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Poetry.

I'M GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old. It needs no glass to tell
That age has marked my face with lines of
care;
My tottering steps and white hair show too
well—
By every move and look—old age is there.
My boyhood days, how bright they seem to me,
How brave was I, how valiant and how bold,
I was an offshoot from a sturdy tree,
But age has withered me—I'm growing old.

And then my youth—amid what pleasant
dreams
I spent the few short years that life began;
Youth's bright sun shed o'er my path its
beams—
What wonders I would do when once a man.
I longed to taste that independent life,
That life of which I often had been told,
With little care or knowledge of the strife,
Then I was young, and now—I'm growing old.

Then manhood came—ambition reached at last.
I brought a young wife home to share with me
The path that seemed with roses broadly cast,
Alas, poor fool, the thorns were did not see,
We both were poor, we had no store of wealth,
Our daily happiness was more than gold,
Till in our Eden death crept in by stealth—
Well, well, she's gone—and I am growing old.

Where are the elves that clustered 'round my
knee,
Where now the manly form—his fathers' pride?
Where now the blooming maiden, fair to see;
They're with their mother—on the other side,
And I'm waiting, waiting all alone,
But with a heart that never can grow cold
Until I meet them in that home,
Where one and all we never can grow old.

ICE JEWELRY.

A man awoke on a winter's day,
And shook his snowy head in play;
Then, from the crevice of his crown,
He flung the diamond jewels down,
Nor cared, so proud a king was he,
How fast he dropped them, far and free.

His bole, with moss and lichen flecked,
Was now with icy splendor decked,
Each tiny branch had clasped a gem
Full worth a royal diadem,
And every sleeping bud doth hold
A ruby, or a ring of gold.

The wind which the forest sighs,
Behold the monarch with surprise,
Who, yesterday in russet clad,
No mark of kingly grandeur had,
Yet she, the fairy of the north,
Has brought the transformation forth.

Like painter who with sudden art,
Has caught the vision of his heart,
And made the senseless canvass tell
A story which himself knows well—
The beautiful spirit of the ice
Has imaged here this fair device.

The sunshine for a moment glides
The structure which the spirit builds,
And casts an iridescent glow
O'er icy facet wreath of snow;
But when we turn to look again,
The pageant has dissolved in rain.

From the Aldine.

OUR REN.

The summer that I was twenty-two I
spent at home, in company with my sister
Meg and a schoolmate of hers from the A
Seminary—a Miss Lorence Pennoyer.
To say that Lorence was beautiful, would
not half express it. She was charming, be-
witching, dazzling—stunning—ah! that's
the word I've been in search of. Yes, she
was perfectly stunning. As near as I can
calculate, she was a perfect Juno! Decidedly
magnificent! Just such a woman as a
man of meek disposition would feel in duty
bound to worship. But, as I was not one
of those meek and lowly sort of men, I felt
no inclination to bow the knee to this truly
grand and really superb female. Still, she
awakened such feelings and emotions in
this heart of mine, as no other woman had
ever done. To be plain about the matter,
she raised the very dance with my heart,
before I had been acquainted with her
twenty-four hours.

Yes, she had bonnie blue eyes, and beau-
tiful dark brown hair; and then such a
mouth! Rich ripe lips that reminded me
of about three-quarters of a yard of red
(fine red) flannel. Her pearly teeth, when
she smiled, bore a very strong resemblance
to the "finger-board" of a grand piano; and

then that smile—ah! you should have seen
it! Comparatively speaking, condensed
sunshine was dim and misty beside it. The
extraordinary brilliancy of her smiles at
night fairly made the moon turn pale.

As I think I remarked before, her form
was superb. She measured just five feet
and nine inches "from tip to tip," and the
circumference of her delicate wasplike
waist was just forty-nine inches.

Dear reader, I ask you candidly, do you
think it possible for a human being with
the warm blood of youth and health cours-
ing like a courier along his veins, to look
upon so much beauty unmoved? "Ah! too
well I know your answer. To my fate I
meekly bow." I succumbed. "It is my des-
tiny," I said, "and destiny who shall re-
sist?"

My father, Josiah Grammot, is a wealthy
farmer. Being an only son, the paternal
Grammot wishes me to remain at home, get
married as soon as possible, and settle down.
Sister Meg, of course, would soon be mar-
ried; for being a Grammot, you know it
was impossible for her to be anything but
handsome, witty, agreeable and affectionate.
All the Grammots, so far back as we
know anything of them, have all possessed
the above mentioned qualities and personal
attractions. Even I, your humble servant,
Amariah Grammot, am noted for my good
looks, my amiable disposition, and my high
moral character.

Of course, as my father entertained such
hopes in regard to me, he could not but
look kindly upon the fair Lorence. Possess-
ing excellent good sense, and a great
deal of discernment, it was easy for him to
see how all things were working toward a
grand and glorious consummation.

I saw it, too—I felt it in my heart of
hearts. O what a happy summer we passed!
Methinks there is more exquisite happiness
in loving, as I did then, when you are not
positively sure that your passion is return-
ed. The beautiful woman whom you love,
but of whose feelings you are rather doubt-
ful, makes a peculiarly pleasant study.

Like reading a novel, after you learn the
plot, the book loses its greatest interest and
its principal charm. Not but that it is very
sweet to know that we are beloved; but
isn't the doubt excruciatingly blissful? I
thought so, at least, and it was for that very
reason that I delayed as long as possible to
break the pleasing spell. I luxuriated in
the doubt, though feeling at the same time
a strong desire to bet ten to one upon the
result.

But all earthly things must come to an
end. Angels' visits, I believe, generally
have a termination; and Lorence's visit
(she was an angel, though on a rather large
scale) at last reached its final. She must
go back to school. One term more,
and then she would be free.

It was the last evening before her depart-
ure. The moon shone brightly, the stars
twinkled gayly, and the crickets chirped
in the meadows. I've noticed in books,
that lovers generally choose such nights to
declare their passions. I did the same. Lo-
rence took my arm, and we walked down
through the grove, listening to the glad
song of the mosquitoes warbling their even-
ing lays.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, in tones
of rapture.
"Yes, very," Lorence answered, looking
straight at my nose, though whether she
had any reference to my nasal organ or not
history does not state.

"Lorence," I began, in a voice choked
with emotion, "to-morrow we part."
She sobbed, and just then a great tear
came splashing down her face, and striking
one side of my nose, came very near wash-
ing my mustache away.

"I shall be very unhappy when thou art
gone, Lorence."
(Sob No. 2.)
"I shall miss thee, I shall miss the soft
light of thine eyes, the sweet music of thy
voice, thy sunny smiles and thy dear com-
panionship."

(Several heavy sobs washed with dewy
tears. Very fine raw on the half shell.)
"Lorence, darling!" I cried, clasping her
to my patient palpitating bosom, "I have
learned to love thee in these happy weeks,
I have looked in thy smiles—my ears have
drunk in the melody of thy voice. Ah! I
darling! dearest Lorence! I love thee bet-
ter than all the world beside!"

"O, Am—am—a—riah—riah—riah!" she
sobbed. "I—I—I—"
"You do love me, darling!"
"Ye—ye—yes, I do—I do!" she answer-
ed, between her sobs.

I pressed her to my bosom once again,
and attempted to kiss the tears away. Ah,
as well might I have begun at the Missis-
sippi's delta to kiss the river dry. Those
tears (they were tears of joy, of course,) I
came rushing down upon me, very much, I
suspect, as I did the waters of the Red Sea
upon Pharaoh and his host. But I sur-
vived, and what is quite as strange, Lorence
did too. But our parting was terrible in

the extreme. I cannot describe it. Had a
short-hand reporter been upon the ground
at the time, I presume he might have done
the subject justice. But for my own part,
I was so overwhelmed with the thought
that I was about to lose my darling, that I
retain but a confused recollection of what
transpired. I only know that we parted;
Lorence went back to school, and I was
left alone in my misery.

How my heart ached when she was gone,
those who have "loved and lost" can tell.
"My peaceful home had no charm for me."
I lived upon hope and Lorence's letters;
and, between you and me, my gentle
reader, I found neither one very nutritious,
I grew very thin and pale. Father noticed
it and was alarmed. He recommended a
change of scene, and as my uncle, Amos
Grammot, was very anxious that I should
visit him in the city, I did so now.

Uncle Amos was pleased to see me, and
he did all in his power to make my visit
pleasant; and I confess to being moderat-
ely happy while there, considering that my
beloved Lorence was so far away.

I was in the habit, while in the city, of
visiting the public library nearly every
day. In fact, hardly a day passed over my
head that I did not spend several hours in
the reading-room. After a time I began
to recognize others who were as constant
in their attendance at the library as myself.
One old gentleman in particular, interest-
ed me more than all the others. I had always
found him there when I went in, and left
him there when I went away. He seemed
to take but little interest in those around,
but kept his eyes intently fixed upon a
book before him, hardly ever raising them.

Except it was to take a pinch of snuff, of
which I discovered he was more than or-
dinary fond. He might have been fifty
years of age, or over, of medium size, and
rather inclined to corpulency. His hair
was slightly gray, eyes large and blue, nose
aquiline, mouth rather broad with very firm
lips, though much inclined to curl into a
smile.

He always appeared dressed in a suit of
dark gray cloth from head to foot, and
wore a very glossy black beaver upon his
head, and a heavy gold chain across his vest.
Besides, I noticed a massive gold ring upon
his finger, which from the brilliancy of the
stone I took for a diamond. To all appear-
ance he was a gentleman, and probably
moderately well off in the world.

Precisely it was a fortnight after I had
first noticed him in the library, that I met
him on the street. He was smoking a cigar
and walking leisurely along, swinging a
heavy gold-headed cane. I bowed and
touched my hat, and he saluted me in re-
turn. An hour after I met him again at
the library. He saw me when I came in,
and leaving his chair, he came over and
took a seat beside me, and we entered into
conversation.

We discussed several questions to our
hearts content, when suddenly the gentle-
man turned upon me with the question:
"Do you know the Grammots, of C—?"
"Certainly, sir," I replied. "That is my
native town, and in fact, I am a Grammot."

"I was sure of it—sure of it," the old
gentleman cried. "You are Josiah Gram-
mot's son?"
"The very same."

"Why, bless you, boy, I knew your father
well—went to school with him, in fact,
Didn't he ever tell you anything about his
old friend, Abel Chilcott?"

"Of course he has, many a time; and of-
ten I have heard him express the wish that
he might see you again," I replied.
"To be sure, to be sure; and here I've
been talking of going down to C—for the
last ten years. Why only a day or
two ago, I was speaking to my wife about
Josiah—she knew him well. Your father
will remember her. She was an Overton
—an Captain Overton's daughter—used to
live in that old red house over 'tother side
of Muggins Hill. Well, well, how times
have changed! I've changed, too—have
been most all over the world, since I was
in C— Josiah's been prosperous, of
course, nothing to hinder, with half of the
Grammot property for his own. I hadn't
anything to commence life with. Had to
begin alone and take all the hard knocks,
and give 'em back, too. Well, well, well,
and so you are Josiah's son? Are you the
only child?"

"I have one sister, sir."
"Ah, indeed!" And so the old gentleman
kept rattling on for half an hour. When I
arose to go, he invited me to call upon him
at his house.

"You must come up, my boy, I want to
have a good long talk with you."
I promised to do so, and not only made
the promise good, but finding my visit so
agreeable, I spent at least three evenings a
week at his house.

In this way two months passed swiftly
by. About that time I received a letter
from my dear Lorence, saying that as soon
as the school should close, she should hurry

home where she intended to stop a week,
and then she should go to C—to visit my
sister. There was only one thing that seem-
ed to trouble the dear creature, and that
was the fear that her father, who it seems
was a very "stern parent," might put a
stop to our correspondence, as up to that
time none of her family knew anything of
it.

We had neither of us thought of this be-
fore, or at least if I had, I supposed that by
going to the paternal Pennoyer and stating
our case, he would at once give his consent
to our union. But I did not let this trouble
me a great deal, for about this time some-
thing arose that gave me plenty of food for
thought.

You see, Mr. Chilcott and his wife had
grown very fond of me from some reason
or other. My uncle hinted to me that my
father had been a lover of Mrs. Chilcott's
in the days of her girlhood, but whether
that had anything to do with that lady's
interest in my welfare, I know not. Only
know that it became very distasteful to me
being carried to such an extent, for, will
you believe it? Mr. and Mrs. Chilcott had
put their heads together and selected a wife
for me!

I cannot undertake to describe my feel-
ings when Mr. Chilcott first introduced the
subject. I was completely stunned.
"Why, my dear sir, I am engaged!" I
cried.

"Fudge!"
"I am a man of honor, Mr. Chilcott."
"Not another girl like her in the world,
boy! Sweet, sensible, handsome, agreeable,
affectionate—everything in fact, that a man
needs in a wife. I tell you, my boy, my
niece Ren is a perfect jewel!"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it, my
dear sir; but you see it is impossible!"
"Fudge!"
"You are unreasonable, Mr. Chilcott."
"Not a bit of it. You haven't seen her
—my Ren. She's coming to-day. Call up
this evening, boy. This rushing headlong
into matrimony, sir, with an ordinary wo-
man, when my Ren is to be had for the ask-
ing, is altogether unreasonable. I want
she should have a good husband, and you
are just the man for her. I don't know of
another young man that I would recom-
mend to her, and 'pon honor, she's the only
girl I could recommend to you. I shall ex-
pect you up this evening. I only want you
to see her, and I'll go bail for the rest. Now
don't disappoint me!" and Mr. Chilcott
turned on his heel and left the library.

After thinking the matter over deliber-
ately, I concluded to go. It was to be my
last night in the city, and I felt secure a-
gainst all the arts a woman could bring to
bear against me in one evening. "Of course
she can't compare with my dear Lorence,"
I said.

Ah, how the thought of her thrilled my
soul! I had not seen her for three months,
but still my heart beats just as warm and
true as ever. That evening I called upon
Mr. Chilcott. That gentleman answered
the bell in person, and ushered me into the
parlor. Mrs. Chilcott greeted me, and then
I turned towards the sofa, where I had
caught just a glimpse of a young lady re-
clining, as I entered the room. "Of course
she can't compare with my dear Lorence,"
I said.

"Am I dreaming?" I cried. "No, no,
those eyes! that nose! those pearls and rub-
ies! it is, it is my Lorence!"
We fell into each other's arms.
"Why, what the deuce—" cried Mr. Chil-
cott. "I thought you were engaged?"
"And so I am, my dear sir; and this is
the lady, whom I have sworn to love."

"What, our Ren?"
"Yes, your Ren," the dear creature an-
swered.

"Bless my stars, Mrs. Chilcott, we shan't
make the match after all!"
"Well, but you can help us," I said.
"How, my dear boy?"
"Obtain Mr. Pennoyer's consent to our
marriage."

"Of course, I will," and of course he
did, for just six weeks from that day, I led
the beautiful, magnificent, dazzling, stun-
ning and blushing Lorence Pennoyer to the
altar, and we two were made one flesh.

AMERICAN IRON IN ENGLAND.—The Manches-
ter, England, Examiner says:
Much discussion was some time ago occasion-
ed respecting a shipment of American iron for
sale and use in England. It was thought at
the time that finished iron had been sent across
from the States, but the explanation was that
the transaction was an experimental consign-
ment of good pig iron. The iron in question
was a lot of Alabama and Georgia pig, for which
the makers had hoped to get £3 per ton, but
when sold in Liverpool it did not realise more
than £7 net. Still £7 left a profit, though a
very small one. Our Wolverhampton corre-
spondent has authority for saying that the Corn-
wall Iron Company, of Coder Bluff, Chrooke-

County, Alabama, are preparing to ship to the
same destination 100 tons of their charcoal (pig)
iron, and they have secured freight from Savan-
nah to Liverpool at 10s. per ton. The compar-
ative nearness in point of cost of this country
to the pig making furnaces in the Southern
States is to be observed in the fact that the first
consignment was conveyed to Liverpool at only
\$1 a ton more than it would have cost to take
the same iron from the furnaces to Cincinnati.

A man who had a very small wife being ask-
ed why he chose one so small, said that he had
heard it said that among evil things choose the
least.

How does a pitcher of water differ from a
man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is
water in the pitcher, and the other pitch her
in the water.

A man who was sentenced to be hung was
visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would
you like the children to see you executed?"
"No," replied he. "That's just like you," said
she, "you never wanted the children to have
any enjoyment."

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

SPRING, 1875.

—美—

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