

# The Standard

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1890.

Vol. XII, No. 9.

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Under the title of "THE STAR."

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Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

## Weekly Almanac.

August—1890.	SUN RISES.	MOON FULL.
28 WEDNESDAY	5 6 45 8 25 1 35	
29 THURSDAY	5 6 43 8 24 1 34	
30 FRIDAY	5 6 41 8 23 1 33	
31 SATURDAY	5 6 39 8 22 1 32	
1 SUNDAY	5 23 6 37 11 14 5 16	
2 MONDAY	5 24 6 35 10 6 48	
3 TUESDAY	5 25 6 33 9 21 8 14	

**BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
THOMAS LEAVITT, Esq., President.  
Discount Days...  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.  
Bills of Exchange, must be left at the Bank, to be cleared, on the day immediately preceding the Discount Days.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.**  
HARRY GILBERT, Esq., President.  
Discount Days...  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.  
Bills of Exchange, must be left at the Bank before 5 o'clock on Monday and Tuesday.

**BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.**  
RAJST JOHNS BRANCH.  
R. H. LAYTON, Esq., Manager.  
Discount Days...  
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.  
Bills of Exchange, must be left at the Bank before 5 o'clock on Monday and Tuesday.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11 to 1 o'clock.  
JOHN M. WILMOT, Esq., President.  
Committee for July: JOHN BOYD, A. S. FERRIS, JOHN WALKER.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10 to 3 o'clock.  
JAMES KING, Esq., President.  
Committee for July: JOHN BOYD, A. S. FERRIS, JOHN WALKER.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
And for sale at the Observer Office, and at the several Bookshops in the City.  
**A SECOND EDITION OF "REMARKS ON THE DISPUTED POINTS OF BOUNDARY Under the Fifth Article of the Treaty of Ghent,"** Containing some additional Remarks. With a Map of the Disputed Territory.—Price 2s. 6d. per copy. 11th June.

**SPLENDID AND CHEAP BOOKS.**  
At the Victoria Book Store.

**THE** cheapest and best editions of the following works are published, as cheap as they are sold in any part of Great Britain.  
**The Popular Encyclopedia**, being a complete and general Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Geography, and Politics.—a new and splendid edition, enlarged and improved by the most eminent Professors.

**The Land of Burns**—a splendid series of Landscapes and Portraits, executed in the highest style of Art.  
**Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature**, containing 1600 Engravings.  
**Family Worship**—a series of Prayers, by upwards of one hundred and fifty Clergymen of the Church of Scotland.

**Baxter's Selected Works**—containing The Saint's Everlasting Rest; Call to the Unconverted; Now or Never; together with his complete works, the best of all editions.  
**Napoleon and his Times**—complete in one Volume.  
**Casquet of Literary Gems.**  
**Erskine's Beauties.**  
**Hall's Commentaries.**  
**The complete Works of Flavius Josephus**  
**Brown's Bible and Dictionary.**  
**Mechanic's Pocket Dictionary.**  
**Pilgrim's Progress.**  
**Letters to Young Ladies.**  
**Tales & Sketches**, by the Ettrick Shepherd.  
**Christian Instructor.**  
**Stackhouse's History of the Bible.**

The above Works, together with 15,000 other Miscellaneous Volumes, are for sale at the lowest Cash prices, at the **Cheap Book Store**.  
See NELSON'S Catalogue of Cheap Books, 6th July. V. H. NELSON.

**NEW GOODS.**  
—No. 9, South Market Wharf, General per Ship Samuel from Liverpool.  
**GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, AND HARDWARE**, consisting of—Printed Cottons, Grey do., White do., white and the Cotton Warp, Molaskin, Bedtickings, Linen, Cambrics, Calicoes, Flannels, Shoe Thread, Socks and Book Makers, Bobbinet, Silk Handkerchiefs, Hank Cotton, Shovels and Teags, and Fire Jacks, Hinges, Screws, square pointed Shovels, Spades, Buttons, Knives and Forks, Shot, White Lead, Blue Vitriol, Alum, Coppas, Ginger, Pepper, Sarsaparilla, Bole, and the Lined Oil.  
From Greenock, per the Ellen Bryson.  
3 Hhd. Leaf Sugar.

Mills, Molasses, Hhd. Sugar, Sarsaparilla, Corn Brooms, Painted Tins, Wheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Pot Barley, Glass, Tobacco, &c. &c. which they offer for sale at the lowest rates for cash or approved paper. KNOWLES & THORNE, Saint John, June 18, 1890.

**NEW GOODS.**  
The subscriber has received per the late arrivals from England, a general assortment of **DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, AND HARDWARE**, which will be sold at very low rates for approved payments.  
E. L. THORNE, June 25th, 1890. Prince Wm. Street.

**NOTICE.**  
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late DANIEL SCOTT of this City, Tailor, deceased, are required to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay.  
ANN SCOTT, Executrix.  
GEORGE HARDING, Executor.  
Saint John, May 28, 1890.

## The Garland.

### THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

BY REV. GEORGE MOULT.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour roll'd  
On marble towers and roofs of gold;  
Hall, court, and gallery below,  
Were crowded with a living flow;  
The bearers of the bow and spear,  
The hoary priest, the Chaldean sage,  
The slave, the gem'd and glittering page—  
Helm, turban, and tiara shone;  
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
Shrank backward from his stately stride;  
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;  
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;  
A shudder of instinctive fear  
Told the dark king what step was near.  
On through the host the stranger came,  
He parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,  
He clasped not sandals, kiss'd not throne;  
Erect he stood amid the ring,  
His only words—"Be just, O King!"  
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,  
A fire in his sullen eye;  
"At once the sword of Israel!"  
No arrow of his thousands fell;  
All mute and motionless the grave  
Stood chill'd the strap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;  
Haughty and high the words outspoke:  
"Is Israel weary of his lot,  
The forehead peal'd, the shoulder tap?  
Take back the answer to your bond;  
Go, reap the wind; go through the sand,  
Go, vienet of the living Nile,  
To build the never-ending pile,  
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,  
The culture on the flesh is fed.  
What better asks the howling slave?  
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers;  
Uplift'd to heaven the golden spears.  
"King! thou and thine are doom'd!"—Behold!  
The prophet spoke—the thunder roll'd;  
Along the pathway of the sun  
Said vapour ignominious wild and dun.  
"How much is time," the prophet said,  
"He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd,  
"King! be the word of freedom given;  
What art thou man, to war with heaven?"

There came no word.—The thunder broke!  
Like a huge city's fast smoke,  
Thick, hard, stifling, mid'd with flame,  
Through court and hall the vapours came.  
Loose as the stubble in the field,  
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;  
Scattered like foam along the wave,  
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;  
Or, in the chain of terror bound,  
Lay, corpse like on the smouldering ground.  
"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun—  
Still dumb!—then, heaven, they will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,  
Like Ocean on the midnight shore;  
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheel'd;  
The solid ground beneath them reld;  
In dust sank roof and battlement,  
Like waves the giant towers went;  
Down, broad, before his startled gaze,  
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.

Still swell'd the plague—the boundless blast,  
The avenger, fit to be the last;  
On ocean, river, rove, vale,  
Thundered at once the mighty gale,  
Before the whirlwind roard the sea;  
A thousand ships were on the wave—  
Where are they?—Ask that foaming grave!  
Down burn'd again the joy of sun,  
The hour of wrath and death was done.

And lo, that first fierce triumph o'er,  
Swells Ocean on the midnight shore;  
Still, onward, onward, dark and wild,  
Engulfed the land the furious tide.  
Then how'd thy spirit, stubborn king,  
Thou serpent, red of tongue and sting;  
Humbled before the prophet's knee,  
He groan'd—"Be injured Israel free."  
To heaven the sage upraised the hand;  
Back roll'd the deluge from the land;  
Back to his caverns sank the gale;  
Fled from the moon the vapours pale;  
Down burn'd again the joy of sun,  
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**THE FARMER.**  
A SONG BY J. J. BAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.  
Sung at a Meeting of the Agricultural Society of New-Brunswick, New Jersey.

A farmer's life is the life for me,  
I love it dearly;  
And every season full of glee,  
I take its labour cheerily.  
To plough or sow,  
To reap or mow,  
Or in the barn to thrash, sir—  
All's one to me,  
I plainly see  
I'll bring me health and cash, sir.

The lawyer leads a harass'd life,  
Much like that of a hunted otter,  
And twist his own and the other's strife,  
He's always in hot water—  
For foe or friend,  
A cause defend,  
However wrong must be, sir—  
In reason's spite,  
Maintain 'his right,  
And dearly earn his fee, sir.

The doctor's study's a gentleman,  
But his head but humming;  
For, like a tavern waiting-man,  
To every call "he's coming"—  
Now here, now there,  
Must he repair,  
Or stare, sir, by deaying;  
Like death himself,  
Unhappy ell,  
He lives by other's lying.

A farmer's life, then, let me live,  
Outlasting while I lead it,  
Enough for self, and some to give  
To such poor souls as need it.  
I'll drain and fence,  
Nor grudge expense,  
To give my land good dressing—  
I'll plough and sow,  
Or drill in row,  
And hope from Heaven a blessing.

**SACRILEGIOUS.**  
THE ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.  
FROM THE AMERICAN LOUNGE.

"I have earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" exclaimed with suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours (I was penning an article for a certain "monthly," dear reader)—pushed my costly written manuscripts from me, and complacently took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I had made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant exp for the many cent—Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-satisfying

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A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
Shrank backward from his stately stride;  
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;  
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;  
A shudder of instinctive fear  
Told the dark king what step was near.  
On through the host the stranger came,  
He parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,  
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Erect he stood amid the ring,  
His only words—"Be just, O King!"  
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"At once the sword of Israel!"  
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"Is Israel weary of his lot,  
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Swells Ocean on the midnight shore;  
Still, onward, onward, dark and wild,  
Engulfed the land the furious tide.  
Then how'd thy spirit, stubborn king,  
Thou serpent, red of tongue and sting;  
Humbled before the prophet's knee,  
He groan'd—"Be injured Israel free."  
To heaven the sage upraised the hand;  
Back roll'd the deluge from the land;  
Back to his caverns sank the gale;  
Fled from the moon the vapours pale;  
Down burn'd again the joy of sun,  
The hour of wrath and death was done.

**THE FARMER.**  
A SONG BY J. J. BAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.  
Sung at a Meeting of the Agricultural Society of New-Brunswick, New Jersey.

A farmer's life is the life for me,  
I love it dearly;  
And every season full of glee,  
I take its labour cheerily.  
To plough or sow,  
To reap or mow,  
Or in the barn to thrash, sir—  
All's one to me,  
I plainly see  
I'll bring me health and cash, sir.

The lawyer leads a harass'd life,  
Much like that of a hunted otter,  
And twist his own and the other's strife,  
He's always in hot water—  
For foe or friend,  
A cause defend,  
However wrong must be, sir—  
In reason's spite,  
Maintain 'his right,  
And dearly earn his fee, sir.

The doctor's study's a gentleman,  
But his head but humming;  
For, like a tavern waiting-man,  
To every call "he's coming"—  
Now here, now there,  
Must he repair,  
Or stare, sir, by deaying;  
Like death himself,  
Unhappy ell,  
He lives by other's lying.

A farmer's life, then, let me live,  
Outlasting while I lead it,  
Enough for self, and some to give  
To such poor souls as need it.  
I'll drain and fence,  
Nor grudge expense,  
To give my land good dressing—  
I'll plough and sow,  
Or drill in row,  
And hope from Heaven a blessing.

**SACRILEGIOUS.**  
THE ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.  
FROM THE AMERICAN LOUNGE.

"I have earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" exclaimed with suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours (I was penning an article for a certain "monthly," dear reader)—pushed my costly written manuscripts from me, and complacently took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I had made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant exp for the many cent—Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-satisfying

## The Garland.

### THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

BY REV. GEORGE MOULT.

'Twas morn—the rising splendour roll'd  
On marble towers and roofs of gold;  
Hall, court, and gallery below,  
Were crowded with a living flow;  
The bearers of the bow and spear,  
The hoary priest, the Chaldean sage,  
The slave, the gem'd and glittering page—  
Helm, turban, and tiara shone;  
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide  
Shrank backward from his stately stride;  
His cheek with storm and time was tann'd;  
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;  
A shudder of instinctive fear  
Told the dark king what step was near.  
On through the host the stranger came,  
He parted round his form like flame.

He stoop'd not at the footstool stone,  
He clasped not sandals, kiss'd not throne;  
Erect he stood amid the ring,  
His only words—"Be just, O King!"  
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flush'd high,  
A fire in his sullen eye;  
"At once the sword of Israel!"  
No arrow of his thousands fell;  
All mute and motionless the grave  
Stood chill'd the strap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke;  
Haughty and high the words outspoke:  
"Is Israel weary of his lot,  
The forehead peal'd, the shoulder tap?  
Take back the answer to your bond;  
Go, reap the wind; go through the sand,  
Go, vienet of the living Nile,  
To build the never-ending pile,  
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,  
The culture on the flesh is fed.  
What better asks the howling slave?  
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turban'd peers;  
Uplift'd to heaven the golden spears.  
"King! thou and thine are doom'd!"—Behold!  
The prophet spoke—the thunder roll'd;  
Along the pathway of the sun  
Said vapour ignominious wild and dun.  
"How much is time," the prophet said,  
"He raised his staff—the storm was stay'd,  
"King! be the word of freedom given;  
What art thou man, to war