

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 36

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPT. 6, 1871.

Vol 38

## Poetry.

### THE ROBIN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the robin sing.

He grumbled playing at marbles, stopped,  
And craved in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay," said the grandmother, "have you not heard  
My poor, old boy, of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this treacherous bird,  
Carries the water and quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the soul of sin;  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorched as he drops it in.

"My poor, old rhyddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pines the lost like Him?"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they do."

## Interesting Tale.

### FEN-FIRE.

When we sleep, does the soul stay with us  
Or does it fly far from its imprisonment in  
our mortal body, and see, and work, and learn for itself?

May we not, by such a supposition, account for  
that peculiar feeling we have all experienced upon  
the seeing of certain persons, or the performance  
of certain acts, that we have seen them before—  
that we have helped at such and such a deed?

Again, have we not all experienced that feeling  
of being sure that we know what is going to  
happen?

Common-place people say that these peculiar  
conditions are the result of chance, while sage  
commentators will tell you that it is to be super-  
stitious to entertain for one moment the thought  
that such matters are worth enquiry.

Chance! There is no such thing as chance. Be-  
cause we do not see the cause of some given ef-  
fect, we are, therefore, to say that there has been  
no cause? A bird falls from a tree, appar-  
ently by chance. Patiently investigate the  
circumstances, and, if you are wise enough, you  
will find there was quite a good cause why the  
bird did not remain twitting on the lissome bough.

Only the cowards and fools of this life in-  
dulge in strange events; only the cowards and cowards  
cumbering the world call such people superstitious.

In these wisest days of our forefathers' descend-  
ants, the term superstition can only be applied to  
those conditions of the mind which close it to ar-  
gument, and, which bind it in such narrow limits,  
that the possession of that mind is more to be  
pitied than despised.

To believe that adorning a certain picture will  
enable you to make three hundred pounds next  
week—that is superstition, if you like. But to  
hope that the spirits of the dead good can glide  
over the world, prompting us to higher lives than  
we have lived, noble ends than those we have  
sought—this is to be not superstitious, but a good  
citizen; not an alio creature, trying to propi-  
tiate Fate by a loathsome humility; but a man in  
his strength and courage, defying the supernatural  
as a danger, yet loving it as the instrument of  
conferring higher life upon this still improvable  
world.

It is the bad man who utterly refuses to be-  
lieve in any power beyond that of physical life.

The good man, having little to fear, does not  
prompt himself to believe that he need not eat,  
drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

But what have all these grave observations to  
do with a tale styled "Fen-fire"? They are re-  
marks, it need not be said, peculiarly associated  
with the business we have in hand.

The chief interest of this tale lies about Barbara  
Jappiter, the daughter of Captain Jappiter, the  
sister of one Agnes. This family was neither very  
rich nor absolutely poor. They belonged to the  
class which in their lives and aspirations belong  
to the shabby genteel, but who, working and fight-  
ing, look upon a fair par with those who are above

them in station, and in whose social position they  
once moved.

Captain Jappiter had in his youth been what is  
generally called a delightful person. Fair, bright,  
tall, and dashing, his eyes always sparkling, his  
ruddy lips ever smiling at the least opportunity,  
he was a delightful companion. The man was  
ready for anything, enjoyed life, was able to hold  
his own in most ways without disagreeably out-  
shining others, and he was never known to lose his  
temper.

A delightful young military man, and as selfish  
as any man living in the light of the yellow sun.  
It was very hard for ugly, hard-voiced, ungracious  
men, who are thoroughly good, honest, true, mod-  
est, and simple, to see these dashing men carry all  
before them in society, and completely put these  
plain, homely, stupid people in the background.

But, on the other hand, the latter, sooner or later,  
find out that their own qualities are the more cer-  
tainly made for wear. It is out of your dashing,  
brilliant, prepossessing young men and women  
that the fractious and objectionable aged of both  
sexes are manufactured.

This Captain Jappiter—like many a similar  
captain before him—was attracted and captivated  
by a girl, a Copley, a Lovie rich, good looking, and  
what is infinitely better, devoted, earnest,  
and deeply religious.

Through twenty-five years of apparently mis-  
erable and life she was as happy as any wife in  
Kent. Her husband was not her available friend  
at the then existing German gambling tables; this  
set being the result of the selfish, self-conceit  
to make a color. He was upon the green cloth,  
by the exercise of a system which enabled him  
to win, and swept away his wife's fortune in the  
operation.

The old complaint the wife made was to the  
effect that she was happy to know he had done his  
best, and she remained him that she had £100 per  
annum for life; and that this income would de-  
scend to her children.

"What a hand!" he said, contemptuously.  
But though he despised that income, he spent  
the greater part upon himself, and went on com-  
plaining, never having a word of sympathy for  
the honest lady, his wife, who set to work building  
up an income beyond the one hundred.

As a girl, she had devoted herself to music, and  
being an earnest woman, not afraid to admit the  
change in her position, she applied to old friends,  
and soon found herself at the head of a school,  
which enabled the good woman to supply her hus-  
band with increased funds.

Her old friends and schoolfellows were very  
glad to send their children, of ten and twelve, to  
Mrs. Jappiter, for they knew her worth; but the  
majority made this stipulation:

"Pray do not let my child (children, as the case  
might be) know anything about your absurd super-  
stitious fancies."

She willingly promised this, and all to whom she  
gave this assurance knew that she would keep her  
word. Her absurd superstitious fancies are to be  
explained in a few words. She believed that the  
evil in this world was to some extent opposed by  
the spirits of the good dead, and that it was chiefly  
by these means that those of the living, whose in-  
nocence left them unguarded, were protected and  
saved from evil, while they themselves remained  
pure in heart and thought.

This belief, by no means interfered with her  
practical, common-sense, everyday-life, and was  
proved by her prosperity in spite of the drag upon  
her existence, which took the shape of a lazy, in-  
dolent, selfish husband.

The offering of this marriage, which we will  
not call wretched, the wife brightened it so very  
much, consisted of two daughters, the elder born  
seven years before the younger. The first child  
was named after the mother, Barbara; the second,  
after a rich aunt of the captain's, Agnes.

The mother foresaw that the girls would have  
to work for their living, and she doubted if they  
would be able to carry on her school, if their father  
was still alive.

Both, the elder especially, showed good signs of  
artistic power; and as, at the time when Barbara  
was about sixteen, the demand for glass-painting  
was beginning to be important, she put herself in  
communication with a stained glass artist, in the  
neighborhood of Soho, and the elder daughter was  
apprenticed to the trade of glass-painting.

The poor lady died, never making a complaint;  
though, surely, she must have known that her life  
had been positively worried away from her soul.

The unhappy Captain, sold the school, and with  
the proceeds he went once more to the German  
gambling-tables, with his precious system for mak-  
ing a huge fortune, and ended more he returned to  
England a beggar.

Event now followed each other in rapid suc-  
cession. When Agnes was but sixteen, she being  
then an apprentice at the stained-glass artist's  
where Barbara had become one of the leading  
painters, especially in creating of jewels and gold-  
work in colored glass—when, we say, Agnes was  
about sixteen, she was seen, to be loved, by one

Griffin Ballantine, who was passing her on the  
street.

A man of wonderful determination and prompt-  
itude in all his acts, he followed her at once, and  
within a month had made himself the friend and  
companion of the miserable old captain, now fret-  
fully living partly upon the hundred pounds year-  
ly income which had come to his daughters upon  
their mother's death, and partly upon Barbara's  
earnings as a glass-artist. He was always com-  
plaining, and was ever spending the girls' little  
shillings and half-pennies.

Griffin Ballantine, though only twenty-five  
years of age, was already the master and part  
owner of a trading vessel, which for speed and  
build was second to none of her size dancing on  
the wide waters of the world.

Did Griffin Ballantine really love Agnes Jap-  
piter? Be that as it may, it is certain that such  
an arrangement was made as would never have  
been concluded had the mother been alive.

Young Captain Ballantine was a man perfectly  
honest and manly, but in whom undeviating suc-  
cess and health had created an egotism, however  
healthy, which induced him to stick at no trade on  
the road to obtain his desire.

He wished to become the husband of Agnes  
Jappiter, and as she was poor, and her family was  
poor, as an ordinary man of the world, he took  
some credit to himself for not having dreamed of  
more dishonorable proposals.

The old Captain was quite willing that the mar-  
riage should take place at once—he was afraid of  
losing a rich and promising son-in-law; but Bar-  
bara, now twenty-three years of age, was too un-  
selfish not to desire to sacrifice the family good to  
Agnes's own happiness and comfort. She main-  
tained that Agnes was too young to be a wife; and  
as the younger sister had the blindest faith in the  
elder, she positively refused to listen to her lover,  
until he had obtained Barbara's consent.

Placed in this peculiar dilemma, Barbara Jap-  
piter's interest prompted her to fling herself for  
help upon that unknown, mysterious power which  
she inherited from her mother, and to which she  
rarely had recourse, because she knew it tended  
so underrunning her health—that health which was  
so important to the well-being of her father and  
sister.

This power she evoked by a determination  
to yield to it, as she fell asleep. Upon the  
morning following the night upon which she  
devoted herself to this work, she rose very  
pale and weak, unconscious of what had passed  
during the night, but perfectly aware of the  
course it was necessary for her to pursue.

When Griffin called that morning, as he did  
every day at noon, to see the Captain, and try  
and talk him over, while the sisters were away  
at their work, he found the old man at home.

Good morning, Barbara, he said, surprised  
to find the captain out. His elder daughter  
had sent him out from their common Soho  
lodgings.

Good morning, Captain Ballantine! If you  
wish to see papa, he will be in in a few mo-  
ments; in the meantime, I want just a little  
conversation with you.

Willingly, Barbara.  
You have known us a month, and you want  
to marry my sister, who is only sixteen.  
That is it, and I shall do my best to marry  
her.

Are you sure of your own mind?  
Quite; I love her devotedly.  
Devotedly?  
Beyond all question?

Then why have you tried to involve my  
father in a mesh, by lending him money to  
be upon horses? Are you devoted to the  
child, by involving the father in money diffi-  
culties?

Captain Ballantine looked pale as he re-  
plied, Has the old gentleman said anything  
then?

No; my father has kept his word, as you  
men would call it.  
Then how do you know—  
There he stopped.

I know what I know, said Barbara. Ex-  
actly as I know that you contemplate making  
a voyage round the world, exchanging and  
bartering in the hope of making a rapid for-  
tune, when you would quit the sea, and live  
a life of calm retirement with Agnes.

What! has she been saying all this to you,  
Barbara?

No, not a word; for you told her all about  
your plans after the secret manner of lovers.  
But you see, I know it.  
Yes, so I see. But why does it follow that  
you are opposed to our marriage?

[To be continued.]

Influence of Music on Animals.

Perhaps the most common exhibition of the  
influence of music on animals, is that witnessed  
in circuses and other equestrian entertain-  
ments, where the horse is affected in a lively  
and exhilarating manner by the performance  
of the band—often walking and prancing, and  
keeping perfect time with the music.

Dogs are affected by music; and it is diffi-  
cult to determine whether agreeably or other-  
wise. Many naturalists believe it to be dis-  
agreeable to them; an opinion which is strong-  
ly supported by the fact that, if left to their  
liberty, they generally take flight with howls  
as soon as the music reaches their ears. They  
have been known to die when compelled to  
hear music for a considerable time. Other  
quadrupeds, and also owls, have been known  
to die from the effect of music.

Cats are said to mew loudly on hearing the  
sound of instruments, but are more seldom  
and less painfully affected than dogs. On the  
other hand, it is well known that many kinds  
of birds are affected in a very agreeable man-  
ner; often approaching as near as possible  
the instruments, or persons, and remaining as  
long as the music continues, and then flapping  
their wings as we should clap our hands, in  
approbation of the performance.

Many of the wild animals are said to be  
fond of and even charmed by music; the hun-  
ters of the Tyrol and some parts of Germany  
often entice stags by singing, and the female  
deer by playing the flute. Beavers and rats  
have been taught to dance the rope, keeping  
time to music.

Among reptiles, the lizard shows, per-  
haps, the most remarkable susceptibility to musical  
influences; lying first on his back, and then  
on his side, and upon his belly, as if desir-  
ous to expose every part of his body to the  
effect of the sonorous fluid which is so deli-  
cious to him. He appears to be very refined in  
his taste; soft voices and plaintive airs being  
his favorites, while hoarse singing and noisy  
music disgust him.

Among the insects, spiders are found to be  
very fond of music; as soon as the sounds re-  
ach them, they descend along their web to the  
point nearest to that from which the music  
originates, and there remain motionless as long  
as it continues. Prisoners sometimes tame  
them by singing or whistling, and make com-  
panions of them.

But perhaps the most remarkable influence  
of music on animals occurred at a fair, given  
in Paris, a few years ago, when a concert was  
given, and two elephants were among the au-  
ditors. The orchestra being placed out of their  
sight, they could not perceive whence the  
harmony came. The first sensation was that  
of surprise; at each moment they gazed deli-  
ciously at the spectators; the next they ran at their  
keeper to caress him, and seemed to inquire  
what these strange sounds meant; but, at  
length, perceiving that nothing was amiss,  
they gave themselves up to the impressions  
which the music communicated. Each new  
tune seemed to produce a change of feeling,  
causing their gestures and cries to assume an  
expression in accordance with it. But it was  
still more remarkable that after a piece had  
produced an agreeable effect upon them, if it  
was incorrectly played they would remain  
cold and unmoved.

first intimation the St. John crew received of  
the company they had fallen into, was when  
Edward Walsh's oar was knocked out of the  
row lock and into the air! After great exer-  
tions the Neptune succeeded in backing suffi-  
ciently to clear the obstruction, the Pryor crew  
so far profiting by the delay as to overtake  
the St. John boat and pass her. But the out-  
rage failed of complete success, for even in the  
short distance that remained to be rowed, the  
superior skill of the St. John crew enabled  
them to recover from the intended disaster,  
and they reached the goal a boat's length  
ahead of their antagonists.

The treatment which this stranger crew re-  
ceived in Halifax at that time, is worthy of  
mention. They found it necessary to keep  
strict watch of their boat house by day and by  
night; in several instances they discovered  
persons attempting to enter it during the late  
hours of the night, and on one occasion a party  
was found inside, but the manner in which  
he effected an entrance remained a mystery.  
The crew had scarcely gone into their quarters  
when hostile demonstrations appeared on the  
part of the Halifax people. This was the  
fact prior to the race, and the demonstrations  
were continued even when the crew were row-  
ing out to engage in the contest. It was after  
the race had been run and won by St. John,  
however, that the malignant and cowardly  
spirit was exhibited in full play. The crew  
could not walk the streets without being jeered  
at, at every corner. In the evening of the  
day, crowds gathered at their quarters, includ-  
ing members of the defeated crew, and the St.  
John men were again assailed,—this time by  
something harder than epithets. John Morris  
was struck, and both he and Lambert were  
obliged to use their fists in self defence; their  
house was attacked by the mob, and its win-  
dows broken by stones. To such a pitch were  
matters carried that the St. John crew dared  
not venture to leave the city in the day-time,  
but were obliged to pack up and start at mid-  
night! The Halifax Press at that time, as-  
sailed the St. John men with its choicest bil-  
ling-gate, and nothing was left undone to dis-  
honor the fair fame of Halifax.

1871 is but a repetition of 1857. A St.  
John crew are again abroad in the Press and  
in the streets of Halifax, and their boat  
house is broken open and their boat some-  
times so damaged as to be useless.

[With these facts before them, the Paris  
Crew were justified in declining to row, par-  
ticularly when the water was too rough for  
their shell boat. Like honorable men, as they  
are, they paid in their stakes, and then with-  
drew from what can with propriety be termed  
a scrub race. As champion oarsmen of the  
world—they had all to lose, and nothing to  
gain in such a contest. They however left a  
challenge for the winning crew to row in neu-  
tral waters.]

The St. John Crew Defended.

To the Editor of the Telegraph and Journal.

It is astonishing to me that any number of  
persons can be found to arrogate to themselves  
the right to direct the movement of the Fulton  
crew. Individuals who did not and would not  
subscribe a cent towards either of the main  
stakes or the general expenses, are now grum-  
bling about the crew withdrawing from the  
race at Halifax, without at all knowing the  
reason why they have so withdrawn, but which  
reason was, no doubt, good and should be  
considered, inasmuch as the crew with the  
counsel of their friends conclude to withdraw.

They are best capable of judging whether  
they should or should not row, and I think  
they would be very foolish to risk the lungs  
they have won on any other terms than those  
on which they were earned. Their boat is  
made and equipped for smooth water, and  
their style of rowing is of course similar. Not  
but they are as good men in any boat as ever  
went into a boat. Then again they have  
more at stake than most of the crews, the ge-  
nerality of whom have neither name nor pre-  
stige, and consequently have all to gain and  
nothing to lose. But the winner will find he  
has not long to rest on his oars without try-  
ing the metal of the St. John crew.

I can understand the Halifaxians feeling  
sore at the principal boat in the race with-  
drawing; it takes from the interest wonderfully,  
and it will look a little ridiculous to see cele-  
brated crews from abroad contesting the cham-  
pionship of the world with a few green ama-  
teurs of Halifax. Still there is a sum of \$250  
for the first Nova Scotia boat in the race, and  
this may induce them to row round the whole  
course.

Another phase of the racing sentiment is  
that the St. John crew should not take the  
stakes they won on Wednesday last. Who  
ever heard of such rubbish? Let those who  
are so noisy on this subject put their hands in  
their pockets, and see if they are equally gen-  
erous with their own. "Stroke," for exam-  
ple, in the "Globe" and Toronto "Telegraph," both  
of the bragging order. Besides, only a cer-  
tain portion of the stakes belongs to the crew,  
and they could not control the matter if they  
wished.

A Bit of History.

In 1857, the gentlemen of Halifax and St.  
John who take an interest in aquatic mat-  
ters arranged for a race to come off in Halifax  
harbor. The St. John crew chosen was known  
as the "Neptune" crew; the Halifax men as  
the Pryor crew. The St. John crew com-  
prised Edward Walsh, John Morris, John  
Lambert and Dennis Morris, and they ap-  
peared on the course with a fine shell boat  
known as the "Young Neptune," not well  
adapted to rough water, the agreement being  
that the race was to be rowed in smooth wa-  
ter. The water was very unfavorable for the  
race, and the St. John men urged postpone-  
ment. The St. John umpire, however, was  
induced to leave the matter in the hands of  
the officers of H. M. S. "Indus," who, acting  
with Mr. Pryor, of Halifax, decided the race  
was to be run. The St. John crew refused to  
row, and the Pryor crew rowed over the  
course and drew the stakes; but although  
they used a very heavy boat and made wretch-  
ed use of their oars, they returned to the starting  
point with their craft half full of water. Two fac-  
tors were established at this time:—(1) that a  
crew from a distance must expect the racing  
authorities in Halifax to rule in favor of their  
own people; and (2) that Halifax oarsmen  
will carefully pocket their many stakes as the  
rules of racing place within their grasp.

Before the friends of the St. John crew left  
Halifax, they arranged for another match, and  
within ten days the crew returned to Halifax,  
this time with the "Old Neptune," a hap-  
streak boat and better adapted for rough water. On  
this occasion they found the Halifax crew row-  
ing with "a harness," an arrangement which  
gave them the rowing power of five men, in-  
stead of four. Notwithstanding the "harness"  
the St. John crew were coming home, about  
ten lengths ahead, when the course being  
narrowly run, they were seriously fouled by sym-  
pathizers with the Pryor crew. A number of  
Halifax row boats, with spectators, were ty-  
ing along the course from the starting point  
attached to the cable of the "Indus"; when  
the St. John boat was seen to be leading lar-  
gely and making straight for "home," the pain-  
ers of these boats were suddenly and simulta-  
neously slackened, and the boats drifted di-  
rectly into the course of the "Neptune." The



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Chest and Spleen,

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it has attended the applica-

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of high standing to remedy

the most difficult cases, and

We have space only for the

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in our preparation we select

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ACUTE, E.g.,

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