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JAS. S. CARNEY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

Poetry.

A POSSIBILITY.

BY AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

My little baby is buried to-day;
Gone—down in the depths of the churchyard clay,
Up in the sky so dim and grey,
Who will take of my little baby?

Who will kiss her?—her waxen feet,
That have ne'er waxed, and her small hands sweet,
Where I left a white lily, as was meet—
Who, who will kiss my little baby?

Who will teach her?—her wings to fly,
Her tiny limbs their new work to ply,
Her soft, dumb lips to sing gloriously—
Oh, who will teach my little baby?

I have a mother—who long ago died;
We speak of her now with our tears all dried;
She may know my pretty one, come to her side,
And be glad to see my little baby.

Christ, born of a woman, hear, oh, hear!
Thine angels are far off—she seems near.
Give Thou my child to my mother dear,
And I'll weep no more for my little baby.

Surely in heaven thy saints so blest
Keep a mother's heart in a mother's breast,
Give her my lamb, and I shall rest,
If my mother takes care of my little baby.

STONE & MERRA'S CIRCUS.—This Circus will shortly visit this Province. This Company has recently visited the principal towns and cities of Maine and Nova Scotia, and has met with a splendid reception in these places. The Company promises that every act shall be seen which they advertise to perform, and nothing but a strictly chaste and classical circus performance will be given, and a satisfactory account of themselves will be given on the first performance.

Certain recent settlers in Manitoba unite to offer testimony in some Upper Province papers concerning the advantages of settlement in their new Province. They testify to the great fertility and cheapness of the soil, the healthfulness of the climate, the reasonable character of the market within their reach and the educational and religious privileges accessible to them.

As some lady visitors were recently going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious looking creatures? Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home. This is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

The North Star speaks of a remarkable man thus: "George Metcalf, of Castle Hill, the celebrated double jointed man, starts off this week on a tour of exhibition. He has his double headed calf, and now has added a pig with eight legs, two bodies and one head. The calf has two heads and one body and the pig two bodies and one head. The exhibitor has double joints throughout. His exhibitions will be accompanied with sweet music."

A woman in Chester interfered with her brother's courtship, and begged him to stay at home evening. He waited until the evening when he expected her own lover and complained, and she says that fraternal affection is a heartless mockery.

A MUSICAL WANT.—A lady writes that she wants music with sentimental words that almost silently flow from the depth of concealed sorrow, revealing a sad heart's tender emotion in a tone that would melt an iceberg and crumble adamant to dust.

The Practical Joke.

Poor Aylmer, whose premature old age, and grave manner, have evidently been brought on by deep sorrow, was once the merriest fellow in the Bengal army. Alive to every species of fun, ready to join in every amusement, he was the acknowledged leader of all the high spirits of the Presidency. A practical joke, however, was the cause of his present woe-begone appearance; the consequences of a moment's hilarity have embittered for ever his future years. I will relate the circumstances in a few words.

A grand dinner had been given by the mess to Colonel Green on his departure for England, and, as is usual on such occasions we had drunk deeply. Holgson's pale ale and Carbonelle's claret had done their best to upset us, but not a man had yielded to their powers. Midnight had struck; its chiming had been unheeded. Our honored guests had departed, yet no one thought of moving. We sat, in the spirit of true good-fellowship, talking over the merits of our late commander. There are some men, however, who get naturally cross as they imbibe too much wine. Others, though wound up to the highest pitch of good-nature, will become so sensitive as to imagine the slightest contradiction to be a grand offence, an attack upon their honour.

On the night in question, Tom Townley, my best, my most valued friend, got into a foolish argument with James Sewell about the spelling of the word 'wagon' or 'waggon'. The dispute was so laughable, instead of sending for a dictionary, and deciding the question, on which the parties had made heavy bets, we foolishly formed the drunken quarrel, to enjoy the fun, imagining that in the morning both gentlemen would have forgotten their dispute. We must have been wiser, however, than madmen thus to suffer two brother officers, heated by wine, to proceed in their argument. The consequences were obvious. In a moment of irritation, wholly unconscious of what he was doing, Townley struck Sewell, who, starting up, demanded instant satisfaction for the insult he had received. We now too late perceived our error, and the more sensible portion of the company proposed instantly to break up, and endeavor in the morning to arrange matters. It is true, a blow is an insult not to be got over; such an offence demands blood as an expiation. But there are cases, as we hoped the present one was of the number, where the unconsciousness of the parties might justify the affair being made up, and the old hands therefore advised a forcible abduction of the belligerents, who still, however, kept calling out for pistols.

To this moment I cannot account for my feelings on this occasion. I could not help desiring to pursue the fun, as I called it, still further, and therefore not only sided with Sewell, when he declared he ought to have instant satisfaction, but actually went off and brought the weapons they desired. The sight of these made them still more clamorous for an immediate encounter. Fools were, alas! found to back up my opinion, and in a very few minutes the majority of our officers having withdrawn in disgust, our two friends were placed opposite each other in the long gallery, which was from one end to the other of the right wing of the barracks of Fort William. Twelve paces only divided them, and the mock seconds stood ready. The parties were about to fire, when with the proverbial cunning of drunkenness, one of them found out that there was no ball in his pistol. We now began to see that our joke was rather a serious one, and endeavored to separate the duellists. But, alas! it was too late. They were there to fight, they said, and fight they would. Finding them thus obstinate, I slipped back into the mess-room, and, taking up some new bread, soon rolled up some pellets the size of pistol-balls, which blackening, I hastened back with, and winking to my companions, proceeded to put them into the pistols. Highly delighted at my stratagem, proud of my ingenuity, I stepped back, and, laughing inwardly at the trick I had played them, gave the word 'Fire.' Townley fell. I, of course, supposed he had done so from mere agitation, and, with a grin on my countenance, ran up to raise him. Imagine my horror (my blood runs cold even now while I relate) when I beheld the life stream pouring forth in a warm current from his side. Sewell, sobered by the misfortune of his friend, also rushed forward. Every eye was fixed on me, as if I had been the murderer; and indeed I really felt that I was.

"I thought you told me they were sham balls," reproachfully demanded Somerset. "You said they were mere bread pellets."

"Good God, sir! what have you done?" demanded another.

My conscience accused me louder than all. That poor Townley was wounded severely was now but too evident.

"Run for the surgeon," cried I, half distracted, and I'll endeavor to staunch the wound till he comes."

In another moment every one was off, and I was left alone with my victim; for to this instant I

look upon myself, though unintentionally, yet actually as his assassin. I attempted to plug the wound; it bled faster and faster. I held my hand to it; the deluging blood was too strong to be thus stopped. Poor Townley had not spoken, but his cheeks had assumed a livid hue, and his head, as it lay on my shoulder, became a heavy weight. I called loudly for help, but no one heard me. For an instant the sufferer opened his eyes, and looked up. "God bless you, Aylmer," he lowly muttered. Then closing his eyes, he seemed to sink into a tranquil sleep. Presently I saw lights approaching; a crowd came running forward, in advance of whom rushed the doctor. He took him from my arms, and uttered, to my recollection, but a single sentence. "It is all over. Sewell, you had better be off instantly."

I heard no more. For six months, I am told I was confined to my bed with a brain fever. At the end of that time, incapable of the fatigue of serving, I returned to Europe. Here I wander, a living beacon to deter others from indulging in the dangerous license of practical joking.

Of No Consequences.

It is not a little curious to trace the origin and result of some alienations which really embitter the domestic peace of families. Mr. and Mrs. Grubb had a most delightful courtship; they always thought alike upon every subject. But during their honeymoon they encountered a squall. It began thus:

My dear, said Mrs. G., how plentifully your father ate last night of the oyster parties.

You are mistaken, my dear, he only tasted of them; it was the chicken salad to which you allude.

Now you had better make out that I don't know what I see.

And don't you make out that I don't know what I help people to.

But what I saw, I saw, Mr. Grubb, and I don't give it up. I don't care, only I do like to see people adhere to the truth.

Do you mean to insinuate, wife, that I don't speak the truth?

Yes, I do, if you say your father did not eat of our oysters last night.

I won't talk with you. You are one of the most unaccountable beings I ever knew, and Mr. Grubb took his seat in the other room and began reading the newspaper.

Mrs. Grubb took a lamp and went to her chamber. The clock struck seven, eight, nine. The newly married pair felt uneasy; they were lonely. The newspaper had been rattled over till it was flimsy as a rag, and young Mrs. Grubb grew tired of putting alone. At this late hour a mutual friend rang the door bell. Both the parties knew the cheerful voice as entering the lighted drawing rooms he exclaimed:

Now this is what I call comfortable. But where's your wife, Grubb? I inquired the visitor as he looked wistfully round.

Ah, said a melodious voice at the foot of the stairs, our friend Graham is here.

Very soon a nimble pair of little feet came trotting down the stairs, and a face all beaming with smiles, external, exclaiming, "How delighted I am to see you, Henry. Has and I are getting quite dull—we have said all the sweet things, and were just trying to get up a bitter pill to work off the surfeit." The other half of Mrs. Grubb laughed outright, and it was all over. The visitor had a delightful call, fully satisfied that there was no parallel to be found to domestic comforts.

A week or two after this little flare up, the party were expatiating upon the folly of being easily provoked at trifles, and both pledged themselves never again to indulge in any evil feeling toward each other, signing, sealing and pledging themselves after much billing and cooing, with a mutual kiss.

But, said Mrs. Grubb, it was so provoking in you to get so indignant because I merely remarked that your father ate those oysters.

But they were not oysters, I tell you; it was chicken salad.

Why will you have it so, husband?

Because I like the truth, wife, and want you to adhere to it.

Mrs. Grubb began to sigh, and then cry, and say, "if she had known"—whereupon her husband gently put his hand over her mouth, saying, "Be done, it's of no consequence;" and but for this, who knows where the first quarrel would have ended. It appears Grubb had just been reading the anecdote recorded in a late magazine, where a quarrel between a newly married pair was served up, arising from the wife's declaration that she had just seen a mouse run along, while the husband strenuously maintained it was a rat. Thus he was effectively cured of hastily contradicting his wife, and she was ashamed of being so easily excited as to destroy her own happiness. It is computed that fall half of our domestic troubles originate from such insignificant trifles; and happy are that couple who are sensible enough to remember in the very outset "it's of no consequence."

Separate Schools.

To the Editor of the Montreal Gazette.
SIR: I have read your editorial on the New Brunswick School Law, and beg to offer some remarks on it.

You wish to persuade your readers that by the law in question the Roman Catholics in New Brunswick are deprived of their rights. Surely this is a mistake. The law is thoroughly impartial. A great boon is offered to the entire population, without distinction of sect or party. "Schools for all" are established, and are so governed that no interference is permitted with any denominational views or practices. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Baptists are invited to send their children, and those children stand on the same level and enjoy equal rights.

But you affirm that "the rights of conscience" are invaded. Let us see. The Roman Catholic tells you that he cannot conscientiously accept an education which does not provide religious instruction. He does accept it, however, according to your own showing, in Ontario, where the Roman Catholics send their children, for the most part, to the Government schools, notwithstanding the want of religion, doubtless because those schools are better than their own "separate" ones. But I pass that by for the present, although it invites a commentary. There are others besides Roman Catholics, who plead for religious instruction as an essential element in good education; and they would have the lessons taught in the schools to imbue with the principles of religion and morality, which are common to all who have any right to be called Christians, that the children might be properly said to be religiously instructed.

This, however, does not satisfy the Roman Catholic objector. When he speaks of religion, he means by that word Romanism pure and simple, and he demands as his right that schools shall be established in which Roman Catholic doctrines shall be taught, and Roman Catholic ceremonies practiced, under Roman Catholic teachers, and in the use of Roman Catholic books, that is, he requires the establishment of Romanism at the public expense.

To this the Protestant very gravely demurs. He argues, that if the Roman Catholic cannot receive the education provided, he should set up his own schools and support them by his own money; but he denies the right of the Roman Catholic to tax him for the inculcation of poisonous and ex-cercises against which he protests. He, too, has rights of conscience, and he requires that they shall be respected.

Fairness to all parties, it appears to me, cannot be secured in the present state of society, unless the education supplied in the public schools be restricted to the subjects which are common to all, full opportunity being given for denominational teachings out of school hours.

It might be otherwise, but ultramontaniam stands in the way. Cardinal Cullen and his compatriots in Ireland (they have associates in Canada) are doing all they can to make the Roman Catholics the Ishmaelites of Christendom. It seems likely that they will succeed, through the spathy of so-called Protestants and pretended Liberals.

One more consideration. If separate schools be granted to the Roman Catholics, the Episcopalian will naturally demand them for their body. The Presbyterians may follow and other denominations will be disposed to inquire who they also have not rights which ought to be respected. Then we shall have the Church of England, Catechism, the Assembly's Catechism, and other sectarian formalities used in the schools, all at the public expense, and the present truly national system will be shivered into fragments. That is what some parties are aiming at.

It comes to this. Let the Roman Catholics avail themselves of the provisions so liberally made for the whole population.

Roman Catholics ought not to be taxed for the inculcation of Protestantism, nor Protestants for the inculcation of Romanism. Secular instruction at the public expense avails both, and is just to all.

Yours,
J. M. CRAMP,
Wolfville, N. S. May 23, 1873.

A mother in the rural districts lately gave her five year old shopful an outfit of fish tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out found one of her best huss fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked: "Don't worry, mother. I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

SOCIAL DISTINCTION.—There are people in the world who esteem it so extremely vulgar to express emotion, that, if an earthquake were reported to have happened in their neighborhood, they would consider it a proof of their good breeding not to have been moved by it.

Chinamen are said to make good market gardeners—they mind their peas and qites.

The Shah of Persia's Visit to England.

While scores of Americans and Englishmen annually visit Egypt and Palestine, very few indeed ever think of attempting a journey into Persia. The means of travel there are very imperfect as yet; and the probable discomforts are great enough to damp the enthusiasm of those whose ideas of Persia have been tinged by the halo of romance thrown around it by the poets of the school of Moore and Byron and by Oriental novelists.

The comparative non accessibility of a country, however, keeps alive our interest in it. With the advance of civilization, the increase of travel, and the consequent gratification of the now existing curiosity, the general interest will no longer be felt, in accordance with some such mental process as that by which it has been said, "a prize once gained is lightly thrown away."

The Shah or King of Persia is now on his way to England. Buckingham Palace in London will be made ready for his reception without delay, as it is to be placed at his disposal while he remains Queen Victoria's guest. He is expected to arrive some time in June, and the Queen will return from Scotland on the 17th to receive him.

Nasir ud-Deen succeeded his father, Mahomed, on the throne of Persia in September, 1848, when he was only eighteen years of age. He is a grandson of the famous Crown Prince Abbas Mirza, whose premature death in 1833 was looked upon as a great loss to his country. He has two children, Muzaffar ud-Deen the heir apparent, who was born in 1850, and another son three years younger. It is within the power of the Persian monarch to alter the existing law of presumable succession, and to bequeath the crown to any member of his family.

The Shah is said to be handsome in person, intelligent and liberal minded. He takes an active part in the administration of his country, and has the interests of all classes of his subjects at heart. With good, natural capacities, he is also very well educated, and speaks French with fluency.

His kingdom contains from five to ten millions of inhabitants. Its area is about five hundred thousand square miles, and is for the most part high table land. Although in many places the soil presents an arid and bleak appearance, this seems to be due to its being parched up by the heat. Wherever it is properly irrigated it is of wondrous fertility, and if the company of European capitalists, to whom the Shah has just ceded privileges so rare make a number of large reservoirs and canals from which the country can be well watered, its fertility may eclipse that of any other land in the world.

The provinces on the Caspian Sea are very beautiful, abounding in picturesque and grand scenery and luxuriance of forest foliage and verdure. The people are energetic, and what might be termed a common school education is widely diffused. Almost every one knows how to read and write. The Persian women are often very beautiful, owing to the infusion of Georgian and Circassian blood. Those of the better class are treated with great respect, and what is unusual in Eastern countries, they enjoy great liberty. They are always thickly veiled, but pass most of their time at the public baths and in making calls.

The Persians are not Orthodox Mahomedans, but they are Shiels, a sect regarded as heretics by the regular followers of Mahomed. This is the established religion, but there are several hundred thousand believers in a mystical creed called Loofism.

The Shah is an absolute sovereign, whose power is limited by no constitutional check. The life and property of each subject is dependent upon his will.

The annual revenue of the State is only nine millions of dollars, but the expenditure is below the income, and Persia has no national debt.

The fortune of the present King of Persia is reported to amount to twenty millions of dollars, one-half of which is in diamonds. The finest diamonds in the world are brought from Persia, not only white ones but black and rose colored gems of great beauty.

Prince Menschikoff met the royal traveller at the frontier of Russia, and Sir Henry Rawlinson had been appointed by the British Government to meet the Shah and to escort him to England. Sir Henry is a Persian scholar and has passed much of his life in Persia, India, and Turkey. He was born in 1810, and from the time he was twenty-three to twenty-nine years of age, he held high military rank in Persia and aided in the reorganization of the Persian army. In April, 1859, he was sent as special envoy to the Persian court with the rank of Major General.

The Shah has made his visit remarkable for the introduction of improvements, such as the founding of a royal college for the study of all the sciences, the introduction of the first made road in Persia. This European tour will give him many suggestions as to the improvements, and be productive of lasting benefit to his subjects and his kingdom.

CAPS

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