

# The St. Andrews Standard.

CAPS

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JAS. S. CARNEY,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### AT THE LAST.

Three little words within my brain  
Beat back and forth their one refrain,  
Three little words, whose dull distress  
Means everything and nothingness,  
Unbidden move my lips instead  
Of other utterance: "She is dead!"

How, lingering, we talked of late  
Beside the hedge-grown garden gate;  
Till, smiling, ere the twilight fell,  
She bade me take a last farewell.  
Those were the final words she said—  
But yesterday—now she is dead!

I see the very gown she wore,  
The color I had praised before;  
The swaying length, where she would pass,  
Made a light rattle on the grass;  
There in the porch she turned her head  
For one last smile—and she is dead!

Could I have known what was to come,  
Those hours had been blind and dumb;  
I would have followed close with Death,  
Have striven for every glance and breath;  
But now—the final word is said,  
The last look taken—she is dead.

We were not lovers—such as they  
Who pledge a faith to last for aye;  
Yet seems the Universe to me  
A riddle now without a key;  
What means the sunshine overhead,  
The moon below—now she is dead?

See how my grief, its sudden haze  
Beside my accustomed ways;  
And yet so old, it seems my heart  
Was never from its pain apart;  
What was and is and shall be, well  
With that one sentence—She is dead.

[From "The Aldine" for June.

## The Standard.

THE ALDINE for June shows what the  
landscape painters of America can do, when  
they have a mind to work in black and white.  
They paint pictures which are seen for a short  
time in their studios, and then are seen no  
more, except by their purchasers; being, in  
fact, as much removed from the actual world  
of art as if they did not exist. It is otherwise  
with them when they are drawn on wood, and  
seen by the thousands of readers of THE  
ALDINE in every section of the country, who  
constitute a powerful art constituency, and in a  
certain sense represent posterity. Mr. Kus-  
sman Van Elden's oil pictures are well known  
to connoisseurs of art; his "View near  
Granby, Can.," in the June ALDINE, makes  
his talent known throughout the United States.

Mr. Peter Moran contributes two charming  
animal pictures, "The Bull Call," a barn yard  
study, and a "Group of Sheep," which are  
better than any that Verelsteden ever painted.

From Mr. W. M. Carey we have a  
Stamper of Wild Horses, which is a vigorous  
composition. Then there is—"In the Park"—  
The Old Mill of Koster, and a View in Old  
Amsterdam. The literature of this number is  
marked for its excellence. There are two  
stories of New England life, either of which  
would be the literary feature of the month in  
any other magazine. The first, "Turning the  
Wale," by Francis Lee, is a capital study of  
Yankee character and conversation; the se-  
cond, "Young Martin and Old Martin" (pub-  
lished in our columns) is also a fine de-  
monstration of character. Subscription price \$2, in-  
cluding Chromos Village Belle and "Crossing  
the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publishers,  
58 Maiden Lane, New York.

## YOUNG MARTIN & OLD MARTIN.

Young Martin was the son of old Martin. Both  
were blacksmiths, and plied their trade in Tack-  
town, when there was any demand; when there  
was none, they sat among the iron bars in the shop,  
or on the timber threshold, "enjoyin' themselves,"  
—as they informed the passers-by—"most to death  
doin' nothin'."

Old Martin lived in his flannel shirt-sleeves, and  
wore rusty spectacles; young Martin and a big  
jerk knife were inseparables. He picked his teeth  
when lively. Old Martin was an everlasting  
talker, and drew the long bow with extreme good  
nature. With him, a lie was a benefit—to please,  
amuse, or instruct. At middle age he was seized  
with a mission, though he did not call it so—  
picked his goods, and with his family moved to  
New London, distant fifty miles. In five years he  
returned as unexpectedly as he went, unlocked his  
front door, made a fire of chips, hung over the  
kettle, and sat down before it a happy man; and  
his soul hugged the forsaken Lanes and Penates.

Anny, his wife, sat dumb in a corner,  
taking a vigorous pinch of snuff.

Anny, said old Martin, declare for't; if you can't  
tell me whatever we went away for, I for one, shall  
be obliged to you.

Nedn't be under any obligation to me, I ain't  
the one to calculate the ways of Providence.

Those five years of absence, so to speak, were  
the battle ground of old Martin's tremendous hair-  
breadth stories—concerning the Lyons, the Eng-  
lish men-of-war, the troubles in the Revolution, and  
the rise and progress, sir, of the first families  
in New London. Young Martin at this time was  
twenty-two—slight, pale, with thin fair hair and a  
beardless chin; but he had kind, honest eyes, and a  
strong manly voice. Somehow, no one doubt-  
ed his good sense and good feeling. Those who  
laughed at him, remembering his old whittling  
tricks, and his lingering against door-posts, or the  
fence, began to hear, and believe, that he was  
something more than a lazy mechanic. Tacktown  
had advanced; there was more work to do, and it  
was soon comprehended that young Martin  
"bossed" old Martin. About this time he added  
to his vocabulary of wonderful tales—"What has  
a son could do?"—What they had thought on him  
when they were obliged to leave New London at  
dusk of night. Martin was in such demand—  
plague on them New Londoners! Anny also  
doted her praise day and night. She flattered  
him like a motherly hen. "As good a creature as  
ever trod in shoe leather!" was Martin! She told  
the man that came along with quinces and fall  
turnips that she knew he wasn't as pretty as a  
pictor, but the madder on him was good.

People were attracted by old Martin's manner.  
He was strangely silent, yet he appeared on the  
point of bursting; he winked and nodded, went  
from store to store, moving his head from side to  
side, and making mysterious grimaces, as if some  
moment was at hand when everybody would be  
astonished. His secret was revealed the day the  
frame of a new shop was raised below the ship  
yard on the shore.

"My son did that," he made everybody hear,  
pointing to the frame. How New London be-  
lieved it! But, Lord, they couldn't keep him.  
Old Martin's spectacles were dim with pride and joy.

Poor, sir, he cried into my body's face that was  
nearest to him, going to give up yet. Martin says  
he, to me, says he, "Father, 'tain't necessary for  
you to give another blow to the axvil. Cut up  
your leather apron to mend the joints in the  
house door, or the pig sty." But 'in as capable  
as ever; I won't eat my son's earnings yet.

To describe Anny's satisfaction over the new  
shop would be impossible—that new shop with  
stone walls and a belly on top! She prepared  
with acute joy, and wiped her face till she be-  
lieved she had the "chaps." No matter who went  
by, she was ready; with the air of an orator who  
fixes his eyes on a distant audience, she began and  
continued, the motto in her mind, or rather its  
spirit, being that Martin must be a living re-  
newance to everybody.

"Never did I consider Martin a forrard child;  
but I ain't surprised that he should come out at the  
big end of the horn at last. He ain't a bright and  
shining light anywhere, as I know on; but he  
massy, do you think that there Edgar Willis can  
hold a candle to him, for vertu and goodness to his  
parents?"

The shop was finished. Old Martin tied on his  
apron daily, and hectoring the two apprentices  
with great comfort to himself. Young Martin  
busied himself with greater things. He was for-  
tunate enough to please the first merchant in  
Tacktown, who had had his ship-work done else-  
where till now. Chais, bolts, and all a ship's iron-  
gear, he engaged of young Martin, considering old  
Martin a doosed fool, and quite in the young  
man's way. But he was compelled, in spite of  
himself, to compare young Martin's skill about

ence with that of his own son—the gay Edgar  
Willis, the bean 'par excellence' of Tacktown.  
Young Martin was not particularly respectful to  
his father's words, but perfectly so in feeling and  
manner.

There, old man, he often said, "dry up your  
sass; you make me sick"—accompanying these  
words with a pleasant smile, and a tap on old Mar-  
tin's back, which, if the old man had been a  
Frenchman, would have made him bestow a kiss  
on young Martin's face. Sometimes, when he  
thought the old man tired, he said, "Go home, da!",  
and tell mother I want a short-ake for supper;  
you've been in the shop long enough. Wash up,  
you are as black as the ace of spades; and if you  
ain't white we can't go to Mrs. Willis's party to-  
night. Which was a great joke, as they were not  
invited.

Father, I've a mind to cut into a ham. It is  
a sharp-to-day; he may have an edge to his ap-  
petite.

Well, Anny, if you'll brile it; otherwise 'tain't  
worth while to cut into a whole ham.

See here, now. My quince jelly—I do believe  
you have most forgot the taste of that. Besides,  
they tell me it is evergreen good to clear the throat.

Sings-school to night, you know.

Talking about a Tacktown band, they be.  
Where's my old fiddle?

Sho'ld man.

I was going on to say, ailed old Martin, testily,  
when you must needs put your ear in—that Mar-  
tin might like it.

No, indeed; he is going to blow on something—  
an off-bill, I think he said.

But the next day old Martin was afflicted with  
another mystery, which broke like a boil when the  
stage-driver handed from his box a huge bundle  
in green flannel to young Martin, who was in  
waiting. It contained an ophicleide—a dreadful  
instrument—but it killed old Martin's soul with  
awe and delight.

What ails you, father? asked young Martin.  
You look as if you had caught something.

Do let it out, Martin.

And Martin did, as full of secret delight as his  
father was of noisy rejoicing.

The band was formed, and after a summer's  
practice it played one quickstep, a march, and a  
Foster's hornpipe; it then went into severe win-  
ter quarters, to learn cotillon music. It was a  
sight to behold young Martin with his ophicleide;  
as he was a slight, pale creature, the effect re-  
minded one of a little girl totting a big doll. He  
was very industrious with his practice, playing  
of nights at home, in his little room up-stairs.

The groans of the instrument were fearful. Its  
boom was so dreadful to Anny that she tied a thick  
handkerchief over her ears, pretending she had  
the earache; but old Martin was game to the  
la rhyme; he kept time with a triumphant air,  
although he could not tell one tune from another.

Anny noticed that he was apt to go to bed in a  
hurried way on the nights young Martin played at  
home, and contrary to his wont, buried his head  
beneath the bed-clothes, which proceeding made  
him so cross, that one night, Anny, driven wild, ex-  
claimed, "Why, father, you better like the off-  
pigs, and I wish you wouldn't."

It seemed to her then as if the bed-clothes shook  
—or was it the vibration of the walls? for that  
night it was a dreadful "storm and stress" period  
with young Martin. He was overcooming "Hall's  
Victory."

Little did he know who was outside. The girl  
he adored, but of whom he had no hope—Matilda  
Northwood, the tallest girl in Tacktown, with a  
brilliant complexion, an aquiline nose, bright, dark  
eyes, a clear voice, and a gay laugh; a violent  
contrast to him every way. She was the daugh-  
ter of a rich farmer, who lived on Tacktown Neck.  
Young Martin had always known her, or thought  
so, till she burst in upon all his awakened senses  
one night at the singing-school; but he had never  
addressed a word to her. She knew him quite as  
well, and had never bestowed a thought upon him,  
—but many a laugh, and alas! did he but know,  
she was now laughing at him.

The side street was a dark, crooked road, with  
houses scattered along it, and ending in a broad  
field which had that very afternoon been the  
scene of the performance of a travelling circus,  
attended by Matilda. There had been some fight-  
ing among the men, and much savage swearing  
over the heavy loading of the wagons, till the pro-  
prietor, who happened to be partially intoxicated,  
lost patience. He struck with his whip at one of  
the drivers, who instantly jumped into his seat,  
and, swearing he would take no more on, lashed  
his horses into a gallop along the road.

The proprietor sprang into his buggy, and  
dashed after him, with the intention of stop-  
ping his wagon. Martin heard the noise,  
opened his window, and ran down stairs. A  
wagon lurched round the corner, and rolled  
by. He heard a scream, and saw a figure  
flying over the fence, —safe in side—Edgar  
Willis, —then he saw a buggy swinging toward  
him, and toward Matilda; he cried out in ter-  
ror, seized her in his arms and almost threw

her over the fence toward Edgar. Then he  
picked up the proprietor, who was thrown out  
but not nearly so much injured as his carriage  
and horse were. Matilda, wondering whether  
young Martin had observed his cowardice,  
could not help altering a proverb for his  
benefit. I have heard, she said, about people  
laughing on the wrong side of their mouth,  
and now I am going to laugh on the right side  
of the fence.

I thought the wagon folks did not see us  
and I sprang over without knowing it hardly  
Matilda. I could have helped you; but good  
gracious, you never could have expected me to  
lift your weight over the fence. I am not a  
blacksmith.

That speech killed all the riches and family  
position of the Willis family forever with  
Matilda. She turned to Anny young Marti  
still standing beside her in silence, and, as  
Edgar Willis walked slowly down the street,  
said, I will go in, Mrs. Pell, for a few min-  
utes. I think your son must be used up,  
trying to put me over the fence. You did it  
like lightning, turning her face toward him.

You see, my son strikes when the iron is  
hot, said old Martin.

Miss Northwood some freshen-up?  
Oh, I am so put by! What will you have  
—a cup of tea?

Nothing in the world, thank you. Do you  
suppose that my brother William will hear  
anything from Mr. Willis, and bring the wag-  
gon for me? —I expected to meet him at Mrs.  
Miller's about this time.

Martin might go round with you, said An-  
ny. I am afraid your folks' way down on the  
Neck will worry if you are late. I should  
worry if I had such a dart r out all alone.

The sharp old woman looked at young Martin  
and he knew that then and there she divided  
his hopeless secret. Matilda also interest-  
ed these glances, and was astonished and dis-  
tressed. "Old Martin got up for his pipe, also  
unembarrassed. Young Martin, telling him to  
sit still, I said it, and held a match for him to  
light it. Well, it was something to see this  
little fellow so gentle, and through goodness  
so elated, Matilda thought, rising to go. She  
held her hand out to Mrs. Pell, and then kiss-  
ed her. There were tears in Matilda's eyes;  
why, no mortal could guess.

Shall I wait upon you to Mrs. Miller's? —  
asked Martin, simply.

If you please.

And the pair walked down the yard. Old  
Martin pounded on his knee with his fist, and  
brake his pipe.

Lord, I used to smash pipes in New Lon-  
don. But it's no use, Anny, we ain't high  
enough up in the world for them Northwoods.  
Martin must hev blown out his brains with that  
damned ophicleide; he has gone from one big  
thing to another, and now if he ain't trying to  
reach up to that six foot gal!

I'll tell you what he's got to. He put that  
gal over our fence when he thought she was  
in danger, when that Edgar Willis jumped  
over, and let her behind him.

Matilda shook hands with young Martin at  
the Miller's door, and saying the simplest  
thing she could just conjure up, told him  
that for his impulse that night she might  
have been much further off—and showed him  
the skirt of her dress; there was a rent in it  
which turned him cold to look at.

Yes, he replied, I thought the horse was  
bearing down upon you when I caught you. Oh,  
heaven! and he clasped his hands together  
with passion—I am all gratitude. But you  
mustn't thank me. Yes, you may—but I only  
did what I thought to have done for any help-  
less person.

And Edgar Willis?  
He is not a blacksmith, and is to be excus-  
ed. This was Martin's first sarcasm.

Well, good night—and Matilda put out her  
hand again; she only felt the very tips of his  
fingers, and could not decide whether his hand  
was rougher than her father's.

The world went on the same afterward—  
Martin drove work like the very old crier,  
old Martin remarked to Anny; but he told off  
on his married evenings, appearing restless at  
nights, and went about in a daze. One night he  
brought home a brand new suit of clothes, with  
a blue necktie, and told his mother that he  
had joined the Cotillon party. Every week  
there was to be one, and he had engaged to  
play in the band alternate weeks; the other  
nights he should go on the floor.

Now who was that plaguy chap in New  
London, said old Martin, musingly—who used  
to cut such tremendous pigeon wings?

Martin, said his mother, sully, I almost  
wish father and I had stayed in his New  
London; it might have furnished your plans,  
and you been the better for it.

You see, interrupted old Martin, he has got  
stomach, and status, and a sinking food of  
character, which we haven't.

Never you mind, old man—got been,  
haven't you? Smoke it. Mother, just go right  
on hating me. It's all right, I tell you.  
Unfortunately, at the first party Martin  
played, perched upon the little platform behind  
one fiddle, a clarinet, and a flute, he looked

very small, and his dreadful instrument very  
large. It was remarked how very mildly  
young Martin played that night. Somebody  
told Matilda Northwood that he was staring  
his head off at her.

My, exclaimed another, if the musicians  
are going in for staring, Tilly will have com-  
plications.

By no means, calmly replied Matilda, turn-  
ing her full regards upon Martin, who did  
not happen to be playing at that moment. His  
quiet, fair face was flushed, and his fair hair,  
brushed off his forehead, was curly with the  
heat. He was dressed like a gentleman, too;  
she thought his dress as well fitting as that of  
Edgar Willis, though the tailors were not the  
same.

Once, when the company was marching  
round the hall, she came with her partner  
close to the side of the platform and stood for  
a moment near him. He heard her say that  
she was tired, and warm, and didn't think it  
was so very pleasant after all. Martin felt so  
comforted that a great gulp came in his throat  
so loud that the flute looked at him and  
asked if that "ere ophicleide wasn't pulling him  
down."

Shut up, you fool, answered Martin, or I'll  
pitch you headlong into the middle of the next  
dance.

Matilda heard this and she felt better, too.  
She admired pluck, and every time she came  
near this little fellow he gave her instance of  
it.

The second party young Martin joined as a  
dancer. Nobody knew where he had learned to  
dance at all; but no man went through his  
paces with more grace.

He learned on the axvil, and old Martin  
made him dance on the iron, I suppose,  
answered Edgar Willis.

I wish, said Matilda, Northwood to Edgar  
Willis, that Martin Pell heard your speech;  
but there is no chance for you here.

Well, Tilly, if you are going to keep on  
punishing me I must bear it; a fellow can't  
always control his nerves, he answered.

Matilda was a sur. Martin kept aloof, and  
she understood that the advance must come  
from her. Martin was on the alert, and at a  
motion from her, he was bowing, and asking  
her for the next set. It was an ordeal for him.  
Matilda was at the head of the hall above the  
salt which divided those who worked for  
their living and those who had money enough  
to live without actual labor. The male and  
female ancestor of every person in Tacktown  
was a laborer or trader, and of some sort; but  
there was not common sense enough for any-  
body to blow their hair away, till Matilda and  
young Martin did that night. Where shall  
we take our place? asked Martin.

At the head of the first set.

There they stood, the little couple on the  
floor—all eyes upon them. Matilda kept her  
face toward him, and smiled resolutely. Her  
spirit passed into his. He grew. She was  
glittering with her fan endlessly.

Let me fan you, he said, and took it from  
her, and no polite dandy could have flitted it  
with more grace than our young Martin; he  
twinkled it first before her face, and then be-  
hind a stiff upon his own.

Well, I never! gasped the brokers on.  
Should think his face would burn! Just like  
Matilda Northwood to amuse her fans! Just  
like her!

But Edgar Willis did not agree to this; he  
felt she was in earnest. They were well  
aware, Matilda and Martin, that they were  
the objects of criticism. As the sets slowly  
formed, they ventured to look into each other's  
eyes. Martin's face flushed, and he did not  
feel quite so self-possessed. Matilda went  
pale, but each knew that the look exchanged  
lingered. She wore a pretty bracelet.

How would you like to have me force you  
one? he asked, as she twisted it round her  
wrist.

I will wear it, she answered.

What if it be of iron, and I could give you  
ornaments of no other sort?

All the same.

Oh, Matilda, be careful, I can bear but little.  
She took the fan now, and somehow their  
hands to clasp.

Not from me, Martin? I might ask you to  
bear a great deal from me.

The tendr recent of her voice was unmis-  
takable. She kept her face erect and from  
the crowd with her fan and hands-reined, and  
Martin stood very near her, almost face to  
face; in fact, they were as much a one as if  
they were in the wilderness which blossoms as  
the rose. The heart alone knows how to dis-  
cover that ma ches solitude where live. It felt  
revealed. Again he began, and so did the  
vicious and fluty.

The other day when I went over to B. gram  
for this suit of party clothes, I met a re-  
volution. I put something in the valet's p-  
ket, and determined that if ever you would dance with  
me, I would offer it to you, and that if you re-  
fused me, I would never wear the suit nor  
dance again.

He was so nervous that he put his hand to  
neck tie, as if he would double his neck of  
Nessus apparel at once. Matilda was never  
so moved. Every demonstration that this ob-

(conclusion on last page)