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## Poetry.

### The Golden Wedding.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, of Providence, R. I., was recently celebrated with appropriate festivities, on which occasion Rev. Dr. Hall, pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city, recited the following lines, which we copy for the benefit of those who may be privileged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day:

Alas! we're told  
There is no gold,  
The golden age is gone!  
Dollars are fled,  
Eagles are dead,  
The golden age is gone.

No, no! behold  
The links of gold  
That bind two hearts in one:  
Years speed their flight,  
More pure, more bright,  
That gold reflects the sun.

Though like these flowers,  
Youth's rosy hours  
Loom but a transient day,  
Love's lasting youth,  
All peace and truth,  
Age cannot take away.

Tried and endeared,  
Loved and revered,  
Welcome us here once more:  
Then hand in hand,  
Smile where you stand,  
Close by the golden door.

### NEVER AGAIN.

Broken the golden cord,  
Severed the silken tie!  
Never again will the old days come,  
Darling to you and I.

Dead the beautiful Past!  
Scattered around its bier  
Pale thoughts lie thick and memories  
Of days that were so dear.

Memories! Fold them up—  
Lay them sacredly by,  
What avail it to dream of the Past?  
The future for you and I!

Broken the silken cord,  
Severed the golden chain,  
Linking us with the beautiful days  
That never can come again.

## Miscellany.

### HOW NELLIE LEE WAS PAWNED.

Have you ever pawned a watch? Don't start, reader. I know you are highly respectable, that you have a house in Gramercy Park, and a balance of several thousands at the Merchant's Bank, nevertheless you may have been pawns in circumstances which rendered it necessary for you to pawn your watch. I have known men as rich and eminent as you, sneak into a temple of bawls where three golden bulls shone conspicuous, and under the name of John Jones deposit certain articles of jewelry as security for certain trifling sums of money.

I was once walking in the Strand, in London, with a young coronet of hussars, the son of a wealthy nobleman, and the most expensive man in his regiment. Suddenly, as we were passing the residence of an industrious Jew, who availed himself of spare capital to furnish loans to friends in distress, my friend the coronet, who, of course, was in multi, said hastily, "Pray excuse me for a moment!" and immediately bolted into the pawnbroker's in broad daylight, leaving me transfixed with astonishment and some shame. In a few minutes he came jauntily out, with a smiling countenance, minus an elaborate Albert chain that had been festooned across his waistcoat.

"What in the name of Heaven, have you been doing?" I cried.

"Merely spouting my ticker," he said loud enough for all the passers-by to hear.

I confess I looked indignantly at him.

"Pooh! don't mind it," he continued, taking my arm, "it's nothing. I took a fancy just now to go to Greenwich and have a blow out there with a bottle of Lafitte, and all that sort of thing. I wanted you to come, but I recollected that I had only a couple of sovereigns in my purse. Caddy will cost nearly that, you know. So as I didn't know how you were off for tin either, I just stepped in and popped my watch and chain. Got seven pounds on them. About enough to do the thing comfortably with. I

shall send my valet in the morning to take them out. Here, cab!"

And hailing a hansom that was drifting down the Strand in search of a fare, we got in and drove down to Greenwich, where we ate one of those elaborately compounded repasts known as white-bait dinners, for the reason that the white-bait forms the least portion of them.

I have known a clergyman pawn a diamond breast-pin on a rainy day, in order to raise enough money to pay his cab fare. I have known a lot of literary Bohemians, in London and Paris, sup off an evening coat, or a Spanish mantle. I once pawned some vases to buy paper on which I wrote an article for *Blackwood's Magazine* that brought me in fifty pounds. I will now tell you of my acquaintance of the descendants of the Medici in New York.

I don't share in the popular dislike and contempt for pawnbrokers. I look upon the pawnbroker as a most useful institution. He charges a high rate of interest, to be sure; but then look at the pettiness of the sums he will lend. He is accommodating. I may say universal, in his charities. Nothing comes amiss to him. He will disburse on the security of a ring worth a thousand dollars, or a pair of boots worth a dollar and a half. Nothing is too small for him; but no matter how valuable the article is, he can not be induced to lend above a certain sum upon it. This is simply his caution. The article may be stolen, or come by in some improper manner, when, of course, he would have to give it up. He simply protects himself.

I have known amiable pawnbrokers; men who wept over the misfortunes of their depositors. Who, if one came too frequently to them with small articles, would sigh heavily, and declare that it was really dreadful to see a gentleman reduced to this state.

But to my story.  
In Chichester street, as I will call it, resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esquire, whose spacious old-fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's dwelling is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusty, so that the several articles exposed to view in the window are but dimly seen. There are flutes with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the *embouchure* of each; for the lips that blew there the graduated air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together again.

There are opera-glasses, too; of every mode. How pregnant a lesson lies in these opera-glasses in the pawnbroker's window! What stories of dissipation of fleeting wealth, of ruined elegance they tell!

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds, very rare; banjos, relics of disappointed minstrels; guns suggestive of sporting Englishmen hard up; silver tea-pots, now black and unbecomingly, hinting at terrible domestic distresses in some poor fellow's house, and making you see the thin wife stealing out at night, to raise money on the family valuables to feed the children.

The interior of the shop is devoted to dry goods. The details, however, can be but dimly made out, owing to the dubious light that pervades the store. Even in the broad daylight a judicious twilight exists in Mr. Levi's. What the French call a *demi-jour*, is much affected by lovers and gentlemen who sport their watches.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I find myself the slave of a sudden necessity for five dollars. On these occasions I travel round my room, as M. Xavier de Maistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, which I may convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. The pawnbrokers are epicures and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly one day, having need of the traditional five dollars, I determined to present my Indian chess-board, to Mr. Levi, to induce him to present me with the longed-for V. The chess-board was ivory inlaid, and the men delightfully Oriental. I waited until evening. It was a delightful evening for pawning—thick fog, threatening rain, and few persons abroad. I rang at Mr. Levi's private door. It was a privilege I had earned, was ushered in by a Hebrew servant, and in a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mister Papilote," he said holding out his hand, how do you do? Come again, eh? Well, what is it this evening?"

"A little matter I want you to arrange for me," I replied, unrolling my silk handkerchief from the chess-board. I want five dol-

lars on this for a few days."

"Hum! On my word, Mr. Papilote, I'm sorry to see a gentleman like you coming here so often. It's really too bad."

"My good Levi, I answered, laughing, don't take any serious trouble on my account. I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulties occasionally. Can you let me have the money?"

"Well, really, Mister Papilote, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect, Sir."

"But that is an Indian chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albion Fencibles, who was at the siege of Gundarcool. Do you play chess, Mr. Levi?"

"Not exactly, Sir. But I came very near learning it once."

"You know that pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?"

"I have heard something of the kind."

"Completely in your line of business, you see."

Mr. Levi started. My joke was completely lost upon him.

"I'm sorry you don't play," I hastened to continue, covering my jocular failure with some other remark. I should like to have a game with you. That chess-board I assure you, is worth thirty dollars."

I had been made a present of the chess-board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta; but one will be a little deceitful now and then in this wicked world.

"Well, I'll let you have the money," said Mr. Levi, "though we're rather short to-day. A great deal of business doing just now. Mr. Papilote," and, laying the Rajah's property on the table, he disappeared into the office to make out the duplicate.

"A great deal of business doing!" That meant, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the streets; a great many homes gloomy for want of petty sums of money; a great many mechanics without Sunday clothes; a great many poor students moaning over their valuable books, sacrificed to keeping life enough in them to read those that were left; a great many drunkards craving for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessities; a great many mothers shivering in blanketless beds that the little one might not starve. This was the terrible kind of business that was doing.

I was reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light step fell softly on the carpet. Thinking it was Levi returning with the money, I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah, how unlike Levi's buttery Jewish accents!—startled me from my reverie.

"I can play at chess," it said, very softly. I looked up, suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long fair hair, and large, beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the door staring at me, like some timid bird at him who wanders in lonely woods, half-fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

"And who on earth are you?" I asked, abruptly; and as I spoke I saw at a glance that the blood of the children of Israel did not run in her clear, blue veins.

"I'm Nellie Lee, Sir," replied the apparition, "and I'm in pawn."

"In what?" I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived. In the absurd statement I had just heard.

"In pawn, Sir," she repeated, as simply as if she was saying she was in bed.

"And who put you into pawn, in the name of all the Medicines, may I ask?" I said, scarcely able to keep my countenance.

"Father pawned me for money to buy paints," answered this extraordinary deposit; "and I'm so lonesome—oh! you can't think!"

"What is your respectable parent, may I inquire?"

"He's an artist, Sir, and he has just got an order, Sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does!"

She seemed so very anxious about my not doubting her father's ability that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I were perfectly convinced of his rare talent, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.

"Where do they keep you?" I asked, half-jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so like a vaudeville that I expected every moment to hear some unseen audience applauding the performance. "Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you on the shelves with gowns and coats?"

"No, Sir, I live upstairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come, though, in a few days, with the money and redeem me."

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for distressed fathers to pawn their children, and keep the duplicates in their waistcoat pockets.

"Have you ever been in pawn before, Miss Nellie Lee?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Father painted the 'Seven Sleepers of Ephesus' with what he got on me, last fall."

This was really more than I could stand—I lay back on the old hair-bottomed sofa and roared with laughter. The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was anything at all singular in her position.

"You say that you play chess," I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect for the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me. "Would you like to play a game?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the deposit, "I should like it very much. You can't think."

We sat down to play chess. I don't know how long we were at it; but this I know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably to the present day. There was a pause, during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently studying the board, and mine were intently studying the blue eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation, until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle-field got into such a state of confusion that I believe Herr Harwitz would have become a lunatic at the first glance he cast upon them.

As for me, I thought of nothing but the simple, beautiful young creature who sat opposite to me, and, in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelors barren life to burgeon and bloom like the dry rod of the high priest.

In the midst of all this in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and the duplicate for the chess-board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

"Mr. Levi," said I to him, "I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle, who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him?"

He's in an excellent state of preservation, and has served in the last war!" "Oh!" he replied, laughing, without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange, "Nellie Lee is a capital girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father. He—" and here he made an expressive pantomime suggestive of rum.

I looked at Nellie. Her large eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't be angry with me, Nellie," continued the pawnbroker, kindly. "You know that he has very bad habits or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her. Mr. Papilote, and for that matter her father adores her, and as he never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some terrible necessity, we contrive to get him to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her."

Nellie, child, don't cry."

I went up to the poor child, and took her hand gently in my own.

"Nellie Lee," I said, "you love your father very much."

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell upon my hand.

"It is but right you should do so. But you are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be a guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi. Now what you ought to do is to intrust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever you father did."

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell.

"You think such an one can not be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection; if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born can be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you never would repent of it. I swear it!"

"And where is there such an one?" demanded Levi, with a mingled incredulity and curiosity twinkling in his black Jewish eyes.

"Here!" I answered. "I want but such an object as this to become industrious. If Nellie Lee will take me for her husband, I call God to witness that I will cherish and love her until death."

The little head shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. "Her father would never consent," said Levi, reflectively.

"Never," echoed Nellie, in a low murmur; "he loves me so."

I could have said, "What love is this that puts its idol into a pawnbroker's shop?"

There was a long pause. Then we all heard a sudden, violent ring at the hall-door bell.

Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent.

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stopped on the threshold when he saw us locked in the embrace, and, leaning against the edge of the door, he said:

"I am glad of it. She has no guardian now but you."

"My father!" and with a shriek Nellie slipped from my clasp, and fled toward the Jew.

"Poor child!" he said, laying his hand reverently on her head, as if misfortune had rendered her sacred; "it is so. He has left you alone."

Poor little Nellie Lee sobbed, and flattered like a bird vainly beating against the iron wires of its cage. The old artist was dead; the wretched man, unable to resist temptation, had expended the money he obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park stretched dead on one of the walks. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs, and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of Cologn for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter; for I am an unbeliever in verbal-anodynes.

Need I go much further? Need I describe the quiet wedding at St. Thomas's, where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee?

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. I am the dearest wife that ever wore a ring.

On an inlaid table in my drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albion Fencibles, after the siege of that place. In short, it is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie Lee in pawn.

THE PICKPOCKET'S TRAP.—The Lombard, of Millian, says: "A young man, with his arm caught in an iron trap, has just been led through the streets of this city to prison. A man named Varisco had invented a gin to catch pickpockets, which may be easily placed in a coat pocket, and is so constructed as to hold the hand of the thief as if in a vice. Mr. Varisco being in a locality which those light-fingered gentry are thought to frequent, and remarking near him an individual of a rather suspicious exterior, took from one of his pockets a handkerchief silver snuff box, at the same time assuming a simple air; then leisurely taking a pinch from it, he placed it into a pocket provided with the trap. Presently the stranger approached Mr. Varisco, slipped his hand into the pocket, seized hold of the bait, and in another second showed by his cries that he was securely caught."

A PUZZLED JUSTICE.—A man named Josh was brought before a county quire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore they saw him steal. A wag, having volunteered his counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the quire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honor beyond the shadow of a doubt, for I have twelve witnesses who are ready to swear that they did not see him steal it."

The quire rested his head for a few moments, as in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

A Scotch nobleman, seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very old, patched, though not ragged coat, made some passing remarks on its condition. "It's a vera guid coat," said the honest old man. "I cannot agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ay, it's just a vera guid coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man anything; and that's mair than mony a man can say o' their coat."

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.—

Cheer is nothing unless it is played on the square.

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a very great way.

Pure milk, unlike the pure truth, is good for nothing when drawn from the well.

Mr. Charles G. Leland is preparing a work on American slang phrases.

The Contract for dead horses in the Federal army has just been let for \$12,000.