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Poetry.

IN AUTUMN.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
The goal is won and the toil is done,
And now you may don your best,
Your robe of purple and scarlet,
Your tassels and plumes of gold,
The misty sheen of your veil of green
And your mantle's crimson fold.

O earth, so glad and so fruitful?
O nature, so brave and so true!
I would that we were as wise as ye.
In the work we have to do!

We labor and waste, we strive not,
Or scatter our seed in vain—
For the story field must be wrought to yield
Its treasure of golden grain.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
Faint heart of mine! to that call divine
Be all thy powers addressed;
Bowing beside all waters,
Faithful in that which is least,
Constant and still, do the Master's will
Till the time of toil has ceased.

Then the peace that shall come and the
gladness that shall be!
The service that shall be rest!
And the plaudits won of that world, "Well
done!"
And the Master's "Come, ye blest!"
O earth! in your sweet fruition
Rejoice and be glad! but this
The joy of a seed that has reached its goal,
Is a deeper, holier bliss.

LETTER FROM ROME.

ROME, Oct. 12, 1874.
Editor Standard:—As I promised to write
to you, you will see by this that I am in the
great City of Rome, the city of the Caesars and
Popes. We have been travelling on the Conti-
nental since early in September. Arrived in
Paris and visited all the sights to be seen, the
little bits of the late war, together with the
ruins of the old city, the "Commune"; it must
have been something dreadful, no palaces in
ruins. Still the people have built up a great
deal and in great little remains to tell the
tale of more beautiful times. From Paris we
went on to Switzerland, through the great tun-
nel under the Alps—eight miles long. The
scenery is very grand, many picturesque little
mountain villages here and there, the moun-
tain sides covered with vineyards and cornfields.
From there on to Turin, where the King of Italy
was staying. Society was very gay; spent a
week here, and saw all that was to be seen,
many works of art. Thence on to Milan, where
we visited the great picture galleries full of
works by the great masters; we also visited the
great Cathedral, built entirely of white marble,
polished. It is one of the grandest churches in
the world, it has on its outside seven thousand
statues, great and small, and five hundred in
the inside; it has jewels shown to the public,
worth three millions of francs. From Milan to
Florence is a fine city, rich in works of art, fine
buildings and beautifully situated. We pro-
ceeded on to delightful Venice, so often spoken
of by many of our great writers. Venice is full
of grand old marble palaces, built on piles,
which speak of the splendor of past days; many
were the seat of a once noble family now passed
away. Here we have the grand Palace of the
Doge's of Venice, full of paintings and
statues by the old masters, pictures of value
and original sculptures by Venetian artists.
There still stands the house of Shylock, the Jew
in Shakespeare's play, and the house of the fair
Desdemona; all are pointed out to travellers.
Venice has no roads, they go all by Gondola's;
it is very pleasant to travel about by these and
listen to the Gondoliers sing.

Well, from here we go on to the eternal City
of Rome, full of its historic ruins and noble
churches, of which there are 365, and a perfect
army of Priests. The Pope has shut himself
up in the Vatican since 1870. All the grand
services have been discontinued since the Ital-
ian army has occupied Rome. We have been
here for over a week and have visited many of
the noted old piles of ruins of which there are
hundreds, showing Rome's one greatness. The
Italian Government are doing a great deal of
good here, draining the city and other improve-
ments. The scenery is very beautiful through-
out Italy, and at the foot of the Apennine Moun-
tains large tracts full of vineyards and corn-
fields. We leave here to-morrow and go to
Naples, where we will remain for a week or so,
thence back to Rome, and on to Pisa, Geneva,
and home to London, via Marseilles and Paris.
With all that art can do to beautify a coun-
try, and in all my wanderings, I have not seen
a place I like better than dear old St. Andrews
in spring and summer; we have there as fine
scenery as man would wish. The Italian Lakes

are not to be compared, in my idea, in beauty
to yours. Poor old St. Andrews, how I wish
that fate had me no longer room, and let me
once more visit my dear old home, its friendly
people, friends of my youth, those whom I
know so well. But the time has not yet come
for me to fully settle down.

Mrs. James, I am glad to say, is enjoying the
best of health, and never mentions St. Andrews
but with a wish to return to that dear old spot.
I close this hurriedly written letter with the
compliments of Mrs. James and myself to our
many friends in St. Andrews.

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. JAMES.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was in the outskirts of a Canadian city in
a detached building that I was going to pass
the night. The house was surrounded by a sort
of garden, and to the rear there was a large
field through which might be reached the more
distant suburbs of the city. I had passed a
very pleasant evening with my entertainer and
his family, and had retired to my room at about
midnight. It was summer, and the night was
dark enough to prevent the ground being seen
with any clearness. Taking a book I lay down
on my bed and turned over the leaves; while
doing so I became conscious of voices in the
garden. I listened and became more satisfied
of the presence of some persons in the vicinity
of the house. I put out my light and went to
the window and soon became positive of two
men speaking in hushed whispers beneath my
window, which was in the second story. List-
ening more attentively I could distinguish
some of the words, and gathered from them
that an attack was meditated on the house,
and murder was intended as a punishment on
my friend for his interference in certain politi-
cal agitations which were at the time causing
considerable uneasiness in the community.

The servants occupied bed-rooms in the base-
ment, but it was possible to effect an entrance
into the house by the gallery on the first flat.
This plan was discussed by the two men, but
one of them was evidently acquainted with one
of the servants, and he made known his pres-
ence by gently rapping against the window
panes.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls.
"It's me, Susan; open the door."
"What do you want?"
"Open the door and I will tell you."
After some further conversation I could hear
the door opened, and my bedroom being above
the kitchen, although one flat intervened, I
could hear pretty distinctly what was said by
the conspirators. The servants had left their
bedroom, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"In the first place," began one of the men,
"we want some supper."

This was procured, and the rattle of knives
and forks alone disturbed the silence until Sus-
an asked,
"Now that you are in, what do you want?"
"You will not wait long to see that, Bill,
have you got your knife ready?"
"My God!" cried out Susan, "are you going
to commit murder?"

"You keep quiet or I'll soon make you," said
one of the villains.
But Susan was now really terrified and at-
tempted to reach the door. The men were too
quick and the two servants were soon gagged
and bound. They, however, continued to
struggle, till the one who was called Bill, put a
stop to that by drawing his knife across her
throat, and afterwards treating the other unfor-
tunate girl in the same manner. I distinctly
heard the dripping of the blood on the kitchen
floor. The ruffians had evidently made sure
work, for in a short time not the slightest move-
ment was discernable.

The reader may imagine the agony which I
was then enduring, but this agony was intensi-
fied to an almost inconceivable height when I
found myself incapable of motion; although
not tied or bound, I was incapable of moving a
single limb or of uttering a word. If I had
been reduced to almost a state of syncope my
hearing powers were greatly increased. Not a
movement or a breathing of the two men down
stairs escaped me, and I soon became aware of
their creeping slowly up stairs. They passed
my room door, one remarking that I was a
stranger. The murderers entered the bedroom
where Mr. — and his wife were sleeping; they
took handkerchiefs steeped in chloroform
and soon their victims were in a state of insen-
sibility. An artery was opened in each, and
death by bleeding slowly but surely followed.
A son and a daughter were then visited and
met with the same fate, and the murderers
then took their departure; long after which I
could hear the dripping of blood from the four
corpses in the different bedrooms. The dawn
of day began now to break the sky, and I could

distinguish articles in the room. I found that
I had regained the use of my limbs, but I was
still suffering from the agony of mind; the
dripping of blood continued, and as I listened
to it more intently, methought it came from the
window. I looked around me—I was lying on
my bed, my lamp still burning at my side, and
my book fallen from my hand. It was but a
dream of terror, whose illusion of the whisper-
ing had been caused by the wind in the trees,
and of the dropping of the blood by the pattering
of the rain against the window panes.

Fortune knocks at every man's door some-
time in his life, if he will but open and receive
it. Many stand idly waiting for luck to touch
their craft, and not even beckon to it. They
expect some great event to transpire, whereby
they will be made heirs of great wealth and
fame. They scorn the humble and lowly path
of the honest laborer. They seek it through
recklessness and half planned speculations
without exertion on their part. They do not
deserve it. No wonder so many who aspire to
success and fame fail; they do not put forth
the right kind of metal. Every man can ac-
quire a competency; he has only to put on
courage and energy and "work while the day
light lasts," and his labors will certainly be
crowned with success. The great secret of all
success is "Muck."

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel in
Des Moines, Iowa, where pretty high bills were
charged. In the morning the landlord made
out the amount of damages and presented it to
Pat. After he glanced over it the latter looked
the landlord in the face and exclaimed: "Ye
put me in mind of a snipe." "Why?" asked
the landlord. "Because ye're very high all
bill."

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton. I have
run in a moment to inquire if it is all over.
I have heard be true. It is too incredible
for me to believe, for with all your practical
ideas of life, I cannot think you would carry
your peculiar notions to such a length as this."

"Pray what have I been doing now, Mrs.
Ellis?" said Mrs. Morton, as she quietly
arose and offered her visitor a chair. Your
words and looks are ominous. Have I
committed such a breach of propriety that
Madam Grundy has found it necessary to
hurl her thunder of excommunication against
me? Come, silence my suspense quickly,
and with a pleasant smile the lady awaited her visitor's revelation.

"Why, I am told that you've actually ap-
prenticed Belle, to a publisher in order that
she may become a compositor. Every one
was talking about it last evening at Mrs.
Wilson's party, and although it is a great
pity that so beautiful a girl should be drawn
into a publishing house, simply because her
mother chooses to sacrifice her child to that
Moloch of her's—work. As for me, I can
not think you are so blind to your only
daughter's interests."

"Yes, it is true," said Mrs. Morton, glanc-
ing up a moment from her work, for her
fingers were ever busy, with something.
"But I see nothing in this to create such a
profound sensation. Belle is not lost to
society; she will have many hours for re-
creation, and will thus be enabled to meet
any responsible demand society may make
upon her."

"No doubt she will. It is possible Mrs.
Morton, you do not know that you are ef-
fectually banishing your daughter from soci-
ety. For, of course, much as I deplore
such a state of affairs, 'our set' could never
recognize a humble type setter as one of
themselves. This is all wrong, I admit,
but public opinion regulates these matters,
and one must drift with the current you
know. Belle has just graduated with the
highest honors, and with her lovely man-
ners, and fresh young face, might command
the most eligible match in the city. It is
absolutely cruel to sacrifice the sweet girl
in this way."

"Well, Mrs. Ellis I take up the gambler's
society has thrown down, and I shall fear-
lessly perform what I conceive to be my
duty, though I am never again recognized
by one of those with whom I am accus-
tomed to associate. Out upon these aris-
tocratic notions about work! Imported from
lands where despotism grinds with its iron
heel the laborer and his offspring. What
business have Canadians harboring such
ideas? It is my aim to make of Belle an
independent, self-reliant woman. As to
marriage, I am not at all concerned about
that. The man who would scorn her hand
because that hand is able to earn its fair
possession's support, I would scorn to re-
ceive into my family. It is my desire that
she may grow up a noble, useful woman,"

fitted to reign a very queen in the hearts of
husband and children, should heaven be-
stow such priceless gifts upon her. At the
same time, I want her character to be as
symmetrical that should she never meet
one who appreciates her, she may cheer-
fully fill up this great void in her life by
devoting herself to some noble pursuit.
I think parents commit a grave error by not
practically educating their daughters as
well as their sons. In it, and not in legisla-
tion, may be found the solution to the
 vexed question which is now agitating our
sex all over the land, and breaking out in
discontented murmurings everywhere.

"Oh, it is all very well for people to work
whose necessities require it," said Mrs. El-
lis, "but Belle is your only child and will
inherit your large fortune. What need
has she to work?"

"Because she will be happier if she is
usefully employed. Besides the wheel of
fortune is a revolving one, and though to-
day we may be rolling in luxury, to-morrow
may find us crushed beneath the Juggernaut
of misfortune. Listen while I briefly
relate the story of my early womanhood.
I would I might write as with a pen of fire
upon the brain of every mother in the
land! Oh, I cannot tell you what an in-
terest I feel in the young girls growing up
around me. My heart yearns to urge them
to make a specialty of whatever the ineffi-
cacious every effort upon that one pur-
sue until they excel in it. But to my story:
I was the daughter of wealthy parents,
the youngest of several years, and of
course a great pet. Of an extremely deli-
cate organization, my kind and indulgent
mother shielded me from every hardship,
and I grew into womanhood a novice in
the art of housekeeping. From a child I
was passionately fond of reading, and at
school excelled in all my studies. Pleased
with the progress I had made and proud of
my attainments parents and teachers urged
me forward, stimulating my ambition with
words of encouragement until at the im-
mature age of 18 I graduated the most
brilliant girl in Madison B.—a celebrated
school and carrying off amid the plaudits
of friends and acquaintances, the honors
of my class. But, alas! I was superficial
in many things, for while it had been easy
for me to commit my lessons I found it
equally difficult to forget them. Keenly did I
feel this defect, and in order to perfect my-
self, I wished, after leaving school to
teach, but so bitterly did my parents op-
pose that I yielded to their wishes,
and returned home. I plunged into a
round of gayety and amusement, and from
this whirl of excitement I engaged the
bride of one whom my friends did not look
upon with favor. The young man was an
employee in a wholesale house in the city
of N. He was poor, but possessed of a
well-cultivated mind. Unfortunately, how-
ever, he had no chosen trade or avocation.
Idleness had made me a dreamy visionary
being, and there was a charm about begin-
ning life in poverty. It must be so delight-
ful to this that I loved so fondly—
and in practice also, where there are four
strong hands to perform the labor; but close
application to the desk, and breathing the
unwholesome city air, had seriously impaired
my husband's health.

We married at a time when neither was
strong enough to battle with the stern re-
alities of life. Dependence upon the salary
of a clerk or book-keeper in a large city
is very precarious for a family. It was a
year of unprecedented hard times, neces-
sitating great economy in business. Hun-
dreds lost their situations, and my husband
among the rest. Ah! then began that vain
search for employment. For every vacan-
cy there was a score of applicants and you
invariably received the answer—"Persons
of experience wanted." Oh! I can never
forget that weary tramp, tramp up and
down the streets jostled by a crowd as cold
and heartless as the very stones under one's
feet. I envied even the servant girls; but
alas! the mysteries of the cuisine were as
Greek to me, and I dared not apply for so
menial a situation as theirs. My poor hus-
band was in wretched health; and almost
fronzed at the thought of the misery and
degradation he had brought upon me. For
his sake I hid my aching heart behind a
smiling face. One night after he had re-
tired, in hunting up his coat, a vital drop
fell from his pocket. Picking it up, I
found it labelled "Laudatum," and then I
knew that he was beset with the terrible
temptation to take his own life. Flinging
the vile drug into the street, I sunk on my
knees, and "O my God! lead him not into
temptation, but deliver him from evil," was
the prayer that went up from my agonized
heart. How desolate I felt! In the midst
of a great city, friendless, worn, high-
ness, and worst of all, haunted with the
breadth fear that my husband would com-
mit suicide. From the time we were sep-
arate in the morning until we met again at

night I lived in a state of absolute torture.
At length, despairing of finding anything
in the city to do, we turned our faces coun-
tryward, feeling that our slender stock of
money would last longer, than in town.
After many weeks of painful anxiety, my
husband found a situation in a small village,
with just salary enough to keep the wolf
from the door. How I longed to do some-
thing to better our condition; but, alas!
what could I do? I might have had a fine
music class in the village, but while I play-
ed and sang very well, I was not proficient
enough in music to teach it successfully.
Oh, how I wished I had given the time to
it! I had spent on French and Latin. Many
an hour of hard study had I given to these
branches, and of what practical advantage
had they been to me? I never met any
French people with whom I could converse,
and had never been able to secure a class
in either language, while all the while my
knowledge was becoming rusty by non-use.
It is painful to recall to this period of my
life; I was so unhappy. I expected every
day to be the last my husband would be
able to attend to business. Finally, driven
to desperation by our misfortune, I resolved
to do something in the attempt. Attached
to the house we occupied was a large lot
for gardening purposes, and I made up my
mind that out of that lot of earth I would
dig out fortunes, not least a living. With
my own hand I made horticultural and flor-
iculture a study and busied up her know-
ledge of chemistry. I was hard work and
small profits the first year; but having
once put my hand to the plow, I never turn-
ed back. Our table was abundantly sup-
plied with fresh vegetables and fruits, and
what was better, my step had grown elastic,
my eye bright, and my cheeks rounded
with health. My husband now found
many a spare moment from his business to-
assist me, and in doing so found himself grow-
ing strong and well again. Oh, how hap-
py we were? Surely there is a dignity in
labor unknown to ease? How proud I felt
when I received the returns from my first
shipment of vegetables to the nearest mar-
ket. I counted it over, and over, it seemed
to possess a value that I had never at-
tached to money in the old days when at
their lavishness I squandered on me. Then I
would have thought nothing of spending
such a pretty sum upon the trimmings of
a single dress, now every penny was
hoarded with miserly care, for we had re-
solved upon a home of our own. Well, to
be brief, each year I attempted something
more—first a poultry yard, then the cul-
ture of bees and so on—until, before we
were hardly aware of it, our home was paid
for, and we were in easy circumstances.

I had carefully concealed every trace of
our adversity from my parents. I think I
would have died rather than go home a
beggar. Now that the dawn of prosperity
had set in, I wrote, asking them to come
and see the little sickle-haired girl that like
a sunbeam danced through our home.
They came. Father, accustomed to his
broad acres, was astonished at the product
of my small plot of ground. He declared
I was the best farmer he knew of and should
have greater scope for my powers. He
bought a fine large tract of land adjoining
our grounds, that happened to be for sale
just then and made me a deed for it. This
is the origin of the country-seat you visit-
ed last summer and admired so much.
Belle is a fine horticulturist and an accom-
plished housekeeper. Should she ever be
thrown upon her own resources in the coun-
try, she could make a living, and I wish
her to be equally as independent in town.
We came to town to superintend her educa-
tion. She thinks her forte is journalism,
and desires, in addition to this, to become a
practical printer. And now can you wonder,
Mrs. Ellis, from my experience, that I
am trying to have her avoid the errors that
well nigh made my young life a failure?

"No indeed, Mrs. Morton, and I honor
you for it. I have been greatly benefited
by the narrative of your early troubles,
and I think you will see the result of it in
the future training of my daughters."

Private information received in the city
yesterday from our sister city across the
bay represents an uncertain feeling regard-
ing the stability of one or two large houses
in the lumber trade. This trade has been
notoriously overdone, just as our Nova Scot-
ia shipbuilders are overdoing the produc-
tion of new vessels, and the operators are
beginning in the former case, to feel the
pressure. Some day, and not far distant,
either our shipbuilders will feel the shoe
pinch as they have felt it in years gone by,
though for the last four or five years ships
have been coming money. A wise man
foresees the evil, but the simple pass on, as
the Halifax Colonist.

There is a prospect of suffering and de-
stitution in Metapedia, owing to the failure
of the crops.