

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VAN DER BEEK, EDITOR.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 13, 1878.

NO. 11.

## Love's Queen.

By WILLIAM WINTER.  
He loves not well whose love is bold;  
I would not have thee come too high.  
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold  
Unless the sun were in the sky.  
To take him thence and chain him near  
Would make his beauty disappear.  
He keeps his state—do thou keep thine.  
And shine upon me from afar!  
So shall I bask in light divine  
That falls from Love's own guiding star.  
So shall thy smile be high,  
And so my passion shall not die.  
But all my life shall reach its hands  
Of lofty longing toward thy face,  
And be as one who speaks in grace:  
In rapture at some perfect stage;  
My love, my hope, my all, shall be  
To look to heaven and look to thee.  
Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights;  
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,  
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,  
The murmuring tone of leafy trees.  
And I will touch thy beauteous form  
In June's red roses, rich and warm.  
But then thy self shall not come down  
From that pure region far above;  
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,  
Queen of my heart and queen of love!  
A monarch in thy realm complete,  
And a monarch—at thy feet!

## ROSAMOND GIFFORD.

"Good-by, mamma, and wish me good luck, please!"  
"Good-by, Rosamond; but as for my wishes, they can't signify one way or the other. I'm nothing but a forlorn remnant of the old time."

Rosamond Gifford turned away from the cracked mirror in its frame of stained wood, and went smilingly on in the nipping November air—a tall, blooming damsel, with deep brown eyes, and a lovely pink and white complexion, whose simple black alpaca dress set off her fresh beauty, as an antique vase might relieve a cluster of full-blossomed roses.  
"Mamma," said little Helen Gifford, as she put another shovelful of coals on the carefully husbanded fire, "do you feel sorry that Rosa is going to work the sewing machine at the exhibition?"  
Mrs. Gifford withdrew behind her pocket-handkerchief.  
"Ah, child, it is well for you that you haven't my sensitive feelings!"  
"But, mamma, why shouldn't Rosa sew at the exhibition fair, just the same as in the sewing machine room in Oxford street? Where's the difference, so long as they pay her for it?"  
Mrs. Gifford shook her cap borders hysterically.  
"I never thought to see the day when a Gifford should be compelled to work for a living—and to work in public, too! I only wish I had been dead and buried first!"  
"Mamma, don't," pleaded poor little Helen.  
"It would have been a great deal better," groaned Mrs. Gifford, "if I shouldn't have been in the way, with my old ideas and notions, there! I hope Sir Walter Morton sleeps peacefully in his bed—that is all! I know I couldn't, if I had cheated my cousin's children out of their inheritance!"  
"But, mamma, how was it Cousin Walter's fault, if the law gave him the estate, instead of us?"  
"Law, indeed! Nonsense! When your poor, dear papa always brought me up in the expectation that some day Morton Place would be ours. And for him to step in—a selfish, domineering, heartless—"

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"See here, Morton, you are interested in this new improvement, as you are going to supply the industrial schools at your place with sewing machines. It is really the best thing out."

And Rosamond, glancing up through her long eyelashes, saw a tall, well-made gentleman, with bright brown eyes, chestnut locks, and a grave, pleasant mouth, and heard him introduced to her employer as "Sir Walter Morton, of Morton Place, Staffordshire."

The veritable Cousin Walter—the mysterious wonder of her youth and childhood—and Rosamond felt her heart throbbing a pulse or two faster, as the brown, clear eyes fell upon her face.

"Miss Gifford, will you be kind enough to run a strip of cloth through the machine? Then, sir, you will perceive the manifest improvement in this latest attachment."

But the stranger was looking, not at the little silver plate and glancing wheel, but at the fair, flushed face which bent over them.

"Gifford!" he repeated slowly. "I have cousins by the name of Gifford." "And I am one of those cousins," said Rosamond, courteously. "There you turn this screw a little, and it relieves the tension at once, thereby improving the stitching, for—"

"Allow me to claim relationship, then," and Sir Walter Morton frankly held out his hand. Rosamond hesitated an instant. Her mother would have laughingly repulsed the overtures of friendship; but she and her mother had always held different theories on the subject of Sir Walter Morton. So she put her hand in his.

"I am glad to meet you," said Morton. "I should have met you before, but a letter from your mother—"

"Yes," said Rosamond, coloring deeply; "I know how my mother feels. Shall I show you about the machines now?"

"Are you exhibiting them?" "Yes, I am earning my own living." Morton's fine face lighted up.

"And I honor you for it. Yes, you may show me, if you please. I am just ordering a few for some schools I have established."

And when Sir Walter Morton took his leave, the man of sewing machines came gaily to Rosamond's side.

"Your cousin has ordered a dozen, if Sir Gifford, I wish we had a few more stomers like him."

Sir Walter Morton came again the next day, to examine into one or two knotty points respecting the machinery, and stayed until Rosamond got up to put on her shawl and bonnet.

"You are going home?" he asked. "Yes, Miss Morton takes my place in the evening," she replied.

"But it is quite dark; you must let me see you home."

"Yes, but—mother?" "Morton laughed. 'I comprehend. I am no special favorite with her. But I can preserve a prudent incognito. Let me be Mr. Walters.'"

And Rosamond, who really was a little timid concerning that long, lonely walk in the dusk, and who was beginning to like and trust her new-found relative, consented.

Mrs. Gifford received the new comer with stately dignity.

"I'm sure I'm very happy to meet you, sir," she said. "Any friend of Rosamond's will always be welcome to me, and I only wish I could receive you in a more fitting manner. We have not always been what we are—not should we be now if law and justice were anything but mere meaningless names."

"Indeed!" said Morton, smiling curiously, while Rosamond felt as if her face was all on fire.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Gifford, the bows on her lace cap quivering with the emphasis she used. "If we had our rights, we should have been the Giffords of Morton Place, and my daughter Rosamond, instead of exhibiting sewing machines, would have been sitting in silks and velvets. But we have been deprived of our rightful inheritance by a fiend in human shape, named Walter Morton. Perhaps you have heard of the great lawsuit?"

"I think I have a faint recollection of it," said Mr. Walters, gravely.

"Mamma," interrupted Rosamond, in a voice of distress, "these—these family matters do not seem to be interesting to a stranger, and—"

"Excuse me!" said Mrs. Gifford, drawing herself up primly. "Of course I am in the wrong—I always am—only it isn't pleasant to be told of it by my own daughter?"

"Mamma, you know I didn't mean that!" But Mrs. Gifford declined to be propitiated on any terms, and set stiff and prim the remainder of the evening, full of unspoken reminiscences of "the great lawsuit."

"He will never come near us again," was Rosamond's regretful thought, as she laid her flushed cheeks on the pillow that night, with little Helen's fragrant breath mingling with her own.

But Rosamond was mistaken. "Mr. Walters" did come again, the very next evening but one; and again, and yet again!

"You are looking pale, Miss Gifford," he said, the last time.

"It is one of the misfortunes of our reduced station in life," Mrs. Gifford sighed, "that Rosamond is obliged to lead a too sedentary life!"

"A little walk would bring the roses back to your cheeks," said Mr. Walters. "It is a lovely moonlight night. Will you come?"

Mrs. Gifford nodded her sanction; and Rosamond put on the tartan shawl and the little round hat with the red-bird's wing in front, and slipped her arm through that of her cousin.

"Rosamond," said Sir Walter Morton, after they had walked a little way in silence, "the exhibition closes to-morrow."

"Yes," said she regretfully. "And with it closes your work?" "Yes, I wish I could hear of some new engagement."

Morton drew her arm closer to his. "I know of one, Rosamond, but I don't exactly know whether it would suit you."

"What is it?" "I want to engage you, Rosamond—to be my wife."

Mrs. Gifford had looked up at the clock half a dozen times, true to her instinct of always worrying about something, before Rosamond came back.

"Child!" she croaked, "do you see what time it is? Where is Mr. Walters?"

"He would not come in. He is coming to see you to-morrow, mamma."

"To see me! What for?" "Mamma, he has asked me to marry him!"

"He is a most gentlemanly person, my dear," said Mrs. Gifford, smiling and bridling. "I shall consent with the greatest pleasure."

"You like him then, mamma?" "Certainly I do."

"Then, mamma, I may venture to tell you that he is our cousin, Walter Morton; that I shall be the mistress of Morton Place, and that you shall reign, in very truth, in the halls of our ancestors, you have spoken about so often."

## Washington's Letters.

Chirographically speaking, General Washington wrote an admirable hand. Such peculiarities as exist in the shaping of Washington's letters are but few. Perhaps the most marked is in the formation of the n, which, as written in later life, resemble somewhat an r. The o's and e's show some slight interchange of forms. Thus "Harriet" looks like "Harriot," and "conjectures" like "conjeitures." Though the letters are apparently spread, and words seem to occupy a certain space, when an attempt is made to transcribe any of Washington's manuscript the copyist is surprised to find how uniform the characters are, and how many words are found to the page. Abbreviations are few, and are only used at the end of a line, when room is wanted. Words are not often divided into syllables in order to carry them over to the next line. The old style of forming a long / in the middle of a word is retained, the modern a being used at the conclusion. Leading substantives occasionally begin with capitals. Washington used false lines in his letter-writing, as the spaces are always mathematically accurate, and the register on both sides of the sheet perfect.

In such rough drafts of Washington's letters as are before us, the illustrious writer seems to have taken the greatest pains to find the exact word wanted. Gen. Washington, as has been frequently stated, was not what is called "a ready writer." Your ready writer, like your voluble speaker, has mostly a slipshod style, alights his work, and is satisfied with but a half meaning. A very clear, straightforward style belongs to Washington. What he writes is to the point, and his square and truly, and without unnecessary verbiage. When he wants to, he sends the arrow-head home, without useless feathering to the shaft. If Washington labored at times to get the exact word to suit him, his vocabulary was rarely at fault. It seems quite evident that Washington never wrote an important letter without first made a rough copy. Even letters on minor topics show this same patient care. Sometimes three or four drafts were made, diligently worked up, full of interlineations and changes, before the perfect copy was achieved. If the secretaries of distinguished statesmen of to-day were to disclose the secrets of official cabinets, it might be discovered that this elaboration of documents is considered to be quite a necessity.

Something has been written before this in regard to General Washington's grammar. If it is not always absolutely correct, if even occasionally an error in spelling occurs, some mistakes are very uncommon, and are evidently of a purely accidental character. For a public man, Washington's correspondence was immense. Occasionally the most untiring of men, who never neglected a duty, was overtaken. The very best of us slip up at times. Men who search for notes in the sunbeams, taking nothing from their light, have rarely anything left for their pains.—*Harper's Magazine.*

**Heating on Their Own Account.**  
A gentleman in the county of Stirling, Scotland, kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find him at the hare, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down so as to prevent the dog from running, or jumping over dikes, etc. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together, and one day the gentleman suspecting that they were unobserved the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that whenever the pointer scented the hare he ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion after he had caught his prey.

**The End of the World.**  
The sticking-point to faith in the old "Mother Shipton" prophecy has been that she promised the "end of the world" in 1881. Other verification has come along very conveniently, but this has proved a very bothersome problem. The Mobile Register explains, however, the whole mystery. The North Pole is the "end of the world." Stanley is to sail in the Pandora; and about 1881 the "end of the world" may be reached. Dame Shipton's wisdom has the elasticity of a Grecian oracle.—*Hartford Courant.*

## Poe Reciting "The Raven."

Once, in discussing "The Raven," Poe observed that he had never heard it correctly delivered by even the best readers—that is, not as he desired that it should be read. That evening, a number of visitors being present, he was requested to recite the poem, and complied. His impressive delivery held the company spell-bound, but in the midst of it, I, happening to glance toward the open window above the level roof of the green-house, beheld a group of sable faces the whites of whose eyes shone in strong relief against the surrounding darkness. These were a number of our family servants, who having heard much talk about "Mr. Poe, the poet," and having but an imperfect idea of what a poet was, had requested permission of my brother to witness the recital. As the speaker became more impassioned and excited, more conspicuous grew the circle of white eyes, until when at length he turned suddenly toward the window, and, extending his arm, cried, with awful vehemence:

"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!"

There was a sudden disappearance of the sable visages, a scuffling of feet, and the gallery audience was gone. Ludicrous as was the incident, the final touch was given when at that moment Miss Poe, who was an extraordinary character in her way sleepily entered the room, and with a dull and drowsy deliberation seated herself on her brother's knee. He had subsided from his excitement into a gloom of despair, and now, fixing his eyes upon his sister, he concluded:

"And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And its eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming—"

The effect was irresistible; and as the final "nevermore" was solemnly uttered the half-suppressed titter of two very young persons in a corner was repressed, and by a general laugh. Poe remarked quietly that on his next delivery of a public lecture he would "take Rose along, to act the part of the raven, in which she seemed born to excel."—*Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss in Scribner.*

## A Partridge Conquers a Rooster.

At St. Foye, near Quebec, I beheld a male spruce partridge engaged in mortal combat with the Spanish knight-errant of our poultry yard. The combatants fought in the manner common to the Gallinaceae—each with one wing outstretched, and drooping wings. At each attempt to strike on the part of the rooster, the partridge, with the rapidity of a flash, would hop, or rather fly, over the head of his unskilful opponent, and passing, would use as weapons of offence both wing and claw with astonishing effect. At each one's passing was repeated several times, without intermission, and then the posture of attack would be resumed. In this manner the combat was carried on, round after round, but it soon became evident that, owing to his activity and strange and superior mode of attack, the smaller of the two opponents must eventually become the victor. Feeling his advantage, the little hero's fury knew no bounds. Striking from all sides, he punished the unlucky rooster till his crest and wattles were torn to shreds, and, half-blind, bleeding, and stunned, he became utterly demoralized and took to his heels. Little, however, did his flight avail him. The partridge, bent on carrying hostilities to the bitter end, followed the rooster, knocking him down repeatedly by the violence of the blows, till, vanquished beyond hope, lying flat on the sod, hiding his bruised and bleeding head under a tuft of grass, he surrendered at discretion.—*Forest and Stream.*

**Hold On, Boys.**  
Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.  
Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.  
Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.  
Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.  
Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.  
Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.  
Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.  
Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.  
Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

## A Picture.

One picture fair within my heart I carry.  
Unshadowed by the weary weight of years:  
And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,  
A vision of my early youth appears.  
The houses clustered on the water's border,  
Clear imaged in the softly-flowing stream:  
The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,  
The bridge, the road—delicious is the dream!  
Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memories  
My heart to those that still by them abide:  
I think of those that wandered with me often—  
Of those who now in earth lie side by side.  
Long years have rolled, and other children  
Gladly  
Boys in the woods and by the water-side:  
And some who walked with me may eye them  
Sadly,  
And think of other days, whose light has  
Died.  
And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweet-  
ness  
Around the ways, else darkly shaded all:  
Making the heart, prepared in all meanness,  
Like "darkened chamber," when the bright  
rays fall:  
A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,  
Each common thing made radiant in the  
light.  
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished.  
But here, rekindled, is clear to inward sight.

**Items of Interest.**  
To keep yourself warm—Keep the fire  
coaled.  
Motto for a cat show—Come to the  
scratch.  
The best muzzle yet invented for dogs  
is the muzzle of a gun.  
The fibrous roots of asparagus are  
coming into use for fine paper making.  
Caroline of Denmark, who has just  
commenced her eighty-fourth year, is  
the oldest princess in Europe.  
A London doctor has found thirty-  
eight different causes for headache and  
only two for earache. Some folks will  
be jealous.  
Eight thousand and sixty-four lan-  
guages are spoken in the world—587 in  
Europe, 836 in Asia, 276 in Africa and  
1,264 in America.  
Thirty Chinese merchants in San  
Francisco have united in an appeal to the  
board of education to have public schools  
opened for the instruction of Chinese  
youth.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles  
out-of-doors it began to sprinkle with  
rain, when a bystander advised the auc-  
tioneer that the next article he had better  
put up was an umbrella.

An extremely ingenious swindle has  
been practiced in Syracuse, N. Y. An  
iron cylinder with a cone at each end is  
rolled in paper and then passed for a  
package of twenty-five pennies.

Did it ever occur to you that the Val-  
entine business would have been com-  
pletely ruined, and the postal revenue  
much curtailed if St. Valentine's day  
had come on the 29th of February in-  
stead of the 14th?

A little girl living in Holidaysburg  
told her little brother to watch how the  
sparks would fly when she poured the  
contents of a powder flask on the stove.  
The sparks flew and so did everything  
else in the vicinity, including one of the  
girl's thumbs and the hair on the boy's  
head.

"Do you think, William," said Mrs.  
Brown to her husband the other night,  
"that the telephone will ever be as  
generally used as the telegraph?"  
"Why, yes," replied Brown, "the time  
is coming when it will be as common to  
telephone as it seems to be now to tell—  
a fib."

**KEYS.**  
Brown eyes' hoods  
Cover moods;  
The eye of blue  
Is firm and true;  
Gray eyes ever dry,  
Gray eyes ever shy;  
But the black eye, glistening, gleaming,  
Like God's ways, hath deepest meaning.  
—From the German.

A tooth the size of a small ham, and  
similar in shape, weighing twelve pounds  
was extracted from the jaw of a white  
elephant in Ceylon while the animal was  
under the influence of chloroform. The  
dental operation was performed to relieve  
the beast of the great pain caused by ex-  
posure of the nerve owing to the decay  
of a portion of the bone.

The Heathen Chinese has been outdone  
by a quick-witted western backwoods  
man. At Oshkosh, Wis., three gamblers  
laid a plan to beggar a fourth at poker.  
The victim was dealt four aces to induce  
him to bet, but was given six cards as  
a make a misdeal. But the amateur  
backed his four for all he was worth and  
won, when his opponents charged him  
with having another card secreted about  
his person. A search revealed nothing  
and he departed with his winnings. I  
was afterwards discovered that he had  
slipped the extra card into a sandwich  
which he was eating while playing, and  
had actually swallowed it.