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Vol 40

Poetry.

The Germs of the Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a vale of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful
There,
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom.

For the Standard.

The Comte de Paris.

The Comte de Chambord (Henri V.) having no children, his legitimate heir is Louis Philippe, Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris. These two sons of the house of Bourbon are cousins, but cousins very far removed. Louis XIII, son of the famous Henri IV, left two sons, the elder became the Grande Monarque, Louis XIV, the younger, Philippe was created Duke of Orleans, and was the ancestor of the younger branch of the Bourbon family. He was twice married; by his first wife, the daughter of Charles I, of England, he left no male issue; the present family of Orleans is therefore sprung from his second marriage with Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bavaria, cousin of his first wife, and was great grand daughter of James I, of England. Thus the house of Orleans was nearer to the Crown of Great Britain, in the direct line than even the present reigning family, being descended from the son of the Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, whilst our dynasty is descended from her daughter, the Princess Sophia, on whom and her descendants, being Protestants, the Crown was settled.

The second Duke of Orleans is best known to posterity under the name of the Regent Orleans; he was distinguished chiefly for his scandalous and dissipated life. His son Louis, Duke of Orleans, was in every respect a direct contrast to his father; at an early age he renounced the world, retired to a monastery, and devoted himself to classical and theological studies; his munificence was unbounded, and he established numerous hospitals and charitable institutions. He died at the early age of forty-eight, and was succeeded by his son Louis Philippe, nicknamed "Le Gros," from his corpulence of body and indolence of mind. A very different Prince was his son and successor, Louis Philippe Joseph d'Orleans, who was born in 1747. To give a sketch of his life would be to write a history of the French Revolution, in which he bore so prominent and disgraceful a part; he associated himself with the very worst of the revolutionary leaders, assumed the name of Philippe Egalite, voted for the execution of his cousin Louis XVI, and then perished himself on the guillotine, only ten months after. Philippe Egalite was distinguished by his loose morals, his atheism in religion, his republican opinions, and his heartless cruelty towards the members of his family. He met death, however, with the greatest courage and resolution.

His son Louis Philippe, was a complete contrast to his father; he spent his youth in exile, almost in poverty. When the Bourbons were restored in 1815, he returned to France, and at the Revolution of 1830 was called to the throne as Louis Philippe I, King of the French. He was a prudent, sagacious, and peace loving monarch, but was never thoroughly popular with his subjects; his eldest son, however the Duke of Orleans was, for his frank, open, soldier like character, and his supposed liberal opinions, much beloved by the nation. He had married the Princess Helene, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, as distinguished by her beauty as by her piety. But in the summer of 1812 the amiable Prince was killed by an unhappy accident, being thrown from his carriage as he was driving near the Champs Elysees. There could not have been a greater calamity for France or for the Royal Family.

The Duke left two infant sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duke of Chartres. The excellent Duchess of Orleans, who though a German and a Protestant, was very popular in France, now devoted herself solely to the education of her children. Six years after the death of her husband a new calamity fell upon the Royal Family: The

Comte de Paris was about ten years old when the Revolution of the 2nd of February, 1848, broke out. While the Prince was engaged in his studies with his tutor, M. Regnier, on the morning of that day, the Duchess entered the room and exclaimed "it is not an emute, it is a Revolution." The child had heard enough of previous revolutions to make him understand the formidable significance of the word. The tutor, with considerable presence of mind, endeavored to confuse the lesson in another room. The Prince was translating Lomond's Epitome of Sacred History, and has never forgotten that he had just arrived at the history of Macabees, and of the punishment of the young heroes who perished in a cauldron of burning oil. The picture of that cauldron remained for a long time mingled in his childish imagination, with the real scenes, of which he was a witness.

A few hours after, Louis Philippe abdicated in favor of his grandson, with the Duchess of Orleans as Regent. She was advised to go at once to the Chamber of Deputies, which she did, accompanied by her two sons and by several friends, among whom was the tutor M. Regnier. Thus the Comte de Paris left the Palace of the Tuilleries, which he was not to see again till twenty-four years after, burned in ruins. With difficulty they reached the Chamber where the Deputies were deliberating; they had not been there long before the mob burst into the hall, the tumult was terrific, the muskets of some of the ruffians were pointed at the Duchess and her sons. M. de Remusat (the present Minister of Foreign Affairs) placed himself before the Comte de Paris and protected him with his body. The Duchess fearing for her life and that of her children, had to quit the Chamber as quickly as possible; in the confusion the boys were separated from their mother, the elder was soon found and rejoined the Duchess in an apartment to which the mob had not yet penetrated, but the Duke de Chartres was inevitably detained, though his mother was assured of his safety, and he did not rejoin her till two days after at Bligny, near Orlans, to which place the Duchess, accompanied by M. de Mornay and M. Regnier, fled during the evening in a common cab, now then, however, recognized and fired at by the mob.

The Duke de Chartres was ill and weak, and was not till the 27th that they were able to quit Bligny, M. Regnier on the box of the carriage, where he was wet through by the rain, which descended in torrents, as well as Lomond's "Epitome," which he still had with him—the volume which the Comte de Paris has preserved as a souvenir, still bears traces of the soaking. At last at Amiens they were able to take the Railway, crossed the frontier, and reached Verriers in safety.

The Duchess and her children now took up their residence at Eisenach, the two boys pursued their studies here with the two sons of M. Regnier. In 1849, however, the family crossed to England; the Duchess had not seen the King and Queen since the sad events of the 24th February, 1848. She was escorted by her brother-in-law the Duke de Nemours. The passage was a rough one. All suffered from sea sickness; the Duchess wrote of her two sons at the time "one suffered with patience, only thinking of those who were attending to him; the other showed an ill contained fury against a malady whose inexorable power he refused to accept."

The Comte de Paris had profited by the lessons of his excellent master. Exile, travelling, the intelligent and tender solicitude of his mother, all had favoured the progress of his education. His character, naturally serious, ripened rapidly; every one at Claremont was struck with the change which had taken place in the boy during the last eighteen months. Henceforth, the young Prince and their mother passed their time between Germany and England. The King, the Queen, and the Duke de Nemours, d'Annale, and the Prince de Joinville, resided at Claremont, whether the other members of the family returned whenever they could. After the death of the King, in 1850, the Comte de Paris returned to Germany; he visited nearly every part of the Confederation, and became thoroughly acquainted with the political and intellectual condition of the country. When he attained his twentieth year, his mother felt the work to which she had devoted her life was completed; her eldest son had become a man in the most noble acceptation of the term. She says in a letter written at that period, "I cannot express the change which has taken place with regard to Paris. It is I who no longer protect him, I feel myself protected by him. I like to see him have a conscience separate from mine. When he is not of the same opinion as I am, I am almost glad. I dare to say it, I have respect for him."

The health of the Duchess, which was always delicate now rapidly declined. On the 18th May, 1858, she died very suddenly at Cranbourne house, Richmond. The death of this talented and pious Princess was deeply deplored, not only by her sons, but by all who had the privilege of her friendship or acquaintance. During the winter of

1857-58 the Comte de Paris had devoted himself to the study of Chemistry, under Professor Hoffmann, at the School of Mines in London; since then he has never lost an opportunity of perfecting his knowledge in that science. After the great sorrow which had smitten him, the Prince took a voyage to Spain, while his brother the Duke de Chartres entered the Military School of Pictmont, and when the Italian war broke out in 1859, made the campaign side by side with French soldiers; next year both brothers travelled together through the East visiting Egypt, Palestine, Sinai, and Greece. Chance brought the travellers to Syria, just at the time of the massacres of the Lebanon. The Comte de Paris published the result of his observations in a volume entitled "Damascus, and the Lebanon," which appeared in London, in 1865. The two Princes next went to study America and its institutions, accompanied by their uncle, the Prince de Joinville. It was in 1861, when the war of Secession was raging in the United States; they intended only remaining a few weeks, but the temptation to take part in the war was too strong, and the brothers requested to be allowed to serve in the Federal army. The Government consented, and the Orleans Princes were attached to the staff of General McClellan. A recent biographer of the Comte de Paris, M. Yriarte, states that the Prince declares that the happiest time during his whole life of exile, was that which he passed in the Federal Army of the Potomac. Though his special mission was to note down all the information that could be obtained as to the enemy's strength, position and plans, he, as well as his brother, were often engaged in battle, and frequently risked their lives. The expedition to Mexico, which caused unpleasant relations between the French Government and the United States, made it expedient for the Princes to return to England, though they were by no means favorable to the then policy of their own country.

[To be Continued.]

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY C. T.

How shall I train these dear children for a good and happy life hereafter? This is a question that often arises in a mother's heart.

Many years ago, when my children were young, it was my privilege to hear a sermon from the words spoken by the Princess to the mother of Moses: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages." These words, and the thoughts drawn from them by the preacher, were a daily encouragement to me. Every mother may feel that God speaks thus to her, and that if we nurse these precious children He has given us, for Him, He will surely pay us the best wages a mother can desire—the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing them grow up to love and serve Him. He will put grace in their hearts in this life, and give them glory hereafter.

Begin early to teach them to pray morning and evening, and do not doubt that every little child can love the Saviour, and come to Him with childlike trust: tell them how He loved little children, when on earth, and took them in his arms, and put his hands on them and blessed them.

Often take the little ones alone and pray with them, especially when they have grieved and disobeyed you. It is the most effectual way to subdue and soften their hearts; it shows them that you really feel how naughty they have been. Do not punish them in anger; this only arouses anger and resentment in them, but if they see there is justice in their punishment, they will love you the more for it.

Keep fast hold of their hearts, so that to please you will be a powerful motive in all they do, and let their love be very precious to you. Be patient in listening to their little grievances, enter into their plays, and cheerfully put aside books and work to attend to them.

Praise the days and months when your children are around you in the nursery, being moulded, like clay, by your example and gentle words. These happy days pass away all too soon; you will find them grown up before you realize it, and opportunities to make good impressions, or establish good habits, lost, never to return.

While they are young and impressionable, give them "live upon lines, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," and never be discouraged, for God will help you; you are doing a noble work, and your wages are sure.

The writer remembers the happy days when her little children were about her, and the joys and discouragements of that period. She can testify that when God promises, He does not disappoint, and she hopes these words may help and encourage young mothers, who are bearing the heat and burden of the day in all their duties, they need the sympathy and co-operation of their husbands. With a little task is easy and light, but wanting that, let them not falter, but take their cross to Him, who is so ready to answer with blessing. Mother at home.

A Belligerent Wild Cat.

The San Luis Tribune of the 21st June, gives an account of an exciting battle with a wild cat. It says:

We learn that an unusual and very exciting contest took place at the ranch of Ramon Felix, on Morra Creek, about fourteen miles from this place one morning last week. It seems that Mr. Felix, shortly after getting up in the morning, went out to feed his stock, and that soon after he was startled by the cries of his wife and family. Running to the house he found a large wild cat had seized his youngest child, an infant, by the back of the neck, and making off with it. After a severe struggle he succeeded in rescuing it, the cat making its escape. Some time after the excitement had subsided, an Indian boy about fifteen years old, went out to bring in some horses that had been staked out over night some distance from the house. He had been gone but a few minutes when the family was again aroused by the cries of the boy, who came rushing toward the house yelling like a madman, with the indelible cat that had caused the first disturbance firmly seated upon his back, with his teeth firmly embedded in the back of his neck. Another desperate battle ensued, which resulted in favor of the cat, which successfully cleaned out the whole Felix family, killed their two dogs, and retreated in good order to the house of E. M. Flores, under which he evinced himself, displaying all efforts to dislodge him until night when he escaped unscathed. The wounds received by the Indian boy were quite severe, and the good people, fearing that the cat was mad, thought it best to scurry the wounds. As they did by heating a crowbar, the only implement about the premises that answered the purpose. We understand that considering the ordeal of scratching, biting and singeing the boy passed through, he is doing remarkably well and will be all right again in a few days.

A Five Year Old Boy's Perilous Feat.

In Fall River on Saturday noon a little son of John Davis of that city, not five years old, got out of an open window into the gutter of the house, which is not more than three inches wide. In this narrow space, leaning probably upon the sloping roof, and at a height of thirty two or thirty three feet from the ground, the little fellow walked almost the entire length of the gutter on the north side of the block, and rounding the corner, proceeded a few feet further on the east side until he reached another window, which he tried to enter, but not being able to open it, he undertook to turn around and retrace his steps. In doing so, however, he fell sideways to the ground, striking principally upon the left side of his head and cheek, and staining the ground with his blood. Within eight or ten inches of where he struck was an iron sink, and about the same distance on the other side was a pile of stones, and had he struck upon either he would probably have been instantly killed. A little girl who saw him fall ran and told his mother, and when she came down and placed her arms under the prostrate, and as she at first feared, the dead body of her little son, he faintly murmured, "Mother." It is not known that any of his bones were broken, though those of his cheek may be injured to some extent. Notwithstanding his severe injuries, the little fellow is up and moving about home—New York Herald.

Mark Twain's Hotel.

Having lately opened an hotel and boarding house, I send you these my rules and regulations:—This house shall be considered strictly inn temperance. None but the brave should fare. Persons owing bills for board will be bored for bills. Boarders who do not wish to pay in advance, are requested to pull off their boots before retiring, if they can conveniently do so. Sitters rigidly charged once in six months, or more if necessary. Double boarders can have two beds with a room in it, or two rooms with a bed in it, just as they choose. Beds with or without bugs. All money and valuables to be left in care of the proprietor; as he will be responsible for no other loss. Beds with or without boards. Dreams will be charged for by the dozen. Nightmares hired out at reasonable rates. Stone walls will be furnished to snoring boarders, as the proprietor will in no wise be responsible for the broken symphonies of others' ears.

It is stated that certain "scientists" have recently come to the conclusion that the moon instead of being a cold and an extremely hot sphere, which may account for the usual effect of moonlight upon lovers. A newspaper remarks that this "knocks the green cheese theory."

A Charleston father gave a young man who had saved his daughter from drowning, a two year old steer and a shot gun.

POISONING OF THE ATMOSPHERE BY ARSENIC IN WALL-PAPERS.

The poisonous effects upon the air of rooms of arsenical pigments on wall paper have been generally ascribed to the inhalation of the dust, which was found to contain arsenic and copper, but cases of arsenical poisoning of this kind, have occurred in which, on account of the moisture still present in the wall and the effect of fixing of the colors, this explanation will not answer. Upon these a recent series of experiments by Fleck throws some light. Air in glass receivers was subjected to the action of Schweinfurth green and arsenious acid by simply placing these substances beneath some bodies in a moist condition, and by applying them as a coating to others, with and without paper, potato and wheat starch being employed as pastes. After from eight days to three weeks, in different cases, the presence of arseniuretted hydrogen in the air was unmistakably revealed by tests, and left no doubt that cases of chronic arsenical poisoning must be attributed not only to the mechanical poisoning must be attributed not only to the mechanical mixture of arsenical compounds with the air of rooms in the form of dust, but also to the presence of this gas, resulting from the decomposition of free arsenious acid in Schweinfurth green. It was also found that the development of the gas is favored by moisture in the air and the presence of organic matter, especially that in the paste. Mould appeared on the paper in some cases, showing that arsenic is not a preventive of its formation, as often stated.—EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD, in Harper's Magazine for September.

JOHN STUART MILL, THE WOMAN'S EVANGEL.

The highest encomium which John Stuart Mill now receives is that he would most value—is that every noble woman's heart in Europe is this day comfortless beside his grave. I remember to have been present once in a company composed chiefly of ladies of the higher class in Moscow, when a friend, introducing me, said, "He is a friend of John Stuart Mill," when instantly I was surrounded by all of that sex in the room, begging to be told of his look, his manner, and every word I had ever heard him speak. Each declared that she kept his work on the "Subjection of Women" by her side, and read it as her gospel. Throughout Russia I found it the same, and heard the sentiments of that work quoted on the stage amidst applause in which every woman made her hands attest the homage of her heart. In France the same women proudly claimed him as their adopted fellow citizen, and the tribute he had written on his wife's grave made them for a time, mimes of Hugo and About.

There never was a man more worthy to receive this homage and love from good women; for, great as was his intellect, and heroic as was his devotion to large public ends, he was, from his earliest to his latest days, distinguished among those who knew him as one whose affections were almost passionate in their depth, and whose love, when he did love, might be described as passing the love of woman.—M. D. CONWAY, in Harper's Magazine for September.

A BOSTON NOTION.—One of the latest Boston notions is a "Girl's Club." This institution is not of the Sorosis species. It is not literary, metaphysical, nor particularly convivial. It is essentially practical in its aims, and still perhaps remains so. The most important object of the most important object of the organization is to encourage among the young women of the present day a more thorough knowledge of the art of cookery. The club meets once a week, and each member is obliged to bring some choice dish of her own manufacture to contribute to the club "spread." Then then the practical sisterhood fall to and make away with their good things and discuss the novelties and excellencies of the different recipes and other details of model house-keeping. Each member is expected to bring a sharp appetite, and a little book in which to record the more notable successes in the way of new or old dishes that may be achieved at the meeting.

WESTERN JOURNALISM.—Secret are the ambitions of Western Journalists. The St. Louis Democrat goes for a contemporary in this line.

The Republican objects to the "Jack whistling" paragraphical flattery of the St. Louis Democrat. There is no "Jack whistling" flattery of any kind in Republicanism. Its editorials have the appearance of being written at so much per line yard, and they are never lacking in the vigor and originality which have made the Patent Office the most popular publishing lot in the world. As an editorial writer Alexander H. Stephens has no rivals outside of the Republican office. The Republican is very humorous sometimes, but, as is the case with babies, you can't always tell whether it's the cold or a smile that kills it.

—Instruction ends in the school; on but education ends only with life.

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