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Poetry.

BY THE DEAD.

She lay in her chamber, peaceful and still,
And silent, as if of some day will.
Her hands held fast, on her marble breast,
A lotus-leaf, in dreams of rest.
Her eyes were shut, as if to keep
Never to weep and grow dim again.
At the sorrowful story of grief and loss,
Or dark with pain at the weight of a cross;
And her lips were shut close, as if to keep
The secrets of death and its wonderful sleep.

"Waken, darling," he cried, and laid
His hands on the clasped hands of the maid.
Or is it not slumber that holds you here,
In this strange, white silence? Answer, dear.
"Open your lips, as a flower unfolds,
And tell me the secrets your silence holds."

"Lift from your cheeks that are waxen white
The gold of your lashes, and let the light
Of eyes the sweetest I ever knew,
Like the sky at sunset, tremble through."

"I forget! You are dead to the world I say,
The soul that would answer has gone away.
"Dead! dead! Oh you are not! It cannot be!
Waken, darling, and answer me!"

"See! here is a rose, a great white rose,
Sweet as true love is, and pansy-blows
"All wet with the tears of the angels. Waken,
And take them and wear them for love's sweet sake."

"I clasp your hand in my own, and cry,
"Is it such a terrible thing to die?"
"The hardest lot is to live, and know
That a face is hidden in grass or snow."

"That was fairest of all things under the sun:
To think that the dream of all dreams is done;
"To know that the years, be they many or few,
Will be years of longing and grief for you!"

"My sweet, dead rose! If I lay by your side,
If I had died on the day you died,
"And the same low grave that will cover you
Could shut us both from the world we knew."

"Away from the woe and the ill that fret,
From less, and longing, and all regret,
"Oh, here, such slumber would be so sweet,
Wrapt in daisies from head to feet."

"Or snow that is white as the cheeks I kiss,
Where the roses were that I so much miss!
"But that cannot be! You will rest and dream,
Like a lily asleep on an eddied stream."

"While I go on with the tale of life,
And think of you in its fiercest strife,
"Think of the girl with the pansy-eyes,
And the sometime gladness of Paradise."

"For over there, when the end shall come
Of waiting, and sleeping, no longer dumb
"To the woe I utter, your lips will meet
My own in a kiss that is wondrous sweet."

"Oh pure, white love! Take one last long kiss,
To keep while the time of our waiting is;
"And give it back in that realm so fair,
With Paradise-bloom on your sun-touched hair."

And so—good-bye! But good morning here!
—FROM THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE for April (No. 16 of the current series), certainly presents features of excellence, and is to be commended more than usual attention: a part of them, too, in a direction which would seem to have been something of a surprise to those who had merely known it as an admirable exponent of art. In this issue, taking time by the forelock in a manner somewhat startling, it springs to the front, in topics and features connected with the Centennial, quite as much, without a doubt, to its own profit, as to the pleasure of its thousands of patriotic readers. There can not be other than a most assured sensation, in the "Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution," which it commences in this number, under the taking name of "The Spur of Montmouth," with the additional information that it is written by an "Ex-Pension-Agent," and that the events to be portrayed have been preserved in the memories of eye-witnesses up to a certain period, and thence conveyed by one who listened to their narratives—the whole being, as the writer phrases it, "from personal relations and documents never before made public." Probably no greater pleasure could be imparted to the American people, at the present juncture, than is to be found in the knowledge that there is really a romance of the Revolution, of importance and interest, not yet published, and of which we are now to have the reading, in the clear type and on the fine paper of the "Aldine." But the Centennial tendency of the "Aldine" does not end here: there is a full-page picture of the "Battle of Lexington," capably drawn by John S. Davis, and showing the salient features of that memorable conflict, in a manner equally blending force and judgment. The character of the country, the agricultural avocations of the patriots before they sprung to arms, the variety of ages in the com-

batants—all are shown with rare skill, the picture really conveying the feeling of the time to a degree which needs sight for appreciation.

In other art features this number of the "Aldine" is rich almost beyond the average. "The Path of Duty," a capital drawing by Davis, after Merle, engraved with admirable effect by T. Cole, some of whose exquisite work we have already noticed; three views in Southern Utah, the "Narrows," "Valley of the Babbling Waters," and "Temple of the Virgin," all by Thos. Moran, convey the scenery of that wild region with great force and rare beauty; "Joan of Arc at the Siege of Paris," and "The Parisian Men of September," illustrate two very different yet equally striking scenes in French history; and a noble group of "Unarmed Gray Franks," three fine views of Wells Cathedral, and a pair of splendid "Stag-Hounds," make up the pictorial treasures of what we must again designate as a remarkable number.

Literarily, the variety and the excellence are equal, in prose as well as poetry, and all the articles are just such as characterize a leading publication—the "Aldine."

The Aldine Company have established an Art Union, similar to the well-known Art Union in England, and are distributing their works of art, both sculpture and paintings, which are constantly collecting, among their subscribers. Art premiums, valued at \$2,500, are distributed among each series of 5,000 subscribers. Subscription tickets, at \$6.00 each, entitle the holder to the "Aldine" for a year, to the new chromo and to a ticket in the distribution of art premiums. The Aldine Company, publishers, No. 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

Humorous Objects.

Not only is the susceptibility to humor different among different nations, but the humorous objects differ by reason of different customs and habits. There is nothing very laughable to us in the manner in which we at our hotels and railroad depots gobble down our food, but even an Arab or a Chinese would laugh at the operation if we did not. Yet it is ludicrous to us to see an Arab lady pick out the choice tidbits with which you had loaded your plate, or roll a little ball of hash in her dainty fingers, and by way of especially honoring you, plug your mouth with it unexpectedly; or to see a Chinese with his chopsticks load himself up with boiled rice, and ram it down as we would wad in a gun! It is said that the ladies under the dominion of the Grand Lama, when good-looking, disguise their faces to preserve them from vanity. I have never seen that recorded of our ladies—Heaven forbid! The idea, however, is as ludicrous as the Tartar custom of pulling a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling till he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. I know a man whose ears do not require to be pulled!

There is nothing very laughable to an American in the shaking of hands, which is every where practiced in our country; but foreigners do find it much amusement. Yet nothing will be more ridiculous to us than the salutation in Germany, where one may see two big, burly, hairy men rush to each other's embrace and kiss with school-girl fervency. The people of Tibet salute by rolling out the tongue and scratching the right ear, and the Equinians by rubbing their noses with their thumb and describing a cone section in the air with their fingers—a custom practiced by mischievous artists in our land, but not exactly as a salutatory grace. It is now happily honored in the breach. In Turkey an American traveling with his unveiled wife, even without the appendages so usual here, of six small children and seven large trunks and handboxes, is to them in a funny predicament. On the other hand, what would be funny with us, among the Turks is quite the reverse. An American gives us an instance in his experience in Syria. He was about to mount his mule amidst a crowd of Oriental visitors, and wished to give them an exaggerated idea of American agility. He jumped a little too far, and over shot the mark, coming down on the other side like a diver, with his hands and nose in the mud, his feet caught in the saddle, and his coat skirts cleverly rolled over his head to screen him from what he supposed was a laughing crowd. Yet not a soul smiled, not a sound was heard save a tender grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. Now a Turk in America, with baggy breeches and turbaned head, taking a leap over a mule in the streets of an American city, and getting stuck upside down, with his proboscis in a rut and his heels in the saddle, would be saluted with something more than a grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. We have more humor than dignity; the Turks more dignity than humor. There never was an American who would not sacrifice his courtesy and sympathy to his fun. He must have it, however, well seasoned, and done in a hurry, and its prevalence characteristic must be exaggeration.—S. S. Cox, in "Harper's Magazine."

CLOCHETTE.

THE LITTLE STORY OF A LITTLE SONG.

"Spinning was young Clochette,
Came a fond young too woo;
She was a mad coquette,
He was a lover true."
Long golden lashes fringe a pair of soft blue eyes; and on the breath of the summer night is borne, in a fresh, tender young voice, the words of the little song.
The girls eyes knew very well that a pair of dark masculine orbs are shining directly down upon them, striving to discover by flatter of lash or tremor of lid, some answer to the question those same brown eyes have asked over and over, in their dumb, mute language. But the white lids are quite unmoved, and the "song goes on in the sweet, pure voice:

"Clochette, Clochette,
You drive me far from you.
Clochette, Clochette,
I come to say adieu!"

"We'll chosen, Miss Nelly," interrupts the owner of the dark brown eyes, bending lower as he adds: "You have selected a most appropriate song for my last evening at Cœur Croft."

"You like it then?" answers Nelly Allen, playing the accompaniment softly, and continuing in a mocking voice, "I thought it apropos; one who bears the title of 'flirt,' can, I suppose, readily understand the feelings of a coquette as well!"

"You confound or transpose the positions, Miss Nelly," returned Harry Rand, warningly. "I assure you, it is with the deep emotion of the fond youth that I now sympathize, for I, too, come to say adieu."

"Adieu!"—and there is a pathetic tone in her echo of the word. Then, with a quick twist of the golden head, and a bounding smile, Nelly Allen changes the tone instantly and answers with a little laugh:

"And you think I really believe you are going away—you, who have a 'wolf' so often that no one needs say more? I regret that I can show no appropriate grief at the announcement, but indeed I can not get out a tear. I am not a bit sorry, for you won't go!" And with a dash the deep white hands fly over the keys in a wild waltz.

A cloud gathers over the dark eyes, and the husky voice threatens a storm as it whistles hoarsely: "You do not care!—And is this all you will say to me, Nelly? Am I to go with no other than those cruel words—you are not sorry?"

"Oh, bon voyage, and that sort of thing, of course," laughs Nelly over her shoulder, rattling on in her waltz with a chaos of harmony which she neither hears nor heed now.

"It is you who are the most heartless of coquettes, and I shall go and try to forget you forever—adieu!" and with those words Harry Rand stalks out of the room, as stately as a prince. The hall door closes with a bang; and as though it were an echo, the last words of the waltz are now in a crash, while in the shadowy moonlight a fair golden head may be seen pillowed on the piano desk.

"What else could I say?" she sobs to herself. "Does he expect to throw myself into his arms and tell him that I love him with all my heart, and wooed I won't be won! Stupid fellow, to talk in enigmas and parables all summer long! Why don't he say out boldly, 'Nelly, I love you—will you marry me?' instead of looking unutterable things out of his big beautiful brown eyes, and saying nothing when the time arrives to part but 'adieu!' Oh, I hate him—there! And a fresh burst of tears showers down on the white keys.
Very cool and stately indeed Prince Harry stalks off; but there is a smarting wound beneath his armor that stings and pains beyond relief.

"That I should fall in love with so heartless a coquette!" he mutters to himself as he paces up and down the garden-walk. "She cares no more for me than she does for the rest of the foolish moths that flit around the flame of her sweet smiles and pretty ways. Girls are cruel creatures; they play fast and loose with a man's heart, like a cat trifling with a mouse! Yes, it is best that I should go away now—where I shall never see her—never hear her again."

A soft strain of music floats out on the summer breeze; and stealing closer to the vine-covered window, Harry Rand stops and listens to another verse of the song he characterized a short time since as "very appropriate." The voice is low and tremulous, and the words half sobbed:

"Silent was young Clochette,
Grieved in her heart was she;
For, though a mad coquette,
None was so dear as he.
"Clochette, Clochette,
I go for love of you.
Clochette, Clochette,
She only said adieu."

"Oh!—oh!—oh!"—and sob after sob follow the last words, with the sweet head again fallen low.

Swifter than arrow from hunter's bow there rushes through the darkness, into the moonlight room, a tall, dark figure; and kneeling beside the golden-fleece-bed, tear-strained face, a voice whispers passionately:

"Will you forgive my hasty temper and harsh words, Nelly darling?—And will you believe me when I say that I love you with all my heart, and ask you to be my wife? Let me kiss those tears away! Look at me darling, and answer me truly: You do care for me a little, do you not?"

"The tears are all wiped away—one by one; the blue eyes are lifted up to meet the brown ones; and Nelly answers after a little while, saucy as ever:

"Now that you have asked the question, sir, I will answer, Yes. How could I answer without being questioned, pray? Girls must be wooed to be won: we don't like to do men's work if we do pray about rights."

"But you acted so cold and careless of my wooing. How could I speak when you only mocked me?"

"That is our weapon in warfare—our tongues, you know! A lover must persist; a girl is never so nearly won as when she acts as I did. A lover must be bold; 'Paint heart, you know and all that.'"

"Then the Romans were model lovers, when they carried off the Sabine women, I suppose," laughs Harry.

"Certainly, they were; and didn't they win model wives? For who settled the difficulties between the two peoples, but the wives?—something the men had never accomplished, and never would have done till doomsday."

"What a dear little Sabine you would have been, Nell," says Harry—now by way of an attempt at playing Roman, closely embracing his fiancée.

"And what a lucky Roman you would have made!—stopping, no doubt, in the waltz, to tell the young woman, before you picked her up to carry her off, that you really meant to go back to Rome some day, if she didn't come quietly, and then watching to see how she would take it, and setting her down if she objected."

"That will do, I think,—let's change the subject, Nelly," answers Harry. "There!—I'll let you go, if you will sing me the last verse of the song I interrupted."

While the blue eyes look up, now, into the brown ones, answering back all the devotion they see there, the sweetest young voice takes up the strain again and sings:

"Let me, he said, 'Clochette,
This little blossom take.
Wept then this mad coquette
As though her heart would break."

A "break" in the melody occurs here; and the pause is filled up by a sound, written for no instrument ever catalogued; and then two voices finish the little song together:

"Clochette, Clochette,
I know now, you love me true.
Clochette, Clochette,
We'll never say adieu."

The old relations of father and son have utterly changed within living memory. It is not that there is less affection or less reverence in the boys of a family, but there is a great deal less of the formal obedience which used to be expected from them. A wise father nowadays sees that he must leave his sons a good deal to themselves, that their thoughts are not likely to be his thoughts, nor their ways his ways. He is content if he sees this growing independence leaves the deeper ties of love and tenderness untouched. But no change of this sort can be detected as yet in the relations between daughters and mothers. The old traditions of rigorous dependence are carefully preserved. No matter what the age of the daughters may be, an English mother still calls them "the girls."

She transplants the discipline of the nursery to the croquet-ground and the ball-room. She expects them to repeat the conversation they have with their partners. She insists on reading the letters they receive, and dictates the answers they send. She assumes complete control over their time, reading, opinions, religion, and friendships.—[Review.]

COAL AND IRON IN INDIA.—At Warora, a place which will soon be put in connection with the Indian Railway system by means of the Wardha Valley State Railway, now in course of construction, extensive coal fields have been found, and are now being worked. These coal fields, according to the estimation of Mr. Noss, mining engineer, form a perfectly safe store to draw from for about 120 years at 500 tons a day—a quantity much more than sufficient to meet all present requirements. To the west of Warora are situated the two iron fields of Porphulgar and Lohara, the former distant about 42 miles, the latter rather over 50 miles from Warora. Both fields have been most favorably reported upon

by professional men, the quality of the ore being described as excellent, the quantity as very considerable.

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA.

The following exhibits in part the extravagance of the Macdonald Government. There is little probability of its members again holding office.

In the House of Commons on the 30th March, at an investigation held by the sub-committee to inquire into the purchases of buildings at Chatham and Newcastle for Ontario Houses, also to enquire into the cost of the deep water terminus at New castle, the following facts were elicited.

Mr. McLeod explained that, owing to his illness for the past four weeks, he had been unable to attend any meetings before to-day, and therefore the enquiry in reference to these matters had made little progress.

Mr. Muirhead was examined, who proved that he purchased the Williston House in Chatham for \$2,420, expended \$600 on repairs, retained about one fourth of the property, which he valued at \$400, and sold the balance of the property with the stone building on it, to the Government for \$10,000, which cost him \$2,620. He thought that at the time he sold the property to the Government he could have got from other parties about \$3,000, and believed that to-day the Bank of Montreal would buy it at from five to six thousand dollars. The Government have expended over three thousand dollars on the building since the purchase. The rental he received on the property prior to the sale was about \$400, which, on a basis of 10 per cent., represented a value of \$4,000.

The Minister of Customs was also a witness, who proved that the Government were only offered \$250 per year, rent for the building; that the Government refused to occupy it as they had ample accommodation in their present offices at \$600 per year. To have occupied the Muirhead building would for heating and porter have incurred an expense of about \$1,200 per year extra.

From a return of land damages at Newcastle for deep water terminus, which Mr. McLeod produced, it appeared that Mr. Mitchell sold a portion of his shipyard to a firm in Quebec, Messrs. Dunn & Hall, for \$10,000. These parties, subsequently received the same amount from the late Government, and Mr. Mitchell received \$16,000 for the balance, thus making \$26,000 received by him for his shipyard at Newcastle, or for such portion as was taken on for a deep water terminus there.

Among the supplementary grants for 1875, voted by Parliament are the following:

For harbors and breakwater, Campobello \$600; Shipigan, \$11,000; winter service by steamer between Prince Edward Island and mainland, steam communication between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, steam service between Grand Manan Island, New Brunswick and the mainland; \$1,500 to provide for the purchase of life boats; additional \$3,000 for Dominion steamers; to provide for the purchase of two steamers for lighthouses and fisheries service, \$105,000.

A grocer in a certain town keeps a little brown jug near his cider barrel, and when he wants to do the fair thing by a customer, he mingles some of the contents of the afore-said jug with the cider. He made a mistake the other day for an old farmer, but got in a good deal of business and a very little cider. About an hour after drinking, the farmer was observed leaning against a fence, and was heard to soliloquize: "It's too early for sunstroke, and too late to freeze to death, and I guess it's a touch of the shakin' agor."

A funny joke and all the more palatable as its truth can be vouched for, says a New Jersey paper, occurred at a prominent church in that State. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing 75cts. At the service in question the minister, just before dismissing the congregation rose and said: "All ye who have children to baptize, will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who by the way was a little deaf, having an eye on selling the books, and supposing the pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted: "All who haven't can get as many as you want by calling on me at 75 cents each."

Julia Ward Howe says that "the financial incompetence of men in general is becoming every day more evident to the world at large." It is especially apparent in the morning, when their wives have "gone through" their pockets over night.

A correspondent of an American paper, having described the Ohio as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark: "That's so—it is confined to its bed."