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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 walked, 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 try.
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 Com-
pany 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 ac-
cessible 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 look-
ing 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 superin-
tendent.

The North Star speaks of a remarkable
man thus: "George McLean of Castle Hill is
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 exhibi-
tions 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 complai-
ed, 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 depths of conceal-
ed sorrow, revealing a sad heart's tenderest
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 acknow-
ledged leader of all the high spirits of the Presi-
dency. A practical joke, however, was the cause
of his present woe-begone appearance; the con-
sequences of a moment's hilarity have embittered
for ever his future years. I will relate the cir-
cumstances 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 deep-
ly. Holston's pale ale and Carbonell's claret
had done their best to upset us, but not a man had
yielded to their powers. Midnight had struck; its
chimes 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 con-
tradiction 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 argu-
ment 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 fomented the
drunken quarrel, to enjoy the fun, imagining that
in the morning both gentlemen would have for-
gotten their dispute. We must have been worse,
however, than madmen thus to suffer two brother-
officers, heated by wine, to proceed in their argu-
ment. The consequences were obvious. In a mo-
ment 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 com-
pany proposed instantly to break up, and endea-
vour 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 abduc-
tion 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 de-
clared 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 two
wings of the barracks of Fort William. Twelve
pikes 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 endeavoured 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 pis-
tol-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 agita-
tion, 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?" demand-
ed 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 endeavour 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 ac-
tually 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
suppressed. 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 he.
Then closing his eyes, he seemed to sink into a
tranquil sleep. Presently I saw lights approach-
ing; 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 al-
ways thought alike upon every subject. But dur-
ing 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 al-
lude.

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 peo-
ple 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 cham-
ber. The clock struck seven, eight, nine. The new-
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.

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

Very soon a nimble pair of little feet came trot-
ting down the stairs, and a face all beaming with
smiles, external, exclaiming, "How delighted I
am to see you, Henry. Hlas 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 them-
selves 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 con-
cluding his wife, and she was ashamed of being so
easily excited as to destroy her own happiness. It
is computed that full half of our domestic troubles
originate from such insignificant trifles and happy
are that couple who are sensible enough to remem-
ber 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 thor-
oughly impartial. A great boon is offered to
the entire population, without distinction of
sect or party. "Schools for all" are establish-
ed, and are so governed that no interference is
permitted with any denominational views or
practices. Roman Catholics and Protestants
Episcopalians, Methodists, and Baptists are
invited to send their children, and those child-
ren 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 conscien-
tiously 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 Gov-
ernment schools, notwithstanding the want of
religious instruction because those schools are
better than their own "separate" ones. But I
give that by for the present, although it in-
vites a commentary. There are others
besides Roman Catholics, who plead for reli-
gious 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 re-
ligion, 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 practised, under Roman
Catholic teachers, and in the use of Roman
Catholic books, that is to say, he requires the estab-
lishment 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-cises 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
compens in Ireland (they have associates in
Canada) are doing all they can to make the
Roman Catholics the Ishmaelites of Christen-
dom. It seems likely that they will succeed,
through the apathy of so-called Protestants
and pretended Liberals.

One more consideration. If separate
schools be granted to the Roman Catholics,
the Episcopalians will naturally demand them
for their body. The Presbyterians may fol-
low and other denominations will be disposed
to follow after them also have not rights
which ought to be respected.

What ought to be respected. What shall we
have the Church of England, Anglicanism, the
Assembly's Catechism, and other sectarian
formalisms used in the schools, all at the public
expense, and the present truly national
system will be shattered 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 Protest-
ants for the inculcation of Romanism. Secu-
lar instruction at the public expense avoids
both, and is just to all.

Yours,
J. M. CRAMP,
Wolfeville, 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 hens
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 vul-
gar 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 quies.

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 gratifi-
cation of the now existing curiosity, the gen-
eral interest will no longer be felt, in accord-
ance 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 dis-
posal 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, Ma-
hommed, 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 coun-
try. He has two children, Muzaffer 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 suc-
cession, 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 coun-
try, and has the interests of all classes of his
subjects at heart. With good, natural capa-
city, he is also very well educated, and speaks
French with fluency.

His kingdom contains from five to ten mil-
lions 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 ap-
pearance, 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 of-
ten 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 en-
joy great liberty. They are always thickly
veiled, but pass most of their time at the pub-
lic baths and in making calls.

The Persians are not Orthodox Mahomet-
ans, but they are Shi'as, a sect regarded as
heretics by the regular followers of Mahomet.
This is the established religion, but there are
several hundred thousand believers in a mys-
tic 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 de-
pendent 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 Raw-
linson had been appointed by the British Gov-
ernment 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 mili-
tary rank in Persia and aided in the reorgani-
zation 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 future
improvements, and be productive of lasting
benefit to his subjects and his kingdom.