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Poetry.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you wore my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

T'is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling I down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

Miscellany.

CAROLINE RAY'S TRIALS.

BY JENNIE THOMAS.

Come, Carrie, put by your work. What is the use of trying those pretty eyes by this uncertain twilight? Lay aside that everlasting needle and ink away.

It was an exquisite room, frescoed in sea-green and gold, with sweeping curtains of emerald velvet, and a Persian carpet whose tint seemed almost like woven sunshine. A stand of hot-house flowers—heliotrope, roses, and wax-white camellias—occupied the deep bay window, and a bright fire of ruddy anthracite glowed between the polished bars of the grate, whilst the last rays of the February sunset glimmered through the superb plate-glass casements.

Kenneth Anley was leaning against the carved water lilies of the Italian marble mantle, idly with his heavy brown moustache, and watching the downcast lashes of the beautiful girl who sat sewing beside him. For she was unmistakably beautiful, with a bloomy pink-and-white complexion like wild-hazel blossoms, large china-blue eyes, and hair of the richest chestnut brown, and as she smiled, you could see the dimples breaking into pearly dots round the cherry-red outline of a ripe rose mouth.

No, she said, shaking her head with pretty demureness. Mrs. Smythe wants to wear this dress to-morrow morning, and I haven't a single moment to lose!

Nonsense! ejaculated the young man—Has Mrs. Smythe any right to work you to death, because you happen to be her cousin?

You forget, Mr. Anley; that I am very poor, and Mrs. Smythe has given me the shelter of a home!

And therefore you are to be her night-ness white slave for the remainder of your days.

Carrie smiled again. I like to sew.

Like to sew, you little patient dove! I wish we all liked our duties as well as you do?

Kenneth! as if you ever had anything to do that you disliked! I thought you were one of the favored few to whom life was all sunshine.

Nothing of the sort, Carrie! he exclaimed, with a slight contraction of his lip, ample brow. Do you suppose, for instance, I hadn't rather stay and chat with you, or read aloud with you to-night, than escort Mrs. Smythe and Geraldine to the opera?

He leaned forward as he spoke, and placed one hand with a sort of light, caressing fondness on Carrie's drooping hair. At the same moment, the door opened, and Mrs. Smythe appeared,—a fat, hard-featured woman, with a rustling black dress, and a profusion of white satin cap-ribbons.

My dear Kenneth, she said in cold, carefully modulated accents, while her cold grey eyes swiftly and stealthily took in every accessory of the scene, have you forgotten poor dear Geraldine to-day stairs, wondering why her trunk does not come to hear the new music she has been so industriously practicing for his benefit?

Kenneth Anley shrugged his shoulders and bit his lip, but obeyed the silver-voiced summons nevertheless. Mrs. Smythe glided forward with a cat like step, and closed the door behind her, still smiling; but the moment she turned toward Carrie, her face assumed an

expression of hard fury that actually made the girl tremble.

Caroline Ray, I should like to know what you mean by such conduct as this!

I do not understand you, Mrs. Smythe.

Do you consider it modest or womanly, hissed the infuriated matron, to sit here flirting impudently with a gentleman that is engaged—or as good as engaged—to my daughter Geraldine?

Mrs. Smythe, faltered Carrie, growing white, I never had the least idea—

Oh! no—of course not! exclaimed the vixen, bursting into a sarcastic laugh. Reading poetry to you, and playing with your hair, and whispering the twilight. Caroline Ray, I've a great mind to say that you shall not have another night's shelter under this roof!

Serge rose quickly, laid aside her work, and went up to her own room, holding one hand to her throbbing forehead, and vaguely wondering what she had done to bring down this outburst of wrath upon her devoted head.

Just an hour afterward she crept down stairs, shrouded from head to foot in her grey cloak and heavy veil, and carrying a tiny bundle in her hand. She paused an instant—ste in the obscurity of the darkened angle of the hall before the drawing room door, where she could see the firelight faintly shining on Kenneth Anley's hand-ome, dreamy face as he leaned back in the velvet cushioned arm-chair, totally unconscious of the stormy rendezvous that Miss Geraldine Smythe was rattling over the piano keys—still more unconscious of the blue eyes whose tearful glimmer flashed on him from the darkness beyond.

Good, bye, Kenneth, she murmured, under her breath. Oh! I shall never, never see you again.

And so the slender young thing steered her solitary bark upon the cruel tide of the great relentless world.

I am sure I could meet all your requirements, ma'am—I am very fond of children.

Mrs. Everett surveyed Carrie's slight figure with eyes of great distrust and disapprobation.

No—you are not strong enough, and besides I made a rule never to engage a domestic who does not bring satisfactory references from her last place.

Dear Carrie turned away sick at heart. It was the ninth place at which she had that day applied with no better success, and she felt almost as if it were better to die and be at rest.

Stung by want and despair, she went into the first unpretending little emporium store she saw, and accosted the man behind the counter.

Could you give me any embroidery to do for me?

Why we are in want of one or two new hands; but—

Carrie's heart leaped high.

I can embroider very nicely and rapidly, sir, either on linen, silk or flannel, and I should be very glad to obtain a little employment.

Of course you have the deposit-money with you? said the man quietly.

Yes, do you think we can give a valuable piece of work into the hands of a perfect stranger, without some sort of security that it will be returned?

Carrie's cheeks glowed scarlet at the impudently bold, then turned pale as ashes.

I have no money, sir, she said faintly.

Very well; then there's an end of the matter at once, said the man indifferently; and once more Carrie crept out into the gathering twilight.

She had gone but a few blocks, when a paper notice watered into a gaudily lighted shop window, caught her eyes:

WANTED.—Girls to work on a sewing machine!

She knew nothing about machine sewing; yet she instinct of self-preservation was strong within her, and she entered to inquire.

Ever worked before? demanded a sour-looking woman who was arranging the counters.

No, ma'am, but—

Then what did you come here for, I should like to know? snarled the attendant.

But, pleaded Carrie eagerly, I could very soon learn.

Oh, shift and nonsense! as if we have nothing else to do but teach every girl that comes along to sew on a machine. I tell you plainly it, would do. I want none but experienced operators.

Dear Carrie! was there no word of cheer, no kindly look, to lift her heart out of the gulf of despondency into which it was fast setting? Is humanity so cruel to its kind?

As she slowly ascended the narrow and uncarpeted stairs, leading to her single room in the fourth story, a plump, rosy dame came out upon one of the landings, carrying a kersey lamp.

Heart alive, child! how pale you look—Why, I do believe you are going to be sick! And Carrie recognized her landlady.

I am very tired, Mrs. Jones, that is all! Got no work yet?

No.

Poor Carrie burst into tears, as the mono-

syllable escaped from her lips—she could not help it.

Poor child—poor little tired creature, soothed the good old woman. Come and set a spell by my fire. I'll bet you a silver sixpence your room's colder than charity. Come in and rest yourself.

The girl obeyed spiritlessly.

And now, said Mrs. Jones after she had dosed Carrie with a cup of strong tea, and a portion of her own especially toasted muffins, I will tell you a piece of right-down good-luck.

My darter Artemesia was married last week quite sudden like; for her old beau came back from California; and nothing would do but she must go right off with him; so day there came in a big bundle of work from the shop she used to sew for. I was just calculating to send it back and tell him how she was married, but I guess I'd better keep it for you to do. It's real easy; nothing but finishing up drawers, and making eyelets on 'em, twon't make no difference who does it, and maybe it'll help you along a spell.

O, Mrs. Jones! said Carrie, brightening up, I shall be so thankful!

Then don't say a word, child—you shall have it to-morrow.

So Providence sent a ray of light to clear little Carrie's darkness.

Day after day she stitched industriously, earning just enough to pay the rent of her room, and buy the simplest brown bread and milk for her scanty meals, night after night she laid her weary head upon her pillow, oftentimes sobbing herself to sleep, as she wondered if Kenneth Anley ever thought of the poor little orphan he had once thought of.

He is married now! she thought; he has forgotten me long ago! Oh, if I could only forget him!

It was a bleak evening in December that she came down into Mrs. Jones' room with a roll of completed work. The old woman was not there; but her knitting work was on the table, and the bright fire and lamp betokened that her absence would probably be but a temporary one; so Carrie sat down to wait her reappearance.

Presently the shrill voice of good Mrs. Jones was heard laboring on the stairs; she was evidently escorting some very honored guest.

So you remember your old nurse. Well, I might be know'd your word, honey. Come in, come in, and sit down a little! Bless your heart! haven't I carried you in these very arms a thousand times?

That's a fact, nurse, returned a merry, manly voice, but I don't think you'd find it a very easy job to do so now!

Carrie rose up and sat down again, with the crimson cloak matting in her cheeks, but there was no loop hole of retreat; and the next moment good Mrs. Jones bustled in, escorting Kenneth Anley!

Carrie! my bird! my lost darling! Oh! where have you been all the weeks?

He had clasped her hands in his with almost passionate fervor. She strove vainly to withdraw it.

Mr. Anley, this is scarcely fitting behaviour for the betrothed husband of Geraldine Smythe, but I am no such person.

Mrs. Smythe told me—began Carrie, coloring like a red rose.

I know it—I know that match making old virago was at the bottom of it all, ejaculated Kenneth in genuine anger.

If she had told you the truth, Carrie, she would have told that I loved one person only—say, and mean to marry her if she would have me. And that my little wild-flower, depends on you alone.

On me?

Yes you are the person, Carrie.

Give me your true loving heart, dearest—Let me take you away from this wearing, grinding life.

Carrie, will you be my wife?

And Carrie, sweet as to whisper the faint "yes" through happy tears, found herself engaged before she knew it.

Mrs. Geraldine Smythe lost her bean, and Mrs. Jones lost her lodger just about the same time, but the latter lady is much better satisfied, inasmuch as she carries at her belt a massive gold watch and chain which she tells everybody "was a bridal present from her boy's wife."

So ended Caroline Ray's trials!

Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Do not rush into the editorial business too hastily. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus or a meat cart to drive—some well-somebody to be tilled—a clerkship to be filled—anything that is reputable or healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is a bad business at the best.

We are not a horse, and consequently have not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine—but we fancy that the life of an editor who is forced to write whether he feels like it or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the yoke and

neighs could be obtained, we believe that the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing is preferable to the sanctum editorial.—The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, etc. visit halls of dazzling light, balls of dazzling light, get inebriated, break windows, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways, but the editor cannot. He must tenaciously stick to the quill. The press, like a sick baby, must not be left to run itself even for a day, or somebody indignantly orders the carrier boy to stop bringing that—paper.

"There's nothing in it; I won't have it in the house."—[Artemus Ward.

A small boy out-West was assisting his father to mark sheep with paint and brush. The father would catch the sheep and say to the boy, "Mark that." After the job was done the boy started for his home, which was at some distance, far and was over taken by a minister on horseback, who seeing the boy barefooted, invited him to ride behind him. After the boy was seated he began to catechise him thus:

"My lad, do you not attend the Sabbath School?"

No, was the reply.

You should attend the Sabbath School mark that! All good children should attend both church and Sabbath School, mark that!

After many more remarks of this kind the boy replied:

I have marked your back all over now, and it looks like thunder!

The reverend gentleman was somewhat astonished when he examined his coat.

TREATMENT OF SEA-SICKNESS.—The numerous remedies for this nuisance, so far as they have any beneficial effect, may be reduced to two classes: 1st Stimulants to the mucous membrane of the stomach, and to the nervous system. Essential oils, chloroform taken internally, brandy, aromatics and other irritants seem to occupy the attention of the nervous system somewhat, and have a moderate tendency to obviate the nausea. A strong mental impression has the same effect. 2d. Cathartics, which act on the portal circulation, and are very positive in their influence. Persons very subject to sea-sickness often take a voyage in entire comfort by the following precaution: Take ten grains of blue mass the night before embarking; follow it the next morning with a brisk cathartic of Seltitz powders. A voyage at sea is almost always constituting in its effects, and a repetition of the medicine once or twice on the passage may be necessary.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; a reverend gentleman was appointed judge of their respective pretensions.

One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outside, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money that was lent him.

"The palm is his," was the generous cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they lent at my house."

"I'll hear no more!" cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very acme of honesty, it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold!" cried another. "I have done still more than that."

"Impossible!" cried the whole company.—"Let us hear."

"I have been taking my paper for twenty years and have paid for it every year in advance."

He took the prize.

CURIOSITIES.—The Louisville Democrat, says: "A laughable scene occurred on Fourth street yesterday afternoon. A great big salmon-colored lady, of the African persuasion, weighing something less than a ton and a half dressed 'to kill,' and a 'thorn's nest' striking out upon the back of her head, was waddling along. She was 'observed' of all observers. A young lady whose back hair was pulled so very tight that she looked as if she was walking on her toes, and as if she had been driven too far into her short dress with a sledge hammer, stopped to view the 'outraged lady' with a critic's eye, not to pass her imperfections by." Both stopped and grinned at each other a moment, when the lady in black struck a theatrical attitude, and said: "Law me, miss, you needn't be standin' dar grinnin' at me, kase the Lord knows you're a bigger curiosity to look at than I is." They parted in peace.

The only fruit which grows in every climate is the strawberry. It is the only fruit which somewhere on the earth is picked every day of the year round.

Cat pies are more popular in Paris than rat pies.

TELEGRAPHIC.

London, 26th. There was another trial of the Rodman gun at Shoeburyness yesterday. In one case the Rodman gun was loaded with 100 pounds of American service powder. The projectile passed entirely through an eight inch iron-plated target, at a distance of 70 yards. This target is the one that has been used for a long time for the experiments, and has withstood some of the severest tests.

Geneva, Sept. 27. Crowds of men assembled in the streets yesterday and loudly cried for the release of Garibaldi. Some violence was done, but no one was injured.

Dublin, Sept. 27. Fears are entertained that the Fenian here emboldened by the success of the mob at Manchester, will make a similar effort to rescue Captain Moriarty, who is now undergoing his sentence of imprisonment.

The Government is taking all necessary precautions against such an attempt.

Forty Fenian convicts who have hitherto been imprisoned in Irish Jails, have been sent to Portland, England, for safe keeping.

Montreal, Sept. 27. The executive Council held a meeting at Ottawa to-day. It is understood that the chief subjects to come before the House of Commons will be the Indemnity Bill; the Intercolonial Railway; the Fishery question; the transfer of local public works to Provincial control; the equalization of the Tariff and the admission of British Columbia and Vancouver to the Union.

New York, Sept. 26. Gold 143 3/4. Constantinople, Sept. 28th. The Sultan has sent out a Commission of Inquiry consisting of three Turks and three Greek members to investigate the affairs of the Island of Cyprus. The Viziers Rizk Pasha and Kabul Pasha are on the Commission.

London, 28th. Fenian rumors are still current. It is announced this morning that another Fenian cruiser was recently seen about the Irish coast. The Government are taking every precaution to prevent any outbreak.

MEXICO WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.—Men who run into one another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of them.

Men who have quarrelled with all their relations.

Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody.

Men who initiate popular actors.

Men who are always asking "Don't you think so?"

Men who are always "putting a case."

Men who agree with you to meet.

Men who feel inclined to join issues with you there.

The earnings of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable during the past year have been over a million of dollars. After heavy deductions, resulting from the two accidents to the cable of 1865, there remained to the credit of the revenue account \$140,000, out of which a dividend is declared at the rate of 3 per cent, free of income tax, upon the first 8 per cent preferential stock. But for these accidents, and a charge for back interest, the net earnings would have paid 7 per cent on \$12,000,000, leaving \$70,000 for a reserve fund.

When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person he is only asked where he got it. If on a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender, once arrested, is likely to be tried, convicted and sentenced, within two days.

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl."

"I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

A Fire in Newcastle, Miramichi, on Tuesday last, destroyed two buildings and a quantity of refuse deals, the property of Messrs. J. H. & J. Harding of that town. Two buildings were insured for \$1000.

When Helder's wife kicked him out of bed, said he: "Look her now, you tector not do that again; if you do it will cause a calamity in the family."

It has been independently discovered by five several astronomers that a new crater has appeared in the moon and an old crater has by the eruption from it.

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