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A MEDLEY.

Can any of our correspondents, young or old, name the author of each of the following lines, and where each line is to be found?

Breathes a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"Shoot folly as it flies?"
Ah, more than tears of blood can tell
Are in that word farewell;
'Tis folly to be wise.

And what is Friendship but a name,
That turns on Etna's breast of flame?
Thus runs the world away.
Sweet is the ship that's under sail
To where yon taper points the vale
With hospitable ray.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
Through cloudless climes and starry skies,
My native land, good-night.
Adieu, adieu, my native shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more,
Whatever is right.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
In russet blanket clad,
The rocks and hollow mountains rung
While yet in early Greece she sung—
'Tis I, I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
O thou, the nymph with placid eye,
By Philip's warlike son;
And on the light fantastic toe
Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Good-night to Marmion.

BETTY MBAIN'S COURTSHIP.

In a snug little burgh o' famous mem-
ory in the heart o' Eife there once lived a
cantankerous body ca'd Betty M'Bain.
Her age—at the time I speak o'—was a
matter o' doot, an' great curiosity tae a
when o' her neebours—honest bodies wha
dearly loved a bit o' gossip an' scandal.
She might ha' been forty or sae; but cer-
tes ten years was mair tae her likin', an'
naething pleased her better than tae say in
a canny way that she juist lookt like a
bit lassie o' twenty or sae. She had lang
labored under a sair disappointment in
consequence o' luicin' remained a finely
jewel in the matrimonial market that ne'er
a compeer had thoit worth spierin' the
price o', an' sairly did she take this un-
manly neglect to heart.

Her woo-begone face seemt tae say:
"Wha's wantin' a wife?" But sheep's con-
o' love aye faund in anither quarter a glass
that reflectit brichter hopes an' better
harmony than was tae be seen in her gray-
paper countenance. She had hae broken
her heart wi' luicin' tae king sae lang on
the nail hae not a bricht ray o' hope like a
gowden fringe round the dark water-carts
o' a treacherous March morning cheer'd
her up wi' the thoit that some canny
wicht might yet spier her price.

Her house was a pattern o' cleanliness
an' thrift. Frae the aicht-day clock stand-
ing in the door-way that hept 'oor for
'oor wi' the toon aye, tae the lookin'-glass
—which Betty mintoed no'er tauld the
truth—on the drawers-head in the ben-
house, everything tauld that the oident
hand o' care was present.

Like Sabbath she might hae been seen
takin' her way tae the Kirk, spruce an'
trig as a penock. Heech was her head,
an' quick was her step; could was her nod
tae her neebour wives; but o' it was a
siekt for siekt for sair con to see the
beamin' smile she gave tae a' the wanters
she kent, and tae nane was she mair graci-
ous than tae John Tamson, the precentor.
John—wha was kn awn to hae some thoits
o' takin' a wife—was as gude a teaylor as
the burgh clock boast o'; an' had in his
time made coats for some o' the best
gentry in the parish.

Some ill-thinkin' folk—tho' admittin'
that John did brawly as a cutter o' clath
—mentioned that he was but a poor hand
at the singin', and that tho' he opened his
mouth, his nose did the biggest part o' the
performance. However, that didna hand
Betty from settin' her een on him, as a
very gude match could be only be brocht
tae the stickin' point. He had ance or
twice o' late made up tae her on the way

frae the Kirk, an' crackit awa' in a real
friendly way tae her ain door was reached,
but naethin' hae come o't; sae she deter-
mined tae try what a little skill an' canny
drawin' wad dae tae bring about the con-
summation sae devoutly tae be wished.
She soon fell upon a plan which promised
success tae her hopeful heart. Her parrot
—the best friend she had—was *awee* gleg
in the uptack, an' had a sharp answer for
everybody.

She set herself tae teachin' it some few
phrases o' a love-makin' nature in which
the name o' John often occurred. The
parrot set tae the task wi' richt gude will,
but appeared by certain enquirin' side-looks
o' its head tae wonder what its mistress
was drivin' at. In a short time it had
mastered its task, an' cu'd rattle off a
string o' gallant sentences that wad hae
been a perfect treasur tae mony an airt-
less wooer.

As it happened ane Sabbath shortly
after, John—his lang, godly face length-
ened tae a ghostly sanctity—conveyed
Betty hame frae the evening service, an'
was warmly investit in tae see this won-
der o' the feathered tribe.

Scarcely was he past the door when he
heard a shrill, rattlin' voice screech out:
"Hee are ye the day? Come in bye;
tak' a seat; sit doon!"

Honest John was fairly dung dootit wi'
wonder, an' gapit aboot open-mouthed for
the pairty who had spoken; but seein'
nae body, he turned his godly face enquir-
in'ly tae Betty's beamin' countenance, when
he again heard the voice comin' frae the
bink at the winnock, croak out:

"Could day, John; draw in a chair an'
sit doon!"

He soon saw hoo matters stood, an' con-
gratulated Betty in the genteel words
he cu'd waite on bein' the possessor o' such
a rare creature.

While she was preparin' in a hurries
a bit chuck o' supper, John an' the parrot
grew freens an' crackit awa' together in a
real off-on bondit way. Aifter John had
satisfied a certain yawpishness which he
said he felt aboot the stomach, an' had
handit a dainty bit tae poll tae keep up
the freenship, he found himsel' sittin' on
an extreme corner o' his chair tryin' a' his
might tae get a canny corner tae lay his
hands in till they were wantin', when Betty,
—demurely seated at his left—by way o'
openin' up a crack, ventured the remark
that the cuttin' an' sewin' o' clath was a
noble profession, an' shily contrastit it wi'
that o' cobblin', tae which she brawly kent
John had what she ca'd a "dignified aversion."

She had struck the nail on the head, for
he startit aff at a canter tae uphiss his
ane callin' an' tae run down the chimps o'
St. Crispin. He grew particularly eloquent
in dispraise o' a certain member of the
cobblin' fraternity wham wi' a lofty sweep
o' his arm in the direction o' the door,
he ca'd:

"That snuffy-nosed, seahnle boy, Davie
Blair, an' there was no sayin' when he
wuid ha' halfit hed not the parrot sung
out frae its perch:

"Well doon, John; that's grand!" which
brocht the conversation round tae poll, frae
poll tae the hoose, an' frae the hoose tae
the landlady—tae wit: Betty hersel'. An'
no' affairs began tae grow very interestin'.
John's chair showit a strange likin' tae
Betty's, tae which in some queer way it
seemt nearer an' nearer, till they were
fairly together.

His een beamed intae Betty's wi' that
sheepish look for which she had sae often
scoched an' sabbit, an' his face bore a wea-
shy-washy milk-an'-water color, frae which
she drew great hope. Fain wuid he hae
said somethin'; but he cu'd only mak' his
jaws jirk up an' doon, which set the mel-
ancholy lookin' drap at his nose into a
comical trimmel. Here the parrot struck
in wi':

"That's it, John; draw near her, John;
tak' her round the neck, John!" which he
considerin' his previous bashfulness was
wonderful quick in doin'.

"Gie her a bit smack, no', John!" an' it
resounded wi' a thumper.

"Speer her, no', John!" sung 'oot the
parrot.

Betty fearing tae spoil the brawth wi'
ver quick a fire, lay quietly in his arms,
her breast heevin' up an' doon like the
waves o' the Atlantic.

"Betty, Betty," he began; but his tongue
stuck tae the roof o' his mouth, an' his
worshipful voice refusit tae dae its part.

Again he tried: "My—my—dear—Betty—
Betty—my—my—"

"Will ye be my wife?" chimed the parrot
in the nick o' time.

"Will ye be my wife?" repeated John in
sepulchral tones.

A laich "Yes," cam' frae the bottom o'
Betty's stomach, an' John in a gush o' feel-
in' gatherit her pantin' form tae his manly
bosom, an' wi' his face turned to the raft-
ers, cried out:

"Oh! I'm a happy man this night!"

The parrot beckett an' bobbit aboot in
great glee, an' skirled at the top o' his
voice:

"That's it John; ye've got her now.
Poll's the man!"

Charlotte County Agricultural Show and Fair.

The Annual Cattle Show and Fair of the
Charlotte County Agricultural Society was
held at the Bay Side, Parish of St. Croix,
on Wednesday the 10th inst. The weather
was most unpropitious, the rain during
the day, pouring steadily down with
scarcely a moment's intermission. The
Committee of management had at one
time decided to postpone, but on the ar-
rival of the President, Robert Stevenson,
Esq., the action was reconsidered; he presi-
dent said that he had for thirty-nine years
attended the annual fairs of the Society,
he knew of no postponement being had on
account of unfavorable weather and
thought that the fair should be held on the
appointed day. Several gentlemen from
the upper part of Wauveig, Bocabec and
other distant points, who had come pre-
pared to exhibit also protested against
postponement, in view of all these circum-
stances the decision to postpone was re-
versed and the hour for receiving entries
extended to half past one o'clock.

The Secretary, John S. Magee, Esq., was
on hand prepared to receive entries, in
which duty he was soon busily engaged;
the total number of entries was only
twelve short of those of last year. The
display of root crops was simply magnific-
ent, proving that in the direction of agri-
cultural improvements a great step in
advance has been taken and that the soil
is ready and willing to return ample re-
muneration for the labor bestowed upon it.
Mr. Thomas Finlay showed a squash
weighing forty pounds, there were several
other large ones exhibited. James Russell,
Esq., had Norfolk white turnips weighing
sixteen pounds each. Thomas J. Beckerton
purple top Swedes sixteen and a half
pounds each; Joseph H. Mears had a
basket of purple top turnips (Suffolks) the
seed of which he raised in the early part
of the season, and from that seed he grew
the turnips now exhibited; Charles E.
Mowatt had a basket of Mangold Wurtzell,
single roots of which weighed ten pounds,
very large blood beets were shown by the
same gentleman; Thomas Hipwell had
cabbages weighing 25 pounds each, splen-
did onions, celery, and tomatoes. The
potatoes of which a number of varieties
were exhibited, were of immense size, and
shapely proportions, noticeably a basket
of Early Rose shown by Alexander Gil-
man, each potato weighing not less than
one pound and a quarter.

Samples of Wheat weighing 63½ lbs. to
the bushel; Oats, 48 lbs.; Barley, 54½;
Buckwheat, 56; Beans, 65; Peas, 64.

A number of crows of very choice but-
ter were on exhibition,—in many cases
the butter would have tasted better had
less salt been used in the manufacture.
Amongst the fancy articles was a cross

made of feathers, which had a pretty
effect, the blending of the different colours
was artistically done, and creditable to the
skill of Miss Simpson, daughter of Mr.
Abram Simpson. In the domestic manu-
facture department there were some good
woolen yarns, socks, mitts, counterpanes,
rag carpets, hearth rugs. One pair of
mitts knitted by Mrs. Joseph Linton, were
particularly good, just the articles to keep
ones hands warm on a cold drive.

In the Poultry department Mr. Thomas
Hipwell had a pen of very fine Brahmas;
Geo. S. Grimmer, Esq. one of game fowls;
H. J. Carlow one of Geese, and John Mc-
Farlane one of turkeys.

In consequence of the drenching rains,
the show of horses and Neat Cattle was
more limited in numbers than usual, the
exposure to the weather did not improve
their appearance, still there was some
good pure bred stock, such as an Ayrshire
Bull exhibited by James McFarlane, a
Jersey do. by Robert Dinsmore, and one
by Geo. S. Grimmer, Esq., a Durham by
George Mowatt, an Ayrshire cow by Geo.
H. Bartlett, an Ayrshire Heifer by James
Russell, and a Durham by Geo. Mowatt.
There was also shown some good grade
and native stock, sheep, and lambs, and a
handsome three year old entire colt, the
property of Robert Dinsmore.

One thing is sure that the improvement
in stock in this section of the County
reached by the operations of the Charlotte
Co. Agricultural Society is marked and
unmistakable. A number of visitors from
sections of the County were present,
amongst whom were A. H. Gillmor, Esq.,
M. P. and Mrs. Gillmor, Thos. Cotterell,
Esq., M. P. P., who were pleased to ex-
press their approval, and admitted that
they were somewhat astonished to see
such magnificent specimens of root crops,
cereals, flour, etc., etc. Of the flour there
was five barrels, ground at Grimmer's
Mill, Chatham, from wheat raised by the
owners, it tasted sweet, and no doubt will
make good bread. Mr. John Curry, at
his residence near the Agricultural Hall,
made ample provision for the entertain-
ment of all comers, spreading a table that
would not discredit a first class hotel, his
table was, as it deserved to be, well pat-
ronized. The judges went to work at two
o'clock p. m., and at five o'clock the last
report was handed in, half an hour later
Mr. Magee read the list of awards which
we give below, and immediately there-
after paid the premiums to the successful
competitors.

The Secretary was presented with a fine
squash by Mr. Abram Simpson, for which
he expressed thanks.

HORSES—Entire.

1st, David Johnson; 2d, Robt. Densmore.

Brood Mares.

1st, Jas. McFarlane; 2d, Chas. E. Mowatt;

3rd, Abram Simpson.

Colts 3 year old.

1st, John Collins; 2d, Jas. Russell.

Colts 2 year old.

1st, R. Hawthorne, jr.; 2d, H. J. Carlow.

Colts, Spring.

1st, Jas. McFarlane; 2d, Chas. E. Mowatt.

Farm Horses.

1st, R. Hawthorne, jr.; 2d, John Collins;

3d, Geo. S. Grimmer.

Pure Brod Stock.

Ayrshire Bulls—2d, James McFarlane.

Jersey "—2d, Robert Densmore;

3d, Geo. S. Grimmer.

Pure Bred Under 2 years.—Durham
Bull—2d, Geo. Mowatt.

Ayrshire Cow—2d, Geo. H. Bartlett.

Ayrshire Heifer 2 year old—2d, Jas.
Russell.

Durham Heifer 1 yr. old—2d, Geo. Mowatt.

Grade or Native Stock.

Cows—1st, Geo. Mowatt 2d, Ben Pettigrove;

3d, Jas. Mowatt.

Heifer 2 yr. old—1st, Jas. Russell; 2d,
J. H. Mears; 3d, John Mowatt.

"Yearling—1st, John McFarlane;

2d, John Mowatt; 3d, Jas. McFarlane.

"Calf—1st, John Emery; 2d, John

McFarlane; 3d, John Mowatt.

Steers, 2 yr. old—2, Jas. McFarlane.

Rams under 4 yr.—1st, James Linton; 2d,
Geo. H. Bartlett; 3d, James Russell.

Ewes—2d, Jas. Mowatt;

Lamb Ram—2d, John Taggart.

Lamb, Ewe—1st, Jas. Mowatt; 2d, David
Johnston.

Sleep best wool—1st, D. Johnston; 2d,
James Linton.

Lamb best wool—1st, D. Johnston; 2d,
Thos. Orr.

Boag, 1st, Jas. McFarlane.

WHEAT.

Rio Grand, 1st, B. Pettigrove; 2d, John
Taggart.

Lost Nation, 1st, D. Johnston; 2d, Thos.
Orr.

Black Sea, 1st, D. Johnston; 2d, James
Linton.

Barley, 1st, Jas. Linton; 2d, Jas. Mowatt.

Oats, 1st, Jas. Linton; 2d, John Taggart.

Indian Corn, 1st, D. Johnston; 2d, Thos.
J. Beckerton; 3d, A. Simpson.

Beans, Ben Pettigrove, John McFarlane
Thos. J. Beckerton, A. Simpson, Thos. Orr.

Geo. Mowatt, 50 cents each.

Peas, 1st, A. Simpson; 2d, Thomas Orr;

3d, Jas. Linton.

Buckwheat, 1st, Thos. Orr; 2d, J. Linton

Barrel of Flour, 1st, Chris Greenlow, 2d
Thos. Beckerton; 3d, D. Johnson.

POTATOES.

Prolifics, Thos. Orr; Early Rose, Alex.
Gilman; Early Blues, J. Taggart; Moss
Rose, Chris Greenlow; White Kidneys,
Geo. S. Grimmer; Compton's Surprise, Ben
Pettigrove; Saxies, Joseph Linton; Scheeks,
H. J. Carlow; Peachblows, Jas. Linton;

Scotch Drums, Geo. S. Grimmer; Markeys,
John Taggart; Jackson White, Thos. Orr,
all fifty cents each.

Field Beets, 1st, Chas. E. Mowatt; 2nd,
James Mowatt; 3d, Alex. Gilman.

Carrots, 1st, Thos. Hipwell; 2d, James
Linton; 3d, John Taggart.

Parasips, 1st, Geo. Mowatt; 2d, Thomas
Finlay; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Mangold Wurtzell, 1st, Chas. E. Mowatt;
2d, Jas. Linton; 3d, James McFarlane.

Turnips, 1st, James Mowatt; 2d, James
McFarlane; 3d, James Russell.

Cabbage, 1st, Thos. Hipwell; 2d, Thos.
Finlay; 3d, Alex. Gilman.

Celery, 2d, Thos. Hipwell.

Onions, 1st, Thos. Hipwell.

Squash, 1st, Thos. Finlay; 2d, A. Simp-
son; 3d, Chris Greenlow.

Honey, 1st, John Curry; 2d, G. Mowatt.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Socks, 1st, Jas. Linton; 2d, Thos. Beck-
erton; 3d, Thos. Orr.

Mitts, 1st, Geo. H. Bartlett; 2d, Alex.
Gilman; 3d, John Taggart.

Dyed Wool Yarn, 1st, A. Simpson; 2d,
Geo. Mowatt; 3d, G. H. Bartlett.

White Wool Yarn, 1st, A. Simpson; 2d,
John Taggart; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Grey Wool Yarn, 1st, John Taggart; 2d,
Geo. H. Bartlett; 3d, Jas. Linton.

Hearth Rugs, 1st, Joseph Linton; 2d,
Jas. Russell; 3d, A. Simpson.

Quilts, 1st, Alex. Gilman; 2d, A. Simp-
son; 3d, Benj. Pettigrove.

Butter, John Collins, Thos. H. Hill, J.
Emery, D. Johnson, J. Taggart, Ben Pettigrove,
81 cents each.

Fruit, 1st, Chas. E. Mowatt; 2d, Alex.
Gilman; 3d, Joseph Linton.

Geese, 2d, H. J. Carlow.

Mixed Fowls, 1st, Geo. S. Grimmer; 2d,
John Taggart; 3d, R. Hawthorne, jr.

Pure bred Fowls, 1st, Thos. Hipwell; 2d,
John Curry; 3d, Geo. S. Grimmer.

Turkey, 1st, John McFarlane; 2d, Thos.
Orr; 3d, R. Hawthorne, jr.

UNENUMERATED ARTICLES.

Special Premiums.—Mitts, a very super-
ior make, Joseph Linton.

Woolen Muffler, Alex. Gilman.

Rug Carpet, John Collins.

Tomatoes, A. Simpson, and T. Hipwell.

Maple Syrup, Geo. S. Grimmer.

Eggs, Thos. Orr.

Turnips, seed from which they were
raised, grown the present year, Joseph H.
Mears.

Collection of fancy articles G. H. Bartlett.
A. Simpson.

Pumpkins, D. Johnston.

A number of lads have been appointed
"whipping boys" to the young Emperor of
China, who for valuable considerations to
themselves and families receive the flagel-
lations which the sovereign earns by his
sins of omission and commission.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.
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