

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ESTABLISHED 1866. VOL. 1. NO. 33.

1250 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

133

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, SEPT 19, 1866.

NO 33

## Poetry.

### MISCHIEF MAKING.

Oh! could there in this world be found  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Without the village tattle?  
How doubly blest that spot would be  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery  
Of gossip's endless prattle.

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might call it her own,  
And in it she might fix her throne  
Forever and forever.  
There like a queen might reign and live,  
While every one would soon forgive  
The little slights they pay receive,  
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove  
Far from our hearts that warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapprove  
What gives another pleasure;  
They seem to take one's part; but when  
They've heard our tales, unkindly then  
They soon retail them all again,  
Mixed up with poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
Of telling ill-meant tales—they say,  
"Don't mention it, I pray,  
I would not tell another."  
Straight to your neighbors, then they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low.  
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

## Miscellany.

### AUNT SALLY'S MUFF.

Aunt Sally, as the villagers usually called her, had received the bulk of her property from a deceased aunt, which her shrewd business qualities increased in wealth as she did in years, and like scores of many other rich people advanced in life, had scores of affectionate young relatives. Her cold gray eyes were turned not too far through their eager attentions to the very selfishness of their source.

One nephew, however, did not belong to that class of schemers. On the contrary, the old lady was the victim of his jokes, and he would dispute with her just for the fun of having a hot argument. Yet, for any real service, she would apply to him often, than to any one else. She had even lent him a sum of money sufficient to stock a fine store, but still this Frederick so often annoyed and perplexed her that public opinion was pretty equally divided as to whether he would be her favorite heir, or beget off with a shilling.

One evening, upon a meeting of the parish clergyman, this nephew perpetrated a joke upon his aunt, the result of which she never forgot. She, unlike many maiden ladies, considered these gatherings a sort of fashionable nuisance but usually was present for the sake of indulging in her sarcastic remarks. Her nephew was there ostensibly to wait upon his aunt, but the fair Lucy, daughter of the worthy practitioner, Dr. Blood, particularly attracted him with her charms.

The evening passed off pleasantly, and when the party broke up, as Frederick was taking leave of his friends, with his aunt upon one arm and Lucy upon the other, the old lady suddenly remembered that she had forgotten her muff.

O, never mind, aunt, said the young man, I will get it and send it to you in the morning.

But I do mind, Frederick Strong; for it is not my way leave things about me in this manner. But where can it be? I certainly left it with my bonnet and cloak.

O, for you, aunt! Such a hint, and the deacon only a recent widower! exclaimed her laughing nephew.

Aunt Sally seized her muff, but the old lady adhered most effectually to it. By an angry wrench it was liberated, and the unoffending hat flew across the entry propelled by the incensed maiden. When it arrived at the terminus of its journey it had assumed a most questionable shape, and its condition might certainly have been termed "shocking bad."

I will pay you for this young man.

Don't trouble yourself, my dear, aunt. So far as I am concerned, you are entirely welcome.

You will, perhaps, tell me that you had no hand in this matter?

No, I will tell you no falsehood about it, but I intended it as a joke upon our stiff deacon as much or more than yourself.

At least it is an ill trick you have played upon me; and now, mark my words, you shall have reason to remember this to the last days of your existence.

As you please, aunt, since you take it so

seriously; but I didn't think that silly joke would have thus offended you.

Time passed on, and Frederick Strong prospered famously in business. He had accumulated sufficient means to be enabled to pay his aunt the sum she had lent, but she declined receiving it, alleging that she preferred to have it remaining on interest. In the mean time, he had also persuaded the gentle Lucy to share his fortunes. As for Aunt Sally, a singular mania seemed to possess her. In the matters of real estate, stocks, &c., she had become a perfect chemist, turning all into gold. The neighbors looked on and wondered, but none ventured to remonstrate with her. She was often seen to visit the office of her lawyer, and it was current with the villagers that Frederick would have to pay dearly for his joke.

One morning the village was all in a frown. During the night the spirit of the redoubtable old lady had taken its flight. She was found in her arm chair, and died, as she had lived—alone. She had alarmed no one during the night, nor had she suffered previous illness. Curiosity, of course, was intense upon the subject of her will, and it was prodigal as soon as a simple paper appeared upon the living. When detected and opened, in the bold handwriting of Aunt Sally, were found these strange words:

"At all events, not one third of her fortune had been dispensed, and only the codicil remained. All eyes were turned to Frederick Strong as the lucky one, after all. But what was their surprise when they found it only made him the recipient of her old snail mail contents. The word 'content' again excited their curiosity, and to satisfy them the article was produced, and found only to contain a simple paper signed upon the living. When detected and opened, in the bold handwriting of Aunt Sally, were found these strange words:

"Dear Nephew!—You will doubtless appreciate this, the last joke I shall ever be guilty of, as I appreciated yours on a certain time you will remember.—God bless you and yours. Farewell."

Frederick declared he was satisfied. The old lady fairly retired upon him, and he certainly desisted not better at his aunt's hands.

But what had become of Aunt Sally's money?—That was the mystery, and it became a mystery to the worthy villagers, who discussed it on every occasion. She was known to have large sums of money at the various banks, but all this was a mere ruse to deceive, and she had a few days before her death. The lawyer who drafted the will was consulted, but he stoutly maintained that the will covered the whole amount of her property, and he would have nothing further to do with it.

That was a very cozy joke of yours, dear Frederick, said his wife, gaily.

But I got the muff, at all events, Lucy; and what is better, no one has come forward to claim the three thousand dollars which she had lent me. I feel confident that she fully intended to present it to me, and, therefore, destroyed my note.

Let us look at the old relic, Frederick, if the muffs have not eaten it wholly up. I will return with it in a moment.

The muff was produced, and, as Lucy had predicted, the lining was woefully moth-eaten.

My dear wife, you must look to this, for I prize it dearly on good Aunt Sally's account. I think you had better rip out the lining, and renovate the whole with camphor.

Lucy took her scissors, and commenced at once upon the task.

What can the old lady have stuffed it with, I wonder? Why, Frederick, instead of cotton, she has wadded it with dirty brown paper.

Dirty brown paper, indeed! exclaimed her husband, springing from his chair, and catching her hand as she was about to throw a bunch into the grate. Why, it is bank notes!

The mystery of the "content" was now explained. Note after note was drawn out, until more than thirty thousand dollars lay on the table before them. A letter was also found from the aunt, which stated she had always intended him for her heir. His own note came to light, from which his name had been torn off.

This new revelation, of course, created an immense excitement among the villagers, but Frederick and his wife went on in the even tenor of their way—respected by all, not for their wealth simply, but for themselves. One evening, during the year they owned their splendid mansion to all! It is a famous affair to the villagers, and it is known as the anniversary of "Aunt Sally's Muff!"

If your dinner lies hard upon your stomach, from having been insufficiently masticated, swallow a set of artificial teeth.

### LITTLE RED HOUSE.

The one disagreeable object which met Mrs. Wharton's eyes, when she glanced from the window of her country seat was a little red cottage—quite a common, vulgar place, you know—low down by the sea shore. It spoiled the elegant effects of the lawn and trees, and the broad gateway of Wharton Villa—especially when at the door sat in summer twilight, with his pipe the old man who was its master—old John Bowling.

He had been a sailor once, and salt as the sea, rough in dress and manner, and altogether unpleasant to fastidious Mrs. Wharton; but there he would stay, and there he meant to die—so he said—"God willing."

"As if," said little Mrs. Wharton, "any vulgar place would suit him, instead of the very gate of our villa."

In fact the lady had grown quite serious on the subject, and was busy with plots and plans to drive the old sailor from his home. Twice had she been to old Van Klout, who owned the ground on which the little house was built, to buy from him; but Van Klout had answered:

"Vell, vell. I should sell de ground, but dare is mine good friend John Bowling—you would turn him off."

"Exactly my object."

"So?" replied the German. "Vell, vell, but den John Bowling wants to live dere."

And the ground was not to be had.

So, in her anger at this refusal, and at John Bowling's determination not to be paid for his cottage, and move, Mrs. Wharton hardly answered the sailor's "Service, mum?" always uttered when she passed, and from the house she loved stared angrily upon the home another loved so well. Even little Nellie Wharton had learned to talk with her baby lips of "ugly red house, and the 'nasty old sailor'."

Now, when the lady had begun to despair of her object, which should be but old Van Klout, and who should come into his property was a rapacious young beast, who would be enough to sacrifice any number of houses for a little money, and who elegantly promised Mrs. Wharton to sell her the lot, and "if old Bowling didn't like it, let him jump it."

So the red shanty was to come down as soon as the papers were signed. Of course they should pay the sailor the value, and what more, in the name of goodness, could they do?

Old Bowling had heard the news and writhed, enough was he in consequence. When the lady went to take her walk by the shore, watching the little pleasure boat in which a servant was sailing with her child, with a mother's eyes, the old man came to her.

"Service, mum," said he, pulling a lock of hair.

"Good evening, John," said the lady. "What do you want?"

"To ask a favor, mum," said he. "Don't send me off. The wally of the house an't to be hadanymore. I love it so dear. It's all I've got. You have a husband and a child, and lots of friends and fine things. Let me keep my house."

"Any house will be as good," said the lady. "To you, maybe; not to me. What does my house hurt I never annoy anybody. If I do, tell me; and whatever it is shan't be done no more."

The lady shook her head.

"There's no use talking," she said; "you couldn't understand. The house is in my way."

The sailor looked at her.

"What's that in the Bible, our chaplain used to read us about the poor man's ewe lamb?" he said. "Do you remember hearing of it?"

"Don't preach, John Bowling," said the lady. "I have no more to say; you had better go."

"They say women have tender hearts," said the old sailor. "If that's true, you can't think what you are a doin'." The house is as dear to me as that child is to you."

He pointed to the boat as he spoke, and the lady looked.

The thing was fitting before the breeze like a white-winged bird. But there was something unusual in its movement. The sailor paused in his speech, and stood still. The lady clasped her hands.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "Am I wrong, John Bowling? Is there really no danger?"

"There's a fool of a land lubber aboard," said John. "The boat is capsizing."

And as he spoke the sail kissed the water, and there came to the shore the scream of a child and the cry of a man in terror.

"William cannot swim!" cried the lady. "Oh, my child, my child!"

And she flung herself down upon her knees and raised her hands to Heaven.

But John Bowling lost no time in speech. He flung off his jacket, his shoes, and even his red shirt. Naked to the waist he plunged into the water and swam toward the boat, and the wretched lady saw him breasting the waves. Saw him in a moment more clasp

something in his strong old arm, and make for shore again.

The minutes seemed like hours, but they passed, and she held her darling to her breast again.

Somehow—perhaps he knew more of swimming than he thought—the servant had gained the shore also. But he never thought of the child in his cowardly fear, and Mrs. Wharton knew that.

To old Bowling, under God's mercy, she owed her darling's life, and the proud lady knelt to the old sailor on the sand.

"Forgive me," she said. "You have saved my treasure. I will not rob you of yours. The little red house will be the sweetest sight on earth to me hereafter. While I live you shall never leave it. God bless you! I cannot thank you in my words."

And she could not. But all her life she thanked him from her heart; and that night thereupon upon the sailor's table the title deed of the little red house, on which his home stands. It was his, by the lady's gift.

And there it stands yet; and in it, very old and feeble, now dwells John Bowling to this day; and to it, from the Wharton Villa, you may trace a path, formed by the tiny feet of the Wharton children, for whom he whittles wooden vessels, and to whom he tells tales of the sea, and who call him now their dear old sailor.

The red house is no prettier. It is always beautiful to her, and always will be.

### A Secret Kept.

A French actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible—on the boards—never would tell her age. Of course, the more she wouldn't tell it, the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret!—She kept that.

By good luck—as the multitude thought—she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The gossip rubbed their heads and cheeks. "Ah! we shall know it now." She must tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She went to prison; she will, therefore, tell. The court was crowded with open-mouthed listeners. In French courts of justice, the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, but sits on a stool in the middle of the floor of the court, in front of the president's desk and with no barrier or separation between it and himself. The lady was ushered in, raised her right hand to heaven, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness stool. "Your name?" asked the president. "Angelique Bonaparte."

"You might have heard a pin drop, or the hair grow on the bystander's head. Every eye was bent on the lady. She was driven into a corner at last!

Foolish Parisian public to think so!—Angelique simply rose from her seat, walked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered the secret in his ear. He nodded, made the entry in his private notes, and smiling continued the rest of his interrogatory as soon as she resumed her place on the settle. The public retired with feelings of mingled disgust and admiration. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honor and gallantry, who would never let a woman's case escape from his presidential bag.

### TIGERS IN COCHIN CHINA.

Many of the natives obtain their livelihood by tiger catching; the skin of this animal being valuable. They use a novel mode of entrapping these savage beasts. Two Malays generally go in company, and travel over many parts of the country. Those who follow this business regularly, have permits, allowing them to build a hut for their use in any place they think fit. The hut is built on four bamboos from fifteen to twenty feet high; and as the tiger cannot climb these the men can remain in and watch their snares in safety. The snare consists in large leaves or some times pieces of paper six inches square, covered on one side with a substance of a like nature as birdlime, and containing a poison, the smallest particle of which getting into the animal's eyes, causes instantaneous and total blindness.

They are laid about thickly, with the blind side upwards, in the track of a tiger; and as sure as the animal puts his paw on one of the treacherous leaves, he becomes a victim for, finding it stick to his foot, he shakes it, by which means other leaves adhere to it; he then probably rubs his paw over his head in the attempt to rid himself of these leafy encumbrances, but they stick to his head and face; he then, perhaps rolls himself on the ground, when he becomes fairly covered; and while scratching and rubbing to get free, some of the poisonous birdlime gets into his eyes and blinds him. He growls and roars in agony, and this is the signal for his captors to come and dispatch him. The Malays then skin the animal, and take away the parts of the body that may be available. They leave the carcass well strewn with more leaves, as a bait for other

tigers. Other animals, and birds also, they ensnare in the same manner.

GING INTO BUSINESS TOO YOUNG.—It has been the wisdom of experienced minds that a young man makes a great mistake by entering into business for himself too young. Of the number who begin thus how few succeed. They launch off upon an untried sea without a compass, a rudder or an oar, and they are soon tossed about at the mercy of every contending billow, or finally dashed in ruins upon some rugged rock.

To face the World, you must know the World. The youth who pounces by a single bound into the arena of commercial contention and competition, finds himself out shot by old marksmen in the exciting contest. He may bet upon the issue, and with each loss be only the more excited by laying down his stakes, but he soon dies forlorn game to the practiced artist.

Proper ambition should not be checked; but let the youth learn of the world ere he undertakes to be of the world. Get its wisdom—aye, get its worldly wisdom, for it is necessary to carry you successfully over the ocean of adversity.

More young men are ruined by rushing too precipitately into business—getting involved in debt, and finally breaking down under the load, than in any other way. They are apt to go too fast for them. They should aspire, but not ascend at once to the clouds, for all aerial voyagers are apt to float as mere "castles in the air."

Daily, said a hopeful urchin to his paternal relative, why don't our schoolmaster send the editor of the newspaper an account of the licking he gives the boys?—"I don't know my son," replied the fond parent; "but why do you ask such a question?"—"Why, this paper says that Mr. B. has tanned three thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know old Grimes has tanned our hides more than twice that often!"

"Please, sir," said a snub-nose girl, fourteen years of age, to a dealer in dry goods, "to send me the patterns of your calicoes, and put 'em on a piece of paper, for I am going to get a new gown soon, and want to see what'll wash."—"Who is your ma'am?" "My ma'am is Aunt Oily Doe, sir."—"Your sister was here yesterday and took patterns of all I have."—"Yes, sir, I know that; but then she sewed them all up for patchwork, and would not give me any, but told me to go shopping my self."

The man under the gallows, about to be swung off, would like to have "the last day" severed.

Many schoolmasters entertain no doubt that the genuine tree of knowledge is the birch.

### Another "Grate Origin."

The gigantic instrument erected in the Plymouth Church has been the subject of as much talk as the eloquent pastor, thereof himself. But for accuracy of description and rhetoric that fits the subject, "Curry O' Lanes," in the Brooklyn Eagle, bears away the laurels. After perusing the following, the reader will agree with us:

"I went to see brother Beecher's organ the other day. It was a gorgeous instrument. Brother Beecher has cause to be proud of it. He thinks of having his sermons set to music so that he can deliver them with an organ accompaniment. It is quite a melodious idea. The congregation are so taken with the organ that they don't care about preaching, and brother Beecher is going to lay off on his farm for a few weeks, and the organist is going to run the business."

I took a tour with brother Beecher through the organ. We walked several miles through the principal pipes, the largest of which would answer for the underground railroad. The stops would do for the stopping place. The organist requires fifteen assistants to go over the entire scale. He communicates with them by telegraph. But Plymouth Church can always raise the wind."

The wind is to be raised by water power. It is proposed to dam the East River at the Bunker's Channel, and run the current through the basement of the church, where two engines of five hundred horse power have been constructed, which keep sixteen pairs of bellows in motion. Besides a fan to cool the organist.

It operates beautifully. The organist tried it for us, and played "Old Hundred," "Sally Come Up," and several other melodies in the Plymouth collection.

I listened to it on the arch over Montague St., which is about as near as you can venture when the organ is in full blast.

It sounds best from Fort Greene, but can be heard pleasantly at East New York.