

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 13

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 5, 1869.

Vol 36

Poetry.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully!
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by.
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hope that blossomed to die;
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie.
Mournfully! oh, mournfully!
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the nether-world
Seem floating thereupon;
All, all this fond heart cherishes
—Ere death had made it lone.
Mournfully! oh, mournfully!
This midnight wind doth wail,
Its wild heart-broken minstrelsy,
Like love's last faint farewell!
It thrills through the heart's deep
And melancholy knell,
Waking the thoughts that bid us weep—
The grief we may not tell!

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The Maine Liquor Law has been within the last five years, discussed in the British Provinces. Though in all of them it has been, from time to time, advocated by able men, and powerfully supported in numerous signed petitions, it has ultimately failed or been defeated in them all. It was adopted in New Brunswick, but after a year's experience of its effects, it was, on an appeal to the people, condemned with singular unanimity, and immediately repealed. It was discussed with a good deal of ability in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia during the sessions of 1854 and 1855, and at one time a small majority decided in its favor. The bill was subsequently postponed and abandoned. Mr. Howe's opinions upon this important question may be gathered from the following speech:

After much reflection upon the subject, he had not been able to bring his mind up to assume the responsibility of voting for this bill. He would gladly have done so, because a very large and highly respectable body of his constituents were in favor of it. He had not, during his session, had occasion much time with other topics, and because this had been debated at great length and with marked ability by gentlemen on both sides. He would gladly now refrain, but during the eighteen years he had sat in this Assembly he had never shrunk from an expression of his opinions upon any public question. It was due to the country at large, to his constituents, to the men who sat around him, that he should, even at the risk of offending those whom he most respected, give his reasons with his vote. He fully admitted the physical suffering, and moral degradation, drawn by the honorable and learned member for Annapolis. He admitted, in all their extent, the evils of intemperance. He admired the self-devotion and earnestness with which large bodies of men had endeavored to eradicate these evils. He approved of the efforts made by the Temperance Societies, and wished them success, so long as they sought to reform by persuasion, by argument, and by example. When they attempted impossibilities; when they sought to coerce the people into temperance, he conscientiously believed that they would fail; he believed that all the good they had done would be perilled by a resort to harshness and coercion.

The Deity had not prohibited the use of wine. On the contrary, he had given the grape to man with innumerable other bounties. Our Saviour had not prohibited the use of wine. He had sat with those who drank it, and had, by a miracle, replenished their cups at the marriage feast. The apostles had not forbidden the use of wine. Its use was denounced in the Koran by the Pagan Mahomet, but was not, so far as he could perceive, in the Bible. What, then, the Almighty had not done or attempted; what he could have done with so much ease, yet had refrained from doing; he thought it not wise for man to attempt.

The evils flowing from the excessive use of wine he deeply deplored, as he did the evils flowing from over-indulgence of any other passion or propensity. But who could argue from excess of any kind that the rational enjoyment of God's gifts was therefore sinful? Who would venture to argue, that because mischief was done by many of God's gifts, they should, on that account, be circumscribed or prohibited by human laws? The atoms

there that form the cheek of beauty, that invigorates the frame, that flutters the leaf upon the tree, that dapples the surface of the lake, that gives variety and majesty to the ocean, when accumulated in masses, dashes itself into the tempest, and strews the shore with the wrecks of human life and property.

The learned member summed up the wrecks of navies and the whitening bones of human victims, might eloquently describe the scene; but would he, if he could, attempt to restrain the eccentricities of nature, or to forbid to man, by human laws, the benefits of navigation? How beautiful is water? (the temperance man's element), yet how dangerous. The rain which fertilizes the fields, sweeps away with excess bridges, mills, and human habitations. It not only drenches its source the land, and breeds pestilence in cities. The fire that warms our hearths, that clears our woodlands, that smelts our metals, that drives our steamers and locomotives, is not less dangerous. Would he deny to man the use of these elements, because the casualties by fire and flood are most disastrous? Would he forbid their use, because people are burned in cities—drowned in rivers; because a boiler bursts at sea, or an engine sometimes runs off the track, or kills hundreds by the violence of a collision? William the Conqueror, it is true, once denied to the people of England fire and light after the curfew bell; but the horror in which the act is held, would not encourage any body to follow his example.

Woman is God's best gift to man. The fascination which she spreads around her—how difficult to resist; the passions she inspires—how intimately interwoven with all that arouses to exertion, and rewards us for our toils. Yet, when even love is indulged in to excess; when reason is overpowered; when passion hurries on to folly, how numerous the victims; how blasting the effects. Yet who would, reasoning from the perils of indulgence and the dangers of society, deny to man the companionship which alone makes existence tolerable? The learned member for Annapolis might draw from the sinks of vice, or even from the agony of a single victim some harrowing pictures; but would he, on that account, imitate the Turks, and strap up all the women? The victims of intemperance in liquor do not produce the extent of physical suffering and moral dislocation that results from the abuse of this drug. But would the learned member deny to society the use of that which all the delirium of fever—which seizes the infant upon the mother's bosom, and saves more lives than it ever destroys? Take gunpowder, which blazes our rocks, loosens our plasters, defends our country, kills our game, marks the milestones and mingles its prodigious work in the mysterious power of a touch. But who would argue that because boys blow themselves up, or tyrants use gunpowder for unworthy purposes, it should be forbidden? They do the learned gentleman, even with the battle-fields of Balaklava or Inkerman before him, attempt to restrain by human laws; the manufacture and sale of gunpowder? Who denies that law is the safe guard of our lives and property; that courts are indispensable institutions; that lawyers are the fearless advocates of the innocent and oppressed? But he does not even law been abused? How many purveyors of the courts, ensnared the ignorant, waste men's estates, and scatter their lives in the dust?

The world has come down to the present period, from the most remote antiquity, with the wine cup in its hand. David the man after God's own heart, drank wine. Solomon the wisest of monarchs and of human beings drank wine. Our Saviour not only drank it, but commanded Christians to drink it, "in remembrance of him." In strong contrast with our Divinely Redeemed life and practice, we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who drank it not—who reviled our Saviour as a "wine bibber," and the companion of publicans and sinners, who would have eaten of the bread which he broke as they ungraciously as they cried "Crucify him!"

Such people have existed in all ages of the world. The desire of human beings to drink, and to each other what they should eat, and drink, and wear, has been enfolded in different countries at different periods. The zealous in the State of Maine are mere plagiarists after all. Summary laws, tried in many countries, and at different periods of the world's history, are now universally condemned by the good sense of mankind. Laws restraining drunkenness are nearly as old as drinking.

adulteration, and we read "that one hundred and fifty butts and pipes were condemned and emptied into the gutters in London, for being adulterated."

So far as my reading extends, I may assert that every king, every statesman, every warrior who has illustrated the page of history, drank wine. The apostles who were the companions of our Saviour, drank it. The prophets, whose flights of inspiration still astonish us, we have every reason to believe, drank it. Cicero and Demosthenes, and all the orators of antiquity and of modern times, indulged in the juice of the grape. Who can say how much of the energy which gave them such power of language was drawn from its inspiration? Have these men been recipients of the Deity and Kings of the platform? What orators has the State of Maine sent forth comparable with the Pitts, Burkes, Gratiots, Foxes, and Sheridans of the British Islands, every one of whom drank wine? Let the learned gentleman glance at the noble structures—the architectural wonders that embellish Europe. Who reared them? Men of elegant intellects whose common beverage was wine. Let his eye range through the noble galleries where the sculptors have left their statues; where the painters have hung in rich profusion the noblest works of art. Wine we are told, clouds the faculties and deadens the imagination. Yet it was drunk by those benefactors of their race; and we cannot, with their masterpieces before us, believe the assertion, that their works have been eclipsed by artists trained under their rigorous legislation. Has Maine turned us out yet a statue that anybody would look at; a picture that anybody would buy? Look at the defenders of mankind; the heroic defenders of nations. Was Washington a member of the temperance society? Did not Wallace drink the red wine through the helmet-barrel?

Who will undertake to say that B. on, on the morning on which he won the battle of Bunker's Hill, that Tell, on that day when he shot the apple off his son's head, had not tasted a glass of whiskey or a stoop of wine? If then, sir, all that is valuable in the past—its heroisms, and architecture, and oratory, sculpture and painting—if all that has inspired freedom and embellished life—has come down to us with the juice of the grape; if an age or nation has been long without it, I think it behooves the advocates of this bill to show us some country where their system has been tried; some race of men who drank nothing but cold water.

I turn to the learned member's own proposition. I ask him to show me two sign lawyers, two judges so eminent, as Lords Eldon and Stowell; the one the wonder of admirals, and the other as the equity Court. Yet it is on record that at the very time when these men were oppressed with Herculean labors—when day after day they were diversifying judgments so masterly and profound that they defy all criticism—each of these great jurists drank his full bottle of port a day. I certainly would not advise the learned member for Annapolis to try, in this country, an experiment so hazardous. In the moist climate of England this might be done, but not in the dry atmosphere of Nova Scotia. I have sometimes seen him, however, when a few glasses would have done him good. Indeed, I have seen him, both in the 8-mare and in the 10-mare, in the old time when he was in the bar, his wit is not so potent, or his logic so acute, as in the old time when he was in the bar.

My honorable colleague and friend from Cumberland, whose civility in this cause I entirely respect, quoted to us last winter the passage from Scripture, "If eating meat causes my brother to offend, I will eat no more." But would my honorable friend shut up all the butchers' shops and forbid by law the sale of meat, till somebody would eat too much? Again he told us, "we have tried moral suasion. I ask him to show me two sign lawyers, two judges so eminent, as Lords Eldon and Stowell; the one the wonder of admirals, and the other as the equity Court. Yet it is on record that at the very time when these men were oppressed with Herculean labors—when day after day they were diversifying judgments so masterly and profound that they defy all criticism—each of these great jurists drank his full bottle of port a day. I certainly would not advise the learned member for Annapolis to try, in this country, an experiment so hazardous. In the moist climate of England this might be done, but not in the dry atmosphere of Nova Scotia. I have sometimes seen him, however, when a few glasses would have done him good. Indeed, I have seen him, both in the 8-mare and in the 10-mare, in the old time when he was in the bar, his wit is not so potent, or his logic so acute, as in the old time when he was in the bar.

The fact cannot be too generally known, that if, when a chimney is built, the mortar with which it is to be plastered is mixed with salt there will be no necessity for sweeping it, as in every damp spell of weather the salt deliquesces, and the soot will of course fall down.

Dr. Johnson once dined with a Scottish lady who had a hot pest for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hoys, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray, let me help you to a little more," said the lady.

A Gigantic Iceberg.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scullie, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, cock?" asked the first man who was up. "On the barbed bow,"

And there lay floating in the ocean several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light of the sun. In the mid-day this immense mountain island, its crevices and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it and admiring its various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and really the sublimity of the sight.

Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as it lay rose and sank in the water, and its high points pointed against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crashing of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give to the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crested with frozen foam, and as it grew this and transparent toward the edges and top, it colour shined off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long regular heaving of the stupendous mass as its edges moved slowly against the stars.

Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sound as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we lifted away and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture, they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful growling and cracking of their parts—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating up the smooth sea in the light of a clear day, look like little floating isles of sapphire.

"POOR CARLOTTA."—A foreign exchange says that the Empress Carlotta is now confined to her bed, and that her mental faculties are in a state of the most painful excitement, while slow fever is wearing away her bodily strength. Her eyes have a fixed and vacant stare. She speaks constantly of Mexico, describes the habits and customs of the Indians, the beauty and original aspect of the towns and haciendas, with considerable beauty of language. She addresses her husband as though he were alive, producing the effect upon a listener of speaking in her sleep, yet her eyes are open. The unfortunate Princess is still under the impression that she is in danger of being poisoned, and will only swallow food offered to her by the Queen of Belgium, her sister-in-law. For the last few months the Princess appeared to have completely recovered her reason. For days together, and even for weeks, no sign of mental aberration could be discovered. She wrote letters in which the lucidity of her ideas and the delicacy and tact of her sentiments were remarkable. She devoted herself to the young Prince Royal with the most tender solicitude, and after his death exclaimed, "Poor child! at last you have gone to join my mother. Soon it will be my turn to join you."

The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth which it bit volubly. A why Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead? "So he is ma'am but the crayther's not sensible of it."

Old putty, however hard and indurated, may be easily removed by running a hot iron over it, when it can be cut off with a knife almost as easy as green putty. To those who have plant houses, &c., and even for the purpose of re-glazing windows, this will be worth trying.

LIFE.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
Our days run thoughtless along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

THAT TARNAL EVERLASTING STUFF.—A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked:
"Be you the druggist?"
"Well, I s'pose so, I sell drugs."

"Well, hevy you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their handkerchers?"
"O yes."

"Well our gal is goin to be married and she gins me nifepence and told me to invest the hull amount in scentin' stuff, s'as to make her sweet if I could find gins to suit, so if you've a mind I'll smell round."

The Yankee sniffed round without being aided until the druggist got tired of him; and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said—
"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop of your handkerchief will last for weeks and you can't wash it out, but to get the strength of it you must take a big sniff."

"Is that so Mister? Well, just hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say now, you put it under my smeller."

The directions were of course followed, and the Yankee was nearly knocked off his pins. But recovering himself, he exclaimed—
"Chain lifelin' Mr. Druggist! is the top of my head on? S'at don't want nothing like that; it would break up a camp meeting in ten minits. You haint got the right kind of scentin' stuff."

INDULGENCE.—Wretched is the man who has no employment but to watch his own digestion, and who, on waking in the morning, has no useful occupation of the day presented to his mind. To such a one, respiration is a toil, and existence a continued disease. Self-obliteration is his only resource; indulgence in alcohol, in various disguises, his remedy; and death or superstition his only comfort and hope. For what was he born? and why does he live?

—Are questions which he constantly asks himself; and his greatest enigmas are the smiling faces of habitual industry, stimulated by the wants of the day or fears of the future. If he is excited to exertion, it is commonly to indulge in some vicious propensity, or display his scorn of those pursuits which others happier than himself enjoy.

Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" and his idea is that it depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitation to get up in the morning is known to be 3 quarters of an hour going up 2 pair of stairs, and then not he strength left to be heard."

"Boys," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minits." They gathered round to hear this singular opinion, and one enquired, what is it? "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

CREDITABLE.—Smith: Oh! Getting on first-rate; and all owing to my own exertions too. A year ago I wasn't worth a penny, and now I'm a thousand pounds in 8 late—July.

Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with the stone? Such a thing never entered his head before.

Love, the toothache, a cough, and tight boots are things which cannot long be kept secret.

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he's been to sea.

What maintaining one vice would bring up two children.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, Friday 9th April, 1869.

PRESENT:
His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority given by the Act 31 Vic. Cap. 12, Sec. 55, entitled "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order that it be hereby ordered, that from and after this day the rate of toll payable on ice passing through the Welland Canal, shall be, and the same is hereby reduced from twenty cents per ton,—such reduction to cease and determine after the expiration of the current year, when, unless otherwise ordered, the existing toll of twenty cents per ton shall revive and continue in force thereafter.

WM. H. LEE,
April 21 Clerk Privy Council.

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