

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

X VARIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

POST-PAID.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

No. 47.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 22, 1876.

Vol. 43.

## Poetry.

### OUR SCHOOL DAYS.

BY T. HAGAN.

Crowded back, we look upon them—  
Past, yes, past—forever gone—  
Scenes of pleasure, hours of treasure,  
Sweet to gaze and look upon;  
Past, yet, like a fleeting moment,  
Oh they constitute an age;  
Butling forth from earliest childhood,  
Soon we turn life's gayest page.

Mingling with our infant comrades,  
Life stamped naught upon our mind;  
But when school days dawned upon us,  
Footprints, then, were left behind.

Traces of a new-born era  
On the way by which we trod  
Like the plough which marks its furrow,  
Leaves behind the upturned sod.

Thus do we gain peace and silence  
Wander thoughtfully through the field,  
Gathering flowers of early childhood,  
Fragrant with life's morning seal;

Straight, perhaps, our course has led us,  
Sweety smells each glowing flower,  
Panted well and watered duly,  
Index of a happy hour.

Not alone we find we're laboring,  
Manly hands came to our aid;  
Cheering words, like dew of heaven,  
Gave a vigor not to fade.

Helping hands and loving comrades  
Made our interests all but one,  
While our troubles, light and narrow,  
Soon were lost in blissful fun.

Deeds we're now the span of boyhood,  
With its memories flooding on,  
Like the hooves of a river,  
Ever bears its tide along.

Launched upon more mill'd waters  
And bent by greater fear,  
Swift our bark floats down the current,  
And the verdant leaf grows rare.

Faint no then—yes, step to ponder  
How our happy school days sped;  
Years roll'd by and days long number'd—  
Would we could again but wed.

Thus we look upon life's morning,  
Ere the sun of a boyhood sun;  
Veering round, it should leave us—  
Thus the face of life is run.

### END OF A FEUD.

In a certain quarter of Kentucky, noted for family feuds, there lived, some years ago, a young man named Martin Hazen. The Hazens had been through many years of enmity with a family named Morgan, by a member of which Martin's own father had been killed in a desperate encounter, while he was yet a child. Martin was now the only male member of the family left, and he had grown up to manhood with the bit of his father's sword as a guardian and teaching of his widowed mother.

She had not taught him the lesson of hatred. She had told him of his impetuous father's death—that she hoped to see no more tragedy—and admonished him, although he might never like the Morgans, to cherish no thought of revenge.

The Morgans were four in number—Henry, a desperate and revengeful man, by whose hands old Mr. Hazen had fallen; his two sons, James and Ephraim, much like him; and his daughter Esther, who was not like him, but who, with a lovely face, possessed the sweet and gentle nature of her mother, whom sorrow had years before hurried to the grave.

The two families lived in the same community, Martin and Esther frequently met—in the village at church, and at social parties, and notwithstanding the feud that had cast a shadow on both homes, they loved each other; and to the unbounded rage of Henry Morgan and his sons, who hated Martin for his father's sake, they deliberately went and got married.

Esther and Martin well knew that she must not care to visit her old home again after that, so she went with him to the home of the Hazens, and they did not see any of the Morgans for months.

But Martin was warned that he was in danger, and he knew the Morgans too well to doubt it. While he desired to live at peace with them he determined not to fall as his father had fallen if he could help it. Like most people in that section, and at that time, he went armed when away from home; and besides being one of that class of persons scarcely susceptible of fear, he was one of the

best shots with a rifle or a pistol in that community.

One evening in autumn, just at dusk, a few months after the marriage, he was riding home from the village on a spirited horse, when the Morgans suddenly came into his mind. He thought over the strange history of the two families, and began talking to himself as he rode leisurely along.

"How unfortunate—how foolish it is," he mused, "that this enmity should exist through whole generations, merely because remote ancestors quarreled over a line of fence, or the ownership of a tract of pig!—They hate me; I do not fear them, yet I'd like to be reconciled. I think I shall see them and talk it over. I believe I could reason them into fairness. How to approach them though—"

He was then riding by a little grove of timber, from which three men sprang into the road. One grasped the bridle-rein, while two stood with their rifles leveled upon him. It was not yet so dark but that he recognized his assailants. They were the Morgans. It was Ephraim who held his bridle-rein, while his father and James menaced him with their rifles.

"Oh, Hazen!" said the old man, with an air of triumph, "we've got you! You won't see the sun rise to-morrow, you independent young dog! You'll be with your father before that. What's more, you'll steal no more daughters of mine. Stop that. Don't offer to reach for that shooter!" he said, as Martin's hand moved toward his pistol pocket. "At best you're but a minute to live while I tell you why I am going to shoot you, and how glad I am to wipe out the last Hazen; but none of your ticks, or you won't live a second!"

Martin Hazen, sitting in the saddle with the calmness of the tall trees by the roadside that looked in the gathering darkness like grim spectres frowning upon the terrible scene, felt that it was no time now to reason with his enemies, and he dismissed the thought. He waited, motionless, for Henry Morgan to speak again, for he knew that the revengeful man would love to gloat over him before slaying him, and that his sons would wait his command. Henry Morgan, with the rifle still leveled, went on:

"Yes, young Hazen, the last of your race—"

Quick as a flash, Martin snatched his revolver from his pocket, and dropping his face up at the feet of the led, which stood in the center of the road, and placing himself in a low chair near the door, and just as he had attained his favorable position, the Morgans discovered the trick that had been played upon them, and found themselves surrounded with a large revolver in the hands of a very cool and brave man.

"Henry Morgan," said Martin, "you and your sons are at my mercy. Don't move. You know how I handle this revolver. Move but a hair's breadth, any of you, and I fire to kill."

They stood transfixed. They were not cowards, but they did not possess the cool moral courage of Martin, and the surprise to which they had been treated completely unmanned them. To complete their confusion, Martin gave the signal, and Mrs. Hazen and Esther came in.

"Why, girl!" exclaimed Henry Morgan, "how in the—"

"Not a word, the talking now. There are chairs near you; sit down. Do you hear?" said he pointing the revolver at each one in return, with such rapidity that he seemed to cower all at once.

"Mr. Morgan," Martin proceeded, "I have all your lives in my hand. Our families have been at enmity for generations—God knows for what. You certainly have no reason to hate me. I have never harmed you. I have only offended you by marrying Esther. This should rather have made us good friends. You killed my father, and have twice tried to murder me. Now I have you in my power, but I am not going to kill you. I am willing to forget and forgive the past. Although you are a revengeful man, Henry Morgan, I believe you have a generous nature. Now attend: If after this you try to harm me, I will not spare you; but if you will be reconciled, take my hand a say so: I will trust you, for I know that you and your sons are men that will not lie. Will you do it, or will you depart with the same old hat on in your hand?"

Henry Morgan had been sitting with lowered eyes, his empty rifle poised up in one knee. He had fronted at first, apparently with suppressed rage, but now his better nature seemed to possess him, and after a moment of thoughtful silence he arose, left his rifle standing against the wall, walked across the room, took Martin by the hand and said:

"Hazen, you have made me ashamed of

myself. There's my hand. Let's forget and forgive all round. Now you are my friend and son-in-law."

The young Morgans, catching the same true spirit, shook hands with Martin, and between the brave youth and those rough men there was a reconciliation that was sincere and abiding. They had tried to murder him; now they would have killed a dozen men to defend him. Martin tossed his revolver on the bed, for he knew he could safely do so. Rough men as the Morgans had been all their lives, there was truth in them—Martin knew it. And the feud between the Morgans and the Hazens was at an end forever and ever.

**AN INGENIOUS PLEA.**  
An Old Story—Which bears Repeating.

A soldier by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is this given:—

Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had he said neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He looked first at one card and then at another. The sergeant saw him and said: "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard a prisoner and brought him before the mayor.

"Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have no Bible or common prayer book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the three it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish and were shut out."

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made, and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the ten lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. These were nine out of the ten who never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the king it reminds me of the great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought him her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so he told by that."

"Well, said the mayor, you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not say the mayor, if you will not term me to be the knave."

"Well, said the soldier, the greatest knave I know of is the constable who bro't me here."

"I don't know," said the mayor, if he is the greatest knave, but I know that he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards I find 365—as many as there are days in the year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and, on counting the number of tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So, you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer book."

THUNDER! WHAT A CAT!—A few evenings ago Alvy Moody was paying a visit to his daikema. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while Alvy told his story of love.

The muttered words reached the parent's ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.

"Drive it out! here!" thundered paterfamilias.

"Scat!" screamed Mary; and then, sotto voce, "Alvy, neow a little."

Alvy set up a woful yell.

"Confound it! bring a light," and scaro the the thing out."

This was too much, and poor Alvy made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him.

"Thunder! what a cat!" exclaimed the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought. "I have never seen anything like it! Its tail is made of broadcloth!" as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.

A RARE PIECE OF PROPERTY.—Young Toddeley was a true-hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Lofter. It so happened that Toddeley became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned, he asked Mr. Lofter to recommend him to the father, Lofter being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed, and performed his mission; but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Lofter said he did not know, but he would enquire.—The next time he saw his young student, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength, and a determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well, said the lawyer, who believed the student was in every way worthy, let us see. What will you take for your right leg? I will give you twenty thousand dollars for it."

Of course Toddeley refused.

"The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father, he said—

"I have enquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank, but he owns a piece of property for which to my certain knowledge he has been offered, and has refused, twenty thousand dollars."

"This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end he had reason and good ones, to be proud of his son-in-law; though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match, "If it could not take wings, it was liable at any time to walk off!"

A boy was asked which was the greatest evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified priest; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag round them," exclaimed the child.

A fastidious English lady, on her travels stopped temporarily at the big cabin of a literary trapper in Oregon, and seeing the essays of Carlyle and Macaulay on the table, asked the frontiersman what the tho't of those authors. "Oh!" said the frontiersman, then fellers is some pumpkin.—"They kin sling 'em; they ken, now I tell you."

A French paper tells the following: "A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. 'Set some traps,' replied an officer, and they'll come." I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**

Free from Alcohol.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a powerful blood purifier and a perfect restorative of the system. They are composed of the most valuable medicinal ingredients, and are adapted to all cases of weakness, nervousness, and general debility. They are especially recommended for the treatment of all cases of anemia, chlorosis, and other blood diseases. They are also a valuable remedy for all cases of indigestion, constipation, and other ailments of the digestive system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists and dealers. They are also sold by the Druggists and Dealers.

Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy available