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No 18

Poetry.

JEANIE BELL.

I am thinking, Jeanie Bell,
On the happy past and the
Far apart though now we dwell
Yet thou seemest near to me.
Many a year has flown away
Since we spoke our last farewell—
Oh the weary weary day
I left home here and Jeanie Bell!

Oh how often Jeanie Bell,
Have we wandered by the sea,
Building castles, shell on shell,
Shouting in our childish glee,
Roamed by hazel-skirted streams,
Gathered berries in the dell!
One long feat of golden dreams
Seemed our life then, Jeanie Bell.

That thou maid, dear Jeanie Bell,
Those long winters so dear,
When all gathered round the fire,
Grandmother's wondrous tales to hear
Of the elves and fairies bright
Sporting in each moonlight dell!
All my gloom is changed to light
When I think of Jeanie Bell.

Now they tell me, Jeanie Bell,
That thy once dark raven hair
Is now white, while, thin and pale
Is that face of beauty rare
Which to love was but to see;
Yet I heed not what they tell;
Thou art ever young to me,
Evermore sweet Jeanie Bell.

MARY J. MCCOLL.

Miscellany.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

OR THE INQUIROR SILENCED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOLLE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read the Psalm and the Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of his people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine-looking one too, and thus enchanted usually not only the attention of the true but the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that filled the room, the golden air which the mid-summer Sabbath morning had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rattle at the door, and entrance of two persons, a lady and gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second, every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching regard were they subjected to, and when they were fairly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a mingling of glances there was, eyes and lower many whispers. In vain they sought the good, the sound, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. to vent again the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow C. and Widow C.'s young and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said an hundred times or more, that her heart was in the grave of her buried one, that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused always to walk out or ride out with any of the unappropiated gentlemen of the village? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all her protestations, hadn't she come out, all at once, dressed all in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones though they were, and to the last two, how many witnesses might have been subpoenaed. She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemise, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest of Mechlin lace, under sleeves of the same expansive material, a white crapesawl, a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light garters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as service was over. And the gentlemen—how too was dressed in style. Didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest and coat of satin finish, and white and a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair creature

beside him? Ah yes, he did so, and there was no farther room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, the minister prayed, and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place. But, to their astonishment, they were left to wonder. For when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm very graciously, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautifully soft coat-sleeve, and they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries, and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like of such a thing had never occurred before in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun—no lady had a beau, and nobody knew of it. Widow C. didn't you-know, not only the right, but the left, turn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson."

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him though. The magnet was in the pew before him. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again sadly disappointed, and it was again on the electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite edifying. But one subject engaged the village mind. The widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After ten, arm in arm, with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

A nice looking dress she had drawn Grandmother W. as she listened to the widow's wanderings. "I'm glad I ain't got to wash it, all drabbed with dew as it must have been—but I don't s'pose she thought or cared a word about it, she was so carried away with him—But I'll give her a piece of my mind, the first time I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheating all in this way."

But the good old dame began to fear by Wednesday night, she should never have the desired claque. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said, Mrs. C. and the gentleman, went off in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. Look out, Widow C. Your character is on the carpet!

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sitting with her beau, and the next day a rambling with him away off to the mountains, and on the next forenoon went with him to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

What, in broad daylight? exclaimed Grandmother W. well if ever I seed or heard the like of it.

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it were only her in broad daylight than at any other time. Her thoughts you will wonder too. We do at least.

There was a very large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numbness seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up, it perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

Good afternoon, ladies, said she, in her usual quiet, ladylike way. I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting; and then she proceeded to the table, helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for sewing silk, which having she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing, on to a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth and the whole when completed was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody had wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her pious countenance soon reassured them that the most fearful, an every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old Grandmother W. was the first to venture. She meant to do up the matter very delicately, and in so roundabout a way the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, it's a real beauty," said she; "where did you get it?"

"I thought it was the quiet reply. Here?"

"Where, then?"

"In New York, last spring."

"O, you did, did you? But I thought you wasn't never going to wear anything but black again. Every eye scrutinized the lady's face this time in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as was usual, while she answered:—

"I did think and say so once, but I have finally altered my mind."

"You have, ha! But what made you?"

"O, I had good reasons. Here the hearers and lookers-on winked expressively at each other."

But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it way up there to the burying ground?"

"You didn't da tell! But how could you help it! There was a wonderful heavy dew."

"I did not wear it."

"Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance and she was so determined to do it too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk."

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She would find out all about that beau before she went home, that she would! So she began by saying, "your company went away this morning, didn't it?"

"They did, was the answer, a wee bit of emphasis resting on they."

"He didn't stay very long did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had, was the emphatic answer this time. And how the ladies did look at each other. It was as good as a confession."

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him a fortnight."

"Why, do tell, if you had, then, and you never told on either. Had he business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it? This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put it, and she forthwith apologized by saying, "I didn't mean that—"

"I don't as tell you know as not," said the lady with a charming air of "naïveté"; he came to see me."

"O, Widow C. didn't your good name go down then. Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants always go cheap."

"He did, did he, and he didn't come for nothing else then? And was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well, said the old lady, hardly knowing how to fume her next question."

"Well, he's a real good looking man any way."

"I think so too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good-hearted; one of the best men I ever knew."

"I don't see so then! But he is rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so, said the lady, carelessly."

"Why, do tell, if he is. Why, you'll live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Henry Mason, was the name of a gentleman."

"Mason! Mason! Why, wasn't that your name before you were married?"

"It was."

"Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Do tell, if he is then? Not a connection in hope. I never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin!"

"But what connection is he, then, do tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother!"

"If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered nor a eye raised. [Had the latter been done and the roughest expressive glances which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who, unobserved had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we only say perhaps, they might have guessed more correctly the name character, standing and profession of the Widow's Beau."

toll you that he was in quest of a certain trio of boys that promised to meet him there; that he "looked" into the club room and found that they were not there; at least he thinks not, judging by the sound of his own foot against the torn on which they usually sit, and his own voice, the room seemed empty. And empty it really is. The well known story told by Mr. Underhill, a blind messenger at Edinburgh, entirely corroborates this fact. "I had occasion," he says, "to send out one of those blind men with a mattress. I gave him the bill with it, that he might receive payment. But, to my surprise, he returned with the account and mattress too. 'I've brought back birth, ye see, sir,' said he. 'How so?' 'Indeed, sir, I darna like to flatter ye yonder, else I s'ure we wad never see siller—there's use a stick of furniture within the door!' 'Oh, sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell me that!' And true enough was the blind man's guess; for guess it must still be called, though in both cases cited it was shrewd enough to pass for wit.—[London Quarterly Review.]

A Monster Publishing House.
The largest publishing house in the world is that of Messrs. Munn & Co., of New York, France, which was founded towards the end of the last century. One account of it which we have seen says there are in it a printing, binding, and publishing establishment, self-contained and complete in every respect, where the children are brought up with the factory system, where their fathers have worked before them, where their highest point of ambition is to be employed when of sufficient age. Without any help whatever from without, a book can be manufactured; and, in point of fact, the books now exhibited there were so manufactured on the premises, printed on paper made at their own mill, printed with type of their own casting, and illustrated with plates of their own engraving. The cheapest books published in the world are sent out from this establishment. There are employed under the one roof 1900 hands and as many more out of doors. Eight hundred volumes are constantly undergoing the process of publication, and twenty thousand copies are issued every day. Of these many are small books, being principally educational, and religious, and the latter consisting of tracts, bibles, prayers, &c. In the department of books for the children, besides an immense stock in stock, the binders constantly employed number seven hundred! There is nothing to equal the magnitude of the Messrs. Munn's establishment in any other part of the world.

WHAT DID MARY SAY?

During the trial of one Coggell for kidnapping, which took place lately in Hillsboro, N. C., an incident occurred which created considerable fun at the expense of wigs and counsel. A Miss Sloan was testifying, and was requested to state all that she knew about a certain transaction. Witness—"I was in a sitting room, when Mary came from the kitchen hurriedly, and Coggell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting room door, and said, 'Mary, you have been here long enough; come and go home now.' 'What did Mary say?' 'Stop there I object to the question.' Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four lawyers participated; after which the judges held a long, serious and exciting discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of the court that question should be answered. The court room was crowded almost to suffocation and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated, 'What did Mary say?' and the witness answered, 'She didn't say a word!'

USEFUL INFORMATION. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who got up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments nearly two hours took place, in which four lawyers participated; after which the judges held a long, serious and exciting discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of the court that question should be answered. The court room was crowded almost to suffocation and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated, 'What did Mary say?' and the witness answered, 'She didn't say a word!'

CRUSHED SUGAR & ALCOHOL.
10 B. H. S. Refined Crushed Sugar, and 10 B. 5 Puncheons Alcohol 63 per cent O. P. 5 Kegs Saleratus. Feb. 24th 1866. J. W. STREET.

TO LET.
The Store occupied by Christopher H. H. H. Possession given last April. The Store and house occupied by Mr. Carson. Store occupied by Mrs. McVay. March 7. Apply to A. G. BERR.

A minister of a western village, found one Sabbath, a notice, which had been cut from the Sunday's newspaper, and placed in his desk for him to read to his congregation. But by a strange coincidence, there happened to be printed on the other side of the same slip, the advertisement of a certain shoe dealer, a prominent member of his church, and without turning the paper to read the other side, as the advertisement met his eye, the good man concluded it was expected he would read it, and accordingly to the surprise of all, he announced, at the usual point for reading notices, that "George S. B. keeps constantly on hand and for sale, a large and well selected assortment of boots and shoes, which he will sell low for cash, at No. — Street;" and added, "Brother B. — is a worthy member of the church and society, and deserving the patronage of the congregation."

The consternation of Brother B. — may be better imagined than described.

A handsome young gal was set up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with a ribbon in his vest pocket—mother hearing nothing pop, rose from her perch under the impression that her boy was holding a wild revel on the roof, leese in the west room. But, on opening the door, she discovered her own huggin' and kissin' which awakened her from her suspended repose. "My daughter, my daughter," she loud paring did cry, "oh that I should live to see this done in, my own home!" "I know mother, this sweet village maiden did unto her mother quick reply, "that it is improper, but it is an orial soothing."

A REAL RELIEVER OF A JOKE.—A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on at the whipping post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the two-and-twenty blow, the angry officer could stand it no longer. "Well, how, mister, said the offended officer, 'do you think my duty, and I can feel ye no more but I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?" "Funny" roared the other, "why it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith! I ain't the man that was to be whipped! It is the other one! Now you'll have to do it all over again! Really, it's too good! You must lick the other man! Hi! Hi! Hi!"

Liquor prosecutions in Massachusetts have taken an unexpected and interesting turn.—Caleb Cushing, leading counsel for the liquor sellers' association, has found a federal statute passed in 1833 and aimed at South Carolina nullification, providing that in cases involving the revenue laws of the United States courts may or shall issue a mandamus bringing the cases before themselves. The general government collects revenue from liquor selling so the liquor prosecutions and transferring the cases to its own docket. So all prosecutions under the State law stop and wait for a decision in the U. S. supreme court, for the liquor dealers will not be contented short of a decision by the full bench.

A benevolent lady went to visit a family who were said to be almost starving. She found the half cold, cold, and not a morsel of food in house. "What do you most need?" she asked of the mother of the family. The woman thought a moment, for face brightened and she answered, "Why I always did want a head-dress; they're so becoming."

FLOUR, RAISINS, SUGAR, &c
10 B. H. S. Refined Crushed Sugar, and 10 B. 5 Puncheons Alcohol 63 per cent O. P. 5 Kegs Saleratus. Feb. 24th 1866. J. W. STREET.

TO LET.
The Store occupied by Christopher H. H. Possession given last April. The Store and house occupied by Mr. Carson. Store occupied by Mrs. McVay. March 7. Apply to A. G. BERR.

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Division of Partnership.

is hereby given, that the partnership subsisting between James Moran and Moran, of St. George, in the County of under the firm of James Moran & Son, is dissolved by mutual consent.

is going to the said partnership are to be settled by the said James A. Moran, who is to settle all debts due to and owing to the firm.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.

Almanacks 1866.

LIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and cipher for 1866, can be obtained singly or by the dozen for retail from J. LOCHARY & SON,

by the old Farmers Almanac always news Nov 30, 1865.

Rubber.

Rubbers

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Albion House.

H. S. MAGEE,

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Gents, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Ladies Overshoes.

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SKELTON SKIRTS,
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