

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

ET VARIIS SEMINDEM EST OPTIMUM.—CICERO

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 32

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 11, 1869.

Vol 36

Poetry.

Little Feet and Little Hands.

Little feet and little hands,
Buy all the day,
Never staying in your playing
Long upon your way,
Little knowing whither going,
Come to me, I pray!
Bring the sweetness in its footsteps,
Of the early flowers,
And the blessings and caressings
Of your sunny hours!

Little feet and little hands,
What awaits for you?
Sail to-morrow with your sorrows?
Clouds, or skies of blue?
Never the pleasures come with treasures
Ever glad and new?
Will your tiny feet that carry
Little ones along,
May they bear the darlings where the
Air is full of song!

Little feet and little hands,
Ye are wondrous fair!
Ye are staying in your playing
From a balmy air
Gently blowing, never knowing
Any thought of care
To its breeze, if he pleases
Him who guides our way,
May you wander, ever yonder
Where they ever play,
And no smiling or beguiling
Woo again to stray!

Miscellany.

The Bewitched Clock.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a luminous envelope in blue broad-cloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barber's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was inebriated, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers over. Wonder if I shall come down? The critter promised me, I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over sumthin' or nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she snatched up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love runs no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door—

Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?
Till him it's most morning, whispered Joe. I can't tell a fib, said Sally.
I'll make it a truth tho' said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he sat it at five.

Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is, cried the old gentleman up stairs.
It's five by the clock, answered Sally, and corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. Good gracious! said the father.
The deacon, by thunder? cried Joe. Hide me, Sal!

Where can I hide you? cried the distracted girl.
Oh, I know, said he, I'll squeeze into the clock case.

And without another word he concealed himself in the case and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

Five o'clock, eh? said he. Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters. Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, and smoke afterwards? suggested the dutiful Sally.

No, nookin' clemers my head and wakes me up, answered the deacon, who heaved not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r—whiz—ding—ding! went the clock.
Tormented lightning! cried the deacon,

starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. What is creation's that?
It's only the clock striking five, said Sally tremulously.

Whiz! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.
Powers of mercy! cried the deacon. Striking five! it's struck a hundred already.

Deacon Barberry! cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself and how came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. What is the matter with the clock?

Goodness only knows, replied the old man. It's been in the family these hundred years and never did I know it to carry on so before.

Whiz! bang! bang! went the clock.
It'll bust itself! cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, and there won't be nothing left of it.

It's bewitched, said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. Anyhow, he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, I'll see what's got into it!

Oh, don't critic the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

Don't chorous both the women together. Let go my raiment! shouted the deacon. I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness.

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clockcase. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp.

The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress came from the inside, and then the clockcase pitched head foremost on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, especially Joe Mayweed, effected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

How to be Man.

Not long since a boy of some seventeen years of age called on a merchant doing a large business in New York. Being busily employed at the time, the boy had to wait a little before getting an opportunity for an interview. Occasionally the merchant cast a glance at him as he stood respectfully at a short distance. He was rather poorly clad, and showed evidences of pretty hard work; but his face indicated honesty and common sense, with a firm and energetic manliness, under the somewhat rude exterior. A practical business man requires but brief examination of a boy to declare as to his weight and worth of character.

When at liberty, the merchant said:—
Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?

I called, sir, he replied, to ask you for a situation as an engineer. I was told you were having a new engine built, and I want you to give me the place. I'd like to run it for you.

Are you an engineer? asked the gentleman.
No, sir; but I can be, he answered, setting his lips firmly together, standing squarely before the gentleman, and looking him full in the face. I don't understand the business well; I know something of it, though. But I can be an engineer and I will be. And I wish you would give me a chance.

His modest but determined manner pleased the merchant. It was having a new engine built for a certain department of his business and could of course have as many experienced operators as he desired. It was no object for him to take up an unexperienced boy and attempt to train him; no object except to help the boy. Such deeds he was noted for a fact which no doubt had encouraged the boy to make his application.

What are you doing now? he inquired.
Working in a machine-shop, in Brooklyn. I have been fireman, and I often worked the engine. I think I could get along pretty well with one now, if anybody will have a little patience with me.

What wages do you get?
Five dollars a week, sir.

What do you do with your money?
Give it to my mother, sir.

Give it to your mother? lump! lump! what does your mother do with it?
Well, you see, there is mother, sister and me; and mother takes in sewing. But it goes pretty hard you know. They don't give much for sewing, and it's pretty hard work too. And then with the other work she has to do, you know she cannot get along very fast at that rate, so I help her all I can. If I could

get an engineer's place I could get more wages, and it would make it easier for mother.

How do you spend your evenings? asked the gentleman.
I attend the free schools at the Cooper Institute, studying mechanics, he replied. I spend all the time I can get studying. I know I can be an engineer.

Can you ever drink liquor?
He looked up with an expression of astonishment on his countenance that such a question should be asked, but answered firmly:—
No, sir.

Do you chew, or smoke, or go to the theatre?
Never—can't afford it. Mother needs the money. And if she didn't, I could make a better use of it. I'd like to have some books if I could only spare the money to get them.

Do you go to church or Sunday school?
He held down his head, pretending to brush the dust off the floor with his foot, and replied:—
No, sir.

Why not? asked the merchant, a little sharply.
I haven't any clothes fit to wear, he replied. It takes all the money I can get for us to live; and I can't have any clothes. He looked down at his coarse and well worn suit. It didn't use to be so when father was living. I was brought up to go to church and to Sunday School. If I can get engineer I shall go again. I know I can run an engine.

Telling him to call at a certain time, when he expected his engine would be in use, and he would talk further with him, he dismissed him. But he must have that engine, said the merchant to a friend to whom he related the circumstance. He will make a man, that boy will. A boy who is determined to do something; who gives his mother all of his money to lighten her burdens; who does not use tobacco, and does not go to the theatre; who spends his evenings in study after working all day, such a boy would make man, and deserves to be helped. I have not told him so, but I shall take him and put him under one of my engineers until he is fully capable of taking charge, then let him have the engine. He will get twenty dollars a week instead of five, and be able to lighten a mother's burden, have clothes to wear to church, and buy books to aid in his business.

A noble boy, though hidden among hard conditions and under unattractive garbs, will work out and show his manhood. He may not always find friends to appreciate him; but determined, virtuous, and willing to endure, he will in due time conquer.—[Mother's Journal.]

Female Affection.

Woman is not half so selfish a creature as man. When man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When woman is enamored of man, she forgets herself, the world and all it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifice to sentiment. How many women do every man know, who have sacrificed fortune and honors, to pure and disinterested motives! A man mounts a breach; he glorious and great. He has saved his country. He has acquired fame, preference, riches. Whenever he appears, respect awaits him, admiration attends him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory does not die with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour—and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure, are I shall not die.

A woman sends her husband to the war; she lingers but in that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the safety of the land. Every billow that swells, she thinks it to be his tomb; every hail that flies, she imagines is directed against him. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert; her universe was a man, and that man her terror; her hero is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits up in her mourning, and in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippa in his chair; and when at night she seeks repose she has fled her couch; the silent tears steal down her cheek and wet her pillow; or if by chance exalted nature finds an hour's slumber, her drowsy soul sees in that sleep a bleeding lover, or his mangled corpse. Time passes, her grief increases till worn out at length by too much tenderness, she falls a victim of too exquisite sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave! No, cold unfeeling reader! these are not the pictures of my own creation. They are neither changed or embellished, but are faithfully copied from nature.

Too Much Turkey.—Friend "Jerry" is a good natured, civil fellow, who attends to his business and provides well for his family, but has a little falling in, in this, that when he goes to his home in the suburbs at night, he is usually more or less under the influence of contraband fluids. One night, a little after dark, he started for home with a nice turkey, safely done up in strong wrapping paper, under his arm. "Jerry" found the road from the station to his pretty cottage, some half mile distant,

uncommonly rough that night. He several times stumbled and fell over all sorts of obstructions in the path. Each time he fell he dropped his turkey, but contrived to pick it up again. On entering his house, he staided himself as well as he was able, and said to his wife, "Here wifey, I've got 'leven turkeys for you." "Eleven turkeys, Jerry, what do you mean? There's only one." "There must be 'leven turkeys, wifey, for I fell down 'leven times, and every time I found a turkey. There must be 'leven turkeys."

HONORS.—The Americans are peculiar about their hobbies. Sometimes they run to one extreme, then to other. A few years since bathing was all the rush; every man had a bathing tub and a shower bath apparatus in his chamber, and bathing was carried on to excess. Soon these went out of fashion—Those who had procured them cast them out, sold them for what they could get for them, or threw away; so that now they are verging back to the other extreme: they do not bathe enough.

A few years ago, too, the young students, and all of sedentary occupations, neglected all exercise, and thousands died for lack of proper exercise. Now athletic sports are in the ascendant, and base-ball and row matches are the order of the day. These are now liable to be carried to as great an excess.

We have known a number of deaths from excess in these matters; and still the evil increases both in England and America. The London Times recently uttered a spirited protest against excess in these practices, especially against them as they prevail in the English schools. We make a similar protest—But protests are of little avail, when one of these fevers is on; and, like measles, scarlet fever and small-pox, they are self-limited, and run their course.

The paper just named thinks the results every way unprofitable. So do we. Hear the English Thunderer on this subject:—
"Take the most crucial test, the march of armies on a campaign. The lighter French of fees are, in great part highly-instructed men, and no class of them have given themselves up to rowing and jumping from boy hood to manhood; but they march, with far more alertness and agility than is shown by an English regiment, whose officers have been athleticizing all their lives. Young Americans are popularly supposed to pass their hours of recreation in making speeches and reading newspapers, and they certainly do not rival our players in the multitude and elaborateness of their sports. But Sherman's march through Georgia, on the one hand, and the successive campaigns of the Confederates on the other, show that Americans are able to endure exertion and fatigue, at least as well as Englishmen.—In the campaign of Sadowa the Prussians exhibited promptitude and endurance not to be exceeded by any nation. In the ordinary occupations of life the same powers are witnessed, the higher classes of these countries are not strong enough for anything they have to do."

Some out door exercise is necessary; but all violent exertion is dangerous, and often proves injurious. Now, as prevention is better than cure, we say, avoid that which may, and often does injury. The middle course, between "Seylla and Charibides," is the safe one. Avoid a hobby.

Lost and Found.
One evening not long ago, a party of boon companions met at the hotel of a large and prosperous village in Vermont. Among the rest was a young lawyer, already eminent in his profession—handsome, accomplished and witty. Good liquor is not rare, even within the shadows of the Green Mountains, and in these days of prohibitory laws, so that the company had no difficulty in procuring the wherewithal to pass a jovial evening. At a rather late hour, when our handsome legal friend started for home, it was raining smartly, and the path in consequence being quite slippery he by some mischance found himself off his pins, and lying in the street. In the fall he had dropped his cane. After picking himself up he felt around in the dark for the missing article, which he was unable to find, but instead picked up a hat, and with this treasure-trove in his hand went his way. He soon reached home safely, and finding his wife up and waiting for him, said to her, with rapture:—"My dear, I have lost my cane, but I have found a good hat!" "Found a hat!" she exclaimed, eyeing him sharply. "Why, my dear, that's your own hat." Raising his hand to his head, our friend for the first time became aware that his hat was missing from its proper place, and his hair was saturated with moisture. Without another word, he turned about and groped his way up stairs to bed.

A quack in Georgia prescribed to a rheumatic old woman that she should bury all her husband's money under a stone in the garden. She did so, and though the rheumatism didn't, a wish, the money did.

DOSING AND DRUGGING.—There are fewer greater evils in the community than this; yet nothing more common. A family of children cannot be truly healthy where the table or the medicine chest is filled with vials of Paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial, Scroth's Syrup, etc., and with papers of Sulphur, Epsom Salts, Magnesia etc. from which they are frequently dosed. You might as well expect to find new boots and shoes, of the best style and workmanship, in a cobbler's shop, where no business is done but to repair old ones, as to meet with children whose cheeks glow with health, where this paraphernalia and practices abound. Almost every good mother will be dabbling, more or less, with these things. But they always do harm, and frequently destroy what would otherwise be a good constitution. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," should be written upon all medicines, unless you are sick, and then as John Wesley used to say, "Send for a godly physician," or the best one you know of.

COLD WATER.—One of the the best of things, when properly used; and yet one which causes many deaths, when drunk without discretion. Not a season passes when a number of laboring men do not die by drinking this pure and heaven prepared beverage, to excess when overheated. Strange men will do this when a very small quantity will much better quench thirst, and do them good, in instead of harm. Let not any one, no matter how thirsty, drink only a swallow, gargle his throat and he will find his heat allayed, and thirst quenched, much more thoroughly than if he drinks a pint of cold water, and without risk of death from its effects. Remember this, while hot weather lasts.

AFRAID OF LIGHTNING.—Washington Irving and Lewis Gaylord Clark, while walking near Sleepy Hollow, were overtaken by a storm. There was great thundering and lightning, and Mr. Irving took refuge under a tree making his companion say:—
"Why didn't you come in here and be as comfortably housed as I am?"
"I haven't got it, my dear sir," replied Mr. Clark. "I'm afraid of lightning. My father was once nearly killed by it while standing under a tree in a thunder storm, and he always enjoined it upon his twin boys never to do the like."

Oh, said Mr. Irving, "that alters the case. If lightning runs into your family, I commend your caution."

John Neal once said:—"I used to drink but one day I took a glass of brandy and found I liked the taste of it. I said to myself, John Neal, when you have grown to like the taste of liquor, it is time to stop—and I did." Not another drop of liquor, passed his lips, it is believed nothing could have induced him to drink after that, even to the sipping of a glass of wine.

I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money, said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. And I wish you wouldn't give such long weight for mine, replied the grocer.

A Paris journal has a capital cartoon which represents two young married ladies chatting about their husbands.—What, says one of them, you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?
"Certainly I do; for he spends his evenings with me, replied the other.

"Yes, at that price!"
"My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices!"

Those who are naturally inclined to look on the dark side of things, are sometimes needlessly and unprofitably afflicted. If our eyes were as wide open to the virtues as to the failings of others, I think we should see much more good in one another than we now often recognize, and some of us need to have more confidence in each other.

A drunken man walking along the street at night with his head thrown back, looking at the moon with sovereign contempt, was heard to exclaim:—"You needn't be so proud, Madame Moon. You are full once a month, and I every night."

A man turned his son out of doors lately because he wouldn't pay his rent,—a striking proof of parental affection.

"I know by a little what a great deal means," a gauger said when he saw the tip of a fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

A corn extractor that has never been patented—the crow.

The Parish School
Has been re-opened.
Terms:—Juniors \$1.00 per quarter.
Advanced \$1.50
Classics and Mathematical Branches taught.
D. WHYTE, Teacher.
St. Andrews, Aug. 4, 1869.

