

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Æ VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 45

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 6, 1872.

Vol 39

BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.
CAPITAL.
One Million Pounds Sterling.
(\$5,000,000.)

Five per cent Interest ALLOWED
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,
California and British Columbia.

Open in St. Andrews

Every Day from 10 a. m. till 3 p. m.

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

Poetry.

For the Standard.
AN AUTUMN IDYL.

See yonder hill whose crest height of trees
Is crimson banner'd with a heraldry of leaves;
How peerless standing 'gainst the glowing sky,
A golden glory with its roscate tints to vie;
The scale of nature's lyman through all it thrills,
The rustling leaves, the murmuring song of rills,
A psalm of life vibrating o'er its floats,
Its wrens and robins here and there for notes,
Their far-off parties to the stricken leaves,
That flaunt their glories to the Northern breeze;
To-day embanner'd by the wooing breath
That glows to-morrow o'er their cheerless death,
Tis thus with life and love. To-day—all bright
And fair.

The flowers unfold, soft breathes the summer air;
To-morrow—faded, flowerless and forlorn,
They wake all withered on a cheerless morn.
A too unkindly frost has tipped the flower
Whose bloom and perfume cheered us for an hour,
That feathery growth beneath hope's azure sky
All radiant bloomed when fortune's sun was high;
More dear became before misfortune fell,
As all bright things—before they say farewell.

Summer's over! Summer's over!
Glorious stand the stricken trees,
Gleaming crimson in the sunlight,
With their panoply of leaves.

Like the doomed in Aztec story
Ere the dreadful sacrifice,
Summer stands her vesture glorious
Gleaming with the rainbow's dyes.

As the face of one who dying,
Just before their latest breath,
Gleams with an immortal radiance
Ere the eyelids close in death.

So the last fond smile of summer
Lingers on the stricken flower,
Gilds it with a nobler beauty
In its last—its dying hour.

Let thy deeds be true and noble
In the Summer days of youth,
That thy Autumn may grow golden
With the leaves of faith and truth.

That life's flower may bloom more brightly
In a summer yond the sky,
Where the crimson royal roses
Never fade and never die.

Beautiful Forever.

We do not know to whom the reader is indebted
for the following lines, but think few will read
them without pleasure, and that some may profit
by the lesson they teach.

How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments;
Not by washes for your hair,
While you're young be pure and gentle:
Keep your passions well controll'd,
Walk, work, and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old.

Snow-white locks are fair as golden,
Grey as lovely as the brown,
And the smiles of age more pleasant
Than a youthful beauty's frown,
Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;
Sweet sixteen be these your maxims,
When your sixty you'll rejoice.

Our young maidens should, as Cicero says,
"Follow Nature as Divinity." Powders, paints
and washes but help the destroyer. "Time, to
fade the fairest brow; and ro-i-et cheeks.

"Tis the soul that shapes the features,
Fires the eye, attunes the voice;

"Snow-white locks are golden." There is no
use in trying to be what is not. "Follow
Nature as a Divinity." She must not be
caricatured. Age has beauty as well as
youth. Who will deny this to the well spent
life? Though the body grow old and infirm,
the mind may gladden, and age be most beau-
tiful without the gloss of art. We find fault
with what is spurious only. The beautiful in
Nature is essential to the pleasures of the
well-organized mind, and that mind which is
most matured and enlightened is most suscep-
tible of it. If beauty were not essential to the
mind we would not have the flowers of the
field to "minister delight to man and beautify
the earth." "Solomon in all his glory was
not arrayed like one of these"—not even ar-
rayed like that little wild flower, on the ruins
of which Mr. Hemans says, "it glads destruc-
tion with a smile and beautifies decay." We
repeat, "Follow Nature as a Divinity." Let
the girls learn lessons of modesty and beauty
from the innocent flowers. Even in their
dress they may copy in admirable designs from
the flowers, and learn of the harmony of col-
ors, and charm of light and shade, but away
with your dyes, powders, paints, washes and
"waterfalls."

Interesting Tale.

POLLY'S VICTORY.

An extemporized stage, a princess lovely as the
light, a French count, brilliant costumes, and ac-
ting that is not to be spoken of made up the "tont-
ensemble" that delighted the good people of the
Pittston, for one night at least. The proceeds
were to be devoted to charitable purposes. Thomp-
son went the cause and publisher, and with every
"coming on" of Kitty Benson, the beauty of Pit-
tston, such a vigorous clapping of hands ensued
that one was fain to hold his ears, or be deafened
with the applause.

The National Hall was decorated with banners,
Deacons and doctors and lawyers had spent a
week on its embellishments. The Pittston band
had been practicing for months, and wound up by
playing "Hail, Columbia," in their grandest style.
Very reluctantly the people left the scene of
entertainment, all talking together.

The wide green in front was brightened all
over by the illuminated windows, save where the
posts and primitive chains made long shadows in
the grass.

"It beats all hollow," said Deacon Simpson; "but
I felt sort of guilty."

Well, I dunno, responded Aunt Methuin; it's
got up for a charitable purpose, but I reckon
'aint a great many removes from a theatre after
all. What an awful smart young man that French
count was! They say he's clerk to the new store.

And I declare for't I didn't feel kinder bad for
Bob Langton when he was amakin' love to Kitty,
all in gold and scarlet, with his bobbin' white
feathers.

Wasn't Kitty just a little witch? queried Lab-
by, the deacon's daughter; she looked so soft,
real pleased. If I'd bin Bob Langton I'd rather
took the count myself than the clodpouter. What
a country lad he was! I never could a-
believe that was Bob, never! and the count was
so handsome!

The crowd began to thin. Sundry vehicles
filled with "wimmin' folks," drove off at a jg
trot pace.

Pretty little Polly Lee, who had taken the part
of a country lassie, stood at the foot of the steps,
revealing under her carelessly arranged shawl a
pair of snowy shoulders, and the knots of crimson
ribbon that adorned her white dress.

Polly's little heart was aching despite the red
lips and the bright color of her cheeks. For that
one night, at least, Bob Langton had been her
lover. Had she lived a century in those few
ecstatic hours? How she gloated over the thought
that Bob had been at her feet! Had talked all the
romantic nonsense in which lovers generally in-
dulge as if he meant it, little thinking what the
light of Polly's eye, the trembling of her hand and
the voice, all indicate—little dreaming, while he
thought it very good acting, and looked jealously
on at the back of the stage at the French count
on his pink and silver knees at the feet of his own
betrothed, that little Polly had loved him long be-
fore she exchanged her pinafores for the maiden's
dresses—had loved him with an overwhelming
passion that few natures experience.

Well, it's all over, sighed Polly, tying the strings
of her shawl over her dumpled chin; angry
with herself that she said it—that she could not
crush this hidden passion that seemed in her sweet
eyes unbidden.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished, and Bob
stepped out of the vestibule.

Polly, have you seen Kitty? he asked. She
promised to wait for me.

I saw her, said somebody under the lamp-post
—probably one of Kitty's rejected suitors. She
was a-going home along of that French count.

Bob's face grew white as he stood there, and he
set his teeth, once, with a click.

Polly, you've a good way to go, he said, in a
voice as calm as before, and there's no moon.

Caleb promised to come, said Polly, peering out
into the road.

Caleb is old and forgetful, responded Bob; so
we'll play out the role a few moments longer. I
go right by the gate, you know.

Polly took Bob's left arm quite frightened to
feel the heavy, rapid beating under it, and lis-
tened to his purposeless task, and was so grieved
for him that she almost forgot her own great trou-
ble for she knew that Bob loved Kitty, and she
feared that Kitty was not true to Bob; not, at
least, as she would have been.

Good-night and good-by, little Polly, said Bob,
as they reached the gate that led to Widow Sec's
cottage. You've always been my steadfast friend;
you must not forget me, Polly.

Forget you! half sobbed the girl, who felt the
meaning in his words. Oh, I—never, never—
No, I'm sure you never will, Bob responded,
with a new pang; for in one swift moment he
divined that this sweet child loved him.

You see, Polly, he went on, in a lower voice,
circumstances may compel me to leave Pittston
I've a fine offer from a friend of mine in the Mc-
don factories, and very likely I shall accept it. If
I do I shall leave in the six o'clock train to-mor-
row afternoon. Good-night, little friend, and
his voice sounded in Polly's ears just as it had in
that memorable never-to-be-forgotten moment
when he had said, in the parlance of the play, how
fondly he loved her.

At all the Pittston breakfast-tables next morn-
ing the little drama was discussed. Some half re-
gretted that they had lent their countenance to a
play; others recalled the mimic scenes with real
pleasure; while others would be critics, pointed
out, detected and laughed at critical mistakes.

I say, Kitty, said boisterous Tom Deacon, I
didn't blame the count for going on as he did last
night—though it's my opinion he is a scawlag in
private—for you did look confoundingly handsome.
I'd kissed you myself if I'd been in his place.

He didn't kiss me, said Kitty, offended on the
instant. He only seemed so, and you know it.
Now, Kitty—honour bright, said Tom, in such a
comical manner that he set the whole table to
laughing, and brought flaming roses into his sister's
cheeks.

And if Bob wasn't jealous? My! wasn't he
though? cried precocious young William, a boy
of ten. I seen his snaps!

Hold your tongue, sonny, said his mother, smart-
ly. The files of babies like you talking that way!
—I'm sure Kitty only did what she had to do, and
she made the prettiest princess ever I saw.

How many have you seen in the course of your
life, mamma dear? queried Tom.

No matter, was the somewhat tart reply. I
rather think I have seen as many as you have.
Kitty, do take some toast?

I haven't any appetite, mother, replied Kitty,
tongue-tied; and the petted beauty sauntered away
from the breakfast table and going into another
room, began to set back the somewhat disarranged
furniture. Then she took up her photograph al-
bum, and turning up a meek but rather handsome
face, she stood studying it for some moments.

"He can't hold a candle to Bob!"
This elegant but forcible sentence she repeated
and then started at Willie's rap on the window.

I say, sis, the store clerk's coming, and so was
Bob; but Bob he saw father and stepped into the
pottery's shop to get some soap, I guess to steady
his nerves. I tell you Bob looked cross!"

Let him look cross, muttered Kitty, as she
smoothed her hair, and cast a rapid glance in the
mirror. "I never saw such a tyrant. He'll scold
me, I suppose, for walking home with Mr. Lloyd.
Well, he should have come out sooner, not left
me the last thing to attend to. You're not mar-
ried yet, Mr. Robert Langton; and, flushed with
sentiment, looking more beautiful than ever, she
responded to Mr. Lloyd's modest knock.

That gentleman, with auburn locks fresh-
curled, a spotless tie of the latest fashion, and
kicks that had not been cleaned too often, hop-
ed Miss Kitty's exertion had not been too
much for her. He had heard on all sides the
most charming compliments, etc., etc., to which
Kitty replied graciously thinking all the same
of Bob, and what he would say.

I thought I must call on my way to the
store, Mr. Lloyd, as, rising he saw the album
open at his picture. The crimson flow to
Kitty's cheeks as she caught his glance.

What a fool I was! she exclaimed mental-
ly.

Do you know, I think it would be a sweet
idea to be photographed in character, you and
I, he said, his eyes shining, and ill concealed
triumph in his manner. I am sure you look
every whit a princess: I never saw better
dressing on any stage. I think I will act up-
on that idea he continued, seeing that Kitty
remained silent; and if you will allow me,
Miss Kitty—

I wouldn't be taken in that costume for a
kingdom! shouted Kitty. I'm sure that I
should feel foolish every time I looked at the
picture.

This had come over her: the resemblance
of him in his smock frock and the top boots
his straw hat and whip in hand—nothing of
all this had detracted from the nobility of his
appearance.

And yet he didn't tyrannize, she muttered,
conscious that she was too willing to exoner-
ate her lover, and almost ready to apologize,
but yet determined to rule her little kingdom
still. She trembled when she heard his step,
but drew her head up haughtily and pressed
her lonely lips together.

Good morning Kitty! said Bob, and her
quick ear detected the constraint in his voice:
so she stole her heart.

I met Mr. Lloyd at the gate, he said, and
now it was not constraint, but passion, that
changed the rich tones.

Yes, he has been here, Kitty said, quietly.
He's a fool! I cried Bob, and threw his hat
violently on the table. The album had not
been shut. He had never liked seeing that
wimpering face in the same book with his
own; now he took the leaf in his hand and
rudely tore it out.

There! exclaimed Bob, reducing card and
page to atoms; that's what I will do to him if
he isn't careful!

Bob's face grew white as he stood there, and he
set his teeth, once, with a click.

Polly, you've a good way to go, he said, in a
voice as calm as before, and there's no moon.

Caleb promised to come, said Polly, peering out
into the road.

Caleb is old and forgetful, responded Bob; so
we'll play out the role a few moments longer. I
go right by the gate, you know.

Polly took Bob's left arm quite frightened to
feel the heavy, rapid beating under it, and lis-
tened to his purposeless task, and was so grieved
for him that she almost forgot her own great trou-
ble for she knew that Bob loved Kitty, and she
feared that Kitty was not true to Bob; not, at
least, as she would have been.

Good-night and good-by, little Polly, said Bob,
as they reached the gate that led to Widow Sec's
cottage. You've always been my steadfast friend;
you must not forget me, Polly.

Forget you! half sobbed the girl, who felt the
meaning in his words. Oh, I—never, never—
No, I'm sure you never will, Bob responded,
with a new pang; for in one swift moment he
divined that this sweet child loved him.

You see, Polly, he went on, in a lower voice,
circumstances may compel me to leave Pittston
I've a fine offer from a friend of mine in the Mc-
don factories, and very likely I shall accept it. If
I do I shall leave in the six o'clock train to-mor-
row afternoon. Good-night, little friend, and
his voice sounded in Polly's ears just as it had in
that memorable never-to-be-forgotten moment
when he had said, in the parlance of the play, how
fondly he loved her.

At all the Pittston breakfast-tables next morn-
ing the little drama was discussed. Some half re-
gretted that they had lent their countenance to a
play; others recalled the mimic scenes with real
pleasure; while others would be critics, pointed
out, detected and laughed at critical mistakes.

I say, Kitty, said boisterous Tom Deacon, I
didn't blame the count for going on as he did last
night—though it's my opinion he is a scawlag in
private—for you did look confoundingly handsome.
I'd kissed you myself if I'd been in his place.

He didn't kiss me, said Kitty, offended on the
instant. He only seemed so, and you know it.
Now, Kitty—honour bright, said Tom, in such a
comical manner that he set the whole table to
laughing, and brought flaming roses into his sister's
cheeks.

And if Bob wasn't jealous? My! wasn't he
though? cried precocious young William, a boy
of ten. I seen his snaps!

Hold your tongue, sonny, said his mother, smart-
ly. The files of babies like you talking that way!
—I'm sure Kitty only did what she had to do, and
she made the prettiest princess ever I saw.

How many have you seen in the course of your
life, mamma dear? queried Tom.

No matter, was the somewhat tart reply. I
rather think I have seen as many as you have.
Kitty, do take some toast?

I haven't any appetite, mother, replied Kitty,
tongue-tied; and the petted beauty sauntered away
from the breakfast table and going into another
room, began to set back the somewhat disarranged
furniture. Then she took up her photograph al-
bum, and turning up a meek but rather handsome
face, she stood studying it for some moments.

"He can't hold a candle to Bob!"
This elegant but forcible sentence she repeated
and then started at Willie's rap on the window.

I say, sis, the store clerk's coming, and so was
Bob; but Bob he saw father and stepped into the
pottery's shop to get some soap, I guess to steady
his nerves. I tell you Bob looked cross!"

Let him look cross, muttered Kitty, as she
smoothed her hair, and cast a rapid glance in the
mirror. "I never saw such a tyrant. He'll scold
me, I suppose, for walking home with Mr. Lloyd.
Well, he should have come out sooner, not left
me the last thing to attend to. You're not mar-
ried yet, Mr. Robert Langton; and, flushed with
sentiment, looking more beautiful than ever, she
responded to Mr. Lloyd's modest knock.

That gentleman, with auburn locks fresh-
curled, a spotless tie of the latest fashion, and
kicks that had not been cleaned too often, hop-
ed Miss Kitty's exertion had not been too
much for her. He had heard on all sides the
most charming compliments, etc., etc., to which
Kitty replied graciously thinking all the same
of Bob, and what he would say.

I thought I must call on my way to the
store, Mr. Lloyd, as, rising he saw the album
open at his picture. The crimson flow to
Kitty's cheeks as she caught his glance.

What a fool I was! she exclaimed mental-
ly.

Do you know, I think it would be a sweet
idea to be photographed in character, you and
I, he said, his eyes shining, and ill concealed
triumph in his manner. I am sure you look
every whit a princess: I never saw better
dressing on any stage. I think I will act up-
on that idea he continued, seeing that Kitty
remained silent; and if you will allow me,
Miss Kitty—

I wouldn't be taken in that costume for a
kingdom! shouted Kitty. I'm sure that I
should feel foolish every time I looked at the
picture.

This had come over her: the resemblance
of him in his smock frock and the top boots
his straw hat and whip in hand—nothing of
all this had detracted from the nobility of his
appearance.

And yet he didn't tyrannize, she muttered,
conscious that she was too willing to exoner-
ate her lover, and almost ready to apologize,
but yet determined to rule her little kingdom
still. She trembled when she heard his step,
but drew her head up haughtily and pressed
her lonely lips together.

Good morning Kitty! said Bob, and her
quick ear detected the constraint in his voice:
so she stole her heart.

I met Mr. Lloyd at the gate, he said, and
now it was not constraint, but passion, that
changed the rich tones.

Yes, he has been here, Kitty said, quietly.
He's a fool! I cried Bob, and threw his hat
violently on the table. The album had not
been shut. He had never liked seeing that
wimpering face in the same book with his
own; now he took the leaf in his hand and
rudely tore it out.

There! exclaimed Bob, reducing card and
page to atoms; that's what I will do to him if
he isn't careful!

just been saying to herself, Why won't he
speak of Kitty?

I think I could make you happy, little Pol-
ly—I am sure I could. My circumstances
are very easy. I have earned a home, and
you will be to me the sweetest, most constant
companion that ever man could have, said
Bob.

Polly clasped her hand, and felt as if her
heart would leap from her bosom. Oh, what
a life she would have before her—what love—what
hopes, what rich fulfillments! Never had
mightier temptation beset a human bosom—
She paused a moment, then turned around,
the light of victory shining in her gentle eyes.

Why won't you speak of Kitty? she asked.
He started. The little blood flew to his
cheeks, his brow. She could see him tremble
from head to foot.

Kitty is—nothing to me, he tried to say,
but could not,—he buried or married, for all
I know, he answered in a harsh voice.

No; Kitty Benson is neither married nor
buried, said brave Polly, steadily. Misfor-
tune has overtaken her, as it did me. Her
father lost his farm, and it's killed him; her
mother died soon after; her eldest brother
went to sea; and Willy is in a store. Oh, sis,
perhaps I should not tell it, but I know that
ever since you left her senseless that morning
she has been very sorry and very true. I
know she would come here to the mill but for
her pride; I know dear little—Polly, her voice
trembled now—she has refused some good
offers of marriage, because—because her heart
was not her own to give. Oh, ought I to tell
you all this?—have I a right to plead her
cause?

You blessed little angel! he murmured,
brokenly.

A d she is living out—sweet and beautiful
as she is—servant; and she will live so all
her life, working hard for others, unless—un-
less—

Polly broke down. Bob had never been
so moved in his life. The old sweet love had
rushed back upon his soul.

But I have asked you to be my wife, he
said, in a low, most indistinct voice.

And I say no! a thousand times no! I don't
love you. Let me be always your friend—your
sister and here. Kitty is noble; noble enough
even for you, she faltered; then added, in even
tones: Did you know it was getting very
dark? I must go home, Mr. Langton; Har-
ry will wonder about me.

And months after, when Kitty Langton
kneet down to call blessings upon her husband,
and Polly bowed the knee in her own lonely,
humble home, there was a crown upon each
beautiful head, but Polly's was the brightest.

A TOAD UNDESSING.—Audubon relates
that he once saw a toad undress himself. He
commenced by pressing his elbows hard against
his sides, and rubbing downwards. After a
few smart rubs his hide began to burst open
along his back. He kept rubbing until he
worked all his skin into folds on his sides and
hips; and then he began to pull at his
hide, he hauled off one leg of his pants, the
same as anybody would, then stripped off his
other hind leg in the same way. He then
took his cast off skin forward between his fore
legs into his mouth and swallowed it, there-
by raising and to seeing his head, swallowing
as his head came down, he stripped off his skin
underneath, until it came to his fore legs then,
grasping one of those with the opposite hand,
by a single motion of his head and while swal-
lowing, he drew it from the neck and swallow-
ed the whole.

ABOUT A WELL WRITTEN INSCRIPTION.
—Whatever pleasure I have felt during my
travels, at the sight of a statue or monument
of antiquity, I have felt still more in reading a
well written inscription. It seems to me as
if a human voice came from the stone, and
making us hear through the lapse of ages,
addressed man in the midst of a desert, and
told him that he was not alone; that other
men, on that very spot, had felt and thought,
and suffered like himself. If the inscription
belonged to an ancient nation, which no longer
exists, it leads the soul through infinite space,
and inspires the feeling of its immortality, by
showing that a thought has survived the ruins
of an empire.—[Paul and Virginia]

THE BIBLE IN INDIA.—In the British Em-
pire in India, fourteen versions of the whole
Bible are printed in as many different lan-
guages, the principal tongues of the empire.
The whole New Testament is published in
five others, and twenty separate books of the
Bible in seven more. Within ten years there
have been circulated of Bibles, in whole or in
part, 1,534,940 copies, and of other Christian
tracts and books, 8,605,033 copies.

A country schoolmaster asked a small pupil
of what the surface of the earth consists, and
the little fellow answered, "Land and water
air!" Varying the question slightly, that the
fact might be impressed upon the boy's mind,
he asked, "What, then, do the land and water
make?" To which came the famed at re-
sponse, "mud."