



The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIS SUNENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 28

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 15, 1874.

Vol 41

Poetry.

PARODY ON THE BRIDGE.

How often, oh how often
In the days that have gone by,
I've sat in the desk at Normal School
And gazed in—'s eye.

How often, oh how often,
I've wished he would not frown,
As he stood so high above us,
And looked so fiercely down.

How often, oh how often,
I've wished the youth at my side,
Would bear me away in a birch canoe
O'er the Salmon's silvery tide.

For my spirit was weary and worn,
I wished I was not there;
My books were crumpled and torn,
And so was my raven hair.

By Niagara's rushing
By Niagara's stormy shore,
Came the sound of pupils crushing
In at the classroom door.

And far in the hazy distance,
Beyond the days of June,
Loomed the dread examination,
Which would come, alas! so soon.

But at last the ordeal's past,
Passed is the trying day,
And now the train is waiting
To swiftly bear us away.

But forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as friends must sever
As long as ladies have beaux.

The school with its broken plaster,
And its black-boards all appear,
As one of the scenes of youth,
And held in memory dear.

LITERATURE.

HOW THE "GULL" WENT DOWN.

Ben had pulled his boat up on the shore and swam out, so that his wife's new calling might not be of fish when they reached the river. Then Dan came and took a turn at swimming, and his father went up and put on his Sunday clothes. Conny sat on the sand watching him.

Take the crabs out of the fo'c's'le, Dan, she ordered.

Dan went to the bow and peeped into the lit black hole.

Reckon I won't. Them crab's high soft, he said.

Conny waded out at once, and threw them into the water.

Do you think my mother's again on a journey with a lot of shadders and busters? she scolded up, while Dan sat down contentedly, splashed into the water and punched his toes lazily into the mud. Conny always had her own way.

Presently Ben and Mrs. Van Dort came down, ready to set off. The children did not heed their father's going, for he started to the Barnegat fishing boats every morning before three o'clock and seldom was back before dark, but it was a great event for their mother to leave home. Twice a year Ben took her to Shark River to buy calico and sugar and shoes and such "tricks." These voyages were such a crisis in the family history. The children hung about her, stroking her white cotton gloves and looking admiringly at the pink rose in her bonnet.

Come, hurry in, Jane, called Ben. We'll have considerable of a blow before we reach Shark River.

But Jane ran back once more to kiss Conny and hug Dan. She tried to say "God bless you children," but the words would not come. Only the minister ought to say such solemn things, she thought.

Mind you say your prayers, Conny, she whispered; and take good care of baby and Dan.

One would think you was going to be gone a year, grumbled Ben. Good bye you young vagabonds, nodding, as he pushed the boat out beyond the first breakers.

It was a warm clear day. The "Gull" danced over the low sparkling waves light as a feather. Conny could see the blue line of paint below her taffrail, and even the rose in her mother's bonnet, until they were out into quite deep sea water.

I tell you, Dan, she said. Let's not go to bed to-night. Let's have supper ready for them.

Dan nodded. Reckon I'll hist a lantern to light 'em in.

To light my father in? No. He's bin coming in here every night since he was a boy. Mother hasn't then. It was her I was going to light in. Anybody would her knowed that.

Dan went on composedly picking up great blobs of broken jelly-fish from the sand. "I wish you would go to Dan, Nanny. He's crying, yonder. I—I can't speak to him now. She put her hand over her eyes again looking through the slowly lifted weight of mist, the lips moved.

Dan pulled her by the skirt after a while. Come away, Conny, he sobbed. They say the "Gull" has gone down, and they're afeared for you to stay here.

It couldn't go down. God wouldn't let it. I've bin prayin'. But here face was like death as she said it.

The mist had lifted now. Under the pale twilight lay the vast, angry sea—the waves rising out of the fathomless darkness. Conny caught Dan fiercely by the arm, and pointed outward. Her lips were too parched to speak.

The "Gull"! The "Gull"! shouted the men. Only sea-bred eyes could see the far off boat which was dashed to and fro like a bubble.

There's no chance ther fur a good boat, said Cap'n Job; but for that old water-log—Take them children away, Nanny. Don't let 'em see the 'em mummy go yown.

The wind beat the masts of the "Gull" level with the water's once again.

Conny clenched Dan's hand in her own. Pray, Dan! Pray! and God can't let them drown!

A great wave lifted the "Gull" tauntingly in to sight, and then it was gone! Only a black hull was washed above the yellow foam for an instant, and sank never to rise again.

Nanny ran to the child as she fell on the sand, and carried her to her own house, but at the door Conny opened her eyes and struggled to her feet.

I must go home. Mother told me to take care of Dan and the baby till she come back. Nanny sobbed out loud then. She had been very fond of Dan.

Child didn't you see the "Gull" go down? she said.

Yes, said Conny; but I was a prayin'—Mother told me to.

She ran along through the darkness to the cottage. Dan was coughed crying by the fire. She knelt down beside him.

God wouldn't take 'em when we was prayin', was all she could say.

And there came then a great shouting and crying without, and the door burst open, and her mother was on the floor and had them both in her arms, sobbing and laughing all at once; and Ben was talking to the neighbors with a queer quaver in his voice.

"Gull" went down? Yes, of course she must have. She sprung a leak an hour before the squall struck her, and I knew it was no use to try to bring her in, and I and I got aboard the steam-putting into the inlet, and come over about. I'm glad I didn't see the old boat 'gull' down.

It was good luck as drove you nigh the steamer, Ben, said Cap'n Job.

Look or—Gull, said Ben, taking off his old hat. Hillo! give us a kiss, you young uns, stooping to hide his wet eyes.

The "Gull" had been a dream. The "Hartford Times" prints the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which it vouches:

"Mr. John Eismuth, a resident of this city, is a German by birth. He came to this country in 1849, bringing his wife with him. They had been here about a year when they received a letter stating that a brother of Mrs. Eismuth was en route to America; but from that time to this they have never seen their relatives. Up to the time of the war they expected he would turn up some time, but when the unhappy civil strife swept over the land, and peace came again, and yet no tidings of the missing man, he was mourned as lost, and as the years rolled by, it not actually forgotten, his fate was a mystery which it was thought would never be explained. And now comes a singular occurrence in connection with the case. About three weeks ago Mr. Eismuth had a dream. He thought he was seated in a car at the depot in Aslum Street. He didn't want to go anywhere, but in spite of this feeling he was rolled out of the depot, and whirled away at lightning speed. Past villages, towns, and cities; through valleys, over rivers and plains—on! with a rush and a roar, stopping for nothing and heeding nothing. It seemed to the dreamer that he was being carried, much against his will, thousands of miles from home. Why it was so he had not the slightest conception. He was under a mysterious influence that chained him to his seat and made him a slave of the power. At last the train checked its speed and came to a halt, and John found himself moving along with the passengers who were making their exit from the cars. When once outside he discovered that he was in a strange city, and among strangers. He asked a man where he was. He was told 'St. Louis.' But, says John, 'I live in Hartford. I want nothing in St. Louis.' The stranger smiled and passed on, leaving our Hartford friend as perplexed as ever. While standing in his tracks wondering what to do, he saw at a distance a figure which sent a thrill of joy through his frame. It was his long-lost brother-in-law. It had been more than a quarter of a century since John had set eyes on him, and time had worked a great change in his appearance, but for all that

our friend recognized him and ran towards him, hallooing at the top of his voice, as if afraid he might disappear. The meeting was a cordial one, and the pair celebrated the event at a stylish saloon, where foaming mugs of 'lager' played a prominent part. The next John knew he found himself awake at his home in Park Street. But his dream had made a strong impression, and, do what he would, he could not forget it. It haunted him all that day, and when he got up the next morning the remembrance of that long ride and the happy meeting clung to him still. That very day some clerk in the Hartford Post Office might have seen a letter addressed to Mr. —, of St. Louis, with the instruction on the end of the envelope, 'If not called for within ten days, return to John Eismuth, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Eismuth says that he sent the letter addressed to his brother in law without the remotest expectation of hearing from him. He sent it to relieve his mind, as he confesses that the singular dream harassed him not a little. But after the missive was sent he dismissed the matter from his mind, and might never have thought of it again if something startling had not occurred a day or two since. John was at home with his family when the postman came to the door and delivered a letter. It was postmarked 'St. Louis.' It was torn open with trembling fingers, and to their great joy it was found to be from their long lost relative in answer to the letter which John had forwarded in obedience to his dream. In a large city like St. Louis it would seem that a letter lacking specific direction might not reach its destination, but of course the chances are that it would go straight to the mark, as it did in this case. It appeared by the letter that the St. Louis German had been as much in the fog as to his sister's whereabouts as they had been in regard to him. The St. Louis man writes that he shall soon come to this city on a visit, and his Hartford friends are delighted at the prospect of a happy reunion. When does come John proposes that what he dreamed about the 'lager' shall also become a reality."

The Steamship Britanic.

This magnificent Steamship of the White Star Line, arrived at New York from Liverpool a few days ago, and sailed again on Saturday last 11th July. She was built in Belfast by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, who claim that she will prove the fastest vessel of the White Star fleet. The dimensions of the "Britanic" are:

Length from stem to stern-post 455 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 31 feet; tonnage, 4,750; classed at Lloyd's A 1 for twenty years, the highest class given by the Liverpool Board of Underwriters. She has three decks, two of which are of iron covered with wood, and she is divided into eight water-tight compartments by seven iron bulkheads extending from keel to the upper deck. The first-class cabins are a masterpiece. Near to these is a large lobby furnished with sofas and close by is a smoking room and lavatory, while immediately below is the grand saloon capable of accommodating fully 200 passengers. The saloon, different to most others, is heated by a large open stove and hot air pipes.

No settees are to be used, but in their place each passenger will be provided with an arm chair. Under the first class cabins are bath rooms, and barber shop, rooms for servants, stewards, wine-cellar and store rooms, baggage compartments, mail room, and an iron room for specie. The promenade for first-class passengers is 168 feet long by 40 wide. In the sternage department accommodation is provided for 1,200 emigrants. The "Britanic" is bark-rigged, and carries a large spread of canvas. The machinery is unusually powerful. The vessel is commanded by Captain Thompson, Commandore of the White Star Line.

Curious Lawsuit.

A very curious lawsuit is about to come before the New York courts, in which the history of three bachelor brothers, Abraham, Samuel and David Wood, promises to be fully brought out. More than half a century ago, they went to New York poor young men, and devoted themselves to trade. Abraham got into business first, and being very industrious made money, slowly at first, but soon with rapidity, until he was accounted one of the heavy men down town. David followed his example, and in due time Samuel also got rich. Abraham and David purchased Broadway property, which increased rapidly in value. It cost them but a trifle to live, and their wealth rolled up in an immense volume. Economy led to celibacy, and the three brothers never married. In view of the immense aggregate of their wealth, the question arose what should be done with it? and it was finally decided that each should make a will in favor of the others. Abraham was the first to go, and after the old bachelor had been placed in the grave his brother opened the will and found the plan carried out. Shortly afterwards David died, but when the will was opened it was found that he had been drawn by an adroit lawyer, who, as is now alleged, was in the interest of a second cousin, who served David in the capacity of a clerk. This youth had the will so drawn as to convey to Samuel only the life use of the estate, which was to go to the nephew on Samuel's death. Hence Samuel has brought suit to set the will aside on the ground of fraud. The estate is about \$3,000,000, and as it is worth fighting for the lawyers are hard at work, and the battle will be carried to the extreme point of appeal.

only the life use of the estate, which was to go to the nephew on Samuel's death. Hence Samuel has brought suit to set the will aside on the ground of fraud. The estate is about \$3,000,000, and as it is worth fighting for the lawyers are hard at work, and the battle will be carried to the extreme point of appeal.

A CRUSTY JOKE.—A contemporary has just revived, as just having happened in South London and only the other day, one of the best stories of "poetic justice" extant. A baker that was very niggardly was desirous of repairing his oven. How to do this on the most economical principles was the desideratum. Fire bricks were too costly for him, so he makes up his mind and manages to purchase a sufficient number of gravestones from the adjoining churchyard to repair his oven with. He enlarged it, and neatly flagged it with the fragments he had obtained, and all was ready for the next baking. His neighbours brought in their loaves, and, as usual, they were not in time, but "oven-bottomed" loaves; that is, the dough baked on the oven bottom without tins. They were duly baked, and fetched by their respective owners; but what was the astonishment of their makers to find their loaves inscribed "Departed this life," or "Aged seventy six," or "In memory of," and so forth! The tale spread like wildfire, the neighbours took good care never to trouble the niggard with any more of their bakings, and in a little while he was ruined, and all through his covetousness.

A susceptible fellow, given to falling in love, relates the following:

When I was sixteen, I fell in love. There was nothing remarkable in that, for most young men of that age do the same thing. But what I am going to tell you is, how my courtship terminated.

It was at a party I saw Sallie B., who was one of the sweetest girls in all Ticktown; and, I tell you, she looked just as I had seen her in a ball dress, with her hair falling loosely over her shoulders. I got an introduction, I danced with her once, twice, thrice, and I was just the happiest man in all Ticktown.

Well, at last the party broke up; but I had an invitation to call on Miss B. That was all I wanted, and I didn't sleep much before Sunday evening—for that was the time fixed to call. I called; saw Miss Sallie to church—saw her home; and when I left I had a pressing invitation to call again, and I did not forget it, I assure you.

At the end of a month I was completely gone. At last I resolved to "pop the question," and fixed on my next visit for the time, studied "Conscript Made Easy" thoroughly, and concluded I was ready for the task.

The time arrived. Here I was, sitting by the side of my beloved, with my arm around her waist! I took her hand in mine, and got up courage enough to say, "dear Sallie, do you love me?" She made no answer; but her eyes were cast down, and I hoped—yes, I was certain—she loved me. I put both my arms round her neck, and pressed one, two, three kisses on her rosy lips. She did not resist, but raised her head and said: "You're as bad as Sam Simonson!"

WASHINGTON PASTRY.—A suitor in Washington sends the following:

I am particularly fond of lemon pie and ice cream for dessert. At—Hotel, I went along peacefully for a couple of weeks but always eating my lemon pie, under a silent protest, for I was a stranger and I did not like to make any objections. Finally I called a waiter and said:

John, I have nothing to say about the ice cream, but what kind of pie is this?

What kind of pie did you order, sah?

I ordered lemon pie, but this appears to me to be dried apple.

Dad's lemon pie, sah. You know, dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in the lemon pies here, sah, dat dat extent dat it requires a man of 'bility for to distinguish them apart, sah.

Lemon is so so, you know, sah and dey has to 'concoct 'em so as to make one I mon do for six or seven, sah.

"Now, then, Joseph, parse courting," said a teacher to a rather slow boy. "Courting is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, and singular number, and so on," said Joseph. "Well, but what does it agree with?" demanded the teacher. "It agrees with all the gals in town!" triumphantly exclaimed Joseph.

ARIES, the ram, has the post of honor among the signs in the Zodiac, and presides over the head of the human anatomy. This is a just complement to his capacity for putting a head onto things. Aries, the ram, tho' he has no literary pretensions, has made many brilliant hits in his day.—Josh.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart!—walked into the scene of a teacher's examination at Oswego, last week, and bawled out: "Annie, your feller is down to the house!"

It is said that the prettiest girl in Harrisburg is a newspaper carrier. She carries them in her bundle.