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Poetry.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

FOR THE BOYS.

One lazy day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long,
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe—
The good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And at last, as farmers say,
Beginning will to "haze."
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe—
The good old man was pleased to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered then,
And proved the moral well—
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow,
In life's extended field of toil,
Hoe always out your row.

The Hidden Star.

Ever since our hidden hours,
Happiness has been our theme;
We have sought it 'mid earth's flowers,
Where false lights resplendent gleam,
In the heartless world of fashion,
We have sought it near and far;
We've traversed haunts of vice and passion,
Still it is a hidden star.

But, yea, this star is somewhere shining,
Although 'tis hidden from our sight;
It gives to clouds their "silver lining,"
And lends to hope a heavenly light.
A single ray, though faintly gleaming,
May sometimes reach us from afar—
And cheer us by a moment's beaming,
Yet still remain a hidden star.

Miscellany.

THE WIDOWS POT OF GOLD.

A Pretty Cute Story.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants in the village of Centreville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a "pretty sharp eye to the main chance"—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under circumstances like these the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found an help-meet to share his house and name. But the deacon was rather wary. Matrimony to him was a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily the village of Centreville, and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—still unmarried, and in all probability likely to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow. The widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was about three or four years younger than deacon Bancroft. She was still quite comely. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her enough to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed, was the small, old-fashioned house in which she lived and a small sum of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven—too young yet to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief. She was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which necessarily imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is not surprising then, that under this state of affairs, the widow would have now and then betthought herself seriously of a second marriage as a means of bettering her condition, and need we esteem it an especial wonder, if, during her reflections upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a very prominent social position.

Some sagacious person has observed however, that it takes two to make a match—a fact to be carefully considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next door neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for flattery.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labor, the Widow Wells sat in the sitting room, with feet resting on the fender. "If I am ever so situated as not to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be quite happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I were only as well off as Deacon Bancroft."

Still the widow kept on thinking, and shortly her face brightened up. She had an idea, which she resolved to put into execution at the earliest practicable moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," she said to her son, on the morning of the next day, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's as you go along to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was not a little surprised at the summons. However, about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, deacon Bancroft, I do; but I am very much afraid that you will think strange of it—at least of what I have to say to you."

The deacon very politely premised not to be surprised, although at the time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes to the floor—"mind, I am only supposing the case—supposing a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The deacon picked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably, the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he?" inquired the widow, with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, certainly not—when the house was disposed of everything went with it as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I would like to have it satisfied."

Certainly, widow, certainly, said the deacon abstractedly.

And deacon, as you are here, I hope you'll stop to dinner with us; it will be on the table punctually at twelve."

Well, no, said the deacon. "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

At any rate, deacon, said the widow, lifting a steaming mince-pie from the oven, "You won't object to taking a piece of my mince pie; you must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well really, with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, 'On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice.'"

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto, the generous slice she set out for him, and, after a little more chatting upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in some mental perplexity.

Can it be possible, thought he, that the widow has really found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some? To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the premises who would be in the least likely to lay claim to an amount of gold, but the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of whom we know nothing. It might be, after all. The woman's earnest desire to have him think it was all curiosity likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

I will wait and watch, thought the deacon. So it happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the directors in a saving institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board. On the next occasion of this kind Widow Wells sent over to know if he could carry her over with him, as she had a little business to at-

tend to there. The request was readily accorded, and arriving in town Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank.

Ha! ha! thought the deacon, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he readily could, from the cashier, what business she had with the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, looking very nonchalant.

Can you give small bills for a five dollar gold piece? she inquired.

With pleasure, was the reply.

By the way, said she, the bank is in quite a flourishing condition, is it not?

None in the State on a better footing, was the prompt response.

You receive deposits, do you not?

Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day.

Do you receive as high as—as five thousand dollars?

No, said the cashier, with some surprise; or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who—

It is of no consequence, said the widow, hurriedly, I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as came within your limits?

Five per cent, madam.

Thank you; I merely asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is."

And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards Deacon Bancroft entered.

How's business now, Mr. Cashier? he asked.

About as usual.

Had any new deposits lately?

None of any magnitude.

I brought over a lady this morning, who seemed to have business with you.

Widow Wells?

Yes.

Do you know, said the cashier, whether she has had money left her lately?

None that I know, said the deacon, picking up his ears. Why? did she deposit any?

No; but she inquired whether we received deposits as high as five thousand dollars. Indeed! ejaculated the deacon. Was that all she came for? he inquired a moment afterwards.

No; she changed a gold piece for bills."

He pondered the deacon, reflectively; did she give any reason for requiring?

No; she said she only asked for curiosity.

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that this "curiosity" only veiled a deep motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had actually found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was equal to five thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this story.

Another thing, said the deacon complacently, I can see into a millstone about as far as most people—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one question, though, as to the prime fact of people's being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday Widow Wells appeared at church in a new stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

How much vanity some people have, to be sure! How a woman who has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell; I should think she was old enough to know better. (This last remark was made by a lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempts to catch a husband had hitherto proved utterly unavailing.)

I suppose, continued the same lady, she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I would condescend to such means I'd—I'd drown myself.

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because it would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth.

The widow had calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated.

Monday afternoon Deacon Bancroft found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It was about tea-time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and, somewhat to his surprise, actually did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought one of her best pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zest.

You'll take another piece, I know, said she persuasively.

Really, I am ashamed, said the deacon, and he passed his plate. The fact is, he said,

apologetically, your pies are so nice I don't know where to stop.

Do you call these nice? modestly said the widow. I only call them common. I can make mince pies when I set out to, but this time my luck was not so good as usual.

I shouldn't want any better, said the deacon emphatically.

Then I hope, if you like them, you'll drop in to tea-often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Bancroft.

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and she was such an excellent cook! Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection could there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought the question before her one evening. The widow blushed, professed to be greatly surprised,—in fact, she had never thought of the thing in life, but, on the whole, she thought highly of the deacon, and, to cut short the matter, accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.

Pot of gold! she exclaimed in surprise; I know of none. What put that extraordinary idea into your head?

The deacon anxiously related the circumstances on which his expression was grounded.

Oh, for! deacon, I only asked from pure curiosity.

And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?

Certainly. What else could it be?

The deacon went into the barn, and for about half an hour sat in silent meditation.

At the end of that time he ejaculated, as a closing consideration, after all, she makes good mince pies.

It gives me pleasure to state that the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life he never could make up his mind about that. "Pot of Gold."

CHECKING PERSEVERANCE.—A merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself, at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years, and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia, ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime.

Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four, the danger which attends cooling off to quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise or work or play, or of remaining exposed to a window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.—[Edinburgh paper.]

BETTER DRIVER WANTED.—Some years since there resided in R— an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion, by the name of Driver, yet familiarly known by the name of "Tom Driver," who loved a good joke, no matter whom it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from his position, he accosted him with:

"Well, friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough. I'm in the mud and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, 'Whoso gives to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied that was not the reason.

"Well, what is it, then?" asked the divine.

"Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R—," replied the farmer, pettishly, "they want a darned sight better Driver than they've got."

A FLANK MOVEMENT.—One of Sigel's soldiers gives the following account of a foraging adventure he had in Virginia:

"Well you see, I goes down to dat old fellow's place dat has a beech-orchard, verry verry stashed, to steal some beeches, and ven I gets to de vront gate vat you dinks I see? I sees dere a pig pull-dog, and he looks mighty savage. So I dinks I frightens him, and I says, Look here, Mr. Pull-dog, stand back, I fights on dis line all summer. But de pull-dog, he don't care for dat, so I vlinks him!"

How did you do dat?

Vy, I goes verry aroud, so as de pull-dog couldn't see me, and ven I gets to de back gate vat you dinks I see? Vy dere I see dat same old pull-dog! So I vlinks him again."

How did you do dat?

Vy, I goes verry aroud again, so as he couldn't see me to anoder little beech orchard, and ven I gets dere vat you dinks I see? Vy dere I see dat same old pull-dog! So I vlinks him again."

How did you do dat?

Vy, I says to dat old pull-dog, Look here, Mister Pull-dog, I vlinks you, dere dimes, and every dimes I find you de same old pull-dog. I am your old beeches; who cares for your old beeches? My dime is out next month and de country may go to de devil for beeches; so I goes to my den."

COUNTRY PAPERS.—These Use.

Country papers are of much more use than the people imagine.

They aid in directing public attention to matters in which every citizen of the country is more or less interested.

They contribute, in variety of ways, to the information of public opinion on subjects of public interest.

They aid in giving character and importance to the country in which they are published.

They stimulate a taste for reading, and disseminate, in the course of one year, a vast amount of useful information which would not reach a portion of their readers through any other channel.

They are of essential use in a family in fostering a taste for reading among children. Country papers enjoy an advantage in this respect over papers published at a distance; because many of their items are of a local interest, which naturally attracts a child's attention. The advertising columns of these papers are particularly attractive to this class of readers.

Country papers, by the local information they contain, are often the means of drawing new and valuable citizens to the country in which they are published.

Without a paper a Town or County is behind the times; and where they bave one it should be well supported.

Salmon eggs have been successfully transported from England to Australia, although the voyage occupied more than three months. On their arrival 80 per cent were found to be in a perfectly healthy condition. Two or three ova boxes were kept at Melbourne, and others were sent to Tasmania. On being removed to the hatching boxes in ponds, a large portion of the ova were found to be dead, but those that remained alive amounted to many thousands, and are amply sufficient, if they should all continue to thrive and become living fish, to insure the complete success of the experiment, and stock the waters of Australia with the most delicious known table fish.

CURIOSITIES.—There is a farmer in Putnam county, N. Y., who has a wife and a half of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and two girls. Eight furlongs, one mile.—[N. Y. Leader.]

There is a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo., who has two barrels and a half of children. His name is Peck, and he has ten "boys" and girls. Four pecks one bushel.—[St. Louis Democrat.]

There is a lady in Boston who was husband to her husband before they were married, and who has given him three husbands since marriage. Her name was Husband, which was unchanged in marriage.—[Boston Post.]

There is a lady in West Liberty, O., who has favored her husband with thirty-six dozen children in three births. Her name was Gross, and her children are Gross receipts.—[Urbana Union.]

A citizen of Buffalo was presented by his wife with a child, some week ago, and he has been the father of one more! every morning since. Of course his name was Moore. —[Buffalo Courier.]