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No 51

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Throw more logs on the fire!
Let us hearken to where it has been;
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
With the mournful sound of its wailing
It has cheered the children's eyes,
And it calls with a louder clamour
Than the clamour of the sea.

Hark to the voice of the wind!
Let us listen to what it is saying,
Let us hearken to where it has been;
For it tells in its terrible crying,
The fearful sights it has seen.
It clatters loud at the casement,
Round the house it hurries on,
And shrieks with redoubled fury,
When we say "The blast is gone!"
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has been on the field of battle,
Where the dying and wounded lie;
And it brings the last groan they uttered,
And the ravenous vulture's cry.
It has been where the cohorts were meeting,
And closed with a fearful crash;
On the shore where no footstep has wandered,
It has heard the waters dash.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

It has swept through the gloomy forest,
Where the sledge was urged to its speed,
Where the howling wolves were rushing
On the track of the panting steed.
Where the pool was black and lonely,
It caught up a splash and a cry—
Only the bleak sky heard it,
And the wind as it hurried by.
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Then throw more logs on the fire,
Since the signs are black and cold,
And the children are drawing nigher,
For the tales that the wind has told.
So close and cheer gather
Round the red and crackling light;
And rejoice (while the wind is howling)
We are safe and warm to-night!
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Miscellany.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

It was not looking at my gold and silver plate, I suppose that my mother-in-law bilious might have stopped a long time, at other houses I could name, without getting the quality, or even the quantity, of food that would produce an indigestion of that kind. Mind, I don't blame her; she gave way to an unfeeling weakness (it was truth), poor lady, and she suffered for it more than enough. Neither was it mere ostentation, I suppose, that caused me to provide her with a sick-nurse—Mrs. Maquerey.

My wife, of course, did everything she could for her mother, but ours is a large household, and we see a good deal of company; so we thought it best to provide a person exclusively to wait upon her.

We had the highest written testimonials as to character, and her behaviour was everything we could wish. Instead of the airs, as persons of her class are accused of doing, she kept herself to herself, and when anything was wanted, she would fetch it in person, rather than give anybody trouble. I used to meet her walking all over the house upon these little errands, and I noticed, to my great credit, that though she made no noise. She so soon upon me, indeed—for I am not at all a man to be familiar with my interior, and should certainly not "take a pleasure in exhibiting my plate to a maid-of-all-work or a crossing-sweeper," as some people have been so good as to affirm—I say, I was so pleased with Mrs. Maquerey's quiet and respectful manner, that finding her upon one occasion in the dining-room, admiring my two new shield-shaped salvers upon the sideboard, I took pains to explain to her the design of the engraving, and especially the embossed cipher, with which her intelligent mind was highly pleased. In short, she was a perfect treasure, and it was not until she was laid to rest, that we realized the value of her services.

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under my roof. She was not a suspicious person, far from it; but she once remarked to me, in a meaning way, that the charge of so much valuable plate was a great responsibility, and would be even a temptation to some people. As the event proved, Mrs. Maquerey had only too good reason to do so.

Last Wednesday, we happened to have rather a large dinner-party; I had been dining out a good deal at various clubs lately, and of course it was necessary to invite my entertainers in return. It is not that I will ask any body to come and admire my plate, but certainly some of the men were not intimate friends of mine, but only acquaintances. However, I suppose the fact of persons belonging to such clubs as I frequent, is a sufficient guarantee for their social position. They were quite good enough, in my opinion, to meet Mrs. Maquerey at all events, and they met her. The dinner had gone off uncommonly well. The shield-shaped salvers had been very much admired, and so had my new turban. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and I had just passed the wine leaf claret jug to Colonel Fwanky (on which the old hunk did not pass the slightest remark by the way), when Bowles stopped down and whispered in my ear that a person wished to see me in the hall, upon very important business.

Ask him what it is, said I. It is impossible that I can leave my guests.

I did ask him, sir, and he refused to state, replied Bowles, confidentially. It is my opinion he is a laughing letter impostor; but he says he must see you in person.

I was upon the point of saying, "Tell him to leave the house," when something or other in Bowles's manner struck me so deeply that I resolved not to do so. Why should he say a man, about whom he could know nothing, was a laughing-letter impostor? Perhaps I placed rather too much confidence in my butler, as Mrs. Maquerey had hinted that very morning. Actuated by a vague presentiment of distrust and danger, I rose from the table, and went to my study, and then to the hall, and there I met him.

What is it you want with me, sir? said I, in a magisterial tone. One minute's private conversation with you, replied he, with a glance at the butler. You may have us, how I said I, and he withdrew as orderly, although, I am bound to say, very unwillingly. The thought flashed across me like lightning, Bowles has some tidings to tell me of my mother-in-law; and the next words of my visitor confirmed me in the suspicion.

I am a member of the detective police force, said he, "and I come to warn you that there is something wrong in your house."

Nothing to do with my plate, I hope? said I, with considerable anxiety. Very much to do with it, sir, returned he grimly. There is a thief harbored here; and by this time to-morrow you will not have a silver spoon in your possession, unless I find him out. I must see every soul you have got under your roof.

A thief! said I, impossible! I never have even as much as a strange waiter. That butler has lived with me for ten years, and my two footmen even longer. I will answer for their honesty.

Let me see 'em, sir; that's all I want, was the reply. It is not Bowles? said I, appealingly; don't say it's Bowles; but although it agitated me beyond measure to think that I should have to trust a new butler with all my plate, I confessed that I had a horrible idea that it was Bowles.

I think not, said the detective, quietly. Let me see the other men. I turned the gas-light over the door as high as it would go, and called them both into the hall.

It is not them, said he. What other men have you got in your house? None but my guests, said I, here in the dining room.

Do you know them all very well, sir? Are none of them mere acquaintances or neighbors? Well, returned I, with hesitation, and feeling very glad that Mrs. Maquerey was a third party to this interview, I know some, of course, better than others.

Just so, said the detective, quietly; then I must see them.

This was a shocking proposal, and made me feel like a fool; but still I was not going to run any risk with those shield-shaped salvers. Major Pinky, I now remembered, had expressed a great wish to examine them, and I was inviting him to dinner. When this Major Pinky was accepted that he belonged to my club—I certainly knew no more than the detective, and perhaps a great deal less. Still, it seemed a very base thing to open the dining-room door, and let this fellow scrutinize my guests, in hopes to find a accomplice among

Upon my life, said I, Mr. Detective, I can't do it. Very right, sir—very natural, replied he, smiling in his quiet way. It would never do, would it? But look you, sir; I'm a waiter, a hired waiter. Who is to know that I have not business at your sideboard? In one minute, I could put my eye over the whole lot, and spot my man, if he's there, as sure as taxes.

I did not like even this arrangement; but still it seemed the only thing to be done. So, sending for Bowles, I arranged with him the plan of proceeding, and then returned to the dining-room. My feelings are not to be described, when, a few minutes afterwards, sitting at the head of my table, I heard the door open and knew that the detestable was in the room. He was much longer at the side-board than he had promised to be, and every hair seemed to stand upright all the time. Suppose he should suddenly fall on Major Pinky, and cry, "This is my man!" Nay, suppose Colonel Fwanky himself should prove to be the offender! I seemed to have lost all confidence in my fellow-creatures. After a period of anxiety no measure of time could indicate, the supposed waiter took his departure.

You've got a new man, I see, said Dr. T. looking carefully at the plate about, I hope you are satisfied with it. I was exceedingly glad to find out Fwanky was honest, and had not been taken by the short-trill, and walked off to the street; but of course I did not tell him that.

Please, sir, you're wanted again, whispered Bowles, as he brought in another bottle of claret.

If the kitchen chimney is on fire, I am glad we have done, observed the major, good humouredly; if it can be of any service, pray command me.

I did not inform him what a relief it was to me that he was not wanted, but it was marking that it was only a little domestic matter, I thought I might let him know.

The old I'm afraid it is not among them, as far as I know, as far as the old, during his dinner in the direction of the dining room. Are you sure there are no more men in your house to-day than I have seen?

Yes, said I, there are no more. Then now I think have a look at the ladies. The ladies I cried, against all protest, you don't want to go into the drawing room? It would be more satisfactory, observed the detective, if my information is very reliable. But at all events, who is there?

Well, said I, my wife is there for sure; you have no information against her, I suppose?

He nodded satisfactorily so far. Then there's the Honorable Mrs. Matchum and her daughter.

Safe I rejoined the detective, checking them off. Mrs. Fwanky of Regalia Square, and Lady Botherington.

I suppose they're all right, remarked my inquirer, doubtfully. And your sure there are no more?

There's my mother-in-law but she's in her own room, and accordingly unwell. Very good, observed the detective, in consequence. There's a plant somewhere in this house, however; you may take your oath that that very likely in the last place where you would ever look for it, so now I must see the maid.

It was astonishing even to myself in what complete subjugation the man had placed me. Once and only once, a terrible insinuation, and that the detestable himself, a "Plant" and would properly blossom into a burglar; but my over-taxed mind refused to bear this burden. It was too much for me to bear this insinuation to have me a silver fork or a tea-spoon, or the business of his, if the man turned out to be anything less than what he described himself to be, all authority would be brought to bear on me. I had read of "the grip of the law" in works of fiction, but I had never understood the tremendous nature of that figure until I felt this gentleman's knuckles (so tamperably) inserted in my white cravat. He had to repeat, "So now I see the maid," in his undeniable manner before I could call it myself to lead the way to the kitchen, and I felt that I should not have allowed to penetrate. To say that the cook and kitchen maid stared at the phenomena of my presence, is to underrate their powers of vision.

Now, I dare say you have no charwoman or any temporary assistant, my companion, urbanely; but you and this young woman do all the work yourselves.

That's true, sir, we don't mind hard work now and then, returned the cook, tossing her head and besides, I don't like strangers in my kitchen, added she, with meaning, "especially when I'm busy, and would rather have them run than their company."

Now if I'd been an ordinary policeman, and in uniform, whispered to me as we reached the hall again I would have come over that cook in no time.

Without remarking upon this confession of defeat, I led the way up to the nursery. The servants in that department were not unused to visitors, and evidently imagined that my guests who had expressed a wish to "see the dear children" in their cribs. He on his part immediately understood the part he was expected to play, and walked a limpingly forward to cot as though he was a consumptive in baby's arms.

Charming children, and we taken care of I can see, observed he with rather a familiar nod (I thought) towards the under nurse—it's neither of them, he added, in a low whisper. You have got a house maid or two, I suppose?

His tone was exactly that which an ogre might have used in making inquiries concerning the last of the Grimms' tales. The house maids were inspected and pronounced free from suspicion. But I have not seen every body, said he, decisively.

Yes, said I, everybody, except Mrs. Maquerey. Friend of the family? inquired the detective with a disapproving air.

Well, said I, I might almost say so. She came to us, not only with the best of written characters, but my wife had an interview with her late mistress, a Mrs. Ogilvie, who pronounced her a perfect treasure; and we have found her all that could be wished.

I should like to see the perfect treasure, quoth the detective, sending him a look, and then to be the very person we want.

Nay, said I, but in this case your suspicion is quite groundless as Mrs. Maquerey is a superior person, and takes an interest in us. You will find a domestic except after you see her. Besides, she is my mother-in-law's sick nurse and most likely they have a ready-made trust arrangement for the night to make a play to do to her.

I am at Mrs. Maquerey's returned my companion, and seems altogether too anxious to be missed.

I'd detectives are clever fellows, replied I with gratification, but you often spend your time very fruitlessly. It is a pity that a man can't be defined, and yet stand going on as usual, however, since you have gone so far, you must go through with the business.

With that I knocked at the door, and admitted to the sick-room, where my mother-in-law was taking place; while the invaluable Maquerey retired with her usual delicacy to the dressing room. Perhaps I spoke a little too loud, for that Mrs. Maquerey could stoop to eaves-dropping, it is hard to believe—but, at all events, that intelligent woman must have possessed herself of the substance of what I related; for when I opened the door to admit the officer, I found her already in his custody. She had endeavored to escape through the second door of the dressing room—"but," like a rabbit," said the detective—but had run into the very danger she would have avoided, and there she was with a couple of handkerchiefs over her neat mittens.

We know one another very well, me and Mrs. Maquerey, observed the detective, grimly. I was told I should find an old friend in this house, although I had no idea what it would be until you mentioned Mrs. Ogilvie. She is a very charitable, she is in getting her fellow-creatures situated in respectable families where there happens to be a good deal of plate. It was this very night that this good lady here had engaged to open your front door to her car in the morning, your. Being a sick nurse you see, nobody would be surprised at her being about the house at all hours. Wasn't that your little game, Mrs. Maquerey?

Well, I suppose it's a five year touch? observed that lady, with philosophic coolness. Well, I'm afraid it is, me'am; since that other little business in Carlton Gardens still remains unsettled. Good-by, sir; you will see Mrs. Maquerey, once or twice before you are done with her; and in the meantime you take my advice, sir and in hiring another sick-nurse for your mother-in-law, don't apply to Mrs. Ogilvie.

And off he walked with our "perfect treasure."

IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

Not always; at least the converse of the proposition does not always hold good, as the following epigram shows. It is supposed to be addressed anonymously by a school-boy to his master, an ignorant pedagogue, notorious for hogging.

"Knowledge is power," saith Lord Bacon. But you're a proof he was mistaken. For though you were brought up at college, You're destitute of wit or knowledge. Though by your hogging every hour, You prove you have tremendous power. An old minister enforced the necessity of knowledge to the argument: Now,

if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman. One of the deacons, who sat just behind him responded: Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have her.

A Scotchman had reason to perform a journey to London. Beside him in the train was a fellow-passenger, with whom he entered into conversation, and soon the train became quite intimate. During a pause in the conversation, the gentleman reached back his hand in the direction of the pocket in his swallow-tailed coat, saying, "I believe we must have stuff." On this, having by a series of vigorous blows, immediately proceeded to set his nose in order for the reception of the titillating beverage; but, after thoroughly searching all his pockets in vain, the gentleman was at last obliged to conclude he had unfortunately forgotten his snuff box on leaving home. With the most utter dismay depicted in his countenance, Sawney, on hearing this announcement, cast a reproachful look at the gentleman, exclaiming, "My guide man, what made ye do that? I had as much in my nose as wad have carried me to Lannan."

A HINT TO TOCORY PEOPLE.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her neighbor, whereon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with great fury. My mother laughed and said: "Now what comes of kicking when you are hot."

Just so, I have seen once a word set a good family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little r-table, she would say: "Take care my children, remember how the fight in the farm yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you save yourselves a good deal of trouble."

An American paper tells us the following story of a recent accident:—An Irishman was driving on the line when the engine tied him down an embankment. The driver backed his train to rock up the dead body. The victim was found alive, however, somewhat bruised and taken to Norwich. Here the driver knelt off red iron and the man to his home, a mile away, in a hack, but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The driver pressed the matter, when the Irishman, who had stood the burning of the cow, October so well, bristled up with, "Go away with your kerriage—I'll go home by myself; and if I've done any damage to yer old engine, beaded, I'll pay it on the spot."

It is stated, that at a fishing village near Aberdeen, that a fisherman's daughter, about sixteen years of age recently had a small stone on the back of her hand and from this spot in succession, were discharged 120 broken fish bones, pins, fish bones, &c., and to one hook was attached eight inches of gut.

A riveted brass cauldron, containing a large assortment of antique armor and armor's tools, had been accidentally discovered in the Collinwood Loch in Scotland. They are thought to be as old as about the year 1300, and it is matter of history that Edward I, when in possession of Galloway, had a camp in the Fir Island on this lake, and the remains of a camp have been found in it.

Several nice young gentlemen went to the residence of a young damsel to give her a serenade. After some time, the servant stepped out and walking up to the harpist, exclaimed, "My friend, the folks are all a-bed; you can't get a cent here to-night."

At an examination of the college of surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy: "What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?" Wait until he came down, was the reply.

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" says a Pitt moving over the loss of his better half; "I was always struck me with the soft end of the mop!"

An exchange says that a fashionable lady in Pitt-field wore her new bonnet to church last Sunday the wrong side before, but it does not state how the error was discovered.

A Western editor repels the gift of a battle of spruce-burn, on the ground that it is contrary to the rules of the profession to tell a scandal and a half lie for six and a quarter cents.

A Wisconsin justice has decided that a man is not liable for the liquor bills of his wife. Miss Correll, of New York, who wanted \$100,000 for a breach of promise, got only \$200. I can tell you that.

JOHN S. MAGEE

icious of calling the attention of the Public and varied stock of Goods received from "United Kingdom," "Nawn" and "consisting in part of

CH. MERINOS, COBURGS, BLANKETS, N.S. in white & unbleached, very che ap, ices, Soutage, Clouds, Garibaldi, Stewart Hoods and Opera Mantles, ON FLANNELS, OSNABURGS,

Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels, Plain Flannels in all colors, an confidently recommend our Flannels as nd will sell cheap, ge and varied stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES, lrens, youths, Boys, Mens, Misses and -of warranted manufacture. d call special attention to his white Warps, made from the very best Southern col- warranted, sound, well made and good, thd St. John Warps, Parks' make, pre- the Loom.

I want good value for your money, come to LEON HOUSE. JOHN S. MAGEE.

3,000 Gallons BERTINE OIL, received from the manufactory at Saind nd will be sold wholesale or retail at the ptes, by the Subscriber. Please enquire feelre, before purchasing elsewhere. JOHN BALSON, Kennedy's Arcade, Water St. andrews, Aug. 29, 1866.

gar & Molasses. Loyalist from Barbados via St. John. is, Choice Barbados Sugar, do do do Molasses, 27, 1866. J. W. STREET.

6. Almanacks 1866. ILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and Register for 1866, can be obtained singly, ents, or by the dozen for retail from J. L. LACKEY & SON, ply of the old Farmers Almanac always d. Andrews Nov. 30, 1865.

solution of Partnership. ICE is hereby given, that the partnership ely subsisting between James Moran and A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of te, under the firm of James Moran & Son, is day dissolved by mutual consent.

debts owing to the said partnership are to ived by the said James A. Moran, who is ided to settle all debts due to and owing said firm. JAMES MORAN, JAMES A. MORAN, George, September 16, 1865.

b. Rubber. Rubbers AT THE Albion House, JOHN S. MAGEE, Has received an assortment of drens, Ladies, Misses, Gent's, Rubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice s for the present season, which with a o childrens and Ladies Boots, SKELETON SKIRTS, and the balance of stock of INTER DRY GOODS, ill sell CHEAP for Current Money ican Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS. ST RECEIVED and now open for sale at the very lowest PRICES: HATS, Bonnets, Ribbons, and Ribbons. HAWLS, MANTILLAS, D FANCY DRESS GOODS

Grey and White Cottons, rting, Stripes, and Regattas ints, silicious, and CORSET CLOTHS Crashes, Towel- ling & Table Li- neens, Shirt-fronts, Collars, and Fan- cy Neck Tes, lars, Rubbers, Boots and Shoes.

ance of Summer Stock daily expected Heamer "Europa" and when received be sold at a very small advance on the

D. BRADLEY, 27, 1866.

FOR SALE. Hosiery, Gloves, and Worked Col- or Garments for Boys & Girls Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants, Waists, &c. &c. ach pattern can be used with ease. use 23. JAS. McGINNEY.

Original issues in Poor Condition. Best copy available

