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Poetry.

WORE HONORABLY.

Those who toil to earn their bread,
Need not blush to own their lot;
They in noble footsteps tread,
And a claim to live have got.
Toil is not the wage of sin,
For in Eden work was given;
Man was made to work an vine
Spoil of earth and bliss of heaven.

He who at the anvil stands,
Striking while the iron glows,
Though he works with horny hands,
Nobly strikes the ringing blows.
At the loom and in the field,
In the shop and on the soil,
Where men wisely power wield—
There is dignity in toil.

He who works with throbbing brain,
Thinks, to teach men how to live,
Writes, that others good may gain,
Speaks, to truth fresh rest to give.
He can claim the manly right
With the sons of toil to stand,
Her asserts his mental might,
Helps to bless his native land.

He who lives a life of ease,
Idly wasting all his days—
Aiming only self to please,
Filled with pride, and courting praise—
Call him not a noble man;
Such existence is a shame;
And when ends in life blank span,
Soon will die his empty name.

All things labor for our good,
He who made us never sleeps;
He who tills the ground for food
For his pains a harvest reaps.
None who work need feel ashamed.
While they do what good they can;
'Tis an honor to be named
As we toil—"a working man."

BOSWELL'S LOVE-MAKING.

Boswell's love-making is singularly characteristic of the biographer of Johnson; the cooing and bawling, weak, vain, pushing, curious, gossamer, as Macaulay calls him. He was eighteen when he was in Holland, and there he fell in love with a pretty Dutchwoman. Her name was Zeldie, or he called her so. But he does not appear to have been certain that she returned his passion. "Sir John Pringle," he says, "attended her as a physician. He wrote to my father, 'She has too much vivacity; she talks of your son, without either resentment or attachment.'" This was in 1767, and Boswell was then tenderly surveying a young Scotch lass; "just eighteen," he wrote; "a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious, and what was better in Boswell's eyes, rich. Her name was Blair. Her behaviour was rather cooler to him than Boswell either expected or relished; and, apprehensive that he should lose her, he petitioned his friend Temple, a clergyman, to help him to soften her obduracy. That Temple might not blunder, Boswell wrote down certain instructions which the roving gentleman was careful to observe:—

"Wednesday.—Breakfast at eight; set out at nine. Thomas will bring you to Adamton a little after eleven. Send up your name. If possible, put up your horses there; they can have cut grass. If not, Thomas will take them to Mountain, a place a mile off, and come back and wait at dinner. Give Miss Blair my letter. Salute her and her mother; ask to walk. See the place fully; think what improvements should be made. Talk of my mare, the purple, the chocolate. Tell you are a very old and intimate friend. Praise me for my good qualities—you know them; but talk also how cold, how inconstant, how impetuous, how much accustomed to women of intrigue. Ask grayly, 'Pray don't you think there is something of madness in that family?' Talk of my various travels, German princes, Voltaire and Rousseau. Talk of my father, my strong desire to have my own house. Observe her well. See how amiable I judge if she would be happy with your friend. Think of me as the great man at Adamton—quite classical, too. Study the mother. Remember well what passes. Stay tea. At six order horses and go to New Mills, two miles from London; but if they press you to stay all night, do it. Be a man of as much ease as possible. Consider what a romantic expedition you are on. Take notes. Perhaps you will fix me for life."

The whole history of love and courtship offers nothing more ludicrous than this document. Temple's intercession was not without fruit.

"At last I am here," writes Mr. Boswell from Miss Blair's house; "at last I am here, and our meeting has been such as you paint in your last but one. I have been here but one night; she insisted on my staying another; I am dressed in green and gold; I have my chair in which I sit alone, like Mr. Gray, and 'Thos. rides beside me in a claret-coloured suit, with a silver-laced hat.' He went with her to the theatre at Edinburgh to see 'Othello.' 'I sat close behind the princess' (as he called her) 'and I at the most affecting scenes I pressed my hand upon her waist. She was in tears and rather leaned to me.'"

He then reports a conversation between them:

"I really have no particular liking for you," says Miss Blair. "I like many people as well as you."

"Do you indeed?" returns Boswell. "Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it."

"I like Jeanie Maxwell better than you," "Very well; but do you like no other man better than me?"

"No."

"Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?"

"I don't know what is possible."

"You are fond of Auchinleck" (his father's estate), "that is one good circumstance."

"I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as Auchinleck."

Her candour would have put an end to most men's hopes and passions, too. But Boswell went on for two months provoking her sarcasms, until he saw the game was up. "Yet three days after he had formally resigned her, three days after he had told her that he was thrown upon the world alone, and that he did not know what would become of him, he wrote: 'The heiress (meaning Miss Blair) is a good Scotch lass, but I must have Englishwoman. My mind is now twice as enlarged as it has been for some months. You cannot say how fine a woman I may marry, perhaps a Howard or some other of the noblest in the kingdom.' The Howard not immediately forthcoming, he renewed his correspondence with Zeldie, and protested, 'his soul, he must have her. But his father, the old Judge Lord Auchinleck objects; so he suggests a compromise. 'I know writes he, 'you are determined to have me married. What would you think of the fine, healthy, and amiable Miss Dick. . . . She wants only a good fortune.' He shows himself grateful to his father not long afterwards, for having objected to his union with Zeldie, and congratulates himself on having escaped the 'insensible Miss L.' for 'I have now seen the finest creature that ever was formed, la bella Irlandaise. Fit to yourself, Temple, a young lady just sixteen, formed like a Grecian nymph, with the sweetest countenance, full of sensibility, accomplished, with a Dublin education, always half a year in the north of Ireland, her father a counsellor-at-law, with an estate of £1000 a year, above £12,000 in ready money.'"

But neither England nor Ireland nor Holland was to have the honor of supplying Boswell with a wife; for in 1769 he married a country woman, Miss Margaret Montgomerie, of whom Johnson said that "she cannot rival him (Boswell), nor can he ever be ashamed of her." She belonged to a noble family, Eglinton, Boswell had a servile admiration of her abilities and actually kept a record of her sayings, as Swift kept a record of Stella's, which he labelled "Uxoriana." From this collection it is not apparent that she had a great respect for him. Several of her "cool, humbling remarks upon him," to use his own language, represent her as a little shrewd and him very ridiculous. Indeed, he cuts as poor a figure with his wife as he did with Johnson. One contemptuous remark of hers had the effect of provoking a good illustration from him; he was warm talking of "his own consequence and generosity," when his wife said something which sent him into a violent fury. "I said, 'If you throw cold water upon a plate of iron much heated, it will crack to shivers.'"

The contempt with which his wife regarded Boswell must have dulled the pain his matrimonial irregularities caused her. She died in 1788, and her death brought him to a sense of his neglect of her. He deplored her loss with more sincerity than it is easy to think him capable of. But his remorse was not sufficient, strongly to restrain his intemperate habits. Lord Eldon remembered seeing him lying dead drunk on the pavement at Lancaster, during the assizes. Yet Lord Eldon's brother, Lord Stowell, was active in promoting a scheme of marrying him to his wife's sister. The scheme failed, and so did several others of the same nature. He died in 1805, of melancholy and drink.

"How it Strikes A. Ward, Jun.,"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY WASP.

SIR,—A scandalous fellow who sez hez the gost of my ate lamented parient hez written a disgrease ful kommunikashun 2 yew, wich needs a fuwards of explanashun from yures devotedlie. I hev for sum yeers ben posterd with letters from a purson who sez hez rites in a warn climate, & pretends 2 be my farther. Wen we was livin in the head of the free this unprincipled skunk traveled with us in our unparaled show—checked by us, exiled by non—as a moral man with his hed wore his tale orator bec. He was the ugliest exhibit in the hole lot, & resembled a camp meetin salvashuner or a Colorado hors thief. Eventually he lett us, & sum spoons and a pair of trowis left about the same time. Wen we next herd of him he had put up for kongress, but the siztons sed the loher was 2 much for them, so he past on. I shoold menshun that his chances at the outset wer smol in consequence of his havin bin cort wreslin a pap botel from a infant in arms. He then started in the wooden nutmeg line, and continued in it for sum yeers, but was obliged at last by sirkumstances over, wich he had no kontrole 2 retire for a fu mount. 2 Sing Sing. Wen the late A. Ward died he turned up agen, and claimed me for his sun. My mutther, whose name was Be'ey Jane, argue the pint with him wih a broom handel. After a short perio of exting debat he gev in, and was in agitate rid on a rale by si'pathis a nacer. Sints that time I hev never seen him, but I receive every fu weeks a uprle containin a grate deal of good advice, and usually windin up with a request for the lone of a dollar or 2. It riles my, mr. editur, konfushun of ignerance at a nacey shoold be set down to the sp'rits of my poor father, wich is not in flay des, as this teller orator, but reclinin listuly in the happy hunt-grounds. Lu yew think, sey, that the grate A. Ward wood hev speld editur with too d's, e. shoold "shud," as I am told some people anone as knockneys in yure delite ful and pronounce it? Du yew think my father wood be onpatricke enuf 2 call his deer feller cuntry wimmen eye falooters? No in deed he lured them all 2 much & so dose his sun. (Private.—Not 2 be shone 2 Betsy Jane, jun, on any account.) I didn't poke fun at the hard wurkin donkeys at New Brighton, neether as this orful swindler sez I did, & I hope I hev 2 much respect for the inhabitants of yure aishant eever 2 dew so. I am very sorry that this egregius hippocrit has cum over heer as I understand that Ralecraft is already a over wurked offshut & the number of pursons livin at the cuntry's expense is quite alarum. Hopin he will receive his reward in two Bible lashun, I am,

Yures outrajusly,

ARTEMUS WARD, JUN.

P.S.—Betsy Jane sends her lav 2 yew and sez shec hopes if ever yew accept that owdashun cun's invite, you'll leave yure watch, purs & any valuables yew hev behind yew & also will say "ajew alars ajew" 2 yure wife & little wuns.

Bill for Advice.

The following story of a very penurious physician, in a certain town in the region of "down-East," which shall for the present be nameless. The story is entirely authentic, and is told in the dialect of those parts by a simple-minded narrator:

"I expect you've heard tell of Dr. A. 'hain't you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well then, I'll tell you. You see, 'one day I met the doctor at Simpkin's store, a buyin some groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my oncous was dreadfully furred up. So says I to the doctor, says I—

"My head feels a little achish like: what do you think I had better do?"

"Why, friend J., says the doctor, says he, 'the best thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet and take a sweat; 'cause if you don't, says he, like as not you may take a fever.'"

"Says I, Doctor, I was just a thinkin' that a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away."

"Well I did, I went home and took a bowl of lasey tea, bitter as gall, and I didn't sweat like a beaver, 'tain't no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was."

"Well, a little while afterward, I met the doctor, and after a little talking says the doctor, says he—

"Neighbor J., I've got a bill ag'in you. 'I looked at him clus, and says I, A bill, doctor?"

"Yes, says he, a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store the other day."

"What do you think he had gone and

done? He'd actually charged me tew dollars for tellin me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself."

"Well, doctor, says I (for I didn't want to appear small, you know) 'it's all right; I'll bear it in mind.'"

"Well, a few days after the doctor 'was passing my door in his chaise, and somehow or 'nother one of the wheels got a little loose. So says I, Doctor, of you don't drive that lunkpin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off."

"Says he, thank you, and he took a stund and driv in the pin."

"Well, I went into the house and made a charge of it; and when he came along the next time I presented him the bill."

"Hello! says the doctor, says he; what on nirth is this for?" says he.

"Why, it's for advice," says I.

"Advice! says he; what advice? I hain't had nese of your advice."

"Why, for drivin in your wheel-pin; and I hev charged you two dollars and twenty-five cents; and if I hain't given you the advice, it might have cost you twenty times as much."

"Well, says the doctor, the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents."

"That's all you owe me, says I."

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says he.

"And I expect he will; he's as tight as a can lie mould, the doctor is, and I guess he is able to bear it in mind."

Wind Instruments.

Dr. Burg, a French physician, has published a little book in which he endeavors to controvert, by reference to his own observations and personal experience, the notion commonly entertained, that the use of wind instruments is injurious to individuals characterized by pectoral weakness. He remarks, "Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians wield enormous wind instruments, have sorrowed over the few years the poor fellows have to live. Well, they are mistaken. All the men whose business it is to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are, with out exception, free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who on entering on this calling were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoying perfect health, after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption, eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive—and we all three play wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreadful art, in order to conquer pulmonary diseases."

A CUNNING EXPEDIENT.—There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailor, and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the King, and when this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this piece of intelligence the King at once ordered the culprit to his presence, and demanded to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his Majesty would not lose the opportunity. So accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and his chief priest he went to a spot near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it would be planted, it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean; therefore I pass it to your Majesty."

The King took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days that I often filed money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it to my prime minister."

The latter after consideration answered: "It were a pity to break the chain through a possible blunder. I received taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the citadel."

"No!" cried the governor, drawing back, "remember that I have the saving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the priest said: "You forget that I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements of sacrifices."

At length the thief exclaimed: "Your Majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the King laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient that he granted him a pardon.

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.—The barque Hesperia, Captain J. Bellet, from Singapore, put into St. Helena for the purpose of handing over to justice one of the crew, who murdered another on the passage by stabbing him through the lungs; but the authorities would have nothing to do with the case unless the captain and other evidence remained for the next session. The captain did not feel justified in doing so, and brought the man to Liverpool in double irons. The man says he is quite prepared to meet his fate, and feels perfectly happy; now that he has had his revenge, he can eat and sleep better than he ever did before. The men were constantly quarrelling with each other, and the last quarrel occurred a week previous to the stabbing. It seems that the prisoner lay in wait for the man when he came at midnight to relieve the wheel.

WHAT AM I?—The following anecdote has been related to us by a venerable friend, the name, &c., only being altered, of John McGlashan, Esq., of Beershall, was an important proprietor of a small estate. He was a genial soul, and particularly genial to himself on any market days. His policy, a sturdy Seltie, knew well the condition of his master when the Laird was hoisted into the saddle, assisted by Mino Host and the hostler. The Laird, as the fresh air began to tell upon him, he laid a deep, and leaned a little to one side and then to the other, the poor but wise dumb butons would lean from the one side, and then to the other, to preserve his master's equilibrium. But this pitcher went on too often to the well. The Laird one night fell off, and lay baled out, not far from a coal pit. The colliers, returning for their night shift, saw him, and put him in the creel along with them and carried him to the bottom of the coal pit. Here the Laird was laid on some straw. In the morning he awoke out of his drunken dreams, by the noise of shouting men. He saw nothing but darkness; relieved only by what he called for evil spirits of the infernal regions, and angels of darkness as he thought, all withal trips on the forehead. One of these horrid looking spirits addressed him in a sepulchral voice, "What are you; and where do you come from?" "Be canny, be canny," yelled the Laird, "Whaur am I now? 'Lord be merciful to my soul! I admit I was fond of adrum up aboon. I was Jock McGlashan o' Beershall up yonder; but God only ken's what they'll make o' me here."

An interesting event took place at Darlington, England, on Monday last. It was the celebration of the jubilee of English railways. The railway companies appropriated £20,000 to aid in the celebration. An immense number of people gathered in the quiet Quaker town, and scenes of unusual excitement and festivity took place. In commemoration of the day, a statue and a portrait to the late Joseph Penson Esq. were unveiled. The event deserved commemoration. What has had so much influence upon the country as the railway system? More than thirty years could have done, it has revolutionized the age.

The equinoctial gales appear to have visited England with great violence. On Sunday and Monday there was a storm of terrific fury, raging along the coast, and spreading over the country. Much damage has been done to shipping and in many cases to the property and persons on land. The banks have suffered severely. In some cases there has been loss of life, and in most unusual seasons the gales, and the nature has been detrimental to the supply of vegetation and grain.

The Shah of Persia has just presented the City of Paris with a magnificent copy of the "diary," he wrote on Europeans after his return to Teheran. The work in question is a manuscript on parchment, containing 298 pages and bound in blue velvet, illustrated with precious stones. The Shah has also sent a copy to all the other towns he visited in 1873.

They are trying to acclimatize the Florida cedar tree in Germany, as it furnishes the only kind of wood suitable for the manufacture of lead pencils.

It is a strange fact that when people indulge in high words they use low language.