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JAS. S. CARNEY,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in this sun together,  
Till the day was almost done;  
And then, at its close, an angel  
Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,  
He touched their eyelids with balm,  
And their last breath floated upward  
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they travelled  
The unseen, mystical road,  
That leads to the Beautiful City,  
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle country,  
They will give her lost youth back,  
And the flowers of a vanished Spring time  
Shall bloom in the spirits track.

One draught of the living waters  
Shall restore his manhood's prime,  
And another year shall measure  
The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them—  
The wrinkles and silver hair—  
Made sacred to us by the kisses  
The angel imprinted there.

We'll hide away in the meadow,  
When the sun is low in the West,  
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,  
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll not tell tale tombstones,  
With its age and date arise  
O'er the two who are old no longer,  
In their Father's house in the skies.

### THE CHINESE ARMY.

Chinese soldiers, according to the popular  
idea, are a comical set of barbarians armed  
with antiquated matchlocks, and impracticable  
swords, to go to battle under the shade of  
huge umbrellas and depend for success against  
an enemy principally on the unearthly sounds  
they contrive to produce from their lungs and  
various instruments of ear torture, such as the  
gong and similar products of Mongolian ingenuity.

The truth is, however, that within the  
past few years China has made wonderful im-  
provements in her military affairs, and at the  
present moment has a force of at least 50,000  
men armed with Enfield and Remington rifles,  
who have been thoroughly drilled in European  
tactics by European officers, supplemented  
by thirty field and mountain batteries. Arm-  
ories have been established in several of the  
principal cities for the manufacture of guns,  
rifles, and powder, were, under foreign super-  
intendence, the work of supplying troops with  
arms of the most improved models for some  
time have been actively carried on. Extensive  
dock yards have also been constructed, and  
China now possesses quite an imposing navy.

At Foochow, 2,500 Chinese artisans, under  
the superintendence of seventy five European  
skilled mechanics, are able to build and fit up  
three steamers a year. Five men-of-war have  
been launched from the dock yard at Shanghai  
—not junks, but vessels of European model,  
with all the modern improvements—and a  
large frigate and two iron dispatch boats are  
on the stocks at the same place, where an iron  
steamer of 1,000 tons is about to be built.  
The coast defences have recently been re-  
modelled and rebuilt, and the cannon of foreign  
manufacture take the place of the harmless  
old smooth-bore of native make which were  
formerly depended on to repel invaders. These  
military reforms, however appear to have  
been confined to the neighbourhood of the prin-  
cipal ports and Peking. Elsewhere in China,  
and especially in the north-western provinces,  
the troops are armed and drilled after the

manner of their forefathers, and are so badly  
organized under the management of dishonest  
and incompetent officers that of numerous bat-  
talions returned by their officers as fully man-  
ned the merest skeletons only exist in reality,  
while unlimited rascality is displayed in regard  
to the disposition of moneys appropriated for  
the military service.

### The Chinaman's Holiday.

It is a custom among Chinese house servants to  
stipulate with their employers for a portion of Sun-  
day, on which day they visit their countrymen in  
the Chinese quarter, talk over news from home,  
have their heads shaved, go through with their  
genefunctions and salaams in Joss houses, smoke  
opium, etc., etc., some of them closing up the day's  
performances by getting rid of their week's wages  
in the Chinese gambling houses, which are so  
thickly located along Dupont street. The side-  
walks swarm with these gregarious beings, whose  
nature it is to huddle in flocks on the surface and  
burrow in bands beneath. Their dens are lives  
of industry on week-days, and rooms recking with  
smoke and sweat on Sundays. A visitor who ven-  
tures inside has to step over the prostrate bodies  
of opium smokers; and feels his way through  
clouds of smoke, meantime bidding his nose a-  
gainst a sickening stench of fetid breath, decayed  
fish, in short a conglomeration of odors as where  
to be found outside of a cellar reeking with the  
fumes of a crowd of Chinese. For the sake of  
the delectable pleasures to be found in such places,  
John frequently refuses to take good situations in  
the country; like Bridget, he must be in town,  
where he can at least once a week see his "cousin"  
The Chinese have hosts of relatives; uncles  
and cousins—especially the latter—are counted  
by the score. They regard as cousins those sev-  
eral removes further off than a white man ever  
thinks it worth his while to inquire. These "cous-  
ins" are generally friends, all belonging to the  
same commercial company, and when they meet  
on Sunday the jabbering is energetic beyond de-  
scription. All day, and late into the night, John  
keeps up his round of visits among his cousins, but  
manages to be on hand Monday morning, ready  
for his work, which he generally performs cheer-  
fully and with fidelity. The darkness and filth of  
these underground rooms, the discordant sounds  
of drums, gongs, and squeaking fiddles, the smell  
and the smoke form a scene in remarkable con-  
trast with the cleanliness and quiet of the Chinese  
Mission Houses, where the visitor finds light, airy  
rooms, pianos and organs, pictures on the walls,  
and animated pictures in the shape of young white  
women who act as Christian teachers for the in-  
struction of any benighted heathens who may be  
willing to be taught. Of course only the better  
class of Chinamen are attracted to such places.  
Those who go there are generally cleanly and well  
dressed. They become partially civilized by be-  
coming Christianized, and it is not altogether true  
(as a pagan Chinese merchant avers) that the  
converts consist of two classes, fools and hypo-  
crites—those who know no better, and those who  
are sharp but unscrupulous. The instances of  
perfect sincerity in the profession of the Christian  
faith, united with a good degree of intelligence,  
are not uncommon among Chinese converts, as  
any one can ascertain for himself by visiting these  
missions, of which there are several in the city,  
two on Washington Street, between Powell and  
Stockton, one on Sacramento, corner of Stockton,  
and one on Dupont, near Clay.—[San Francisco  
Bulletin.

### The Selfishness of Husbands.

No wife thinks herself aggrieved because  
her husband, instead of a pony carriage for  
her and the children, keeps a hunter for him-  
self, or because he has his own private dinner  
while she shares the family meal. On the  
contrary, to a certain extent, the English wife  
likes her lord and master to be selfish, and  
encourages him in it; she has always been  
taught that her first duty is to her husband,  
and she follows out the lesson implicitly, and  
takes a pleasure in saving shillings that he  
may waste pounds. The fact is a part of our  
national character, and is hardly likely ever  
to be much altered. The labourer's wife is  
rather proud of the fact that patriarchal ideal  
which is the keynote of the English family—  
And so the wife of the middle class is also  
secretly a little proud of her husband's self-  
indulgence. She gumbles, perhaps, but she  
would not for the world have him give up his  
club, or his fine regalia, or his expensive  
dresses. And for a kind word or two, or a  
touch of that old tenderness, of which so little  
now remains, she would, indeed, endure almost  
anything without a murmur. Her one pleas-  
ure is the usual sea side trip. And how long  
as that is secure, she cares very little how  
naked and cheerless is her life for the  
other eleven months, or how many petty annoy-  
ances have to be endured, and petty economies  
practised.

The husband's selfishness, again, is greatly  
due to the fact that he spends so little of his  
time in his wife's company. Selfishness such  
as that of which we speak is not innate; it is  
rather a bad habit. What a man allows him-  
self once or twice as a treat, he soon comes to  
regard as a matter of course. But he yet may  
be, and possibly is, a very generous fellow.  
The selfish man in esse is, indeed, as often as  
not the generous man in posse—the link be-  
tween the two being that very good nature  
which, when a man is alone, takes self for its  
object. Men see far too little of their wives.

A Curious calculation has been made of the  
proportion of time spent in different employ-  
ments in a lifetime. At the age of 48 most  
men and women have spent about 18 years in  
sleep, 3 1/2 years in eating and drinking, and 2 1/2  
years in dressing and washing. In other words  
precisely half of existence has to be deducted  
from the time left available for work of  
any kind. Of the remaining half, a literary  
man or student will generally have spent about  
six years in reading and six in writing, and a  
man of active habits about six also in  
walking, riding, or driving. Men who work  
nine hours at any trade or profession, and  
who commenced such labour at 12 years of  
age, will have spent—allowing for Sunday—  
about 14 years at it by the time they have  
arrived at the age in question. Ladies who  
devote three hours a day to the piano, or to  
crochet, from an early age may enjoy the  
reflection that they have dedicated about four  
years of mortal life to those occupations.  
Finally, nearly all of us who have lived for  
half a century have spent some eight or nine  
or six years in talking, that being the employ-  
ment which fills up the interstices of time left  
vacant by every other occupation.

### THE FAIR PILOT OF LOCH URIBOL.

#### A YACHTING EPISODE.

"She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament!"

On the afternoon of a summer day, a small  
schooner yacht closely reefed under her ap-  
pearance off the mouth of Loch Urìbol, a long and  
lonely fjord in the remote Hebrides of Scotland,  
and while beating two and fro in the open sea in  
the midst of the squalls from the neighboring  
mountains, hoisted the inverted red flag to the  
foremast as a signal that the parties on board were  
in need of assistance.

It had been a dark, dry day, with the wind  
blowing fresh from the west very steady and strong,  
and the yacht, a tiny thing of fifteen or sixteen  
tons, with a small cock-pit, had been beating since  
early dawn across the tossing waters of the  
Minch, which divides the dark, serrated peaks of  
Skye from the far-off Outer Isles. Lightly as a  
bird she had bounded over the great rollers of the  
sea, plashing the foam over herself from stem to  
stern, but seldom taking on board a drop of  
"green." The distance across was thirty miles,  
and the wind was dead ahead, so that her progress  
westward was slow indeed. The time spent by  
her, however, the basaltic crags of the north-west  
coast of Skye grew fainter and fainter; and the  
islands of the ocean, which at first had been  
scarcely distinguishable on the horizon, had gradu-  
ally loomed more and more distinct—stretching  
in one desolate and lonely district from the high  
hills of Lewis, past the faint, low-lying flats of Uist,  
to the dark and rocky shores which fringe the  
cliffs of Barra. Not once in the long day had the  
sun actually made its appearance. The atmos-  
phere had been full of a palpitating, silvery light,  
in which the skies seemed close to the earth, and  
very gray, and the waves of the sea, where they  
did not break into white foam, unusually black  
and threatening. Yet it was "good" weather, a  
safe, snug day for sailing, and the sombre, color-  
less tones of all things—sea, far-off land, and sky  
—was not without its charms for those who have  
learned to love the pathetic "neutral tint" of the  
melancholy Scottish coast.

But as evening approached, the sun looked out  
from a gray chasm above the out-lying hills, and  
shed a lurid light over the dancing sea, illum-  
inating to rose color the white sails of the little yacht,  
which was by this time within a few miles of the  
dangerous coast. Just about this time a weather-  
beaten Highlander, who was steering the little  
vessel, cocked his eye up to the sunset, and relin-  
quishing the tiller to a young man who sat in the  
cock-pit beside him, said quietly—

"She's going to give a puff out o' the west yon-  
der, and Loch Urìbol's a terrible place for squalls.  
We'll take off the foresail altogether, and let her  
go cannie wi' mainsail, staysail, and jib."

Scarcely had the speaker, with the assistance of  
another man who had been lying listlessly in the  
forepart of the vessel, carried out his precaution,  
and taken the foresail down, when the first squall  
from the land came up as white as foam and laid  
the vessel over to the coming of the cock-pit—  
Squall after squall followed, while the light from

the sunset grew every moment of a more lurid  
crimson, streaming with the wind out of a great  
rent in the vast mountains of cloud. The yacht  
was too lightly ballasted to carry her canvas well,  
and more than once the wind struck her so sav-  
agely as to threaten to founder her outright, the  
water passing into the cock-pit in one green tor-  
rent and drenching the helmsman to the skin. The  
sea was comparatively smooth, however, owing to  
the shelter of the hills. From the dark precipices  
and distant misty glens the squalls shot out with a  
fury only realizable by him who has navigated  
these coasts in a small vessel. With the fury of  
hate and the strength of despair, so to speak, they  
plunged one by one upon the schooner, like wild  
beasts frantically endeavoring to tear her to  
pieces.

With a light laugh, the helmsman dashed the  
wet hair out of his eyes, and strained his gaze to-  
ward the land.

Which is the Urìbol land? he cried to the old  
Celt who had first spoken. Can you make out the  
mouth of the Loch?

The old man shook his head.  
I know fine she lies somewhere yonder, he  
said, but I've never passed the mouth. Luff, sir,  
luff! We'll put about directly—there's a nasty  
bit o' water fair ahead.

The young man uttered an exclamation expres-  
sive of impatience.

Here, Calum, take the helm, and let me have a  
look at the chart.

So saying, he again resigned the tiller to Calum,  
as the old man was called, and plunging down the  
companion to the cabin soon re-emerged with the  
Government chart of the coast in his hand, spread-  
ing it out on the "couch-roof," and following the  
marks with his finger he studied it attentively,  
now and then glancing at the land, while the  
yacht, having put about, was dashing along thro'  
squall after squall, and coming nearer and nearer  
to the shore.

He was a man of eight or nine and twenty,  
with a rather handsome style of face—broad, high  
brow, a nose of the so-called Grecian sort, and a  
proud, sarcastic mouth. His skin was dark and  
tanned, as if he had lived long in the sun of warm-  
er climates. He was clean shaven, all save the  
upper lip, where he wore a thick flossy moustache,  
very fair in color. His eyes were blue and very  
large, though he had a habit of contracting them  
very much when he was looking at any person. In  
his whole person, and in every gesture, there was  
a certain air which bespoke the gentleman by  
birth. His expression, nevertheless, was marred  
by audacity and superciliousness, and his laugh  
had not the ringing clearness of youth, but sound-  
ed hollow at times, with a sort of spasmodic gaiety  
his face did not share.

As he studied the mysterious lines of the chart,  
his face grew very black. It was clear that this  
gentleman, whatever might be his good qualities,  
possessed a very passionate temper.  
Why the devil did I come here without a pilot?  
he exclaimed. Look here, Calum! the mouth of  
the loch is full of sunken rocks in every direction.  
Far out to the right there's Bo Scarbh, a regular  
reef, three feet under water at high springs; close  
by—see! there's another, Bo Something Else;  
and then there's half-a-dozen rocks peppered here  
and there all round there. To crown all,  
there's only six feet at low water in the deepest  
part of the channel, although we are drawing sev-  
en and a half; and by George, the channel itself is  
only about two cables' length across. It would be cer-  
tain shipwreck to enter without a pilot. What  
are we to do?

It was in answer to this question that Calum  
recommended that they should signal to the  
shore for a pilot; and so the little yacht was  
kept running to and fro on the wind just off  
the shore. On coming thus close in under  
the mountains, they could just distinguish, half  
a mile ahead, the silvery gleam of the mouth  
of the loch, and seen from afar, it looked very  
narrow indeed—only a few yards across. Just  
inside, as they knew, there was good anchor-  
age in a small, snug basin just opposite the  
village.

But an hour of great excitement passed  
and there was no answer to their signal from  
the shore. Every instant the squall grew  
more terrific, till it seemed the little vessel  
be lost indeed. Worst of all, night was near;  
the hills were already growing dim.

It's awful coast, said Calum reflectively,  
and there was no answer to their signal from  
the shore. Every instant the squall grew  
more terrific, till it seemed the little vessel  
be lost indeed. Worst of all, night was near;  
the hills were already growing dim.

to run for Loch Uisn, stretch down the coast.  
It's no' a cannie run in the dark, for there's  
the Mackenzie Rock, and the reef where  
Sandie Gow lost the Spell and forbye that,  
there's the Black Rocks but we'll dae our best.  
Humph then it's only a chance that we got  
clear out of this confounded mess.

O ay, just advance. The folk 'll be awn at  
the fishing, and it's a bad night for a boat like  
this in the open sea.

Something in the perfectly unmoved and  
phlegmatic tone of the speaker took the  
other's attention, for the young man started  
at him some time with a half comic, half an-  
noying look of astonishment and, seeing the grim  
weather-beaten features perfectly unmoved, he  
broke into a hard laugh.

You take it coolly enough, at any rate, he  
cried.

And what for should I no take it coolly I'm  
only a common man and mien take' the  
win as they come, and earn my bread.

Can you swim?

Not a stroke, replied Calum, burying his  
face in his hands to light his black curly pipe,  
while the man at the forepart of the vessel,  
reclining against the bulk, hummed in a low  
voice the doleful lively ditty of Gillie Calum.

Still finding secret amusement in the stolid-  
ity of his companions, the young man laughed  
again then, entering the cabin once more, he  
re-emerged with a frowning-pier, and fired two  
shots rapidly into the air. Scarcely had he  
done so, when an enormous black dog sprang  
up the companion, and, rushing to the bul-  
warks, barked earnestly out on the water.

Down, Nero down cried the young man.  
He thinks I have shot something. Ha! the  
noise seems to have attracted attention at last.  
Look yonder.

On a small eminence overlooking the en-  
trance of the loch two or three figures were  
dimly seen but it was already too dark to  
make out who and what they were. The two  
light had quite fallen, and the wind was blow-  
ing with great fury.

Hang off ten minutes longer, the young man  
said, and then if no one comes we must risk  
the run down the coast.

The Highlander nodded, put about once more  
and ran through the wind. The squalls could  
still be seen whitening the sea to windward  
when they struck the water; but every minute  
the coast grew dimmer, so that only a very  
familiar eye could have made out the land-  
marks.

Two minutes passed; and the order was al-  
ready given to let the vessel run with a free  
sheet, when Calum knocking the ashes of his  
pipe off into the water to leeward, said quietly—  
"Whist! a minute! I hear the sound of  
ours between us and the shore."

Listening intently, he heard the splash, splash of  
ours coming nearer and nearer. Immediately  
afterwards a small boat, rowed by a solitary  
figure, shot out of the shadow of the hills. It  
seemed to be a rude Celtic quai at the mercy  
of the wind, but very skillfully managed.  
While Calum brought the boat up to the wind  
the young man bent over the side of the ves-  
sel and regarded the small boat intently—  
Presumably he uttered an exclamation which  
bore a suspicious resemblance to an oath, and  
turned angrily to Calum—

Look there! Can you find the idiots they sent  
out a woman!

Calum, who was quite astonished, but ex-  
hibited more self control, said sharply—  
The boat was indeed rowed by a female, but  
all appearance of woman was young, but her head  
was covered by a dark hood, and they could  
not see her face.

Angrily enough Calum addressed the stran-  
ger in Gaelic. He was answered in clear ring-  
ing tones, in the same tongue; and almost be-  
fore he could say another word the cable was  
alongside the yacht, and a light girlish figure,  
with a speed and agility perfectly marvelous  
to the sterner, had sprang on board.

It was too dark to distinguish her features  
plainly, but she seemed fair complexioned and  
very young. Her hood had fallen a back, and  
her face and hair were damp with spray—  
Perfectly lost in amazement at so strange an  
apparition, the young man stood staring up a-  
mouthed, while the stranger and Calum spoke  
to each other rapidly in Gaelic.

What does the girl say? he at last inquired  
impatiently. Is any one coming off to pilot  
us into the anchorage?

Calum replied in the methodical way pre-  
vailing to him and to his class.  
The lassie says th're's not a man in the  
village this night that can pull an oar or draw  
a net. The whole village is a-a-a after the  
herring at Loch Uisn, and there's nothing left  
but wives, bairns, and old bed ridden men.

A furious squall struck the yacht as the  
fisherman spoke, and almost capsized her, for  
she had entirely lost way through being brot'  
up to the wind. As in addressing Calum in  
Gaelic, the girl pushed him aside and seized the  
tiller.

Hullo, what are you doing? cried the young  
man. You're never going to trust the boat to  
a girl like that!

The girl seemed either to understand what  
was said, or guessed at the meaning, for she  
laughed. By this time the yacht was again