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MUSICAL TOURNAMENT AND PICNIC AT ST. GEORGE, N. B.

The following graphic description of the Picnic given by our friends of the "St. George Red Granite Band," on the 21st ult., was sent us by one who was present:

Mr. Broad, the leader of the St. George "Red Granite Band," conceived the idea of getting a number of the Bands on the harbor to assemble at St. George, for a day's pleasure, as well as to have a friendly competition in the rendition of music. Tuesday last the Calais Band, St. Stephen Loyal Orange Association Band, and the St. George Red Granite Band, assembled on the grounds of Douglas Wetmore, Esq., which are most picturesquely situated on the eastern side of the Magalloway River, and directly opposite the village of St. George. On the summit of the hill a grand stand, gaily decorated with bunting was erected for the accommodation of the bands, on the slope of the hill, immediately above the bank of the river was erected a spacious rustic tent, in which were three rows of tables, on which was spread a dinner for all comers. The ladies of St. George are justly celebrated not only for their grace and beauty, but for understanding how to get up a good dinner, and the one on this occasion was unsurpassed by any previous effort, the provision made was most bountiful, being arranged on the table with artistic taste, and served by the most obliging, handsome, and attentive of waiters. The competing Bands were the guests of the Red Granite Band. The usual sports were provided for the amusement of the public, but the performance by the bands attracted most attention, the rendition of a number of Irish airs by the Calais Band, including "The Harp that once thrang" "Taris Hall," and "Savourneen Dhoelish," by the Calais Band, was much admired, and received the plaudits of the listeners.

A large number of the pleasure seekers spent the hours in roving through and over the grounds, viewing the landscape from different points, which at every step presented new and fresh combinations of natural beauty; standing on the top of the hill looking northward the mountains in which the red granite was discovered, presented themselves to the eye, the presence of the quarries being denoted by red streaks or gaps plainly discernable. At one's feet lay the pleasant village of St. George with its neat churches and comfortable private residences, prominent amongst which is that of A. H. Gillmor, Esq., M. P., to the right lies Lake Utopia the home of the far famed monster that hitherto has baffled every attempt made to capture it; turning to the east and south just at our elbow almost, stands Fort DuRoi with its brzen mouthed guardians as sentinels of protection over the fair village of St. George; further to the right is the residence of Douglas Wetmore, Esq., that worthy son of a worthy sire, one of the most genial and whole souled men in the County of Charlotte. In whatever direction the eye turned fresh panoramas of beauty presented themselves, as varied in their beauty as a kaleidoscope.

After tea, which was served in the dining tent, the numerous pleasure seekers in response to the screeching signals from the steamer, began most reluctantly to take their departure, the writer with his friends embarked board the schooner, "homeward bound." The sail down the river was most enjoyable, enlivened as it was by the strains of the Calais and St. Stephen bands, and the singing of choice musical gems, sacred, sentimental and comic; solos, duets and choruses, by a number of ladies and gentlemen; one old gentleman of some seventy summers, carried away by the enthusiasm of the scene sang in excellent style that fine old song "The girl I left behind me," he could do it feelingly too for he is an old bachelor. Mirth, music and song, was the order of the evening; as we sailed down the river the sun gradually sank to repose in the western horizon, its golden rays lingering lovingly among the tree tops, fringing the banks of the river,

baptising them in a halo of softest light.

As we entered the Bay, the waters of which were as calm and peaceful as an infant in repose, the moon arose, her silvery rays kissing the surface of the waters, which reflected them back from every ripple with added brilliancy, the phosphorescent sparks in the water sparkling like showers of brilliant gems. In due time St. Andrews harbor was reached, where a crowd was assembled at the wharf, who gave us a right loyal greeting.

The St. Andrews contingent having landed, the up river party left the wharf saluted with hearty cheers by those who almost felt sorry to be left behind. This first effort of the "St. George Red Granite Band" was, in so far as providing a rich and unalloyed days' amusement, a great success. It is to be hoped that their reward financially, was as great as their efforts to please merited.

THE LAST WISH.

Sweetheart, I pray thee come and stow
A flower or two,
Where lonely 'neath the lime tree shade
Thy love is laid.

That little children may not dread
My narrow bed;
But seeing it so decked and fair,
May linger there.

And though in love thy spirit blends
With other friends,
Yet come and lean o'er me sometimes,
Beneath the limes.

For thou has them beside thee still,
Thou canst at will
By countless words and deeds of love
Thy fondness prove.

For me remains nor word nor kiss,
But only this:
To look upon the grassy heap
Where thou'lt sleep.

And muse o'er all the dreamy hours
Of former days,
When thou and I, by care untied,
Walked side by side.

And if thy faithful heart should grieve
That I must leave
Thee and all those to whom I cling,
So young, so young;

Bethink thee, in the rosy light
Of prospects bright,
That fancy freely for us wrought,
We always thought;

If God will, we'll be great and good,
But if he should
Soon call us home, we know that this
Is surest bliss.

LIE NEVER.

Not long ago, on an English steamer, 4 days out from Liverpool a small boy was found hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers nor crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old; the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate sharply. "My stepfather put me in," answered the boy; "he said he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe the story. He had often been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship finds one or two days out at sea, men or boys concealed among the cargo, who try to get a passage across the waters without paying for it. And this is often troublesome and expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the boy's escape, and treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes, he would hang him on the yard arm—a frightful threat.

indeed. Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were sailors of the midday watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in hand, counting the tick, tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes; but afraid to—no, not a bit! Eight minutes were already gone.

"Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy knelt down on deck, and, with hands clasped, and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned towards him; and sobb broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck than this, a poor, unbelieved child, willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die; but lie—never! Got bless him! And the rest of the voyage, you may well think he had friends enough. Nobody looked him before; everybody was now ready to do him a kindness. And everybody who reads this will be strengthened and to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

POETRY AND MADNESS.

Tom Moore, "the poet of all circles" and the darling of his age, was a complete mental wreck for some time before his death. Such also was the fate of Sir Walter Scott. A man who claims to be a nephew of Moore, and who also claims to be a poet, though he followed the much more profitable business of a mason and builder, was taken to a lunatic asylum in New York recently. They had to put a strait-jacket on him in the Tomb, but even then the poor fellow recited verse after verse of his own composition, and some of them were really very good, according to a correspondent. He is a full namesake of Ireland's favorite poet, and he says his father and the poet were brothers. This may be merely a lunatic's vagary, but at any rate the man's misfortune excites a good deal of sympathy for him among his countrymen.

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.—Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eyes are as clear as the heavens. When he has false ends, and speaks falsely, his eye is misty, and sometimes a quiver, if he has heard an experienced counsellor say that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in a verdict that his client ought to have a verdict.—*Emerson's Essays on Spiritual Laws.*

DECESSIONS AND CONJUGATIONS.—Miss S., an American heiress and quite beautiful, has been exciting much admiration in London during the present season, and is about to marry, it is said a nobleman connected with the royal household. American heiresses are by no means shunned abroad; quite the contrary, for they are generally as well educated and in every way as presentable as their foreign sisters, and do not except the first impetuous passion of nobility that has a throned about him. Some years ago the daughter of an American minister in London was much sought after by patrician young men. She was discovered writing letters, and observed, "I am writing my declarations. This London is a good enough place for flirtations, but I mean to conjugate at home."

These fine evenings lovers sit on the stoops to conquer.

FIGHT WITH A VICIOUS HORSE.

John Morrison, of Franklin township, Tenn., had a contest one day a few weeks ago with a vicious horse, which he had recently purchased or traded for, and barely escaped alive. He mounted the horse for a ride, but he refused to go, and viciously endeavored to throw his rider off. Not succeeding in this, he began biting. Then Mr. Morrison dismounted and undid the bridle, which endeavored to attack her, but was restrained by the harness, who held the halter. When his wife had got out of the way, Mr. Morrison left the horse and placed himself out of reach as soon as possible, glad to escape with his life. He then went to the house of a neighbor, Mr. Waggoner, and borrowed a rifle. Some men at work there declared they could subdue the beast, and went back with Mr. Morrison for the purpose. Their attempts were vain, and the horse was shot. Mr. Morrison being determined that such a vicious animal should not be allowed to live, lost he might take human life. Mr. Morrison was severely bitten about the head and shoulders.

HIGH ETIQUETTE.—If the fine manners are naturally associated with rank, the supposition would be that the higher the rank, the finer the manners. It would then follow that the guest of honor, who was also the stranger, would take precedence of all others. It is therefore bewildering to learn that when the Prince of Wales recently gave a dinner to General Grant, the distinguished guest brought up the rear of the procession to the dining-room. We are but bores in etiquette, yet if the Prince of Wales had been the guest of the President of the United States, he would not have been permitted to close the march to dinner; and he would have preceded not as prince, but as guest; for it would be equally true of untitled Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone as of a prince. Courtesy is a poor thing if it can not dispense, upon due occasion, with the rigidity of ceremonial forms. It is rumored that the American minister in England was long absorbed in the task of arranging General Grant's invitations, so that he should not be apparently insulted by being treated at entertainments given in his honor with less consideration than any other guest. This is hardly credible to an unsophisticated American, because he can not comprehend either that an English gentleman should offer or an American gentleman accept such a situation. The rules of really good society, whether titled or untitled, are every where the same in regard to certain essential points, and it is a pity if they are violated in the house of a prince. To invite an untitled man into a titled company, upon an occasion of pure ceremony where titles determine precedence, is to invite him to go behind. If a prince gives a dinner in honor of an untitled guest, he is bound to honor him chiefly, and he invites the company merely to help him render the honor. If, therefore, it be true that the Prince of Wales gave a dinner especially to General Grant, and permitted the greater part of the company to precede him to the table, Grant should quietly have left the house, and all the more if, as is constantly said, etiquette and forms are real things to European society. For if that be so, the significance of the situation was that an American without a title, however illustrious, however honored at home, and the especial guest of the occasion, is not to be recognized as the equal of titled people. Probably, if the story be true, General Grant was not troubled; but if English gentlemen are required by etiquette to acquiesce in so flagrant a discourtesy, they are greatly to be pitied.—*Barrow's Easy Chair, in Harpers Magazine for September.*

POPULAR SAYINGS IN VERSE.

As poor as a church mouse;
As thin as a rail;
As fit as a purpose;
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion;
As shy as a cat;
As light as a sixpence;
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock;
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare;
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily;
As empty as air;
As rich as Croesus;
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel;
As neat as a pin;
As strict as a steel trap;
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door nail;
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake;
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple;
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry;
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser;
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge;
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny;
As dark as a pal;
As hard as a mill stone;
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle;
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring;
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather;
As hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker;
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling;
As brisk as a bee—
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

VARIETIES.

The slowest man in America lives in Off City. It is a common occurrence for his watch to run down while he is winding it up.

A little boy seeing the swan plunge its head under water, called out: "Mother come and see the swan cast anchor!"

Any boy can have just as much fun around a bonfire made of an old straw bed, as any man can have in seeing a hotel burn down.

When the man saves his cigar money to buy his wife a new bonnet and the children new shoes, it indicates a spell of sunshine.

A western editor who has heard that Grant eats with his knife, indignantly asks if a man is expected to eat with his fingers.

The model husband has been found in Philadelphia. He don't permit his wife to do but half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in Summer, and he puts it down in Winter.

A western newspaper has improved on the original plan, and now says: "No communication will be published in this paper unless accompanied by the full name of the writer and a five-dollar bill; these are not requested for publication but as a guarantee of good faith."

The Board of Health of Milwaukee, Wis. has appointed a person to test the various fancy drinks made and sold at the retail bars in the city, allowing him two months for the purpose. There was doubtless a great pressure for the place.

At a recent meeting in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until he began to interrupt the services. Brother H. said to Brother W., "Go stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. "Brother H. asked Brother W., 'what did you say to the old man to quiet him so promptly?' Brother W. replied 'I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions!'"

THE SQUADRY OF WILD GESE.—The huge flocks of geese which are constantly passing over the town are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the fowling missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day we were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard and we observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others perceiving that their comrade was wounded uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew over the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of a bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding their companion was unable to longer accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth, and into the arms of an expectant Chinaman.—*Eng. Cal. (Cal.) Gazette.*