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POETRY.

MR. BULL TO HIS AMERICAN BULLIES.

Hey, I say you two ther' kicking
Up that row before my shop,
Do you want a good sound licking
Both? If not, you'd better stop.
Peg away at one another,
If you choose such fools to be:
But leave me alone; don't bother,
Follyrag and worry me!

Into your confounded quarrel
Let myself be dragged I'll not
By you, fighting for a Morrill
Tariff; or your slavish lot.
What I want to do with either
Is impartially to grade:
Nonsense I will stand from neither
Past the bounds of gasconade.

You North, roaring, raving, yelling,
Hold your jaw, you booby, do!
What, d'ye threaten me for selling
Arms to South as well as you?
South, at the do't bowl and bellow,
That won't make me take your part;
So you just be off young fellow:
Now, you noisy chap, too, start!

To be called names is unpleasant;
Words, however break no bones;
I control myself at present;
But beware of throwing stones!
I won't have my windows broken,
Mind, you brawlers what I say;
See this stick, a striking token;
Cut your own, or civil stay.

— Punch.

(From "Recollections of a Policeman") THE TWINS. BY THOMAS WATERS. (Concluded.)

At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discerned my friend, much more sprucely attired than usual, make his way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first-class carriages. At last a gentleman whom I instantly recognized, spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrived by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called, and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New Street. I also alighted, and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern, and proceeded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning, which would render it impossible he should meet me, as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest; and the next morning, my esteemed friend informed me, he would leave the place, probably for ever.

An hour after this interesting conversation, I, accompanied by the chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the hotel in New Street, a highly respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured and agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and immediately after breakfast hastened with my Birmingham colleague to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bed-room, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and with very little stopping and squeezing found it would do very well. The landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and in we jammed ourselves, locking the wing doors on the inside. A minute afterwards, Sir Charles, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams entered, and paper, pens, and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to observe that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the accoucheur and his wife to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own. I must do the fictitious baronet the justice to say that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the child. Mr. Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicions entertained by Mr. Repton, and could not rest till the Williamses and the child were safe out of the country. It was now insisted, by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made by Sir Charles should be fairly written out in "black and white," to use Mrs. Wil-

liams' expression in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This, Mr. Malvern strongly objected to; but finding the woman would accept of no other terms, he sullenly complied, and at the same time reiterated, that if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay the Williamses a single shilling.

A silence of several minutes followed, broken only by the scratching of the pen on the paper. The time to me seemed an age, squeezed, crooked, stifled, as I was in that narrow box, and so I afterwards learned it did to my fellow-sufferer. At length Mr. Malvern said, in the same cautious whisper in which they had all hitherto spoken— "This will do, I think;" and read what he had written. Mr. and Mrs. Williams signified their approval; and as matters were now fully ripe, I gently turned the key, and very softly pushed open the door. The backs of the affable trio were towards me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment was thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust silently but swiftly forward, and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr. Malvern, as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs. Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and to add to the animation of the tableau, my friend in the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hiding place.

Mr. Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, and made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was of course out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the rail towards London, accompanied by the child, whom we entrusted to Mrs. Williams' servant-maid.

Mrs. Ashton was still in town, and Mrs. Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mrs. Repton with the child and his temporary nurse to Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the child a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied, was her rapturous joy at the recovery of her lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother; but fortunately we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here, so far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognizance. I only know there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict custody for several days; but no inducement, no threats, could induce the institutors of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs. and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day but one, for Redwood Manor; and Mr. Repton coolly told the angry superintendent that he "had no instructions to prosecute." He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were necessarily discharged out of custody.

I saw about three weeks afterwards in a morning paper that Mr. Malvern, "whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intended to remain some time." The expressed, but uncompleted will of the deceased baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr. Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses, never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only "Offence's gilded hand," but some of the best feelings of our nature, "shove by Justice" and piece a concealing gloss over deeds which, in other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks. Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and amiable, is a question which I must leave to wise heads than mine to discuss and determine.

Why does a dog, when biting his tail, resemble a good economist? Because he is making both ends meet.

MRS. SANBORN'S THANKSGIVING DINNER. BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"No turkey for Thanksgiving Day! Well, I declare, Mr. Sanborn, I never heard of such a thing! We might as well go to the poorhouse at once—for my part I don't care how soon!"

"I expect to see it sooner than I want to," retorted Mr. Sanborn, sullenly.

"Yes, that's always the way—I'm sick of it; we never have anything like other people, and if I ask for the merest trifle, you throw the poor-house in my face, and—"

"It wasn't me this time, Eliza."

"Well, what if it wasn't," she continued, half-sobbing, as her excitement rose to concert pitch, "I've heard it often enough—brought up as I was! To think of the Thanksgivings we used to have in Guilford, when I was a girl! Pumpkin pies, and squash, and mince, and Marlborough puddings, and a plum pudding as big as a milk-pail, and a whole-boiled ham, and a turkey so large that it always comes over the edge of the big blue platter. There's nothing like a father's house! If girls only knew when they were well off!" And here a corner of the baby's apron rose to the dignity of a pocket handkerchief.

"Somehow they never do, and are always glad enough to leave it," rose to Mr. Sanborn's lips as a retort; but a thought checked it—the remembrance of the abundance and plenty which he knew his wife had left for her sake, and the days of their first married life under the hospitable roof of the Guilford homestead. It had been hard for her, poor woman, to struggle along with straitened means, sickness, and the care of the children; and he knew his own disposition had been warped by care and repeated disappointment. "Poor Eliza!"

So instead of more harsh recrimination, Mr. Sanborn, as he passed his wife going out to the day's business, stooped down and kissed the care-lined forehead he could remember so smooth and unruined. The unwedded career surprised him as much as it did his wife; and he hurried off the doorstep, his heart seeming all the lighter for it.

There were but two days to the national festival which had been the great annual holiday of Mrs. Sanborn's girlhood, to whom Christmas presents and New Year's calls were unknown. A week at the very least was always given to the preparations for it in those days; and the whole household bustled part in them. Hunting-eggs, stoning currants and raisins, cutting up the candied citron, or plying the busy chopping-knife, gave work to all; and then there was such a bustle and excitement in these same grocers' parcels as they arrived—sugar and fruit, nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and perhaps a new dress, or bonnet ribbon at the least, were to be displayed at the meeting for the first time. Ah, these were Thanksgiving Days indeed!

But were they after all! Possibly so to the heads of the household, surrounded by every comfort this life could give to them (an ample ingathered harvest, honest sons and pretty daughters), it may be that they were thankful, "not only with their lips, but in their lives," for these unnumbered blessings; or to the old men and women by the blazing hearth, thinking of a long life so nearly ended, and the rest so nearly won! But the young mistake bravery of spirit for thankful hearts; and those who have known no want, know not the earnestness of thanksgiving for timely relief and succor.

Mrs. Sanborn dried her tears as her husband passed down the street. She had been surprised out of a good cry, and began to wonder what had come over him. It was so like the "good bye kiss" with which he always left her when they were first married, and she began to think of those days, too. They were no better off then—except in love and courage to meet the ills of life. They lived in the same house, there was the same furniture around her—only the house was smaller for their present family, and the furniture marred and old-fashioned. The carpet had been turned and darned and patched again and the blinds were faded from their original gay colors, and Mrs. Sanborn could not but acknowledge to herself as she looked around that there was a still greater change. The neatness and order on which she once prided herself was no longer seen. There was a litter of mending, and books and papers about the room, an untidy hearth, a loaded mantel (the lamps clustered together at one end, instead of ranged in a tidy row), clothes-pins and corn-cobs (the baby's playthings), scattered about the floor, and dust every where.

"But how can I help it?" thought Mrs. Sanborn. "I have lost all heart long ago. Everything is old and shabby and hard to keep clean; the children are always under foot, and Jane Ann no more help than the baby."

"There, father never will get anything like anybody else either!" she broke out to herself, after another short rumination. "I don't know a family but can dress and live better than we can; and Jim Walker's wife goes flourishing by in her new merino cloak, as it could not have married him, and all had heart could desire. I wish I had!" But the very guilt of thought checked her, and she knew that if the choice was again hers, she would take the honest, affectionate John Sanborn, rather than his more prosperous, but craft and selfish rival.

"But not so much as a turkey for Thanksgiving." Then came the original grievance back again. "Well, he might go without any dinner for all she'd lift a finger! She couldn't be always racking her brain to make the best of everything, and provide for the table out of nothing. But John so seldom had a holiday, with plenty of time for his mid-day meal, and a romp with the children besides! What ever he was, he was the best of fathers. And here the baby, who had been indulging in a short nap in her arms, raised his little curly head and flushed face; and what would Susan Walker give for such a child as that?—or, indeed, for either of her four healthy, merry little ones?"

Still here it was Tuesday, and not a single preparation for Thanksgiving. Who should go by the window just then, but Susan Walker, with loaded market-basket, and, more aggravating than all, the legs of a turkey so large that it couldn't be helped.—It was only to let the neighbors know what they were going to have!

Mrs. Sanborn walked around the room in a visible fret, and picked up a fallen chair and an open school-book. It was a child's history of America, and happened to be open at a rule out of the Landing of the Pilgrims. The baby cowered at it, and Mrs. Sanborn scented herself again to show it to him.—How cold and desolate it looked—poor women and those poor little children exposed to such weather, without a home or a house! Mrs. Sanborn fairly shivered, though in front of a fire; and held the baby close to her, she recalled the description of their suffering and want, a well-remembered lesson of her school-days.

Yet they kept Thanksgiving without a turkey, or so much as a roof over their heads, or clothes to cover them! The well-filled potato bin in the snug cellar below, the pork-barrel, and the bushel of turnips, the flour and the meal—they would have thought themselves rich with such stores; and the coal and kindlings Mr. Sanborn had laid in early in the season. His wife knew that she need not waste her sympathies by going so far back as the Pilgrim fathers, who were long since beyond "cold and hunger, and sorrow and pain," when in their own immediate neighborhood there was want and starvation! She was thankful they were not so badly off as that any way!

Mrs. Sanborn had commenced to make her Thanksgiving preparations.

And there were the Colcords down sick, and had been, one or the other of them, for three months. She must run in there a little while by-and-by. They have no doctor's bill to pay this year, at any rate; it was such a blessing the children had kept well all the fall, and Mr. Sanborn had not lost a day for a year back. Sickness made every-thing fall so behindhand.

Jane and her husband are doing so well in the country now—Jane had been such a care to her, as much as a child, since their mother died, and the old place at Guilford left to go to rack and ruin. There was one blessing John never drank, nobody could say that her husband was not the most steady, hard-working man that ever lived. Never spending a cent out of his family, and thank goodness, he didn't owe a dollar to any living being!

Ah, Mrs. Sanborn, and yet it was this very carefulness of living within his limited means that you so often complain of; for John Sanborn never will spend a dollar that he has no title to for carpet or curtains, not even for a Thanksgiving turkey, though it went to his heart to have to refuse you.—She did not need to be told of this; she allowed herself time for reflection—and how many of their domestic troubles had grown out of this very thing. "It was so hard to care to her, as much as a child, since their mother died, and the old place at Guilford left to go to rack and ruin." There was one blessing John never drank, nobody could say that her husband was not the most steady, hard-working man that ever lived. Never spending a cent out of his family, and thank goodness, he didn't owe a dollar to any living being!

Before these perpetually recurring disputes had worn them apart, and even now, at times, what a kind loving husband he was, Mrs. Sanborn's eyes overflowed as she recollected how carefully he had lifted and tucked her through an attack of illness; how ready he was to get up with the children when they were small, or nurse them on Sunday, or to do anything that could save her steps and trouble. What hindered them from being as happy now as when they were first married? It was very humiliating to remember how often she was at fault.

The very foundation-stone of all (and Mrs. Sanborn did not reach it in an hour of self-condemnation, though she had a faint glimmering of the truth, enough to direct her rightly), was that she had never kept a Thanksgiving Day. No, not even in the plenty of Guilford, then least of all; but now the more she thought of things I have told you of, the faster her preparations advanced, though as yet her hands had not been lifted in the work. She began to understand the spirit of the festival.

Away at this work, bidding over the minute and delicate mechanism of the watch he was repairing, Mr. Sanborn was holding as close a debate with himself. It was whether he should take the gold piece he had reserved for the boy's shoes, and the making of the first vest he had for many a day, bought at his wife's repeated solicitations, and purchase a capital dinner as a surprise and pleasure to her the next day.—He knew his credit was good with both tailor and shoemaker, for he had always been punctual in payments, and next month, perhaps he could settle both bills.—But bill was an ugly word; he had learned it from hard experience, and the very sound helped him to resist the sore temptation.

"I can't, there; every mouthful would choke me. Poor Eliza!" And he thought more lovingly than for many a day of the hard and self-denying life she had led with him, when she might have been the wife of the successful James Walker.

Meantime, the aspect of the untidy sitting-room he had left behind was changed. Mrs. Sanborn put more "heart" in her morning's work than she had felt for a long time. The wearying, depressing feeling that she had indulged in so many months, gave way to the exertion of a cheerful will. The faded carpet looked two shades brighter when her broom had done its faithful duty, and the duster accomplished a work of its own. The children's books and slates were piled up into the window-seat, the scattered mending gathered into the great work-basket, drawn out from under the settee, and Mrs. Sanborn sat down to the accumulated rents and "thin places" of weeks, with a vigorous satisfaction that "made the work go lightly."

Mr. Sanborn had the change at once, and enjoyed his dinner, though it was only a hash and bread and butter, all the more for the orderly way in which it was served.—But he made no comments, for he thought it but a spasmodic reformation; neither did his wife seek to draw his attention to it.

Dinner over, and the children gone to school, Mrs. Sanborn resumed her needle, and began to plan Thursday's dinner. She had thought better of "not lifting a finger towards it." By hashing the cold meat, there was a trifle of the week's market-money saved, and fortunately, pork was so cheap this season, she might manage to get a nice roasting piece. It was almost as tender as chicken; she would make a little dressing of old bread, summer savory and sage, so that they could almost fancy they had poultry, with a nice gravy. Turnips, they had (nice sweet ones, too), and she could bake the potatoes, for a change, and have them hot and brown, as John loved them. Why, she was making out quite a dinner! If she had a mince pie, or a plum-pudding for the children, poor things!

Mrs. Sanborn went to the closet, and took a survey of the groceries. O, there were some hard Boston crackers, and she could soak them in milk over night, and with a couple of eggs and a handful of raisins, there was a plum-pudding. The children never would know the difference, and it would be all the better for them.

The Sanborns passed a remarkably pleasant evening. Not a word of Thursday or the dinner. Mr. Sanborn sorry that he could not indulge his wife and she thinking what a nice little treat he would have after all; both of them loving each other very much after the old fashion, and wonder how it was they had come so near a hard quarrel only that morning.

Wednesday—market-day all the city over, and so full and bustling as the Boston market had been that day of all others.—Mrs. Sanborn was hurrying to get away early for the little roasting piece, when she saw a wagon of most unimpeachable country ownership stop at their door. She came to the quick conclusion, as she tied her bonnet, before answering the lumbering knock of the driver, that he had mistaken the house—but he had not; for she found herself face to face with a letter and a good-sized basket both addressed to herself.

The man, a farmer from her sister Jane's neighborhood, waited neither for thanks nor explanations, and left the astonished woman to inspect her new possessions—the letter first, we do her the justice to say, for her sister was dearer to Mrs. Sanborn than anything from under her own roof.

"MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA!—As Thanksgiving time comes round, and I remember I've got to be thankful for this year especially, I keep thinking of you, and how often she was at fault.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)