

The St. Andrews Standard.

POST-PAID.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Q VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

No 17

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 26, 1876.

Vol 43

Poetry.

DESERTED.

"Cold! so cold!" and the night looks down
On a shivering wretch in a tattered gown,
On a lone, lone heart, and a pair of eyes
Wildly fixed on the murky skies;
Kiss on kiss
By the flakes are told;
Kiss on kiss—
But oh! so cold;
Even the touch that ought to bless
Mocketh the wanderer's wretchedness.

How can the loved one in the land of the light
Peer through the dismal depth of night,
With never a star to break the gloom,
Or sweep one cloud from the path of doom?

Flake on flake,
For vale and hill;
Flake on flake,
With touch so chill;
With touch that sinks like shafts of hate,
Deep in the heart so desolate.

"Cold! so cold!" and the ruddy glare
Of lights that glint in the frosty air
Reddens each flake that falls upon
The hapless, hopeless, friendless one;

Drop by drop
Of the blue-frost snow,
Drop by drop
In the cup of woe—
The chalice filled for Wain's pale bride,
A pauper's feast for Christmas-tide.

Joy sails out on the winter's wings
And tuncel for self the lay she sings;
Its echoes drift with the icy air,
And mock the sufferer's piteous prayer:

Wave on wave,
With the night wind strong;
Wave on wave
Of the bitter song,
That floats where the sails of hope are furled
And crowns the wounds of a heartless world.

"Cold, so cold!" Not the cutting blast,
Nor the frosty cloak of the night-cloud east—
But the cry amid unquivering hearts that beat
The rhyme of life in a crowded street.

Throb on throb,
With a chime of pelf,
Throb on throb
To the song of self,
But not one pulse to the measure sweet,
That times the love at the mercy-seat.

The night wears on and the moon sails out,
And the cloud sweeps back to the realm of doubt,
And the stars look down for the shivering form
That braved the thrusts of the cruel storm.

Fold on fold
As the mantle white,
Fold on fold
Neath the eyes of night;
The drifts are still in the winter's breath,
And the spooling robe is the wing of death.

AUNT PATIENCE PERKINS.

"Mildred, I thought you were alone—I was not aware that Mr. Glenn was with you."
Mr. Glenn took his hat and the hint and departed, while Mrs. Yorke turned reprovingly to Mildred.

"My dear, there must be an end of this sort of thing!"
"But mamma—"
"My dear, we won't argue the point," said Mrs. Yorke, setting her lips together with that firm contraction that Mildred knew boded no good. "I want you to come and help Evelyn about that tulle trimming now—it's such a pity that Aunt Patience should come just at this time, when we are so busy!"

Evelyn Yorke, sitting at the window in the midst of a cloud of tulle and white ribbon, was very different from her sister.

"Where have you been, Mildred?" she asked, petulantly. "I am tired to death of being lectured by that horrid little old maid! Thank goodness she's taken herself off at last!"
"Lectured! About what, Evelyn?"
"Oh, she thinks it very extravagant for us to dress so handsomely, and go out so much, with papa's income, and she has been giving me her opinion on the subject—impertinent old thing!"

Mildred looked soberly down at the white tulle.

"I am not sure but that she is right, Evelyn."
"Nonsense!—what an absurd idea! We are poor, of course—that is, we are not rich—but we shall never marry a man who would give us less than other girls."

"Evelyn," said Mildred, rather absently, "Where has mamma established Aunt Patience?"

"I don't know! In the top chamber at the back, I believe."

"Not in that dreary little room, with no fireplace and with two broken panes of glass?"

"Why not? Isn't it good enough for her? Besides, there is no other room that can be spared."

"That will never do," said Mildred, springing up. "She shall have my room."

"Your room! And where will you sleep?"

"In the top chamber, to be sure; it won't hurt me. Aunt Patience is old and chilly, and it would be cruel to banish her to a fireless room in the depth of winter."

And Mildred went up to make the exchange.

"You're a good girl, my dear—a very good girl!" said Miss Patience Perkins, as Mildred stirred the bright fire an hour afterward, and drew forward the chintz-covered easy chair.

"I didn't think you would have remembered the old woman's rheumatic bones. One day you'll be old yourself, my dear, and then, perhaps, you'll remember how kind you were to me. And now, my dear, if you'll bring my spectacles, and the knitting work, and my reticule, and don't forget the little plant I brought with me. It's only a rose geranium, but I've had it these ten years, and somehow the smell of the leaves takes me back to the days when I was a girl! Dear, dear! only to think how long ago that was!"

It was a thriving plant in an antique shaped pot of some reddish glazed ware, and the old woman looked greedily at it as Mildred placed it in the sunny window.

"There, dear, that'll do; and now, would you mind giving old Aunt Patience a kiss?"

"How ridiculous!" said Evelyn, curling her lip, as Mildred returned once more to her work. "The idea of your inconveniencing yourself so much for a creature like that!"

"Are you going out with me this morning, Mildred?"

Evelyn was standing before the glass, adjusting the pink, foam-like plume of her exquisite hat.

"No—Aunt Patience is very ill, and I really think some one ought to stay with her."

"Now, Mildred, how absurd you are! Mamma will be very angry, and you know Mr. Raymond is going with us!"

"Evelyn," said the younger sister, looking up with great determination in her grave brown eyes, "I love Charles Glenn and him only. If I cannot marry Charles then I prefer to remain single."

Evelyn turned away with an angry toss of the pink plume, and Mildred went up to the post of duty at Miss Patience Perkins' bedside.

"You're a good girl, my dear—a good girl," croaked the old crone. "It isn't every one who'd give up her own pleasures to sit beside an old woman on a smothering morning like this. I'll tell you what, dear, I mean to leave you that rose geranium in my will."

Mildred smiled to herself at the important tone in which Aunt Patience spoke.

"I will take good care of it, Aunt," she said. "I know you will, Mildred—I know you will, and you are the only living person I'd leave it to."

She was silent for a few minutes, and then spoke.

"Milly, it would be a dreadful fate, if a young girl like you were married for her money."

Mildred opened wide her brown eyes; was Aunt Patience wandering in her mind?

"But if some good young man loved you for yourself alone, that would be quite different—quite different. Milly, give me a drink of water; my old lips are parched, and then place my little geranium where I can see it."

Mildred obeyed, beginning to fear that poor old Aunt Patience was very ill, indeed.

She was right, for toward evening the old lady grew worse, and the doctor shook his sage head.

Just at the hour of midnight, while Miss Evelyn Yorke, in golden silk, with roses in her hair, was floating through a languid polka redowa, Mildred knelt at the bedside of a dying woman!

"Milly, you have been good to me always and I am very old. Years ago, when I was young—"

The words died away into everlasting silence upon her lips, the gray shadows of death crept slowly over the wrinkled forehead, and the freed soul went out through the midnight in the great Unknown.

Poor Aunt Patience was buried quietly and forgotten. Even the former "will," in which she had bequeathed to Mildred Yorke her gold-headed cane, her gold beads, and a geranium

plant, had ceased to excite laughter or comment.

Mildred was sitting at her work a few days subsequently, when the door opened and an unwonted visitor appeared.

"Charles!"

"It is I, Milly. I couldn't keep away any longer, Mildred. You have not ceased to love me?"

"I shall never cease to love you, Charles."

"Then there is no truth in this report about Julius Raymond's being engaged to you?"

"Not a word of truth."

"Thank heaven for that dearest. You will be true to me always, Mildred?"

"Until death," she said, softly.

"But it is so hard to wait," he said passionately, pacing up and down the room. "I know it is wrong to burden you with my troubles, but if I only had a little money—there is such a capital business opportunity to open now. Oh, Mildred, it drives me wild to fancy what might be, if I had only a thousand dollars!"

It was very awkward; Charles Glenn was not in the habit of doing things so bunglingly, for, as he bent to press his lips to Mildred's, his elbow struck against the glazed earthenware flower-pot in the window seat, and down it went with a crash, rose geranium and all.

Charles uttered an exclamation of comic despair.

"Never mind," said Mildred, gently. "The plant would have needed a new pot soon—the roots were sadly cramped."

"What is this?" exclaimed Glenn, who was stooping to pick up the debris.

"A little tin case, as I live, exactly fitted to the pot. No wonder the roots were cramped, Milly. And it's locked, too."

Mildred looked a moment in amazement at the box, and then uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Now I know the meaning of the tiny key that hung from Aunt Patience's string of gold beads," she exclaimed, hurriedly unfastening the antique ornament from her slender neck.

"Charles, it is like a story in a novel! Unlock the box—my hands tremble so."

The little key turned in the lock, revealing an inner case that had no lock—a case full of layers of rusting papers.

"Only twenty notes for \$1,000 each," said Mr. Glenn, deliberately. "My dear, I told you that Aunt Patience was the Witch of Endor."

"No—rather a fairy godmother," said Mildred, with a sudden gust of tears, as she remembered Aunt Patience's enigmatical words.

"Dear Charles, take the money—it has just come in time for your need."

"Take the money?" And pray what return have I to make?"

"Only yourself," whispered Mildred, laughing and crying in the same breath.

"We can be married now, Charles."

They were married; and in the bright little bay-window, in the sitting-room, Aunt Patience's rose geranium thrives as gallantly as when its roots twined round the mysterious box.

But Evelyn still remains single, and says sometimes with a sigh, "Who would have supposed Aunt Patience Perkins was so rich?"

APRIL GENERAL SESSIONS.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

GRAND JURY ROOM
April 11, 1876.

The Grand Jury visited the Jail, and found it clean and in good condition.

The Jury recommended the immediate repairs to the extent of \$20 of the Jail roof where it leaks; and of the cells where the plastering is knocked off and damaged.

Resolved—That the surface drain at Smith's corner, St. George, be indited as a nuisance, and that the original drain be opened.

Respecting the County Accounts the Grand Jury beg leave to submit the following:

That in the opinion of this Jury the accounts of Randall Smith No. 12 are unsatisfactory that the charge of mileage should not be charge in addition to that of daily services and that no payment should be made unless such bill is rendered as shall be to the satisfaction of the Clerk of the Peace.

The Jury advises the payment of \$10 to pay the Bill of Constable Graham of Dumbarton for \$18.25 as the latter amount is in the opinion of this Jury, excessive; also advise that \$13.75 is sufficient to pay the bill of Charles Small for \$26.50 unless

proper vouchers are furnished.

It is recommended that the bill of C. A. Kennedy be paid, on proper certificate and vouchers being presented, less 14 pines \$2.01, which appear in Mr. Whitlock's bill. The Jury think the bill of M. O'Brien should not be charged against the County, and that George Flynn's bill for \$15.50 should be paid with \$7.75, on being properly certified. That L. Chase's bill for \$22.35 should be reduced to \$10, and that \$3.72 is sufficient to pay the bill of Mr. Ross for \$7.50. Also that M. O'Brien's bill for \$12.50 be reduced to \$8.

It is the opinion of this Jury that correctness of the bill of John Frawley for \$6.25, and J. E. Lyette for \$5 be left to the opinion of the Clerk of the Peace; it is further the opinion that the blankets in J. S. Magee's bill are, according to the prices therein, too valuable an article for such a purpose as the uses of prisoners.

In the opinion of this Jury the payment of \$50 for gilding the Coat of Arms on Court House is injudicious, and the Jail Committee exceeded their duty in ordering such work to be done without an appropriation recommended by Court of Sessions. It recommends for the future a cheaper quality of coal be purchased, and that that wood which has been purchased for 50 cents per cord less.

The Jury also approve of the following bills rendered by the Assessors for making up Valuation Schedule for Valuers—Clarendon \$10.25—Pennfield \$42—St. George \$79—Dufferin \$39—Grand Manan \$25. The Jury recommended the following bills in blank for same, to be filled up as follows: Parish of St. Stephen \$199—St. David \$80—St. Patrick \$30; and that the bill for like services for Parish of St. Andrews be reduced from \$125 to \$100, and that of Milltown from \$132 to \$80.

The Jury recommended that in expenditure of \$25 for tank in jail lot by the Fire Department of St. Andrews a like sum be drawn from the County appropriation of \$100 and in like manner on a similar expenditure to the amount of the appropriation if required.

The Jury recommend the appropriation of \$1,490 for Contingent expenses for the County for the ensuing year.

The Jury decline to report on Mr. Main's bill for printing until Mr. Dow's is produced.

They recommend that the Jail Committee return the gun that was brought to the Jail Lot, to celebrate the unveiling of the newly painted Coat of Arms.

The Parish Accounts are correct with the exception of the accounts of the Overseers of the Poor for the Parish of Le-preaux.

The Jury find from the very able and clear report of the Secretary of the Commissioners for St. Andrews, that they have expended during the year \$1645.71; made up as follows:

For maintenance, clothing, fuel &c. Salaries and Medical attention, \$352.07
Out door Relief, 256.00
Expense interment &c., 41.01
Expense on Farm, 307.63

\$1246.71

Against which they have received from various sources as follows:

Taxes 1874, \$257.72
Taxes 1875, 843.35
Interest from Investments, 60.00
Commons Rent, 260.28
Left by J. W. Chandler, 3.34
Avery, due bill, 7.00
C. E. O. Hatheway fines, 4.00
Product of Farm, 183.11
Balance on hand previous year, 194.39

\$1727.10

Showing a balance in the hands of the Secretary of \$80.39

The Jury are of opinion that a considerable reduction in the expenses could be made by purchasing supplies for the Poor House, St. Andrews, in large quantities, and instead of advertising for Tenders for the whole year, that the Commissioners purchase the supplies as required, at the

cheapest market. We therefore recommend that a room be appropriated in the Alms House as a store-room, and that the supplies be purchased in larger quantities. We are of opinion that the prices paid in their accounts for several articles are in excess of the market rates. Also that cotton and clothing required, should be purchased at the lowest price.

To facilitate the checking of these accounts in future, we recommend that the supply account of each year be closed, and a new account opened from 1st of April in each year. The old balances, if any, remaining due, being treated as old liabilities.

We consider that \$700 will be sufficient to meet the expenses of next year; but as there is always a large deduction from the appropriation, we recommend that \$900 be assessed for the Poor or the Parish of St. Andrews.

It is the opinion of this Jury, that the Collector of Poor and County Rates; should not charge commission on \$219.66 reductions made on taxes by Assessors.

The Jury have not examined the County Treasurer's accounts, as they will be examined by a Committee of the Sessions, the Jury having no details.

HENRY OSBURN,
Foreman.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

PAMPERED ANIMALS.

This subject deserves to be discussed and acted upon more extensively by our breeders than has hitherto been done. Space forbids us, in this department of our paper, to give more than a few general remarks, though it is a subject upon which a small sized volume might be written, and which ought to be taken up by a pen abler than ours. The enormous and rapidly increasing demand for meat which characterizes the food markets of these days has reacted in a remarkable manner upon the nature of the animals that supply it. Formerly the animals that furnished pork, mutton, and beef were allowed to attain the age of three years and upward before they were considered to be ripe for the butcher; but now sheep and pigs are perfectly matured at the early age of one year, and two-year old oxen furnish a large quota of our roast beef. This so-called improvement of stock is simply the forcing of them into an unnatural degree of fatness at an early age; and this end is attained by dexterous selection and crossing of breeds by avoidance of cold, diminution as much as possible their muscular activity, and, lastly and chiefly, by overfeeding them with grain and concentrated ailments.

Every one knows that a man so obese as to be unable to walk cannot be in a healthy state; yet many feeders of stock look upon the monstrously fat bulls and cows of prize celebrity as normal types of the bovine tribe. It requires but little argument to refute so fallacious a notion. No doubt it is desirable to encourage the breeding of those varieties of animals which exhibit the greatest disposition to fatten, and to arrive early at maturity; but the forcing of individual animals into an unnatural state of obesity, except for purely experimental purposes, is a practice which cannot be too strongly deprecated.

If breeders contented themselves with handing over to the butcher their huge living blocks of fat, the matter would not perhaps be very serious but unfortunately it is generally the practice to turn them to account as sires and dams. Were such a one as a judge at a cattle show, we certainly should disqualify every extremely fat animal entered for competition among the breeding stock. Unless parents are healthy and vigorous, their progeny are almost certain to be unhealthy and weakly; and it is inconceivable that an extremely obese bull, and an unnaturally fat cow, could be the progenitors of healthy offspring.

We should by all means improve our live stock, but we should be careful not to overdo the thing. If we must have ponderous bulls and cows at our fairs and exhibitions, let us leave the perpetuation of the species to individuals in a normal state whose hearts are not hypertrophied, and whose lungs are capable of effectively performing the functions of respiration.