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No 26

## Poetry.

### The Bliss of Country Quiet.

By Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"My dear," said wife one day to me,  
"I think you're looking poorly;  
You have no appetite I see,  
And must be ailing, surely.  
The children, too, are getting thin,  
And need a change of diet;  
So off we'll go, in a week or so,  
And seek for country quiet.  
Where the breezes blow and the flowers grow,  
Now, here, we'll go and try it,  
For the poet sings of rural things—  
Oh! the bliss of country quiet!"

We found a lovely, healthy spot—  
That is, the paper read so—  
"Was neither damp, nor cold, nor hot,  
For all the neighbors said so.  
It bordered on a charming lake,  
And overlooked a valley;  
So off we'll go, my children three,  
Myself, and my wife Sally.  
Where the breezes blow, etc.

I thought the price was rather high,  
Which set me meditating  
While jogging on in the cars  
And at the station waiting;  
But thoughtful wife, she says to me,  
"We can't be always boarding,  
So with our boys we'll know the joys  
For once of country boarding.  
Where the breezes blow," etc.

## Miscellany.

### IN THE MARRIAGE LIST.

By Kate Putnam.

It was a long, low, rough farmhouse, quiet and comfortable, save for the occasional clanking of a wheel, an occasional creaking of a door, or the lowing of cattle from the cow yard close by, whither Dora West was wending her way, milk-pail in hand.

Now if there was one thing that Dora hated beyond expression, it was to milk, but it was a military necessity, as they were too poor to keep a servant, and her father had lost a hand. Dora was only seventeen, but her household accomplishments were almost beyond belief. Such fresh pots of butter, balls of yellowest gold that might have been transmuted by King Midas's touch. All the shopkeepers in the place knew no surer recommendation of their butter than the simple statement that it was little Dora West's; and surely to few of the young could anything have made it more welcome.

She could wash, too, beautifully, and from in a manner to put to shame the work of many a city laundress, not a shiny patch here another there, but one even gloss all over the surface. Then in such matters as making bread and washing dishes, she had been skilled ever since she was a little girl of ten. And as for disposition—which ought properly to stand first, only country housekeepers are not apt to reckon it so—Dora West was blessed with one of the sweetest and most temperate tempers that ever kept a household anywhere else.

In addition to this she was extremely pretty, her naturally slender form developed and rounded by the performance of her daily duties—the very best sort of gymnastics when not taken in excess—her blue eyes clear and bright, her cheeks rosy with healthy blood, and hair the darkest, softest auburn, not worn in the waterfalls style, but left to fall at its own sweet will in thick curls. No wonder that she was her father's darling, resembling as she did so strongly her dead mother, the wife whom he had idolized, and whose death had left him almost inconsolable.

Dora had many admirers, even since she was a little thing in short frocks, and out of them all she had chosen the poorest, Dennis Ford, a handsome, many young fellow, who had gone to seek his fortune in California, where he hoped, by good luck and untiring industry, to gain enough to enable him, on his return, to buy a pretty little cottage whose ruling spirit should be a still prettier little wife, which domestic angel—strange to say—as pictured in Dennis's mind, had a wonderfully strong likeness to Dora West.

Now these two knew perfectly well that they loved each other, and although there was no regular engagement between them, there certainly was a tacit understanding—such as two young people in the fastness of youth and the truth must be told, looked to the little cottage quite as often as did Dennis himself. In fact, in imagination she had even furnished the front room, and filled the little front yard with the prettiest flowers, and covered with woodbine and ivy the tiny porch in which she and Dennis would sit on summer evenings,

just as they had done of old upon the bench under the old maple that shaded her father's door. Dora was often absent from everyday life, visiting the castle, or rather cottage in Spain, that far-away country wherein so many of us hold beautiful possessions, whose title-deeds are indisputably ours by right of discovery.

Will, we left Dora proceeding leisurely toward the performance of her nightly task of milking Blackie and Lenny, who now stood with great soft eyes watching the girl carrying back the brimming pail, slowly and carefully, lest the white froth should overrun the clean, bright sides, and spill upon the pretty calico dress which set off Dora's trim form to perfection.

Returning to the farm house by way of the lane, she met Willis Bradford, another of our hermitic lovers, though not professedly so, a tall, dark fellow, considered very handsome by the young ladies of Stanton, and none the less a favorite that, as Squire Bradford's only son, he had succeeded to his father's fine property of which—*entre nous*—he was getting rid as fast as possible, in his frequent visits to the city; for his habits were scarcely what could be termed "above reproach," although, as yet, the good people of the village knew nothing of the true state of the case.

Good evening, Dora, said the young man, earnestly, as if the meeting were entirely accidental, and one of his windows, from an intervening clump of trees, had not commanded a view of every movement of that familiar little figure. It's a lovely evening, isn't it?

Why, yes, she answered, laughing. I believe it is, but really I have been so busy all day that I've hardly had time to notice the weather. It's Indian summer now, isn't it?

You and the moon will rise in a clear sky, so that it will be almost as light as day, to-night. We ought to make the most of it. If I thought there was a chance of your going, I should drive around for you, this evening. What do you say? Don't plead your eternal excuse of work, I beg.

But the work itself is almost eternal. In deed, Will, you haven't an idea of what I must do.

I know you'll work yourself to death unless some one interferes, said the young man, impatiently. And by the way, what a thoughtful fellow I am! There you are carrying that pail. It suits my hand better than yours, let me take it.

No, no; let it be, please, answered Dora, who was not a bit of a coquette. It's not as heavy as it looks, and I'm used to it, and I'm almost home now. Three good reasons, you see.

Well, if you will insist on making a martyr of yourself, I suppose any objections of mine would have no weight. I remember you at the district school as the prettiest little piece of obstinacy that ever was furloughed for persistent disobedience. But about the ride? If the moonlight can't tempt you, perhaps I'll call your curiosity to my aid.

Nonsense! I haven't a bit. But what do you mean?

You say you haven't any, and the cloven foot peeps out the very next moment. Inconsistency!

Dora laughed.

Now just to show you that I really don't care about your secret, Will Bradford, I'll go to ride with you to-night, and not say one word about it to the whole evening.

I accept the challenge, said Bradford. This evening shall prove which of us is right about a woman's curiosity. Well, if I should invite myself in, I suppose you would be too busy to entertain me, so I might as well take myself off.

Good by! said Dora, laughing, as she still lingered.

An revoir! answered Bradford, who had a college smattering of the languages, and a real use for a foreign phrase now and then, finding it a decided success with the Stanton young ladies, who preferred a jumble of half French or Italian to common plain English.

As the young man moved away, lifting his hat gracefully to her, Dora ran into the house, blushing and smiling a little. She was not a coquette, most certainly, but there was something very flattering in the attention of the richest and most polite young man in the village. He was very handsome, too, and then he knew so much!—for, with unsophisticated little Dora, the French and the Italian went a long way, simply because she did not usually understand them.

It is to be feared that many considerations, which have weight with more cultivated people, are based upon no better reasons. Perhaps, for Dora was only human, Mr. Bradford's devotion was not the less agreeable that it would have been welcomed by more than one Stanton amusee, who, in point of birth and money, estimated herself far above the pretty daughter of Farmer West.

The evening proved as beautiful as it had promised, and Dora, who had few such means of pleasure at command, enjoyed the drive even more than she had expected. There were many good words, and on Bradford's part,

some which verged on the sentimental, but for a long time nothing was said concerning the secret. Not that Dora had not been obliged, more than once, to bite into her rosy lips some question which was bent on being asked; but, as she was able to check it in time, her companion was none the wiser.

Just as her patience was giving out, it ceased to be tried. They were nearing home, when Bradford said, abruptly:

Well, I see you're bound to prove me wrong, but how much the effort must have cost you! Now confess it did.

Never mind that, she answered, laughing. I kept my promise, didn't I?

Ah! now you have betrayed yourself. What promise? I specified nothing.

Nor I, either, retorted said Dora, demurely. Deafened at my own weapons! I ought to have known that a man was so much for a woman at such work. Well, not to tantalize you any longer, here is my great secret, which you may think a very commonplace one, after all.

With that he took from his pocket a paper, which he leisurely proceeded to unfold. Dora's quick eyes, following his movements, discovered that it was a California paper, and her heart began to beat and her color to come and go with some undefined expectation.

I do look rather rough, I don't say, what with being sick and knocking about out there, but he gave her the paper, turned down in the middle of a column. The moonlight was almost as clear as day, and by its light she read Dennis Ford's name in the marriage list.

For a moment her head turned around, but she was a brave little thing, not to be crushed even by a shock. She looked at the list again, satisfying herself that it was really her lover's name which she saw there. The name of the girl she was not familiar with; she was a Californian, it seemed. So much being settled, she folded the paper and gave it back, without a word, to Willis Bradford.

Rather a tame surprise, it seems, said he. I expect it as much, for, if report speaks the truth, Miss Dora West knows more than she will tell about the state of a certain young man's heart, and is prepared to believe that he has let a second love console him for the refusal of the first. For my part, I have no doubt that report speaks the truth for once. Of course I always believed that the love was wholly on one side, for I was convinced that Miss Dora had too high an appreciation of her worth and beauty to throw herself away on such a poor as Dennis Ford. Still I wanted the assurance that this was given me—laying his hand on the paper—before I dared to speak for myself.

And before poor little Dora could understand it at all, he was making love to her with an earnestness that almost frightened her. What could she do? If she had been a coquette, she could have substituted one lover for the other with equal grace and equanimity; as it was, all that was not unhappiness in her heart was bewilderment. Again let it be said that she was not a flirt, but she was a woman, and a proud one, too, under all the gentle exterior.

Her lover had been so desolate, but a higher and wealthier one was begging for a single word of encouragement from her lips, and she could not at once put away the opportunity of revenge. In short, when a girl takes counsel of pique she parts company with wisdom, and Dora, out of her acting heart, gave the answer she was bound to give. Will Bradford separated as he best, taking the unfavorable, and treasuring only the encouraging portions. So it was that when he left her at her own home, she was more than half committed to him.

When quite alone, Dora tried to think all over but reflection only served to convince her of the truth of what she hated to believe. She remembered that for some time had not heard from Dennis, a neglect which she had not suffered to trouble her, supposing it the result of the cares and occupations incident to his rough life, but which, looked at in this new light, was but a confirmation of her fears. And, after all, it might easily be that he considered himself in no way bound to her, as no actual engagement had ever existed between the two.

To be sure, there had been looks and words, which to her thoughts had justified her in the expectation of being his wife some day, but he might have regarded all this as a thing of far less importance, amusing himself with her, without any serious intentions. In fact, that he had done so evidently, and whether this inconstancy was through design or carelessness, her only course was to put him at once and forever out of her heart, which end he most surely accomplished by putting some one else there.

And here was one already begging for admittance: one who had loved her as long as the rose itself, and, as proved, more truly; one who could give affection, ease, and the cultivation congenial to her tastes, but denied by circumstance, and not lost in her eyes, who could lift her father out of poverty that was growing harder still to his increasing

years. So good and had joined forces in this persuasion, and when their arguments were supported by the entreaties of a lover, who pleaded with all the fervor of which his nature was capable, it is no wonder that she yielded. Yet she made some faint resistance to Bradford's wishes, and the end of it all was that he was permitted to visit her as a lover, with the prospect, at some future time, of marriage.

This was no bad, as Willis Bradford felt, but he was resolved it should be better still with which intention he so worked upon her affection for her father, who lately was growing quite infirm, that before long she consented to marry him in six months. With this concession he was forced to content himself, and the days and weeks passed by, slowly, perhaps, but surely until the wedding-day was almost at hand.

All but one week of the stipulated time had elapsed, when Dora, sitting without the door in the soft spring twilight, heard a quick step just beside her, and started up only to be caught close in a pair of strong arms. At her cry of alarm the intruder released her, and by the faint evening light she saw that it was Dennis Ford!

You Dennis? she stammered out, overcome by his sudden appearance.

Yes, Dora, darling—did I frighten you?—I do look rather rough, I don't say, what with being sick and knocking about out there, but he gave her the paper, turned down in the middle of a column. The moonlight was almost as clear as day, and by its light she read Dennis Ford's name in the marriage list.

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I was not aware that you had a cousin, Dennis.

You certainly did know that I had a cousin Davis—a game easily mistaken for mine—and that he was engaged to a girl in California; but you were false and mean enough to take advantage of the mistake for your own dishonorable ends.

It is easy to talk, said Bradford, contemptuously, stung by these well-deserved accusations, but how are we to know the truth of all this? I suppose you are tired of your wife, and think you can come up here and deceive us with a trumped-up story. But you'll find yourself a little out there, my fine fellow.

His tone and manner, offensive as he could make them, made Ford's blood boil. He sprang toward him, then drew back, saying:

I won't fight with Dora's husband.

Dora, who had been listening in a sort of stunned silence, now sprang up as Fred moved toward her, crying:

I believe you, I believe you, Dennis; do forgive me, and save me from him!

The young man's voice grew very tender and pitiful as he bent toward her.

My poor little Dora! how can I save you now? If you would only have trusted me!

But you don't understand, she murmured. I'm not his wife yet, and I want you to save me from it—for I don't love him, I never loved any one but you!

Before she had fairly finished speaking, he caught her up in his arms, carried her into the cottage and shut the door, leaving Willis Bradford alone in the dusk.

The latter, jealous and angry though he was, was too crafty to follow them at that moment. He saw that in such an event he would not have a chance, so he simply walked home with the determination to wait for the day and see Dora alone trusting to the power which he had acquired over her to gain her back when unstained by the presence of Dennis.

But in these calculations he was wrong. His influence with her indeed became very great, so great, in fact, that of her own strength she doubtless would not have been able to stand against it; but her love for Dennis, now fully revived by his return, enabled her to resist all the pleadings, threats and suggestions with which he assailed her resolution. Baffled at length he left her, with a muttered oath that went far toward revealing a phase of his character hitherto kept under careful restraint.

Dora's wedding day was not changed, although her lover was. At the appointed time she stood up to be married to Dennis Ford, and when she left the church it was with a happier heart than would ever have been hers as the wife of Willis Bradford.

Nevertheless, she was not destined to live the ordering and adornment of the snug little cottage in which she had anticipated so many pleasant hours. On the day after the wedding, Dennis took his little wife to her new home, on either than the old Bradford house, which Willis' enmities had forced him to sell. Dennis's wrath and vexation on learning into whose hands his birthright had fallen—indeed, all circumstances considered, Dennis would hardly have been human had he not relished his triumph keenly.

AN ASTONISHED SCHOLAR—Come here and read, you see, said a village pedagogue to one of his scholars.

The scholar, who looked as if he had been born in a sand-bank, as fat as a porpoise, with head erect, like a little snail as he was, came up and stood before the teacher, and after drawing his sleeve across his face, stooped to the lesson, as if he were chopping wood.

What is that? said the teacher, pointing to the first letter.

I don't know was the reply.

It is A, said the teacher.

My gracious! replied the boy, aside every lineament of his face seemed ready to burst with wonder, "Is that A—ah?"

ITEMS.

A military definition of a kiss would be a report at headquarters.

The winds and waters have myriad voices, and all of them are solemn.

If you undertake to oversee too many jobs, you will overlook a part.

The man under the gallows about to be swung off, would like to have "the last tie" creased.

Many school-masters entertain no doubt that the genuine tree of knowledge is the birch.

Those who angle continually for praise are bitten often by their bait dogs.

Those who court disgrace are sure not to be jilted.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.  
THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF LAND IN NEW JERSEY.  
A large tract of land, situated in the county of Hudson, New Jersey, containing about 1,000 acres, and is now offered for sale. The tract is situated in the township of Hamonton, and is bounded by the Hudson River on the north and east, and by the New York and Erie Railroad on the south and west. The land is fertile and well adapted for agriculture. The price of the land is \$100 per acre, and the terms of sale are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance to be paid in three equal installments, the first installment to be paid within six months, and the balance to be paid within twelve months. The purchaser to have the right to pre-empt the land, and to sell it at a profit. The land is now offered for sale by the New England Settlement in New Jersey, and is situated in the township of Hamonton, and is bounded by the Hudson River on the north and east, and by the New York and Erie Railroad on the south and west.

Attorney at Law and Solicitor  
Office—In Clerk of the Peace Office.  
St. Andrews, July 13, 1866.

Dr. Parker.  
Has removed to the Cottage in Queen street adjoining the Agency of the Commercial Bank and nearly opposite to the Sheriff's.  
St. Andrews, Nov. 19, 1866.

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20 Tons Red Ash Egg Co.  
SALT  
100 Bags Coarse Salt.  
Dec. 7. J. W. STEADY.

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