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Poetry.

From the Little Corporal.

WINDS OF THE WINTER.

Winds of the winter, your voices I hear
Through the old forests, so lonely and drear,
Mournfully sighing to-night,
Gone are the birds from the valley of green,
Dead are its roses, and faded its sheen,
Veiled in a mantle of white.

Winds of the winter, O say, do ye mourn
O'er the sweet days that will never return,
Gone from the valley and plain?
Spring, with its odors of faintest perfume,
Summer with roses so royal in bloom,
Never to brighten again?

Winds of the winter, your hearts cannot mourn
O'er the sweet days that can never return,
Life hath new battles to win;
Work for the hand and the heart's hand,
Onward we press at our leader's command,
Eager the strife to begin.

A Song for the New Year.

With welcome, and with cheerful song,
We hail the new-born year;
Though joy and grief expected long,
At length we see it here.

But many looked with hopeful eyes
To greet this New Year's Day,
Who never lived to see it rise,
For they were called away.

We will thank God, who let us live
To see this year begin;
And pray that He His grace will give,
Each day until 'tis done.

Be good, O Lord, to all—give Peace—
Give each one what is best;
The poor man bread, the sick man ease,
To all the weary rest.

Be gracious, Lord, to all our band,
And let us all, we pray,
Behold, within that better land,
Thy brighter New Year's Day.

Interesting Tale.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

BY JEROME.

Follow him—follow him! said my aunt, in a hoarse whisper, as she rushed into the room where I was sewing, and, clutching my arm, almost dragged me to the door. Equally terrified and bewildered, I attempted to ask who and where.

Don't stop to ask questions—don't you see? There! she said, pointing down the path, but still detaining me.

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw my handsome cousin Sol, bare-headed, and hands clasped behind him—slowly, with the air of one who sees not whether he is going—walking toward the gate. My aunt held her breath as he entered the road.

Look! Which way does he turn? Yes, she gasped still more excitedly, just as I thought, he has gone to the river! Oh, that wicked girl, what won't she have to answer for! Now, do you cut across lots and head him off. I don't care for I never did have much influence with the poor boy. If I had it might have been better; and don't lose sight of him for one instant. His life is in your hands!

I sped. What passed through my mind in those few seconds I can not tell, simply because I do not know. It was one intense confusion. The only clear instinct was haste. Instead of striking the road ahead of, and way-laying the object of my pursuit, I was surprised by finding him a few rods in advance of me, but walking at the same pace, and in precisely the same attitude that I had noticed as he descended the path. To have accomplished this without having accelerated his pace in the interim was impossible. Taking advantage of the screening bushes, he must have made what to me seemed supernatural speed in gaining his present point, yet now he would seem in haste. Clearly he knew he was pursued. "They are always cunning," I said to myself, with horror at what was embodied in the word "they."

A sudden shock to one's nerves may render them helpless; but real danger serves us to the full possession and keenest mastering of our faculties. His life is in your hand, my aunt had said; then I must hold it! I saw not definitely how, but I had a grand sense of being master of the situation. All are blessed with little wicks of time in which they are hopes. If ever I was a hero, it was then. So excited am I still at the remembrance of that chase, that I can not restrain myself to its details. I must hasten on. He had gained the river—I should say we, for I was at his

side. Not till he reached the very brink did he stop. Sol, I said softly, (a loud voice might startle him) cousin Sol, don't make a noise. A robin has just flown to its nest in that tree, and I want to watch it. I pointed to a large tree behind me, with one hand, while I slipped the other cautiously through his arm.

Ye gods and cousin Clara! exclaimed Sol, as he turned upon me two great blue eyes, not wild with the vacancy of insanity, but, if I could trust my own, brimful of fun. If I didn't think you were aunt Hetty! and was just at war between inclination and prudence as to whether I could afford to spoil a suit of clothes for her benefit. Your timely presence cut short the argument. My beloved cousin, you have saved me from a watery joke, which would have resulted in a tailor's loutest. Let me embrace you!

Though pretty much reassured at heart, I had no notion of being embraced by even a possible manner. I hastily recoiled a few steps, and assumed offended dignity at his mistake.

That shows how much notice you must have taken of me; you don't know us apart yet. Is not that her gown? said he, with melodramatic tone and gesture.

Sure enough I had on one of aunt Hetty's morning wrappers, and that had misled him.

Now confess, was it you or aunt Hetty that rushed so frantically across the lot and snatched the wall? I thought it wonderful agility for a rheumatist. "Twas you, you sin-ner, and you came mighty near heading me off. Come now, you might as well own up, and tell me what you came here for. She sent you to follow me, didn't she? Oh, that's rich! and he threw himself on the grass and fairly rolled with laughter.

Sit down, cousin Clara, please do; I've something to tell you.

I remarked, as I took the proffered seat beside him, that I thought his conduct might admit of some slight explanation; but I could not restrain laughter—he was irresistible. Here, read this letter—that will explain, said he. But first, let me premise a title. You don't know aunt Hetty, as well as I do. Well then, let me tell you that the longer you know her, the better you will love her. She's the dearest, good-natured, est, kind hearted-est, most obliging est aunt that ever was born; but she's the biggest match-maker in this town, and that's saying more than you, unsophisticated maid-in-law, can comprehend. Now, don't be shocked. I've as much respect for her as you have, but I use her this one, as you shall see. There, what think you of that? said he, reverently drawing a crimson velvet case from his pocket and unclipping it for me.

She's a beauty in face. Has she a figure to match?

Of course she has, and a heart more beautiful still.

And you have stolen it?

She says so. And as conscience won't let me keep it from her, I'm going to steal her next week.

Really, are you to be married, and so soon?

Really I am. I must have made a confidant of you before, but aunt Hetty has followed me as close as I have had a chance. She don't approve of cousins marrying, as I presume she has told you before this time. I looked at me, and I am afraid I blushed sufficiently to prove his conjecture right; for, on my first arrival, one week before, aunt Hetty had admonished me that cousin Sol was very susceptible, and I must not put myself much in his way.

Who is she? I asked, still looking at the picture.

Paul, I call her. Her name is Pauline Gray.

I have heard all about her. But aunt Hetty said nothing about you being married.

Of course not. She don't dream such a thing. And I've believed it will be the first matrimonial prospect in this country that she hasn't ferreted out.

Aunt told me that Miss Gray boarded with her one season.

Yes, she was very much elated at the prospect of boarding the school-mistress, and I had heard so much of her good qualities before she came, that I had made up my mind to delect her. But, on the contrary, I was charmed at first sight. She seemed entirely unaffected, and so affable, I promised myself a world of pleasure in her society. I found it more than pleasure—it was life. But in a few weeks her manner was entirely changed. From the first, aunt Hetty had beset me to get my cap for her, and was continually throwing us together at the most inopportune times, to the great annoyance, as I afterward learned, of both. One afternoon I had hurried home to finish a game of chess with Paul. I was impatiently asking her return from school, and aunt Hetty, as usual, was rallying me upon my fair prospects. It was rather a delicate subject to have thrust upon me at all times, and I determined to put a stop to it.

Don't be so very particular about the school marm, said I, most respectfully. I've seen plenty of girls that she couldn't hold a

candle to, and could show you a trunk full of their pictures. You needn't think I've been knocking about the world for nothing. But my speech had no effect.

Now, Sol, you know you like her, persisted my aunt.

So I do, well enough to flirt with. It's very nice to have some one to chat with when one comes home, and I began to whistle Yankee Doodle by way of ending the conversation.

Unknown to us, Paul had already come in, her door was open, and she had heard every word. She was quick and very sensitive, but cool withal, and upon the instant resolved to act upon what she heard without letting me know that she heard it. Accordingly she slipped out of a side door, and in a few minutes entered as usual, with a large bouquet, as though she had just come from school. I sprang to the door to meet her and admire the flowers, but I didn't get them this time. As she passed by to her room, I told her the chessman were placed and waiting.

They flatter me, she said; but I have letters to write, and some one else will have to entertain them.

I saw no more of her till tea, and was by that time pretty well out of sorts.

She had a great many letters to write, after this, and in a little while found the walk too much for her, and engaged board nearer the school. But I had no intention of making so long a story.

Go on, said I; love stories are always interesting.

No; if I get too serious, I shall forget the fun at the end.

Suffice it to say that before she went home she had refused me point blank; and I could only explain it in one way, of course that she did not love me. The next season some one else came here in her place. Paul had gone East, but we did not where.

Last summer I happened to come near the reception, and there before either of us were aware of the other's presence, I was presented to Miss Gray. Meeting thus, we commenced our acquaintance anew. It was the evening was over Paul had let fall something concerning aunt Hetty that opened my eyes. And in the few days that remained to us I made her confess what aunt Hetty's course had been. She had been even baser with her than with myself. Angels and hobgoblins forgive her and her match-making! I was not a mere casual observer, you see, that we were not eternally separated.

From that day to this aunt has never let her own curiosity alone, and would stop her for her queries, and at another moment she was so kind as to let such a chance slip. She has contrived no less than a dozen methods for me, and she finds them all failures, ends by declaring that I am still hopelessly in love with her. From the first I never gave her the least satisfaction. She has no idea we ever met since Paul left; and, most wonderful of all, her speculations had not discovered our correspondence.

Now for the grand surprise—the fun! I confessed Paul to write her a letter, saying that she was to be married, and would stop here on her wedding tour. The letter arrived here this morning, and it would have killed you to see her break the terrible news to me. She came up to my room, and began with a long face to talk about the vexations and annoyances of this life and the duty of all young people to prepare for disappointments. I thought I would help her along, so I solemnly told her that I had met with one great disappointment.

I know it; I know it all along, but there are just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.

And then produced some half dozen specimens from her matrimonial aquarium, all of which, of course, I might have the asking. Finally, she led me in a frame of mind to hear bad news, and she read me the letter. This it is. By this time I was confused, and she ran for the cupboard. When she came back I had fainted. She followed me to the door informed me that I was crazy, and begged me not to drown myself. This gave me my cue, and I couldn't help playing off a little. The rest you know.

He rolled over the grass again for a good laugh. So in earnest had I been that I had not thought before what a state of anxiety aunt Hetty must be in.

Don't worry yourself, said Sol; aunt is very excitable, but it don't last over five minutes. By this time she has forgotten all about it in her plans for company. It is her perfect delight to let her house in order for any one who is coming; and for a bride she will kill her with sewing and baking.

Will she ever let you when she thinks you heart broken in consequence? I asked.

Oh, I'll set that all right.

When we went back to the house, aunt Hetty met us with some anxiety in her face, though she had evidently been busy during our absence.

You've been telling Clara haven't you, my poor boy? Well, I'm glad—free confession, said

is good for the soul, was her first greeting as she looked piteously upon Sol.

Don't fret yourself about me, aunt, said Sol, throwing his arms around her. Just go to work and make a good time for Paul—I've forgiven her. I shall be off to-morrow morning.

Oh! don't you think you could stand it? Well, it would be a great cross. I've a great mind not to let her come. She here parading off her new husband, and you off dying of a broken heart—and all for her!

Paul! aunt, I am going to see my girl. Now Solomon, have you really got a girl, and never told me? exclaimed aunt Hetty, in a most injured tone.

Just as true as the go-p-d, aunt; and I'm going to show her to you soon.

Not engaged?

Yes, ma'am, I'm engaged.

Some one might thoughtfully struck her and she glanced quickly at me.

No it isn't cousin Clara, said Sol; under-standing her look.

Well, I'm relieved. I've been afraid ever since she was coming that one or other of you would get interested, and it wouldn't have been my fault if you had.

That's so, aunt, you've watched us as a cat watches her kittens.

Well, I never did believe in cousins marrying. And now Solomon, take my advice, don't trust to long engagements.

Sol assured her that he would make haste to the wedding.

And send me her picture, continued aunt Hetty; if she is good looking I want to show it to Miss Gray, or Mrs. whatever her name is. I wonder she didn't give his name. I guess she thought it didn't compare very well with Granville. She'd have done well to get you, and I told her so. But young folks never know what's good for 'em. I'm very thankful though, for she never was good enough for you; I always told you that.

Sol made a grimace at this sudden interference, which nearly upset me, and then made aunt Hetty promise not to divulge his secret.

Not a soul will I tell, you may be sure; but I should just like to let the Smiths and Joneses know it, for they think you are a d-ding for Pauline Gray.

A more utterly bewildered, thunder-stricken individual (as Sol expressed it) was never seen than aunt Hetty when Sol and Paul drove up to the gate.

This is my wife, aunt—Mrs. Granville; ain't you going to ask us in, said Sol.

You're an ungrateful boy, Solomon, to desert me, said aunt.

Well, I'll tell you what it is, aunt, throwing his arms around her neck, you must forgive us; but the fact is we owed you a little grudge. You talked so much to Paul about me that you made her afraid of me, and drove her off to the unknown. So it was you that parted us, and it was by the most accident in the world that I ever found her again.

Say Providence, rather, said aunt, with tears in her kind eyes. I always knew Providence would bring all things right in time.

Let me call you aunt too, won't you? said Paul, in as pretty and winning a voice as ever I heard.

Of course I'm your aunt. I always felt it in my bones. Didn't I always tell you were just cut out for one another? I don't like to boast, but I'm proud to have been the humble instrument of so much happiness.

And with many kisses she welcomed them to the nearest wedding breakfast that ever was spread in a farmer's best room.

Match-maker to the last! whispered Sol to his friend Paul and I.

EXPLOSIVE KEROSENE.—To determine whether kerosene is liable to explode, the "Boston Journal of Chemistry" gives the following directions:—Fill a pint bowl two-thirds full of boiling water, and into it put a common m-cube thermometer. The temperature will run up to over 200 degrees. By gradually adding cold water, bring down the temperature of the water to 110 degrees, and then pour into the bowl a spoonful of the kerosene, and apply a lighted match. If it takes fire, the article should be rejected as dangerous; if not, it may be used with a confident feeling of its safety.

My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved on a space no larger than the area of a nickel-cent?

Well, yes, father; if a cent is as big in every body's eyes as it is in yours there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four or five times.

A P-dagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle to spell, "hostility."

Ho-o-y-e, horse, commenced Pat.

"Not horse-tilly," said the teacher, but hostility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an didn't you tell me the other day not to say horse? Be jabers, it's one thing wid ye one day and another the next."

Down East they say, as soon as a young lady is engaged to be married, she suffers her finger-nails to grow long, so that, in case she should be obliged to throw herself on her reserved rights, she may come to the scratch with some prospect of success.

Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out: "Yis marm! Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?"

Sir, replied the knight of the napkin, we dine at six.

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the latter a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.—Seneca.

"Bridget, has that blackhead cleaned off the snow from the pavement?" "Yis marm!" "Did he do it with alacrity?" "No marm—wid a shovel."

One swallow doesn't make a summer; but young men should remember that too many "swallows" are certain to make a "fall."

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

What one of the planets is supposed to have the most specie? The moon; because she is continually "changing quarters."

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was still in the land of the living: "No! but I am almost there."

There are now 6,000,000 cotton gins in operation in the United States, of which over 2,000,000 are running on cloths for printing, and produce over 450,000,000 yds.

How to prevent sea sickness—Keep on shore.

Why is the Texas fever like a mouse? Because the cat'll catch it.

The girls who make cigars in Manila receive seven cents a day wages.

Four widows all over sixty, live happily together in one small house in Barton, Vt.

The Alta California, a newspaper published in California, keeps its own lawyer, and has on an average one libel suit a week.

The is no limit to modern extravagance.—The nursery comes in for its share. In Boston elegantly dressed dolls are advertised at prices ranging from \$10 to \$50.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Friday, 18th day of December, 1868.

PRESIDENT: His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Acting Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in virtue of the authority conferred by the 10th Section of the Act 31 Vic. Cap. 51, entitled: "An Act for better securing the payment of the duty imposed on Tobacco manufactured in Canada," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Regulations respecting Leaf Tobacco be made, and that they be enforced before the passing of the above cited Act, be, and the same are hereby approved and adopted.

REGULATIONS.

1. All persons who had in their possession on the 22nd day of May, in the present year, and who still have in their possession any quantity exceeding ten pounds of Raw or Leaf Tobacco imported into or grown in Canada before the said twenty-second day of May, shall, on or before the First day of February next ensuing, render to the Collector of Inland Revenue, for the Division in which the holder of such Tobacco resides, a true account and return thereof, stating:

a. The quantity in pounds.

b. The place where it is stored.

c. The Port of Entry at which it was imported, and the date of such importation if of foreign origin.

d. It grown in Canada, the place where it was grown.

e. Such further evidence as may be necessary for establishing the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, that the said Tobacco was in the possession of the person making the return on or before the said twenty-second day of May.

2. All Raw or Leaf Tobacco which may be proven to have been in the possession of the present holders on or before the twenty-second day of May aforesaid, shall be branded as required by the Act above cited and shall be dealt with in every respect the same as all other Tobacco is required to be dealt with by the said Act, and by the order in Council passed on the 30th May in the present year.

Except only that when any of the said Tobacco is in the possession of the present holders thereof, before the first day of February next ensuing, shall be consumed by the present holders thereof and tons a file goes into consumption without being subjected to any process of Manufacture, it shall be exempt from the payment of the duty imposed by the said Act and by the said order in Council.

3. All Raw or Leaf Tobacco which is not returned and accounted for as herein required, before the first day of February next ensuing, shall be deemed and taken as, and shall be forfeited to the Crown, and may be seized and dealt with accordingly.

W. H. LEE, Clerk Privy Council.

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
HAMMONTON TRACT OF
LAND IN NEW JERSEY
The tract of land in the township of Hammonton, New Jersey, known as the Hammonton Tract, containing about 1000 acres, was purchased by the New England Settlement Company, and is now offered for sale in lots of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 150, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000 acres. The land is well adapted for farming, and is situated in a healthy and fertile section of the State. The price of the land is \$100 per acre, and the terms of sale are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance to be paid in three equal installments, the first installment to be paid within six months, and the balance to be paid within two years. The interest on the unpaid balance to be at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. The land is offered for sale by the New England Settlement Company, and the terms of sale are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance to be paid in three equal installments, the first installment to be paid within six months, and the balance to be paid within two years. The interest on the unpaid balance to be at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. The land is offered for sale by the New England Settlement Company, and the terms of sale are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance to be paid in three equal installments, the first installment to be paid within six months, and the balance to be paid within two years. The interest on the unpaid balance to be at the rate of 6 per cent per annum.

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