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## Poetry.

### Three Words of Strength.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen—  
In fragments of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ thee,  
And gladness hides her face in sorrow,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;  
No night but bath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,  
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love; and not alone for one,  
But man, as woman, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find  
Strength when Life's surges rudest roll,  
Light where that life evert blind.

## Interesting Case.

### ONLY A BLUNDER.

Don't you know of some one who would make me a good wife, Doctor Ellisworth?

Salmon Hayden chewed anxiously on a bit of shaving as he spoke.

Well, Hayden, I don't know. Can't you find somebody for yourself? replied Dr. Ellisworth, folding a powder in a bit of blue paper.

No, Doctor, I can't, answered Hayden, hopefully. I have been refused so many times I feel rather delicate about trying. If you could do something for me! I should like to get married. It is very difficult finding help, and the best of help don't take that interest a wife would. Why, everything's that loose ends in my house. Layman—what's my odds?—she does the best she can; but what do young girls know about planning and contriving?

Sure enough, responded the Doctor, feelingly. Having taken to himself a "child wife" in his old age, he was supposed to know what "childlessness" is.

And then, again, continued the would-be Benedict, rolling the shaving under his tongue, as if it had been a cud of sweet and bitter fancy—when a faint light of hope shone in his eyes. Says I to myself, mor'n six months ago, says I, Salmon Hayden, do you look round for some smart, dandy, go-ahead woman, and marry her if you can! But somehow I haven't seemed to have any luck.

The Doctor rubbed his left ear reflectively. Suppose now I should say Priscilla Danley? She would make an excellent wife, I am sure; and I really think she would be willing to change her situation. There is nobody else who occurs to me at this moment.

Salmon Hayden's eyes lighted like the eyes of Jonathan after he had tasted the honey in the wood. Well, she's a woman I don't know; but if you think she will do, why, all right. I must consider my children, you understand, and get somebody who will make a good mother to them. But I have a great deal of confidence in your judgment, Doctor, and if it is your opinion she will suit all around, you would confer a great favor by saying a word for me.

Doctor Ellisworth folded another powder in a bit of white paper. I think, said he, you had better do the speaking. I am not accustomed to such business myself; never did anything of the kind but once, and that was on my account.

I can't Doctor; I have so much bad luck. If you only would help me this once I shall say ways account you my best friend, said Hayden, in a pathetic tone which struck home to the Doctor's benevolent heart.

So he promised; and that very evening took occasion to call at Mr. Danley's under the presence of asking after old Mr. Danley's rheumatism.

Priscilla met him at the door. I would like to see you a few minutes alone, Miss Danley, said the Doctor, blushing like Aurora.

To be sure you may, answered Priscilla, briskly, if you'll step into the kitchen where I'm paring apples. It's a busy time just now, and I can as well keep my hands going while I talk.

What has he got in his head now? thought she, as they walked along together. Come to borrow money, I'll warrant. He may as well save his breath; for I've taken all the money

out of my stocking to pay off that mortgage—as far as he's able.

Miss Danley, said the Doctor, after a few desultory coughs, and a few preliminary schemes, "I would like to ask you your candid opinion in regard to matrimony."

Priscilla punched the apple-corer a little way into the wall by her thumb. My opinion, Doctor? You did not come all this length of way to hear that? If you did it's a pity you shouldn't get it, though; so I'll out with it, and not wait to be coaxed.—It's my candid opinion that matrimony does very well in its place.

But in your own case, Miss Priscilla? Suppose now a good, likely man, and an excellent provider—

Priscilla sprang up as if one of Cupid's arrows had suddenly hit her, and ran to the sink in the most irrelevant manner to wash her hands.

A man that would give you a comfortable home— No more of your 'supposes, Doctor Ellisworth. If you've got anything to say, say it.

So I will, all but the name. I've no idea of trifling with you, Miss Priscilla. He is a man I can recommend.

A widower? Yes. How many children? Six.

What are his means? Well to do, Miss Danley, or I wouldn't have come here on any such errand.

What do you want me to say, Doctor? I shouldn't like to have the certificate made out, before I had set eyes on the man!

Doctor Ellisworth laughed. The worst was now over, and Miss Priscilla's matter of fact manner had set him quite at his ease.

All I ask of you, Miss Danley, is this: Will you or will you not see him?

I will, certainly; why not? replied Miss Priscilla, looking at her questioner with eyes as penetrating as though it had been a suit of clothes instead of a wife. Doctor Ellisworth was bespeaking.

Oh well! Then it's all right. I will call over with the gentleman and introduce him, returned the Doctor, hastily drawing on his gloves. By the way, he added, remembering his pretended errand, and turning back at the door, "how is your grandmother, Miss Priscilla?"

Miss Priscilla threw up her nose, which was as sharp as a fish-knife, disapprovingly—"Grandmother is no better," said she, and she will be no better while she continues to live on blue-pills and Dover's powders. All my wonder is that she is alive.

I have told the old lady, observed Doctor Ellisworth, mildly, as became a warrior who would not speak to the prejudice of his own weapons, that too much medicine may affect one as unfavorably as too little; but she thinks she has lived long enough to judge for herself; and as I can do nothing for her, I will wish you good-bye for the present, and call again soon, with your leave, to introduce the gentleman referred to.

Of course. Only not Monday of the week, or Saturday—that is taking-day. Men are such fools, and the most foolish thing about them is, they don't know they're fools, said Miss Priscilla aside, taking up a pan of apples and setting it down again with an emphasis.

Miss Danley's figure was adapted to wiry strength rather than grace, and she carried decision and capability in every thread of her chocolate curls. Her hair, which was the color of white pepper, looked by an inflexible steel comb, and her complexion was more like a russet apple than an apple blossom. But, though not strictly beautiful, Miss Priscilla Danley had other attractions besides those in her money-stocking. She never made a failure of anything she turned her hand to; from pies to poetry; and in sickness she was worth her weight in diamond dust.

Dr. Ellisworth was quite conscious of this as he shut the door of the thrifty Danley mansion; yet somehow, such is the perversity of the heart of man, he went home to his silly "child-wife's" pretty face and gay spirits with especial satisfaction that night.

Next week, on the afternoon of ironing day, which everybody knows is Tuesday, he called, with the impatient Mr. Hayden, on Miss Priscilla.

And this was the way the fates had ordered it: She and her cousin Mrs. Pillsbury, not expecting visitors before tea, were engaged in taking to pieces and putting together again the sewing machine. Round Miss Priscilla's slender waist was tied a blue checked apron; in her left hand was a kerseene lamp with the top off; while in her right hand brandished a feather.

It was not at an opportune moment that nephew David, aged sixteen, roughly ushered the two callers into the sitting-room. Miss Priscilla was conscious that scarlet violet russet in her face, and that the tight twist at

the back of her head was stuck full of knitting needles.

Introductions were hurried over, and the Doctor took his leave, feeling very guilty, and very much the severe glance which the gimlet eyes were boring into his soul.

So that is your widower, is it? And a pretty time of day to bring him here, without so much as a word of warning!

The Doctor lingered for no further approaches, but shut the front door behind him with the utmost dispatch, while Miss Priscilla ran up stairs to arrange her toilette, leaving Mr. Hayden and her cousin together.

As it was a day of blunders, and the fates had matters in their own hands, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hayden had made a mistake at the outset—the trifling mistake of supposing Mrs. Pillsbury was the lady of his love.

I am glad it was not the other one, said he to himself, complacently; for Mrs. Pillsbury's comely face and plump little figure did certainly contrast very favorably with the grimness and angularity of "the other one."

There was not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Salmon Hayden's mind that the lady with her hair full of knitting-needles had left the room on purpose to give him an opportunity to express his sentiments. There was no time to be lost; he thought; for she might come back again as suddenly as she had gone.

I am a poor bereaved man, said he trying to get a view of the sole of his left boot, absent as I suppose my friend the Doctor has told you.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up sympathetically, I am sorry for you Mr. Hayden.

There was a tear in her eye, which was very encouraging to the poor stammerer.

Yes, a poor bereaved man, repeated he, in more earnest tones, and really Madame, a word of condolence from you is worth a great deal to me—worth more than you can think.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up again this time with innocent surprise. It was not really clear to her why her sympathy should be so especially valuable.

You have a feeling heart, Madame. I hope I have Mr. Hayden; but your loneliness must touch my one, I am sure.—I always thought a house must seem utterly desolate when a man goes home and finds motherless as children in the place of his wife.

Mrs. Pillsbury, as she spoke, looked up into the eyes of the bereaved man with such tenderness that his heart was melted into a lump of soft sympathy, and he was ready to take her into his arms.

I don't know to thank Dr. Ellisworth enough for the favor of this introduction, said he, gratefully. I suppose you understand the object of my visit upon this occasion; and as I am willing, I hope to receive my attentions with a view to marriage? I suppose, too, you must understand that I must wish to hasten matters as fast as is convenient to you. I am all ready now, and I hope you will name as early a day as possible.

Saying the words of Mr. Hayden reverting to the old days of his courtship—he took Mrs. Pillsbury's job cushion off a chair in the most affectionate manner—the very hand which ought at that very moment to have been flying fritters for its impatient owner, he busied himself with the cushion, and for before Mrs. Pillsbury, in her amazement, had time to speak, or even draw back, the voice of Mr. Pillsbury, inquiring with conjugal freedom, if supper was nearly ready. Then he stepped over the threshold, and stood in dumb surprise just as Miss Priscilla appeared the other door.

Sarah Matilda! my wife! was all the astonished husband could utter; while in mercy on us I fell from the pressed lips of Miss Priscilla like a quick storm of hail. This was the most astonished one of the party it would be hard to say, but the first to regain equipoise was Sarah Matilda.

An apology is due to Mr. Hayden, said she with ready tact. He has mistaken us, an old married woman, for my cousin, Miss Danley. Priscilla, he asked for my hand and I refer him to you for an answer.

Yes, yes, gasped Mr. Hayden, with good grace as he could command.

A natural mistake, ladies; and I hope you will excuse it, Miss Danley, I mean Mrs. Pillsbury.

Pillsbury, suggested the outraged husband, severely.

And I sincerely hope—altered the father of six, with an appealing glance at the spinster's top knot of stiff colored ribbon, which protruded from each side of the tight twist like a two edged sword—"I sincerely hope, Miss Danley it will be so you can overlook this little blunder, and take me for—

for better or worse."

Tea is ready, said Miss Priscilla, without bending her head; walk out and sit down with us, Mr. Hayden.

This invitation looked propitious. If the lady had been offended beyond all hope of reconciliation she would not have asked the enemy out to tea. Mr. Hayden's India rubber spirits had suffered collapse on account of his innocent mistake; but they inflated and rebounded as Miss Priscilla spoke.

He watched her, sitting upright before the little Japan tray, pouring a steam of tea as nearly at right angles with the nose of the tea pot; and thought within his own soul that this other one would rule his house better than the sympathetic Mrs. Pillsbury, on whom he had wasted five minutes of hopeless and unlawful adoration. Yes, he was satisfied that the happiness of his future life depended upon one short word from Miss Danley's decisive lips, which as yet had only opened to ask her guests if they would take sugar and cream in their cups.

Miss Priscilla did not for a moment forget the proprieties of the occasion; but while she was acting her part as hostess with the strictest decorum, her mind was busy with thoughts of the future. Should she, or should she not accept the horny hand of Salmon Hayden, and with it the six responsibilities which rumped around his hearthstone?

There was Sam—that was Priscilla's brother—he had a wife just now gone a visiting—she was usually was gone visiting—and eight children. Was it Priscilla's duty to stand for ever over those children with a towel, a cake of soap, a darning needle and a pair of scissors? She had done it thus far ever since Sam had married that incapable Hannah Lovejoy, and did it she might to the end of the chapter, and who was there to thank her for it? Six was not as bad as eight. She could take these six into her own hands as no maiden aunt might dare, and there would be only an irreparable, easy going man to say, why do you so?

Miss Priscilla considered and considered, for the mistake Mr. Hayden had made in himself, it did not weigh a feather with the sensible Priscilla. It only showed what an absent minded, flighty man was the doctor to risk the possibility of such a blunder. If the distracted Salmon had made love to Sarah Matilda, she supposed he was making it to Priscilla; so pray what was the difference? It is not best to split a hair from west to north-west side, and Miss Danley never wasted time in such a perille employment. She had been weighing this matter of marriage ever since the Friday before; and now that she had seen the bridegroom expectant she had no particular fault to find with him, except he would talk with his mouth full, and before the pile of fritters had sunk to nothingness Mr. Hayden's proposals had risen in inverse proportion.

Miss Priscilla had decided that she would do sit at the foot of the table at which she presided as head. She would as lief pour tea for him as for any man she knew; and being a woman who did what she had to do in the shortest space of time and with the fewest possible words, she soon made the ecstatic man acquainted with the state of her heart; where upon he smiled like the sun after a shower, and immediately called together all the scattered rays of his affections and beamed down upon her tropically.

After supper Mrs. Pillsbury stepped into her cousin's place once more. Not as before in the affectionate "father-sutor," but this time more acceptably in her work of clearing away the table and overlooking the work of the eight children, who, from oldest to youngest inherited their mother's incapacity; "Hannah all over," as their Aunt Priscilla often said, with a discouraged sigh. And thus Miss Danley had time for a little necessary conference with her elected bridegroom in the parlor. A season not wholly lost, for Miss Danley always carried a ball of yarn and a crochet hook, in her pocket, and many was the tid and yard of edging that had grown out of such odd minutes.

I hope, said Mr. Hayden, with the impatience of a householder rather than a lover—I hope you won't keep me waiting long.

Nothing to wait for, as I know of; I never was one to dawdle. When there is anything to be done do it, say I, returned the intended bride, making a rapid calculation of the necessary time for the preparation of a state dress and bonnet, with the inevitable contingencies of washing, baking, and ironing thrown in.

Tuesday, said she, with a reflective thrust of her hook into the heart of a tidy, already predestined to cover Mr. Hayden's best rocking chair—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, yes, well—two weeks from to day is as early as I can arrange to leave here. There are the theodrosses to finish for the children, and I have promised to make some bottles of safranal and cordial for grandmother; and then there will be some little things for myself—Yes, to day two weeks, we will say, and you can call again early next week; there may be something to talk over. I shall not expect you more than that once, for I shall be very much engaged, and it must be just the busy season with you.

Thus, in her practical way, Miss Priscilla took at once the family reins, which she held with a firm hand ever after. As a housekeeper, a wife and a stern recommender, she showed herself all she had been recommended, giving Mr. Hayden no reason to regret that his momentary admiration for any lady but herself proved to be only a blunder.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

**GAS EXPLOSION.**—There was a serious gas explosion in Portland, Me., on Saturday evening. The Press says:—

Saturday a workman took off a gas bracket in a chamber in the third story, but neglected to plug the pipe. About 11 o'clock at night Mr. Barnum noticed that the upper part of the house was filled with gas, and proceeded to ascertain the cause. He lighted a gas jet at the head of the stairs in the second story, and then went up to the room in which the gas was escaping. No sooner had he opened the door than a terrific explosion took place throwing out the whole of the upper story of the building next to the Clapp mansion and also a portion of the front on Congress street, starting the stairs, smashing the glass, destroying the furniture and setting fire to the house.

Capt. Barnum was prostrated by the shock and was terribly burned, his clothing being almost reduced to cinders. The explosion was so loud that it was heard a great distance, and hundreds of people were soon on the spot.

The alarm of fire was sounded which quickly brought the firemen to the scene, but the flames were extinguished without using the machine. Capt. Barnum was rescued from his perilous situation by his wife, who had one of her best men badly burned. Several of our most eminent medical men were quickly there, and all was done that was possible to relieve his sufferings. It was thought he could not survive so badly as he was burned. The skin is literally stripped from his whole body. Yesterday there were more hopes of him though his pains were intense, and he was unconscious most of the day. In the evening he recovered consciousness and was comparatively comfortable. The house was visited by thousands yesterday who were astonished to witness the effect of the explosion of gas. Gunpowder could not have made greater havoc.

**CHEAP WASH FOR BUILDINGS.**—Take a clean, water-tight cask, and put into it a half bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly with a thoroughly slaked. When the lime has been slacked, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. A beautiful cream color may be given to the wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of a lamp of iron black. For lava color, add four pounds of amber, one pound of Indian red, and one of common lamp black. When applied to the outside of houses and to fences, it is rendered more durable by adding about a pint of sweet milk to a gallon of wash.—Scientific American.

**Funny Facts for Fancy Farmers.**

A distinguished agriculturist contributes the following valuable and seasonable hints to fancy farmers, which may be of service to them in their Spring's work:

To have your fields well dressed you must sow as large a breadth as possible. A grain of foresight in this matter will insure a sight of grain at harvest.

A man may fleece his sheep, but not his land. The farmer's game is to "give and take."

Mind your peas—the grass will take care of themselves.

It is not a lazy farmer who takes to his bed in the morning and stays till night—if the bed is in his garden.

Ploughshares are the best investments—the dividends are sure in the fall.

Fencing is not commendable, but there is no objection to carrying favor with one's cattle.

The best motto for dealing in short hay is—never fall short.

It is sheer nonsense to shear sheep too early, take off your own and your flock's overcoats at about the same time.

Now is the time for the farmer to mend his ways—highways and byways.

Fences should be looked to. Defence of the crops is often staked on a single post.

Raise all you can. If you can raise the mortgage on your farm, so much the better.

Thorough cultivation is essential; the harrow in pains you take, the better off you will be in the end.

It is also better to whitewash your own walls than to blacken your neighbor's character.

Dull days may be spent in practicing dentistry on your rakes and harrows.

If any one choose let him spend his tobacco money for the benefit of the "gregarious" in the back hair of his coat and cravat.

A little soot from the chimney will suit the early cucumbers and non-suit the bugs.

"I say, boy, is that the fire?" asked a gentleman of a robed urchin, and pointing to a dense volume of smoke that was issuing from the windows of a warehouse. "No, sir, that is only the smoke," replied the boy.

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