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No 45

Poetry.

IN MEMORY OF THEE.

When spring shall come again to bless
The earth with fragrant flowers,
And merry birds shall sing their songs
In nature's sylvan bowers;
The roses, then, that bud and bloom,
Shall give new life to me,
And I shall on their beauties gaze,
In memory of thee.

When Spring's receding footsteps shall
Give place to Summer fair,
Then thoughts will rise of how I plucked
Sweet flowers for thy hair;
And as I see the moonlight fall
Upon the quiet sea,
My heart shall with the past commune,
In memory of thee.

When Summer flowers lose their scent,
And wither in their bloom,
When all their gorgeous beauties lie
Beneath dark Autumn's tomb,
Oh, then, I'll think of blighted hopes,
Now wrecked on life's dark sea,
And sadly drop a tear, dear one,
In memory of thee.

When Autumn's withered relics lie
Beneath the Winter's snow,
Oh, then, in solitude and grief,
Unto thy grave I go,
And as I think upon thy love,
And what thou wert to me,
My tears shall fall like April rain,
In memory of thee.

Miscellany.

THE FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

In the course of a tour in the south of Europe I remained for a short time in Florence, before proceeding to Naples. It was in autumn—the most delightful season of the year in the Tuscan capital. The beauty of its situation, its splendid edifices, and brilliant streets, are then seen to the best advantage; while the peculiarly lively, animated appearance of the inhabitants, and the emotions of the most pleasant description. The country, not less than the city, is fitted in a high degree to excite interest. The whole scene presents the aspect of a continued grove and garden, enhanced in beauty by the graceful windings of the river Arno, which interests it from east to west. Numerous white villas, situated along its banks, strike the eye through the extensive orchards; and romantic residences, equally beautiful, stand the surrounding hills, rising in every variety of form, till the prospect is bounded by the lofty Apennines.

With such inducements to perambulate, I was daily abroad. One of my favorite routes was the line of road leading to the Abbey of Vallombrosa, a place the name of which must be familiar to every reader of Milton's Paradise Lost. In this direction I frequently met an elderly gentleman and a lady, apparently his daughter, generally riding in an open vehicle. There was something in her appearance that attracted me deeply. She seemed about twenty years of age. Her features were of nature's finest mould, and her whole form was elegance and grace. I could easily perceive, however, that a settled melancholy rested on her countenance—the sure indication that grief, deep and poignant, preyed upon her heart. The rose's bloom, indeed, had not left her cheek; but consumption seemed prematurely to have begun its work, and I could not help exclaiming to myself as I passed. My dear young lady, the destroyer has already marked you as his victim, and you are destined ere long to enter the gates of the city of the dead.

Having met her father shortly afterwards at the house of a friend, I availed myself of the opportunity of inquiring after her health. This was evidently touching a tender chord. After answering my inquiry, and intoning me he expected her that day to join the party at dinner, he thus proceeded:—

I perceive, sir, that you are, like myself, comparatively a stranger in Florence. It is little more than three months since I left Scotland with my daughter, to try what a change of air and variety of scenery might effect in the restoration of her health. Hitherto our tour has been productive of no benefit to her, and I am beginning to fear that the results may be fatal. The anticipation of such an event is to me the more dreadful, for I have myself to blame as the sole cause of her present affliction. Amelia is my only child—She had the advantage of being trained under one of the best of mothers till she was twelve years of age, when she was sent to a boarding school in the neighborhood of London. She remained there for nearly four years, when

the illness of her mother rendered it necessary to her home. This was a trying season to Amelia. She engaged all attention to her own personal comfort, watching night and day by her mother's bedside, and administering to her wants with the most unflinching tenderness. Never did a daughter display greater intensity of filial affection, and never was there a parent who better deserved it. But every effort that affection or medical aid could devise was ineffectual. Disease continued to extend its ravages, until Amelia was rendered motherless, and I was deprived of one of the most valuable of woman-kind.

Among those who visited her during her illness, none was more unwelcome in his attention than Mr. R——, the respected tutor at Roschall. With her, even when in death, as well as with myself, he had always been in high esteem; and it gave me great pleasure when he occasionally spent an afternoon or evening with us at Bentley House. He was a young gentleman of unaffected piety and engaging manners. He had distinguished himself at the University by the extent and variety of his classical and literary acquirements. Unsuspecting of danger, I encouraged his visits after the death of my wife, and his interesting conversation tended much to relieve my mind of the grief consequent on such a bereavement. Amelia herself did everything she could to comfort me; and I was thankful to Heaven that I had been blessed with such a daughter. Every month she became more endeared to me by her affectionate attentions. With rapture I viewed her rising to womanhood, acquiring those accomplishments which were fitted to adorn the situation in society which she appeared destined to occupy. At home or abroad, there was no one in my estimation superior, or even equal, to Amelia; and the flattering attention everywhere shown her was but too much calculated to confirm a father's partiality. By the time she had reached her eighteenth year her admirers were numerous, many of them exceedingly wealthy and of high respectability. Her own fortune, left her by her mother, was handsome; while the addition likely to be given by my father's estate, in our neighborhood, I early perceived, however, that external equipage and splendour presented few attractions to Amelia, unless accompanied by personal worth. With just discrimination, she admitted into her confidence only those whose correctness of principle and consistency of conduct were a sufficient guarantee for the stability of their friendship.

Of those who aspired to the favor of her hand there was one Mr. T——, for whom I felt some partiality. He was the son of my former partner in business; and had lately returned from the West Indies, and was sole heir to his father's fortune, which was immense. But she had discovered, on a very short acquaintance, that his morals had been corrupted during his residence abroad. Any civility she subsequently showed him was very distant, and seemed rather in deference to my feelings than from her own choice. Mr. T—— had gone off several times before it appeared that he had been greatly beloved, for the whole family were sunk in grief. The lady herself had entreated him even with tears to return as soon as he conveniently could after the mournful occasion was over; but he continued in exorable. His feelings had been much tried in parting with the young people, to whom he was devotedly attached.

On my return home I wrote Mr. T——, entreating him for the happiness of his conduct in reference to Mr. R——, and had a reply filled only with the most horrible imprecations. Shortly after he left the place, but not before mournful traces of his villainy had become visible. Meanwhile Amelia remained inconsolable. Hers was not a violent paroxysm of affection, which speedily wastes itself in the violence of symptoms, and then disappears. It had taken entire possession of her heart; and it continued its power till reason had utterly departed from her throne. All was now sadness and desolation. In the one happy residence of Bentley House, she sun arose day after day, shielding down her benignant rays on the surrounding landscape. All was beauty to the eye, and music to the ear; but our dwelling contained one tenant that bred them out. One, did I say! all seemed insensible to what was passing around. During this my agony was intense. Conscience never ceased to utter its reproaches, even the silent looks of my domestics spoke "unutterable things," and I viewed myself as one of the greatest monsters under heaven. In this state Amelia continued for three months, when reason again dawned; but it brought along with it no diminution of her sorrows. Her physical ailments, one and all, ascribed her illness to some painful circumstance pressing upon her mind, and declared that till this was removed they had no hope of her recovery. I immediately wrote to Mr. R——, urgently desiring him to meet me at Roschall, but received no answer. A tour to the Continent was then recommended as the last resource with a view to her recovery. We have proceeded thus far; but her mental suffering still continues. Nearly

two years have now elapsed since she was first taken ill, and to all appearance nature cannot long sustain the struggle. Oh, sir, had I the wealth of empires, it would instantly be sacrificed to procure happiness to my daughter, and to do justice to the merits of Mr. George Robinson!

(To be continued.)

THE FRED FOR MAKING MUTTON.

A few days ago we saw a small flock of the largest and fattest mutton sheep, in stock market on the 4th street, that we have ever met with the live weight of some of them was 350 or 400 pounds! They were so fat that life really seemed to be a burden. Their shoulders and hind quarters swelled out with fat, as if some fatal disease had produced a high inflammation throughout their entire bodies. They were said to be full blooded Cotswolds, and well four year old.

We inquired of the proprietor, who was an intelligent Canadian farmer: What has been your system of management with these sheep for developing such large frames, covered with such rich fat? His answer contained a volume in one short page:—There is no difficulty in such mutton sheep. I have more like them at home. I take few like the one to market every year. In the first place I secure a good breed; that is the most important point, the next thing is to keep them growing from the time they are weaned till they are taken to the slaughter house never allowing them to grow poor at any season of the year. I have fed them all the hay, peas, and oats they will eat. Peas are better than Indian corn for mutton. Oats furnish nitrogenous matter for the formation of the necessary muscle; peas produce more fat than the same number of pounds of oat grain.

Do you feed any roots and straw? Yes, each sheep gets not less than one or two pounds of turnips daily, with all the straw to eat and the hay that he wants; and a good shed is provided, with a supply of pure water, and salt to lick at pleasure.

How much do you expect to get for the largest of your flock? Two hundred dollars per head, or I slip that price for Christmas mutton.

The next day we learned they were taken at that price for Christmas mutton.

A CHAPTER ON SHINGLES.—Shingles are put up in a way that enables the careful buyer to see just what he is purchasing, and prices vary according to style and quality. For convenience in handling they are uniformly packed in quarter bundles, a word, by the way, far more appropriate than "thousand."

Originally, we understand, it was assumed that shingles averaged four inches in width, and that ten hundred such made a "thousand." Consequently a thousand shingles laid in a single row, would extend 400 inches. If each of one or more witness or witnesses, on the confession of the Defendant, or upon the oath of the Justice or Justices, as the law admits; and the said Justice or Justices shall impose such fines and penalties as may be deemed just and reasonable, not exceeding ten pounds for any one offence; such fines, when collected, to be paid to the County Treasurer.

1. No person shall fight, or use any obscene or profane language, violent cursing, or swearing, or shall rudely expose his person, or any part thereof, or shall by insulting language or behaviour, taunting epithets, or threatening gestures, attempt to commit a breach of the peace, or incite others to do so in any public place in the said County.

11. No person shall ride, or drive furiously, or so as to endanger life or limb of any person, or to the common danger of any passengers in any of the places aforesaid.

12. No person shall throw or lay in any of the places aforesaid, any carrion, fish, offal, compost, hay or rubbish, or shall throw, or cause any such things to fall into any sewer, pipe or drain, or into any well, stream, or water course, pond or reservoir for water, or cause any offensive matter to be brought or run from any manufactory, or brewery, bakery, slaughter-house, distillery, tannery, or privy, in any public place in the said County.

By order of the Court.
(A true Copy.)
GEO. S. GRIMMER,
Clerk of the Peace.

ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS.
JOHN S. MAGEE has just received an importation of
COBURGS, French THIBETS,
French Merinos, Winceles, &c.
Direct from the manufactory—all good colors, and cheaper than last season. Come to the Albany House and see them.
WHITE WARPS,
The best Warps in the Province, all warranted good and sound, and at lowest market rate can be found at
JOHN S. MAGEE'S

STRAHAN & CO'S MAGAZINES.
Words are worth much and cost little the
LIBERTY.
ENTS A MONTH; \$1.50 A YEAR.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.
GOOD WORDS.
l by Norman MacLeod, D. D.,—One
of Her Majesty's Chaplains.
ENTS A MONTH; \$1.75 A YEAR.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.
EDITED BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.,
of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," "Speaking
to the Heart," &c.
ENTS A MONTH; \$1.75 A YEAR.
ILLUSTRATED.
THE ARGOSY.
MAGAZINE FOR THE FIRESIDE AND JOURNEY.
Send the STANDARD'S monthly notices
se Periodicals.
Messrs. Strahan & Co. will send specific
copies, and offer one of the most elegant
of "GOOD WORDS," or the "Sund-
day Magazine," or an additional copy to any
who will furnish a book-order with FIVE
number's names.
MONTREAL, 50 ST. PETER STREET.

36. Almanacks 1866.
WILLIAM'S New Brunswick Almanac and
Register for 1866, can be obtained singly
cents, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
supply of the old Farmers Almanac always
nd.
Andrews Nov. 30, 1865.
solution of Partnership.
ICE is hereby given, that the partnership
lately subsisting between James Moran and
S. A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
otte, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
his day dissolved by mutual consent.
debts owing to the said partnership are to
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is
authorized to settle all debts due to and owing
to said firm.
JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN,
St. George, September 16, 1865.

TO BE SOLD.
argain, if applied for immediately
at disposed of by the 15th of April, the
place will be let and possession given
on 1st May next.
T THAT desirably situated house for
business next to the Record in
has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
attached.
ALSO,
Corner Town Lots, in good situations for
ding purposes. Apply to subscriber.
of payment liberal.
D. GREEN.

ub. Rubber,
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House,
JOHN S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
childrens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Rubber Overshoes.
so,—Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
sole for the present season, which with a
Children and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
WINTER DRY GOODS,
s will sell CHEAP for Current Money
merican Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest prices.
Hats, Bonnets,
Cathens, and Ribbons,
SHAWLS, MANTILLAS,
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
Shirting, Stripes, and Regattas
Pinto,
silicas,
and COSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.
Balance of Summer Stock daily expected
ver Steamer "Europa" and when received
will be sold at a very small advance on cost.
D BRADLEY.

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Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
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Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
Each pattern can be used with ease.
June 23.
JAS. McKINNEY.

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