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## Poetry.

### DRIFTING.

Echoes of cathedral music  
Heard—it may be—long ago,  
Lived with us unforgetten,  
Haunt us still and love and grow;  
They are drifting, softly drifting  
Through the wild west of life,  
Golden organ-notes, uplifting  
Weary souls above the strife.

Through the clamours of the city,  
Round our outer being roll,  
Still those sacred notes are filling  
All the chambers of our soul;  
As if touched by hands immortal,  
Stray cords, tremulous with love,  
Drifting through some open portal,  
Of the wondrous church above.

When the summer sunset lingers  
Low above the crimson West,  
And the weary hands are folded  
With the blessed sense of rest;  
Then we listen—strengthened, soothed  
By the magic of that strain,  
Till the furrowed brow is smoothed  
And the heart grows young again.

They are drifting softly drifting,  
Through the great world's daily strife,  
Golden organ-notes that tell us  
Of a new and better life;  
Low, clear music, sweetly blending  
With the spirit's voiceless cry;  
Under tones that have no ending  
Echoes of eternity!

## Interesting Tale.

### JACK ROCHESTER'S WONDERFUL FORTUNE.

Seventy years ago, in free and happy England, a hale hearty youth might be taking a walk for a few minutes, his day's work being done, and he would never again get back to his work, and might never again see his home, for in this free and happy England he might at that date have been pounced upon by the press-gang and carried off to sea. Not long before the beginning of this century men were commonly hanged for stealing sheep; but the press-gang could steal a man, and so far from being hanged for it, the robbers received so much blood-money for the capture.

It was a cheerful time for England, speaking satirically, a period when Nelson was victorious over the French, in wars that had no purpose in them; when the taxes were so heavy that England was starving; and when men were so afraid of being torn from their homes to serve in his Majesty's navy, that many a brave man, with a wife and family about him that he loved, would amputate a finger, or even have an eye put out, in order to avoid compulsory service in the navy—be arguing that it was better to lose a finger or an eye, than to be torn from wife, family, country, liberty and life.

No doubt it is all very well to fight for one's country, and no grander or greater cause can be borne than that of suffering for the land of one's birth. But to be seized in the street, simply because you happen to be there, and be compelled to fight in a cause of which you know nothing—well, it was hard.

Such was the common process of recruiting his Majesty's navy in Nelson's time. A ship went into action, and lost a score or fifty men. The next thing to be done was to recruit the crew, and the first hearty man that could be seized served the captain's turn. Foreigners, so long as they could speak English, and especially negroes, were pounced upon with equal avidity as that displayed at home; and so the navy prospered, and did not vote those delightful songs we all know.

The wonder is that men pressed into the navy under such circumstances fought at all. On the contrary, they battled like lions, as the maritime history of France surely proves.

To get to the tale.  
They christened him Jack Rochester for two reasons. In the first place, he was found in Rochester, on the borders of the hospital, in that town, for seven poor travellers; and, in the second place, because, when found, he was cradled in a fishbasket, which had, said a knowing one in angling, held Jack.

There was the poor deserted child, in a common little blue nightgown, and lying upon straw, perfectly good-natured, and ready for a smile. He was in fair condition; he had not been neglected. There he was, trying to suck some nourishment out of a dattered old silver-crested teacup, the one treasure that he had with him except his health.

He said the waterman, who found him early

one April morning, and who was a wit, it is better to be born lucky than rich. The Lord knows this infant—don't look wealthy-like; but he is born, as far as we know on, with a silver spoon in his mouth, and who knows what will come of it?

Much didn't come of it at first, for the workhouse authorities were indignant at the desertion, and tried hard to find the mother, if not the father. But when Sam Hoyerley, the waterman, who had made the discovery, offered to adopt the young 'un, upon one condition—that he should be named 'Jack Rochester, because he was found in Rochester, and in a Jack-basket—the authorities smiled with a sense of superiority, pitied the want of common sense on the part of the Chatham ferryman—and accepted his offer.

Perhaps Mary Hoyerley did, in the first place, venture upon some very strong expressions and opinions as to the desertion of the young stranger, and Sam's knowledge thereof; but the boy was so wonderfully good-natured, and there was a something so taking and homely in the little outside face, that the good woman was soon ashamed of her suspicions, and admitted that she was wrong.

Sam was a youngster in those days—about the time of the Gordon riots—and though certainly not good-looking, a capital fellow in his way—that of a jovial ferryman on the Medway; and not any the less jovial because he knew his club-foot, slight as was the deformity, saved him from the press-gang.

Years went on, and when Mrs. Hoyerley's second child was born—another girl, much to the disappointment of Sam's wife and her husband—the good woman almost regretted that, six years before, and three previously to the birth of her first child, she and Sam had adopted the deserted child.

And yet she liked the boy almost as well as she did her own children. Even at that age (six), his style cropped out. At that tender number of years, he had to be picked off ladders, and trees, and various other places, whether he had climbed, and whence he could not descend. He was always good tempered; and when he got a rope's ending he was very civil—but never would show a tear.

He tumbled into the river over and over again; he was nearly run over a dozen times; he escaped death in a score of ways with almost miraculous ability, and always came up smiling, good humoured, and ready for anything.

That there boy was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, said Sam; and I say it again, again all the world, it's better to be born lucky than rich. When Jack was but fifteen years of age, he paid Sam Hoyerley, one black night on the Medway, for all his goodness and gentle charity.

Sam Hoyerley had cast his bread upon the water, and after many days he found it there. Jack had taken wonderfully to the water, and being remarkably strong of his age, he was, by fifteen, nearly as useful as Sam himself in the ferry-boat—Sam, who was now about fifty years of age.

The two were crossing the Medway, after ferrying a couple of farmers, late from market, to the Strood side of the river, when a vessel which had slipped her anchor, the watch being evidently either not set, or asleep, drifted down upon the poor little ferry-boat, which had her light at the bow, and cut her silently down in the darkness.

In a moment 'Dad-and-Sonny' as they called each other, were in the water. Both could swim, and both came to the surface.

Sonny!  
All right, dad.  
Are you hurt?  
No; and I've got one of the oars. Hoi! ship ahoy!

At your luck. I ain't got no oar, and I've got no ship ahoy!  
Going down, dad?

Ay! I'm hit on the back, and I can't move my legs; they're dead like. Hoi! ship ahoy!  
I can swim; take the oar. I'm a-comin'.

He swam towards the place from whence the old man's voice came.

Meanwhile, Sam called loudly for help; but his calls of 'Ship, ahoy! were only answered by some rollicking, drunken sailors on shore.

Here ye are, dad.  
The broken-backed ferryman grasped the oar and said, 'Here's luck! Any one else 'ud 'av missed me.

Dad, I'll swim ashore (they were in mid stream) and be back in no time.

Ay, you'll reach shore; you're lucky, sonny; but I shall go down, too.

Don't do the white feather, dad.

Jack, if I'm gone when you come back, look after the old woman and gals; I've been a sort of father to you.

Oh, dad, don't 'on talk like that.

You'll do it for 'em. You was born lucky; and mark me, you'll make a hit when a score would

make a miss.

Dad, I can't leave you, if you're agoin' down. I don't say that, boy; but the longer as you're in the water the numm'd you'll be. Let go, lad, and come back for me, if the can. Anyhow, if I go down, and see Rochester and Chatham lights for the last time, I'll know they'll keep thy word, and heaven sends 'ee luck.

But, dad—

Steady, lad; and swim slow.

The boy had always been obedient; and in the simplest possible way, in the world, Good night, dad, if we don't ferry again together, adieu to the slow, slimy Medway.

It was good night, they never ferried together again. When the boy rowed to the spot, with plenty of help and lanterns they found the old slowly drifting—for the tide was just at flood—but no Sam Hoyerley.

He had gone down.

From that moment, Mrs. Hoyerley never forgave herself for having quarrelled with that she and Sam had done wrong to take in Jack Rochester. He was but fifteen, but then and there he began to gain a poor living for the widow and her girls; the elder but twelve, the younger nine. He always fired the worst of the four, and yet his luck brought him health and cheerfulness, and therefore content.

O, course there is no such thing as luck. We make or mar our lives, or have them made or marred for us; as yet on the other hand, it is good to possess, as starting points in life, sharp brains, good looks, better temper, and strong arms. These were Jack Rochester's fortunes, not counting the wonderful teaspoon.

For five years did Jack Rochester gain the living of Sam's widow and her two children; and he was twenty; and Molly, as the eldest girl was called, seventeen; Lizzy being four, and Mrs. Hoyerley about fifty five; when all these happy people, contented in their poverty, were ruthlessly crushed by the occurrence of his Majesty's navy.

They lived in a little hut by the water's side, near the ferry; and there then these simple people had enjoyed their innocent pleasures—their sea-giving, their pigeons, and Jack's bit of amateur carpentering.

One fair summer evening, when the birds were tucking their heads under wings and the more civilized pigeons were thinking of turning in for the night, a posse of men rushed upon the narrow premises, and seized Jack Rochester—Jack, who had hitherto been so lucky.

It was a press-gang from a ship short of hands, that had only the day previously anchored in the Medway. The physician had formed part of one of Nelson's fleets, and had been ordered home to repair and recruit.

At that time the British navy, owing to the constant drains made upon it, was composed of a national and the sky, and they were as often clothed in the most outrageous dress as.

Jack Rochester's good luck seemed to be failing him. He had no chance against half a dozen unscrupulous men, who were deaf to the entreaties of the poor woman, Mrs. Hoyerley, and who told of sparring Molly, who was not ashamed of her love, and clung to Jack desperately, that she must find another sweet heart, for that Jack must go to fight for King George upon his throne.

I'll go easy, he said, but let me just hug my man and the lassie.

The good natured lad hugged his adopted mother and the poor girl, until the press-gang yelled with laughter; nor was their merriment any the less, when, as they dragged him off at last, the piz called out, Mam, go, go, go! I take care of my silver spoon! My luck! in the silver spoon!

Six months afterwards the good woman, reduced to the utmost poverty, was sorely tempted to part with that silver spoon in question; but she fought against the temptation, and, as she said, not another month afterwards, if she had let it go, her luck would have gone with it; for, to a fine lady made some enquiry of the good woman, asked about her adopted son, was introduced to, at a celebrated piece of plate which had been found in Jack's mouth when he had been found in the fish basket; and thereupon did so interest her in the poor woman, that she took her into service as a house-keeper, and was good enough to place the old daughter as an apprentice to a dress-maker.

The luck is in the spoon said Mrs. Hoyerley, who remarked some time after this result. Well, wherever Jack is he knows well how to tell good when it sees it; for Mr. Whitson taught him that; and may good luck go with him!

This reference was for a Jeweller a young friend of Jack's, to whom the fondling had often said that he knew some day he would be rich, and that he should find gold. Whereupon, Whitson had not only told him how to test it, but had given him an apparatus for so doing, and which Jack had always carried in a leather roll in one of his pockets.

Meanwhile poor Jack Rochester had, sailed away, an item of his Majesty's navy, originally a poor look out towards making a fortune—

But his cheerfulness never for one moment deserted him. He fully believed in his luck, some what may.

As for Mrs. Hoyerley she did not know what to think, when three months after Jack Rochester's departure, she had the offer. This was the week after her petroness had read to her the end letter the boy had sent home—a letter ill-spelt enough, for in those days few of the humble could read, much less write; and it was only Jack's luck which had got him something like some education.

That offer was for her daughter Molly, and came from a small squire, an elderly gentleman who had frequently visited the ferry house, apparently being interested in the humble family there living.

Yes, Mrs. Hoyerley did indeed, whether the luck she had looked upon that piece of silver plate as producing was still holding out to her when Squire Rankley made an offer of marriage with her elder child.

Molly stoutly resisted. At seventeen we are not dazzled with riches; we prefer to be blinded by love! Squire Rankley, indeed! 'Twas like his impudence—certainly not!

But her refusal was not the end of this piece of business.

No letter came from Jack Rochester for twelve months; and Mrs. Merton the lady with whom the mother was living, appeared almost as interested, interested in the boy's fate as Mrs. Hoyerley herself.

Then things took a worse turn. Mrs. Merton, the lady who employed Mrs. Hoyerley, becoming acquainted with Squire Rankley, soon learned that the Squire was enamoured of the housekeeper's daughter; and she having her plans to lay out, at once betrayed great interest in the young girl, and endeavored to bring about the match. But the girl herself would not consent to it.

Mrs. Merton insisted, but Molly resisted, and the consequence was that her mother was discharged from her situation as housekeeper.

[To be continued.]

What is it?—A millionaire of Paris wrote Scribe:—My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and to permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we will share the glory? To which Scribe answered:—My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because religious teaches it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together. To which the millionaire replied:—Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?

A faithful old dog who had run with a Louisville fire company for years, and always made it a part of his duty to keep people from standing on the hose at fires, fell a victim the other day to misplaced confidence in a policeman and a piece of poisoned liver. The engine company turned out and gave the old fellow a big funeral; but they did not enjoy it half so much as they would if the funeral had been the policeman's.

WALKING.—A mathematical young man calculates that during a period of five years he has walked thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-three miles in visiting his sweetheart. How far must he travel, we wonder to walk into her affections. Not far!

Ducks are said to do good service in exterminating the potato bug. A gentleman of Piqua, Ohio, put a pair of Muscovy into his potato patch, which was literally swarming with the bugs. The ducks ate the bugs with such voracity that the latter were soon exterminated, and the patch has not since been troubled with them. The ducks did not appear to suffer any ill effects from eating the bugs; and were not slow in taking in that they could discover. The duck remedy is certainly worthy of attention.

One night, in a thunder storm, we thought the little ones all asleep, when a little voice, from the "cradle bed" called out, "Oh mother, the darkness is winking! First it shut up, and then it shut a down."

"Told that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge, the other morning to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady, wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed, "I am no man, sir!" "Then," said his honor, "I am no judge."

They contend in an English court that a gentleman who says "howsoever," is not a gentleman.

A Mrs. Lytle Sherman was arrested in New Jersey on the 1st, charged with having poisoned three husbands and two stepchildren, the offspring of her last husband by a former marriage. On being arrested she gave no ap-

pearance of guilt, and asserted her innocence, but proofs of her guilt are positive.

### Raspberry Season in Ontario.

In many sections during the month of July, may be seen budding over logs, or half covered among underbrush, bushes red with wholesome raspberries. A berry patch often covers an area of several hundred acres, affording excellent picking for all who choose to engage. A great quantity of this fruit is not allowed to waste on the bushes or to be eaten by the birds, but hundreds of people yearly improve the opportunity a bountiful Providence has given them of securing it.

Beneath the burning rays of the summer's sun, sheltered by their broad fringed hats, the stout hearted pickers go forth. Scrambling over logs piled high upon each other, or crawling upon all fours beneath these suspended just high enough above ground, they work their way from bush to bush gathering the finest of samples, those growing on the open ground being generally shrivelled by the heat of the sun. After enduring a considerable amount of fatigue, they come from the patch usually well loaded with the fruit; but their work does not always end here. The Dutch, who undoubtedly are the best pickers in Ontario, supply our markets with large quantities of these berries. Sturdy men and women, with equally robust looking boys and girls, who have just commenced life in the backwoods, and who know more about hardships than we at first may imagine, may be seen trudging along towards the nearest market. The load that each one carries is often enormous. Large pails filled with this pious fruit are carried one on each arm, while a third is borne upon the head. We can see them in two making bargains with their Canadian neighbors. Some can only speak a few words of broken English; enough however to make known that the fruit is of the choicest quality—as good as the best they have seen since they have left their fadder-land.

Notwithstanding the eagerness of these needy people to obtain fair prices for their fruit, it is often taken from them we are sorry to say, for some far below its real value; the purchaser being individuals who's hands never felt a hammer, and who care but little for the welfare of the poor.—[From New Dominion Monthly for July.]

A gentleman who carries round the contribution box in one of the Episcopal churches in New York, is made the subject of an unpleasant communication in the 'Church Weekly.' While taking up the offering, this staid Christian bore a bank bill in his hand, with a view of making the flock think that he intended to put it into the plate, instead of which he stiffly placed it in his coat tail pocket and when he got back to his pew, he returned it to his wallet.

### Napoleon the Second.

There was a time when, if the son of Napoleon had been presented to the French people, they would have chosen him Emperor by acclamation. Many a fair lady, hand gallant soldier were fain to kiss his hand, as the hand of their Sovereign during his long exile. But whether from fear of the Austrian Court, or from natural timidity, the Duke of Reichstadt, ever shrank from these royal approaches. He seemed to have with all his self-consciousness as the heir of Napoleon, with all his wild dreams of future eminence, an instinctive conviction that his hopes would never end in attainment. What a Hamlet struggle his whole life was!

Are we wrong in seeing in the fate of this poor boy a continuance of Napoleon's divinely inflicted punishment. His seed was not to inherit the earth, however meek and mild and affectionate it might be. The son of the daughter of Austria's Emperor, for whom he had put away from him his lawful wife, was to be a jackal and a prisoner, a prey to ambition which had no energy, and agitated by aspirations which denied achievement; while the children and descendants of the man whom he so cruelly rejected were destined to occupy the very positions among the nations of Europe which it is his eyes constituted the highest happiness. Justice of this kind is to meet with in fact as well in fiction; and it is not limited in its operations to the aspirants after thrones.—[New Dominion Monthly for July.]

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was the senior editor. The imperial autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

A new comic journal, called the 'Black and White' is announced in England.

Wanted, a boot for the foot of the stairs. A key to undo a box on the ears.



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