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## Miscellany

### We won't give up our Fisheries.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

We won't give up our Fisheries  
Of wealth untold the treasury,  
The trump right bower of a maritime Power,  
Of seamen bold the nursery.  
Our brave Canadian fisheries,  
Exhaustless, priceless fisheries,  
Whose seamen bold reap wealth untold,  
We won't give up the fisheries.

Upon the fretful perceptive,  
You can Sticken, or fish or freeze;  
But Yankee's cut, we shall dispute  
Your right to our sea fisheries.  
Our broad Canadian fisheries,  
Exhaustless, priceless fisheries,  
Nor Jim Fisk's gold, nor Butler's scold  
Shall trick us of our fisheries.

The grandest river in the world  
Shall still be ours till you can see  
The treaties must, if they are just;  
Disclose some reciprocity.  
Our mighty river ever free,  
Our birthright which we hold in fee,  
Than lakes a score we hold far more—  
Even lakes in perpetuity.

Let Britain great capitulate  
To Sumner, Grant or Fish, for ease,  
A quid pro quo we'll have, or know  
Why we must yield our fisheries:  
Oh! they are slaves or brigand knaves  
Who would give up our fisheries.

Take coast for coast along the line,  
Give bonded rights, or which you please;  
A bargain fair like shares for share,  
Not fishless song for fisheries,  
Our rich Canadian fisheries,  
Exhaustless, priceless fisheries,  
Shall not be sold for Yankee gold,  
We won't give up the Fisheries.

The Fenian claims are far more just  
Than "Alabama's" ravages;  
Unarmed the ship escaped; you armed  
And cheered the cut-throat savages.  
We won't condone the Fenian raids,  
Nor neutralize our river,  
Nor confiscate our Fisheries,  
No, never, never, NEVER!

### Newspapers and Kisses.

An exchange makes the inquiry. If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No "Spectator," no "Observer," but many "Times" as you like.—[Exchange]

The American Newspaper Reporter says, that a note or so of this kind of story might be told by any one who reads that paper, and gives the following:

Having a "Leisure Hour" in which to make my "Morning Call," I went to the "Herald" and "Home" of Matilda Jones. There being no "Spy," "Examiner" or "Watchman" around, her "Guardian" gone out, no one was likely to come to the "Rescue." So this was my "Signal" for an "Appeal" to her for such a "Free Press" upon her lips as would make the "Valley Echo." It can never be, she said, the "New Idea" seemed to greatly "Agitate" me, I always use "Dispatch" in these matters; so after waiting a moment to "Pacificate" me, I again attempted the "Exchange." I felt a "Little Sower" to find her "Independent," though she admitted that she liked my "Secretary" as I was a "Freeman." I said she was my "Standard" of perfection. I told her I would never "Leave"—that I would "Defender" and her "Rural Home." I did "Elevator" head at last, and did "Post" a "Capital Press" on her lips, and we both had "Capital Times" by the "Evening Lamp" and "Every Day." Of course I asked her to be mine, but she could never, never marry a "Wesleyan Farmer," although she did believe in a "Christian Union." I continued to "Cultivate," however, but I had a first class heartache that the whole "Medical World" could not have cured; so one day I went boldly forth and told her that I was a "Woman's Friend," and bound to become a "Lady's Companion." The "Crisis" was certainly at hand. Are you a "Temperance Advocate"? said she. I am said I. You are mine. No; "Miner," said she. So I am glad I tried the "Experiment," for we are married now, and the "Union" is a happy one. We are doing well in the "Living Way." Our "Venture" is in all respects successful. We are both in "Good Health," and are looking for "Young Folks." I am sure that for the first kiss I shall never "Report."

## Interesting Tale.

### MARIETTA.

And you defy me, my beauty? Very well! I give you notice that if you pretend in this way to scorn a proposal as much above what you have a right to expect, I will take speedy and ample revenge. Consider well. I offer you, on one hand, a position which the young ladies of my own standing would eagerly grasp at, of being my wife, with a handsome settlement at my death, if you should survive me; and, on the other hand, should you be mad enough to refuse it, I solemnly declare that you shall rue it in a way that you little expect.

Your proposal has no inducements for me, sir; your threats no terror. I am strong in my purpose. I came to Berlin from a little provincial town in which I hope to pass my future life, after I shall have earned a certain sum as your sister's governess. I do not blush to tell you that in that quiet retirement I have left a true heart that beats for me. I beseech you, monsieur, to go your way, and I suffer me to go in mine, which diverges wholly from yours. I do not covet the honors and riches with which you are trying to tempt me.

Ah, caught, I suppose, by some handsome plebeian? Think well before you decide.

I have decided. No mortal can alter that decision. As to beauty in a man, I simply despise it.

Then your provincial admirer is of course not handsome, as I at first concluded.

Not handsome, certainly. On the contrary, he is disfigured by a wound across the face, and has lost an arm. Had it been otherwise, he would have gladly worked his fingers to the bone for me, and I gladly will do as much for him.

A pretty match, truly! So you refuse me for a reformed cripple?

I did not say so, said the little governess, stamping with rage. He is unfortunate, it is true; but let me tell you, sir, since you provoke me to it, I would not exchange him for you if he had barely enough body left to sustain a soul so much larger and nobler than yours.

Little did the brave girl know what a mine she had suddenly lighted, or how it would one day explode upon her defenceless head.

But we must tell you her history:

Marietta Saar had been betrothed at her father's deathbed to John Mullern. An attachment had sprung up between the two almost in their childhood; and the father, knowing that his days were short, had encouraged that attachment, in the hope of leaving his motherless child to a worthy protector. Saar had nothing to bestow upon her; but he had given her more than riches—an education by which she could at any time support herself should death overtake her affianced husband.

Not long after her father died, John was summoned to join his regiment, for he had become a soldier from a feeling of pure patriotism; and Marietta, while she deplored the separation, was proud of her soldier, sympathized heartily with the sentiment he cherished towards his country, and cheerfully bade him adieu.

It was in the year 1805, when the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Prussia. In October the battle of Jena sent her hero home, crippled and disfigured; and doubtful of his reception in this state by Marietta, he was thoroughly disheartened. His low spirits acting in concert with his wounds, threw him into a fever, from which he recovered, to find that the brave and high-minded girl, regardless of his mutilated appearance, had watched beside him both day and night, without a single thought of dissolving an engagement made under such solemn circumstances.

But they were both poor; and Prussia made but slender provision then for the maimed soldiers who had spent blood and limbs in her service. Marietta, therefore, proposed to spend a single year as governess in some gentleman's family, hoping to be able, by that means, to set up in some business which they could manage together, and which would relieve John from the intolerable pain that he suffered at the thought of being henceforth useless in the world.

Full of her noble object, she sought and obtained a situation, with a high salary, as governess to the little daughter of Herr Dolmann, a worthy gentleman in Berlin. This gentleman was a widower, with one son, of mature age, and a daughter of thirteen years. Marietta rejoiced that she had obtained so desirable a situation. The salary was very high, in consideration of the child having no mother; and Marietta willingly devoted her whole time to her improvement. Only when little Amelia slept she poured out her whole soul in writing to John, whose sole consolation were these letters. He too, wrote to her, having learned, with some difficulty, to substitute his left hand for that which he so sorely missed.

I am counting the weeks now, love, he wrote, in scarcely decipherable characters, which only the eyes of love could have recognized. I say to myself, that in one week more poor crippled John shall behold her who is the only star left in the heaven of his youthful hopes!

Alas! he did not dream how much more to be pained than he was that being on whom he depended so much! Her trouble came to her in the shape of young Paul Dolmann, who had unhappily fallen in love with her. Brought up in unlimited indulgence, his passions unrestrained, and his temper ungoverned, Paul Dolmann thought that if he condescended to ask his sister's governess to be his wife, he was conferring an honor which she could receive only on the benediction knees of her soul.

It was as unexpected as it was maddening, when the beautiful girl coolly thanked him for his deference, and assured him that it was simply impossible to appropriate it. He could not understand her clear, straightforward way of answering. He believed it only a stratagem to enhance the prize; and endless were the struggles which marked his persistent attentions to the unwilling girl, who had several times resolved to leave the scene of her relentless persecution, but had been deterred from it by her given promise to the elder Dolmann, to remain, at least, a year.

All this time she had never named her annoyance to John, generously wishing to spare him the pain of knowing that his wife was unhappy.

At length Marietta's cottage gave way under the repeated troubles she endured from her contemptible pursuer, and she resolved to plead with Herr Dolmann to release her from her engagement; not that it wanted but a few weeks of its termination. He was surprised and disturbed by the request; and his remarks, though polite, were severe. The conversation was overheard by his son, who listened eagerly for the decision.

When at length, in pity to her distress, he reluctantly consented, his son's rage knew no bounds. His thirst for revenge grew deeper and deeper, and a plot was laid that night, worthy of the demons.

Marietta was up all night, packing her trunks and writing to her pupils, whom she felt and to leave. Had it not been for her dread of Paul, she would have begged Herr Dolmann to yield her to her instruction at her own home. But that was not to be thought of. She went down to breakfast at the usual time, leaving her trunks unpacked. She was rejoiced not to see Paul, and supposed him not yet risen. He came in before she had finished, and sat beside her.

She regarded him with a silent scorn which was more eloquent than mere words. At that moment the butler came rushing into the breakfast-room with a countenance of dismay, saying that a quantity of plate had disappeared suddenly from his premises. Paul affected surprise, and went instantly to his room, whence he returned with the tidings that certain valuables had been taken from his bureau.

Miss Marietta must be detained until her trunks are searched, said he, with mock politeness.

Marietta threw upon him a glance of inexpressible scorn.

Do it quickly, then, she exclaimed. I have no time to lose.

No, truly, he answered insolently. The lame lover cannot run far to meet you.

Marietta ran to her room, but she stopped to caress Amelia by the way; and when she entered the chamber, Herr Dolmann, Paul, and the servants were there before her.

My son thinks it is but justice to the servants that Miss Saar's trunks undergo the same scrutiny as that to which we intend to subject theirs.

She saw that Herr Dolmann really intended this as a salvo to the feelings of the housekeeper and other servants; and with the pressure of other thoughts upon her, and the exhilaration of coming freedom, she did not feel the quick sense of pain which, at any other time, might have distracted her.

Anything, Herr Dolmann, if you will only be speedy. The carriage waits for me now.

Her impatience stimulated him and he proceeded with the investigation, she following with the keys, and hastily locking each trunk as he replaced its contents. There was but one more. The cry which she uttered, as he drew from beneath the pile of furs all the missing articles, might have melted a heart less revengeful than that of the younger Dolmann. It elicited from him only a smile of triumph. Marietta fainted when she saw that smile, and remained insensible for an hour.

When she awoke from that dismal trance, the carriage she had ordered had been sent away, and a magistrate was waiting to commit her to prison for theft.

For weeks she lay in prison awaiting her trial; but not a line did she write to John Mullern relative to her unhappy position.

The trial approached—came on. Marietta was friendless and unknown; not a shadow of defence was made, save the simple asser-

tion which she made of her own innocence. She was found guilty, and sentenced.

At that time theft was a capital offence in Prussia; and she was to suffer the penalty of the law. Imagination sickens at the record. A young beautiful, intellectual girl, suffering a shameful death for the base crime of another, committed for a lawless revenge! What heart could dwell upon such a horror?

When the terrible hour came, the hangman was ill, and the office was performed imperfectly by his son, who had never attempted the horrible work, until then. The delicate form was taken down and delivered to a surgeon, who had purchased it. The surgeon was a man of fine and delicate feelings. He gazed with mingled awe and reverence on the beautiful statue which his devotion to science compelled him to mar and deface. He smoothed the long silken curls, and looked with admiration upon the noble head, and the sweet refined beauty of the face, lovely even in death.

Every moment increased his unwillingness to enter upon his work, as the life-like countenance seemed to grow bolder, and more beautiful under his gaze. Reverently he drew the sheet over the body, which he had laid upon a couch, previous to arranging a table for its reception. In smoothing the folds of the sheet, his hand pressed lightly upon the region of the heart, and he started as if a serpent had stung him. Then gathering fortitude, he placed his hand firmly on her heart; he felt the slow and faint but regular beat, warm and living beneath his fingers. He opened the eyes, and the shewn and lustre of life were there. He wrapped his arms round the cold but living form, and poured into the now mobile mouth. He was as a bird in an incense, warmth of the limbs, though as yet sense and motion had not returned.

Opposite the surgeon's room dwelt a venerable old clergyman, and to him the young man eagerly called for assistance. He obeyed the call, and now knelt beside the beautiful figure on the hearth, his beaming with benevolence and sympathy. Near him, holding the large silver cup from which he had been feeding the pale lips, knelt the young surgeon, Gabriel Rossin, his handsome countenance wearing an expression of angelic sympathy. Perhaps no two men could be found whose faces wore so little of the stains of human passion as these.

On these two faces the girl opened her eyes. In her bewilderment—feeling the last terrible scene—that wonder that she believed herself in another world?

Addressing the clergyman, she exclaimed, in a voice that drew tears from Gabriel's eyes, "Oh! thou knowest that I am innocent!"

These words, pronounced with a touching and tender pathos, revealed what was in her mind. The venerable minister, whose noble and majestic figure she had believed more than mortal, assured her they were only earthly friends; but as such they would do all that mortals could do to restore and benefit her.

They kept their word. A deep mourning garb altered her appearance, and she was conveyed by Gabriel Rossin himself to her home. On the way she related to him her touching story; and although a tender attachment had already arisen in his heart for one he had thus saved, he was sufficiently noble to rejoice at this restoring her to the precincts of her crippled lover.

Afterwards, the whole community learned the history of the girl, and the author of her misery was vituperated by the contempts and abuse she deserved, although from pity to the father and sister, there was no attempt to punish him by the law.

Marietta and her husband found unfaithful friends in Gabriel Rossin and the good old minister, who established her innocence of the crime for which she had suffered, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

### Dignity of the Art.

Printers have counted so many distinguished men among them, from the ancient and irrepressible Benjamin Franklin, of blessed memory, to the presiding geniuses of Clappanqua and Washington Heights, that people are not to be startled into any further enthusiasm on account of any present or future great ones of earth who may be added to the roll. Yet it seems strange that the Kaiser William, whose Sadown and Sedan have placed him in the "Chair of Charlemagne," should so soon convert his reeking sword into the stick and rule of the printing office, and, on the principle that "every Prussian must learn a trade," acknowledge himself, through the newspapers, a practical compositor.

But Napoleon is not behind him. He does not, indeed, pretend to be a printer himself, yet from a paragraph in an English exchange we learn that the Prince Imperial has already inked his royal fingers with the daubers; he stuck type to the satisfaction of his father, the delight of his mother, and, it was supposed, to the great joy of voting compositors. But the hard-hearted knights of these high honors, pay little or no attention to these high honors, resting upon their dignity, they seem to con-

sider these princes honored as much at least as is the profession, and, as far as we know, have called no meetings—presented no memorials—have not, in fact, touched off a single pyrotechnic in honor of the great event.

Should the Kaiser, leaving his empire, hire himself out for piece work in the printing offices of Strasburg, or the young Imperial Prince stick type at so much sterling per thousand ems in Chislehurst, it would probably make little more excitement among printers than the recent attempt to be sensational paragraphs referred to. The shades of Gutenberg, Faust and Schœffer hold the self-esteem of the order wrapped in their bronze cloaks in Frankfurt and Mayence, and the stamped clay bricks of Babylon, of Herculaneum, of Egypt and Pompeii, and the Etruscan pots and kettles of Greece stand firmly on their bottoms (when they possess them) in the British Museum, as solemn protests against merely Imperial honors.—[Aner, Newspaper Reporter.]

MILK AS A COSMETIC.—The use of cosmetics is common to all ages and to all climes. We hear little, however, in the present day of the use of milk as a beautifier of the skin. In the country we have seen milk applied to the body in various ways. Pure cream, as cold as it could be obtained, is used to chapped lips and to scalds. "Sky blue," male hyckegum, is not uncommonly used as a fomentation, and rustic maids who have had their hands and face scorched by the sun in the harvest-field attempt to cool their skin and restore its color by washing it with buttermilk. As's milk, we are told, was the great favorite with Roman ladies! The imperial wives of the voluptuous Cæsars revelled in it. A Roman lady in those times went to bed with a plaster of bread and ass's milk applied to her face.

A NEW DWARF.—Among the exiles from France whom the war has driven to England, not the least remarkable is a graceful little lady who is now holding daily levees in the Burlington Gallery, in London. The Princess Felicie, as her exhibitors have christened her, is a genuine dwarf, a real living Lilliputian. She is, perhaps, the smallest female yet exhibited in London, one beside whom Miss Minnie Warren would be almost a giantess. Like Miss Minnie, says the London "News," the Princess Felicie is the child of parents of the ordinary stature, who have accompanied her over to England from her native Province. She is now in her ninth year; measures scarcely nineteen inches in height and weighs just six pounds. She is of perfect symmetry in limb and feature, and altogether a pleasing and gentle child.

In California the superficial or sand washings for gold by independent miners or small associations have generally ceased to be remunerative, and gold-mining is being monopolized almost entirely by large companies with sufficient capital to undertake extensive works. In Yuba county one company spent four years' time and \$140,000 in making a tunnel down on the bed rock of one of the old rivers in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, in order to reach the gold pollment there deposited; and the first washing in the tunnel after its completion yielded \$40,000 in gold dust. A quartz mine at Gross Valley has been in operation five years, and has taken out nearly \$3,000,000 in gold. The company paid less than \$300,000 for its property; its working expenses have not amounted to \$1,000,000, and it has divided about \$1,250,000 among the stockholders. Such profitable operations are exceptional, however, but an average fair return for labor and capital is realized when the business is conducted with intelligence.

Albert M. Semitt of Hartford, Conn., committed suicide at the Union House, Niagara Falls, on Saturday morning, by shooting himself through the head.

A report from an American source says that the American Consul in Manitoba was assaulted by one of the volunteers, who the dispatch says, are fast instituting a reign of terror.

Immense beds of cannel coal have been discovered in Alaska.

The Emperor of Russia has left Berlin for his capital.

"Whiskey is your great enemy." But, said Mr. Jones, don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies? Oh! yes, Jones, but it don't say that we are to swallow them.

At Lincoln, P., a school-teacher whipped a girl when her mother took a whip and thrashed the teacher until she got down on her knees and said her "Now I lay me," after which she sued the mother for damages. The teacher wrote the school directors to call out the militia.

A Connecticut school boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal having four legs, "one at each corner."