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## Poetry.

### GOD BLESS YOU.

How sweetly falls those simple words,  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends long bound by strongest ties,  
Are doomed by fate to part.  
You rally press the hand of those  
Who thus in love caress you,  
And soul responsive beats to soul,  
In breathing out, "God bless you."

"God bless you," ah! long months ago  
I heard the mournful phrase,  
When one whom I in childhood loved  
Went from my dreamy gaze.  
Now blinding tears fall thick and fast—  
I mourn my long lost treasure,  
While echoes of the heart bring back  
The farewell prayer, "God bless you."

The mother sending forth her boy  
To scenes untried and new,  
Lips not a studied, stately speech,  
Nor murmurs out "Adieu."  
She sadly says between her sobs,  
"Whene'er misfortunes press you,  
Come to your mother, boy, come back,"  
Then sadly sighs, "God bless you."

"God bless you," more of expressed love  
Than volumes without number,  
Reveal we thus our trust in Him,  
Whose eye-lids never slumber.  
I ask in parting no long speech,  
Drawled out in studied measure,  
I only ask the dear old words,  
So sweet—so sad—"God bless you."

### PADDY CARROLL, THE PIPER.

BY BRYAN O'HALLORAN.

GENTLE reader have you ever seen an Irish piper? Have you ever heard an Irish piper? Do you know how an Irish piper lives? If you have seen one, he is assuredly a small, pale-faced, half-serious, half-comic-looking creature, with fingers like drumsticks, and the pomp of musical destructiveness as big as a potato on each side of his pointed forehead. But how an Irish piper lives in these days of cold water and temperance movements is more, I believe, than the poor fellow tells himself.

Paddy Carroll, the piper, was the plague of my life. During fair-time, at weddings, and now and then at a wake—for Paddy could play elegies better than Ovid wrote them—he was well enough, but when the boys were busy with the turf or potatoes, the girls preparing for station, and the brogues lay shadowed in the corner, never was there a more ghastly victim of blue-devilish than the favorite piper of my mother. Paddy and I were old friends; he knew me, I may almost say, before I knew myself; he played at my christening; his drone lulled me to sleep in my cradle; he danced at my wedding, when that poor girl—but I dare not look that way. So, to be brief, I think I ought to have been kind to my poor piper. Nevertheless, many is the good trick I played him, but all in a playful way. We are full of real jokes in Ireland—a thing scarcely known in this matter-of-fact country. Oh! ye have none of the young life here. I tell you, ye were never young! That rolicking, roaring, heart-bounding joy which makes some days of our existence, like the sun dance of Easter-morning. Surely, when Nature gave her fresh milk of wit to gladden the young world, the overflowing cream was poured alone into the Irish heart. But even a joke may go too far, and tears beamed in mine will, sometimes, find their channel in sorrow.

Well, I believe the Dickens was in me that fifteenth of June. I was wholly absorbed in business, when who should creep in but the piper. I accordingly laid down my pen, heard his petition, granted it, and with the delight of earlier and happier years, listened to his music. But just as he was capering off, for the moment the drop passed Paddy's lips he became Terpsichore—the embodiment of ballet—well then, just as he was wheeling away to the tune of Gerry Owen, a thought entered my head, or rather the old mischief prompter put it there.

Stop, Paddy, stop! said I, I want to speak to you.  
The piper playing on reeled back into the office, and by a nod indicated attention.  
Cease your noise, man, continued I, and listen to me: I have something to tell you which will gladden the old woman's heart.  
He let off the last bar of his melody through the drone, and holding the rail which separated us, by an effort staid himself.

Well, Master Brine!  
Paddy, should you like to be rich?  
Eh! 'tis that I would, if I could come by the gold honestly.

And now, what would you do if you had plenty of money?  
The devil a dirty heart or wet eye I'd have in all Ireland.

Then 'twill be a merry time with us all; for you are a rich man, Paddy.  
Errah, is it me ye mane, sir? Now lave off your jokes, if ye please, Master Brine. Wasn't it enough last week to make me as blind as Bahkks, and send me across the herring pond to England; where, when I opened my eyes, God knows I thought I was dead and my soul in one of the other worlds, and not the best one either? Ah! I know ye, Master Brine! I'm up to yer tricks, ye rogue ye!

Well, never mind my tricks; but walk in here, and attend to what I have to say.  
Taking off his crownless hat, he entered; and after see sawing to and fro for full five minutes, was at length prevailed on to sit down.

I think, Patrick—I became deferential—you had a distant relative, a sort of third cousin, in the West Indies.  
Yes, I had sir, said Pat, humoring what he thought a joke.

You know, of course, he was very rich?  
So I always heard.  
She sadly says between her sobs, "Whene'er misfortunes press you, Come to your mother, boy, come back," Then sadly sighs, "God bless you."

At this Paddy started, and turned as pale as a tin-plate on a coffin, and I thought he crossed himself, but soon rallying, he replied,  
Is, sure enough that he, my poor cousin, Mr. Carroll, but tell me darlint, is there anything ails him? I am quite uneasy; you look so anxious and pious-like, avo ye neen!

This he said peering at me with his most roguish grin.  
There is nothing the matter with him now, Pat, for he's at rest. He went off last winter when skating in Jamaica; and just before he sank—the ice is rather thin in those parts—he made his last will and testament, bequeathing the whole of his immense property to you.

Eh, did he in earnest, sir? said the poor fellow, half inclined to believe me.  
And this hundred pound note—I held up one between both hands, and made it crack like a pop-gun—has been assigned to us, as a kind of pocket-money for you till everything is settled.  
(Give it to me!) gives it to me! Astore! I should like immediately to have a mass or two said for the repose of his soul.

Ah! man, leave his soul in peace, and let me be. One of the executors, an agent of ours, instructs us to hand over this trifle to the lawler here, when discovered.  
And very decent of the egg-ster. I suppose him as plenty there. May the Lord reward him for his thought for a poor old man!

And then, leaping up in a frenzy of joy, which none but a piper and a poor man made so idly rich could feel, he rushed round and round the room, playing away with the heart thudding energy of a madman.  
Compose yourself, Mr. Carroll, said I, holding up the note again to his dancing eyes.  
He eagerly stretched forth his long fingers to receive it.

A second, Pat. You know that I believe you to be Paddy the Piper?  
The devil a doubt of it!  
And I also think you had a third cousin, called Mic Carroll, in Jamaica?  
Bad luck to me if I hadn't. There now, thin, will ye give it to me?

A moment. Though confident myself that you are the Patrick Carroll, Requin, referred to, yet the agent, to whom we are accountable for this money, will require positive proof.  
That a man's himself! interrupted the piper, chagrined and disappointed. I declare there was no occasion at all to be so mighty nice about the matter; but I suppose Father O'Shay's word will be enough for 'um on that score. But, won't ye give it to me, Master Brine? Errah! do duck, and I'll give ye a handell for yerself!

I dare not at present, Patrick; but go home, and collect all the evidence you can, and then come to me about this time to-morrow.  
And so that's it, Master Brine! Well, achra! 'tis a long lane that has no turning; and so good-bye to ye.

Thus saying, he, for the first time I believe in his life, left me dissatisfied, and with a feeling of resentment in his breast.  
Well, kind reader, is not that a strange alchemy which turneth all things, even our inmost metaphysical convictions, to gold. Here was a man believing, or resolved to believe—which is much the same thing that a large property existed, of which he was the heir; though, he it said in praise of his aptitude for knowledge, he had never heard a word of either Mic Carroll, the West Indian, or his estate, before that morning from my apocryphal lips; and all this at the sight of a hundred pound note. "Crede frater, pecca fatiter" of a verity, Paddy Carroll, thou didst honor both ways to the national motto; for the firmness of your faith in the gold was only to be measured by the elasticity of your conscience in reaching at it.

Well, on he wended, comforting himself with the reticence and brilliancy of his fortunes; for, though of intellect neither subtle nor profound, Paddy saw no difficulty in proving himself "himself." Not so Jerry O'Hayes, the schoolmaster, whom he met on his road home, and who, being a mathematician, a logician, and every other vicar in the sciences, could not fathom a proposition so abstruse and uncommon.

For, granted you are yourself, said he, reasoning from finger to finger, and that every mother's soul knows you are yourself, yet, as believing and proving are as different as cold water and whiskey, you'll find your demonstration no easy matter, I tell you.  
Errah! bad manners to ye! said the courteous piper, can't a man make it plain that he is what he is?

Where are your premises? replied Mr. O'Hayes. My father and mother, of course, said the piper. Prove them, man! I may be a lie to what we know.  
A father and mother a lie, ye son of a—, ye! What d'ye mane?

I mane, Paddy Carl, said the schoolmaster, who was too absorbed in the argument to heed the compliment paid to his mother.—I mane, you can't easily prove you're your father son.  
The piper looked posed.  
And now, supposing you could,—which I deny, then your father, all your great-grandfathers, and the whole of your paternity, back to Adam, should prove their identity, to uphold the link of the argument, which is no trifler, I assure you.

Bidly Carl, the piper wife, a common-sense-like woman, with a grain or two of conscience, and a fund religion, was quite taken by surprise to hear for the first time that her husband, whose relations to the ninety-ninth degree backwards, forward, and sideways as poor as porridge, had all of a sudden a third cousin in the "West Indies, as rich as Croesus." Accordingly, her first exclamation was—

The cross of Christ betune us and all harm! I may be that old croony, Deeah Feenan, put her eye on him. Lord save us, Jerry! he looks ery queer!

Mr. O'Hayes was too far gone in abstract cogitation to notice either Bidly or her husband.  
Oh! well now, d'ye hear that? said the piper, who would not for the world have a doubt cast on the story of O'Hayes, as if she didn't see me a hundred times over and over again, spaking of a Miss Mice of Jamaica, and how he ate off of gold plates, and had black servants in a state of nature, saving yer presence, to wait on him.

And so I did, avoynegh! answered the wife in a soothing tone, and yet half swallowing the bait herself.  
But that's not the question at all, said Mr. O'Hayes, starting up from his reverie.  
'Tisn't that? said Mrs. Carroll's pity reply.

'Tisn't the question in discussion, continued Jerry, in a quiet, unperturbed tone, the true point which bounds the meeting is, if Paddy is Paddy or no.

Is the pope the pope? retorted the lady.  
Every one says he, God save his vicarage; replied her antagonist.  
Then every one says Paddy is Paddy; and so there's yer answer. And do lave off puzzling that mite of brain of yers, Jerry Hayes, with yer demonstrations.

Mean while Paddy's good fortune got wind abroad. No one of experience, or who has made a profitable study of the "It Fanna" of our old friend Virgil, will ask how? or why? And so the news of Paddy Carroll's good fortune went its round, like the brass ball of a juggler, tossed from hand, and reflecting a thousand false colors in its transit.

There was quite a levee at the piper's that night. Neighbor after neighbor dropped in—accidentally, of course, till the room looked like a wedding, or a wake, or something else equally droll. Paddy found his friends all of a heap; even those he had never seen, or who had never seen him, which is nearly the same thing, "claimed kindred that night." It is ridiculous to state, like some bathos or poeticalists—take either term, the "it" makes them all but synonymous,—of the slow and steady growth of friendship; nature and experience prove it a hot house plant, with the dirty little worm of self interest at the core. And had Paddy been spiteful he might have paid off many an old score of unkindness that night; for where is the poor man, and above all the poor piper, who has not it?

"The whips and scorns of the time?"  
But he it said, to the glory of his true Irish heart, he melted in a moment, like a snowball before the sun; he remembered no wrongs; and he actually felt more eagerness to serve others than to exact himself.

And now I must declare to you, on the honor of an Irishman and a gentleman, that this "serious joke" was quite unpremeditated; a moment before stating it the thought had not entered my head. Nor should I have perceived, had not Paddy's goodness at inquiry made me conscious to outside his heart in silent for the humorous. The next day when

called, I could perceive he did not come unattended, though he entered the office alone. I could not help congratulating Paddy on his change of costume. Instead of the crownless hat, the stockingless shoe, and sometimes the no shoe at all, and "the thing of threads and patches," misnamed clothes, which, even would not have remained on his back had they been worth a noggin, he was regularly equipped by his friends, and all in the Irish way too; one giving the "loan" of one article, and another, mother. He had on a damaged spiky looking, white hat, which barely covered the top of the frontal; a pair of yellow buckskin trousers, newly washed, but too short at the knees, and folding over, like the wrinkles of bellows, both before and behind. The coat was an old red sporting jacket, skimming in the sleeves, and studded here and there with odd buttons; while the waist-coat seemed to have been expressly cut out for him, with its great flapping pockets, fit for bag and bellows if occasion required. He wore a pair of Italian boots with one tassel, and a very high mohair stock reaching to his ears, and yet not high enough to cover the enormous shirt collar, which stuck out on both sides over his mouth like the flag of Blocks Clad-on Teira.

The pipes, as might be expected, were left at home; this idle industry was entirely subsisting a gentleman of Paddy's expectations.  
Why, you are quite the dandy to day, Paddy.

Now, don't I become 'um, Master Brine? You will take a glass of wine, Mr. Carr, is it? Not a drop, thank ye sir; there's no sperrit in it. Musha, I'd rather have one thimble of yellow whiskey than all the red leather in France or Portugal ather.

Well, as you like. You seem hot?  
As blazes sir. This chin chopping cravat keeps me in a strait jacket. Well, now I declare 'tis purgatory to be gintled; there's no thing like a bee-wick; but this is hanging in chains, a martyr to slavery. To yer health, achree; and God be merciful to them that's gone!

While the piper was draining his noggin, I was planning how I could best bail, for the present, the expectations of his hungry escort, and at the same time sharpen them to a point of the most exquisite keenness.  
You must dine with us to day, Mr. Carroll. Errah is it me ye mane, sir? Now don't be making game o' me, if ye please, Master Brine.

On my honour, Patrick, I really desire the pleasure of your company, and think a gentleman of your large income should be above vulgar acquaintance.  
Ye're right achra, ye're right; and them spalpeens ather me! I wish they'd know their place, the fellows. Ye must tache me manners, sir; I've a bould sperrit whin put to it.

I am persuaded you have, said I.  
As the carriage that moment drove I up, had the best possible opportunity of giving Paddy's ragged regiment, now in a heap before the door, "a coup de grace." I led the piper off with as much ceremony as if he was an old fortune or a young beauty. My brothers, who were bachelors, soon joined us, and away we drove as fast as good horses, an experienced hand, and a new whip could hurry us to—

Oh! what would give now for the hilarity of that night! We were "mirth mad," indeed, and drew from Paddy every scintillation of drollery in his humorous composition. Of course we had company. To make Paddy merry was no labour against nature; a steam-juggler or two brought him out gloriously. And to tell his blue eyes—how he swallowed sparrows' nest and all, half poisoned himself with arriackles, scolded his throat with a devil, took blanchings for butter milk, a jolly for freze whiskey, thinking cook, among other wintery miracles of snows and ices had congealed the mountain dew into "a lump of cold water,"—however amusing to us present, who enjoyed his awkwardnesses, is too stale to please your dainty palate, most refined palate, most refined reader! One thing I cannot omit: we avoid making him drunk, aimed only at extracting the rich honey of mirth bubbled through every pore of his veins. He danced and played,—we borrowed him a set of pipes,—and he sang, and laughed at his own jests and vagaries, till he actually floated in perspiration and jollity. When fairly jaded with active amusement, at a wink from me, all sat down to enjoy, by way of change the "serious joke."

Well, Pat, and have you the evidence?  
Enough to satisfy the Pope in council, sir. There is Father Tom O'Shay's sarty'ut,—he married the father and mother, and christened me; and there's the old gentleman's sig nature in black and white for it. This is Nelly Malowney's—the craythur; she was the nurse tender, and brought yer humble servant into the world; and here's the blessed cross of salvation for her name. This daisy little bit is from Jimmie Reardon, who stood for me, and is now throbbled with the Ellen sickness. God betune us and all harm! And by it ye'll have poor Joan's only child's gone—may the sarty'ut give her pleasant dreams

this night! This is—  
Oh! that will do, said Eugene Travers; you are strong enough to weigh down the whole bench of judges.  
Oh! I go bail for that, with the bishops and their consciences to back them. But now, Master Brine, give us the hundred; ye know my pious intentions, j wel!

I do, Patrick, and should be delighted to aid them by immediately handing over the note. But do you see Travers, turning to Eugene, we must have proof as to the identity of the dead man.  
Undoubtedly we must said the lawyer.

Oh! by the Holy! d'ye hear that! roared Paddy, with a spring into the middle of the room, which was large. Errah! had look to ye for chates and vagabones! Do ye want to rob a poor old man of his own, because the bones and ashes in Jimaky can't spake?  
[Conclude next week.]

### India Rubber Shoes for Horses.

We can describe the invention in no better or concise term than by stating that it is an India rubber overshoe for horses. It is made and lined in precisely similar manner to the articles of a pair worn by the human race, and, in fact, presents no points of difference save in its shape and its manufacture of the best quality of India rubber.

It is designed as a substitute for the iron shoe and as a means of preventing the many maladies to which horses' feet are subject.—The inventor informs us that horses suffering with cracked or contracted hoofs, and similar painful hurts are quickly cured by the substitution of the rubber shoe for the unyielding metal shoe. The elasticity of the former allows the hoof to remain in its natural shape while protected from abrasion against pavements by the heavy rubber sole beneath.

The device is easily removed from or put on the hoof, and hence, while standing in stall or in mud out to pasture, the horse may be left bare-footed. In winter time the covering serves as a protection against illness due to the common practice of mingling salt with the ice and snow in city streets, while the roughened surface of the rubber beneath serves to give the animal a foothold in slippery weather.

As compared with iron shoes the cost of the rubber one is about one third more, and their weight is some forty per cent. less. Sixteen sizes are manufactured, so that accurate fits may be obtained. With reference to wear, the inventor states, that the durability, owing to the fine quality of rubber employed, is very great. The device has been successfully used for some time past, and, we understand, has received the endorsement of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

For further particulars relative to sale of territory or for purchase of goods, address the inventor, Mr. Amzi J. Dean, No. 266 Nobsitt street, Newark N. J. Patented through the Scientific American Patent Agency, July 14, 1874.

Professor Smith said in a lecture in Philadelphia last week, that "Plintation is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen;" but the compositor got the remark into shape in this ruminous fashion: "Plintation is sometimes arrested by the use of aldermen."

When a Tennessee husband will horsewhip his wife for washing potatoes in his Sunday plug hat, it is time to inquire whether this generation of men isn't getting to be too confederated high toned for the age of the country.

A man advertises in a New York paper for a lun-keeper, "a ho must be recommended by his pastor."

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