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No 17 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 27, 1870. Vol 37

Poetry.

Live for Something.

Live for something, be not idle;
Look about thee for employ!
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are very weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort—
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From the perfect fountain head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Interesting Tale.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY LOTIE BROWN.

"GUILTY!" When that word rang through the crowded court-room, there was not a sound to break its awfulness. It struck like an awful blow upon the silence, and made the hearts of every listener for an instant thrill with pity. Some one was doomed to death. Shadowy stood on the boundary of eternity, with all life's worth and wealth luring him back, with mocking smiles and mournful eyes.

A hush for a moment hung like a cloud over the assembly, then there burst forth a dry, tearless sob, and some one with a wailing, despairing cry said:

Father!

Then all again was silent, but eager eyes peered sharply to discover the owner of that grief-broken voice, and heads were bent earnestly forward. Then there came a shuffling of feet, and the officers with the prisoner came down the room.

He was a magnificent specimen, and seemed to verify the words, "God created man in his own image." He towered several inches above any one near him, and his chest was broad and perfectly developed. A handsome head with a broad forehead, white as milk near the hair, and bronzed a little lower down, as was the entire lower portion of his face, exhibited a thoughtful and generous nature, and his eyes were tender as a woman's. There was not a sign of distress save the grieved white lips, otherwise the face was as serene as a summer's day. Just behind him walked a child—his child you knew at once, by the striking resemblance—a little girl of eleven or twelve years of age. There was not a tear in the glittering brown eyes, but her face was white and rigid as death, and her tiny hands clenched fast together, betrayed a fearful struggle within.

You will drive me away yet, will you? she pleaded, as they neared the door. I want to talk with poor father.

I've nothing to say about it. I can't let you go below with us, but I guess you can come to-morrow, said the officer.

Can't I go now? she asked, grasping his arm.

No, not now.

She said not a word but sprang forward and clung to the prisoner.

Mary, my little daughter! Do you forget poor mother?

No, no, no! But what can I say to her? How can I tell her? What can I do?

Tell her to pray for me, and trust in God. Be a brave little girl, and comfort her as I would

She stood up.

And I shall tell her that I'll die to prove you a good man; and father, I shall do it.

She stood aside and watched them as they walked down the hall, and disappeared; saying to herself, "Yes, I'm going to save him. He shall not die, he shall not be—" her white lips trembled at the word, "hung." She did not notice the crowd that was surging through the open door and rudely pushing her. She saw nothing but the path he had taken down the hall into the open air. Her brown eyes were dull and vacant, and her lips cold and white. It was a strange sight, and the curious crowd gathered in hundreds about her. She did not see them; a hazy, filmy veil seemed spread before her eyes, and a numbness like death possessed her.

It's poor little Mary Neilson, said a kindly voice, from the crowd: some one orter take her home

Little Mary, said a woman, stepping forward and taking her hand.

She did not hear them, but when the woman's arm stole around her, she sank bereft of life and strength into her lap.

She must go home, said the woman. Poor thing! she's a weakly creature, and this has proved too much for her. No wonder. Poor Neilson!

Hush! The thin hand was raised. Hush! He will not die. Some one says it is all well. Some one says, Mary, don't cry, and Mary will not. I can see him climbing a hill where purple flowers and long-stemmed grasses wave their heads. There is a river at its foot, in which pebbles and yellow sand are lying as thick as they can lie. Now he's walking swiftly over the plain, talking wildly, and turning back to the white house away up on the hill. Then he goes on, on, on, O, so very fast that I cannot—O, I cannot—yes, I see him. It is the train which passed under the bridge below our house, and he is going away in it. O! O! mother, mother! She threw out her hands, and her face expressed the wildest emotions with fear and horror predominating. Right down over the steep, slippery bank with a fearful crash. Don't you hear them groan? See, they are bringing them all covered with—O! with blood! There he is, but, he is not dead. There's a cut upon his head, and his arm hangs down at his side.

A convulsive spasm passed her face, and she moved wearily, and the awe-struck crowd pressed nearer.

He is very weak and sick. I cannot speak to him. He is miles on miles away. It is a little bit of a house, on a broad field where there is not a tree in sight. There are flowers and grass, a lot of it, and when I look away off, it looks like water. They will take care of him and make him well, but he should not toss and growl so much. He talks about some one—some woman, I think—I am not sure, for I cannot hear her name.

Again that terrible convulsion swept her face, and she passed her hand across her brow. Her eyes grew again bright and deep, and she stood up with an effort, and looked in wonder upon the crowd.

Are you ready to go home, Mary? asked the woman who had held her.

Yes. I forgot where I was. Have I been asleep. Perhaps so.

The crowd parted, and allowed her to pass with a deference and tenderness they might give a queen, and with her companion the condemned felon's child passed.

It was a wonderful case. Months before young Ray Berkely had disappeared. Neilson was foreman in the great factory of which he was a joint owner. They never agreed. From the hour of his coming, with his vague ideas of mechanism, gathered from books carelessly read, and from men who knew less than himself, there was open warfare. For fifteen years Neilson had lived in the heart of that great, noisy crashing mass of animated iron and steel, and there was not a bolt nor bar, screw nor valve, that he was not as familiar with as with his own name. He smiled at first at young Berkley's suggestions, but when he found the young man in earnest, he stepped forward with the superiority of a practical machinist, and remonstrated against the foolhardy alterations which were then under consideration. Berkeley was not a snob, but his education had given him as vague and indefinable ideas of equality as of machinery, and when Neilson, in his rough overalls and dirt-begrimmed face, came forward and stood there beside him, in his snowy linen and perfectly fitting broadcloth, he felt a right to order him, with a severe censure for his boldness, back to his work.

Neilson obeyed, but his teeth left a mark upon his under lip, and from beneath his sullen brow he shot an angry glance at his perfumed superior.

It's no use, Ray, expostulated the senior partner, his uncle. Neilson has managed the works for fifteen years, and the profits have been immense. It is all folly to think of making alterations.

And Berkley went away muttering about old fogies and ignorant louts.

He was betrothed to Genie Hosmer, the heiress of Riverland, a fine old estate situated upon a high hill which overlooked the river. In those stormy days her heart and temper were sore tired. He seldom came without a bitter story of his miserable attempts at alterations, and innumerable curses for Neilson and other rebellious spirits, which seemed to hold, in a demoniacal power, the entire control of his mighty machines in the old factory.

He became like a haunted creature, and wandered in feverish restlessness, pursued forever by the intricacies of his works, and their presiding genius, Amos Neilson.

One night Genie Hosmer said as she stood at her door:

I am half afraid to trust you, Ray. The servants say that there is a great stir among the workmen. Your desire to reduce the power will throw many out of employment, will it not?

Yes, and save one half the expense under which we are now laboring.

But you are making money enough. Neilson is an old workman and understands everything well, and why don't you let it go on? Let Neilson have his way. He knows best.

Poor Genie was terrified by the look he gave her.

And so you turn away from me! O God, Genie, I believe I am growing crazy.

He did not pause to say good-night, but hurried away through the darkness, and she in her heart believed him right when he spoke of growing crazy.

It was a heavy night with only an occasional flash of blue light to break the dense darkness, and very few ventured beyond the village street. There was sufficient to keep them busy, and those who were not at home were in the barroom, the post-office or the stores, talking and commenting upon the strange battle between Berkely and Neilson.

A little past eight Neilson looked into the grocery store, and said to one:

Have you a horse here, James?

No, I walked down. Do you want him?

It is no matter. I am going over to the Hill to get the doctor; my wife's a little out to night, and I thought if you had your horse here I would borrow him for an hour or so. However, I can walk about as well

It's a little dusk-ish, aint it?

Yes

He walked away, and the crowd went on with their gossip. On the following morning Neilson made his appearance in a pitiful plight. He was as pale as death, and over one eye, a long cut extended quite across his temple back beneath his hair. A fall, he said, from the plank bridge, which spanned the river a little way below the highway, had caused it. He ventured, on his way home from the Hill, to take the footpath through the woods, and the planks gave way and let him fall into the water. No one doubted him then.

Before night the town was noisy with inquiries for Berkely. He had not been seen since he left Genie Hosmer at her door, and he could not be found within the limits of the town.

Just at nightfall, a party of laborers, crossing the plank bridge where Neilson had met his accident, found a glove, a handkerchief and a knife. The glove was torn in several places, and the handkerchief which bore the letters R. B., and the clasp knife, were covered with blood.

Of course they were identified as belonging to the missing man, and immediately the air was thick with blood and murder.—Before noon on the following day, Amos Neilson lay a hopeless, helpless prisoner in the jail.

The well known feud which existed between them was sufficient to convince the public mind that Neilson had killed Berkely, and other circumstances combined to make as clear a case of wilful murder as ever came before a court of justice.

Neilson had a few friends. The senior Berkely was one. He too thoroughly understood the honest, high spirited fellow to doubt him, and knew the nature of his nephew too well to deem him incapable of suicide, or any other rash impetuous deed which his ill temper suggested. He testified to the fact that Ray left him on the night of his disappearance, in a perfect fury. The combatants had exchanged words during the day, and Ray swore to be avenged. He even begged his uncle to discharge Neilson, and fairly ground his teeth in rage when he refused him.

Miss Hosmer's testimony verified the truth of Mr. Berkely's statement, and seemed capable of doing anything to rid himself of the troubles of which were pursuing him.

The testimony of the workmen went further. Occasional threat from Neilson were distinctly remembered, and the conversations between the two were many of them entirely repeated.

Others, ten or twelve at least recognized the clasp knife as having belonged to the prisoner, and the evidences of a struggle were clear in Neilson's pale face, and the bruises which were afterwards discovered.

It was fully believed, that on his return from the Hill he overtook Berkely, and that they resumed the quarrel and a fight ensued, in which Neilson conquered, but he denied all knowledge of the affair. He stood up before his accusers, when they sought to beg a confession from him and only replied:

I am innocent, so help me God!

In the spring time he had his trial, and they led him back to his cell, a condemned man.

Through the dreary days of his imprisonment little Mary had been his comforter. She had flitted from the beside of her sick mother to his dismal cell, and worked with a will which had shamed many a woman. She had so much faith in her father that she could not believe they would condemn him. She had told him so, with a radiant, smiling face, day after day, as he sat gloomy and despondent, and many times cheered him so well that he also began to have hope. But the blow came, and crushed and broken, he re-entered his cell, from which he was never to come forth until he came forth to die.

From the hour of the strange scene in the courthouse, which one imputed to hysterics, another to clairvoyance, and one or two will fully skeptical ones to her artfulness, little Mary became bright and cheerful. She went on with her work, with a courage and light heartedness surprising to every one.

Neilson was condemned to die, but the day of his execution was indefinable, and she reminded every one who came near her of this fact.

My father may be saved—she would quietly say

Miss Hosmer was her best friend. In her grief for her betrothed her generous heart did not forget the more than orphaned child, and in each other's company these bereaved ones found great comfort.

If Mr Berkely had only listened to you, Miss Genie he would have been happier—Don't you think so? asked Mary, one day.

To me? What did I say?

Did you not tell him to be content with what he had?

Yes, but who told you?

I don't know. Somebody did. Somebody tells me a great deal of late. But, Miss Genie it is not clear. There's a great load upon my head. I often think that if you would put your hand there, it would all go away. You or somebody like you. Sometimes when you take my hands there's a strange feeling goes up, away into my shoulders, and it pricks, and pricks, like many little pains.

A faint smile came to Genie's white lips.—She prayed that she had no mesmeric power to touch this strange child, and wake her slumbering spirit to action, for to her it seemed horrible.

Will you rub my head, only just a little, Miss Genie?

She mechanically put forth her hands and laid them up on the low white forehead.

O Genie, how pleasant it seems. It all slides away like a heavy great cloud, and I feel, O Genie, as though I stood away up on a tiny place in the blue sky, with nothing but air, air, air! Don't move your hand! If you do I'll fall! O there's a strange face—I've seen it before. It is one that would bring it here. It would have been here days ago, but for that rolling field, and the lame arm, and the bad temper that would not let the arm get well. It can't be a great way off. And yet it looks so strange—so white and calm, and it is used to be dark and stormy like the Hill on a winter's night. There'll be a great time in the street. They will shout and laugh as you and I will, Genie, do you see that face?

No child, answered Genie, with a shudder. You will by and-by. You'll be very glad to see it. I suppose you'll see it clearer than I do. Sometimes it is hid away from me by a crowd, or smoke, or a hill. Strange things come up, but I never lose it. I always know where it is, even if I don't see it. O the garden, the air, the flowers, Genie—

The little head fell back upon her arm, and the child lay motionless as a corpse. A desire to keep the reappearance of the singular state a secret, possessed her, and gently removing her head to the sofa she arose and fastened the door. The long windows were open but she knew that none of the servants would enter there, and throwing a shawl over the child she sat down beside her. Through the long afternoon she slept, breathing with a regularity that indicated peace in mind and body. Miss Hosmer would not awaken her, for she knew that she was exhausted and needed rest, and twilight crept on, and still she sat there

With the increasing darkness came a desire for company, but not caring to arouse any one she drew the lace curtains and lighted a lamp.

Genie! Why I'm still here! And Mary suddenly sat up and looked wildly about her

Yes, dear. You have been sleeping all the afternoon. Hark! there is some one on the piazza. I wonder who has called at this hour?

Shall I go?

Not yet. Whoever it is, I shall be at leisure to entertain you until I can send one of the servants home with you. It is not safe to go alone. I do not feel like seeing visitors

There was a rustle at one of the curtains

If you say so, Genie I will go away again. And Ray Berkely sprang in and stood before her.

She could not speak. Her eyes were wild with terror, and had he not caught her with his warm living hand, she would have fainted and fallen to the floor.

Why Genie are you frightened. You look as though you had seen a ghost.

I thought you one. Are you alive, or am I dreaming?

I am alive, I believe, and you are awake; but if this young lady does not cease her antics and tears, I shall believe neither one or the other.

In five minutes he knew the whole story, and with tears in his eyes, he turned to Mary, who in her happiness was crouched upon the floor at his feet, and gathered her up in his arms.

Thank God, that I am not too late.

And to-morrow we will go and open the prison doors, and lead poor Neilson home in triumph.

No, Genie, not to morrow, but to-night.—Think, darling, how wearily each hour drags to a condemned man. To-night he must know it; he must be liberated if it can be done.

In his lonely cell Neilson sat counting the hours as they dragged on, or pacing up and down, praying, moaning, begging for mercy, when through the clear air came a confused murmur of voices, that swelled into a roar and echoed like thunder in his ears. Some one was coming rapidly down the corridor, with loud cries. Impatient hands were at the door and when it was opened, a flood of light streamed upon Mary, Miss Hosmer and—O, it could not be!—yes Ray Berkely was dragging him forth

How he ever came out beneath the free blue sky he never clearly knew. He only felt himself borne above a crowd who were shouting his own and Berkely's name, and soon after was kneeling in peaceful silence by the side of his happy wife.

I fled from Riverland, said Berkely in telling his story, and ran hastily down the footpath across the plank bridge. Upon the bridge I faltered as a moment before I had taken my knife to cut a staff from the hedge, it was of course my fortune to cut myself severely. I hastily tore off my glove, and wrapped my hand in my handkerchief. This did not stay the bleeding, and angrily I threw them all away and gathered some leaves from a bush beyond the bridge. I walked on all night and part of the following day. Then I became exhausted, and at the first town, found the depot and entered the cars. I travelled night and day for nearly a week, not knowing or caring whither I was bound. At the end of the seventh day we were thrown into a deep rock fettered valley, by the carelessness of the engineer, and there I passed. I was dragged from the wreck with a broken arm, and a terrible cut upon my head. In a cabin on the prairie I found a resting place; and there I worried myself into a fever, and cursed myself and all the world. Something came over me while I lay there a calmness, a knowledge of my folly and wrongdoing. When after months of suffering I arose from my bed, I felt like a new being. Neilson, you and I can thank God together.

I knew it would be so, did I not, Miss Genie. Somebody or something told me so. It never came before, but in our great trouble it saved mother and me, and perhaps all of us. And Mary laid her head upon her father's arm.—The work went on as they had gone for fifteen years, and Berkely had so much faith in Neilson, that a year ago he admitted him into the firm.

Old ladies tell long tales of Mary Nelson's gift, but she has forgotten it, and only calls it a dream, or any name that occurs, as seems the whole of those dark months in her young life.

COULDN'T FIND THE VERDICT.—At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina, an entire negro jury was empannelled.—A case was brought before them, the witnesses examined, and their attorneys made their respective arguments.

The judge after laying down the law and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, a rather intelligent looking negro, with instructions as soon as they found a verdict to bring it without fail.

Thirty minutes more elapsed, when the jury returned headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge.

As the man appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired:—

Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict!

No, Massa Judge, we haben't found 'em no how, replied the ebony juryman.

It's a very plain case, said the judge.

Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it, replied ebony again.

On what ground? inquired the judge.

We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge, replied the foreman; de ossifer did not take us out into de grounds, but took us into a room and locked de door, and told us when we found de verdict he would let us out. So we began to find de verdict, and search every corner, cr vis and ebery thing dere was in that room, but we found no verdict—no nuffin ob de kind dere.

A schoolmaster ask one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said "What sirrah, can't you tell me? "Yes sir," said the boy, "I have it at my finger end."

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

The man who lives for himself, lives for a mean fellow.

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