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Poetry.

THE OAK.

BY KAVAR WILSON.

Mark yonder oak with mighty arms stretched high
As if they would uplift the lowering sky.
Shaking a hundred hands in every bough
At spirits in their cloud-cave riding past.
With what magnificent Titanic grace
It looks the boundless heavens in the face.
And nods its towering head toward the earth
As if it had been crowned its king at birth.

Of many a golden swell and knotted limb
It makes an organ chanting Nature's hymn,
And in her shrillest and her deepest chords
Sings with experience too deep for words
Of generations that have come and gone
Like shadows of its branches on the lawn.
Of generations that shall pass away
Ere bows its stately stature to decay.

Doth not its song the ages' story tell
Talk to thy heart and fill its inmost cell
With Nature's freshest strains of potent roots
From her deep breast into its tender shoots
Till all its leaflets glimmer in their green
And dance like fairy myriads on the lawn?
Drink, soul! the life, the spirit and the wine
Of yonder oak, for they are wisdom's wine.

Believe that giant built its soul and speech
Its lessons of the Infinite to teach.
Stands it not there as God's embodied thought
Breathing the wisdom which its grandeur wrought?
Whispering the secrets which the zephyr steals
Or groning the arctic thunders peals?
Dismissing, like a sage and prophet too,
Of all Omnipotence hath done and yet shall do?

SELECT TALE.

A MAY BLOSSOM.

THE first of May had come. Up rose the sun,
and up rose Mrs. O'Rourke; for though not bound
up to the clock wheels of that lunatic and wont
on most occasions to deride his whimsical mood
comfortably, this was not an ordinary occasion
with the worthy dame. A habit of annual (or
semi-annual) removals teaches inevitably the value
of an early rise; and the first of May, if no other
day in the calendar, always found the O'Rourke
family awake and stirring.

For many years had the O'Rourkes pervaded
this seventh district of the busy town. The top
stories of the poorest buildings knew them well; in
most they had dwelt; the rent felt them coming.
They were a reckless, merry, multitudinous race.
There were big little O'Rourkes, and little little
O'Rourkes, the least of all seldom attaining a
greater age than one year before a lesser yet ap-
peared to claim his place. But big and little,
they were all alike good humored, broadly Irish,
and imprudent. The weakest of all the wee
ones would take the bread from his mouth to feed
a hungry playmate on a starved cat; and the pa-
rental O'Rourkes, content to fling themselves and
their progeny on the general public for support in
every tight pinch, never hesitated for a moment to
unleash their door and share their crust with any
one more forlorn than themselves. "Sure, what's
enough for nine is enough for ten," was their phi-
lophony. "We'll get through somehow." And
they always did.

Their departure from any given quarter was
usually accelerated by a notice to quit by some
long suffering landlord. With each removal they
might be said to burn their bridge behind them;
and to be presumably certain not to turn up again
in that particular spot. This was no grief to them,
Life would have seemed dull without this gentle
personal excitement.

"The crayther is after his rent again," Mrs.
O'Rourke would tell her husband, cheerfully.
"Pay or clear out," he says—small blame to him.
And where'll we go now, Tim?"

"Well, Tim would perhaps reply, "there's a
flaw in Godfrey street we've never tried at all
at all. We might go there. It's two dollars a week,
and a pump handy."

"Is it opposite the bake-house, you mane?" Mrs.
O'Rourke would rejoice with a joyous Irish screech.
"Think of the convenience of that, now! It's
likely they'll give credit for a month or more."

Yield by this delightful prospect, the family duds
and belongings would be hastily collected. Cheer-
ful and chatty as a flock of crows, the O'Rourkes
would rise two pieces, fit a half mile or so, and
settle in a new nest, which twenty-four hours made
as cozy, as children, and as cheerful as the
one they had just quitted.

It was from Godfrey street that they were now
preparing to move. The "bake-house" having long
since recognized that its door against them
was the less to regret its departure.

"Now boys, tumble up, and on with your clothes,"
cried the mother. "There is a warid to do this

day. See there now, Norry shimes, she's dressed
before you all."

Norry, aged few, was the only girl among the
nine. This fact Mrs. O'Rourke was wont to la-
ment on occasions of hurry and pressure. "Boys
is well enough, she would aver; but they're all
tear and no mend, and all coil and no come. Girls
for my money!" But this manifest offer not-
withstanding, Norry remained the only one. On
this particular May morning, however, the
lark was felt less than usual, for little Mary
O'Rourke was "to the fore," and it would have
been hard to fight anywhere upon a handier or
more helpful little maid than Mary.

This small stranger within the O'Rourke gates
had come to them straight from a hospital, where
she had half died of ship fever. Homeless, feeble,
friendless, the poor girl would not have known
where to lay her sixteen year-old head except for
that site in Godfrey street which opened its kindly
door to take her in. The debt this incurred she
repaid with the whole devotion of her warm heart
and helpful hands. Night and day she labored in
the service of these "friends in need." She scrub-
bed, she coddled, she swept, she dusted, she pol-
ished the stoves and the boys' faces. The domicile
was never so clean, or the family so comfortable
before. Her presence had grown necessary to
them, and, hard as it sometimes was to find food
for this additional mouth, no one ever thought of
sending Mary away to shift for herself. No in-
deed. They'd pull through somehow, Mrs. O'Rourke
said; they always did; and anyhow, "there
would be no living without Mary at all."

She was a pretty, tidy-looking creature, this
"angel unawares" of the O'Rourkes, with the blue
eyes and glossy black hair of her native Ireland,
and lips so ripe and blooming as to truly suggest
the poet's ideal of

"Strawberries smothered in cream."

Really probably bore its share in the influence
she exerted over the boys, who, according to their
mother, were "good boys, as boys go, but obstinate
as pigs when they'd quind in." Certain it is that
Teddy was never so amiable, or Pat—second in
size and age—so chivalrous to any one before;
that Tim and Barney followed her about as under
a charm; that the smaller ones submitted to hair
brushing as at no other; and the baby was al-
ways crying to be taken into her arms. She was
"as clever as a rale fairy," the elder Tim asserted,
and all the O'Rourke family bore him out in the
opinion.

A "rale fairy" was needed for the job on hand
this May-day morning. Breakfast to prepare; beds
to uncover and pack; clothes to sort, and tie in
bundles; tin, kitchen utensils, whatever to collect
and fasten up; a stove to take down—all amidst
the dances and whoops of nine excited children.
It was no easy task, Mrs. O'Rourke's ordinary method
of procedure was irregular as an off-balance's
Things instinctively came out of her hand hind
side, before—wrong and backward; but under
Mary's influence something like order was infused
into the chaos. The boys were collected, loaded
with articles, suited to their strength and sent off
at full tilt towards the new lodgings, with Teddy
at their head. "It was while marching the par-
ticularly hot down the stairs that Mary became aware
of a counter-proposition on its way up.

First came a youngling man, carrying a big bun-
dle, and springing lightly along. Two steps at a
time, notwithstanding the apparent weight of his
burden. A frank-looking fellow he was with wavy
hair and kind brown eyes—a little each—each eyes
as women like. After him followed two children, each
laden with something—tiny children, boys, the
elder not much more than six. The boys eyes
met Mary's as the young man came up. She
blushed and, confused, knew not why, retreated
to her eyrie. To her surprise, the party followed
"Is it here we're to go?" inquired the man, in
unmistakable brogue.

"I don't know, resp'd. Mary, opening her eyes
wider. "We are leaving ourselves. It's the O'Rourke
we are."

"That's it," said the stranger, pulling a bit of
paper from his pocket and consulting it—"that's
the name. We're rented the room you're leaving,
mine, and we're bringing up our things, being
turned out of our own bit of a place. But per-
haps it's in your way you'll be."

"Oh, we haven't any way," said Mary laughing.
"Then, it's no inconvenience, we'll fetch them
up, for it's at the street-door they are; and per-
haps we can find you a hand at the same time."

It's very polite you are, I'm sure, said Mrs.
O'Rourke, and she gave a pretty blush.

Such a pair of cheeks haven't met my eyes be-
fore since I left Ireland, thought the young man;
but he said:

"Oh, never speak of it, mabe! James Connell's
my name, and I'd be proud to assist you, being an
countryman."

So Mary made room for him to pass; and in
half an hour the O'Rourkes and the Connells
were on the looking of old acquaintance, and the
children were clinging about Mary as if they had
known her always. They were pretty rogues, with

clean, well-scrubbed faces; but their clothes were
shabby and dilapidated, and there were singular
attempts at patching, which told of clumsy male
fingers. "It's bad work a man makes trying to be
father and mother both," James said. His young
wife had died two years before, and on their passage
over from Ireland, he told them, and Mrs. O'Rourke
nearly heart warmed at once to the little
ones and their father.

Most hearts would have warmed to Connell, he
was so wonderfully helpful and handy, and so full
of good will. His time and strength were applied
to the portage of Mrs. O'Rourke's valuables as
cheerfully as to his own. He and Tim shouldered
each other's stove-pipes and bedsteads indiffer-
ently, and the meeting resolved itself into a "case"
of mutual aid and service. So it came to pass that
when at noon, Tim and the boys departed from the
premises, bearing the last bundles, Mrs. O'Rourke
and Mary lingered. To their womanly appre-
hensions "a lone man," who couldn't know how to set
himself to rights, was a sorry spectacle; and, after
a whispered consultation they frankly offered to
stay an hour or two and "fix up." Ye'll be the bet-
ter for it all summer, Mrs. O'Rourke told him.
A man's little word for getting things straight-
ened, but Mary there's a rale fairy for the like
of that.

Connell had excellent wages, and his fur-
niture was good and substantial—far better
than the scanty plainness it replaced. But
the stove was dull, the cherry table stained
and blackened, every thing lacked its shine.
This Mary proceeded to give. James and
Mrs. O'Rourke sat by, and watched her busy
hands as she scrubbed and dusted and polished;
now passing a strip of paper over ailed spot,
now applying a drop of glue to a fracture;
brightening whatever she touched, and hum-
ming—craps of merry rhymes to the children,
who clung her as flies do a suppers. At last.

Whatever is she, this, asked James—your
daughter?

No, but as good whispered back Mrs.
O'Rourke.

But she called you mother.
So she did, the darlint. She was a poor
girl from the other side, you see, who we took
in sick, but she's grown to be the light of our
eyes. She talks of going to service; but Tim
he'll not hear of it, nor me either. No—no—
while there's a morsel left in the cupboard,
anyhow! Mrs. O'Rourke concluded with a
sigh.

James asked no more, but his eyes followed
Mary with a steadfast gaze. She became
conscious of this at last, and it embarrassed
her.

Mother she said from the window, which
she was washing, this is done now. I'll just
polish the kettle a bit and set it on, and then
we'll be going.

"Oh? cried James, starting up. You must
not go without a sup of something, and you
tiring yourself to aid us. I've some tea and
just here, Mrs. Mary, and I'll fetch the table
side the little table."

But this Mary would not permit. Horn
beats with as she was; it was pain to see
things done clumsily. She took the cloth
from him and spread it lightly over the fresh-
ly rubbed table, brought the cups and plates
from the next drawer where she had just
ranged them, brewed the tea, cut the bread
—all in a point-a-go-gone way, which was full
of real grace. Connell watched her, enchanted;
and when at last they drew up their chairs,
he preceded to fill the cups from the silver
Britannia pot, his feeling of delight and com-
fort found vent in words.

"It's different entirely," he cried. "I
haven't tasted bread so fresh so well since
we set foot in this country. Has it, children?"

"I wish Mary would go always, said the
youngest, and sing songs and make tea."

"Do I do it, scream'd the other—won't you,
Mary?"

Poor Mary! But her confusion turned
tentative when Connell joined the other hard
and exclaimed, "I'm a you, Mary? I mean it,
he went on; but I don't have found courage
to say it so—except for the talk of the little
ones. You're only known us a day,
Mary, but I feel to know you always. And
when I saw you sitting there and smiling,
with the tea put in your hand, I thought
within myself, I don't know if I'll ever see
a rale fairy, your mother here calls you; and I
leave it. Say and be a fairy for us, Mary;
for never was a fairy more wanted to the fore
than here and just now."

Well, I declare! began Mary faintly; but
Mrs. O'Rourke chimed in:

And you never said a stry word James
it seems sudden, mavourneen; but listen to
him, for he means truly by it. I know a
man when I look in his eyes, and I tell you
so. 'Twill be over to pass from you, darling,
and here we'll get along I can't say; but
there's a real home for you here, with plenty
of it; and that's more than we can give at all
the good will that's in our hearts. And
them little fellows need a mother, Mary."

We all need you, Mary whispered Connell,
his handsome face close to hers. Say yes,
Mary, and let it be this very night. I feel

as if I couldn't let you go, and the room all
dark behind you! And where's a more blessed
day in the whole year than May day to begin
life together?

But I must help mother get to rights, cried
sweet Mary. Oh no, no! I can't, I can't, I
can't.

We all know what follows, after nineteen
years. But the impetuous lover added, And so you
shall, love. Go you will her now, and get in
order, while I slip down and spake to Father
O'Brien. This evening I'll come for you all
and we'll go to the parson's house, and after
that we'll have a bit of supper in this room
you have made so clean and nice; and it'll be
the happy day always that brought us to-
gether. Say yes.

So Mary said yes. She scrubbed diligently
till sundown, then rebrided her hair, dressed
her other gown, and attended by all the
O'Rourkes went to the parson's house, as
pretty a bride, notwithstanding her long day
of house-work, and absence of blonde and
orange blossoms, as ever moonlight shone
upon. The match so hastily arranged turned
out happier by far than some entered into after
long and punctilious delay; and from that
day to this Mary Connell has been to husband
and children as to the O'Rourke's a rale fairy,
blessing and brightening all that came under
her hands.

Improvement of our Live Stock.

In order to make stock feeding more pro-
fitable, we must continue to improve our live
stock till we have a class of animals that will
bring the high price in market. The better
the animals, the greater will be the product
of our feed and higher the price for the meat.
A well-fed animal will be a source of profit in
every way, while the profit and the meat on
one of the lean kind will be poor.

Some will say that it takes more feed for
bloated animals, and that they won't hunt as
living like the natives.

That is just what is needed where we have
so much feed, and an animal of quiet dispo-
sition will take on flesh, but one with the agi-
lity of a fox would still adapt itself to the cir-
cumstances in which it lives. Another will say
that our feeding won't pay, and that many of
the best animals are destroyed by it.

It is a fact as plain as day, that if our stock
were fed till one-third of them died, we would
make more money out of the balance than
from the whole number in a half-fed con-
dition. By better breeding and better feed-
ing we increase size and quality of the meat
producing animals, and if we can send to
market the same number of pounds of better
quality in three animals, it will cost less freight
than to send it in five of less value. There
will be less shrinkage, less offal, and less
room occupied.

We do not wish it understood that we de-
size all farmers to become breeders of thorough
bred stock; this could not well be; the
breeding of any race of thorough bred stock
requires more care and attention than the
farmer can well give it; but what we do urge,
is that our western farmers select the kind of
stock suited to their locality, if it be either
for meat or for the dairy, and use only the
best males of that breed. Feed well
and till maturity, and not dispose of stock
at a time when it is just becoming valuable.

We have the facilities and the feed, and
there is no necessity for paying freight to east-
ern feeders, poor stock, and who on the
ground to feed it there. We are robbing our-
selves, robbing our soil, and enriching the
railroads. We must have the railroads and
the railroads must have us, and by working
together for our own interests we will convince
them that it is their interest to deal fairly with
the farmers. [Samuel Dyer, in the Farmer's
Journal.]

BRITISH POST OFFICE.—It seems that
even the British Post Office is capable of com-
mitting blunders. The New York Times
states that registered letters are often mis-
sent through carelessness. In one mail in Feb-
ruary of 1873 registered letters—the British regis-
ter goes to State to which the letter was
addressed in only six instances. Most of the
British registration, says the Times, is in a
handwriting very difficult to decipher, and
gives evidence of haste and carelessness hardly
tolerable in copy prepared for a morning
newspaper. A lamentable lack of system and
order is also apparent. In fact, anything
more uncleanly and unbusinesslike we never
saw. The fact is that even registered letters
mis-carry from abroad. Further, thirty-six
letters misent from London to New York by
a single mail is a very large number, but it
is not unusual; and as to misent newspapers
and other printed matter, these accumulate
week after week by the sackful. Among these
misent letters from British offices are heaps
on which addresses for "Australia," "Ireland,"
"Old Kent Road," "Birkenhead," "Cheshire,"
"Hilifax," "England," are so plain that the
runners might read them. More than 200 such
misent letters are returned weekly to Europe,
of which between seventy-five and one hun-

dred are from the United Kingdom.

Another Alabama Arbitration Ahead.

Carlism has received a reinforcement—of
me—from the Province of Quebec, in brave
Chevalier Murray having gone to the aid of
Don Carlos. The French papers of that Pro-
vince are much divided on the merits of this
act of the new ally to the Carlism, and some
of them apparently seem to think his arrival
in Spain, of which the cable has not yet spoken,
will determine the struggle in favor of the
side to which he has lent his sword. The con-
servatism of the French papers of the Pro-
vince of Quebec is of the most antique type,
where foreign politics are in question; not-
withstanding the universal restoration of the
divorced royal families of France and Spain
will satisfy their aspirations. In these days
of Arbitration, however, it behooves us, as a
country, to take heed to our ways, and we sug-
gest to our Government that it would be un-
pleasant, if a convention, sitting at Geneva or
elsewhere, were to adjudge Canada guilty of
culpable carelessness in allowing efficient as-
sistance to be sent to the enemies of a friendly
power. We can only hope that, in that case,
if the verdict is given against us, the damages
in which we are mulcted will not exceed the
amount of aid which the cause of Don Carlos
will have received from our expeditionary
force.—[The Nation.]

AN IDEA FOR TEAMSTERS.—A graphical

of labour and hard tugging may be saved if
every wagon or truck is provided with 100
feet of stout rope and a single pulley. A
single construction for slipping the rope of
the rope under the strap to the axle and
if waiting to reverse the line through an axle.
If a wagon gets stuck in heavy mud or in the
snow the driver has only to fasten his block in
the tongue, reverse the rope through it, and at-
tach one end to a tree or post and let his team
pull on the other. Their work is of course
half halved, or rather they bring twice as
much power to bear in dragging the wagon
clear. There are plenty of other appliances
of this simple device, which will readily sug-
gest themselves. With a couple of shafts for
an incline, heavy logs could be easily drawn
up a slight by an unskilled team. Another
case where it is likely to be useful is, when
loaded sleighs, attired to cross a wooden
bridge. Although the horses draw the load
very easily over the snow, they are very often
unable to start it over the generally doubtful
wooden flooring of the bridge and hence would
be materially aided by the tackle hitches on
as we have described.—[Scientific American.]

MANURE.—An exchange gives the follow-

ing receipt for raising potatoes: "Take one
cask of lime and slack it with water, and then
strain it in one bushel of fine salt, and mix
enough to make it into a paste. It will not be
more than a week before it will be ready to
use. It will make fine barrels. All manures
containing potash are particularly suitable for
the potato. Ayles contain more than any
other fertilizers, and should be freely and care-
fully used."

A Lady in Portland, Me., halted in front of

a garden the other day and accosted a man at
work on some trees? "What are you doing
to those trees?" "Girdling them, madam,
with pruning knife and cotton to prevent can-
ker worms from ascending." "How much does
it cost?" inquired the lady. "About twenty
five cents," was the answer. "What is your
name?" was the lady's next question. "Bill,"
said the man. "Well, if you could come
and girdle ours?" The man gave an evasive
answer, and the lady went home and told her
husband, who went into convulsions of laugh-
ter. "Why, what on earth are you laughing
at?" said she; and as soon as the amused hus-
band caught his breath he told his wife that
the man she had asked to girdle her trees was
no less than the Rev. Dr. HILL, late President
of Harvard College.

MAKING FOR A YOUNG MAN.—Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend
to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak
the truth. Never speak lightly of religion. Keep
good company or none. Make few promises, and
live up to your engagements. Keep your own
secrets if you have any, and when you speak to a
person, look him in the face. Good company and
good character is above all things else. Never
listen to loose or idle conversation. Your character
cannot be essentially injured except by your own
acts. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live,
infirmities excepted, within your income. Make
no haste to be rich if you would prosper; make
and steady gains give competency with tranquillity
of mind. Earn your money before you spend it;
never run in debt unless you see a way to get out
again. Never think that which you do for religion
is time or money mispent. Read some portion of
the Bible every day.