

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EAURIUS BUNEDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 24

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 16, 1863.

Vol 36

Poetry.

ONLY A DAUGHTER PAIR.

Only a daughter fair!
Tender and sweet,
Two little dimpled hands,
Two little feet;
Only a darling one,
Bright as a star,
Only a two-year old
Calling papa.

Only two shining eyes,
Black as a sash,
Only a little tongue,
Ready to go;
Only a nut-brown head,
Shaded in gold,
Only a tiny form,
Precious to hold.

Only a little one
Sent us from heaven,
Only a daughter dear,
Lent, but not given,
Only a tender child,
Love's sweetest flower,
Only an angel child,
Love's blessed dower.

Interesting Tale.

EMILIA CZERNOWITZ.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

The marriage of Edith Stanton to Henry Wigram was one of the grand events of a New York season. It took place at Grace Church; and so many people were anxious to be present that it was found necessary to limit the invitations strictly and rigidly to those who were provided with cards of invitation. If I had a gift of brilliant description in the matter of ladies' dresses and fashionable ornaments, I might make a magnificent scene out of this gorgeous wedding. But I have no such gift, and if I were to attempt painting the picture I should be sure to illustrate only my own ignorance and stupidity. I should have to be on describing ceremonies which never could have taken place, and clothing fair ladies in the most incongruous and impossible materials. Reminiscent of C-macha's wedding were by including upon Grace Church, New York; and Fifth Avenue belles would as likely as not be made to figure in dresses which were going out of fashion in the younger days of Mary Wortley Montagu. To me the whole scene seemed just one glowing mass of flowers and lace and glittering jewels and long hair, I think it was the finest thing I ever saw, except the transformation scene in a first-class London pantomime.

Edith Stanton was the daughter of a wealthy merchant who had a grand mansion on Murray Hill. Henry Wigram, the bridegroom, was the chief representative of a long-established Wall Street firm. He was immensely rich, and had been building for his bride quite a new palace in Fifth Avenue. Yet he really was a good fellow, although he was so rich; even his poor friends admitted that; and his bride Edith was a very good girl. I believe these fashionable marriages do sometimes turn out well, although, of course, it is hard for us poorer Christians, to admit such a possibility. This marriage, at least, had thus far turned out well; but even if it did not, our chief concern just now is not with the bride and bridegroom, but with one of the bride-maids and the bride's brother.

Of course the eyes of all the ladies in the church were fixed for the greater part of the time on the bride. But I think the male spectators on such occasions are apt very soon to turn their attention to the bride-maids. One of them—the one already alluded to—was well worthy of special attention. She was a tall, stately young woman, with a noble Grecian outline of face, a white forehead, and a complexion of colorless, marble purity. Dark brown hair, short, thick, and curling, added to the striking appearance of her face and figure, and made her look like the huntress Diana.

The other bride-maid was a plump, pretty little thing—a pleasant girl, who reminded one somehow of a pouter-pigeon. This latter was one of the belles of New York; and, whenever she chose to be married, would bring her successful wooer a marriage portion fit for a Russian princess. The other bride-maid—the living presentation of a marble Diana—was probably the poorest girl then standing under the roof of Grace Church.

Edith Czernowitz was a Polish girl. Her father had been one of the exiles of the great insurrection of the last generation; and he had lived for many years in Paris, where Edith and her mother had lately been trying to make a living by teaching the piano. When the

Stantons were spending a year or two in Europe, Edith met the young Polish girl at several houses where Edith taught, and she took a strong liking to her. At this time Edith's father was dead, and it so happened that while the Stantons were in Paris the poor girl's mother died too. Then the Stantons, filled with kindness and pity, took bodily possession of the girl, and made her one of the family, whether she would or not, and brought her off to the United States with them; and now she stood a sad and beautiful bride-maid at the wedding of her dearest friend. Edith, in spite of her best efforts and her better self; and, although she sincerely rejoiced in the happiness of her friend; and, because she could not but feel that life would no longer be the same to her when Edith had left the Stanton household. Edith remained unmoved; the household lady longer Edith had resolved that she would not.

Edith and her husband were going to Europe, and they would take Edith with them, and, according to her own urgent wish, help her to settle in Paris or London, at her own choice. The Stantons had very much added that if she would go to New York, where their friendship and influence could help her. But she was firmly resolved not to remain in New York, and it was therefore arranged that she was to go to Europe with the newly-married pair.

Paul Stanton was the bride's brother, who has been already mentioned. When the ceremony was over, and while congratulations were pouring in, and the crowd was gradually pouring out, he found his way to Edith's side and whispered in her ear—
Once more, Edith—will you not touch your purpose? And he contrived to touch her hand appealingly.

She did not venture to look round at him, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground; and she spoke in words that sounded something like French literally translated.

No, M. Paul. Impossible that I should change.

Then you will leave?
I must leave you, M. Paul.

But why, why—Edith? Do you not care for me?
Ah, Paul, you are cruel! Do not demand of me such a question!

And the girl's eyes filled with tears.
Then why leave me? Why persist in going away?
Because, I will not be guilty of treason to your good and noble parents. Because you know they would be unhappy if you do not marry the rich Mademoiselle Vining (the other bride-maid) and it would perhaps bring a quarrel. When your parents and sister took me by the hand—me, a poor orphan, homeless—and brought me to their home and made me one of their family, did they believe I would repay them by robbing them of their son? No; and they had reason! Oh, Paul! do not urge me any more—I must go, and I will!

Then that is your last answer, Edith?
Yes, M. Paul.

And we must part forever?
We must part—forever—or until we can meet as friends!

She put out her hand gently to meet his; but the young man did not take it, almost repelled it, and turned away and lost himself in the crowd.

Paul Stanton was a young man of arrogant, passionate nature, inclined to extravagance in everything. When he threw his soul into business speculation he did so with an energy worthy of Fish of Erie. When he chose to spend money he spent it in a fashion that might have satisfied the late Marquis of Hastings. So when, for the first time in his life, he fell in love he loved with a genuine passion worthy of the grand old romantic times when a disappointed boy was the withering of a whole life. Perhaps if Edith had known how fervent and how enduring was the love he felt for her, not all her sense of gratitude and duty to his family would have been strong enough to induce her to reject that love. But she felt satisfied that her affection for him was the deeper and stronger of the two, and that on her would fall the heavier burden of renunciation. So she held to her purpose, and she sailed for Europe.

It was quite true that there was an unspoken, common family understanding that Paul Stanton was to marry Miss Vining. The Stantons were bound together by long and firm friendship, and the young man and woman had known each other from childhood. The very night after the departure of his sister for Europe, Paul suddenly sought out Sophia Vining, and asked her to marry him. She consented; the idea of refusing, or even considering the question, hardly occurred to her; and yet there was something strange, defiant, reckless in his manner, which made her ask herself that night, when it seemed too late, whether she really loved him; whether she had done right in accepting him. "If I were to give again," says the perplexed voter in Colossus; "but 'tis no matter!"

At this occurred some half dozen years ago,

Paul had served with distinction in some of the earlier campaigns of the civil war, and had rendered great service in the raising of recruits. He had returned from the field wounded, not long before his sister's marriage; and his family were then very anxious that he should not return to active service. But they soon began to wish that he was back again with his regiment, or engaged in any earnest, honorable pursuit to which he could give his heart. For a complete change now took place in him. He became moody, fierce, capricious; he plunged occasionally into wild fits of an entirely unwonted dissipation; he used to leave his home without explanation, and go for weeks and weeks campaigning in Adirondacks, or hunting in the far Western plains or any where. His betrothed bride became alarmed at his ways, and heartily sick of the engagement; and at last she frankly told both her own mother and his that she never had loved him—that she certainly did not love him now.

And accordingly the match was broken off, and there was a scandal; and the people said Paul Stanton was a scoundrel, which he most surely was not—only a young man consumed by love so genuine, deep and passionate, that in the New York of our day it was an utterly anomalous phenomenon apparently, and people no more sought for such an explanation of Paul's conduct than they would have looked for a Symon Stylites on Murray Hill, or a Savonarola in Grace Church, wherein I think people are much apt to blunder; for the reality in life, outlasting all change, and unaffected by any climate or condition, is human passion.

One day there came a letter from Edith Wigram, still in Paris—
I am deeply sorry to tell you, mamma, said one paragraph in it, that a new and great rebellion has broken out in Poland. You will wonder why I am specially sorry, for this—

Well, because Edith Czernowitz has been seized with a madness which possessed others of her countrywomen there. They got up a great concert, under the patronage of Prince Napoleon and Count Walecki, in aid of the Poles; they raised money for the relief of the wounded; and now a dozen or more of them have actually gone off to Cracow, from which they intended to make their way to one of the insurgent camps and act as nurses, and all that sort of thing. Did you ever hear of such madness? It is not like acting as nurses in our war, for they have no hospitals and no appliances—and no army, I am afraid, poor things!—and these unfortunate ladies are sure to be captured; and they say the Russians are as cruel to women as they are to men! Is it not dreadful? Nothing could stop her. I said to her she would never return alive; and you should have seen the sad, sad look on her face when she answered, and if I do not want to return to you—indeed, I have long thought that for some reason or other she wishes to die, I only wish you had been here. You might have prevented her; we could not.

When the letter was read to Paul he struck his hand heavily on the table and exclaimed—
"There is one woman in the world who deserves to live, and she only wants to die!—Mother, I loved that girl, and by Heaven I'll go to her!"

Next day Paul Stanton left New York for Europe, hardly saying a farewell to any one save his father and mother. Not many days elapsed before he burst in upon his astonished sister in Paris, and demanded of her some clue to Edith. Then for the first time his sister learned the depth of his love. But she could give him little guidance toward the finding of Edith. The Polish girl had gone to Cracow—that was all Edith Wigram knew. Edith had promised to write, but had not yet written.

Paul sped on to Cracow. He found the town literally swarming with a new and perpetually increasing population of enthusiastic Poles, Polish of all nationalities, strangers in search of excitement, newspaper correspondents, and all that indescribable mass of adventurers always to be found hovering on the "rough edge of battle." Perhaps it may be well to remind our readers that Cracow is in the early part of the recent insurrection, showed a strong inclination to work at the unmastering of rebels against Russia within her frontier, and that therefore Cracow was for a considerable time the rendezvous, camping-ground, and city of refuge of the insurgents. Gallant, reckless bands of young Poles streamed out of Cracow and across the Russian frontier morning after morning, night after night. Decimated, d-fenced, bleeding bands of fugitives too often returned to seek a refuge there.

Paul could not discover anything of Edith in Cracow beyond the fact that a number of devoted young women were believed to have succeeded in joining one of the insurgent camps as nurses. Paul attached himself as a volunteer to a little band many nations which was about to cross the frontier, and go in search of the insurrection. I purposely use the phrase "in search of the insurrection," because there were no great camps and no pitched battles. There were little spouting fires of

rebellion and battle here and there; when a flame was quenched in one place it broke out immediately in another spot. Perhaps on your first days march you fell in with a rebel band, and took part in a fierce little fight with the Cossacks, which the newspapers of Paris described weeks after as a great battle, but which was nothing more than a sharp bout of bush-shaking. Perhaps on the other hand, you wandered—I know men who did—for weeks and weeks in vain through the swamps and forests of the old Kingdom of Poland, and never saw a camp fire or heard a shot, and at last had to give up the futile effort at becoming a beleaguered, and struggle back to Cracow weary of limb and sick at heart.

Not so, however, with Paul. His star no doubt it was which led him at once to the war path. He found fighting from the first, and his previous experience of campaigning in American forests was of some desperate things and became quite a hero with the band of which he was chiefly attached. He had not found Edith; he began to give up all hope of ever finding her; but he had a fire, and delight in the thought that his life was daily and nightly risked in the cause of her people. One day the little band to which he clung was surprised, attacked, and scattered by a considerable body of Russians. Paul and two of his comrades were wounded and made prisoners. Many of the Poles were killed; the rest contrived to disperse in the woods and escape. Paul and his companions, weary and bleeding as they were, had to tramp about through miles and miles of forest. At night fall the Russians were preparing for a bivouac among the trees, when to their amazement, a mass of insurgents, principally armed with the terrible scythe, swept down upon them. The Russians were cut up and driven every way, but of course the insurgents ventured no pursuit. Paul and his comrades were eagerly welcomed by the rebel leaders.

You are wounded and tired, said one of those who spoke French fit for the Faubourg Saint-Germain; and I am glad we have fallen in with you. We have quite a tolerable encampment for us here—and you will have a welcome rest, for we have all heard of the gallant American who has done so much for us. How long we shall be able to remain there Heaven only knows—and how long our cause can hold out, I know not. However, you can only tell us you shall have at least a few hours' rest with us; and we are happy to have with us just now some brave Polish ladies who will see to your hurts, and nurse you while we are allowed to keep together.

The sudden wild excitement of hope which those last words produced was too much for Paul Stanton just then. He fell on the earth in a faint.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on a bed made of leaves and a cloak or two, Edith Czernowitz was kneeling beside him and gazing down upon him.

We need not follow the flickering and fading fortunes of the rebellion. Even at this time it was utterly hopeless, and it was no longer before the secret chiefs of the movement gave the mot d'ordre for a general dispersing and saving qui peut. Paul and Edith were fortunate in catching and conveying her to the shore. In this case the vital spark was all but extinct, and Edith was a long time recovering.

An old bachelor picking up a book, exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman. "Before I would kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then (turning to a young woman, he inquired, "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

DEITY.—No man is hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience' sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.

READING.—We may seek costly furniture for our homes, fanciful ornaments for our mantelpieces, and rich carpets for our floors, but after the absolute necessities for a flooring, books are at once the cheapest, and certainly the most useful and abiding embellishments.

A Cheap Hon House.

I made my hon house right by ten feet, seven feet high. I boarded it with inch boards running up and down, and eight floor of inch flooring. The first room is three feet from the floor, second is fourteen inches higher, and fourteen inches in, and so on up to the peak, so that the droopings of the fowls will not fall on those on the lower roost.

On the end I have a window with a twenty light sash; the glass is eight by ten; this is to let them have sunshine. I cut nine fowls in the south side, at the bottom; and box outside, with a lid over it for the hens to lay in. I raise the lid and gather the eggs outside without having to go in among the hens after them.

I have a small door at the southeast corner, at the floor, for them to run out in and out yard; and a door in the middle of the north side to go in to clean it out; also three holes by the side of the door on the north side, and a box outside with a lid for them to lay in. These lying boxes have a partition between each hole, so that they can lay and sit without being disturbed by other hens. There are three boxes on the floor on the east side—one for gravel, one for lime, and one for ashes. The sills and planks are two inch plank; the weather boarding is spiked to them; there is no level timber or scumling in it.

My hens are pure, full bodied Gray and Black Dorkings.

Look in the Rural of March 20th an advertisement of a gentleman who warrants fifteen different kinds of eggs each of pure blood. I should be glad to differ in opinion. If he keeps them always shut up they will be of little use; if they are let out so as to associate once in a year they cannot pure blooded eggs. Rural New Yorker.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It fills the wheels of commerce—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing collier will earn more money again as a collier who gives way to low spirits or indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at head of liberality, and would if he could rob Job of his rags, or August of his meadow lark.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven in, the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out.

"Will yer honor take a car?" said a Dublin car driver to a gentleman. "No, thank you, I am able to walk," said the gentleman. "May yer love be able, but selum willin'!" was the witty reply.

A DESIRABLE DEBTOR.—"Mr. John, I owe you a guinea—remember that." "I shall not be frightened then, for I never know you to pay anything that you owe."

Flourishes in writing, like colors in dress, require care and finish to make them combine and look well; so, also, do flourishes in people.

ITEMS.

Poverty.—The only birthright that a man can lose.

Accidents.—The dismay of phoos, the view man's barometer.

There is a Shaker Convention at present sitting in Boston.

Virtue.—That ingredient which needs no toll without which nothing is valuable.

The Queen of Egypt's son is in England on a visit to the Queen.

A third cable between Europe and America will, if all goes well, be open to the public about the middle of July.

Your pen-waiter's mending, as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has become a skillful stone cutter.

When is a ride of leather like iron rust?—When it is an ox-hide.

The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

Why is a note of hand like a bunch of grapes?—Because it is insured by falling dew.

In the last illness of the witty George Colman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had called to see a man who had fallen down a well.—"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out George.

Queen Victoria intends visiting Switzerland again this year, and will also proceed to Sicily and Greece. The trip will be probably via Genoa and Palermo by steam.

Great Britain imports more wheat from Russia than from the United States. During February the imports from Russian ports amounted to \$2,813,193.

Advertisement for various services including printing, bookbinding, and other trades.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for the Hanckinton tract of land in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.

Advertisement for a new England settlement in New Jersey.