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Vcl 40

Poetry.

MEMORIES.

There dawn dear memories of the past,
To charm us as we muse alone,
Still as the line on rivers cast
When long bright days have almost flown
Sometimes they come and fill the mind
As stars the heavens when clouds are few,
And there a cherished welcome find,
Though old yet seeming ever new.

They are the treasures time has made
To show forth the bygone years;
Though dim sometimes, they cannot fade,
For each some hallowed beauty bears.
Long slumbering joys each gently wakes,
Forms of the past each gently wakes,
E'en as a cloudless sunset makes
A cool and splendour 'mong green leaves.

They are our day-dreams of a time
Ere life had felt a touch of care;
Loved like some sweet bell's holy chime,
That faints upon the Sabbath air.
They are the echoes of the past,
And with us when alone they dwell;
For all their wondrous mysteries last,
Like sounds of ocean in a shell.

Miscellany.

THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

He was a young man with a reasonably good education and pleasing presence. An average American of the city-bred sort; bright, active, and very much in love with her.

She, pretty and sensible, though trifling and showy on the surface, loved him after a certain shy, unspoken fashion.
Both knew it, and had not exchanged a word, hardly a look expressive thereof.
Like children, one was afraid, and the other dared not.

It has been remarked by a certain orator, that "happiness is like a crow." Love is much of a feather. It sits in the treetop, sings its song, and all the birds of the forest are more or less charmed. But, anon it flies to the ground and feeds itself upon common place things. The poets never speak of it; yet love eats—really eats like any other creature. Take away its dinner, and it is a poor-spirited bird.

With great wisdom our great man had apprehended this fact, and though he was a trifle ashamed of it, worked hard that his love might have something to eat. He toiled that he might tempt the shy bird to live with him by the offer of a good dinner.
Instead of being ashamed, he should have been glad. He was ashamed, and on this fact hangs the curious part of this little tale. She, too, had some worldly wisdom, though she hid it from him. The idea of love being dependent on dinners! Yes, it was so, and it was not nice to think of it. Therefore she did not.

The English of all this is that he was at work in a store trying to win enough money to enable him to marry her. Very proper in him, to be sure. Virtue is always rewarded, and his employers had given hints that if he was good he should be "taken in."

With her hoped-for love in view, he tried hard to be very, very good. But the firm suddenly suspended, failed and utterly stopped, and the poor lay was penniless.

"Virtue never is rewarded," he said to himself, in disappointment. Virtue is its own reward, only it is hard to see it without a cent in the world. The store and hope were locked up the same day, and he went to his lodgings almost broken-hearted. How or where he was to win a living heart was a problem. He sat down in his forlorn little room, to consider the matter. Very little thought could he give to it. A greater question appeared and drove it away. A darker shadow extinguished the gloomy prospect, and it was very dark indeed. A poet would have said that even the stars were blotted from his darkened sky. It was worse than that, for the gas was shut off.

She, she is a very vexatious subject sometimes. He knew it now and was sorrowful. The history of their love was not remarkable, but its aspect under the present circumstances was peculiar. They had met at some party, been introduced, spoke, danced, and he had called on her invitation. He called twice, three times—many times. They went to see the pigs, when the cattle fair came round. They had read the same books, enjoyed the same flavor of Joseph's candy, and had been out to walk together in the moonlight without their rubbers on. Her father and mother approved, and everything went on as smoothly as Stewart's syrup.

His prospects were good, and she was of a snobbish age to know her own mind. It was common-

ly reported that they were engaged. It is never safe to believe reports. They were not engaged, though they both adored the same things. However, if they were not engaged, there was every prospect that they would be, if nothing happened. Why not? He was to be a partner soon, and could support her properly. Something did happen. The firm wound up, as we have seen.

Under these unhappy circumstances, what ought he to do? He could not even think. He was absolutely without means of support, and the engagement should be broken off. Engagement!—They were not engaged. Yes, they were. Had she not accepted it from him; had she not gone to the Sunday school concert with him; had they not "sat up" ever so late after everybody had gone to bed, at least a dozen times? Had not her mother invited him to tea, and had not her father taken off his hat to him in the street? He was the recognized suitor for the daughter's hand, and something ought to be done about it.

Under his present circumstances, he ought not to be engaged to her—he was not; and yet it was a delicate question. To solve it was a sad trial to him. He slept upon it, and awoke the next day to find that the trial had made a man of him. Trials always bury away the cheap surface, and bring out the gold within.

He had not told his love. They were not engaged. Still, he had shown her great attentions, and his advances had been received cordially. Under his present circumstances, chivalry and honor forbade further advance. He must cease to visit her. He must leave her free—open to more advantageous offers. He must leave her forever and forget her.

No; he could not do that. He could go out West and begin life anew; but forget her. Forget her! No! He could not—could not. And here he made a discovery. He loved her. With all her apparent shallowness she was a splendid girl at heart, and he loved her, and must leave her. And how could he explain or tell her how it was with him?

How could he ask her to wait—wait for him—perhaps for years. Wait while he searched for a clerkship, that, when obtained would not support them both. Her father was a man of business, and possessed of some wealth. What would he say to such folly.

Surprised at the sudden strength of character his trouble had developed, he took a manly stand and resolved he would call on her, bid her farewell, and leave her with his love unsaid. He would suffer alone. Perhaps time would cure the smart. People said it would, though he did not believe it then. Come what might, he would stand no longer in a false position. He would see her at once.

Not without a furious tear or two he arrayed himself in his best and went out in search of a breakfast. How ill seeming his present wardrobe and his poverty. He must leave his costly lodging-place at once, would begin to economize immediately by buying a cheap breakfast at some restaurant. It was a sad meal; the wretched food and dismal saloon worried him, and somehow the bread was salt. He crept into a dark corner and rumpled his damp napkin in a vain effort to be cheerful. Then he went out to the strange hour of tea in the morning to find her home. The streets were full of people hurrying on and on to their business or pleasure. For him there was neither. He had never been in the streets at that hour, and they seemed strange and foreign. Her home was quite at the other side of the city, at the far end of the horse railroad. How many times he had gone that way. He must walk now. The case passed on empty in endless procession, in a way he had not noticed before. He would not hurry, for it was such an unreasonable hour to call, he paused to look in a print store. There was a picture hanging there representing a family gathered in homely comfort round a simple meal in some Scottish hut. Semi-poverty in every line of the engraving; but there was also love and peace, children and happiness. He gazed long and earnestly at it, Love and want. Somehow they were not friendly except in pictures. The picture was a lie, and yet it was true. Love is greater than poverty. A policeman said, "Move on, you're on," and hustled by the crowd, he was compelled to turn to his present sorrow.

With a heavy heart he took up his cross and his way at the same time. He would be a man at any rate, and see it through, whatever happened. Refusing to look to the right or left, he went steadily on, and presently, with a beating heart and nervous fingers, rang her father's bell.
She herself opened the door to him. Smiling, clad in simple morning suit, and, as if to add to his sorrow, full of winsome merriment and gaiety. She asked him into the parlor, that she was just then stirring a leather duster through, and they both sat down in the seats of sunshine and shadow behind the group of window plants.
After some commonplace she said:
See! The slip of geranium I cut from the bouquet you gave me. It has rooted already, I'm

glad. It will make a nice plant—a remembrance of the flowers.

He smiled faintly, and pretended to be interested. Somehow his thoughts would wander to something else. For a moment he was silent, and she said that he was not very amusing, and that she should return to her duster.

But he had a story to tell her.
A story! Now that was worth while. She sat down in a low chair before him, arranged her drapery as pretty as possible, and said:
"Begin, please. I'll be good."

He had a brilliant idea. He would tell his whole story objectively, and see what she said to it. He would sketch his own case, and while pretending to amuse her, draw from her manner and answers some hint of what he had best do. If she took it as mere fiction, no harm would come of it, and he could depart with a clear conscience. What if she took it as truth? What if she saw through the pretence? That was not very likely, and yet—if she—
She was impatient.

The story, please—if you have not fallen asleep. Poor boy! He has to work so hard!
He began.

"Once upon a time there was a young man—"
"How interesting!"
"I say there was a young man, and he fell very much in love with a young lady—girl—"

"Girl is better!"
"Please don't!"
"Pardon me. Go on."

With an effort he resumed, while his eyes began to grow very bright. She noticed it in silence. He loved her very much, though he could not tell whether she returned his love or no. He had not made—how shall I express it? There had been no over act.

"Had not proposed—yet?"
"Yes, and for a most excellent reason. His business prospects did not warrant it. Though everything was smiling and cheerful, still he thought it best to wait till certain events of a financial nature took place."

"Could not support? Very proper in him to wait."
He winced under this and with an effort continued the story.

He expected a promotion, and hoped that when it came he should be in a position to marry.

How very nice! And she smiled in a peculiar way that puzzled him.

With some hesitation he went on.
Well, just as everything seemed at its best—it—everything broke down. At its best it—
How sad! I don't like the story. Tell me something that's pretty and nice.

"This was the most cruel blow of all. He at once froze up. She was a shallow, heartless thing, unworthy of his love, and he felt to thinking how he had been deceived."

She sat the while in calm silence, toying with her leather duster, and inwardly harassed by a storm of conflicting emotions. Love, doubt, sorrow, and a great happiness struggled for expression. She glanced slyly at him. He seemed crushed by a great sorrow. His fingers were nervous, and the lids shading his eyes moved quickly, as if to keep something back.

A dreadful pain shot through her heart and she pressed her hand on her breast to deaden it.

In a constrained voice she said:
Is that all?
He started abruptly and said:
Yes—no.

If you tell me more.
He brightened up and said: There is no more. It is a story about a friend of mine and I want to know what you think he ought to do. He cannot propose, because it is not chivalrous to ask her to wait. And yet he ought not to leave her without an explanation. An explanation would be an avowal—a proposal. Now what should he do?

With feminine prudence, she avoided the question by asking another.
Does she love him?
I do not know.

With a sudden impulse she said:
Has he told her?
He was quite disconcerted by the bold thrust, and was silent. She held her hand over her mouth to keep her face smooth. Tears and a great joy struggled to reach the surface.

How can I tell—yet—
Here he looked her full in the face. Their eyes met, and he said slowly:
I think he has.

She rose abruptly, and began to dust the books on the table. The light in her heart waxed hot. Love and maidenly reserve struggled for the mastery. He, with a curious little-dance, picked it all, and thinking her the most mercenary and heartless girl he had ever met, rose, took his hat, and said he must go. She turned upon him quickly.

Go! Go where?
Excuse me. Did you not know that I intended to go West?
No. How should I? Do you return soon?
No. Perhaps not for years.

Indeed. Oh! I think I understand. I saw in the papers that your employers had failed. A hard experience for them. I suppose you go West in search of business?

She did not know how she said it, for her heart seemed quite dead within her.
He stiffly led out his hand as if to bid her formal good-by. She took it timidly and said:
Is it good morning or good-by?

He hesitated.
It is good—
Before he could finish, she said, with her face turned away: I wish I knew if that story was true or not.

It is a true story.
Somehow her fingers tightened round his, and she drew near to him. She pressed back her hair from behind her ears with her free hand, and said merrily:
Not chivalrous to ask her to wait.

Love and modesty had fought hard, silent. Then she came to him, and, putting a hand on each shoulder, looked into his face without fear, and said:
Not chivalrous to ask her to wait.

Not a word more. He looked down upon her fair face. Tears were lurking in her eyes, and her lips quivered.

Love victorious.
Within a year they were married. They were engaged in all his poverty. She was a true woman, and she won the good fight of this life through her engagement. Had she dishonored his poverty, he would have been a failure.

Love is ever victorious.

Early Fall Ploughing.

Norman Spurr thus gives his views upon this subject, in the "Dutchess Farmer":
Another great improvement that seems to be lost sight of is, ploughing in the early part of fall of those fields which are intended for corn the next season, and have lain grass several years. Some of those advantages are as follows; and to make sure of all of them, the land should be ploughed before the middle of September:

1st. The land can be ploughed cheaper than in the spring, because the teams are kept cheaper and you are not so much hurried with team work.

2d. If the land is all cut up by the plough and turned over, which should always be done you get rid of the worms which eat up a large share of the corn on such fields, except the wire worms.

3d. The crop is much easier to take care of by having the land at planting time as mellow, light, and lively as a field is in September that was ploughed in June, as farmers frequently do, for rye.

4th. You get as much better a crop of corn by preparing the land in that way, as you do by preparing the land for rye by summer following.

5th. You in this way are always sure that the land is well cultivated for oats, and will never need to plow a field two seasons to get the land subdued, and only get about one large crop.

6th. If you intend to spread manure over those fields, it is much better to have the land ploughed first and then let the manure be left on the surface, and harrowed when you harrow before ploughing.

7th. It is a wonderful sight easier and pleasanter to let the land grow mellow itself, by letting those old grass roots die and rot on their own hook and at their own expense, than it is for you to plough, harrow and hoe, and hurry their decay in a shorter length of time.

8th. It is much easier to kill all those grubs by ploughing the land, so that they never get there, than it is to be digging them out of the corn and re-planting all the forepart of the season.

9th. It makes a farmer feel more cheerful to see every kernel of corn he plants growing vigorous and healthy, unimpeded by those grubs, than he can feel after they have eaten one half, and are making a vigorous charge for the rest.

10th. If the second and third planting get-rigs, there is no danger of soft corn among the first planted, and then the land is ready to seed one year earlier.

Now all the objections I know of are these:—1st. You lose a little seed in both fall and spring which you would get 2d. if you manure the field, it is harder work for the team to haul it after the land is ploughed, unless you leave ruts for that purpose. Now if these two objections are a major evil, over the other ten advantages, then let your stiff old sworded land, lay till late the next spring, and then raise corn and worms together, until one overpowers the other.

It is funny that about the only things ever said good or bad about George III. are comprised in the following. It is likely that on King ever lived to be so old and reign so long, of whom so little good, bad or indifferent has ever been said. He has a singular habit of repeating his words. On seeing a field, more than in fact.

horse for the first time, he exclaimed "Hallo! what's that horse painted for?" He was told it was a pichall, he said "O pichall!"

What is thought in England of our New Brunswick School Series.

"Nature," the accredited organ of the leading scientific men in both the Old World and the New, thus speaks of "The Royal Readers":

The excellence of these reading books and their adaptability to the boarder culture of the present day demand from us some notice. The editor of the series, who has done his work with unusual ability, tells us in the preface that his aim has been to cultivate the love of reading. So far as we are able to judge, this aim has been successfully carried out by presenting interesting subjects in an attractive way. Opening any one of these Readers we are struck with the air of freshness and interest it possesses. An intelligent child, instead of closing the book with relief, is far more likely to leave it with regret. And added to the happy way in which the lessons have been prepared, the pages abound with capital woodcuts, some of which are of real beauty. There are none of the stereotyped cuts of stale children in old-fashioned dresses and hair in pig-tails, primly grouped at play, and supposed to illustrate the story of the goodly goodly girl, or the naughty-naughty boy. Our children are mercifully spared from these haunting images of their childhood and have their Royal Readers instead. But these books have a wider scope than mere reading lessons. In the fifth and sixth books we find a large amount of sound scientific knowledge conveyed in a course of lessons carefully prepared by the editor. There are articles on physical geography, the bed of the sea, the various ocean routes, and lessons on useful inventions besides some other novel features which we have not room to detail. The employment of these reading books will certainly tend to create a love for healthy reading, and at the same time they seem likely to be of the highest service in training and furnishing the minds of children.

BEES AS ARCHITECTS.

Now we exercise a patient observation on Nature, analyzing, investigating, calculating, and combining our facts, and say coolly with Professor Haughton, "we construct the largest amount of cell with the smallest amount of material," or with Quatrefages, "their instinct is certainly the most developed of all living creatures with the exception of ants." The hexagons and rhomboids of bee architecture show the proper proportion, between the length and breadth of the cell, which will save most wax, as is found by the closest analytical investigation," says one of our authorities. Man is obliged to use all sorts of engines for measurement—angles, rules, plumb lines—to produce his buildings, and give to his hand; the bee executes her work immediately from her mind, without instruments or tools of any kind. "She has successfully solved a problem in higher mathematics, which the discovery of the differential calculus, a century and a half ago, alone enables us to solve at all without the greatest difficulty." "The inclination of the planes of the cell is such, so that, if the surfaces on which the works are unequal, still the axis running through it, equalizes it in the direction, and the junction of the two axes forms the angle 60° as accurately as if there were none." The manner in which she adapts her work to the requirements of the moment and the place is marvellous. A center comb bordered with honey, was seen by Huber and others to have broken away from its place, and to be leaning against the next so as to prevent the passage of the bees.

As it was October, and the bees could get no fresh material, they immediately gnawed away wax from the older structure, with which they made two horizontal bridges to keep the comb in its place, and then fastened it above and at the sides, with all sorts of irregular pillars, joists, and buttresses; after which they removed so much of the lower cells and honey which blocked the way, as to leave the necessary thoroughfare to different parts of the hive, showing design, sagacity, and resource. Huber mentions how they will find out a mistake in their work, and remedy it. Certain pieces of wood had been fastened by him in a piece of glass hive, to receive the foundation of combs. These had been placed too close to allow of the customary passages. The bees at first built on, not perceiving the defect, but soon changed their lines so as to give the proper distance, though they were obliged to carve the combs out of all usual form. Huber then tried the experiment another way. He glued the floor as well as the roof of the hive. The bees could make their work adhere to glass, and they began to build horizontally from side to side; he introduced other pieces of glass in different directions, and they curved their combs into the strangest shapes, in order to make them reach the wooden supports. He says that this proceeding denoted more than instinct.

HATS & CAPS

IN LARGE VARIETY.

the Oxford, Daily Varden, Duke and many other styles to numerous to Also—the March Shakespeare Paper unrivalled for its perfect fit and durability, with a full line of Gents. Furnishing

ns, Curls, Switches in Jute and Lines, Loop Skirts and small wares. Ladies' childrens BOOTS & SHOES, worked

HIPPERS and OTTAMANS.

els, in White and colored, plain, striped, and, Cottons—in bleached and unbleached, Harrack & Miller's White Cottons, tics, tickings, &c.

Orders taken for the elegant "Davis Machine," which has been so celebrated in the States, a sample of which can be sent. For price and conditions see sub-subscriber.

S. SHERLOCK,
St. Andrews.

NOTICE

sequence of a serious accident occurring persons leaving obstructions on the sidewalk walks; the public are hereby notified that any person leaving rubbish or material on the streets or sidewalk in this city will be prosecuted on the penalty according

Saint Andrews 20th Nov. 1873.
THOMAS HIPWELL,
Commissioner District No. 1.

PUBLIC NOTICE

by Given, that the following Non-Resident Property in the Parish of St. George, has been assessed under for the year 1872, and the amount, together with the cost of advertisement, is paid within three months from the same will be sold according to law—
Main Hanson Property \$8.40.
DONALD CAMPBELL,
Collector, Sept. 23, 1872.

SEWING MACHINES.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE of the original Weed Sewing Machines.

celebrated Machines are now on sale in St. Andrews, where the public are invited to see and test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,
Agent.

able Farm for Sale.

Subscriber offers for sale his Property at St. Andrews, which commands a splendid view unobscured by the Islands and surrounding country. The place is pleasantly situated by the shore of the Bay, the Saint Andrew's through it, rendering it a most desirable country residence and farm, in a pleasurable and healthy situation. The town address. The farm contains 100 Acres, of which are under cultivation; cuts 25 tons of hay, has good pastureage, is well watered, and is well fenced; on the premises are a comfortable Dwelling House, with two large out-buildings.
The property will be sold with or without the furniture. For further particulars, apply at the St. Andrews Office, or to

JAMES ORR, Jr.,
on the premises.

BLACK TEA.

Ex Sole, "Pointer" from New York.
Cheats & SOUCHONG TEA.
Sole in bond or duty paid at lowest rates.
TOOD CLEWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

King Street.
Int Stephen N.B
J. NELL, Proprietor

Canada Ale.

Casks & Canada Bitter Ale.
-2, 1872. J. W. STREET

ICE is hereby given, that His Excellency, the Governor General, by an Order in Council, bearing date the 26th instant, and under the authority of the 2nd Section of the Statute in force, has been pleased to order, that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported under free duty, viz:—
Cotton and Wollen Netting and Flax, and the manufacture of Gloves and Mitts.
By Command,
R. S. M. BOUTWELL,
Commissioner of Customs.

NEW IMPORTATION.

asks "Bridges & Son's" best Stout Porter, "Guinness" Dublin Porter, quarts and pints.

J. W. STREET.