

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

R. VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

(\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.)

Vol 31

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27. 1864.

No 17

Poetry.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait;
And our triumph shall be great.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Bid your anger depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
—All the Year Round.

Miscellany.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

They gave in, and the money was handed over to Mr. Jesse Andrews, whose joy at his sudden riches did not, I was forced to admit, appear to be in the slightest degree dampened by any feeling of sadness for the loss of an only child.

We went to inform Mr. Archibald Andrews of these occurrences, and to request further instructions with regard to the equity hitherto paid to his cousin. A considerable time would necessarily elapse before an answer could be received, and in the meantime Mr. Jesse Andrews plunged headlong into the speculation he had been long hankering to engage in, and was he informed me, a few days afterwards, on the royal road to a magnificent fortune.

Clouds soon gathered over this brilliant prospect. The partner, whose persuasive tongue and brilliant imagination had induced Mr. Andrews to join him with his four thousand pounds, proved to be an arrant cheat and swindler; and Mr. Andrews' application to us for legal help and address was just too late to prevent the accomplished dealer in moonshine and delusion from embarking at Liverpool for America, with every penny of the partnership funds in his pockets!

A favorable reply from Mr. Archibald Andrews had now become a question of vital importance to his cousin, who very impatiently awaited its arrival. It came at last. Mr. Andrews had died rather suddenly at Bombay, a short time before my latest arrival there, after executing a will, of which one of the copies was forwarded to me. By this instrument his property—about thirty-five thousand pounds, the greatest portion of which had been remitted from time to time for investment in the British funds—was disposed of as follows:—Five thousand pounds to his cousin, Jesse Andrews, for the purpose of educating and maintaining Archibald Andrews, the testator's godson, till he should have attained the age of twenty-one, and the whole of the remaining thirty thousand pounds to be then paid over to Archibald, with accumulated interest. In the event, however, of the death of his godson, the entire property was devised to another more distant and wealthier cousin, Mr. Newton and his son Charles, on precisely similar conditions, with the exception that an annu-

ity of seventy pounds, payable to Jesse Andrews and his wife during their lives, was charged upon it.

Two letters were dispatched the same evening, one to the fortunate cousin, Mr. Newton, who lived within what was then known as the two-penny post delivery, and another to Mr. Jesse Andrews, who had taken up his temporary abode in a cottage near St. Alban's, Hertfordshire. These missives informed both gentlemen of the arrival of the Indian mail, and the, to them, important despatches it contained.

Mr. Newton was early at the office on the following morning, and perused the will with huge content. He was really quite sorry, though, for poor cousin Jesse: the loss of his son was a sad stroke, much worse than this of a fortune which he might have expected to follow as a matter of course. And the annuity, Mr. Newton thoughtfully observed, was, after all, no contemptible provision for two persons, without family and of modest requirements.

A very different scene was enacted when, late in the evening, and just as I was about to leave the office, Mr. Jesse Andrews rushed in, white as a sheet, haggard, and wild with passion. "What devil's fables are these you write me?" he burst out the instant he saw me. "What on almost shrieking dare you?" he went on, almost to palm with fury—"how dare you?" Archy rich off these accursed lies?" "An infernal—rich—and I—but it is a lie! An infernal device to torture me—to drive me wild, distracted—mad!" The excited man, literally foamed with rage, and so astonished that it was a minute or two before I could speak or move. At last I rose, closed the door, for the clerks in the outer office were hearers and witnesses of this outbreak, and led the way to an inner and more private apartment. "Come with me, Mr. Andrews, and let us talk this matter calmly over," I said.

He mechanically followed, threw himself into a chair, and listened with frenzied impatience to the reading of the will.

"A curse is upon me," he shouted, jumping up as I concluded; "the curse of God—a judgment upon the crime I but the other day committed—a crime, as I thought, so cleverly executed! Fool, villain, madman that I have been; for now, when fortune is tendered to my acceptance, I dare not put forth my hand to grasp it; fortune, too, not only for me, but—Oh God! it will kill us both, Martha as well as me, though I alone am to blame for this infernal chance!" This outbreak appeared to relieve him, and he sank back into his chair somewhat calmer. I could understand nothing of all that rhapsody, knowing that his son Archibald had died from natural causes. "It is a severe blow," I said, in as soothing a tone as possible; "a very great disappointment; still you are secured from extreme poverty, from anything like absolute want."

"It is not that—it is not that!" he broke in, though not quite so wildly as before. "Look you, Mr. Sharp, I will tell you all! There may be some mode of extrication from this terrible predicament, and I must have your advice professionally upon it." "Go on; I will advise you to the best of my ability."

"Here it is, then; Archy, my son, Archy, is alive!—alive!—and well in health as either you or I!"

I was thunderstruck. Here was indeed a revelation. "Alive and well," continued Andrews. "Listen: when the cholera began to spread so rapidly, I betought me of insuring the boy's life in case of the worst befalling, but not, as I hope for mercy, with the slightest thought of harming a hair of his head. Very soon the terrific disease approached our neighbourhood, and my wife took Archy to a country lodging, returning herself the same evening. The next day our only servant was attacked and died. A few hours after that, our first floor lodger, a widow of the name of Mason, who had been with us but a very short time, was attacked. She suffered dreadfully; and her son, a boy about the age of Archy, and with just his hair and complexion, took ill also. The woman was delirious with pain; and before effective medical aid could be obtained—she was seized in the middle of the night—she expired. Her son, who had been removed in to another room, became rapidly worse, and we sent for Dr. Parkinson; the poor fellow was also partially delirious with pain, and clung piteously round my wife's neck, calling her mother, and imploring her to relieve him. Dr. Parkinson arrived, and at first sight of the boy, said, 'Your son is very ill, Mrs. Andrews—I fear past recovery; but we will see what can be done.' I swear to you, Mr. Sharp, that it is not till that very moment the device which has ruined us flashed across my brain. I cautioned my wife in a whisper not to deceive the doctor, who prescribed the most active remedies,

and was in the room when the lad died. You know the rest; and now sir, tell me can anything be done—any device be suggested to retrieve this miserable blunder, this terrible mistake?"

"This infamous crime, you should say, Mr. Andrews, for the commission of which you are liable to be transported for life," I replied.

"Yes, crime; no doubt that is the true word! But must the innocent child suffer for the father's offence?"

"That is the only consideration that could induce me to wag a finger in the business—Like many other clever rogues, you are caught in the track you limed for others. Come to me to-morrow: I will think over the matter between this and then; but at present I can say nothing. Stay," I added, as his hand was on the door, "the identity of your son can be proved; I suppose by better evidence than your own?"

"Certainly, certainly!"

"That will do then; I will see you in the morning."

If it should cross the mind of any reader that I ought to have given this self-confessed felon into custody, I beg to remind him that for the reasons previously stated, such a course on my part was out of the question—impossible; and that had it not been impossible I should do so, Mr. Jesse Andrews would not have intrusted me with his secret. The only question now therefore was, how, without compromising the guilty client, the godfather's legacy could be secured for the innocent son.

A conference the next morning with Mr. Flint, resulted in our sending for Mr. Jesse Andrews, and advising him, for fear of accident, or misarranging in our plans, to betake himself to the kingdom of France for a short time. We then had no treaty of extradition with that country. As soon as I knew he was safely out of the realm, I waited upon the insurance people.

"The money ought not to have been received by Mr. Andrews, you say," Mr. Sharp observed the managing gentleman, looking keenly in my face.

"Precisely. It ought not to have been received by him."

"And why not, Mr. Sharp?"

"That is quite an unnecessary question, and one that you know I could not answer if I could. That which chiefly concerns you, is that I am ready to return the four thousand pounds here on the spot, and that delay is dangerous. If you refuse, why of course I will raise from my chair—I must take back the money."

"Stay—stay! I will just consult with one or two gentlemen, and be with you again almost immediately."

In about five minutes he returned. "Well Mr. Sharp, we had, I suppose, better take the money—obtained as you say by mistake."

"Not at all, I said nothing about mistake. I told you it ought not to have been received by Andrews."

"Well—well; I understand. I suppose I must give you a receipt?"

"Undoubtedly; and, if you please, precisely in this form."

I handed him a copy on a slip of paper. He ran it over, copied, transcribed it on a stamp, signed it, and as I handed him a cheque for the amount placed it in my hands. We mutually bowed, and I went my way.

Notwithstanding Mr. Newton's opposition, who was naturally furious at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, the identity of the boy—whom that gentleman persisted in asserting to be dead and buried—was clearly established; and Mr. Archibald Andrews, on the day he became of age, received possession of his fortune. The four thousand pounds had of course been repaid out of Jesse Andrews' legacy. That person has, so to speak, skulked through life a mark for the covert scorn of every person acquainted with the very black transaction here recorded. This was doubtless, much better late than he deserved; and in strict, or poetical justice, his punishment ought unquestionably to have been much greater—more apparent also than it was, for example's sake. But I am a man of fact, not of fiction, and consequently relate events not as they precisely ought, but as they do, occasionally occur in lawyer's offices, and other unpoetical nooks and corners of this prosaic, matter of fact, working day world.

New York Extravagance.

In the midst of this patriotic overflow of heart and pocket for the Sanitary Fair, there is also a seething current of extravagant folly setting madly, it would seem, towards ruin. Too much cannot be said or written of this insane mania among us. Where it will and Heaven only knows. During the series of private concerts and *salon-vivants*, given for the benefit of the fair, one of our fashionable ladies—formerly a Boston belle—threw open her house on Madison Square for a masquerade party, not in aid of the Sanitary Fair, but in sheer love of sensation and reckless expenditure. No end of money

was lavished. The costumes were unique, dazzling, gorgeous. Some of them, it is said, disgracefully wanting in modest grace, and womanly fitness; but then when one is masked, one can be oblivious to such effects, I suppose.

The distinguished hostess herself always fertile in expedients for outdoing the boldest leader of ton, on that patriotic occasion, immortalized her genius, appearing before her astonished guests with a coronal of living flame jets! In the course of the entertainment, which was kept up until six o'clock A. M.—breakfast being duly served to the revellers—the wearer of that remarkable head dress, in a most suave and gracious manner revealed the secret of its success. Attached to her hoop skirt was a small gasometer, and a connecting pipe passing up between the elaborate braids of her back hair, secured the brilliant triumphs at the risk of the wearer's life! If you are troubled to believe this story, I can only say "its pity is its truth." What shall become of a nation in its ordinal hour, if its womanhood find nothing nobler for use or adornment than a buffoon's arts!—[N. Y. Cor. Prov. Journal.]

(From "More Anon" in the Eastport Sentinel.)
DIPHTHERIA.—Continued.

In the treatment of a disease attended with so little fever, but with such marked depression as is diphtheria, there is, as might be expected, great unanimity among educated practitioners as to the necessity of adopting a supporting plan of treatment and avoiding all depressing remedies. It is worthy of remark that this unanimity obtained among the physicians who wrote of this disease in former periods as well as of our time. In this respect diphtheria does not differ from other severe epidemic diseases such as cholera, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, dysentery &c. Patients suffering from these when prevailing in an epidemic form, seldom, if ever bear depletion, but almost always require a sustaining treatment. They have taught the physician that he must anticipate the coming debility, by a supporting treatment, regardless of the fever, congestion &c., and fortify the vital powers for the final struggle, when the blood becomes poisoned and the nervous system prostrated. Diphtheria, beyond a doubt, belongs to the class of blood diseases. There is conclusive proof of this in the malignant cases, when there is great muscular weakness, prostrated nerve power, a clammy sweat, a rapid, soft and shaky pulse, and gangrene of the throat with a gradual sinking of the patient, and the extinction of life without an effort at reaction. As scarcely any two cases of diphtheria are precisely alike it would be impossible to give any rule of treatment applicable to every variety of the disease, hence each case requires careful study and the treatment modified to suit its peculiar features. The varying intensity of the disease has also prevented a just estimate of the usefulness of remedies, the dissimilarity of which in different hands, has arisen from the different nature of the cases with which they have had to deal, hence his disposition is some, to overestimate the usefulness of remedies which have proved less valuable or worthless when employed by other equally competent practitioners.

Diphtheria is one of the most formidable diseases the physician can meet with in his daily rounds, and one of the most unsatisfactory to treat, and notwithstanding we are told of a head of charlatans, impudent fellows who laugh at this disease, so readily can they manage it, and the still harder fact that the science of numbers, skillfully handled gives an encouraging report of their success, not one in a hundred dying, yet I am confident that one fourth at least of all cases attacked with diphtheria in this part of the country die and that of the malignant cases the great majority have ended fatally.

I do not propose to give any definite mode of treating this disease or suggestions which could enable one to supersede the necessity of a physician's judgment and care. The method of treatment which has been found most useful and which has received the largest share of a professional approbation is the stimulant and tonic method modified in order to suit requirements of different cases. "Alcoholic stimulants, when given in such quantities and intervals as to occasion and keep up a steady, but not excessive excitation, but only quicken the functional offices of each organ, but bring out the latent powers and thus give for the time being the greatest energy to the entire system." It is a well known fact that the habitual use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, augments the blood-making process, renders the blood richer in all its important constituents red globules albumen and fibrin, and thus disposes the system to inflammatory diseases. In proof of this one has only to note the habitual drinker of alcoholic liquors, the *bon vivant*. This condition of the blood is the opposite to that existing in the diphtheritic subject whose blood has, invariably, been rendered poor by exhausting diseases, or im-

poverished by the demands of increase and growth, as in children, or by scrofulous, or other taint of the system. "Observation and deduction enable us to arrive at the practical conclusion that alcoholic liquors act, not only as a stimulant to the system at large, but to the blood itself, increasing its vital status." In other words the alcohol and the disease neutralize each other, hence the stimulant is to be regarded as an antidote to diphtheria. And what is claimed for alcohol as a stimulant for the blood, may with equal propriety be claimed for Quinine as a tonic for the nervous system. Both quinine and alcohol should be given with regularity and in sufficient doses to obtain their full effects, and the latter in diminished doses until every vestige of the disease disappears. From the outset to a permanent restoration to health one or both of these remedies should be given. As to local treatment the same weight of evidence will sustain the statement that it is of little effect, and many of the local applications positively injurious. Blisters, leeches, fomentations or poultices which only serve to invite the blood to the point of their application are the most objectionable and should never be used in diphtheria. All irritant, astringent, or stimulating gargles increase the inflammation of the throat, and the effusion of the false membrane. While many of the remedies used, serve not only to augment the congestion already existing, but destroy the natural covering of the unaffected parts, when the false membrane takes its place thus serving to extend the disease. In some rare instances when the respiration is greatly interfered with and the disease has not extended into the trachea, life may be saved by opening the wind pipe (trachea) as a last hope.

It rarely happens that a physician is consulted sufficiently early in this disease to render the most efficient aid. In fact it is one of the most sad features of a physician's sad experience in all diseases even, that the most opportune moment is frittered away by the friends of the patient in the use of inefficient or positively injurious Cometic or patent remedies, giving the disease, of however trivial a nature time to become thoroughly fixed, before being called upon and then he is ushered into the presence of the patient with the complaisant assurance that they have done all they knew or their neighbors, to find the sufferer undergoing all the distress and dangers of a fully developed disease when at the outset of the attack the right means would have so put in check or modified the disease that it would have run its course without endangering the life of the individual. I speak plainly upon this matter because it is uniformly the case in this part of the country, for some to me, unaccountable reason, that a physician is not called upon by most families until they consider the patient in actual danger of dying. It is difficult even for a physician, oftentimes, to estimate accurately the probable severity of an attack of diphtheria or other disease, at its inception, hence it needs the close observation of an experienced physician who knows how to estimate the appearances or changes in a disease. And it is well to bear in mind that gray hairs and a bald-head do not constitute wisdom. Whatever medicines are prescribed, it is essential to their success that they should be administered regularly, at stated intervals, and no one should be fool-hardy enough to assume the responsibility of withholding or adding to the directions given by the physician who alone is held responsible for the result in the case. Herein lies much of the centre attached to physicians, who often times find it more difficult to diagnose the faithfulness of the one entrusted to administer medicines than to manage the disease. If medicines do not appear to agree with the patient or improve the condition, the physician should be apprised of the fact and it left to his judgment to make the change.

Children who do not like castor oil can have it prescribed in the recent Paris fashion. The quantity of oil prescribed is placed in a pipkin over a fire and an egg broken into it and stirred up; when cooked, a little salt or sugar or curant jelly should be added. The patient cannot possibly detect the medicine, and will be most likely to cry for some more of the mixture.

"ARRAH, darlint," cried Jamie O'Flannigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him no opportunity of answering her remarks during a two hours' ride behind the little bay nags in his oyster wagon—"are yer after knowing why yer cheeks are like my ponies there?" "Shure and it's because they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing Bridget. "Faith and a better reason than that, macourneen. Because there's one of them each side of a waggin' tongue!"

It is very natural that now-a-days coffee should have a soothing, non-alcoholic effect, and it's a very bean-evolent in the grocery men to sell it so cheap.