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Parody.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

A little child, with chestnut hair,
And gentle eyes of blue,
And rosy cheeks and crimson lips,
Love's own appropriate hue,
Kneels in the evening's golden blush,
And raised her small hands fair,
And whispered in her piping tones,
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

The shining snobeams danced and played
Around the kneeling child,
And lighted up with holy light
Her features calm and mild;
The amber gleams seemed loath to leave
Her clouds of waving hair,
And listened while those sweet lips said,
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

Oh, blessed child, keep ever pure
From sin's enticing way,
And in the happy, youthful brow
Rest ever in God's smile;
And by and by thy feet shall press
The heavenly meadows fair,
And thou shalt chant in nobler strains,
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

Interesting Case.

THE PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER.

One hundred years ago, what Mr. John Murray, of Allendale street, is now to the city of London, was Mr. James Haley, to the city of Dublin. Besides being a publisher, he was the proprietor of a newspaper called the "Dublin Mercury," which possessed such an influence over the Irish mind as induced Lord Townshend to select it as the official organ of the Irish Government.

If Mr. Haley was happy in the possession of a newspaper which found unlimited patronage among the public and the Government, which enrolled among its contributors the names of Marley, the Dean of Ferns, and Jesou the dramatist, which had for an opponent the "Parnassian Journal," directed by the once celebrated Dr. Lucas, he was yet more happy in the possession of Elizabeth, his youngest daughter.

The girl was the belle of Dublin. She had been this enviable distinction as much through the accomplishment of her mind as through the grace of her person. It is recorded that her person was marvellous for its symmetry and height. She had an abundance of that superb hair which is neither golden nor auburn, but which seems to partake of the beauties of both, mingling their hues like those clouds which we see floating above and around the setting sun. Her eyes were dark blue and deep, her features classic in their precision—the straight, languid lip, the low, straight forehead, the oval, velvet like cheek and chin, were rarely combined those elements of beauty which distinguished her. Her hands were considered to be the smallest and whitest of any woman's in the three kingdoms, and her foot was taken by a well known bootmaker as a model for the slipper in the extravagant fashion of the day. She could converse fluently in several foreign languages, she was a superb musician, and her paintings elicited the admiration of the most critical connoisseurs.

The admiration, however, which she excited among the literary, and even aristocratic circles in which she moved did not in the least affect her. She had a great deal too much sense to be flattered by the almost fulsome compliments which the beaux of her acquaintance took every opportunity to whisper to her. She cared little for society. The only companionship she appeared to value was that of her sister Grace. She had been left motherless at an early age; but in Mr. Haley she found a father who supplied every want excepted by the absence of the other parent, with a tenderness, a pride, and a care that created a love between them that was little short of adoration.

Mr. Haley's drawing-room was over the "Mercury" office. In those days fashion had not driven tradespeople into houses away from their shops; and the place of business which supplied the publisher with his fortune he considered quite good enough to furnish him with a residence. In addition to the family circle occupying this drawing room one mild summer evening were Gabriel Guertier, a young Frenchman, and Charles Talbot.

Talbot was about five and twenty years old at the period at which my story opens. With out being a strikingly handsome man, he was possessed of pretty much every requisite to make a lady's heart; a lofty white forehead; large, shining black eyes; a sweet smile, disclosing a shining white teeth; and a form, well proportioned, and supple, made him a rather dangerous foe to the peace of mind of those young ladies whom he took it into his head to attack. Gabriel was Grace's recognized lover.

They had been engaged some time, and it was almost impossible to conceive any passion more pure, more generous, more unvarying than that which subsisted between the young people.

Elizabeth, though courted, cared not, and flattered on every side, had as yet no lover of her own. Many other girls placed in her position, would, doubtless, have fallen in love pretty well every other day, considering the amount of attention she got from men for whom all the Dublin girls are sighing. But somehow or other, in proportion as she was more wooed, so she became more exacting. Her suitors all wanted some one thing more than the poor fellows happened to possess, it might be a better shaped nose, a smaller mouth, whiter hands, a quicker wit, a finer character, a more generous heart, etc. And so it came to pass that she let them all go by her, including even in her contempt a victory, without feeling her heart in the slightest degree affected by the trying ordeal through which her beauty had compelled her to pass.

But a change was to come over the dream of her life. The smile and eyes of Charles Talbot were at length to achieve a conquest that it was the general opinion among the beaux of Dublin was wholly impracticable.

Talbot had brought a letter of recommendation from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Mr. Haley. This, together with the specimens of his skill as an engraver, had induced the publisher to give him employment. He acquired himself so admirably that, in the shortest time possible he had won for himself the regard and confidence of his employer.

It occurred that during the evening to which I have referred Mr. Haley had left the room for a short. The night was darkening outside. Elizabeth rose, stirred the fire, and while the ruddy glow lighted up her lovely features, turned to Talbot, and exclaimed—

"Everybody hears a good deal of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but I've never met anybody yet who knows him personally, saying your own. What kind of a looking man is he, Mr. Talbot? Is he handsome to begin with?"

"Tolerably handsome. I don't think him very good looking, though I believe, the reverse is the opinion of a good many."

"Is he old?"

Talbot smiled.

"One of the most piquant traits in a woman's character is curiosity. Let me congratulate you upon the possession in an eminent degree."

"He showed his white teeth, and flashed his eyes upon her as he spoke. She colored a little, and looked downward at the fire."

"Is he often in love, Mr. Talbot?" asked Grace.

"Not often. But I would not answer for that view of his character, were he once to set foot in this drawing room."

"That's meant for you, Lizzie, said Grace. And why not for you? Talbot inquired."

"Ask him," she answered, laughing, and pointing at Guertier.

Guertier shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion, but remained silent.

The conversation went on in this kind of strain until the return of Mr. Haley, when the two young men rose, and bidding good-nights took their departure.

Six months passed away, during which it happened that a coolness sprang up between Guertier and Talbot. The sarcasms of the Englishman were sometimes quite intolerable to the somewhat plebeian pride of the Frenchman. Nevertheless they remained on speaking terms, and in the presence of others ventured upon the interchange of apparently friendly familiarities.

Grace, who was sharp at detecting the secret dislike of her lover for Talbot, could not, however, sympathize with it. There was an attractiveness about Talbot that was not to be resisted. He was just one of that kind of men whom a man has most to fear as a rival, and whom a woman has most delight in as a lover.

As for Elizabeth, her love for him was profound, absorbing. She kept it secret for a long time; but his quick perception, on his declaring his love for her, soon divined the passionate feelings that animated her heart for him.

One evening a brilliant party was given by Jesou the dramatist, in his rooms in Change Alley. Among those present were Mr. Haley, Grace, Elizabeth and Guertier. Cards tables were scattered about the room, around which might be seen assembled groups of actors in the picturesque costumes with which the paintings of that period have made us all familiar. Elizabeth was seated near one of these card-tables watching a game of basset that was being dexterously played, when her attention was called away by some persons laughing heartily in the corner of the room, and on rising to remark the cause of this sudden hilarity she perceived Talbot standing in the centre of the group laughing as heartily as the rest.

It appeared that Talbot had been amusing himself with sketching a portrait of Charles Lucas, the butt and foe of the wits of the "Mercury." The likeness was a caricature

and presented an absurd resemblance to Mr. Haley. Guertier had drawn nigh, and on catching sight of the drawing had burst out into a laugh. This had attracted other bystanders, who, seeing what they fancied to be the joke, fell to violently laughing themselves.

"Give me that likeness, Talbot, will you?" asked Guertier.

"Bah! it's not worth having, rejoined Talbot. However, you may take it if you will, and, turning upon his heel, he strolled away."

Guertier took the drawing and beneath it wrote the words, "old Haley." Approaching Elizabeth who on catching sight of Talbot, had blushed and resumed her seat, he placed the sketch in her hands without comment.

"She gazed at it for a moment, then indignantly exclaimed—

"Did Mr. Talbot do this?"

"Yes, was the laconic reply; then, after a moment's pause he added, it's very like, isn't it?"

"But what makes you so angry?"

"She answered—

"I do not feel very well, I am not angry. But her white contracted brow distinctly denoted her words. Scarcely had Guertier left her side when Talbot approached her.

"I have come to take you to the next room, he said gaily. It is cooler there, and the tables are spread with the choicest repast I ever saw. Come!"

"Did you draw this picture, Mr. Talbot?"

"He inquired it for a moment, and then said—

"Your father wants you in the next room, Miss Haley, repeated Guertier."

"I will not entertain this company with a scene, Mr. Talbot shall wait on his own."

"Why are you talking so wildly, Miss Haley exclaimed Talbot, clasping his hands. Sorely—you—you—"

"He stopped abruptly, fixing his big eyes upon her with an expression half of rage, half of adoration."

"It will be advisable for us not to meet again," he said, rising and bowing laughingly to him.

"He turned deadly pale. And all through a caricature of a stupid fool he said—

"She drew herself up and gave him one look diem, turning sharply round, she followed Guertier into the adjoining room. In a quarter of an hour after the party left."

"Who shall tell the bitterness of the days and nights to Elizabeth that followed this quarrel with her lover? Her sister had married, her father was dead—she was all alone now."

There came a revelation from her sister that had almost killed her. Talbot had not been guilty of the insult which had been the cause of their quarrel.

Grace had been told the secret by her husband, and compassionating her sister's sadness had communicated it to her.

Her grief seemed to broaden around her. It was miserable to remember that she had lost a lover whom she so adored. It was almost death to know how he had been spent."

She accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with some friends in London, thinking that new scenes would help to subdue the dejection to which her mind was constantly a prey. But the very hum and shock of the huge metropolis seemed to add bitterness to her sense of solitude.

One evening she encountered Charles Talbot in the streets. She had not seen him now for a long time. She was, with some friends, passing by an exhibition of engravings in Fleet street. He did not recognize her, but she knew him at once. He did not look so well as when last they met. She would have given her whole heart to speak to him, but even while she hesitated the crowd surged a little to and fro, and when she looked round he was gone.

The next meeting was brought about by an extraordinary coincidence. It appeared that the friends with whom Elizabeth was stopping possessed some valuable engravings, which they were desirous of selling. They had been placed in the drawing room, and during the day parties of strangers would drop in for the purpose of inspecting them.

Elizabeth was seated alone in the room, contemplating the engravings with an abstracted gaze. She had entered just as some visitors had taken their departure. Hardly five minutes had elapsed when the doors were suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Talbot was shown in. On seeing him Elizabeth uttered a low cry. He stopped as if struck with astonishment; then, hastily advancing, he exclaimed—

"I little expected to meet you here, Miss Haley. Will my presence embarrass you if I remain for about three minutes to inspect some of these sketches?"

"She was intensely mortified by his coolness. Without raising her eyes from the ground she answered—

"I find your presence embarrasses me, I can easily leave the room."

"He made no answer, but commenced his inspection. She did not raise her eyes

from the floor for some minutes. When she did so she found that Talbot was leaning against a screen, with folded arms, and with his eyes intently fixed upon her. The instant their glances met, she rose, and was about to leave the room, when, hastily advancing, he seized her by the hand.

"Elizabeth, my darling Elizabeth! he exclaimed, in musical, passionate accents, do not leave me now! You blamed me falsely once—I loved you well, than—ay, still love you! I was wronged—cruelly wronged! You know it! Will you leave me? I am leaving England soon—perhaps forever! I am poor, destitute! Yet I cannot leave the off-country without hearing one tender adieu from whom only I have loved in this world, whom only—"

He paused, overwhelmed with his feelings. All the memories of bygone days rushed over her as she met his full, loving eyes, beaming down into hers. His warm clasp was on her hand, his warm breath on her cheek—he was drawing her to his heart, and she could not resist him. One sigh, and she was upon his breast, telling how long and fondly she had loved him.

"My own darling! Heaven bless you! My wife—my own—"

The door was thrown open and the tower of the pictures walked in.

"Why, my lord, is it possible? he exclaimed throwing up his hands, I had no idea you were acquainted with Miss Haley. Elizabeth, how long pray, have you known the Earl of Shrewsbury?"

Elizabeth started back, white and trembling.

"The Earl of Shrewsbury, Lizzie. Yes, I am. And you are the future Countess of Shrewsbury. Mr. Walker, let me receive your congratulations upon the choice I have made of a girl who this day month will be my wife."

"He spoke truly, for on that day month the publisher's daughter became the Countess of Shrewsbury."

ANECDOTE OF BUFFON.—Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," he said, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; and my servant Joseph was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise and not mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence—I bid him begone—I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied by a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

The following lines were posted on a tree at the entrance of a swampy "woodway" road.

The road is not passable,
Not even jackassable;
When that you travel,
Pray take your own gravel.

A mean man having a large family found it rather hard to keep up the table, and has adopted the following ingenious plan:

Who'll take a cent and do without his supper?
I'll I exclaimed the children, all eager to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket book full of red cents, which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them one apiece sends them off to bed.

The next morning they all looked like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and with an air of gravity asks:

Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?
It is needless to say the cents are forthcoming.

In Morocco, when anybody is bitten by a mad dog, the wound is deepened and enlarged with a knife. Gunpowder is then rubbed into the sore, and a little pyramid is raised with the powder over it. A match is then applied, and the operation terminates with a fiz, which has a double effect of cleansing the wound and staunching the blood.

The spinning-wheel used by Queen Marie Antoinette during her imprisonment at the Temple, and given after her execution to one of her ladies in waiting, has just been inherited by a granddaught of the family, recently married to a Hungarian of high rank. This relic was to be seen last summer at the Universal Exhibition, and excited much interest amongst lovers of historic souvenirs.

Live for Something.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and leave no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never efface. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

A valuable discovery in telegraphing is announced, which does away with all the jars and fluids heretofore used in telegraph offices, and a current of electricity sufficiently strong for all purposes, is drawn from the earth by means of one sheet of zinc buried in the earth to the depth of two feet.

A grindstone should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the work, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much, as to render it almost useless, while it ruins the part remaining in the water—softens so much that it wears unequally and "out of true."

Dr. W.—on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby and exclaimed: "I believe I have a mortgage on this child!" Baby's papa, rather than have any explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V.

Some employments may be better than others, but there is no employment so bad as having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an untidiness for everything, as a man must fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste—to sin and vice.

If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labor allotted to them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hardly have a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and ensures your success.

Why is a deceptive woman like a seamstress? Because she is not what she seems.

When is a young man of the greatest use at a supper table?—When he is a spoon.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with steadiness of purpose, as though you were determined to succeed. A wavering mind never accomplishes anything worth minding. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and ensures your success.

A FLOAT.—I'm afloat! I'm afloat! I screamed a young lady of powerful lungs, and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.—I should think you were, growled an old bachelor judging from the squall you rise.

A Connaught farmer who had been brought to an election dinner in his country town was puzzled with the silver fork which lay before him with soup; what he most needed had been forgotten. The farmer reminded the waiter by saying, "Waiter, will ye bring me a spoon widout a slit in it?"

MEAN PEOPLE.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

—A western editor when in duress for libeling a lady of power, was requested by the editor to give the prison a favorable notice.

"I have not married lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

A poor man, who had been ill, being asked by a gent. man if he had taken any remedy, said, "No, but I have taken lots of physic."

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