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No 1

## Poetry.

### THE MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

Hark across the startled midnight,  
How the solemn echoes swell;  
As from tower to tower repeated,  
Peals the Old Year's parting knell.

All its flush and vernal beauty,  
Wealth of summers golden prime,  
Harvest joy and winter sadness,  
Ended with that farewell chime.

Sinks the heart in painful musing,  
As the slow vibrations fall;  
And the Old Year swift departeth  
Evermore beyond recall.

Memory's busy pencil painteth  
Scenes we do not care to view;  
Voices that we faint would silence  
Thrill the darkened chamber through.

O the golden days departed!  
Could we live the hours again,  
Never should their memory waken  
Such a mournful spectral train.

All the blessings coldly slighted,  
All the counsel set at naught,  
Faded hearts we have lightened,  
Laying deeds we might have wrought.

Pacing now in bright procession,  
Sad, reproachful looks they cast,  
Till they cross the shadowy threshold,  
Entering on the silent past.

But regret, and shame and sorrow,  
Not alone to us remain;  
There is One who waits to pardon,  
One whose blood can cleanse each stain.

He hath marked each upward effort,  
Knowing all the pains it cost;  
Told contrition's falling tear drops,  
And our labor is not lost.

Thus with judgment mingles mercy,  
Blends with grief the song of peace,  
As the voice that stills the ocean  
Bids the spirit's tumult cease.

Hark! the bells' sweet clangour changeth,  
And a hundred towers repeat,  
"Welcome to the New Year's dawning,"  
And the Past and Future meet.

And the chimes resounding o'er us  
Wake a glad responsive tone,  
While upon the path before us  
Beams of heavenly light are thrown.

Now with calm courageous spirit,  
Press we onward to the prize,  
Where the crown of fadeless glory  
Wait for us beyond the skies.

Son o'er Time's dark waters swelling  
Sweeter notes than these shall ring—  
Echoes of celestial anthems,  
Songs which only victors sing.

Yet awhile the work and waiting,  
Still with sin the mortal strife,  
But eternity to rest in  
Glorious with immortal life.

Time flows on the rapid river  
Soon will mingle with the sea;  
Let us through the fleeting Present  
Labour for Eternity!

## Interesting Tale.

### ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

'You're mistaken. I would sooner die than marry a country girl!'

But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of natural poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unpolished by admiration, a guileless, simple loving creature.

Oh, said Fred, laughing, choice collection of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and so very amiable. No, I tell you, if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churning and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune.

Ha! Ha! laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very phantasmic laugh as she went down the very corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the spot.

In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he was paled with visible trepidation. Do you think she heard me?

No, rejoined the other audibly—she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not have heard you, but what an angel, she is.

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the eponym. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks as she held her book aside and began to twine an unfeigned wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the garbled white oak tree a back ground, flowers a reward around her, peeping from her dress, she sat quite at ease, apparently quite unconscious that two hard-one young gentlemen were so near her.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the seal of faultless elegance; Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father, said she, rising in a graceful and charming manner. The large house on the high ground, half hidden by trees and shrubbery, that's where we live. I believe it was an accident once, that a sort of select school isn't it? with the most natural simplicity, running to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow. Tell your father, said he, that I shall do myself the honor to call upon him tomorrow. He will remember me, Frederick Lane, at your service.

Yes, sir, I will tell him for you," said Helen, tucking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her books, and gathering some flowers, she hurried home.

Now, father, mother, aunt and sis, exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane will talk so much about us in the village. He will call here to-morrow—the first specimen of a city bean, (as of course he is,) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in his and splendid in his, important and self-assured as one of those that you'll not miss one word about music, reading and writing in his presence because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, but if you sis, will keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long.

Helen, you are not quite respectful, said her father. Forgive me dear father, and her arms went around his neck. I always mean well, but I am thoughtless. There, all is right now, she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

Come sis, what say you? Why on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason? Ah! that's my own business, said Helen, dancing out of the room.

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary, overhead, burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music—Helen was at work on long, blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it? Yes, quite, I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well. A do you read much? Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or papers, but not a page, nor a leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

Oh, yes, said Helen, with a sanctified air. What books! I permit me to ask. I read the Bible a good deal, she said gravely.

Is that all? All, of course not, and what do we not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—blushing and recollecting herself she added with a manner as childish as it before had been dignified, as for the other books, let me see, I've got in my library—there's the primer, (consulting on her fingers,) Second Class Reader, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Fairy Stories, two or three elements of something, Biography of some persons or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William, III. There, isn't that a good assortment?

Fred smiled. Perhaps I don't know as much as those who went to school more, she added as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, but in making bread and churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be out done.

The young man felt more in pity than in love but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, and he at last began to feel a magnetic attraction, and he at last began to feel a magnetic attraction.

Often, as he was wondering how some home expression would be received in good society some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like pearls from her lips more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

If I should fall into the snare, thought he, I can escape her. It will be worth trying. It was useless, to combat his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking, and confessed his love for her.

I care not, Helen, only be mine, was his invariable answer to her exclamation of his unworthiness. How she would up and in society.

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration of their honeymoon. Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand out-statement, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked more beautiful than ever. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed without jewels or lace, with that fresh, white rose, simple, sweet, blue, and ornaments of fair more roses, she was far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her. Shall I love him as dearly, she asked herself, if I find he is as good as me? I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions; then I have a husband to be honored, and then he shall be proud of his wife.

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another. Simple, unadorned, a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor husband. She looked at him—He only smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, and wondered why he had married himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he! O joy! he seemed to love her the more as she clung to him so timidly, his noble face expressed the pride he truly felt, he looked as if he would have swept back the scornful with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look every word not in strict conformity to etiquette; and Helen's heart beat high, and tears came to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had.

Helen's heart stood near her husband talking in a low tone with a new comers partner. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features. If concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she held away over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had come.

Do you suppose she knows anything? whispered a low voice near her. Helen's face flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone, speaking at a little distance, with a friend.

Do you play, Mrs. Lane? she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice. A little, answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

And sing? A little, was the half reply. Then do as a favor, exclaimed Miss Somers looking askance at her companions. Come, I myself will lead you to the instrument. Hark! Helen, instantly seated, the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such corrections! Such breath, depth and vigor! Such tones! Who is she? She plays like an angel!

And who hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful and passing sweet, astonishment gives many a faint check a deep

scarlet. There is a deep silence unbroken, and the silver strains float up: Aye! care I not for cold neglect. Though tears unbidden start, And scorn is but a bitter word. Save when it breaks the heart, If one be true, If one be true, The world may careless be, Since I may only keep my love, And tell my grief to thee.

Glorious voice! said Fred to his friend who sat at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheeks, as he walked slowly towards her.

It was speechless with amazement, so gas not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before, they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In a graceful acknowledgement, she blended wit and humor.

How well she talks! who would have thought it! he has found a treasure! was whispered all around the room. Meanwhile Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon, admired this one and condemned that.

A sudden looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation, Helen smilingly finished it, and she received a look of eloquent thanks. Bonnets, partings, language, rich fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Frederic was by her side like one in a dream, pressing his hands over his eyes to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp full arm leaning on its golden strings, heard words that rich fancy, novel and plaintive with some tender memory, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

Tell me, he said, when alone, what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream. Only a country girl, said Helen, then falling into her husband's arm, she exclaimed, forgive me I am that little rustic that you would sooner deem than well. Are you sorry you married me?

Sorry, my glorious wife. But Helen, you could not deceive. Did I not understand you had never—

Been at an academy, she broke in, never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing, all very true, and yet I am all you see me here to-night, myself my own teacher, with labor and diligence I hope I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be.

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story, and see the bright smile between her pretty face and dimples, as she tells how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room, by the music, locking the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust while the country girl, without any deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles, than with the piano and books.

Daniel Webster, remarked old Colonel Gumpsey, as he triumphed a quid of nigger-head and clenched it securely between two decayed teeth in the left side of his mouth, "Daniel Webster was a great man. There wasn't nothing in an about him. I've heard him talk, but wasn't his talk so much as his generosity that stuck me. He had a kinder careless way like, that kept him from gettin' rich. Never seemed to think what things cost. I was coming up the Hudson river along with him once, and in the morning Daniel Webster and me was washin' our faces and slickin' our hair in the cabin, and he took out a tooth brush and brushed his teeth. I didn't see no other tooth brush around, so I borrowed his. And after I used it I handed it back to him, and what do you think? Why, Daniel Webster just slung that tooth brush right into the river. And I s'pose next day he went and bought him a new one. That's all he cared about money! There ain't no such men as Daniel Webster living now, concluded the Colonel meditatively, as he spirited a stream of tobacco juice into the fire pipe at the other end of the room.

A LEAKY STAR.—The crew of a man of war once saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met, and appointed a committee to wait on the commander to ask his opinion on it. They approached him and said:—"We want to ask your opinion, your honor."—"Well, my boys, what is it about?"—"We want to inquire about that thing up there."—"Now, before I answer you, first let me know what

you think it is."—"Well, your honor, we have talked it over, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

### SAVED.

"I believe the boy came to steal. Why did he creep into the kitchen without knocking?"

Pet was sitting there in one of her thoughtful moods. I could see through the high window, though the luxuriant grape vine hid me completely from view. At first the sight of the boy startled me. He was uncouth and ugly. Not only that, but his brow was low and to me his eyes were vicious. Some children would have screamed at the sight of such an apparition; Pet did not. Instead, a smile broke over her face like a burst of sunshine.

Nothing human repelled her. I have shared to see her creep a filthy little creature round the neck. Everybody was "nice" either her, and in her vocabulary "nice" meant good. Her to go back to the rough intruder.

It startled him to see her smile, but in an instant the boy looked a-lamed. A smile spread to the purplish swellings under his eyes. Is 'oo hungry? cried Pet, in a clear, soft bird like voice.

A moment after she emerged from her room with a lovely rose apple, that filled both her hands, and running toward him, set his eyes shining—I thought I never had seen so beautiful an expression in a human face—said.

Take 'is and 'od be nice—'oo is nice, in 'oo? The boy looked down at the small blessing his lips work'd a little. Sure am I, no sooner would have reached his poor heart as did that little eat. He seemed to hesitate.

Take it, said I cheerfully; Pet would rather you would eat it, I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do anything for you? coming in as I spoke.

The tears stood in his eyes now. I don't know as I want anything, ma'am, I—well—I—I—don't know as I need anything! Have you a home? I asked.

A—home—that's what I never had. Give him some food, ma'am, said Pet, pitifully, striving for tears.

He looked at her with an almost worshipping glance. Have two or three cords of wood that want splitting and piling down in the cellar, said I. I'll do it, he cried brightly.

I looked at him keenly. Can I trust you? I asked; but I tried to say it with a smile.

Yes, yonawny, ma'am; indeed you may, he said; and then, with a swift motion, jerked his sleeve across his eyes. He told me that he was called Bertie, and I imparted his name to Pet. So very little while she would get a pat to the head of the cellar stairs and cry out:

Bertie is so nice? then throw back her little head and burst into such silvery peals of laughter, and I laughed softly to myself every I heard her.

Bertie came next day to finish his job, and his grey eyes grew positively beautiful at sight of Pet. O, I love her, ma'am, he exclaimed. O, I give anything if I might kiss her ma'am. Pet, Bertie wanted to kiss you, I said.

Is 'oo nice? laughed Pet, suspending her busy little operations. No—no—I ain't nice, he said remorsefully. She seemed to deliberate a moment, then she said slowly:

Well, on must be nice, and come up to him and put up his lips. The head base, under that swift, awkward motion with his sleeve again, and hurried to his work. My husband became interested in the boy. Depend upon it, Bertie, said he, he's a neglected genius or he never would have shown such civility. I see about him.

He did sit about him to some purpose. He gave him occupation; found him reliable and steady work. He was broke out; Bertie, undisturbed, was wound up, and came near dying in the hospital. From that sick bed he returned some refined, spiritualized. Ah, no! he came home to weep over Pet's still, waxen features.

O my little salvation! he cried, with tears of agony; under God, my little savior! Pet in her home alone must rejoice if she sees Bertie, now an earnest student in Christ, or this sketch is not all fancy. Bertie will be a shining light, a brand saved from the burning, minister to the heirs of glory. As for Pet, do you think I ever wished her back? No—no.

My waiting angel, my seraph guide to the courts of heaven? My one dear child, what never gave the heart that loves her a single pang! "Of such is the kingdom," and with such my blessed darling is safe for evermore. [Selected.]

All things are cheap which are bought with another's money.

## ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN

### HAMMONTON TRACT OR

#### AND IN NEW JERSEY

##### FREE THOUGHTS ON

###### THE HISTORY OF THE

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