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Poetry.

The Maiden's Choice.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Oh! give me the life of a farmer's wife,
In the fields and woods so bright,
Among the singing birds and the lowing herds
And the clover blossoms white;
The note of the morning's heave-ward lark
Is the music sweet for me,
And the dewy flowers in the early hours
The gems I love to see.

Oh! give me the breeze from the waving trees
The murmur of summer leaves,
And the swallows song as they skip along,
Outwitters beneath the eaves;
The plowman's shout, as he's turning out
His team at set of sun,
Or his merry good-night by the fire's light,
When his daily work is done.

And give me the roe and the luscious fruit
My own hands rear for food,
And the bread so light and honey white,
And the milk so pure and good;
For sweet the bread of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And a blessing will come to the hearth and home,
If our best we bravely do.

INCONSTANCY.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek a spot where the waters flow,
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause, that the echo may catch the word;
If the name you write should last,
If the echo heard in the tempest blast,
Then believe, but not till then,
There is truth in the vows of men.

Miscellany.

THE STOLEN NAILS.

They call me honest, and I think I am honest;
I mean to be, said the old man whom
we all know as honest John Russell; but
every one does not know what made me so.

What did? was asked.
I only found that the way of transgressors
is hard. When I was a boy I wanted a sled.
My father was poor, and I had to work. Al-
most the only time I had for play was in the
long winter-evenings, and then I wanted to
cut down-hill with the other boys; I man-
aged to get some pieces of board, and by a
great deal of patient sawing, hewing and slav-
ing brought them into pretty good shape for
the runners, cross pieces and top board for a
sled. But I had not enough nails to put them
together, and now a cent had I with which to
buy more. My father would not give me
money for anything short of an actual neces-
sity. My sled, therefore, lay unfinished and I
kept on the look-out for nails. I saved every
one that I could find out of use; but there was
small hope of my getting enough.

One day when I was at the mill, I saw
a box of fine new nails, just such as I wanted.
I took some and put them in my pocket. I
carried them home. Now I could finish my
sled. But the feeling of meanness that I had
from the time I put the nails in my pocket
made me ashamed to work on it before any
one. I was always afraid that I should be
asked where I got the nails. I found oppor-
tunities of working at it unseen, and at last it
was finished.

It was such a rough-looking affair that it
was soon named "scratch gravel," but it was a
brave coaster, and not a sled on the hill could
go by it. I should have had great delight in
it if it had not been for the stolen nails. That
spoiled it all.

Scratch-gravel's the best sled on the hill,
said Will Miner.
But she's got stolen nails in her, was the
quick response.
Scratch-gravel's the fastest sled I ever saw,
said Ned Winslow.
But she's got stolen nails in her, I said to
myself.

Scratch-gravel's the greatest sled out!
shouted all the boys; but the echo rang round
me like "stolen nails! stolen nails!"

I tried to off-ice my theft by kindness and
generosity. I lent my sled most cheerfully to
every boy who was without one, and gave
every little girl who came in my way a ride
upon it; but in each case a "thank you," I seem-
ed to hear "stolen nails."
I could not bear this. I was too unhappy.
I determined to pay the miller for his nails if
it was a possible thing. I knew no better
how to earn the money than I did before I
stole them, but I was more resolved. The
case was desperate.

I thought and thought, and at last it came
into my head that perhaps I could make a few

cents among the boys of my acquaintance by
selling them whistles. I cut some fine willow
whistles, and made whistles from the bark. I
filled my pockets with them, and took them to
the coasting ground. I drew my sled to the
top of the hill, blew a shrill blast on one of
my whistles, and then started off at a rapid
pace. The boys were roused and shouted
"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" When I returned to the
top of the hill, they rushed around me to
see my whistle and borrow it. This was what
I expected and wanted.

What'll you give for whistles of your own?
I asked.
What do you ask? what do you ask?
screamed the boys.
A cent apiece.
Half a dozen whistles were thrust upon me;
I had a dozen whistles were sold, and never
was there a merrier or a noisier coasting
ground than we had then. Such whistling,
shouting and laughing as the sleds ran by each
other down the hill! I went home happier
that night than I had been since I had owned
the sled.

I was now eager for a chance to go to the
mill, and it was not long before one came. A
girl was to be ground, and I was sent with
it. I had written upon a piece of paper, "To
pay for some stolen nails," and wrapped my
six cents in it. Whilst my girl was being
ground, I dropped it in the miller's mail box—
I felt a relief when I had done this; but it
did not last long. Things did not seem quite
right, after all. I felt guilty still.

The miller was a rough and testy man, and
accused a boy whom he disliked of having
stolen the nails, and then having paid for them
through fear of being found out. The story
ran through the town and was believed. The
poor boy was wrongfully accused through my
fault, and I felt ten times more guilty than
ever before. My conscience upbraided me so,
that at last I went to my mother and told her
all.

I was but one right way before you, my son,
she said. The truth must be told. The Bible
teaches us to confess our sins; and if you
had done this at first, no one would have been
wronged on your account. You can see in
his matter how sin spreads. Your wrong-
doing has led the miller to do wrong—to accuse
another of your crime. I will go with you to
see him, and you shall tell him the truth, that
no more harm may be done.

My mother walked beside me two long
miles through the snow, all the way to the
mill, in an almost unbroken silence. Oh,
what a long way it seemed! My heart was
heavy as stone with sorrow and shame. My
mother's face was so pale and sad, that when
I looked at her, it almost made me cry.

At last we reached the mill. My mother
bade me tell my story. I told it, and then
burst into tears.
The rough miller wiped his eyes, and said—
I've done wrong too. I hate that Jim Mor-
gan, and it seems I've led about him. Go-
ing to his father, he took out six cents and
offered them to me. Here, had he you're
welcome to the nails. I see you were not
worse for a thief. You'll go up an honest
man. I returned the money.

No, thank you. I want to pay for the
nails, I said. I can't take back the money,
and I turned away my head.
The miller laid the money on his desk.
I've heard of your famous sled, he said.
I want you to make one for me just like it.
I told him that I had neither boards nor
nails.

I'll furnish boards and nails, said miller, and
pay you something for the making. I want
to give the sled to Jim Morgan. There's an
account for me to settle with him.
I shall be glad to make the sled without
any pay, I answered. I think I ought to.
The miller soon sent me boards and nails,
and I made a second sled which was both
faster and better looking than my first. Jim
Morgan's sled was acknowledged to be the
leader on the coasting ground, and often run
down by Scratch-gravel. But I never could
and never wanted to tell him he owed his
"Racer" to me. I hope no one ever knew it,
but the three persons who were together when
I confessed my theft.

And the miller was right when he said I'd
gave up an honest man. I did. I had enough
of stealing when I took his nails; I never
wanted to try it again.

The London Custom House is an extensive
establishment. Besides the clerks and other
officers who labor in door, it employs 1149
men in the various out door departments. Of
these 853 are stationed in London and 296 at
Gravesend. The number includes 831 out-
door officers, 200 watermen, 50 m-scengers,
22 watchmen, 4 constables, 2 doorkeepers, and
22 men who form the crew of the revenue cut-
ter. The officers during the year ending June
30th, 1867, valued 16,315 vessels on arrival,
guarded 4767 vessels outward bound, and
14,870 lighters and barges in the Thames-
river. In England a man holds his custom
house position for life, and the medical officer
of the London establishment reports that the
force has during the year 1865 lost sixty-nine

men, out of which number fourteen deaths have
occurred, fifteen were superannated from vari-
ous causes, twenty-eight were promoted into
other departments, two were dismissed, and
two resigned. The mean daily number on
the sick list was 2.5 per cent of the whole
force, and the mean duration of each case
about eighteen days. This body of men en-
joyed a remarkable exemption from cholera,
and though living in localities specially at-
tacked, one death only occurred among them
from this disease, which was so severe in Lon-
don last year.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Females often possess presence of mind and
the power of self control under circumstances
of imminent peril which seem almost foreign
to their nature, and beyond the endurance of
a delicate organization.

Here is a striking instance of self-command
by a word by a lady whose fears must have
been powerfully excited, and whose life of af-
fliction had probably never before given her
nerves any severer test than is incident to the
vicissitudes of domestic cares. We copy the
adventure promising, by way of explanation,
that she was the daughter of a rector, and was
upon the eve of her marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow
of that on which our adventure happened.—
Grand preparations were made for the wed-
ding, and the rector's fine old plate, and the
costly gifts of the bride, were displayed with
pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds,
the presence of some strangers who had
come down to a prize fight which had taken
place in the neighborhood.

That night Adelaide, who had occupied a
separate room from her sister, sat up late—
long after all the household had retired to rest.
She had a long interview with her father, he
had been reading a chapter to which he had
directed her attention, and since had packed
up her jewels, &c. She was, consequently,
still when the church clock tolled at midnight.

As she ceased, she fancied she heard a noise like
that of a file, she listened but could distinguish
nothing clearly. It might have been the
noise of the servants still about, or perhaps it
was only the creaking of the old trees. She
heard nothing but the sighing of the winter
winds for many minutes afterwards. House-
breakers were mere myths in primitive Hy-
ndon, and the bride's feet, without a single
thought of fear, resumed her occupations. She
was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds,
destined to be worn at the wedding, when her
bedroom door softly opened. She turned, look-
ed up, beheld a man with a black mask hold-
ing a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was
for her father, who slept in the next room, and
to whom any sudden alarm might be death for
he was old feeble, and suffering from heart
complaint. She confronted the robber boldly
and addressed him in a whisper—
You are come, she said, to rob us? Spare
your soul the awful guilt of murder. My
father sleeps in the next room, and to startle
him from his sleep would kill him. Make no
noise, I beg you.

The fellow was astonished and cowed.
We won't make no noise, he replied, sud-
denly if you give us every thing quietly.
Adelaide drew back and let him take her
jewels—not without a pang, for they were
precious love gifts, remarking at the same time
that the two masked ruffians stood at the
half opened door. As he took the jewel case
and watch from the table, and demanded her
purse, she asked him if he intended to go into
her father's room. She received a risky affir-
mative, he wasn't going to run all risks and
leave the tin behind! She proposed instantly
that she would go herself quietly.

I will bring you what ever you wish, and
you may guard me thither, and kill me if I
fail you to you.
The fellow consulted his comrades, and af-
ter a short parley they agreed to the proposal
and with a pistol pointed at her head, the
dunnet girl crossed the passage and entered
the old rector's room. Very gently she
crossed the chamber, and removing his purse,
keys and desk, she gave them up to the
robbers, who stood at the door. The old
man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guar-
anteed by his child who softly shut the door, and
demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader said that they would be when
they had got the show of plate spread out be-
low, and that they couldn't let her out of sight
and that she must go with them. In com-
pliance with this mandate, she followed the down-
stairs to the dining room where a splendid
wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble
and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise
the fellows—eight in number when assembled—
seated themselves and prepared to make a
good meal. They ordered her to get them
out wine, and set her own wedding cake for
them, and then seated at the head of the
table, she was compelled to preside at this ex-
traordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and
Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time to
study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices
of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate
transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart,
whispering together and glancing at the
young lady. For the first time Adelaide's
courage gave way, and she trembled; but it
was not a consultation against her, as it proved.
The leader, approached her told her that they
did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly
wench, regular game, and that they wouldn't
hurt her, but that she must swear not to give
the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when
they should be off all safe. To this course,
she was obliged to assent, and they all in-
sisted on shaking hands with her. She no-
ticed, during this parting ceremony, that one
of the ruffians had only three fingers on his
left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide,
faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of
daylight; then as the robbers did not return,
she stole to her room, undressed, and fell into
a disturbed slumber. The consternation of
the family next morning may be imagined; and
Adelaide's story was still more astounding
than the fact of the robbery itself. Police
were sent for from London, and they, guided
by Adelaide's lucid description of her mid-
night guests, actually succeeded in capturing
every one of the gang, whom the young lady
had no difficulty in identifying and swearing
to—the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding
clue to the discovery. The stolen property
was nearly all recovered, and the old rector al-
ways declared—and with truth—that he owed
his life to the self-possession and judgment of
his noble daughter.

The only ill-effect of the great trial to her
nerves was a disposition on the part of the
young heroine to listen for midnight sounds,
and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but
time and change of residence soon effected a
cure.

BREAD MAKING.

As bread is the "staff of life," it is a matter
of great importance that we have the very
best which can be made. To a good house-
keeper bread is a continual annoyance, and
if she is "out" of bread she feels she is
"out" of everything.

It is comparatively easy to make good
bread, if we have good yeast. To have good
yeast follow the simple rules we will give
you.—Take a handful of hops and boil in
two quarts of water, ten minutes. Then
strain the liquor off, and, while it is yet boil-
ing hot, stir in flour enough to make a thick
batter, add two large table-spoonsful of salt—
Stir it thoroughly, and set in a warm place to
rise. In three or four hours, it will be suffi-
ciently light. Put it into a jug, or a small mouth-
jar, cover tightly, and keep in a cool place.—
We have used this sort of yeast for years, with
the most perfect success, and a loaf of bad
bread is a thing unknown in our domestic
economy.

When you want to make bread, take one
quart of milk, warm it a little, put in a tea-
cup of yeast, and flour enough to form a mass,
as thick as you can stir with an iron spoon.—
Cover it well with flour, to prevent a thick
crust being formed or set in a warm place to
rise. We consider a certain degree
of heat absolutely essential in making good
bread; and, to ensure it, we wrap a flannel
sheet around our bread tray, and, when the
weather is cold enough to need a fire, we set
it near the stove, in the morning your sponge
is ready to mould into loaves, after which let it
stand until it has risen into the pans, then put
it into a hot oven—mind, a "hot" oven, not a
"warm" one, it should be hot enough to form a
crust upon the loaves immediately. Then let
it cool off gradually. An hour is not too long
to bake loaves of ordinary size.

A friend of ours who has always good bread
makes her yeast in this way.—She takes five
or six good sized potatoes, pares them and
boils them in a quart of water. When they
are boiled very soft, mashes them very fine,
and strains through a sieve; then adds three
table-spoonsful of salt, the same of sugar, and
another quart of hot water, stirs in her flour
while it is hot, and when cool enough to bear
her fingers in it without inconvenience, she
puts in a cup of yeast, stirs it well, and leaves
it to rise. When it is well risen, she bottles
it for use. She says it will keep eight weeks
in cool weather.—[W. Barab.]

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.—The last
frank of fashion is to give the "coup de grace"
to the pearl powder, white lead and rouge,
that have so long reigned. Even belladonna
is to be discarded, and "golden" hair will shortly
be as rare as the real Auburn that of nature,
if not still rarer. The decree has gone forth
for black hair and bronze complexion, and
these will, no doubt, shortly crowd the parks.
How they are produced is the only question
that need concern us. The destructive nature
of the chemical agent usually employed for
dyeing the hair black, is well known to our
readers. To give a lady of fashion the com-
plexion of a gipsy, nothing is needed but a
little walnut juice, and we have reason to
fear that this has already found its way to

the toilet table. It has at least the negative
merit of not being so dangerous as some of the
poisonous cosmetics that have preceded it.—
Whether a dirty face will long be the rage it
would be rash to predict.

A GOOD CEMENT.—Gutta percha, dis-
solved in chloroform, so as to make a fluid of the
consistency of honey produces a good cement.
When spread, it will dry in a few moments,
but it can be softened by heating. Small
patches of leather can be cemented on boots
by its use, in such a manner as to almost
duly detection, and some shoemakers employ
it with great success for this purpose. It is
water proof, resisting all the elements but
heat.

HIS BEST SAYINGS.—The saying of Arle-
man Ward that will be longest remembered
are that "G. Washington never slept over,"
and "it would have been more'n ten dollars
in Jeff Davis' pocket, if he had never been
born." Gerald Massey, in the London Quar-
terly, gives the following as among his best
sayings.—"This world continues to revolve
round her axle-tree once every twenty-four
hours, subject to the constitution of the United
States."—"If you ask me how pious Brigham
Young is, I treat it as a conundrum, and give
it up."

A Little Girl, whose name was Martha, had
been on a visit. Returning, she was beset by
a very inquisitive female, Mrs. Grimbley, who
began in a very disagreeable way to question
the little miss.—
Where you been, Martha? Been to Liver-
pool, Mrs. Grimbley. Who did you see there,
oh? Oh! I said Martha grandly, I saw an
angel. Did ye, though? And what did he
say? Oh, he said, How do you do, Martha?
And who else did he say? Oh, I—saw the
devil. (And what did he say? He said, How do
Mrs. Grimbley? Here the questioning end-
ed.)

At Guelph, Canada, recently, a country
youth, attending the circus, offered the ele-
phant a plug of tobacco. The sagacious ani-
mal, which had probably been tricked some
time before, stretched out its proboscis as if to
take tobacco, but instead suddenly seized the
youth's hat, and after chewing it to a mass of
pulp, threw it down at the feet of the owner.

James Ruggles, of Rochester, Mass., has
found a land turtle which was marked by his
brother fifty-three years ago.

The intoxication of ang-dike that of the
grape, shows us to others, but hides us from
ourselves.

New Fancy Goods.
St. Andrews, N. B., May 8th, 1867.
ALMON HOUSE, Water St.
Market Square
JOHN S. MAGEE is now daily receiving
his stock of

New Sought and Fancy Dry Goods,
which were bought when markets were at low
rates, and are offered at low prices. Inspection
by intending purchasers is solicited.

NOTICE.

Crowns Landed Office, 26th Feb. 1867.

It is ordered in Council, That any person who
has procured Land under the Labor Act, (or
his Assign) before the 1st day of January, 1861,
but has not yet resided and improved as above
by the Regulations, may apply to have the
Sale cancelled and the Lot advertised for sale
by Public Auction, subject to the payment of the
value of existing improvements; and if such person
or his assign, be the purchaser, fifty per cent of
the labor returned will be credited on the pre-
chase.

It is further ordered, that all Sales before 1st
January, 1861, to persons under the Labor Act,
and not yet granted, shall be cancelled on the 1st
day of November, 1868, and the Lots then be-
come vacant, unless such persons do previously
perform the necessary conditions of payment, im-
provement, and residence, or avail themselves of
the privilege above offered.

The equitable interest of the party (or their
assign) who may have made improvements or
performed labour on any of the Lots to be sold
or forfeited, will in all cases be fully protected
against subsequent purchasers; but in no case
shall such persons having any improvements on
the Lands, or performed labour in part or in whole
for such Lands, have any claim thereon upon the
Government of this Province.

CHARLES CONNELL,
Secy. Gen.

Mar 27—3m

TODD, CLEWLEY, & CO.
ST. STEPHEN.

Offer for sale Ex "Emma" from Cardenas
125 HDS. very bright Centrifugal
SUGAR,
74 Boxes Brown Havana do,
50 "White do do,
Also—Ex "Pollen Jones" from Rome 100
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25 Tons of Molasses.
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