

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

VARIES SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 50

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 11, 1872.

Vol 39

## BANK OF British North America.

Head Office—London, England.  
CAPITAL  
One Million Pounds Sterling  
(\$3,000,000.)

Five per cent Interest ALLOWED  
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

Deposits issued on St. John New York, Boston  
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,  
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,  
California and British Columbia.

Open in St. ANDREWS  
Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.

JAS. B. CARNEGIE,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

## Poetry.

### THE OLD GARDEN.

I stood in an ancient garden,  
With high red walls around,  
Over them gray and green lichen  
In shadowy arabesque wound.

The topmost climbing blossoms  
On fields knee-haunted looked out,  
But within were shelter and shadow,  
The faintest odors about.

There were alleys and lurking arbors—  
Deep glooms into which to dive;  
The lawns were as soft as fleeces—  
Of daisies I counted but five.

The sun-dial was so aged  
It had gathered a thoughtful grace;  
And the round about of the shadow  
Seemed to have furrowed its face.

The flowers were all of the oldest  
That ever in garden sprung;  
Red, and blood red, and dark purple,  
The rose-lamps flaming hung.

Along the borders fringed  
With broad thick edges of box,  
Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies,  
And great-eyed holly hocks.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,  
And ash-trees bowed into tents;  
For the garden, tho' ancient and pensive,  
Still wore quaint ornaments.

It was all so stately fantastic,  
Its old wind hardly would stir,  
Young spring, when she merrily entered,  
Must feel it no place for her.

### Every-Day's Religion.

We must come back once more to our  
point, which is not, to urge all of you to give  
up to mission work, but to serve God more  
and more in connection with your daily call-  
ings. I have heard that a woman who has a  
mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother;  
this is very possible and at the same time very  
lamentable; but the mission I would urge is  
not one of this sort. Dirty rooms, squalor  
and children with unwashed faces are  
evil witnesses against the sincerity of those  
who keep other things and neglect their  
own. I have no faith in that woman who  
talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no  
soap and water at home. Let the buttons be  
on the shirts, let the rust motion be done to  
a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin,  
and the home be as happy as a home can be.  
Serve God by doing common actions in a  
heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling  
only leaves you cracks and crevices of time,  
fill these up with holy service.—Spurgeon.

### He couldn't drink Wine.

That was a noble youth who, on being  
urged to take wine at the table of a famous  
statesman, in Washington, had the moral cour-  
age to refuse. He was a poor young man,  
just beginning the struggle of life. He brought  
letters to the great statesman, who kindly  
invited him home to dinner.  
Not take a glass of wine? said the great  
statesman in wonderment and surprise.  
Not one single glass of wine? echoed the  
statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as  
she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that  
would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored  
to press it upon him.  
No, said the heroic youth resolutely, gently  
repelling the proffered glass.  
What a picture of moral grandeur was that.  
A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the  
table of a wealthy statesman, even though  
offered by the fair hands of a beautiful  
lady.

No, said the noble young man, and his voice  
trembled a little and his cheeks flushed  
under drink wine, but—(here he straightened  
himself up and his words grew firmer) if you  
have got a little good old rye whiskey I don't  
mind trying a snifter!

### AUNT DORA'S BROOCH.

BY MATTIE W. TORREY.

O auntie! cried Lou Cheever, "what a pretty  
brooch!"  
And indeed it was very beautiful.

Aunt Dora was turning over the contents of an  
ebony casket, searching for something which she  
had mislaid, and Lou's eyes, which were very  
sharp, had fastened instantly upon the brooch.

Ah! how it glitters. It quite dazzles my eyes,  
and there are all the colors of the rainbow—red,  
orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet,  
continued Miss Lou, glibly, having recently learned  
all about it at school. And there's something in  
the centre that looks like a spark of fire, O auntie,  
what is it?

Aunt Dora took the brooch from its soft cushion  
of violet velvet and turned it about in her hand  
in order that it might catch the light. It seemed  
to Lou that the room was instantly filled with  
floating rainbows.

The points which send off those different col-  
ored rays, she explained, are brilliant small  
diamonds, which are set, as you see, in a circle;  
and this heart-shaped gem in the centre which  
emits such a flame-like glow, is a fire-opal. They  
are very precious stones, and I don't suppose there  
is another like it in the State.

Such a lovely thing! murmured Lou, in an  
ecstasy of admiration, "and you never wear it,  
Auntie, it's a shame, a burning shame, to keep  
that elegant thing hidden from sight in this way.  
Why, I never knew you possessed it! Why do  
you never wear it?"

Auntie's soft gray eyes grew thoughtful, and a  
shadow fell over her sweet face.  
"It was given me years ago by a very dear  
friend who asked me to wear it for his sake."

O! sighed Lou, who scented a romance.  
He went to sea soon after and—  
"Drowned?" questioned Lou in an awe-stricken  
whisper.

Auntie laid the jewel down on its violet velvet  
cushion.  
His ship was lost. We never heard from him  
again.

So that was Aunt Dora's romance? It must  
have been years and years ago, Lou thought, for  
though auntie was neither wrinkled nor gray, she  
seemed quite a venerable piece of antiquity be-  
side Lou whose years could be numbered upon  
her ten plump fingers and thumbs.

Ever since she could remember, Aunt Dora had  
been the same quiet ladylike woman, moving  
about the house in a calm noiseless manner, mak-  
ing her influence felt in her serene and graceful  
way. She always wore the softest, most delicate  
tints, her silks never rustled, or made themselves  
noticeable in any way except through their per-  
fect elegance; and however the fashion of collars  
and cuffs might change, Aunt Dora always wore  
a delicate ruff of real lace about her neck, with a  
fall of the same costly fabric at her wrists. She  
was very dainty in all her ways, and there was an  
atmosphere of peace and serenity pervading her  
whole life, an air of quiet elegance clinging about  
every fold of her garment, that proclaimed her  
lady both by birth and education, as well as from  
instinct. Strangers, when introduced to her, in-  
stantly felt this.

Once upon a time, a schoolmate who had wished  
to tease Lou had turned up her nose at Miss Dora  
Cheever and had called her an "old maid with a  
pussy-cat way."

Lou never forgot the insult, nor would the per-  
petrator of the injury soon forget the blaze of  
wrath which flashed from Lou's black eyes as she  
retorted in a way that was utterly scathing and  
demolishing. Looking at Aunt Dora as she quietly  
stitched on a piece of gossamer-like cambric  
which she was hemming, her gold thimble bal-  
anced upon her finger and her needle flying  
in and out in such a swift easy way; looking at  
her smooth hair, her hair knotted back from  
her forehead, taking in the "petite" figure with its  
rich dove-colored silk and its rare old lace, Lou  
thought it must be rather a fine thing to be an old  
maid, if one could resemble auntie.

"But I do wish you'd wear your brooch," sighed  
Lou, returning again to the subject which had  
started her reverie. It would become so well.  
There was never anything so handsome.

I shall never wear it again, replied auntie,  
thoughtfully.

What a pity, thought Lou, to keep that magni-  
ficent thing shut up out of sight. What earthly  
harm would it do to wear it? What if the lower  
world was so drowsed ages ago? Why, I don't  
suppose any one in the whole village knows that  
she has that brooch. My! how the girls would  
stare at it! Wouldn't Vic Spencer open her eyes  
if she caught sight of it? And she made such a

fuss because her sister had a set of garnets last  
Christmas. Garnets! Bah! Aunt Dora's brooch  
is worth more than all the garnets in the whole  
world! concluded Lou, with reckless indifference  
to the charms of anything beside brilliant and  
fire-opals.

As the thought of her schoolmates' possible  
wonder and admiration wrought within her busy  
brain, she began to feel more and more regretful  
that the sight was denied them.

If they might have only one peep, one little look,  
just to astenish and fill them with delight at the  
beauty and richness of the gems.

She turned the thought over in her mind as she  
walked slowly along the shady path leading to  
school; and once in the midst of her playmates,  
the desire to tell them of the beautiful jewel she  
had just seen became irresistible.

At first it was only her pet chum, Marie Wells,  
whom she let into the secret. But Marie had a  
friend in whom she also confided and could not re-  
sist the temptation to unobscure herself; then this  
friend had a cronny or two, and so by the time re-  
cess came the whole school had heard the story.

"Diamonds!" cried Vic Spencer, contemptuous-  
ly. That's a likely story, isn't it, girls? Why, I  
heard my sister tell of a friend of hers who has  
a cousin in New York who has a ring—an engage-  
ment ring, she said it was—with one little tiny  
diamond in it not half as large as a pea, and it  
cost two hundred dollars! Only think of that!  
And Lou expects us to believe that her aunt has  
a whole brooch. You can't fool me with all your  
bragging.

I'm telling the truth, Vic Spencer, asserted Lou,  
stoutly. I saw it with my own eyes this very  
morning; the loveliest thing I ever saw in all my  
life.

O well! "Seeing is believing," as they say. You  
bring my lady's diamonds—how many was it,  
girls? half a bushel?—bring them to school, and  
let's all get a squint at them, and then we'll be-  
lieve your story.

Yes, Lou, bring them to school, that's a dear,  
 chimed in half a dozen girls.  
But they're locked up in a great ebony casket  
with lots of other things; and I could not get at  
them if I tried.

O well, break the lock, suggested one.

Can't you get the key when she isn't looking?  
ventured a second. Then you can put them back  
without letting her know they've been away.

Phaw! I don't believe there's a diamond in  
the casket. And with this parting taunt from Vic  
Spencer ringing in her ears, Lou turned up the  
street leading to her house.

It was a warm summer day; all the windows  
and doors were open; and as she ascended the  
steps and glanced into the parlor, she saw that  
Aunt Dora was seated within, entertaining the  
minister's wife who had chanced to call. Not  
wishing to disturb them, she passed through the  
hall and on up to her room, threw off her hat and  
bathed her face in cool water. Her aunt's room  
was opposite. One glance assured her that the  
ebony box was still on the table. She wondered  
whether or no it was locked. There could be  
no harm in assuring herself upon that point, so  
she crossed the room and drew near the table.  
Wonderful to relate, the key, a curiously formed  
silver one, was in the lock. Auntie had evidently  
forgotten to remove it. A slight turn and the lid  
flew up, and there lay her eyes the case in  
which reposed the brooch concerning which that  
provoking Vic Spencer was so skeptical. The  
temptation was great and Lou yielded. Quickly  
abstracting the case, she slipped it into her pocket  
and stole away to her room. The dinner-bell  
rang at that moment, and with a beating heart  
and a very red face Lou went reluctantly to her  
place at the table.

How she got through dinner she never knew.  
Her aunt noticed her odd nervous way and her  
flushed face, but ascribing it all to the heat of the  
day advised her not to return to school that after-  
noon, but to take her book and learn her lessons  
in the shade of the trees upon the lawn.

Every word her aunt uttered made Lou feel  
more and more like a thief, and she was glad to  
get excused from the table and hurry away as fast  
as possible.

Vic Spencer was on the watch for her.  
Well, did you bring it? demanded the young  
unbeliever.

Yes, said Lou, severely, I did; and now let's  
go out under the trees and I'll let you all see it.  
Seated in the centre of a little group Lou  
unclasped the case and exhibited the treasure.  
A chorus of Ohs and Ahs and Dear ahs  
greeted it.

How beautiful! cried one.  
How it glitters! cried another.

We never saw anything half so pretty  
as the universal verdict.

Now, Vic Spencer, said Lou, sternly, you  
just doubt my word again, will you? Vic  
sank back, and by her silence seemed to con-  
fess herself humiliated.

Put it on! suggested Marie Wells.  
Lou hesitated. She had not intended to  
touch it, or allow it to be handled, but merely

to exhibit it to her schoolmates. Their eager  
entreaties, however, overcame her reserve,  
and the brooch was soon fastened in her brown  
gingham dress.

The girls clasped their hands in ecstasies.  
You ought to see how it sparkles. Come  
let's go over the brook and you can look in  
and see for yourself.

Away they started, a heedless troop of  
schoolgirls, and kneeling on the grass Lou  
saw her image reflected in the mirror-like  
surface of the water. Then they fell to pick-  
ing cowslips, making balls of the yellow, blue  
suns, and by and bye some one spied a cluster  
of wild strawberries, and there was instant  
search by many a pair of bright eyes, and little  
pink finger-tips grew still more rosy, and  
there was no thought of school, only every  
now and then a loud shout as some more than  
usually fine berries were discovered.

Racing here and there, each intent on pick-  
ing and eating all the berries she could possi-  
bly find, no one thought of another, or how  
widely each was separating herself from the  
rest. The diamonds still glittered upon Lou's  
breast, but neither she nor her companions  
gave as much as a thought to them. The red  
luscious fruit, hiding so slyly beneath the  
leaves and grasses, was far more attractive.

O the charm of a perfect day in June, with  
the breeze fanning hot flushed faces, and bring-  
ing the sweetest of clover scents from adjoining  
fields, the cloud shadows coming and  
going over the rippling grass, the delicious  
melody of a bobolink swinging from the top-  
most bough of an elm; sunshine, fragrance,  
harmony all around, and the very awe test of  
red ripe strawberries just waiting to be pick-  
ed and eaten! Who could resist the tempta-  
tion to linger in such a scene? Not Lou  
Cheever, certainly, for she wandered on, now  
here now there, past hedges and clumps of  
bushes, up over a hill and down its further  
side into a little valley, and when at length  
she came to think of her whereabouts, you need  
not wonder that she was half frightened to  
death to find she was alone and that she had  
lost her way. She hadn't the least idea how  
she came there, or how she was to find her  
way out, or even in what direction to turn.

O dear! O dear me! sighed Lou. How  
ever am I to get back to school? I shouldn't  
wonder if it was late, too; and Miss Black  
will be cross and I shall get a demerit. How  
could all the rest of the girls go and leave  
me? I should have thought some one  
might have called to me. Now I call that  
truly a real mean trick! And Lou trudged  
forward thinking she would by-and-by come  
upon some path that might lead her somewhere  
out of this nowhere in which she was lost.  
But walk as fast as she could and search as  
closely as she might, there was nothing to  
be seen but the way she ought to take, and she  
only became more and more bewildered. She  
changed the direction of her footsteps two or  
three times, but it was of no avail. Tired,  
frightened, and all in a glow with the heat,  
she sat down in the shade of a tree and began  
to cry. What if she should be compelled to  
stay there all night? for she could see that the  
afternoon was waning. How was she ever to  
find the way home? And what would Aunt  
Dora think? Would any one be sent out to  
search for her? And how long might it be  
before she could hope to be discovered?

It was a dreadful ending to Lou's pleasant  
aftnoon, and she sat there and wept as if her  
heart would break.  
Poor child? She was terribly frightened,  
so it was a blessed thing when she felt asleep  
and forgot all her troubles.

Lying on the grass at the foot of the tree,  
her hat fell off and her little tear stained face  
pillowed on her arm, her lips stained with  
berries, and her very attitude expressing the  
fathomless and helpless condition in which she  
had fallen asleep, she made a very poetical  
figure, quite in harmony with the pictures-  
queness of the surroundings.

So thought a gentleman who, emerging  
from the bushes at no great distance, leisurely  
betook himself across the field, but spying the  
girl, turned aside from his path and paused to  
look at her.

Little gipsy, he muttered, why has she  
strayed off here alone? I wonder if she is  
lost? How sound she sleeps, and—by all  
that's wonderful—what's that she has on?  
Diamonds! Ah! I should know that brooch.  
Can it be possible? Good heavens! And  
towards the last he seemed to grow so excited  
and spoke so loud that Lou started up in af-  
fright, and was yet more terrified to find a  
man's flushed and eager face bending over  
her.

My dear child, he hastened to say, don't be  
frightened, but I must ask you to tell me  
where you obtained that brooch.

Lou burst into tears.  
There, there, don't cry. Please answer my  
question, for I am very anxious to know. I  
think I have seen the jewel before.

It's Aunt Dora's, sobbed Lou. I took it  
out of her casket this morning; and I've lost  
my way, and O sir, won't you take me back  
home? And then a great rush of grief checked  
further utterance.

I think we can find your home without the  
least difficulty, said the gentleman, in a reas-

oning tone. And Lou jumped up, tied on  
her hat and took his hand without the slightest  
hesitation. Someway, she felt she could trust  
him. He was such a handsome, strong, kind  
looking man, that she felt safe from the first  
moment.

As they walked on she told him her little  
history; how she was an orphan and lived  
with Aunt Dora, such a dear, beautiful, kind  
Aunt Dora; how it happened that she strayed  
off and lost her way; and how faintly  
she had been to take the brooch which her  
aunt valued so highly. She went on to ex-  
plain that auntie never wore the beautiful  
gems, but kept them safely laid away, in mem-  
ory of the friend who had presented them to  
her, whom she had loved very dearly.

It was strange how well acquainted they  
became before they reached the highway and  
came out near Lou's home.

Holding fast to her new found friend's hand,  
Lou conducted him straight into the parlor,  
where Aunt Dora sat with a book which she  
had been reading. The volume had fallen  
from her hands. She was gazing thought-  
fully out across the fields. The twilight shad-  
ows were gathering all about her. A sweet,  
pensive, graceful picture she made. Lou had  
just parted her lips to speak and make her  
aunt aware of her presence, when her com-  
panion suddenly broke the stillness.

Dora! he said, softly.

Aunt Dora sprang up swiftly, turned her  
pale face for instant towards the gentle-  
man, and then, with a little cry, sank back faint-  
ing. Lou rang for lights, she brought cam-  
phor, smelling salts, water, everything she  
could think of, while the gentleman clasped  
the white hands and bathed the rigid face,  
and did his best to restore life to that seem-  
ingly inanimate form.

After Aunt Dora had recovered and was  
seated on the sofa, and was able to compre-  
hend that it really was her lover, Hugh Car-  
roll—and not his ghost, as she at first feared  
—who had at last returned safe and well af-  
ter years and years of wanderings in foreign  
lands; do you think she felt that Lou had  
done anything deserving of censure in abstrac-  
ting and wearing the precious brooch, since  
the very sight of it had led her lover directly  
to her side?

Lou sat up very late that night listening to  
Mr. Carroll's tales of shipwreck and adventure.  
It was at Mrs. Carroll's wedding that the  
brooch was next worn.

That's where the boys fit for college, said  
the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to  
a school house.

Did they? said the old lady with anima-  
tion. Then, if they fit for the college before  
they went, they didn't fight afterwards?

Yes, said he, smiling and favoring the con-  
cise, but the fight was with the head not with  
the hands.

Butted, did they? said the old lady.

The Professor winked.

For Mr. Greeley, whose death is an-  
nounced to-day, there will be a feeling of deep  
regret. He was probably broken down by  
his election contest, by great disappointments  
and the loss of his wife, over whose last hours  
he watched so unweariedly. Mr. Greeley was  
a representative in an eminent degree of the  
independent and fearless newspaper press.  
He was a man of the highest natural ability,  
but was, perhaps, too honest to be a politician.

—Gould was not arrested yesterday as  
expected. He charged that his arrest, was a  
part of a programme arranged by Watson,  
President of the Erie, to create a panic in the  
stock market, to feather his own nest, and he  
states in his belief such a result was contem-  
plated by the attorney in the Erie and by the  
others he named, and thus the Erie rail road  
would never have been able to recover any-  
thing from him if anything was due.

—The St. Andrews Society of Portland  
have purchased a lot in the Forest City cem-  
etry where Scotchmen may be decently bur-  
ied who die far away from home and friends.

—This is the way they do up an Enoch  
Ardon romance in Oshkosh, Wisconsin; the  
western Ardons did not come back and get  
through the window at the felicity of the re-  
constructed household and then go into the  
green and yellow melancholy business; not  
any. He kicked the new husband out, sorted  
over the children and sent his brats after him,  
and then after thrashing his wife, settled down  
into a peaceful and happy head of the family.

It requires a good deal of skill and good  
taste to write a neat puff for an undertaker.  
A newspaper editor in Council Bluffs says:  
"Since we have to use coffins, we prefer those  
which Riley furnishes. We took a view of  
his supply of the commodity, yesterday after-  
noon. His stock would even carry the city  
pretty well through an average siege of cholera."

It will take the English language a long  
time to recover from the distortion to which it  
has been subjected since the horses have been  
sick.

A farmer said recently that his land was  
so contrary he had to put his ears off to  
make him suck, and put his feet off to make  
him let go.







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## Poetry.

### THE OLD GARDEN.

I stood in an ancient garden,  
With high red walls around,  
Over them gray and green lichen  
In shadowy arabesque wound.

The topmost climbing blossoms  
On fields kine-haunted looked out,  
But within were shelter and shadow,  
The faintest odors about.

There were alleys and lurking arbors—  
Deep glooms into which to dive;  
The lawns were as soft as fleeces—  
Of daisies I counted but five.

The sun-dial was so aged  
It had gathered a thoughtful grace;  
And the round about of the shadow  
Seemed to have furrowed its face.

The flowers were all of the oldest  
That ever in garden sprung;  
Red, and blood red, and dark purple,  
The rose-lamps flaming hung.

Along the borders fringed  
With broad thick edges of box,  
Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies,  
And great-eyed hollyhocks.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,  
And ash-trees bowed into tents;  
For the garden, tho' ancient and pensive,  
Still wore quaint ornaments.

It was all so stately fantastic,  
Its old wind hardly would stir,  
Young spring, when she merrily entered,  
Must feel it no place for her.

### Every-Day's Religion.

We must come back once more to our  
point, which is not to urge all you to give  
up to mission work, but to serve God more  
and more in connection with your daily call-  
ing. I have heard that a woman who has a  
mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother;  
this is very possible and at the same time very  
lamentable; but the mission I would urge is  
not one of this sort. Dirty rooms, squalor  
gowns, and children with unwashed faces are  
swift witnesses against the sincerity of those  
who keep their vineyards and neglect their  
own. I have no faith in that woman who  
talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no  
soap and water at home. Let the buttons be  
on the shirts, let the rusted notions be done to  
a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin,  
and the home be as happy as a home can be.  
Serve God by doing common actions in a  
heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling  
only leaves you cracks and crevices of time,  
fill these up with holy service.—Spurgeon.

### He couldn't drink Wine.

That was a noble youth who, on being  
urged to take wine at the table of a fam-  
ous statesman in Washington, had the moral cour-  
age to refuse. He was a poor young man,  
just beginning the struggle of life. He brought  
letters to the great statesman, who kindly  
invited him home to dinner.  
Not take a glass of wine? said the great  
statesman in wonderment and surprise.  
Not one single glass of wine? echoed the  
statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as  
she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that  
could have charmed an anchorite, endeavored  
to press it upon him.  
No, said the heroic youth resolutely, gently  
repelling the proffered glass.  
What a picture of moral grandeur was that!  
A poor, friendless youth, refusing wine at the  
table of a wealthy statesman, even though  
preferred by the fair hands of a beautiful  
lady.

No, said the noble young man, and his voice  
trembled a little and his cheeks flushed. I  
never drink wine, but—(here he straightened  
himself up and his words grew firmer) if you  
have got a little good old rye whisky I don't  
mind trying a snifter!

## AUNT DORA'S BROOCH.

BY MATTIE W. TORREY.

O auntie! cried Lou Cheever, "what a pretty  
brooch!"  
And indeed it was very beautiful.

Aunt Dora was turning over the contents of an  
ebony casket, searching for something which she  
had mislaid, and Lou's eyes, which were very  
sharp, had fastened instantly upon the brooch.

Ah! how it glittered. It quite dazzled my eyes;  
and there are all the colors of the rainbow—red,  
orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet,  
continued Miss Lou glibly, having recently learned  
all about it at school. And there's something in  
the centre that looks like a spark of fire. O auntie  
what is it?

Aunt Dora took the brooch from its soft cushion  
of violet velvet and turned it about in her hand  
in order that it might catch the light. It seemed  
to Lou that the room was instantly filled with  
floating rainbows.

The points which send out those different col-  
ored rays, she explained, are brilliant; small  
diamonds, which are set, as you see, in a circle;  
and this heart-shaped gem in the centre which  
emits such a flamelike glow, is a fire-opal. They  
are very precious stones, and I don't suppose there  
is another like it in the State.

Such a lovely thing! murmured Lou, in an  
ecstasy of admiration, "and you never wear it.  
Auntie, it's a shame, a burning shame, to keep  
that elegant thing hidden from sight in this way.  
Why, I never knew you possessed it! Why do  
you never wear it?"

Auntie's soft gray eyes grew thoughtful, and a  
shadow fell over her sweet face.

"It was given me years ago by a very dear  
friend who asked me to wear it for his sake."

O! sighed Lou, who seemed a romance.  
He went to sea soon after and—  
"Drowned?" questioned Lou in an awe-stricken  
whisper.

Auntie laid the jewel down on its violet velvet  
cushion.

His ship was lost. We never heard from him  
again.

So that was Aunt Dora's romance? It must  
have been years and years ago, Lou thought, for  
though auntie was neither wrinkled nor gray, she  
seemed quite a venerable piece of antiquity be-  
side Lou whose years could be numbered upon  
her ten plump fingers and thumbs.

Ever since she could remember, Aunt Dora had  
been the same quiet ladylike woman, moving  
about the house in a calm noiseless manner, mak-  
ing her influence felt in her serene and graceful  
way. She always wore the softest, most delicate  
tints, her silks never rustled, or made themselves  
noticeable in any way except through their per-  
fect elegance; and however the fashion of collars  
and cuffs might change, Aunt Dora always wore  
a delicate ruff of real lace about her neck, with a  
fall of the same costly fabric at her wrists. She  
was very dainty in all her ways, and there was an  
atmosphere of peace and serenity pervading her  
whole life, an air of quiet elegance clinging about  
every fold of her garment, that proclaimed her the  
lady both by birth and education, as well as from  
instinct. Strangers, when introduced to her, in-  
stantly felt this.

Once upon a time, a schoolmate who had wished  
to tease Lou had turned up her nose at Miss Dora  
Cheever and had called her an "old maid with sly  
pussy-cat ways."

Lou never forgot the insult, nor would the per-  
petrator of the injury soon forget the blaze of  
wrath which flashed from Lou's black eyes as she  
retorted in a way that was utterly scathing and  
demolishing. Looking at Aunt Dora as she quietly  
stitched on a piece of gossamer-like cambric  
which she was hemming, her gold thimble bal-  
anced upon her taper finger and her needle flying  
in and out in such a swift easy way; looking at  
the smooth bands of brown hair knotted back from  
her forehead, taking in the "petite" figure with its  
rich dove-colored silk and its rare old taces, Lou  
thought it must be rather a fine thing to be an old  
maid, if one could resemble auntie.

"But I do wish you'd wear your brooch," sighed  
Lou, returning again to the subject which had  
started her reverie. It would become you so well.  
There was never anything so handsome.

I shall never wear it again, replied auntie,  
thoughtfully.

What a pity, thought Lou, to keep that magni-  
ficent thing shut up out of sight. What earthly  
harm would it do to wear it? What if the lover  
who gave it was drowned ages ago? Why, I don't  
suppose any one in the whole village knows that  
she has that brooch. My! how the girls would  
stare at it! Wouldn't Vic Spencer open her eyes  
if she caught sight of it? And she made such a

fuss because her sister had a set of garnets last  
Christmas. Garnets! Bah! Aunt Dora's brooch  
is worth more than all the garnets in the whole  
world! concluded Lou, with reckless indifference  
to the charms of anything beside brilliants and  
fire-opals.

As the thought of her schoolmates' possible  
wonder and admiration wrought within her busy  
brain, she began to feel more and more regretful  
that the sight was denied them.

If they might have only one peep, one little look,  
just to astenish and fill them with delight at the  
beauty and richness of the gems.

She turned the thought over in her mind as she  
walked slowly along the shady path leading to  
school; and once in the midst of her playmates,  
the desire to tell them of the beautiful jewel she  
had just seen became irresistible.

At first it was only her pet chum, Marie Wells,  
whom she let into the secret. But Marie had a  
friend in whom she also confided and could not re-  
sist the temptation to unobscure herself; then this  
friend had a cronny or two, and so by the time re-  
cess came the whole school had heard the story.

"Diamonds!" cried Vic Spencer, contemptuous-  
ly. That's a likely story, isn't it, girls? Why, I  
heard my sister tell of a friend of hers who has  
a cousin in New York who has a ring—an engage-  
ment ring, she said it was—with one little tiny  
diamond in it not half as large as a pea, and it  
cost two hundred dollars! Only think of that!  
And Lou expects us to believe that her aunt has a  
whole brooch. You can't fool me with all your  
bragging.

I'm telling the truth, Vic Spencer, asserted Lou,  
stoutly. I saw it with my own eyes this very  
morning; the loveliest thing I ever saw in all my  
life.

O well! 'Seeing is believing,' as they say. You  
bring my lady's diamonds—how many was that,  
girls? half a bushel?—bring them to school and  
let's all get a squint at them, and then we'll be-  
lieve your story.

Yes, Lou, bring them to school, that's a dear,  
 chimed in half a dozen girls.

But they're locked up in a great ebony casket  
with lots of other things; and I could not get at  
them if I tried.

O well, break the lock, suggested one.

Can't you get the key when she isn't looking?

ventured a second. Then you can put them back  
without letting her know they're been away.

Isaw I don't believe there's a diamond in  
the casket. And with this parting taunt from Vic  
Spencer ringing in her ears, Lou turned up the  
street leading to her house.

It was a warm summer day; all the windows  
and doors were open; and as she ascended the  
steps and glanced into the parlor, she saw that  
Aunt Dora was seated within, entertaining the  
minister's wife who had chanced to call. Not  
wishing to disturb them, she passed through the  
hall and on up to her room, threw off her hat and  
bathed her face in cool water. Her aunt's room  
was opposite. One glance across her door told  
her whether or no it was locked. There could be  
no harm in assuring herself upon that point, so  
she crossed the room and drew near the table.

Wonderful to relate, the key, a curiously formed  
silver one, was in the lock. Auntie had evidently  
forgotten to remove it. A slight turn and the lid  
flew up, and there before her eyes lay the case in  
which rested the brooch concerning which that  
provoking Vic Spencer was so skeptical. The tem-  
ptation was great and Lou yielded. Quickly  
abstracting the case, she slipped it into her pocket  
and stole away to her room. The dinner-bell  
rang at that moment, and with a beating heart  
and a very red face Lou went reluctantly to take  
her place at the table.

How she got through dinner she never knew.  
Her aunt noticed her odd nervous way and her  
flushed face, but ascribing it all to the heat of the  
day advised her not to return to school that after-  
noon, but to take her book and learn her lessons  
in the shade of the trees upon the lawn.

Every word her aunt uttered made Lou feel  
more and more like a thief, and she was glad to  
get excused from the table and hurry away as fast  
as possible.

Vic Spencer was on the watch for her.

Well, did you bring it? demanded the young  
unbeliever.

Yes, said Lou, severely, I did; and now let's  
go out under the trees and I'll let you all see it.

Seated in the centre of a little group Lou  
unclasped the case and exhibited the treasure.

A chorus of Ohs and Ahs and Dear ahs in-  
greeted it.

How beautiful! cried one.

How it glitters! cried another.

We never saw anything half so pretty  
was the universal verdict.

Now, Vic Spencer, said Lou, sternly, you  
just doubt my word again, will you? Vic  
sank back, and by her silence seemed to con-  
fess herself humiliated.

Put it on! suggested Marie Wells.

Lou hesitated. She had not intended to  
touch it, or allow it to be handled, but merely

to exhibit it to her schoolmates. Their eager  
entreaties, however, overcame her resolve,  
and the brooch was soon fastened in her brown  
gingham dress.

The girls clasped their hands in ecstasies.  
You ought to see how fit sparkles. Come  
let's go over the brooch and you can look in  
and see for yourself.

Away they started, a headless troop of  
schoolgirls, and kneeling on the grass Lou  
saw her image reflected in the mirror-like  
surface of the water. Then they fell to pick-  
ing cowslips, making balls of the yellow blas-  
soms, and by and bye some one spied a cluster  
of wild strawberries, and there was instant  
search by many a pair of bright eyes, and lit-  
tle pink finger tips grew still more rosy, and  
there was no thought of school, only every-  
now and then a loud shout as some more than  
usually fine berries were discovered.

Racing here and there, each intent on pick-  
ing and eating all the berries she could possi-  
bly find, no one thought of another, or how  
widely each was separating herself from the  
rest. The diamonds still glittered upon Lou's  
breast, but neither she nor her companions  
gave as much as a thought to them. The red  
luscious fruit, hiding so slyly beneath the  
leaves and grasses, was far more attractive.

O the charm of a perfect day in June, with  
the breeze fanning hot flushed faces, and bring-  
ing the sweetest of clover scents from adjoining  
fields, the cloud shadows coming and  
going over the rippling grass, the delicious  
melody of a bobolink swinging from the top-  
most bough of an elm; sunshine, fragrance,  
harmony all around, and the very awe test of  
red ripe strawberries just spilling to be pick-  
ed and eaten! Who could resist the tempta-  
tion to linger in such a scene? Not Lou  
Cheever, certainly, for she wandered on, now  
here now there, past hedges and clumps of  
bushes, up over a hill and down its further  
side into a little valley, and when at length  
she came to think of her whereabouts, you need  
not wonder that she was half frightened to  
death to find she was alone and that she had  
lost her way. She hadn't the least idea how  
she came there, or how she was to find her  
way out, or even in what direction to turn.

O dear! O dear! sighed Lou. How  
ever am I to get back to school? I shouldn't  
wonder if it was late, too; and Miss Black  
will be cross and I shall get a demerit. How  
could all the rest of the girls go away and  
leave me? I should have thought some one  
might have called to me. Now I call that  
truly a real mean trick! And Lou trudged  
forward thinking she would by-and-by come  
upon some path that might lead her somewhere  
out of this nowhere in which she was lost.

But walk as fast as she could and search as  
closely as she might, there was nothing to  
be seen but the way she ought to take, and she  
only became more and more bewildered. She  
changed the direction of her footsteps two or  
three times, but it was of no avail. Tired,  
frightened, and all in a glow with the heat,  
she sat down in the shade of a tree and began  
to cry. What if she should be compelled to  
stay there all night? for she could see that the  
afternoon was waning. How was she ever to  
find the way home? And what would Aunt  
Dora think? Would any one be sent out to  
search for her? And how long might it be  
before she could hope to be discovered?

It was a dreadful ending to Lou's pleasant  
aft. noon, and she sat there and wept as if her  
heart would break.

Poor child! She was terribly frightened,  
so it was a blessed thing when she felt asleep  
and forgot all her troubles.

Lying on the grass at the foot of the tree,  
her hat fell off and her little tear stained face  
pillowed on her arm, her lips stained with  
berries, and her very attitude expressing the  
forlorn and helpless condition in which she  
had fallen asleep, she made a very poetical  
figure, quite in harmony with the pictures  
quaintness of the surroundings.

So thought a gentleman who, emerging  
from the bushes at no great distance, leisurely  
brook himself across the field, but spying the  
girl, turned aside from his path and paused to  
look at her.

Little gipsy, he muttered, why has she  
strayed off here alone? I wonder if she is  
lost? How sound she sleeps, and—by all  
that's wonderful—what's that she has on?  
Diamonds! Ah! I should know that brooch.  
Can it be possible? Good heavens! And  
towards the last he seemed to grow so excited  
and spoke so loud that Lou started up in af-  
fright, and was yet more terrified to find a  
man's flushed and eager face bending over  
her.

My dear child, he hastened to say, don't be  
frightened, but I must ask you to tell me  
where you obtained that brooch.

Lou burst into tears.

There, there, don't cry. Please answer my  
question, for I am very anxious to know. I  
think I have seen the jewel before.

It's Aunt Dora's, sobbed Lou. I took it  
out of her casket this morning; and I've lost  
my way, and O sir, won't you take me back  
home? And then a great rush of grief check-  
ed further utterance.

I think we can find your home without the  
least difficulty, said the gentleman, in a reas-

uring tone. And Lou jumped up, tied on  
her hat and took his hand without the slightest  
hesitation. Someway she felt she could trust  
him. He was such a handsome, strong, kind  
looking man, that she felt safe from the first  
moment.

As they walked on she told him her little  
history; how she was an orphan and lived  
with Aunt Dora, such a dear, beautiful, kind  
Aunt Dora; how it happened that she strayed  
off and lost her way; and how dauntless  
she had been to take the brooch which her  
aunt valued so highly. She went on to ex-  
plain that auntie never wore the beautiful  
gems, but kept them safely laid away, in mem-  
ory of the friend who had presented them to  
her, whom she had loved very dearly.

It was strange how well acquainted they  
became before they reached the highway and  
came out near Lou's home.

Holding fast to her new found friend's hand,  
Lou conducted him straight into the parlor,  
where Aunt Dora sat with a book which she  
had been reading. The volume had fallen  
from her hands. She was gazing thought-  
fully out across the fields. The twilight shad-  
ows were gathering all about her. A sweet,  
pensive, graceful picture she made. Lou had  
just parted her lips to speak and make her  
aunt aware of her presence, when her com-  
panion suddenly broke the stillness.

Dora! he said, softly.

Aunt Dora sprang up swiftly, turned her  
pale face for instant towards the gentleman  
and then, with a little cry, sank back faint-  
ing. Lou rang for lights, she brought cam-  
phor, snelli g salts, water, everything she  
could think of, while the gentleman chafed  
the white hands and bathed the rigid face,  
and did his best to restore life to that seem-  
ingly inanimate form.

After Aunt Dora had recovered and was  
seated on the sofa, and was able to compre-  
hend that it really was her lover, Hugh Car-  
roll—and not his ghost, as she at first feared  
—who had at last returned safe and well af-  
ter years and years of wanderings in foreign  
lands; do you think she felt that Lou had  
done anything deserving of censure in abstrac-  
ting and wearing the precious brooch, since  
the very sight of it had led her lover directly  
to her side?

Lou sat up very late that night listening to  
Mr. Carroll's tales of shipwreck and adventure.  
It was at Mrs. Carroll's wedding that the  
brooch was next worn.

That's where the boys fit for college, said  
the Professor to Mrs. Partingfob, pointing to  
a school house.

Did they? said the old lady with anima-  
tion. Then, if they fit for the college before  
they went, they didn't fight afterwards?

Yes, said he, smiling and favoring the con-  
cise, but the fight was with the head not with  
the hands.

Butted, did they? said the old lady.

The Professor wilted.

—For Mr. Greeley, whose death is an-  
nounced to-day, there will be a feeling of deep  
regret. He was probably broken down by  
his election contest, by great disappointments  
and the loss of his wife, over whose last hours  
he watched so unweariedly. Mr. Greeley was  
a representative in an eminent degree of the  
independent and fearless newspaper press.

He was a man of the highest natural ability,  
but was, perhaps, too honest to be a politician.  
—Gould was not re-arrested yesterday as  
expected. He charged that his arrest was a  
part of a programme arranged by Watson,  
President of the Erie, to create a panic in the  
stock market, to feather his own nest, and he  
states in his belief such a result was contem-  
plated by the action of the Erie and by the  
others he named, and that the Erie rail road  
would never have been able to recover any-  
thing from him if anything was due.

—The St. Andrews Society of Portland  
have purchased a lot in the Forest City ceme-  
tery where Scotchmen may be decently bur-  
ied who die far away from home and friends.

—This is the way they do up an Enoch  
Arden romance in Oshkosh, Wisconsin; the  
western Arden did not come back and goss-  
pied through the window at the felicity of the re-  
constructed household and then go into the  
green and yellow melancholy business; not  
any. He kicked the new husband out, sorted  
over the children and sent his brats after him,  
and then after thrashing his wife, settled down  
into a peaceful and happy head of the family.

It requires a good deal of skill and good  
taste to write a good puff for an undertaker.

A newspaper editor in Council Bluffs says:  
"Since we have to use coffins, we prefer those  
which Riley furnishes. We took a view of  
his supply of the commodity, yesterday after-  
noon. His stock would even carry the city  
pretty well through an average siege of cholera."

It will take the English language a long  
time to recover from the distortion to which it  
has been subjected since the horses have been  
sick.

A farmer said recently that he had a  
so many times he had to put his ears off to  
make him suck, and put his feet off to make  
him let go."



# Telegraphic News.

London, Dec. 6.  
Member of Parliament, Smith, of England, recently returned from the United States, made a speech at Westminster, criticising the working of the Ballot Bill in Great Britain and the United States.

Shib "Uinia," from Quebec to Bristol, has been abandoned at sea, with the loss of eight of her crew.

The situation at Versailles remains for the present unchanged. The committee of thirty has taken some radical measures, and announced a programme which can only lead to disagreement with the Executive. Nothing will be decided before Monday.

Thiers has announced that he will not change his policy. The Radical press regard the situation as extremely precarious.

The assembly seems likely in one form or another to endure for the present.

The committee on electoral law decided to make voting law compulsory.

New York, Dec. 7.  
Judge Brady will probably preside at the trial of Stokes next Monday.

An effort is to be made to have Congress donate to exiles from Alsacia and Lorraine.

London, Dec. 7.  
Paris advices report that the Governmental troops were injured by the flying debris.

Eight ships were blown ashore at Plymouth. The gale was as severe in Wales and Ireland as in England, and was accompanied by lightning and rain.

Many towns were flooded.

An Irish Elopement Case.  
A letter from Ireland recently received at New York, says:—

"The whole county of Wexford has been set by the ears by the reported elopement of Miss Agnes Barry, only daughter of the Hon. Hugh Barry, an ex member of Parliament of Newtown Barry, with an American tourist, a Mr. Fitzhenry of Boston. Miss Barry is the absolute possessor of the richest estate in the county, and is heir to over £300,000 sterling represented by \$1,500,000 gold, which she inherited from her uncle. The old gentleman having refused his consent to the nuptials, the young couple left the house secretly on the night of the 21st October, and were driven to the residence of a clergyman near by and married in proper form. Thence they travelled to Killarney, from which place the bride wrote a number of interesting letters to her father. The old gentleman at length repented, and tendered the enraptured pair his paternal benediction."

A KINDERGARTEN IN NEW YORK.—There has been recently opened in New York, in connection with one of the fashionable young ladies' boarding houses, a "Kindergarten"—a day school where little children from four years old and upwards are sent for a certain number of hours during the day, with everything to amuse them, teaching them a lesson at the same time. The German idea of beginning to train the mind in its infancy in such pleasant ways as to leave a lasting impression, has some merit, and deserves consideration. The lady in charge was brought from Germany especially for it; and it is a beautiful sight to see the little tiny girls with their worsted work, and the boys with their building blocks, being instructed, and their engines all explained, so that they will work over them for hours to accomplish what they are trying to do. It develops their tastes and begins early in life to discipline their minds, and with knowledge that will prove serviceable when they arrive at a larger growth. The Crown Princess of Prussia, the daughter of a wise and eminently practical father, Prince Albert, is a great patron of these schools.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—According to the official reports which emanate from the War Department the actual force of the Army of the United States is now 29,336 enlisted men. This more nearly approaches to the peace minimum than at any time since the war. At the breaking out of the rebellion the whole strength of the Army was estimated at 28,000. We have no means at present of giving the exact annual cost of maintaining this force; but it is supposed that it has steadily diminished with the size of the Army.

THE NEW ENGLISH SILVER COINS.—The new silver coins issued by the British Mint are so defective in workmanship, that the London Times says of some specimens, forwarded by a banker, that they "are of a character that would induce any one to reject them on the ground that they could not possibly have been sent forth from any Government establishment."

A practical man visited a penitentiary to see if he could gather facts to use in a temperance lecture which he was preparing. My friend, said he to the first prisoner whom he addressed, did whiskey or ardent spirits of any kind have anything to do with bringing you here? You bet they did, old boss. How so? Why, the judge and jury that tried me were all drunk.

Come in there's a fire in the parlor," were the whispered words we heard while passing a house on one of our principal streets last evening. It is such little courtesies as these that increase the coal-dealer's profits, and tend to make the baker sweat over six story wedding cakes before the winter is over.—[Titusville Press.]

This is from a Nashville paper: "The lady members of the First Baptist church in this city have agreed that they will dispense with all finery on Sunday—wearing no jewels but consistency and hereafter appear at church in plain calico dresses."

In both of the Hartford Catholic church-

es, on Sunday the pastors announced that hereafter dancing at fairs, picnics, excursions, etc., would be abolished, as a great many persons of questionable character visit them merely for the purpose of dancing.

DINNER.—The Charlotte County Agricultural Society's Annual Dinner, will be held at Clark's Hotel, tomorrow, Thursday, the 12th instant. Dinner on the table at half-past 7 o'clock, P. M.

## The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, DEC. 11, 1872.  
Municipal Corporations.

The near approach of the 30th of December, reminds us of the fact, that on that day, the freeholders and householders of this County, will be called upon to decide by their votes, at the respective polling places, whether or no the County will be incorporated: we believe, the time has arrived when it should become a Municipality.

It is hardly necessary at this day to point out the advantages or advocate the necessity of municipal government; the Counties which adopted it are progressing, and the people are satisfied; they select their own officers—worth and talent have a fair claim in the race of life, property has risen in value, work is abundant, the taxes have been reduced, and the people have a direct voice in taxation, they know why they are taxed; they elect the Councillors annually, and if not satisfied with them, can reject them at the following election. Again, they are made acquainted with County affairs, and their recommendations and wishes are complied with. There is no denying the fact, that the people are not satisfied with the present management of County and Parish affairs; they complain that the Sessions are irresponsible to the people. Men aspire to positions which education qualifies them to fill, but cannot obtain; had they the power to aid in electing or rejecting the County officers, they would rise in the scale of Society, and mind being thus created, will act upon and enhance the value of all the property in its vicinity. Once having decided in favor of incorporating the County—their next duty will be to select not those who are anxious for office, but those best qualified and who possess the confidence of the people.

In our last issue, we gave some statistics with reference to the schools, and attendance of pupils, in this district. Upon visiting the schools it was satisfactory to notice the progress which is being made by the pupils, the thorough manner in which they are instructed, and the attendance. The rooms at present occupied are as comfortable as they can be made. The Trustees have spared no pains and devoted much time in attending to school matters, indeed, we are safe in stating, that they accomplished more than could be expected. It is pleasing to notice the progress which is being made in moving the large building purchased by the Trustees for the Schools in this district. It is now within a short distance of our office, and is expected to be placed on its future location next week. When properly fitted up, it will afford first-class accommodation for four Schools, with extensive play grounds, in one of the prettiest and most central localities in the Town.

We thoroughly agree with our correspondent "Well Done," that the Trustees displayed "great good judgment" in the purchase, and that they are entitled to "something more than the thanks of the community."

POSTAL MATTERS, such as new Way Offices wanted, better places for offices, larger salaries for Postmasters, assistants where required, and money letters going astray, occupy the attention of several journals in this Province, and not without good cause. In our own County, are several thriving settlements without Way Offices, Postmasters are paid with salaries that a second-rate clerk in a mercantile house would laugh at, and are expected to do duty at all hours, to open heavy mails in a few minutes without assistance, and to keep their offices open while at their meals, or else shut them up and leave the public out in the wet or cold. These difficulties might easily be remedied by a little liberality on the part of the General Government, viz: by establishing Way Offices where necessary, advancing the salaries of Postmasters, and at distributing offices providing clerks; last, but not least, by purchasing or building proper offices. It is probable that these necessary improvements will engage the attention of the head of the Postal Department during the next Session of Parliament, as the Local M. P.'s will look after the interests of their constituents in this particular. The grievances require to be redressed, and a revision of the postal system is much needed.

The money-order business of the U.S. Postoffice Department, which has proved to be a great convenience to the public, has rapidly grown to magnitude. During the year ending June 30, 1872, it exceeded \$98,000,000. Of this vast sum, sent in small remittances, none exceeding \$40, and the average not exceeding \$20, little or none was lost. It is possible that the scheme might be extended, so as to enable persons to send \$100, with equal convenience and safety.

The "Canadian Illustrated News" of last week has some very fine views, among them one of Lake Utopia, in this County, from the pencil of Mr. E. J. Russell, which is as correct a view as can be taken; he has also drawn upon his imagination and given a sketch of the supposed "great monster" which is said to inhabit the Lake. The views are accompanied by letter press descriptions written in his pleasing style. In future numbers sketches in this neighborhood and other parts of the County, will be given from the same artist's portfolio. The "News" was fortunate in securing Mr. Russell's services, as an artist and writer.

The following documents handed us for publication, speak for themselves. It must be highly gratifying to the Sheriff to know that the energy and zeal displayed by him, have met with deserved acknowledgment in high quarters. It is not improbable, that the Spanish Government will show its appreciation of his services:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
Fredericton, 22d Nov. 1872.

SIR:—I have great pleasure in complying with the request of His Excellency the Governor General, conveyed to me through the Secretary of State for the Province, and enclose you a Copy of Lord Kimberley's Dispatch, expressive of his satisfaction, with the energy and zeal with which you conducted your mission to Grand Manan, on a recent occasion, to prevent an apprehended infraction of the "Foreign Enlistment Act."

I have the honor to be, Sir,  
Your most obt. servant,  
L. A. WILMOT,  
Lieut. Governor.

Alex. T. Paul, Esq.,  
High Sheriff, Charlotte Co., N. B.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL:

DOWNING STREET, 28th Oct. 1872.

(Copy) My Lord,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's Dispatch, No. 60, of the 2nd instant, forwarding further papers respecting an apprehended Cuban enlistment in Canada.

I have noted with much satisfaction, the energy and zeal displayed by the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, in the conduct of the Mission with which he was charged to the Island of Grand Manan.

I have, &c., &c., &c.

(Signed) The Right Honble. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, R. P., K. C. B., &c., &c., &c.

Customs Officers Suspended.

From St. John papers of the 10th inst., we learn that Mr. Ruel, Collector at St. John, and Messrs. Sandall, Garow, and Budin, were, by order of the Privy Council, suspended by Mr. Johnson, Deputy Minister of Customs, for laxity of duty; and that Mr. Ruel will be called upon to immediately make good the loss to the country consequent upon the default of Mr. John Brown in his duties.

The Bank of British North America will be open on Friday, during the winter months as well as the other days of the week.

LAUNCHED AT St. Stephen, on the 2nd inst., a beautifully modelled and substantially constructed barque named the "Northern Chief," of 912 tons measurement; her length is 168ft. breadth of beam 31ft 2in, depth 20ft; she was built under inspection, and receives the high rate for eight years in French Lloyd's. This splendid vessel was built by Messrs. C. & J. Short, natives of St. Andrews, who have added another laurel to their fame as eminent shipbuilders, and is commanded by our friend Capt. Dalhousie Miller, who with other gentlemen in Yarmouth, own her. She is loading at the Ledge for a Southern port.

Great Fires one of the Opprobriums of Civilization.

The "London Echo" of the 12th ult., writing on this subject, says: "Truly our civilization is as yet only at low tide, while we sit patiently year after year reading of these awful catastrophes, not knowing but they may any day reach our own cities, our stores, our museums, and our homes, and lavishing care and money on means of protection, which when the hour of danger arrives prove to be no protection at all, and leave us helpless before our fate." The "Echo" estimates that the value of property lost in Boston, Chicago, Paris, and London is probably not greatly less than the huge indemnity which France has had to pay for her war—"a sum at the magnitude of which the world stood aghast." It is certain, however, that these terrible experiences will not be lost upon mankind. Some time longer, probably the world will submit to great conflagrations and talk of Providence when they occur, but eventually it will grow wiser in this, as it has heretofore grown wiser in like matters. Populations are destined to become denser and denser, and towns more and more numerous; and as this occurs, man in self-defence will learn better how to prevent fires and to keep them from spreading when they occur.

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—During the quarter ending Sept. 30, the emigration from Liverpool was enormously increased over that of the preceding quarter. Ninety-nine ships left that port for the United States during the three months, carrying 36,491 steerage passengers, and nearly 6,000 in the cabins; seventeen ships left for Canada, carrying 5,607 emigrants; one left for Victoria, and two for South America, all carrying an aggregate of 50,885. Of these 18,279 were English, and only 5,104 Irish. The remainder were Swedes, Danes, and Germans, who had come from Scandinavian and German countries by way of Hull, in preference to shipping from Baltic ports by the German line of steamers.

It seems to be generally believed in Washington that an investigation will be ordered immediately into the transactions of the Credit Mobilier. Some, who are above suspicion in the matter, are strongly opposed to taking up time in this way; but it is understood that several, whose names have been used as implicated in the alleged bri-

bery, will demand that the charges be examined by a committee with full powers.

SUMMARY.

The Boston and Maine Railroad Company are now negotiating for and will soon have their cars equipped with the Miller platform and Westinghouse air-brakes. The extension from Berwick to Portland will be completed and cars run the first day of January next.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary demands made upon the service, it seems that the Postoffice Department last year had a revenue exceeding by \$300,000 the expenditures for the same term. The amount paid to special agents seem to be extraordinarily large. The postages from newspapers and printed matter nearly reaches \$1,000,000.—[Am. paper.]

Municipal Corporation.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with no small pleasure, I learn a move is again to be made to establish Municipal Corporation in the County of Charlotte.

It is true that attempts heretofore made for this object, failed, through the influence of interested parties; but the people now begin to think and I trust after seeing the good effects of County Corporations in Carleton and York, we shall have better luck this month. It is to be hoped that those whose duty it is not to interfere in such matters will keep themselves aloof. True, such a change may not be profitable to some office-holders and a few magistrates, and their opposition may be exasperated, but the majority of the people will be benefited by the change to self-government.

PUBLIC OPINION.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice that the School Trustees with great good judgment have purchased the large two-story building formerly used as a Custom House and Store, for the purpose of school accommodation for the Advanced and other Schools, and have bought two lots on the Grammar School block, to place it upon. The building is now being successfully moved along Water Street to its future location. The energy and public spirit of the Trustees, entitle them to something more than the thanks of the community, as by their unwearied devotion to their duties, performed gratuitously, they will save the citizens from being taxed heavily next year. Despite all cackling and "quacking" of the "Tammany Ring," the Trustees have kept on the even tenor of their way, and worked for the benefit of the community.

MR. W.—Wonder why their zeal and judicious management have not received a fair notice from the "scribbler," who is so fond of engaging up every little bit of town-talk for your "big brother," at St. John. Perhaps he cries "sour grapes," but I say

WELL DONE.

Maritime Intelligence.

The last sea-going vessel in the port of Montreal, the brigantine Star of Quebec, left on Saturday last for Boucherville, to go into winter quarters.

It appears that the parties sent down to the assistance of the barque Ocean Gem, ashore at Bic, are unable to land the cargo. The vessel is still on the Island, and it is said, will have to remain there.

CLOSE OF THE NAVIGATION.—The light-vessels on Lake St. Peter were taken into winter quarters on Monday last, and the buoys making the channel will be removed as soon as possible. The lights between Montreal and Quebec, will be discontinued after Monday next.

THE RIVER.—During the last few days, owing to the large quantity of snow which has fallen, and the subsequent sharp frosts, large quantities of ice have formed in the river opposite the city. The St. Charles is frozen over from Larocche's lumber yard to Hare Point.

The brig "Havelock" and schr. "Spring Bird," plaster laden from Windsor to American ports, and the little trading schooner "Delia," of Cornwallis, all of which were driven ashore during the gale of last week, have been got off.

A Parrsboro' schooner plaster laden has been ashore at Piasinco for some days and has not yet been got off. Her cargo was discharged, and a tug attempted to haul her off, but failed in the undertaking.

Ship "Algonquin," Hughes, from Newcastle, E. J. 1st, for Mollendo, with coal, is reported by cable to have foundered at sea; crew saved. The "A" was 1234 tons, built at Maitland, N.S., in 1870, and hailed from Halifax.

Brig "Watchmate," Hatfield, from New York, Oct. 23 for Exeter, E., with a cargo of 26,815 bushels corn, is reported by cable to have been totally destroyed by fire Oct. 31. The "W" was 1463, and hailed from Halifax.

A telegram was received reporting that the brig "Ottawa," bound from Miramichi to Boston with a cargo of extract hickory bark, went ashore at Cape Jourdain. It is said she will be got off. The "Ottawa" is 160 tons register, built from Miramichi, and is owned in Windsor, N. R.

A Georgia editor, "wishing to restrain himself within the bounds of politeness," informs an opposition candidate for office that he "would be an average hog in any drove."

An effort is being made to settle the difficulties between the Atlantic and Great Western and the Erie railroads to avoid a foreclosure upon the latter corporation. In case the differences are not amicably arranged, the mortgage held by the former will be foreclosed.

A collision on the Pan Handle Railroad killed the engineer and seriously injured the fireman Tuesday night. On Wednesday a man named Matthew Boyle was killed by the cars—a brakeman fell under the cars at West Springfield, Mass., and was instantly killed; and an unknown man had his head taken off by the wheels of a car in Hinsdale, Mass.

An engine, baggage and two passenger cars on the Binghamton road last night ran off an embankment, fifteen feet high, near Jamestown, New York. Peter Mehan, the

engineer, was burned and scalded to death. The passenger cars were badly smashed. One turned upside down and caught fire, but not extinguished in season to prevent another horror. All the cars and the engine were totally wrecked. All the passengers were bruised, but only three or four seriously. An unknown woman and a child were quite seriously wounded. A worn out track caused the accident.

An old fellow who lives on rusty pork and cheap meats says he can stand everything he eats poor, but he must have good whiskey.

One of our tailors speaking of winter fashions, says very truthfully "There is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month."

A Boston paper says that bricks have advanced fifteen to twenty per cent, since the fire, and the dealers are now asking \$18 per thousand.

Mrs. Fair has got back the identical pistol with which she killed Mr. Crittenden, and everybody in San Francisco is wondering whose turn will come next.

A valuable horse belonging to the fire department of Rochester, lay dying of the epizootic. A fire alarm sounded, and the noble animal, true to his impulses, raised himself upon his feet and fell back dead.

Bangor has finally entered into the work, and sends word full of encouragement to those interested in the success of the new railroad movement. Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and other leading citizens of Bangor have petitioned the city government to call a meeting of the citizens to consider what aid they can extend to the Shore Line Railroad. The Bangor Commercial says the talk in private circles names \$250,000 as the amount.

The election for President and Vice-President of the Swiss Confederation, for the year 1873, has resulted in the choice of Cereale for the former office, and Schenck for the latter.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Nov 29' schr R. H. Dexter, Dexter, Boston, ballast.

Dec 2, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, no dries.

6, Antelope, Costes, Boston, Fruit &c., W. L. Morris & others.

11, Harriet, Sherben, Boston, Hides &c., R Ross & others.

CLEARED.

Dec 4, schr R. H. Dexter, Dexter, Boston, 1208 sleepers, Goodnow & Co.

9 Bqs Hesperus, Waycott, St. John, ballast.

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED at Chamcook, A Male School Teacher, of the first or second class. Apply to ROBT. DENSMORE, Chamcook, Dec. 11, 1872. 31 Secretary.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under style and firm of

RAY & KILDEA,

has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

S. RAY,  
J. T. KILDEA.

St. Andrews, Dec. 7, 1872.—41ms

The business will be continued for a short time by the subscriber, who will collect and file all claims due the late firm.

J. T. KILDEA.

Government House, Ottawa,  
Monday, 26th day of November, 1872.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs and under and in virtue of the authority conferred by the Act 31 Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to make the following Regulation.

In addition to the Warehouse Forts mentioned in the 54th section of the Act passed during the session of the Parliament of Canada held in the 31st year of Her Majesty's reign and intituled: "An Act respecting the Customs" and also in addition to the Forts named in Lists sanctioned by subsequent orders in Council passed under the authority of the said Act, the following Port shall be and it is hereby declared to be included in the List of Warehouse Forts in the Dominion of Canada viz:

The Port of Wallaceburg, in the Province of Ontario.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,  
Clerk Privy Council.

Debates of the House of Assembly, 1873.

THE COMMITTEE appointed to receive Tenders for reprinting and publishing the

Debates of the House of Assembly,

during the next Session, and to counsel arrangements for carrying the same into effect by acceptance of the lowest Tender, or otherwise, as the Committee may determine, announce that—

Sealed Tenders will be received at the office of Dr. Alward, Waterloo-street, St. John, until noon, on MONDAY, the twenty-third day of December, 1872.

Tenders for publishing Debates to state distinctly the rate per sheet for fire or ten thousand copies, Imperial Quarto with three columns on each page, solid column, and otherwise in all respects similar to the Debates of 1870—the Debates to be published three times a week at least, from matter to be furnished by the Reporter, and to be delivered in some room in the House of Assembly Buildings, or mailed from the Publishing Office.

2nd. Tenders for Reporting the Debates to state the sum per day—the Reporter to furnish promptly from day to day a full and accurate report of the Debates, and to prepare the manuscript in a proper manner for the printer, and to complete the same within three days after the close of the Session.

Tenders to be strictly in accordance with the requirements of this advertisement.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.

Saint John, N. B., 28th November, 1872.

AARON ALWARD,  
CHARLES MACPHERSON,  
EDWARD WILLIS,

Committee of the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, dec 4 3

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