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Heaven.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Have you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unharmed by time—
Where each hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of waters gushing there,
Midst blossomed beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wing and the golden shore
That's found in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white—
Bands of beauty clothed in light—
That dwell in their own immortal bowers
Mid the fadeless hue of the countless flowers
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

Then far away is that sun-bright clime
Unfaded by sorrow, unharmed by time,
Where, amid all things fair, is given
The home of the just, and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

—New York Champion.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

How long ago was it? do you ask, little Ben? Sixty-one years, if it was a day. It is June now; I was seventy-nine the tenth of last April; and that worst day of the great flood of Pennsylvania was on one tenth of April, exactly sixty-one years before. It was my eighteenth birthday, too. I remember that as well as anything else that happened.

The country was new then. I mean that it was pretty much all woods, with very few settlements, and not many people in them. They were chiefly along the banks of this river, for almost every one was lumbering or rafting; and that was what brought father here from Vermont. Mother died far away up among the Green Mountains; and it always seemed to me as if he couldn't bear the old homestead after that; so we moved here from Pennsylvania.

Look from the north window there, Ben; I'd come and look with you, but my rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter. Do you see that long point of land, a mile up stream, that runs out into the river? Yes? Well—look a little closer at it. Farthest from the shore it spreads out into an acre of good high land; but the narrow neck that joins that to the shore is commonly almost as low as the bed of the stream. There are great high stepping-stones across it now, that father laid there when we first came; and we used to walk dry-shod over them when the spring rains had raised the river. I remember but one solitary time when the water covered the stepping-stones as well as the neck of land; and that was at the time of the great flood.

Our little house was built on that high land, out in the middle of the river—a two-story frame affair, with two rooms down stairs and two rooms up; and, after all, it took all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was an odd notion of father's, putting it there; he used to say that the day would come when he could sell off valuable water privileges all around his acre. That day hasn't come yet, Ben; but sometimes, when I think of poor, dear father, and all his plans and schemes for me, and of what has happened, I really think that something like Providence put it into his heart to fancy that queer little corner out there in the river, and to build our house there. I am going to tell you what I mean.

After the little house was built and furnished, I stayed at home, and kept it, and father took to the woods with the loggers. He led a hard enough life from that time out till he died; summer and winter he was at work with his men—sometimes at the loggers' camp, then hauling the logs to the river, and rafting them down to the bay, where he sold them to the contractors. There were weeks when he wouldn't be at home a day but Sunday; but when he was rafting, I often heard his shout on the river, and could see him waving his hat from the raft as it went slowly down the stream with the current. I hope I was a good daughter in those days. I tried my best to keep the house neat and tidy, and mended his clothes; and regularly once a day cooked a great mess, which was taken up hot to the loggers in a large tin pail.

I was lonesome enough, for there were whole days that I did not see a human being to exchange a word with, but a certain Ben Sample, who nearly always came for the dinner. Heigho! It's long ago that I'm telling you of; and handsome Ben Sample was then hardly twenty-one. He was not over tall, nor yet short; he was of middling height, with broad shoulders and big hands, and was as strong as any two of the men—so father said. He had curly chestnut hair, and red and white cheeks like a

girl, though sunburnt; and his teeth shone so when he laughed (and that was often) that anybody would have liked him. And then he was so honest and so clever, and so kind and obliging, that before I had seen him many times I came to like him very well; and one day I happened to say to father that I thought Ben Sample was an excellent lad, and that I wished I could have more of his company. I never saw father look so stern all of a sudden, as I did then; and I never heard him speak so stern, either.

"Better leave him in his place, Bessy," he said, very quick and sharp-like. "He's naught but a poor lumberman, after all, and he's likely to be naught else. Don't be tender with him, daughter, I bid you not. If you've felt any too kind to him, you must check it in time. Have little to say to him, daughter; it's your father's wish."

Ben did not come to our home—after that, another man took his place, and things went on in the old lonely way all the rest of the winter, and through the next spring. It was the first week in March, of that year, that father brought young Mr. Cardle to the house. Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who lived in Philadelphia, and who was contracting with father for all his logs for years to come. The old man meant that Jacob should succeed him in business in a few months; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to send him up into the loggers' country for a while, to get him acquainted with the different kinds of lumber, and the processes of cutting it and getting it to market. Father thought it would be a good thing for himself to entertain him at the house while he remained; and so, for the next five weeks, they were regularly at home morning and night, sleeping in the house, and spending the day in the woods or on the river.

You'll want to know what kind of a man young Cardle was. He was pale and slender, handsome enough for those that liked such beauty as that in men; and rather foppish with his diamond ring and his silky moustache. He was very polite, too; but I never thought there was much heart or good feeling in anything he said or did. Yet he seemed to like me from the first; and poor father whispered to me ten times, if he did once, "Play the cards shrewdly, Bessy, and thou'll catch him! He'll make thee a lady, girl, and a rich one!"

And stranger things have happened, I know, than my marrying would have been; surely affairs were drifting towards it; and I had almost succeeded in crushing the thought of Ben Sample out of my heart, and in playing the part that my father wished me to play to young Mr. Cardle (for I never could have persuaded myself to love him), when that fateful 10th of April came that brought my eighteenth birthday and the great flood together.

The river had been rising slowly for a week before it, and there had been much rain with us. We heard reports of tremendous rains in the mountains two hundred miles north of us, which lasted for days and days; and the river continued to rise steadily and slowly, though up to that day it was not over the stepping-stones across the neck. On the morning of the 10th the rain came down at first steadily, and Mr. Cardle thought he would not leave the house. Father went over to the camp after breakfast, saying that he would return, as usual, towards night; and so we spent the day alone together.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, when I was wondering what I should do next (and thinking a little of poor Ben Sample, I believe), that Mr. Cardle turned short around to me from the window and said, very abruptly, "I'm going back to the city to-morrow, Bessy. I want to know if I can come back here in three months—that'll be the middle of July—and make you my wife?"

I never thought of myself or of my own feelings; I put all thoughts of Ben out of my head, remembered my father, and said "Yes"—nothing more. I don't know whether Mr. Cardle would have kissed me or not; he had no chance; for hardly had I spoken that word when there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to admit—Ben Sample himself!

We were all three of us rather ill at ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew Ben, I suppose, and must have heard something about his old feeling for me, for he stepped back toward the window and frowned, never speaking or nodding to Ben, who stood there with his hat in his hands, awkward and abashed. He only found his tongue when I asked him to sit down, and then he said, "Nay, I can't stop. I only came to bring your father's message that he won't be home to-night. The rise in the river has broken loose the great raft up at Loggen's Ford, that was to have

been floated down to-morrow, and he's gone up with all hands to moor it. He can't be here to-night."

That was awkward news for me; but just as I had a question on my tongue, Ben spoke again.

"You don't know how fast the river is rising," he said. "Out on the stones the water is almost up to the top of my boots, and seems to be rising higher."

"Ben, Ben, what shall I do?" I took no thought at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no safety except from the presence of Ben. "Didn't father send any other word?"

"None at all?"

"And won't you stay?"

"After what has happened, Bessy? I shouldn't think you'd wish it." Then he must have seen how grieved and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I felt, for he added at once, "Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish it, though I trust and believe there's no danger."

I thanked him with a look; and before I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle spoke.

"Do you think there is any danger of the river unsettling the house?" he asked.

"It surely will, if it rises high enough," Ben replied. "Hark! hear that! The water is within twenty feet of the door. I don't suppose I could wade from here to the bank. We must leave here at once, and when you're safe, I'll come back and save some of the things. If the water gains like this, all this floor will be under in an hour."

He went out again; I knew what for. The west foundation-wall of the house was next to the river, and father always kept a skiff tied there. I understood, from what Ben said, that he meant to take the skiff round the front, and take us to the shore. I was putting on my hood and shawl when he came back. His face was as pale as ashes, and he never noticed me at first, but looked all around the room and into father's chamber.

"Where's that fellow Cardle?" he asked.

I had not noticed that he was gone; he had been standing by the window just before Ben went out the last time. "I thought it," Ben cried; and his face looked half sorry, half mad. "Bessy, do you know what has happened? The skiff is gone! and that man with it!"

We looked a moment, and then came back into the room. I was afraid, I suppose, but not so much as I thought at first. Somehow I felt a sense of security with Ben Sample there, that robbed the situation of all the terror it would have had without him. I hardly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean and heartless he was to abandon us so, and deprive us of the means of safety, when Ben wanted to save us altogether.

"Ben will save me!" was all I could think of; and I suppose I repeated the words to myself a hundred times. Once I must have spoken them aloud, for he said, "I will, Bessy, God willing! I will pray for the strength that I may."

He knelt there on the floor and prayed; and I knelt beside him, and took one of his hands and pressed it in both of mine. "There's nothing for us to do, but to stay here and hope for the best," he told me once. And then he added, "While there's a hope, and when there's none, I'll not leave you, Bessy."

Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw myself on his breast, and tell him my secret, but something prevented me. I don't know what—and I only pressed the hand that I held. There was no slackening to the river; it rose higher and higher every moment, and by ten o'clock, the water was over the floor where we stood. Ben had carried the trunks and the things I thought most of, up stairs; and then we took to the second story. Here we stayed for two hours or more, I listening all the time for the sound of oars or voices, for I hoped that father would come and take us off. Midnight came, and I grew impatient, and complainingly asked Ben if he could tell why father did not come and rescue us.

"I'm afraid I can, Bessie," he answered, with a grave face. "The great raft went down the river two hours ago. I heard the voices of the men shouting, and I don't doubt your father is carried away with the rest. But don't be afraid; they're all safe, I hope, and will get to shore when morning comes."

I couldn't help crying when he told me that; and I nestled up to him as if I had been a child, and he put his strong arms around me. It was not long after this that we felt the house settling and tipping, and not much longer when it careened half-way over, and was whirled away into the river by the torrent that had been undermining the foundations. That was an awful hour, my lad!

Ben held one arm around me, and with the other grasped the window-sill, while he braced his feet in the corner of the room; and the rising and falling of

the poor wreck under us, as the heavy current swept us along, gave me at first the feeling that we were going straight to the bottom. The wind moaned outside, the water beat against the planks, and the beams cracked and gaped as though the poor old house was all falling apart. Long before daylight we both saw that it was settling down deeper and deeper into the water, which rose over the upper floor; and when Ben had succeeded in knocking out the scuttle, he dragged me out on the roof—how, I don't know. I only know that he did it, and that but for him my drowned body would have floated there in that old wrecked house when the morning came.

And I don't know much about how the rest of that dreadful night passed. Ben sat up on the ridge, and held me by main strength; and in the cold and darkness I believe I slept; certainly I forgot where I was for a long time, and forgot I was cold, too. But then I didn't know, until I woke up at broad daylight, that Ben had taken his coat off, and put it around my shoulders. The house had sunk so low that one of the eaves was tipped clear out of water, and the other was three feet under. We were drifting slowly down the centre of the stream; the shore was about a mile off on either side, and there was not a sail nor a sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben, perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair, and he looked with hope and courage.

"There's one hope yet, Bessie," he exclaimed, cheerily; and his finger pointed to an object floating ten rods behind us—an object the sight of which filled my heart with gratitude to God that had heard and thus answered our prayers.

It was my father's skiff, with the oars lying in the bottom of it, following along in our track; as if to save us from destruction!

I understood how it was: Jacob Cardle had drawn it up on the shore after deserting us, and the rise in the flood had carried it out; and, falling into the strong current of the neck, which set towards the middle of the stream, it had followed us all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and measured with his eye the distance to it. The roof to which we clung was alternately sinking and eddying, and the water sucked and eddied ominously around it.

"This odd thing can't swim many moments longer," he said. "Can you hold on here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to the skiff and bring it to you?"

He did not wait for me to reply, but lifted me to the place where he had sat, and showed me how to grasp the bare rafters, where the boards had been strained off. When he had done this, he stopped, just as he was going to let himself off into the water, and looking at me with a tender, mournful look that I can never forget—no, not if I should live to be twice fourscore, he said, "You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope; may God speed me, for your sake! Yet if anything should happen to either of us, that we shouldn't meet again in this world, I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody loves you as I do. Believe me, dear, for it is true."

"I know it, Ben—I know it!" I sobbed; and I put my face to his.

He bent over and kissed me, with such a look of mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as I don't believe any man ever had before; and crying out, "Hold hard, Bessy—struck out for the skiff."

He did not tell him when he left me that my hands were cold, almost numb; and I held tight to the rafters and watched him, while the pain in my poor hands and arms was distressing me sorely. I saw him reach the skiff, and balance himself, and labor carefully over its side to get in without overturning it; and when he had accomplished this my strength was almost gone. My hands were giving, slipping; I made one last spasmodic effort to retain my hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard the splash of oars, and his loud, cheery voice encouraging me; darkness overtook me as my hands slipped from his grasp. I slid downward, down, but not to my watery grave. The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay safely in the bottom of the boat, while his stout arms rowed me toward the shore.

"Look there!" he exclaimed; and I looked my last at the poor old house. The roof heaved and settled, the water washed over it, and it sank in a wild whirlpool that sucked it down.

The rest is soon told. Poor father was drowned in the flood; and I never again heard of Mr. Cardle. But a year afterwards, when Ben Sample had built this present house, I gave him my hand.

A cave has been found in Wythe county, Ky., which, it is thought, is as large as the famous Mammoth Cave in that State.

Fashion Notes.

Snow-balls are the most stylish flower for half-morning.

Flowers are bunched for the throat, waist and pocket.

Gilt necklaces in Cosmola designs fit closely, like dog collars.

The new finger rings are separated like tiny bangles, and banded together.

Sleeve buttons, enameled to represent white linen, are worn for evening dress.

The Japanese doll with its almond-shaped eyes, is the fashionable doll of the period.

The "Stole" is a novelty this season in fur: those in white fox are the most beautiful.

Round hats, made of camel's hair to match the costume, are very stylish for young ladies.

The most fashionable evening bonnets for the season are crownless, and completely covered with flowers.

Large amethysts are again in great favor; and old-fashioned carbuncles are delicately set in pale yellow gold.

White silk pocket handkerchiefs with wide hem-stitched hem and large colored initial, are the choice for gentlemen.

New back combs are antique in design; happy is she who has treasured her great grandmother's comb, for she will be the envy of all.

Imported China crape scarfs, in delicate colors, hand-embroidered and finished with fringe, are a novelty to be worn over skirts of black or dark colored silk.

The new muffs are very small, and some are of novel design. Those with monograms worked upon them are considered handsome, but those made of feathers are the most elegant.

Pocket-pieces made from two double eagles or two trade dollars, hollowed out, and opened by a secret spring, have frame and glass for picture, while outwardly they appear like a single, solid coin.

Spectacles and Moustaches.

The British Medical Journal says:

Among the lessons learned by the French in the late Prussian war is the fact that, with the aid of spectacles, short-sighted soldiers can fight as well as those whose sight is not affected. On the representation of Dr. Perrin, one of the professors of Val-de-Grace, a ministerial circular authorizes the rank and file, in common with officers, to wear spectacles whenever considered necessary. The consequence is that myopic subjects, who used formerly to be rejected, are now enlisted in the French army. Another ministerial circular, ordering officers and soldiers to wear the moustache and beard, has lately appeared. The latter is to be in the form of a *mouche*, consisting of only a small tuft under the lower lip—the style of the Royalists. This was superseded under the Empire by a fuller beard called the "imperial," but those in the colonies have the option or not of wearing the full beard; all officers and soldiers to have their hair cut quite close.

Thus we see that moustache or no moustache, beard or no beard, in the French, and, indeed, in our own army, depends entirely on the whim of the commander-in-chief. When will the authorities learn to treat soldiers like intelligent beings, and allow them to wear what nature has endowed them with?

Russian Gems.

An English magazine has the following: One of the effects of the war in the East appears to be the discovery in out-of-the-way towns in Russia of gems of unsurpassed size and beauty, which doubtless have been jealously hoarded by their possessors, and only brought to light in times, like the present, of national necessity. Some of these gems have naturally found their way to this country; perhaps the most remarkable are, an aqua-marine, far superior to anything before seen in England, weighing over six ounces and a half, without the slightest blemish, and a deep sea-green tint; also a topaz rivaling that purchased for the Grand Mogul at Goa for £11,260. These two remarkable gems were received from Moscow by Mr. Bryce M. Wright, mineralogist, of Great Russell street, the possessor of the unique suite of diamonds called the "Bryce Wright Diamonds," valued at £21,000.

Useful for Railroads.

A former chief-inspector of the Orleans and Rouen Railway, says the *Paris Debats*, has found the means of putting in constant communication, by means of electricity, trains while in motion, with the stations, and also trains with each other while traveling in the same direction on the same line, or in opposite directions on different ones, without even slackening their speed. The apparatus for conveying the signals will be placed in the guard's van, and consequently will not be influenced by stormy weather or fog.

Items of Interest.

There are 3,691 postoffices in Japan. General Grant climbed Vesuvius. They had a smoke together.

New song—"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the neighbors'."

Nearly 1,000,000 acres in the United States have been taken up within three months by settlers.

The czar is said to be a good linguist. He delights in French novels, plays and music. He is a man of great goodness.

The Russian empress is a good seamstress, and could make Alexander a pair of pantaloons if he were to ask her for them.

Mrs. Mary B. G. Tanner, a direct descendant of King Henry VIII., died recently at Piermont, N. Y., aged nearly 102 years.

He gave his youngest son a box of tools and a quart bottle of mullage. And now he thinks it is time to treat himself. He is treating himself to a new carpet, a parlor table, seventeen rolls of wall paper, and a yard section of rattan.

The present Russian army is said to be very scantily supplied with bands, and the men march to the sound of music and words of their own composition. Apropos of Russian war songs, a witty American once said that when a man had been compelled to listen to a Russian melody, he would certainly be exceedingly anxious to fight somebody, even if he had to walk a thousand miles to find him.

The artesian well at Pesth, Hungary, which has been sunk for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient quantity of warm water for the public baths and municipal institutions, has attained a depth of 951 metres, and it is therefore the deepest in the world. At present it discharges 175,000 gallons of water, to a height of thirty-five feet, at a temperature of 161 deg. Fahrenheit; but the boring will be continued until the temperature is at least 178 deg.

The remark of the Rev. John Newton, below, deserves to be written on the tablet of every heart. "I see in this world," he observes, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as this." These little things are what we can do, and we should.

Speed of Birds and Railroad Trains.

Coming up the Delaware river, via the Erie Railway, we noticed several large flocks of sheldrakes (*Mergus*). They were generally startled by the noise of the train, and we had good opportunities for watching their flight. One flock in particular attracted our attention. Starting just ahead of the train they flew up the river, but not so fast as to outstrip the train, which they just managed to keep ahead of. After ten miles of such flying they apparently became tired and would start to alight, but taking fresh fright would go on again. This was repeated several times, and finally, as a sharp curve brought us fairly abreast of the flock, they again tried to alight, but quickly turning they went down the river. We question very much whether they are able to fly at a continuous rate of much more than thirty miles an hour, and think they were doing about all they could to keep ahead of our train, which was probably traveling at about the above-mentioned speed. So we have in the inventions of man something that outstrips at least certain of our very fast flying birds.—*The Country.*

A Church Fair "Novelty."

Grace Reformed Church in Pittsburgh introduced a novelty at its recent fair. Young ladies, or ladies supposed to be young, were put up by auction, the successful bidders obtaining them as partners for the evening. To promote the fun of the occasion, the ladies were robed in sheets from head to foot while being auctioned off. The prices ranged from two to five dollars, and there was hearty merriment when the sheets were removed from the ladies, as each lady was knocked down to a successful bidder. Some of the gentlemen were delighted with their luck, and others were badly bored by finding themselves compelled to be attentive for a whole evening to some lady not eminent for personal or mental attractiveness. It was an open question which of two young men was most badly taken in, the one to whom his own maiden aunt was auctioned, or whose partner for the evening proved to be a neighbor's mother-in-law.

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