arrive in New York on board the German
steamer Thuringia, and they boarded the ship
off Sandy Hook and arrested him. Still ev-
erything out the bargain, he gave to them all the
bonds and money he had in his possession, the
proceeds of his forgeries with the exception
of £800, which he retained. He expected
that he might not be delivered up upon re-
quisition for him made by the English Gov-
ernment, and the bargain in this case was
that living and Farley should return to him
half the property. Mr. Freshfield sent this
deposition to his agent in New York, Mr.
Clarence Seward, and the latter seems to
have attempted to make living and Farley
hand over the money and bonds. They de-
clared, however, that Macdonnell's statement
was wholly false, and then Mr. Seward sent
deposition to the New York Police Commis-
sioners, asking them to take action in the
matter. The Commissioners summoned living
and Farley before them. The officers per-
sisted in their denial, and as they are men
of excellent character and there appeared to
be no means of proving the truth of Macdon-
nell's statements, the affair rested until further

advice could be procured from England.
These advices have now gone to New York,
we believe, and the result will be known ere
long.

STORY OF E. P. WHIPPLE.—During the
winter in which Andrew Johnson was impeach-
ed at the bar of the House, E. P. Whipple,
of Boston, was on a lecturing tour in the
West, and, among other places, spoke at Bay
City, Michigan. Having no engagement for
the following evening, he spent the day in
viewing saw mills and salt works in company
with the editor of the Republican paper pub-
lished in that place. Returning to the Fraser
House at dinner time, they met the landlord
at the door, of whom Mr. Whipple inquired if
any news from Washington had been received
during the forenoon, to which a negative an-
swer was returned. The lecturer, turning to
the editor, said, "Let us impeach the land-
lord."

"All right," responded the editor; "where
shall we impeach him?"

"At the bar of the house, of course was the
reply."

The impeachment was promptly entered
upon, and with comforting success.—[Editor's
Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for December.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PERSIAN PLAGUE.—
The Commission which was organized for the
purpose of ascertaining the cause of the plague
which for so long a period ravaged certain
provinces of Persia, attribute the source of the
poison to caverns in the earth, in which those
who died of the plague forty years ago were
buried, and which caverns have recently
been reopened. The present plague com-
menced almost immediately upon the opening
of these caverns. One of the persons first
sized had been engaged in this work, and it
is said to have disinterred a quantity of human
bones; another person, who likewise had re-
moved some bones from one of these caverns,
was also attacked. The plague, thus begun,
spread from these sources as a nucleus; and
from other facts gathered by the Commission-
ers they decided that this was the origin of
the disease.

THE LATE GENERAL RYAN.—Gen. W.
A. C. Ryan, who fell into the hands of the
ferocious Spaniards and was executed at
Santiago de Cuba, was born at Etobicoke
about ten miles from Toronto. A telegram
from Chicago to the New York "Times" say
he has a mother and sister living in that city.
He has a brother living in Joliet, Ill., and
there is another brother, Col. John G. Ryan,
living in Pine Bluff, Ark. He served in the
Confederate army, and was once arrested and
charged with complicity in the conspiracy of
John H. Surratt. The relations of the murder-
er General are taking measures to obtain his
remains from the Spanish authorities to bring
them to Chicago for interment.

"Sympathy," says John Paul, is something
which I never withhold from those in trouble,
whether they happen to be friends or not;
there's nothing mean about me. I find, too,
that one can go round shedding sympathy on
all sides, for weeks at a time, without spend-
ing a cent or being at much personal incon-
venience.

Among the prominent failures during the lateaga
panic was that of John Paul; "For," says he, in
a withering tone, "what man or men, what firm or
firm, could stand a run, if he had nothing to
pay with?" But he remembers Bruce and the
spiller and takes heart. His tailor having danned
and deserted him, he has sent his linen duster to
an obscure place to have a fur collar put on it;
and hearing there is warmth in newspapers, he has
ordered it lined with the "Tribune" supplements,
so "that when I am called to join the innumerable
caravan that moves on in the horse car this win-
ter, I may wrap the drap of my Evangelical Al-
liance about me and sit me down to scientific
dreams."

CHINESE TRICKERY.—The Chinese have
been too largely adulterating their teas. In
London there are, 10,000,000 pounds in bond
which have been condemned as unfit for con-
sumption, and notices have been given to
merchants in China that all spurious teas will
henceforth be destroyed.

CLEANLINESS is an element in the cure of
disease that need not be insisted on; it is
scarcely possible to be carried to excess;
cleanliness in person, of skin, of scalp, of cloth-
ing, of bedding, of room, of pantries, of closets,
of utensils. Remnants of food, bottles of medi-
cine, standing water, however fresh from the
spring—none of these, no post-hall material,
should be allowed to remain one minute in
the sick chamber, after its use. By all means
let the air be cleanly; let it come in from
the open door, with the fresh place chimneys
open. If a lamp were kept burning in a fire-
place during night, even in the coldest summer,
the purity of the atmosphere would be greatly
promoted, because bad air sinks to the floor,
and naturally flows toward the open fire place.

S & CAPS

LARGE VARIETY.

Oxford, Dolly Varden, Duke,
any other styles to numerous to
the Monarch Shakespeare Paper
d for its perfect fit and durability,
a full line of Gents. Furnishing.

Swiss, Switches in Jute and Linen
Skirts and small wares. Ladies
dresses BOOTS & SHOES, work-
ERS and OTTOMANS.

White and colored, plain, striped;
Cottons—in bleached and un-
bleached & Miller's White Cottons,
feelings, etc. to be "Retail Profits and quick
stock shall be sold at the lowest
of cost. We store on the corner of Water
ets, and opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-
kets taken for the elegant "Davis
ae," which has been so celebrated
Stat's a sample of which can be
re. For price and conditions en-
quiries.

S. SHERLOCK,
St. Andrews.

CHOMANCY,

OR

SOUL CHARMING.

For the healing of the love and affec-
tion they choose, instead of. This simple
method can be used, free by mail, for 25
cents in a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle,
a Guide, etc. A queer, exciting read-
ing. W. WILLIAM & CO., South King-
don, Pa. mar 21y

ICE.

any Ann, having left my bed and
any just cause, I hereby forbid all
harboring or trusting her on my ac-
count, nor pay any debts of her contract.
JOHN SCAMOND,
Oct. 1, 1873. 31yd

NOTICE.

notice of a serious accident occurring
out leaving obstructions on the
de walks; the public are hereby no-
tified, that any person leaving rubbish or
on the streets or side walks in this
prosecuted on the penalty according
at Andrews 20th Nov. 1872.
THOMAS HIPWELL,
Commissioner District No. 1.

BLIC NOTICE

given, that the following Non-Reser-
ty in the Parish of St. George, has
been under for the year 1872, and
nought, together with the cost of at-
tending, is paid within three months from
same will be sold according to law:—
Hanson Property \$8.40.
RONALD CAMPBELL,
Sept. 28, 1872. Collector.

ING MACHINES.

VERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
he original Weed Sewing
Machines.

velated Machines are now on sale
er's, where the public are invited to
test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
Agent.

BLACK TEA.

Sole "Pointer" from New York.
extra. SOUCHONG TEA.
extra. in bond or duty paid at lowest rates
TODD CLEWLEY & CO.
St. Stephens.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

King Street.
Stephen N.B.
J. NEILL, Proprietor

Canada Ale.

Canada Bitter Ale.
1872. J. W. STREET.

is hereby given, that His Excellency,
Governor General, by an Order in Coun-
cil, the 20th instant, and under the
of the 1st instant, by the 2nd Section of the
in cap. 10, has been pleased to order,
that the following articles be imported
free of duty, viz:
ottawar Wollen Netting and Flush
a manufacture of Glens and Mills
By command,
R. S. M. ROUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

W IMPORTATION.

"Bridges & Sop's" best Stout
ter,
"Guinness" Dub in Porter, quarts
pints.
J. W. STREET.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available