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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### THE SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid with cold,  
And purple and swollen feet,  
A woman in rags sat crouch'd on the flags  
Singing the Song of the Street;  
"Starve! Starve! Starve!"  
"O God, 'tis a fearful sight!  
How the wind does blow the sleet and the  
snow!  
Will it ever again be light?"

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,  
I have beat at the work-house door,  
To be told again that I clamour in vain,  
They are full; they can hold no more."  
Starve! Starve! Starve!  
Of the crowds that pass me by,  
Some with pity, some in pride, but more with  
indifference turn aside,  
And leave me here to die!

"O you that sleep in beds  
With coverlet, quilt and sheet,  
Oh, think, when it snows, what it is for those  
That lie in the open street;  
That lie in the open street  
On the cold and frozen stones,  
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,  
Bites into the very bones.

"Oh, what with the wind without,  
And what with the cold within,  
I own I have sought to drive away thought  
With that curse of the tempted—Gin!  
Drink! Drink! Drink!  
Amid ribaldry, gas and glare,  
If there's hell on earth,  
'Tis the ghastly mirth  
That maddens, at midnight, there.

O you that never have strayed  
Because you never were tried,  
Oh, look not down, with a pharisee's frown,  
On those that have swerved!  
And you that hold the scales,  
And you that gibber away  
That the 'only plan' is the prison van  
The treadmill, or the scourge—

Oh, what are the lost to do?  
To famish, and not to feel?  
For days to go, and not to know  
What it is to have one meal;  
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,  
They must either starve or steal.

"Food—Food—Food!  
If it be but a loaf of bread;  
And a place to lie  
And a place to die  
If it be but a work-house bed!  
If you will not give to those that live,  
You at least must bury the dead!"

With lips all livid and blue,  
And purple and swollen feet,  
A woman in rags sat crouch'd on the flags,  
And sang the Song of the Street.  
As she ceased the doleful strain  
My homeward path I trod;  
And the cry and the prayer,  
Of that lost one there,  
Went up to the throne of God.

A lost cow lately advertised by the following notice, which was posted on trees and fences near the owners dwelling, Strayed or Stolen—A large Red Cow, with Yellow Spots on her left side, and a pair of white specks on her left ear. She is about seven or eight years old, and belongs to a poor widow with a short tail. Ten dollars will be given to anybody who will return her to Newark. June 17, 180072.

## THE STEPMOTHER.

Julia and Walter Barksdale lived with their grandmother in a sweet old house, which stood on the crown of a sloping hill. Their father, lived in the far West, and his life was such a busy one that once a year was as often as he could see his children.

One day a letter came which gave some concern to Grandma and to Aunt Cattie, and Aunt Jenny too. It said:

"You all have had the care of my little ones long enough, and I am going to marry again and take them home with me. I don't know if it will suit little country children to live in town; but I hope after a while, they will be very happy with their new mother. She is a gentle, lovely girl, and will love them and care for them for my sake, I know."

"How will these children ever get used to a stranger, and be happy with her," sighed grandmother.

"We will have to take care to say pleasant things about Miss Annie Clifford," said Aunt Cattie. "I think the most unkind and injudicious thing in the world is to set a child against its stepmother."

So did 'not' think Miss Penny Jones, an old lady who lived in the neighborhood, and was then on a visit to "The Hills."

"Poor little things," she would foolishly say in their hearing, "They'll have a hard time. They'll be neglected, or they'll be brought up quick with a tight rein, even if this young woman don't treat them real bad. I never believed in a stepmother anyhow."

"Do please, Miss Penny," one of the kind aunts would say, "don't let Julia or Walter hear you; you will make trouble for him."

"Walty, don't fella, when they were at their play one day, what are you going to call Miss Annie Clifford?"

"I'm going to call her Miss Annie Clifford," said Walter in a five-year-old wisdom. "I don't believe she's nice; Miss Penny said so, and she knows. I heard her say, 'poor children,' and then she shook her head. You may believe she knows."

"I don't believe she's not nice; I don't think papa would like her if she wasn't; and he said, you know, that she was lovely. I mean to love her if I can."

"I don't mean to love her, and I won't," said Walter.

When the brown days of October came, Mr. Barksdale brought his wife to see his people. Miss Annie Clifford, as Walter persisted in calling her, was a very young girl, merry and light-hearted. Miss Penny came over to see for herself how matters stood. "I don't believe, thought she, that she'll ever take those children; she don't look to me like the sort that's going to take any trouble she can help; and she's nothing but a child herself."

Mrs. Barksdale was in years not more than a child, but she had a woman's heart and a woman's will, too; which fortunately, was for good, and a prayerful spirit. She had thought well over what she was taking upon herself, and at first she had thought she could never make up her mind to do it; but the love that came before she knew it, plead hard against her determination; and when she took Herbert Barksdale, for better, and for worse, she meant it, and, with a flutter at her heart, had hoped "those children" might not take it "for worse."

She was as much afraid of them as they were of her. When she met them at first a little set expression in Walter's mouth made her a little anxious; but she thought, "A little patience and all will be well."

Sister, I heard Aunt Cattie say we were not going with papa and Miss Annie Clifford. Maybe she will never go.

Yes we will, Walty; we're only going to wait till they've got the house and furniture—and oh! Walty, what do you think?

I think she's getting a little bit nice, said Walty. Ain't she though! She's going to give me a little playroom, with beautiful chairs and tables, a bureau and lounge—all little ones, just big enough for you and me; and we can have such nice little parties, and I can play dollies all day.

Not all day, dear, said the new mamma, who was walking near and heard them talking. Don't you know the old saying about all play, and no work? I wouldn't have my little daughter a "mere toy" but a helpful little woman. And what must I get for you, Walter, in place of sister's little room?

Tell me a story, said Walter, 'bout that boy whose papa gave him a coat with a whole lot of blue and red in it; and you said you knew another one about Moses too, 'bout Moses.

That is easily done. What else.

Well, I'd like to have a pony. That is a big thing to get, and what is worse to keep. Papa won't have grandma's hay and oats in town to feed a pony with. Can't you think of something else?

No'm; I don't want anything but a pony. He's so little, mamma, said Julia, ashamed of Walter's large demand,—though she did not know herself how absurd it was—she did not know any better.

I know it, dear. I don't know how we can manage to have the pony, but we will see.

Walter was being won over by his mother's gentle, winning way. She had not forced herself upon him; but seeing that he was disposed to be shy of her, she bided her time.

Under some of the trees in the lawn were rustic seats. On one of these Walty espied Miss Annie reading. She did not see him as he tripped up, and started when she heard his voice. "Miss Annie, I say! won't you tell me that story now?"

"Yes, Mr. Walty; with pleasure."

"What do you call me Miss Annie for?"

Walty hung his head. She took him on her lap and these came no end of stories, all about Joseph and Moses; how Moses stretched out his arm and brought the locusts and frogs, and all the plagues God saw fit to send upon the wicked king of Egypt. Then her voice softened as she told "that sweet story of old." Our hearts are sometimes like the Inn people, dear Walty. When we are naughty, and our dear Saviour wants to whisper to us to be good, we won't listen to Him; then we are like those hard-hearted people, and there is no place for Him with us. We will try and keep him with us, won't we, dear?

I don't think I'll call you Miss Annie, any more. I think you are just good—and that old Miss Penny is a crow.

I wouldn't call names, Walty; what is the trouble?

Oh, my! I didn't mean to tell; I wouldn't even tell Granny.

Did you promise not to tell? If you did I don't want you to break your promise—a good boy always keeps his promises; but I want my boy not to make any silly or wrong ones, ever, for sometimes it is wicked to keep or keep them, when they wrong other people.

No'm, I didn't promise; but I didn't want to tell tales on Miss Penny. She said you wasn't going to be good and kind to us, and you were our stepmother. Sister said papa wouldn't like you if you wasn't good and nice, but I didn't like to call you mamma; and I'm so sorry.

A shade came over Mrs. Barksdale's face. It was a great wrong Miss Penny had done her. I hope she did not do it maliciously, she thought; "perhaps she thinks it."

Maybe Miss Penny knows some one who does not think and pray over her duty to her husband's children, Walty; and I should not wonder if such a person would be unkind. I have done both, my dear, and I hope when you know me a little better, you will be able to tell her that a stepmother is not always a bad thing for a boy to have. And I can best you in a race from here to where papa is; don't you see him by that big tree? 'Ope to make ready, two for a shov; three to make ready, and four for to go?"

Walty won the race, but the new mother felt that she had won Walty's heart. So when at the end of a fortnight, the time arrived for them to go, and the children had to say good-bye to the dear old "Hills," they were like Rory O'Moore's Katie, and had a "smile on their lips, but a tear in their eyes."

"Good-bye, Granny dear," sobbed Julia; "you must come and see my little room, and I'm coming back home next spring."

And Aunt Cattie, we're going to have a pony, only we're to have a little carriage, so we can all ride," whispered Walter. "It's a secret, but mamma told me, and she is the jolliest mamma!"

"And won't you miss me, Walty?"

"Why, yes, of course; but I am out here with you all, and the old place, and she's in town you know, and hasn't any children all day, while papa is in the office, and she'll be so lonesome."

Walter did not feel disposed to be very friendly with Miss Penny—rather gave her the cold shoulder when she came to the "Hills" and asked the children numberless questions about home and mother. When she went away he said to Julia:

"Mamma is right; she don't know any better, poor old lady. She never had a nice stepmother!"

ANCIENT CASTLE SOLD.  
William the Conqueror's castle in Normandy, France, or rather the ruins of it, was lately sold at Trouville. The ruins are in a village called Bonneville, and are of considerable historic interest. It was in this castle that William prepared the plans for his successful invasion of England, and afterwards it was used for a prison for Philippe Augustus, who began to reign as King of France in 1180. Francis I, afterwards used the castle as a hunting box. William the Conqueror, the original owner of the castle, died at Rouen, and was buried in a small village near there.

## A GERMAN SEY.

A German, who in spite of the decree of expulsion contrived to remain in France thro' the late war, has just published a history of his experiences during that time. Among other interesting matters touched on by him the following is this account, derived, as he tells us, from the Sub Prefect of Gien, of the arrest and execution of the Prussian spy Harth:

The word *espion Prussien* was in every mouth; in every foreign face a spy was seen. The spy fever had seized the smallest places. Under these circumstances a young and gentlemanly looking man was arrested in Gien; his foreign appearance had caused remark and his steps were followed. He arrived late in the evening before by rail, and early in the morning had left his hotel, crossed the bridge over the Loire, and stopping often to examine the country, was seen to take notes. This was enough naturally; he was at once made prisoner and brought before the Sub Prefect, M. B., a worthy man, but a strict and upright functionary. Who are you, and what is your name? asked M. B. My name is Von Harth, was the answer. I am a Prussian by birth, was formerly a Prussian officer, but left the army about a year ago, and went over to London to take a situation in a house of business. What brought you here just now, at a time when our nations are engaged in war with one another? The war is the cause of my leaving my situation in London; I am on my way to join my family in Switzerland. But what made you break your journey through France at Gien, which possesses no importance nor attraction, except from a strategic point of view? I could go no farther as my money ran out; the few coppers you found in my pocket will convince you of that, and I was expecting a remittance here. How came you then to have these topographical notes of the region round Gien in your pocket-book?

Don't you think it natural, was the calm unembarrassed reply, that ennu should drive me to take them? Besides, I like to benefit by my travels; the country attracted me, and I simply gave way to an old habit of collecting notes of travel.

In the interview then ended; nothing suspicious was found in the prisoner's luggage, but on the following day he was handed over to the military authorities at Orleans, then he was sent to Paris, brought before a court martial, and shot. The personal impression made upon the Sub Prefect was very favorable to the young man. M. B. assured me that he pre-ferred in his presence the dignity and bearing of a gentleman, that his coolness, the firmness of his demeanor, and his language imposed upon him, and inspired him with real sympathy; he debated with himself for a moment even whether he ought not to release the prisoner, and that his responsibility to his superiors and to his conscience left him no choice. Moreover, the excitement in Gien was so great that the release of the suspected stranger would have had the worst results.

CAPE TOWN.  
Cape Town the only city in South Africa, is prettily situated under the frowning brow of Table Mountain, while before it lies a magnificent bay. On entering this from the sea, a panoramic view bursts upon the gaze. From Green Point, on the right, rise the Lion's Head and Rump, with other elevations of 1,500 feet. We look directly into the docks filled with shipping, while on the left are picturesque buildings of the city, forming a contrast to the green sides and grey summit of the mountain. We reach the pier, on which a motley crowd are collected. Is the French war over, have they had another battle? What are your dates from, Southampton? and such like eager interrogatives filled my ears as I "and on the African strand." "Mister Captain, Masouie de only hotel." "Pardieu de Walsley way." "Ho for de Fountain." The excited throng of porters, &c. seemed as much alive to business as in New York, or the "Hub" itself, and they waylaid me in such an offensive manner that I was obliged to run for a cab. Fortunately there are two or three hotels, clean, comfortable, and cheap, and in the Fountain I found all necessary comfort for \$1.00 per day. English, Dutch, Arikanders (native whites), Malays, Kaffirs, Hottentots, and Colles all have a home in Cape Town; while the mixture of races has evidently reached a lead unknown in other parts of the world.

The fact is, it would puzzle an ethnologist to separate Cape children in races; he would say with Artemus Ward, "It's not to be did." The town has the usual complement of banks, halls, and churches, with the addition of Parliament and government Houses. The architecture, however, is tame and heavy, and has all risen under the hands of ponderous Dutch masters. The town owes its cleanliness to the dry and stony nature of the soil, which absorbs what in most cities runs into sewers. In fact, if New Orleans or other tropical cities in flat positions were to adopt the rules and customs of Cape Town with regard to drainage, they would be depopulated in a twelvemonth.

—From an article entitled The Diamond Field of South Africa, in the New Dominion Monthly for Nov.

## Singular Story about a Burglar.

The Sheffield (English) "Tele-graph" has a singular story of a burglary committed two or three years ago at an old-fashioned house in a southern country. The lady who occupied the house retired to her room shortly before midnight, and found a man under bed. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time she sat down and took her Bible from her dressing-table. Opening the sacred book at random, it so happened that the chapter lighted on was that containing the parable of the Prodigal Son. Kneeling down, when the chapter was ended she prayed aloud—prayed earnestly and fervently. She bestowed safety for herself during the peril of the night, and fast herself in supreme confidence on the Divine protection. Then she prayed for others who might have been tempted in ill doing, that they might be led from evil, and brought into the fold of Christ; that to such might be vouchsafed the tender mercy and loving kindness promised to all who truly repent their sins. Lastly she prayed that, if he would, it, even to night, some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come; might like the "Prodigal" be made to see that he had sinned, and might so be welcomed with the joy that awaits even the penitent. The lady rose from her knees and went to bed.

The man got up as noiseless as he could, and said:—I mean you no harm, ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and thank you for your prayers. With difficulty he opened the bedroom door, and presently he heard him open a window in another part of the house, and drop down into the garden. The lady was recently visiting at a friend's house in the north of England, and while there was asked to go to hear, in a disquieting place of worship, a minister who was a reformed character.

In the course of the sermon the preacher told all the incidents of this terrible night exactly as they occurred. After the sermon she went into the vestry, and asked him who told him this story. After some hesitation he said she was the burglar, but that her earnest supplication and intercession sank deep into his heart, and as he listened he there and then resolved not only to give up his guilty design, but to live a reformed life altogether. To that resolution he had adhered, and to her was owing whatever good he had since been able to do.

THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURES.—After all that has been done, the bulk of Holy Scripture remains much as it was before, standing out and beyond any other thing claiming to be of a kindred nature, and showing itself to be in its essence and bearing altogether unique and divine. The Koran, the Shaster, the Vedas, so far as they are not reflections of Scripture, are so limited, unholier, and inferior in morality, as to stand at the best on an altogether lower and other platform. And in comparison with the spiritual light of other nations, that possessed by the Jews, and that which is of the essence of Christianity, it is especially when we remember their otherwise great inferiority—absolutely as different and superior in degree as to amount to a difference in kind, and to be, if not supernatural, yet altogether inexplicable, save on the supposition of its being a revelation. Standing in the silence of the universe, and asking whence we came or whether we are going—who made us, what is our destiny, is there a life beyond?—we have in the Bible a voice which answers all these questions, supplying us with what we need, and leaving us with the impression that the same power which enabled us to ask these questions is that which in this way has supplied the answers.—Bishop of Ayrill.

ANecdote of Webster.  
Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant and when they came to the window, a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by Peter and passed to the host. Taking a little, he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and said:—"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?" "I think it a fine specimen of old port?" "Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host. "Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!" "Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and drinking his glass he hastily presented it again with the remark, "Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest!"

There appears to be a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desire; he cannot live long enough; measure by his evil deeds and he has lived too long.

your Money  
your choice  
OF  
AN WARPS  
OR  
N WARPS  
D QUALITY AND LENGTH,  
AT  
MAGEE'S,  
St. Andrews.  
2, 1872.  
NOTICE  
the following Non-Resident Parish of St. George, has for the year 1872, and either with the cost of at least three months from the following:—  
SALD CAMPBELL,  
1872. Collector  
& CAPS  
VARIETY,  
rd. Dolly Varden, Duke of styles to numerous to monarch Shakespeare Paper a perfect fit and durability line of Gents. Furnishing  
itches in June and Linen, and small wares. Ladies, BOOTS & SHOES, worked and OTTOMANS, and colored, plain, striped and in bleached and un- Miller's White Cottons, &c.  
Small Profits and quick said at the lowest  
on the corner of Water opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-  
for the elegant "Davis has been so celebrated sample of which can be price and conditions en-  
MES BRADLEY,  
St. Andrews.  
DU TEA.  
from London Chests good Cooce  
J. W. STRETT  
MACHINES.  
WILLY SHOULD MAY E. nal Weed Sewing lines.  
achines are now on sale a the public are invited to emoves.  
MES STOOP,  
Agent.  
NOTICE.  
in a variety of STYL S  
AJR & SOLS,  
the  
J. S. Magee.  
K TEA  
from New York.  
CHONG TEA.  
duty paid at lowest rates  
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