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the "Travellers Accident"  
of Hartford, and recently  
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for building and other pur-  
business, as an Aus-

W. D. MORRIS,

MAILS.

arrangements at the Post  
are as follows:

TRIVE.

st, daily by train, Sunday

St. George, daily at 6 P. M.

Chamook and Bocabee

Wednesday and Friday

M.

Grand Manan, Campo

Indian Island, Lord's Cove

Fairhaven, on Tuesday and

Friday.

Thursday and Saturday at

10 A. M.

SPART.

Monday excepted, 8.30 A. M.

George, daily, 7 A. M.

ook and Bocabee, Monday,

Friday, 7 A. M.

Grand Manan, Campo Bello,

Indian Island, Lord's Cove

and Bocabee, on Tuesday and

Friday at 8.30 A. M.

Monday and Saturday at

30 A. M.

to be forwarded by Train

A. M.

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arrival of the Train.

EO. F. CAMPBELL,

Post Master.

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**BANK OF**  
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**Poetry.**  
**THE SWALLOWS.**  
Captive on the Moorish shore,  
Bent with chains, a warrior lay.  
"Are ye here," he cried, "once more,  
Birds who hate the winter's day?  
Swallows, whose sweet hope pursues  
Hither even across the sea,  
Doubtless ye of France have news—  
Speak, oh speak of home to me!  
Three years have I pray'd for truth  
That some token ye would bear  
From that vale which saw my youth  
Nursed in dreams so sweet and fair.  
Where a limpid stream winds round  
Many a fresher blade-tree,  
Ye my cottage home have found—  
Of that vale oh speak to me!  
One of ye perchance was born  
'Neath the eaves of that dear cot!  
Of the mother there forlorn,  
You must have mourn'd the lot.  
Dying, she may hope in vain  
My return each hour to see:  
Then she lists—then weeps again—  
Of her love oh speak to me!  
Is my sister wedded yet?  
Have you seen a nuptial throng  
Of our village youngsters met,  
Her to praise and him in song?  
And my youthful comrades—they  
Who took arms with me in glee,  
Have they reach'd their village yet?  
Of these friends oh speak to me!  
Ah! the stranger o'er their graves  
Now may foot it through the vale—  
Those who fill my heart he braves,  
Makes my matchless sister wail!  
Mine no mother may be more!  
Chains, still chains my lot must be:  
Swallows, of my native shore,  
Speak ye of its woes to me!

**Miscellany.**  
**Humors of an Irish Student.**  
Among the many peculiar tastes which distinguished Mr. Francis Webber, was an extraordinary fancy for street begging; he had, over and over, won large sums upon his success in that difficult walk; and so perfect were his disguises both of dress, voice, and manner, that he actually, at one time, succeeded in obtaining charity from his very opponent in the wager. He wrote ballads with the greatest facility, and sang them with infinite pathos and humor; and the old woman at the corner of College Green was certain of an audience, when the severity of the night would leave all other minstrelsy deserted. As these feats of "jonglerie" usually terminated in a row, it was a most amusing part of the transaction to see the singer's part taken by the mob against the college men, who, growing impatient to carry him off to supper somewhere, would invariably be obliged to have a fight for the booty. Now, it chanced that a few evenings before, Mr. Webber was returning with a pocket well lined with copper, from a musical reunion he had held at the corner of York Street, when the idea struck him to stop at the end of Grafton Street, where a huge stone grating at that time exhibited, perhaps it exhibits still, the descent to one of the great main sewers of the city. The light was shining brightly from a pastry-cook's shop, and showed the large bars of stone, between which the muddy water was rushing rapidly down, and plunging in the torrent that ran boisterously several feet beneath. To stop in the street of any crowded city is,

under any circumstances, an invitation to others to do likewise, which is rarely unaccepted; but, when in addition to this, you stand fixedly in one spot, and regard with stern intensity any object near you, the chances are ten to one that you have several companions in your curiosity before a minute expires. Now, Webber, who had at first stood still, without any particular thought in view, no sooner perceived that he was joined by others, than the idea of making something out of it immediately occurred to him. "What is it, aggra?" inquired an old woman, very much in his own style of dress, pulling at the head of his cloak. "And can't you see for yourself, darlin'?" replied he sharply, as he knelt down, and looked most intensely at the sewer. "Are ye long there, avick?" inquired he of an imaginary individual below; and then waiting as if for a reply, said, "Two hours!" "Blessed Virgin!" he two hours in the drain!" By this time the crowd had reached entirely across the street, and the crushing and squeezing, to get near the awful spot, was awful. "Where did he come from?" "Who is he?" "How did he get there?" were the questions on every side, and various surmises were afloat, till Webber, rising from his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper to those nearest him, "He's made his escape to night out of Newgate by the big drain, and lost his way; he was looking for the Lilly, and took the wrong turn." To an Irishman, what appeal could equal this? A culprit, at any time, has his claim upon their sympathy; but let him be caught in the very act of cheating the authorities, and evading the law, and his popularity knows no bounds. Webber knew this well; and, as the mob thickened around him, sustained an imaginary conversation that Savage Lander might have envied, imparting now and then such hints concerning the runaway, as raised their interest to the highest pitch, and fifty different versions were related on all sides of the crime he was guilty of; the sentence passed on him—and the day he was to suffer. "Do ye see the light, dear," said Webber, as some ingeniously benevolent individual had lowered down a candle with a string; "do ye see the light, oh! he's fainting, the creature." A cry of error from the crowd burst forth at these words, followed by an universal shout of "Break open the street!" Pickaxes, shovels, spades, and crow-bars, reduced absolutely the walking accompaniments of the crowd, so suddenly did they appear upon the field of action, and the work of exhumation was begun with a vigour that speedily covered nearly half of the street with mud and paving stones; parties relieved each other at the task, and ere half an hour, a hole capable of containing a mail-coach, was yawning in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Dublin. Meanwhile, as no appearance of the culprit could be had, dreadful conjectures as to his fate began to gain ground. By this time the authorities had received intimation of what was going forward and attempted to disperse the crowd; but Webber, who still continued to conduct the prosecution, called on them to resist the police, and save the poor creature. And now began a most terrific fray; the stones forming a ready weapon, were hurled at the unprepared constables, who, on their side, fought manfully, but against superior numbers; so that, at last, it was only by the aid of a military force the mob could be dispersed, and a riot which had assumed a very serious character, put under. Meanwhile, Webber had reached his chambers, changed his costume, and was relating over a supper table the narrative of his philanthropy to a very admiring circle of his friends.

**Eloquence.**—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity has seldom been surpassed:—"Mr. Speaker—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embraces of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phoebus rises in all his golden majesty, whole flocks of pigs are destroyed."

**This is related by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie:** He chanced with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in his desk people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give raciness to his words: "All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

**Lord Oranmore on Scotch Education.**  
Lord Oranmore, in the course of the debate in the House of Lords on the compulsory clause said—The important questions involved in my amendment are these—Has the State a right to make secular education compulsory? and if so are there valid reasons for greater compulsion and heavier penalties for neglect in Scotland than in England? In the Act of 1870 power is given to School Boards to pass bye-laws obliging parents to send children between certain ages to school, if not otherwise educated, but limiting the penalty for non-compliance to a fine of 5s. which includes costs. The present bill renders it obligatory on all parents to give their children elementary education. It obliges Boards to ascertain the fact that all parents who do not provide such education shall be prosecuted for not doing so, and subjects them to a penalty not exceeding 10s. besides 20 cost, or 14 days imprisonment! There can be no doubt therefore, that under this Act a new penal of fence is created, and severe penalties attached to it; that while the State repudiates all moral or religious education on the one hand it enforces secular teaching. The noble duke's character fully sustains his appreciation of the value of religious instruction, but I feel it difficult to understand how he reconciles the enactments of this bill with those convictions. The countrymen of the noble duke are an astute race. May they not ask him these questions: Has education produced the results that were expected from it? It has been supported by very increasing grants of public money, but do criminal statistics show a proportionate decrease of crime? Large lending libraries and reading rooms have been established, but do not their reports show that the principal reading is confined to works of a sensational character, and to a press which in straits in views that are very philanthropic, but contrary to all common sense? Will not such instruction tend to make my children discontented and unprofitable, rather than profitable and useful members of the community? Formerly in connection with secular instruction he learnt his duty to God and to his neighbor, but now the state repudiates this as useless teaching. May he not say all secular education is forgotten after a few years, which is not kept alive by being part of a man's daily employment, while religious education is never forgotten; it must influence it if it do guide, for the daily recollections and casualties of life force it on every one's attention? May he not ask whether the State that deprives him of the earnings of his child is not bound to provide food and raiment, which are even more urgent necessities than education? Then as the standard of education in Scotland is at least as high as it is in Prussia, where education is compulsory, why insert so penal a clause as this? I submit that unless the noble duke can answer these common-sense questions so as to satisfy your lordships there are reasons that do not appear on the face of the matter for enacting this penal clause, your lordships will not accept it, but rather by substituting the milder form of the English Act leave it in the same direction to Scotch Boards as is now vested in English School Boards.

**Josh Billings on Counting.**  
Counting is a luxury, it is said. It is no water, it is a beverage, it is the pleasure of the soul. The man who has never counted has lived in vain; he has his blind men among landscapes and water-shapes; he has been a doll man in the land of land organs, and by the side of murmuring canals; Counting is like 2 little springs of soft water that stand out from under a rock at the foot of a mountain and run down a hill side by side singing and dancing and splashing each other, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now billing under bank, now full of sun now under shadow, did bimby the fine and then the go slow. I am in favor of long counting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump heads, it is good exercise and is just as interesting as 2 merino lambs. Counting is like strawberries and cream, wants to be dill-slow then you get the flavor. I have saw folks get acquainted, fall in love, get married, and get down and get few less, in 3 weeks from date. This just the way sam folks learn a trade, and accounts for the great number of milky-mean mechanics we hev and the poor jobs they turn out. Perhaps it is best I shud state sam good advice few young men, who are about to court with a fixed view to matrimony as it waz. In the first place, men, you want few git yure system awl rite, and then find a yung woman who is willin tew to be courted on the square. The next thing is tew find out how old she is, which you can dew by asking and she will say that she is 19 years old, and this you will find out how far from the way. The next best thing is tew begin moderate; say once every night in the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require it. It is a fast rate waz tew court the girl's mother a letter on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despises,

and that is, a little good counting if it is done strictly on the square. After five fast year you will begin to be well acquainted and will begin to like the business. There is one thing I always advise, and that is not to swap photographs oftener than once in 10 days, unless you forget how the gals look. Occasionally you want to look sorry and draw in you're mind ez the' you had pain, this will set the gal tea-zing you to find out what ails you. Evening meetings are a good thing to tend. It will keep your religion in tune; and then if the gal happens tew be there, by accident, she kan ask you tew go home with her. As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other gals much when I was courtin'; it make to look as tho' you know tew much. If you will count 3 years in this waz, and the time on the square, if you don't see it is a little the slikest time in your time life, you kan git measured for a hat at my expense—and pay for it. Don't count for nunny, nor body, nor rela-huns, these things are just about ez onartin as a kerosene oil refining business, little tew get out of re-pair and bust at any minnet. Court a gal for love, for the luv yu bear her, for the virtue and business there is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as you wud court a farm—for the strength off the soil and the part ekision of the title; court her as tho' she wuz a fule and yu anntil-er; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash tub and at the dinner; court her this waz, court her man, and if yu don't git a good wife, the fault won't be in the counting. Young man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kan't make these wuz, jist send for him and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shud cost you a cent.

**A Traveller.**  
As we were about leaving the hotel at Philadelphia this morning, there occurred some delay from a passenger in the third story. Pretty soon, we heard a sharp altercation upstairs, followed by the appearance of a stout fat man with a red face, who preceded a negro with an arm full of boots. The short fat man hobbled to the bar; and in a sort of ominous whisper, as though he took some credit for not being in a lowering passion, said:—"Landlord, where are my boots?" "Why, really, sir, I—what number were they?" "What has that got to do with it?" said the fat man, beginning to get excited. "I don't know the number; I believe they were 8, with low heels and pegged." "Ah, you mistake; what is the number of your room?" "Forty-five." "And did you put the number on your boots, when you took them off?" "What have I to do with marking boots?" Do you think I carry a bottle of ink in my pocket to prevent my boots being stolen?" "But there was a piece of chalk on the stand where you took them off?" "A piece of thunder and lightning!" said the other. "I'll tell you what, landlord, this won't do. The simple question is, Where are my boots?" I took them off in this house, and you are responsible for them. That's law all over the world." "Carriage waiting," said the driver. "Let it wait, said the fat man. Suppose I can go without my boots?" "Here be one pair that weren't marked," said the black; "are them on?" "Them on, you rascal, why they are an inch too short, and the heels are two inches high." "Carriage waiting, and the boat will leave if I wait any longer," shouted the driver, while we in the carriage were all trying him to start. The fat man gasped for breath. Landlord, again ask, Where are my boots?" "Why, really, sir, I—"

"Go, or not?" said the driver. The short man seized the unmarked boots, and strained and pulled till he got them on, and, groaning as though his feet were in a vice. "I'll tell you what it is, landlord, I call all these people to witness—" "Carriage starting," said the bystanders. The fat man started too, and was just getting into the coach, when the black touched his coat tail, saying, "Remember the servant, sir." Yes, said the other, turning round and laying his cane over the waiter's head, "take that, and that, and try and see if you can remember me, and my boots, too." After we reached the boat, and for a long time, the fat man seemed lost in a reverie, looking at his new boots. I once heard him mutter, "After all, if I get the heels cut off, they won't be so very uncomfortable, and mine did leak a little." Thus may we draw comfort from the worst of ills, for what is worse than losing one's boots when the carriage is waiting, and the boat about to start? Reading without intelligence injures the brain and stomach mechanically.

**GOING A-FISHING.**—The following is an "order for supplies" for a fishing party of two:—"Please to send, by bearer, the following articles, which, if you prefer it, you can charge to either Mr. A— or Mr. B—. Either is the safest:—Four pounds of salt and a small cask of whiskey; one pound of ground black pepper and a dozen bottles of whiskey; four pounds of hard and a large jug of whiskey; four canvassed hams and six quart-bottles of whiskey; three good stout fishing lines, and a quarter of hundredweight of bleuit, same weight Cheshire cheese, and two large quart pocket flasks of whiskey; one paper of large Limerick hooks, and a gallon of whiskey in an old vessel you don't use; also send one-pound of white sugar and a small jug of whiskey. P. S. A— we shud be gone several days; and as we may get wet fishing, my physician, who has just stepped in, suggested that we had better take a little whiskey. Send it, and enter it on your books with other items above."

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that don't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man don't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles at the despoiler of his pants when he meets him, and calls it "steeping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a pecking stone in each of his coat tail pockets and started for the house as usual. The old man let out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he laid down on the grass and said: "I die by the hand of an assassin." But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.

A CERTAIN writer administers a sharp rebuke to those persons who are lavish in everything but charity, and says:—"I have seen a woman, professing to love Christ more than the world. Clad in a silk dress costing \$75; making up and trimming of same, \$10; bonnet, or apology for one \$35; velvet mantle, \$150; diamond ring, \$500; watch, chain, pin, and other trappings, \$300; total, \$1100—all hung upon a frail, dying worm. I have seen her at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes upon an expensive, embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and when the contribution box came round, take from a well filled portemonnaie for every work man'ship twenty-five cents to aid the society formed to promote their welfare."

A correspondent gives a touching instance of his own modesty:—"I found a cockroach wriggling in a box of water I took a hair pen; not shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars and let him go. The next morning I started him and he put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks and set the toothpick up on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat a-fishing. The cockroach, exhausted, had gone to sleep. The sight melted me to tears. I never had to claw leather to get a suit. I was born with one. I took the cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel, and let him go. That animal never forgot that act, and now my house is chock full of cockroaches."

A person is responsible for this story:—"Poor Jones died while you were away last summer. In all my experience I never saw so disconsolate and grief broken a creature as poor little Mrs. Jones; it was very sudden, you know. I went to the house as soon as I heard of it; I offered my sympathy; but her sorrow was uncontrollable. In such cases I think it best that the mourner should be left alone. So I prepared to depart." "I still have you, poor bereaved one," said I, "with this figuration: Pray—pray that God will vouchsafe His comfort; that He will enable you to receive the promised bow in the end."—"Oh, rector," she burst in, "how can you think of such a thing? It's too—too too premature, I'm sure."

"And," continued the old gentleman, checking the off rein and wheeling away from the gate, "after some cogitation, I fancied that I discovered that the bow I was talking about and the 'beast' she was thinking about weren't the same kind of a bow at all."

A Pennsylvania hotel man has gone largely into the echo business, up in the Lehigh Valley. He engaged a boy to recite himself behind a clump of trees and to repeat the words of the visitors who came to hear the echo. One day there was no reply—the echo struck for higher wages; so the wonder-seekers smashed his bottles for him, and treated the boy to root beer as a testimonial of regard.