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The St. Andrews Standard.

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No 23 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 5, 1872. Vol 39

BANK OF
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Head Office---London, England.
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JAS. S. LOCKIE,
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

Poetry.

Dorn Roschen, the Myth.

Lie down to sleep, fair maiden!
The spindle cold and clear
Hath pierced thy beating bosom;
The hour of fate is here.

The birds sleep from their singing,
The roses from their bloom;
The wild beasts it the forest
Accept their silent doom,

The fountains in the garden
Sparkle and leap no more;
The bees forsake the blossom—
Their busy toil is o'er.

The moths dream on the rafters,
The revelers in the hall,
And thorns of keenest crystal
Grow thick among them all.

Sleep till the Prince of Passion,
With burning eyes and mouth,
His light feet shod with swiftness,
Comes from the fateful South.

Soon as those fond lips kiss thee,
Those sweet eyes flame on thine,
The blood in thy veins shall quicken
Like life-blood in the vine.

Thy veins shall stir with fever,
Thy face with bloom grow bright,
And the love-lips of thy lover
Awake thee to delight.

The thorns shall melt like laughter,
The sleep no more enthrall,
The fountains flash in sunshine,
And summer bless us all.

[Harper's Magazine.

Interesting Tale.

NOBODY BUT JOHN.

"Some one is coming," said I, as the clack of the shutting gate fell on my ears, and I looked at Maggy's soiled untidy dress, and tumbled hair.

Maggy started, and glanced hastily from the window; then sat down again in a careless way, remarking as she did so:

"It's nobody but John."

Nobody but John! And who do you think that nobody was. Only her husband.

Nobody but John!

A few moments afterward John Fairburn came into the room where we were sitting, and gave me one of his frank, cordial greetings.

I had known him for many years, and long before his marriage. I noticed that he gave an annoyed glance at his wife, but did not speak to her. The meaning of this annoyance and indifference was plain to me; for John had come of a neat and tidy family. His mother's housekeeping had always been notable. She was poor; but as "time and water are to be had for nothing"—this was one of her sayings—she always managed to have things about clean and orderly.

Maggie Lee had a pretty face, bright eyes, and charming little ways that were very taking with the young men, and so was quite a belle before she got out of her teens. She had a knack of fixing her ribbons, or tying her scarf, or arranging her hair, shawl, or dress in a way to give grace and charm to her person. None but her most intimate friends knew of the untidiness that pervaded her room and person when at home and away from common observation.

Poor John Fairburn was taken in when he married Maggy Lee. He thought that he was getting the tidiest, neatest, sweetest and most orderly girl in town, but discovered too soon that he was united to a careless slattern. She would dress for other people's eyes, because she had a natural love of admiration; but at home and for her husband she put on any old dud, and went looking often "like the old scratch," as the saying is.

On the particular occasion of which I am speaking—it was after she and John had been married over a year—her appearance was almost disgusting. She did not have on even a morning dress; only a faded and tumbled chintz sack above a soiled skirt—no collar—slippers down at the heels, and dirty stockings. Her hair looked like a hurrah's nest—if any one knows what that is, I don't, but suppose it is the perfection of disorder. No one could love such a looking creature. That was simply impossible.

"Nobody but John!" I looked at the bright, handsome young man, and wondered. He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then went back to his work. I had never seen him so moody.

"What's come over John?" I asked, as he went out

Oh, I don't know, his wife answered. "Something wrong at the shop, I suppose. He's had trouble with one of the men. He's foreman, you know."

"Are you sure it's only that?" I asked, looking serious.

That, or something about his work. There is nothing else to worry him.

I was silent for awhile, debating with myself whether good or harm would come of a little plain talk with John's wife. She was rather quick-tempered I knew, and easy to take offence. At last, I ventured the remark:

"Maybe things are not just to his liking at home."

"At home!" Maggy turned on me with a flash of surprise in her face. "What do you mean?"

"Men like beauty, and taste, and neatness in their wives as well as in their sweethearts," I said.

The crimson mounted to her hair. At the same moment I saw her glance at a looking glass that hung opposite to her on the wall. She sat very still, yet with a startled look in her eyes, until the flush faded and her face became almost pale.

Maggy, said I, rising and drawing my arm around her, "come up stairs. I have something very serious to say to you."

We walked from the little dining-room and up to her chamber in silence. I then said:

Maggy, I want to tell you about a dear friend of mine who made shipwreck of happiness and life. It is a sad story; but I am sure it will interest you deeply. She was my cousin; and her name was——

Maggy bent forward, listening attentively. "What?" she asked, as I hesitated on the same.

"Helen."

Not Helen White, who married John Harding, and was afterward deserted by her husband?"

Yes; my poor dear cousin Helen It is of her I am going to tell you.

I never knew why her husband went off as he did, said Maggy. Some said he was to blame, and some put all the fault on her. How was it?"

"Both were to blame; but she most," I replied. John Harding was, like your husband, one of the neatest and most orderly of men. Anything untidy in his home, or in the person of his wife, annoyed and often put him out of humor; but he did not, as he should have done, speak plainly to his wife, and let her see exactly how he felt, and in what he would like a change. If he had done so, Helen would have tried—as every good wife should—to conform herself more to his tastes and wishes. But he was a silent, moody sort of a man when things did not go just to suit him; and instead of speaking out plainly, brooded over Helen's faults, and worried himself into fits of ill-humor. And what was worse than all, grew at length indifferent to his home and wife, and sought pleasanter surrounding and more attractive company abroad.

Every man thus estranged from his home is in danger! and Harding was no exception to the rule. Temptation lay about his feet—and that commonest temptation of all, the elegantly fitted up billiard and drinking saloon.

They had been married just about as long as you and John have been, when the sad catastrophe of their lives took place. I had called to spend the day with Helen, and found her in her usual condition of personal untidiness and disorder. When her husband came home at dinner-time, I noticed with painful concern that he had been drinking—not very freely, but just enough to show itself in captious ill humor. Helen had not dressed for dinner, but presented herself at the table without even a clean collar, and with an old faded shawl drawn about her shoulders. She looked anything but attractive.

I saw her husband's eyes glance toward her across the table with an expression that chilled me. It was a hard, angry, determined expression. He was scarcely civil to me, and snapped his wife sharply two or three times during the meal. At its close, he left the table without a word, and went up stairs.

What's the matter with John? I asked.

Dear above knows! replied Helen, "he's been acting queer for a good while. I can't imagine what's come over him."

"Does he come home in this way often?" I asked.

"Yes, he's moody and disagreeable as he can be most of the time. I'm getting dreadfully worried about it."

As we talked, we heard John moving about with heavy footfalls in the rooms above. Presently he came down, and stood for a little while in the hall at the foot of the stairs as if in hesitation. Then he went to the street door, passed out, and shut it hard after him.

"Helen caught her breath with a start, and turned a little pale."

"What's the matter?" I asked, seeing the strangeness of her look.

"I don't know," she replied in a choking voice, laying her hand at the same time on her breast, but I feel as if something dreadful were going to happen.

She got up from the table, and I drew my arm around her. I, too, felt a sudden depression of spirits. We went slowly up to her chamber, where we spent the afternoon; and I then took upon myself the office of a friend, and talked seriously to my cousin about the her neglect of personal neatness, hinting that the cause of her husband's estrangement from home, and altered manner toward herself, might all spring from this cause. She was a little angry with me at first; but I pressed the subject home with a tender seriousness that did the work of conviction; and as evening drew on, she dressed herself with care and neatness. With a fresh ribbon tied in her hair, and colour a little raised from mental excitement, she looked charming and lovable. I waited with interest to see the impression she would make on her husband. He could not help being charmed back into the lover, I was sure. But he did not come home to tea. We waited for him a whole hour after the usual time, and then sat down to the table alone; but neither of us could do more than sip a little tea,

I went home soon after, with a pressure of concern at my heart for which I could not account. All night I dreamed uncomfortable dreams. In the morning, soon after breakfast, I ran over to see Helen. I found her in her room, sitting in her night-dress, the picture of despair.

"What is it? I asked eagerly. What has happened?"

She looked at me heavily, like one not yet recovered from the shock of a stunning blow.

"Dear cousin! what is the matter?" I said.

I now saw, by a motion of her hand, that it held tightly clutched, a piece of paper. She reached it to me. It was a letter, and read:—

"We cannot live happily together, Helen. You are not what I believed myself getting when we were married—not the sweet, lovely, lovable girl that charmed my fancy and won me from all others. Alas for us both that it is so! There has been a shipwreck of two lives. Farewell! I shall never return."

And this was all; but it broke the heart of my poor cousin. To this day, though nearly three years have passed, she has never heard from her husband

I saw her last week, in the country home to which she has been taken by her friends—a wreck both in mind and body. She was sitting in an upper room, from the windows of which could be seen a beautiful landscape. She was neatly attired, and a locket containing her husband's picture, hung at her throat. Her head was drooped, and her eyes on the floor, when I entered; but she raised herself quickly, and with a kind of start. I saw a momentary eager flush in her face, dying out quickly, and leaving it inexpressibly sad.

"I thought it was John," she said, mournfully. "Why don't he come?"

I had to stop here, for Maggy broke out suddenly into a wild fit of sobbing and crying, which lasted for nearly a minute.

"What ails you, dear?" I asked, as she began to be a little composed.

"Oh! you have frightened me so. If John should——"

She cut short the sentence, but her frightened face left me in no doubt as to what was in her thoughts.

She arose and walked about the room in an uncertain way for some moments, and then sat down again, drawing in her breath heavily.

"If young wives," I remarked, believing that in her present state the truth was the best thing to say—"would take half the pains in making themselves personally attractive to their husbands, that they did to charm their lovers, more of them would find the lover continued in the husband Is a man, think you less an admirer of womanly grace and beauty after he becomes a husband than he was before?"

"Hush! hush!" she said, in a choking voice. "I see it all! I comprehend it all" And she glanced down at herself. "I look hateful and disgusting"

After a plain, earnest talk with Maggy, I went home. I give her own words as to what happened afterward.

"I was wretched all the afternoon. John had acted worse than usual at dinner time; and what you told me about poor Helen set my fears in motion and worried me half to death. Long before the time he usually came home, I dressed myself with care, selecting the very things I knew he admired. As I looked at myself in the glass, I saw that I was attractive; I felt as I had never felt before, that there was a power in dress that no woman can disregard without loss of influence, no matter what her position or sphere of life.

Supper time came. I had made something that I knew John liked, and was waiting for him with a nervous eagerness it was impossible to repress. But the hour passed, and his well-known tread along the little garden walk did not reach my anxious ears. Five, ten, twenty minutes beyond his hour for returning; and still I was alone. Oh! I shiver as I recall the wild fears that began to crowd upon me I was standing at the window, behind the curtain, waiting and watching. All at once I saw him a little distance from the house, but not in the direction from which he usually came He was walking slowly, and with his eyes upon the ground His whole manner was that of one depressed or suffering. I dropped the curtain, and went back into our little breakfast-room to see that supper was put quickly on the table. John came in, and went up stairs, as he usually did, to change his coat before tea. In a few minutes I rang the tea bell, and then seated myself at the table to wait for him. He was longer than usual in making himself ready, and then I heard him coming down slowly and heavily, as if there were no spirit in him.

My heart beat strongly. But I tried to look bright and smiling. There was, oh! so dreary a look on John's face as I first saw it in the door. He stood still just a moment with his eyes fixed on me; then the dreary look faded out; a flash of light passed over it, as he stepped forward quickly, and coming to where I sat, stooped down and kissed me, never before was his kiss so sweet to my lips.

I have found my little wife once more, he said, softly and tenderly, and with a quiver in his voice I laid my head back upon his bosom, and looked up into his face, answered. And you shall never loose her again.

And I think he will not. The sweetness of that hour, and the lesson it taught, can never be forgotten by my friend Maggy.

Miss Coutts, the Banker.

The anecdote that lately appeared concerning Miss Burdett Coutts has called to mind some reminiscences of her and some facts concerning her bank that may be of general interest just now.

The banking house of Coutts & Co. is the repository of all the old English aristocracy, who, from the Queen down, mostly bank there. There are rich old dowagers, maiden ladies and honorables, the real old English baronet with his estate in the rich pastures of Berkshire and Kent, and his "shooting box" up in the north; the statesman, peer, and foreign ruler—they all entrust the house of Coutts & Co. with their funds. The Queen has banked there for years, and, indeed, the immense wealth of Miss Coutts and of the bank is totally due to the patronage of royality bestowed upon her ancestors—the founders of the bank Her "pass book" is a most handsome book, inlaid with gold, bearing the royal arms, in which all the entries are made in the handsome and most ornamental of writing Indeed, it is one man's work to attend to Her Majesty's account, which is superintended by the "Keeper of the Privy Purse." The Emperor Napoleon, too, much as he would like us to believe to the contrary, kept an account there, and the house, prior to the fall of the Empire, was continually making purchases of English Consols on his order. There is no doubt that Napoleon had a short time ago a considerable sum invested in these English securities, as have most European potentates at the present time

Another great feature with the house of Coutts & Co. is the large deposit of jewelry, family papers titles, and other articles of value that are left in their hands for safe keeping. There are hundreds of large heavy family cases in their vaults, and during the season in London ladies go daily "to the bank" (they like to make use of the phrase) to take out some valuable ornament for the opera, ect, or to return some after use There are clerks whose especial duty it is to see to the wants of these ladies.

The great success of Coutts' banking house is due almost to accident, as you will see. Burdett Coutts, one of the founders, was a modest banker on the Strand, London, in George III.'s reign, and he made it a practice as his bank was situated some distance from the so called "city," in order to keep himself "posted" on the financial movements going on there, to dine with some of the leading city bankers and bank managers as often as opportunity would permit. It was during one of these reunions that a bank official casually remarked his surprise that Lord—had been refused a loan of £10,000 that day at his bank. The circumstance was noted by the West End banker, and, the dinner over, he repaired at once to the house of the nobleman, left his card, requesting his lordship to call at his office on the following morning on business of great importance.

The next morning Lord—was announced to Mr. Coutts, and, on his inquiring, what business had necessitated his visit, the banker at once informed him that as a banker he had heard that his Lordship desired a loan of £10,000 and he respectfully offered him his services.

"But I can give you no security, Mr Coutts," said his Lordship, as the banker commenced counting a small package of crisp bank notes that were on his desk.

"Your Lordship's note of hand will be quite sufficient," gallantly respouded the West End banker, and he handed him a note to sign.

"But I do not think I shall want as much as ten thousand pounds," hesitated the nobleman.

"That is immaterial, your Lordship," replied the banker.

"On second thought I will take the ten thousand, and, as I shall only need five thousand, you will please place the remainder to my credit as an opening of an account with you in my name."

The banker thanked his new customer, escorted him with much politeness to his carriage at the door, and then he bade him "Good day."

The action of the banker was a long sighted one. It was a good investment. The balance was soon increased, the loan returned, and the nobleman commenced to tell the story round at the Court of St. James of the wonderful accommodating spirit of the West End banker. Others soon deposited their funds in his hands, and the story was so well circulated at the palace that the King's curiosity was aroused, and he informed the banker's patron of his desire to meet the banker.

Coutts went finally. He was introduced to the King, and his quiet, modest manners won the favor of the court. His presence at the court created quite a sensation, for it was soon afterwards reported that the King had given his private finances into the keeping of Burdett Coutts. The rest of the court soon followed the example of the King, and thus was secured to the house the wealthy patronage of the aristocracy of England.

Miss Burdett Coutts has, as is well known, the interest of the employers of the bank much at heart. It is a hard matter to get into the bank Nobleman's sons now seek positions in the establishment, and some of the partners are noblemen College educated men are alone taken as clerks, and then an examination is gone through, which is conducted with the same strictness as is the examination into the family, reputation and general recommendations of the applicant. For every vacancy there are hundreds of applicants. But, when admitted, a clerk has a fine position. He will be told, on his being admitted, that he must not wave a moustache, but simply side whiskers; and in his dress, although nothing will be said to him on the subject, every modesty of style will be expected of him This is done on account of the great dislike the real aristocracy of England have for the gaudy, showy fop of the middle classes who so often, in his ignorance and self conceit, apes the getleman.

The clerks are all supplied with dinner inside the establishment, at the personal expense of Miss Burdett Coutts, and they owe this good fortune (for the dinner, "lunch," as it is called, is first class,) merely to accident.

It appears that on one occasion Miss Burdett Coutts entered the bank shortly after one o'clock, and remarked to one of the partners that the bank seemed very empty. "Where are the gentlemen?" she inquired.

"They have gone to lunch, and they generally do so every day at about this time," answered the partner.

She expressed herself as not approving of "the gentlemen" going out in all weathers from one coffee house to another in search of a meal, and she then inquired if there were no possible remedy for it.

She then asked why they could not dine at the bank.

"Extra expense," suggested the partner, whereupon Miss Burdett Coutts authorizes the providing of a meal regularly for the gentlemen and her amount to be debited with the necessary expense.

And thus it is ever with her. She is always on the watch for the opportunity to do some benifit with her wealth To say that those clerks worship her and her good heart does not exaggerate their feelings of respect and love for her.

A legal question which is exercising the lawyers of Idaho is, "Does a cow become real estate when she is turned into a field?"

A log was recently cut at Greenbush, Mich., which contained nearly ten thousand feet board measure, of lumber. It was ninety-six feet long and forty-six inches in diameter in the centre

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