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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1859.

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Poetry.

Village Courtship.

Tapping at the window,
Peeping over the blind;
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind!
Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked sharply,
Who's that, indeed—your certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom,
When'er they lose their heart.

Yes—there he is—I see him!
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtain'd window,
He's stepping on his toes;
I'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;
A knock, though 'em the slightest,
Tap! tap! would any think it!
He never seems to mind;
'Tis surely most surprising,
He thinks my mother blind!

'Tis plain 't must go to him;
It's not use now to cough,
I'd open the door just softly,
If but to send him off;
'Tis well if from the door step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh man! there never was trouble
'Till he came in the world!
Tapping at the window,
And peeping over the blind;
Oh man, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find.

Capital Story.

THE NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

BY FRANCIS A. DUNNAGE.

"When an old bachelor," says Sir Peter Teazle, "marries a young wife, he deserves—no, hang it! the crime carries the punishment along with it." Yet Mr. Ephraim Holiday was an old bachelor, and married a young wife, and notwithstanding the discrepancy of years, the current of their conjugal existence flowed gently on for some time, but for the interference of a third person. Married people rarely quarrel, if left to themselves; in nine cases out of ten, discord is produced by the interference of some maiden sister of one of the parties, or a crabbed mamma, or some other relative. Mrs. Holiday had no relatives, and Mr. Holiday was equally fortunate. But he had a very unhappy clerk—a one-eyed man, who, tho' he sat at his ledger in the back of Holiday's dry-goods shop, and seemed engaged upon accounts for fourteen hours out of twenty, yet amused more scandal and gossip than many a professional idler who spent his days in accumulating them. And that one eye of his saw "more things in heaven and earth," than ever were dreamed of in Horatio's, or anybody else's philosophy. Peter Perkit had once been jilted by a milliner, and on that day he vowed eternal hatred to the female sex. Sometimes, when the other clerks were busy, he used to act as salesman, and then he revenged himself by the most cruel impositions on the lady purchasers—selling them colors the most unsuited to their complexions—palm-leaf off on them the most atrocious pins and needles, and the most faithless thread.

When he heard of Holiday's projected marriage, he urgently remonstrated against it. "But she loves me," said Holiday. "She says so," answered Peter, with a malicious leer. "If you were poor she'd soon find out—"

"What?"

"That you were fifty, and she twenty-five."

"Peter, you're a fool."

"Yes, sir."

The marriage was accomplished. Once in a while Perkit, who was as privileged as a king's jester, would ask, "has she found it out, sir?" And Mr. Holiday's frank, jovial, self-satisfied answers would plunge him into a fit of the blackest melancholy. The time came, however, for a rehearsal of Othello; Othello, Mr. Holiday, Iago, Mr. Perkit. We will explain ourselves, or rather, let what follows explain our meaning.

One day, after dinner—a dinner, by the way, which passed in gay remarks from Mrs. Holiday, and monosyllabic replies from Mr. Holiday—an unusual thing for him; he asked:

"Been out this morning, my dear?"

"No—yes," replied Mrs. Holiday, with hesitation.

"Umph! where have you been, ma'am, if I may be so bold as to inquire?"

"You may inquire—certainly," replied the lady, gaily; but I have the privilege of silence."

"A privilege that few of your sex claim,

by the way. But it's very important to me that I should know where you went this morning."

"And it's very important to me that you should not know," replied the lady, pretty positively.

"Mrs. Holiday, are you going to answer?"

"How tragic you are!" cried the lady.—"Am I to hold up my right hand, and solemnly and truly swear that I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Excuse me, Mr. Holiday. I have my little secrets—and this is one of them."

"It's a quarter of three o'clock, Mrs. Holiday," said the husband, consulting his watch. "I must be back to the shop. Will you tell me where you went this morning?"

"I went," said Mrs. Holiday, slowly, and tantalizingly, "I went out—and then—I came back—"

The king of France with twenty thousand men
Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again!
'Distraction!' shouted the shopkeeper,
seizing his hat, rushing out of the house, and
slamming the street door behind him.

Perkit saw that something had happened, when Holiday came up and leaned his elbow gloomily on his desk.

"Perkit," said he at last, "I asked her."

"Well," said the clerk, breathlessly, and fixing his eye upon his employer, as if it had been a gimlet, and he were boring him through and through, "and what did she say?"

"What do you think, Perkit?"

"I can't guess, sir."

"Nothing," answered Holiday, smiting the desk with his fist. "She wouldn't tell me where she'd been."

"Blessed if I wouldn't make her, though," said the clerk. "I wouldn't have no feminine—that belonged to me gadding out when I was tending shop, without knowing where she went."

"After all my indulgence to that woman!" said Holiday, in a hoarse whisper. "You remember that velvet cloak, Perkit?" he added, plaintively.

"Yes, sir. Eight dollars a yard, retail—making and trimming, ten; as per account rendered."

"And the box of kids last week," groaned Holiday.

"Fourteen yards of purple satin, at \$3.80 per yard, is \$53.20," suggested the clerk.

"Brussels lace collar invoiced at thirty," said Holiday.

"And no end of French boots," said the clerk.

"She has such a pretty foot!" said Holiday. "I don't begrudge her the knick-knacks. I like to see her go fine—but—but," and he almost blubbered, "I expect her to give me her confidence in return."

"Dr. to 5000 dollars of dry-goods, credit a little confidence—it's a losing business, if the assets are good," said the clerk.

"What would you have me do?" asked Holiday.

"Let her rest till to-morrow," said Perkit, "and then, have at her with the mustaches."

The next day at a convenient opportunity, Mr. Holiday again assailed his wife:

"Mrs. Holiday, I asked a question yesterday to which you did not see fit to reply—Are you in a communicative humor to-day?"

"Are you in an inquisitive one?"

"That was parrying the question. Mr. H. bit his lip and returned to the charge."

"Pray, Mrs. Holiday, do you happen to know a young man with mustaches?"

Mrs. Holiday laughed. "Do I know a young man with a hat? You are very definite. Ever since the Mexican war, and the invention of California, everybody wears mustaches, except—she glanced mischievously at her husband."

"Except old fogies like myself," said Holiday with smothered rage. "Pray finish the sentence, ma'am; I can bear it. I know your insane for mustaches, but you'll never make me use the ridiculous fashion. Besides, I'm as gray as a badger, and that ends the matter."

"Go on, sir," said the lady, with provoking melancholy.

"Madam, I will go on. Do you know, then a young man with mustaches—long hair—a Kossuth hat, a wild eye, and a short cloak?"

Mrs. Holiday colored up to the roots of her hair, and quailed under the penetrating glance of her lord and master. But she recovered herself, and answered in a firm voice:

"Yes, sir."

"You acknowledge it, then," cried Holiday. "I do acknowledge it," replied the lady, laughing. "I do hereby acknowledge and confess that I do know not only one, but a great many young men with mustaches, long hair, Kossuth hats, wild eyes, and short cloaks, for they are very prevalent. But," she added, "you are inquiring after a particular young man. Pray where does he live?"

"I don't know; I want to learn from you."

"Then if you can't point him out more particularly than you have done, I'm sure I can't enlighten you," said the lady, laughing.

"Mrs. H! Mrs. H!" cried Holiday as he

flung out of the room, "you are the most provoking, tantalizing, aggravating, insulting of our sex."

And he sought refuge in his store, and consolation of his confidential clerk.

"Well," said that gentleman, sticking his pen behind his ear, and addressing his employer in an easy, familiar way, "how are you, now, sir?"

"Worse than ever," replied Holiday, shaking his head.

"Did you ask her about the unknown?"

"I did."

"How did she take it, sir?"

"She colored up, and was much agitated; but she recovered herself, and said she knew a great many such persons as you described—in short, I got no satisfaction."

"Would you have more of the same sort?" asked the clerk, in a low, hissing whisper.

"I would, so help me heaven! I would be satisfied that she cares nothing for me, and then I'll ring her off like—"

"A business connection that don't pay—Exactly, sir."

"But this mysterious young man, Perkit?"

"Dare you heard him in his den?"

"I dare do anything," said Holiday, in a high state of excitement.

"That requires no courage," added Perkit, sotto voce. "Hear me, then, sir. There's an eating house in Sudbury Street."

"Is there?" asked Holiday, abstractedly.

"Lord bless you, yes, sir! Didn't you know it? It's an institution. Famous for soups. The maccaroni is good, and the head cook was born with a genius for roasting. But it's expensive, sir. It costs thirty-seven and a half cents—and more than enough beans and brown bread for six. But then the style here is worth the difference."

"What has all this rigmorale to do with the subject under discussion?"

"It is relevant—it is in order, Mr. Holiday," said the one-eyed clerk. "The mysterious young man whom Mrs. Holiday knows, and whom you don't know, dines daily for thirty-seven and a half cents at the institution I have alluded to."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"For the very good reason that I didn't know it. Sir, we will dine there, too, to-morrow."

"But what excuse shall I make to Mrs. H.?"

"You owe her none."

"Very true; and I had thought of staying out one night—lodging at the Exchange, by way of terrifying her. I was only deterred from carrying my project into execution by fear of the town clerk, John Augustus, and an advertisement offering a reward in the daily papers. Strayed away, or stolen, &c."

"Very good, sir. You agree that we shall dine in Sudbury street."

"Yes, I agree."

"We must not be suspected, sir. We'll order turtle soup, roast duck and champagne," said Perkit, earnestly. "You shall."

"Yes, yes—I'll pay," said Holiday.

"We will then watch the mysterious stranger—follow him—track him to his lair. And then—"

"And then, I'll do for him!" said Holiday, viciously plunging an eraser into the mahogany desk.

The next day Perkit and his employer were seated in the restaurant.

Perkit ordered with the air and liberality of a man who knows he shall not be called upon to pay the bill, and he did ample honor to the fare, while Holiday disturbed in mind, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the stranger ate nothing.

At length the Kossuth hat, wild eye, long hair, and short cloak entered, and called for stewed oysters. Holiday beckoned to the waiter, and pointing out the mysterious stranger, asked his name.

"Sare, I no spike Angliss," replied the foreigner.

"Don't you see the game?" whispered Perkit as he sipped his champagne. "He comes here because they're foreigners,—and even if they found out his name, they couldn't pronounce it. We must wait till he has dined, and then trail him."

It seemed as if the unknown would never finish. He was evidently not hungry. He balanced each separate oyster before he deliberately swallowed it. He paused at every crumb of bread. But he finally made an end, rose, took down his cloak and hat, and sauntered out of the room. Holiday and Perkit followed him. As the former was darting into the street, an impetuous man in white seized him, and vociferated:

"You shall pay ze dinner—or I will call ze policeman!"

Holiday threw him an eagle, and he relinquished his hold.

The young man sauntered along into Tremont Row, his pursuers following close behind. He suddenly paused, turned into a doorway, and went up two flights of stairs. Perkit and Holiday followed. The young man pulled out a key, unlocked a door, entered a room the two men following softly at his heels. But they missed him behind

the folds of a heavy drapery.

"Lock the door, Perkit!" said Holiday, with great presence of mind.

The one-eyed clerk, whom the approach of any row always puts in the highest spirits obeyed.

Holiday advanced a step or two, and then stood transfixed; there sat his wife attired in the purple satin and velvet cloak that had cost him so dear with a French bonnet on her head, and her priceless Brussels veil hiding her face.

"Mrs. Holiday!" said the astounded man.

No answer.

"Don't cave in!" whispered the clerk.—"Loudly!"

"Mrs. Holiday!" shouted the husband.

Enraged at her silence, he advanced, and we regret to say, pulled the bonnet from her head. A lay figure, such as artist's use to arrange drapery upon, was disclosed to his view.

"Who's making all this row?" cried the young man, emerging from the drapery behind which he had disappeared. "Burglars, hey?"

"Burglars! you blockhead!" retorted Holiday. "Who are you?"

"My name is Raphael Scumble—portrait painter, at your service."

"And mine is Ephraim Holiday."

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Holiday. I'm painting the portrait of a Mrs. Holiday."

Three taps at the door of the studio.

"Come in!" said the artist.

"The door was tried, and the knocks were repeated."

"Who locked my door?" cried the artist, as he unlocked it.

"You sir?" he added, to Perkit, playfully, but severely tapping that gentleman on the skull with the key. "Thank you."

Mrs. Holiday came in.

"Now then, said she, for the last sitting. Why, I declare! Holiday! Perkit! You two here! What's the meaning of all this?"

Holiday made no answer.

"All I know, madam," said the artist, "is that I was engaged setting my palette behind my curtain, when I heard a noise here, and found this gentleman with your bonnet in his hand, striking an attitude before my lay figure."

"Why Mr. Holiday?" cried Mrs. H.

"I told him," continued the artist, "I was painting your portrait."

"O, you marplot!" cried the lady. "Holiday, I intended it as a surprise, and a New Year's present for you. This was my secret. Here was where I had been that morning when I wouldn't tell you. And I knew very well whom you meant when you described the young gentleman with mustaches."

"My dear Julia," said Holiday, "will you forgive me for my curiosity, and for thinking that you had forgotten an old fellow whom you loved well enough to marry?"

"I forgive you everything. But I should like to know who put you up to questioning me."

"And dogging me about," said the artist.

"It must have been some spiteful, low-lived person," said the lady.

"It would be an agreeable amusement to kick him," said the artist.

"Here! Perkit! come forward and answer for yourself," said Holiday. "Why zounds! the fellow's mizzled."

And so he had—finding the fire growing a little too warm, the one-eyed clerk had prudently retreated, and was now perched upon his stool, engaged upon the "waste."

The restoration of harmony between the married couple produced so much happiness that he was tacitly forgiven, and the portrait of Mrs. Holiday, sent home on New Year's day, was so successful, that the artist received an order for the portrait of a gentleman, the said gentleman being Mr. Ephraim Holiday, who was flattered into a most satisfactory state of bloom and juvenility, and looked as "large as life and natural."—Flag of our Union.

Mistakes of Printers.

Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns, and mar the price. Such people know very little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities—of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors from creeping in, even when professional proof readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs, on that account, are often hurriedly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject, the following anecdote is not inappropriate.

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect

specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page.

When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper, which must necessarily be hurried through the press while it is news; and where the compensation will hardly afford an experienced proof reader, let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing.

Provincial Parliament.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

FREDERICTON, April 2.

Progress was made with lengthy discussion on City Assessment Bill.

Mitchell gave notice of motion in amendment to Tibbitts' Canada Railway connection Resolution affirming desirability of the same but suggesting no course to be pursued.

McPhelim gave notice that he would move House into Committee on the Head Quarters Commissioners' Report on Monday.

Watters introduced Bill to authorise Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation to sell certain Lands in Fredericton.

Likewise Bill for widening Harding Street, St. John.

Tilley introduced Bill to continue Act relating to Streets and Squares, St. John.

Agreed to, Bill relating to sick and disabled seamen.

2.30.—Steadman making general reply to order of day.

McPherson took his seat.

Steadman reviewed all the speeches in order, speaking an hour and three quarters.

Hon. members were called to their places and question being put when Tibbitts rose and said he had determined not to give a silent vote. He thought if both resolution and amendment were rejected, it would scatter the principles of Responsible Government as defined in '54, to the winds.

Thought the members of present Executive were distasteful to Governor. His Excellency had no feelings and sentiments in common with the Liberal party, and would exult if government was overthrown by the passage of resolution before House. The question of the right to see despatches should be immediately settled; was on horns of dilemma, and would vote for amendment rather than run risk of losing both.

Question taken on amendment at 4.

Yeas—Speaker, Tilley, Fisher, Watters, Brown, Connell, Smith, Read, End, Lewis, McMillan, Mitchell, McAdam, W. E. Perley, C. Perley, Tapley, Ferris, Gilmour, Wright, Cudlip, Tibbitts, Chandler—22.

Nays—Gray, Wilmot, McPhelim, Allan, Steadman, Jostford, Hannington, Kerr, Secor, Gilbert, Vail, McIntosh, DesBrisay, Montgomery—18.

When Speaker took the Chair, McMillan, Chairman, briefly expressed himself in favor of resolution on question to accept Report of Committee.

McLeod voted Yeas, and McMillan Nays, so that division stood same as before.

April 4.

The Bill to establish a Police force in Chatham was agreed to.

Mr. McPhelim complained of the delay of the Eastern mail at Hampton over Sunday, (yesterday), as resulting from new orders from the department. Postmaster General said the delay was occasioned by some unexplained cause not from any Sunday orders; and investigation was being made.

Progress was made after a long discussion in Tibbitts' Railway Bill providing that the Chairman of the Railway Board be a political. Many members thought the Bill premature, especially some references were made to matter elicited on the Railway Committee, until said Committee had reported.

Tibbitts, Wilmot and others urged the principle of the Bill, and said although there was no evidence of fraud, there was no extravagance and want of judgment. They having been present at every meeting of the Committee, and heard all the evidence, and nothing had been elicited to fix blame on the Commissioners or Engineer.

On motion made to go into Committee on McAdam's College Bill Allan moved an amendment, affirming that the Executive should take the initiative in the measure, and postponing three months. After a discussion of over two hours the amendment was lost, 18 to 22, and the Bill was committed.

[Continued on last Page.]