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Poetry.

LONGINGS FOR REST.

How strong, how countless are the foes
We often have to strive with here;
The anares of life, its work its woes,
Seem sometimes more than we can bear;
Midst smiles we sigh, and at the best
We long for rest!

The inward conflict without end,
Which makes our burden what it is;
This will of ours which will not bend,
Nor be conformed to what is His.
Oh! could we lean on Jesus' breast,
And there find rest!

But sorrow comes with all its weight,
And bows our trembling spirit low;
And we are taught, in woful state,
Not to expect our peace below.
Then weary, sad, and sore distressed,
We sigh for rest!

Then for a moment comes a calm;
The storms and tempest all seem past;
We hush our trembling soul's alarm,
And fancy we have peace at last.
We haste to say, "The Lord knew best!"
And take our rest.

Al! not for long—it comes again,
Perhaps an overwhelming blow;
Our bleeding heart in tears and pain,
Ours, "Thy His hand that laid us low."
And overwhelmed, perplexed, oppressed,
We long for rest.

And then a conscience sad with sin,
The weary burden of our life!
The war which goeth on within,
That constant, never-ending strife!
How oft it forces from our breast
A cry for rest!

Miscellany.

A Merchant's Story.

A member of a large mercantile firm recently gave me a bit of his early experience. Said he, "I was seventeen years old when I left the country store where I tended for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very pretty affair, which I had purchased with direct reference to this occasion.

My first day's experience was not encouraging. I traversed street after street; up one side and down the other, without success. I fancied towards the last, that the clerk all knew my business as soon as I opened the door, and that they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfiture as I passed out. But nature endowed me with a good degree of persistency, and the next day I started again. Towards noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady by the door. I waited until the visitor had left and then stated my errand. "No, sir," was the answer, given in a peculiarly crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I began to feel. For he added in a kinder tone, "Are you good at taking a hat?" "I don't know," I answered, while my face flushed painfully. "What I wish to say is this," said he, smiling. "If I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring upon his finger, and swinging a fancy cane." For a moment mortified vanity struggled against common sense; but sense got the victory, and I replied, with rather a shaky voice, "I am afraid, I am very much obliged to you," and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I got out of sight I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking in the charge of the baggage-master "until called for." It is there now, for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner. How much my unfortunate finery had injured my prospects on the previous day I shall never know, but I never think of the old gentleman his plain dealing without feeling, as I told him at the time, "very much obliged to him."

Fanny Fern, who ought to know, says, speaking of cotton: "The ladies, as we all know, use something of their anglican symmetry to the pure and delicate Southern staple. Of all the products of the earth it is nearest to their hearts.

GLOVERSON, THE MORMON.

A ROMANCE BY ARTEMAS WARD.

Chapter I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule train, dawned beautifully. Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha in Nebraska, with a mule train, for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high spirit mules were at the door, impatiently clamping their bits. The mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives. "Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—phew! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear! Besides, I know that every night as I lay down on the broad starry prairie, your bright faces will come back to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You Emily with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Marie, with your winsome voice; Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly exclaimed, "we will!"

And so farewell, cried Reginald. Come to my arms, my own! he said, that is, as many of you that can do it conveniently at once, for I must away.

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away. But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hand mule became unwhitened. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace, the mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frantically in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said, "where the mules?" "Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh my son, my son! only say where thou art, and then you may die if you want to! In vain—in vain!"

Reginald had passed on.

Chapter II.

FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

The mules were never found. Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate wife's widow. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, he did by informing them in a horse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed. He was devoted to me, sobbed Maria. And to me, said Emily. He thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me. I say he did!

And I say he didn't! He didn't. Don't look at me, with your smart eyes. Don't shake your red head at me. Sisters! said the black-haired Henrietta, cease this unseemly wrangling. It is Reginald's first wife, shall I show flowers on his grave?

No you won't, said Susan. I am his last wife, as shall I show flowers on his grave. It's my business to see!

You shan't, so there! said Henrietta. You bet I will! said Susan, with a test sufficed cheek.

Well, as for me, said the practical Betsy, I ain't on the street, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!

Not if I've ever been introduced to myself you won't, said the golden-haired Nelly; that's my position. You bet your smart strings at it!

Children, said Reginald's mother, you must do some crying you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket handkerchiefs will it take to go round? Pshaw, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you.

I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkerchief! cried Nelly. Dear daughters-in-law, said Reginald's mother, how unseemly is this anger. Blame

is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had, has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my dear Reginald staggered into the doorway that he was on the Die, but if I'd only think to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took its flight, it would have been four thousand-dollars in our pockets, and no mistake! Excuse these real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feeling!

It's an oversight, sobbed Maria. Don't blame us!

CHAPTER III.

DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

At night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would nevermore press the twenty respective couches—never, nevermore!

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died, without signifying, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson. "Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan. "And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?" "You can!" "Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! Although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that never felt love's holy thrill till I saw these 'he mine—be mine'—he, enthusiastically cried, and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought, Twenty-one hearts that beat as one!" They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it shows. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

How a Cobbler Played Sharp.

The following curious story is told of an old lady living in Buckinghamshire, England.

"The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of which very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property—

She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon the old cobbler, her neighbor who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house and persuade him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The cobbler, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man's usage, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, and desired to elicit the answers she expected, and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looking as much like a person going to bed as the ghost as possible, feebly answered:

"I intend to leave you half my estates, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different to that which she expected, but dare not negative the cobbler's will for fear of losing the whole of the property, while the old rogue, who was in bed (who was himself the poor old shoemaker living

opposite) laughed in his sleeve and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

Owning a Farm.

Somehow it happens, that almost every man who has been city-bred feels at times a strong desire to settle down among the trees and green fields, from a vague and undefined belief that the country is 'the scene' where human life attains its highest development.

He cherishes a hope, though perhaps a faint one, that he may yet possess a country home, where he may tranquilly pass his latter years, far away from city tumults and trials. This hope is founded on the instinctive desire there is in human nature to possess some portion of the earth's surface. I know that one looks with describable interest at an acre of ground which is his own. I am sure that there is something remarkable about my trees. I have a sense of property in every sunset over my own hills, and there is perpetual pleasure in the sight of the glowing landscape at my own door. I have found Ten Acres Enough; and I know well what pleasures, interests and compensations are to be found in the little affairs of that limited tract. The windows of the snug library, into which I retire in winter, look out across the garden on the blank gable of my barn—

When I came here it was rough and unsightly. But now that homely gable is a blank no longer. Every inch is clustered over with climbing roses, honeysuckles, and variegated ivy, in whose tangled mass of vine and foliage the song-birds come in flocks to gather seeds in winter. Though I could not aspire to being a gentleman-farmer, seeing that I came to make my fortune, not to spend one, yet I have sought to make farming a sort of social science, in which not only the head and hands could be employed, but the sympathies of the heart enlarged and elevated. In short, to establish a home for a family.

I desire no association with the man or boy who would wantonly kill the birds that sing so cheerfully around our dwellings and our farms; he is fitted for treason and murder. Who among us does not, with the freshness of early morning, call up the memory of the garden of his infancy and childhood, the noble's nest in the old cherry tree, and the nest of young chirping birds in the currant-bush; the flowers planted by his mother, and nurtured by his sister?—in all my wanderings, the memory of childhood's birds and flowers is associated with that of mother, sister, and our early home.

As you would have your children intelligent, virtuous and happy, and their memory, in after-life, of early home a pleasant or repulsive one, so make our farms and your children's home as your business of life, then adorn that business throughout. If you would inspire your own children and your neighbors with the nobleness of your business, then draw about you such an array of beauty as no one but the cultivator of the soil can collect. Let every foot of your farm show the touch of refinement. While you are arranging your field for convenient and successful cropping, let it be done with order and neatness. While building the fence, let it be beautiful as well as substantial. While arranging your vegetable-gardens and orchards, do not overlook geometrical regularity. Do not, on any account, omit the planting of flowers and the various kinds of fruit-trees.

A Model Family.

About 25 years ago, two brothers, then and now residing in Kennebunk, married. Their wives never saw each other until they were married. These two brothers are blacksmiths and work together, occupying the same shop that their father and grandfather occupied. But the most remarkable and commendable feature in reference to the matter in that these two families have lived together as one family ever since they were married all eating at the same table, and all in perfect harmony. A few years ago these two men left home for California, where they were taken sick, and it was agreed that the well brother should proceed to California, and that the other should return home as soon as he was able, which he did. The California brother remained in the golden state, working at his trade, until he accumulated \$3600 when he returned home. After the congratulations were over, the California brother brought out his treasure, and said, "Here brother, is \$1800, your half of my earnings!" The wives took turns in presiding at the table—alternating weekly; the one of duty taking no more interest in matters than if she was a boarder.

We gather the above facts from a gentleman of this city, who recently made a short call at the home of these brothers. We set these people down as bona-fide christians.—[Argus.]

The Two Ways.—Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering Dr. A. said to Dr. B. "Brother, how has it happened that, while I have labored as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?" Dr. B. facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first get a rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod line and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements you dash up the brook, and throw in your hook, with, there, bite you dogs. Thus, you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little switch pole, a small line, and get such a hook and bait as a fish can swallow. Then I creep up the brook, and gently slip them in, and twich 'em out, twich 'em out, till my basket is full."

A handsome young gal in our town was set up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vast pocket—I mean dry goods clerk—and the young gal's mother hearing 'suthin' pop arose from her couch under the impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskiness, was holdin' a wild revel on the roof here in the west room. But on openin' the door she discovered it was huggin' and kissin' which had awoken her from her peaceful repose. "My darter! oh! my darter!" this fond parent did cry. "Oh that I should live to see this doin's in my own house!" "I know, dear mother," this sweet village maiden unto her mama quickly replied "that it is quite unpropor, but it is orlud soothin'!"

CIDER VINEGAR.—Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose.

Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, and half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by two fire and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.

KEEP GOOD COWS.—Our farmers keep too many poor cows. It costs no more to keep a cow that will average nine or ten quarts of milk per day than it does to keep one that will average only six or seven. The difference between these two products will amount to a handsome sum annually. Now, when profit is so high, it seems a good time for our readers to sell off their poor cows and fill their places with better milkers. They may rest assured that the true economy consists in keeping only good cows, as these will soon pay their extra feed cost, and ever after prove a better investment.

ITEMS.

A negro cook on one of the river boats near Kansas City shot an Irish hand, who demanded some potatoes of him in an insulting and threatening manner, killing him instantly. The crew and passengers immediately seized the unhappy wretch, and after first beating him, dragged him on shore and shot him at once.

An Austrian artillery officer has invented a rifled cannon that can fire six balls in a minute.

OR Saturday Mr. Steward sold by auction six shares Commercial Bank Stock at an advance of two per cent, on the last sales. Moses Tuck, Esq., was the purchaser.

Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, California, is the largest cattle and land owner in United States. This year his stock consisted of 48,000 cattle, besides 9,000 calves. He lost 7,000 cattle last winter through want of food.

G. F. C. Lowden, Esq., merchant, of Charlottesville, fell down on his own premises on Tuesday last. He was seized with an epileptic fit, and in falling broke his neck.

A school man in West, punished bad boys, by standing them on their heads and pouring cold water down their trousers legs. Mercy is like the rainbow which God set in the heavens as a remembrance to man. We must never look for it after night; it shines not in the other world. If we refuse mercy here, we must have justice to eternity. [Argus.]