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In memory of ROBERT HEWITT, who died Feb. 5, 1870.

I have a dear and loved brother,  
That on earth I never shall meet,  
But in heaven I hope to meet.

O, I loved him, fondly loved him,  
Dearest than all else at home;  
But I know he's watching o'er me,  
As through foreign climes I roam.

Now let's free from care and sorrow,  
In a mansion that's on high;  
He is with the blessed Jesus,  
In a land above the sky.

Do not weep for that dear brother,  
He is raised with the best;  
All his sighs for his Saviour,  
In His merciful arms to rest.

The far far from me and kindred,  
Parents, brothers, sisters dear;  
Still I hear that angel whisper,  
Telling me the course to steer.

Oh! that brother I have left us,  
Gone to see the King of Kings;  
He has met with that dear sister,  
Now in heaven they sweetly sing.

Many a day we walked together,  
But that heaven, on earth is not;  
'Till in heaven, again we meet him,  
On that ever happy shore.

JOHN ALEXANDER HEWITT,  
Humboldt Bay, California.

## Miscellany.

ROUND ISLAND.—A correspondent writing from Grenada, says:—Sir, Henry Barkly the Governor of Mauritius, has lately visited Round Island, one of the smallest of our habitable isles. It is a volcanic cone rising to the height of 200 feet above the sea level, and is covered with dense tropical vegetation, and has been known hitherto as one of the few breeding sites of the red-tailed tropic bird, called by the Creoles "Paille en Queue" (Plumton Pochonnet). The visit of Sir H. Barkly and his party, although necessarily brief, was eminently successful, under the guidance of Mr. Van der Vliet, a range specimens, both botanical and zoological, were collected; among the former the gorgonilla plant; and among the latter were some rare shells, spiders, a large scorpion with black and yellow bands, and two lizards, several snakes in length. The most interesting of all were six different species of snakes, the largest was over 4 ft in length; none of them appear to be poisonous. Some curious facts may be noticed in more research, and the origin of these reptiles perhaps accounted for, as they can hardly be indigenous to so small a speck in the ocean. Although another neighboring islet, still smaller, and of 500 feet elevation, bears the name of the He des Serpens, the usual existence of snakes upon it has been generally denied, and we must consider that the comparatively large islands of Reunion and Mauritius are entirely destitute of snakes. The only case recorded of a snake being found in Mauritius took place in the month of February, 1813, when a large brass constructor was killed in the ravine of Grand Riviere, near the fort; and it was ascertained from a wreck of an Indian vessel, at the mouth of the same river, some time years previously. We may expect shortly to have detailed descriptions of these reptiles from a Fellow of the Zoological Society, who holds an official appointment in the island; and it will be most interesting to know what particular countries his reptiles bear the closest affinities to these lately found. Unlike the Galapagos Islands, which are out of the way of trade winds and currents, the Mauritius group are in the centre of S. E. winds, which prevail the greater portion of the year in the Southern Indian Ocean.

THE TENNESSEE SCHUNK FOR CONNECTING ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—Mr. Bateman explained to a large audience at the Royal Institution, on March 18, the plan of himself and Mr. Rey for connecting England and France by means of a submerged tunnel. The tunnel proposed would be about twenty miles long and fifteen feet in diameter the sides of the chamber 2 ft 2 in cast iron eight inches thick. Mr. Bateman explained in detail how such a tunnel could be laid. The work would, he estimated, be done in five years at a cost of eight millions, and he hoped it would be accomplished.

BARRISTERS AND THEIR FEES.—A barrister practicing in the Court of Chancery, on March 2 applied to Judge Justice Giffard, in

support of a claim for 700*l.* against the Executors of the late Lord Mestyn. The sum sought to be recovered represented fees in respect of conveyancing and other professional work which he had done for the late peer.—The Lord Justice held that a barrister could not recover his fees, and dismissed the application, with costs.

## Interesting Case.

### The Step-Daughter's Petition.

Light through the Clouds.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

WICKLOW PLACE was one of the finest spots to be found in the Old Bay State. It lay close up to the Berkshire Hills, upon the summit of which the sky seemed to rest, and little Katie Gray used to think, as she gazed upon them, that it marked the boundary of the world.

Lonely and sad had she been all through the summer days upon which our story opens, and she had wandered from room to room all through the spacious home, like a bird seeking her nest and not finding it.

Her life thus far had not been a cheerful one, like that which should come to children of her tender age and innocent disposition.

She could just remember when her mother had died. She was only an infant then, as it were, but she would never forget the still form lying so pale and cold, and which gave her back no answer when she called to her and begged her to speak to her once more.

That moment she would never forget, and she clung to it so that it was ever fresh in her memory.

Her father, though he was kind to her, had never filled the spot left vacant. He looked well to her welfare, provided her with all that she needed, and then left her to the care of the servants, thinking that he had done his duty.

His time was much taken up with his studies, for he was a profound scholar, and one whose name was well known in the world of letters.

Between his books and caring for Wicklow Place, he had little time for night else. If he saw his child at meal-time, and passed a few words with her, he felt that he had done his duty, and that no more was required of him. And so Katie was left to the servants, to come up as she might.

But they were all kind to her, and in Mrs. Robinson, the housekeeper, she found a true and warm friend, who in a measure supplied her dear mother's place.

A warm-hearted and motherly woman she was, and it was her own great aim in life to be true to her charge, and to care for the orphan as tenderly as though it had been her own.

And thus Katie Gray had lived in her home at Wicklow Place until she was two years old, and the day had come in which our story opens.

That morning her father had left home, to be gone a week, as he had told her when he had kissed her at the breakfast table. She must be a good girl till he returned, he said, and then he would bring her something that would both surprise and please her. What it was he would not tell, but he kissed her again more tenderly than ever when they parted at the doorway, and he got into his carriage and was driven away.

No sooner was the carriage fairly out of sight, than a most wonderful spirit seemed to be infused into every one about the house. From the housekeeper down to the cook, who at times was as cross as ever a cook could be, all seemed imbued with the spirit of renovating and turning things upside down. Such a cleaning and scrubbing Wicklow Place never got before; and when Katie would ask the housekeeper what it all meant, she would reply, evasively:

Why, child, don't you see that it is a good time to do these things while your father is away? If he was here, he could neither write or study, we should make such a fuss; and besides, we don't know but what he will bring company with him.

Who was coming? Katie had once asked.

O, we don't know, the housekeeper had replied, with a shake of her head, and a mysterious look exchanged between her and the chambermaid, who had chanced to be present. But then we may have company any day.

She could get no more definite answer than this, and so the days went on until the one came on which her father was expected home. It chanced that morning that she wandered into the kitchen, where she found the cook hard at work, and cross withal.

Don't come here bothering me, she said, as Katie came up to the table where she was engaged in making out pies. I've got enough to do to-day, without having anybody to hinder me.

But I won't hinder you, said Katie. If you will only let me, I will fill out the pies as well as you.

But I won't, said the cook, shortly. Go up to the housekeeper's room, if you want to disturb any

body. You'll have to stay there most of the time, I reckon, after your step-mother gets here. She'll be too fine a lady to have children round, I expect.

What do you mean, cook? asked Katie, her eyes starting with astonishment at this unexpected information.

It means that you're going to have a step-mother,—that's all, returned the cook, who, having been offended by some words which had been spoken by the housekeeper, took this opportunity to spite her, and also to gratify a natural desire she felt, to be the first to impart the news to Katie. Didn't you know that your father had gone 'off to get married?

No! answered Katie, in a maze.

Not he, and he'll be back with a new wife to-day. That's what it all means that we've been turning everything upside down.

But the housekeeper told me that it was because father was away that they were doing this, said the child, in a half-choked voice.

That was because she didn't want you to know, returned the cook. She's a sly one, and I hope the new mistress will make her stand round, if she stays 'ere.

But who is she that my father is to bring here? asked Katie, with trembling lips.

O, she is an old maid, they say; cross, and as sharp as vinegar. Won't she make us stand round, though? But, poor child! I pity you the most. We can go away from here, but you can't. I hope she will use you well, but I never knew a step-mother yet, but who was as good as a bear, and hated any children there might be like pizen!

And the cook struck the side of the dish with a spoon, as though she was dealing a blow upon some imaginary mother-in-law.

Miss Jones, what do you mean? cried the voice of the housekeeper, close beside them; and the cook gave a jump, as though she had received a blow. "Are you not ashamed to be talking like that to this child?"

No, replied the cook, determinedly. It ain't nothing but the truth, anyway, and you may tell Mr. Gray if you want to. Thank fortin' there are other places I can go to, that are as good as staying here and being ruled over by a new mistress, even if she does make some other folks stand round, that I know on, and with this thing, the lady lady turned her back upon the housekeeper, as though she had nothing more to say.

Came with me, Katie, said the housekeeper, taking the half-bemused girl by the hand. Go up to my room with me, and I will explain to you what the cook has so rudely told.

Mechanically the girl followed her up the stairs to the room. The news she had received had given her such a shock that she hardly knew what she was doing.

Once in the room, and with the door closed behind them, the housekeeper drew Katie beside her, and told her what she should have done before the cook had got the start of her. Her father was about to bring home a second wife, whom she trusted would be a mother to her, filling the place which had so long been vacant. Then she told her to try and forget the words the cook had spoken,—that all step-mothers were not cruel, and that she knew that her master would bring no one there but what would be kind to his child.

In silence Katie listened to all she said. She had heard of step-mothers, and real stories of them until she had come to regard them much as she would a wild animal seeking for its prey. The words of the cook she could not obliterate from her mind, but in answer to the entreaties of the housekeeper, she promised to receive her new mother as she should, and try and win her heart.

All day long Katie wandered about the house like a spirit of unrest. It seemed that the sun of all her happiness had been blotted out, and that only dark clouds obscured the sky, through which the faintest ray of light came down to cheer her.

When it was near to sunset, she wandered into her own room. It was on the ground floor, and looked out into the garden. Through the open window the high hills could be seen, with the golden moonlight shining upon them.

By it lay an open Bible, and sitting down she read a chapter. Then resting her elbow upon the book, she said in an imploring tone:

"O my Father in Heaven, look down upon Thy little girl; make her good, and put it into her heart to love all. Make her love her new mother, who is coming to fill the place of the one that is in Heaven; and make her love me, too, and not beat and abuse me, as the cook says she will. Grant this, my Father, and Thy name shall have the honor and glory forever. Amen."

Hardly had the last closing word fell from her lips, before the sound of a light footstep fell upon her ear. Glancing quickly up, she saw a strange lady crossing the room towards her still wrapped in her travelling garments. Beyond her in the doorway, stood her father, and she was not at a loss to know who the lady might be.

Katie would have risen from her seat, and escaped from the room, if she could have done so, for she felt that both the strange lady and her father had heard the words of her petition; but before she could do so, the lady had sunk upon her knees by her side, and grasping her hand, said:

Here my child, I promise to be that to you that you have asked that I should be; and may He that rules the world, and all things therein, help me to keep my promise. Katie, will you not try to love me?

The girl hesitated, but it was only for a moment. The next was all forgotten, and throwing her arms about the neck of her second mother she hid her face in her bosom.

I will and I know I shall, she said, with her whole heart.

And in this scene I seem to see my sainted wife restored to me, said Mr. Gray, coming forward and taking the hand of each. Katie, your new mother will be to you all you have asked in that petition; and to me it seems that it was the spirit of your mother that directed our footsteps here that we might hear it.

And thus the daylight broke through the clouds which Katie had piled above her, and she found they rolled away, leaving the sky calm and serene.

## The Mysteries of Memory.

One of the most curious of those common occurrences, which befall us so frequently that at length they come and pass by unnoticed, is this. Sometimes, it may be in the midst of our most extraordinary round of life, it may be in some exceptional circumstances or combination of circumstances, or some unusual event, a sensation comes upon us that we have once, we cannot tell when, where, or how, been placed exactly in the same things, seen the same people, the same localities, or what not.

This is a very strange; but is not all memory a strange mystery?—strange that events once dead should rise up from the graves, and live over again in their effects on our minds,—strange that the smitten string, often seven years old, should still vibrate still, emitting notes as if that string is smitten forever! Yes, memory thus daily mystifies; thus resurrection, wherein the past starts up to life again; thus spring tides, wherein the fallen leaves of autumn bud out again, and the sing's whose voices have been hushed in death's winter break out once more in wild earthly melody.

Like all life's varied fatalities, though last a double aspect. O memory! there is that which is a blessing and a comfort thus to recall to new life, there is that too which would make the fabled Lethæa river a very stream of life; there is much that it would be a luxury to forget!—Quiver.

## A Curious Substitute for Cometics.

The inventive genius of the old world seems to be at work to devise a substitute for cometics, by employing some process for treating the dead bodies of departed friends so as to render them excellent specimens of petrification. A foreign contemporary announces a discovery by which graveyards will become superfluous: "An old discovery has just been made by a man of Grenoble, by which it is calculated that cemeteries and graveyards will become superfluous. At the decease of an individual, the body is plunged into a liquid invented by the man of Grenoble, and in about five years the individual is turned into stone. The secret of the petrification is known only to the discoverer. He says that in a thousand years' time, if persons will only preserve their relatives and friends, they will be able to build houses with them, and thus live in residences surrounded by their ancestors."

TWO ENGLISHMEN MURDERED IN BUNOS AYRES.—Particulars have been received by the mail just arrived of the death of Mr. Robert Bald, B. A., Cambridge, second son of Mr. John Bald, Wells, Roxburghshire. The deceased was cruelly murdered, on the 22nd of January, at Buenos Ayres, about 12 miles from Rosario, Santa Fe, Buenos Ayres. On the evening of that day they should remain over night, and remove the sleep next day. On the following day Mr. Bald was found murdered in his house, his body pierced with many wounds. Henry Felt, a boy of 14, who was in his service shared the same fate, having been in bed in an adjoining room. It is believed the crime was perpetrated between 9 and 11 o'clock, and that Mr. Bald was tranquilly stabled while sitting at his table, on which a book was found lying open. He appears to have sprung up in order to defend himself, as the room gave all the evidence of a violent struggle, and there were numerous wounds in his arms. Two boxes were ransacked, and several articles, including Mr. Bald's watch and revolver stolen. This atrocious crime has caused a most painful sensation throughout the province, and the President of the Argentine Republic immediately offered a reward of \$5,000 (1,000*l.*) for the

capture of the murderers. One has been taken and has confessed his guilt, but refuses to give any information as to his accomplice. Mr. Edward Bald, a younger brother of the deceased, and who had only been a couple of months in the country, was at Rosario on the day of the murder. He has travelled over a great part of the country since, in search of the other assassin, who had hitherto escaped detection. The lamentable event has been reported to the Earl of Clarendon, who immediately forwarded instructions to Mr. Marquis Charles Fitzroy to Buenos Ayres to afford every assistance in his power in bringing the murderers to justice. Mr. Bald was a young man of high principle, of a frank and genial nature, and of an accomplished mind. His many amiable qualities endeared him to his own family and a large circle of friends, by whom his untimely fate is deeply deplored.

MARQUIS OF AISIA.—We have to announce the death of Archibald, second Marquis of Aisa, which took place on March 20, from injuries he received in the hunting field on March 4. After the accident his lordship was considered in a critical state, but he rallied, and was thought to be doing well. Erysipelas supervened, and he died as we have already stated. The late Right Hon. Archibald Kennedy, Marquis of Aisa, of Aisa, in the county of Ayr, and Baron Aisa, of Aisa, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, Earl of Cassilis, and Baron Kennedy in the peerage of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, was the eldest son of Archibald, Earl of Cassilis, son of the first Marquis, by Eleanor, only child of Mr. Alexander Allardice, of Dunnotar, county of Kincardine. He was born in August, 1816, and succeeded his grandfather, the first Marquis, September 8, 1845. His lordship married, in November the same year, Julia, second daughter of the late Sir Richard Montague Jephson, Bart., by whom he leaves Archibald, his eldest son and successor, and other children. The late marquis was formerly in the 7th Dragoons, but retired in 1842. The lamented nobleman was one of those who took part in the memorable Eglinton tournament. Latterly the Marquis of Aisa lived a retired life at his seat in Ayrshire. The late marquis was nephew of the Countess Dowager of Newburgh and Lady Alice Peel. The Earl of Cassilis, who succeeded his father in the marquisate, was born in 1847, and entered the army as ensign in Colchester Guards in 1866.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.—The following paragraph we find in the New York Times: "A coat that has the mark of use upon it is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too much nap and too high a lustre is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless folks, broken down mechanics, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that do not pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers, and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to the eyes that are well opened to the fact, a silly lover or husband or craved for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband that can show a balance in his favor. For women as like like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF CELERY.—I have known many men, and women, too, who from various causes had become so much afflicted with nervousness, that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by daily use of the blanched stalks of celery of color green as a salad, they became as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyances put them in a state of agitation, and they were most in constant perplexity and fear, who were always effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Persons should use celery daily having weak nerves, and unions in his stomach, when celery cannot be season.

Customer (to clerk in a hard rare store)—Show me a small, low priced shears.

Clerk (deftly opening a specimen article)—Are there not two blades here, and don't you make a pair?

Customer (severely)—I mean precisely what I said.

Clerk (deftly opening a specimen article)—Are there not two blades here, and don't you make a pair?

Customer (triumphantly)—You have two legs, does that make you a pair of men?

The shears were done up in profound silence.

I say Mr. K., what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?

Raw ones, to be sure; your honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones?

What is the greatest stand ever for civilization? The ink-stand.

Advertisement for "The St. Andrews Standard" and other notices, including "White Lead & Oil", "Nutmegs", "House to Let", and "Notice".