

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EXTRA SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cyc

(\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE)

No 18

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 4, 1870.

Vol 37

## Poetry.

### GONE BEFORE.

Where the gentle winds sigh softly  
Through the long, bright summer days,  
Where the tiny, feather songsters  
Warble forth their sweetest lays;

Where the nodding, fresh grass listens  
To the tale the tall pines tell,  
Sighing, murmuring, very softly,  
Mid the silence of the dell;

Where the brightest, sweetest flowers  
Cast their perfume on the air,  
Which, over all the quiet valley,  
Evening zephyrs softly bear.

Where an ever murmuring streamlet  
Dances onward to the sea;  
And at night, the pale stars keep  
Ever tell its tale of gloe;

Where the mellow loughs wave softly,  
And at night the pale stars keep  
Vigils in their solemn stillness,  
Lay on, and slumber down to sleep.

Bring the golden ringlets softly  
From her pale and peaceful brow;  
Fold her hands across her bosom—  
She is with the angels now.

Close the eyelids while she slumbers—  
Slumbers never again to wake;  
Till that last, that glorious dawning  
In the eastern sky shall break.

Turn away and sadly leave her  
To her deep and dreamy rest;  
Turn with slow and weary footsteps  
To the home her presence blest.

Well, 'tis better so—though sorrow  
Evermore with us will dwell;  
Though with her our hopes lie buried  
In the silence of the dell.

For we know that sister angels  
Took her to that peaceful shore;  
And that tale from earthly trouble  
She's not lost, but gone before.

For the Standard.

MAY.

ETYMOLOGY OF MAY.—No month in this climate perhaps is so vivifying or beautiful as May, it is in the strict sense of the word our first spring month; the woods put forth their gorgeous mantle of green, the meadows are a bouquet of loveliness, and all nature awakes as if by magic from a long inertia, no wonder the Hebrews named a SIVAN from a universal word-signifying to rejoice. The Anglo Saxons knew it as Trimekil because their cattle stabled by the fresh and abundant herbage were advantageously milked three times a day. The Romans offered sacrifices to Bona Dea or May on the first, hence originating the term May. Holy Thursday more familiarly known as May-day has been celebrated from the earliest ages, as a kind of national holiday, and notwithstanding the havoc which the march of science and the schoolmaster have made with the good old customs of our forefathers, it is probable that May-day will long retain its hold on the affections of Englishmen, and the May Queen long reign her rosy coronet the centre of an adoring circle of subjects.

The 24th is the birthday of Her Majesty, to whose queenly virtues all Englishmen can bear witness. On the throne and in the cottage the story of her life is a roll of honor. Her virtues as a wife and mother are known and appreciated over the wide, wide world, and have surrounded her with a grandeur of purple that the heritage of England's crown.

MISCELLANEA.—Cold bathing is now universally recommended; to enjoy it properly you should run a mile or so in the sun, and when a thoroughly warmed plunge head over ears in the water; if you live you will become an example of the cold water cure.

All fresco pictures should be attended, as frequently as possible and should always be prolonged till the night dew comes on; remember when overheard nothing is so refreshing as large quantities of cold water or ice cream; to avoid wet feet you should have your feet in good order. We would suggest the following subjects for a course of lectures:—On Corn in connection with Old Rye, or a history of hot whiskey and the Caledonians at the Masonic Hall; and the mineral wealth of the Bay Side or Copper and the Copperheads at Russell's Hall every alternate night, till an effort is produced. Aquarius finishes his reign during this month; this gentleman universally takes a heavy wet, his original name was Ganyuade who was taken up for sleep stealing by an eagle, the first "BEAK" of his day. He

was carried before Jupiter, who condemned him to pour out nectar (we beg pardon, Alcohol) at a "free and easy" in Olympus, of which he was chairman, but being detected mixing the grog of the Gods (who always took their liquor neat) he was in consequence of his foolish propensity to cold water, sentenced to take the sobriquet of Aquarius, which before the flood was the Latin for Father Matthew. Aquarius is the patron saint of Teetotallers, he is represented by a glass of Ginger beer with a stick in it.

The poet Laureate from the South Sea Islands has sent us the following strain, embodying his ideas of taking things easy; the market price of this poem is three cents a yard; it is to be presumed the author will never make a fortune by his writings there is so little sex in it.

"Dolce far niente."

Upon a mossy bank, where soft St. Croix flows  
With leaves just moving, in a wave of air,  
The sunset blushing like a Persian rose  
Just half asleep—to muse—to banish care.

Here would I rest on May's transcendent eve,  
While laughing brooks, stand listening in the sky,  
With breezes kissing 'midst the willow leaves  
To fill the earth with one delicious sigh.

Just half awake to watch the eddying stream  
The sunset sleeping on its leaving breast;  
'Till wrapped in some bright summer dream  
'Mid drooping flowers I sink to rest.

To dream of autumn eyes—for love is earth's soft  
Love,  
Look where you will, the world o'erflows with  
this,  
Learn from the winds that nestle on the wave,  
From seas, the shores that ever kiss

To wake—to hear some sweet, some well known  
voice  
Just breathe your name—while murmuring from  
afar,  
The waving sedges and the rippling stream  
Make music, while you smoke a MILD CIGAR.

Our St. Stephen friends will probably soon come under the ban of the Church as it is well known that for years they have been remiss in their duties.

Suitable present for a lawyer—A new suit—  
A law suit—Gown and dirty neckhandkerchief.  
Duet for St. Stephens—"I know a bank, where  
the wild thyme grows"—YES A WILD TIME.

SINGULAR CASE OF FRANCE.—A case of France, which we are now about to relate, is certainly one of the most remarkable, as it is undoubtedly among the best verified, upon record. It appears that the wife of a blacksmith residing in Newcastle, who had been unwell for some time, was observed by her attendants to be gradually sinking, and what had every appearance of death, and what was believed to be death, occurred during the course of the day. An undertaker was communicated with, and all the arrangements were completed for the funeral. The relatives were acquainted with what had happened, and an son came all the way from London with the intention to accompany his mother's remains to the house appointed for all living. Several of his friends were invited to be present at the "coffining," and they included a considerable number of women. Immediately before the ceremony was about to be performed, one, an intimate friend, rose, as she said, to "take a last look at the deceased." No sooner had she gone for ward to the bed, than she uttered a sharp scream, and started all present by affirming that she saw the body moving. Some of those present were terrified; others, less timorous, approached the bed; a doctor was sent for, and it was found that the "dead" had actually come to life again. The poor woman is still, we believe, in a very low state, however, and but little hopes are entertained of her ultimate recovery.

In a late English magazine we have an article on "Shemrockism," in which are given a few fresh anecdotes of the Irish rebellion of '68. Duels were then a matter of daily occurrence, and a man's candidature for a club was always tested by the question, "Did he blase?"—i.e., had he fought? Curran's second duel was with Egan. The latter as the injured was allowed to have the first shot. He fired and missed, and then, turning round, exclaimed, "My honor is satisfied!" and was about to walk away; but Curran cried out, "Wait a moment. I mean to have a shot at your honor!" which he did to some purpose, planting a bullet in, however, a not very fatal part.

ANOTHER.—A well known member of the bar excused himself from accepting a challenge on the plea that his life was insured for ten thousand pounds, and it was his sole provision for his family, which would be forfeited if he came by his death in a duel. "Tell him," said his antagonist—"since that a judge—'that I'll give him a mortgage on my estate for the

money, and let him 'come out' with an easy heart."—Drawer, Harper's Magazine.

### Indian Atrocities.

The innocent child, who, but a few moments before, had quitted her home free as the summer's breeze and lily as the lark, now stood again at its threshold a hopeless captive in the grasp of a relentless foe.

The mother, upon becoming aware of the presence of the Indians, had run, in a paroxysm of terror, a short distance towards the bush; but, seeing that they had captured her daughter, she turned again and met her at the door. The Indians entered the house, taking the little girl with them. The almost distracted mother followed with a bewildered determination to keep near her darling as long as possible. With her helpless infant in her arms she seated herself beside the terrified Rebecca, and endeavored to soothe her own mind that she might be able to soothe her daughter's dreadfully excited fears, and to counsel her to the calmness and courage that had quitted her own hope as heart.

Mrs. Styles knew that either captivity or death was their inevitable doom. Her acquaintance with the unrelenting with which the savages were wont to dispose of trouble some prisoners, made it appear to her highly imprudent that they could remember themselves long, if at all, with her infant or herself. Rebecca being young and vigorous seemed the only one of the three whose life was likely to be long spared. The fond mother, therefore, thus and a thought of her own danger, occupied the brief interval in which she was endeavoring to suppress as far as possible all outward manifestations of her personal sorrow, and to strive to conduct herself in such a manner as would be least likely to irritate her unfeeling captors.

Rebecca had informed her mother of the flight of her brothers to the woods. Though there was danger that some of the Indians, unseen by her, might have pursued and overtaken them, yet it was possible that they might have escaped and might now be in safety. This possibility was the one drop of comfort in their otherwise unmingled cup of bitterness. They had no hope of the boys being able to raise the neighbors in time to benefit them. The husband and father was also far distant and there was none to protect or aid them in their dire extremity.

There they sat, clinging to each other in hopeless despair, while the Indians ransacked the house. Food, clothing, and everything else that they esteemed valuable and which they could conveniently carry away, was looted, each possessing himself of whatever he liked best.

When they had completed their plundering, one of the Indians, tomahawk in hand, approached the unhappy mother. She, thinking less of her own safety than that of her infant, raised her voice to plead for its life, but in vain. While the words of entreaty dictated by maternal affection were still upon her lips the murderous weapon penetrated her brain. A second blow despatched the innocent babe, and mother and child fell together, lifeless to the floor.

The horrified Rebecca was allowed no time to mourn beside her slaughtered dead. Having finished the bloody tragedy the savages took up their burdens, and driving the weeping, heart-sick child before them, plunged into the woods. While we shudder at recitals of Indian cruelties, let us recollect that white men have sometimes surprised Indian villages and slain the wives and children of the red men, and these untold horrors believed that they were only exacting a just revenge for their wrongs in thus retaliating upon the pale faces. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was their law, and well would it have been for both races if those who disclaimed such a role of action had been always, in their dealings with the aborigines, actuated by the principles of the purer faith they professed.

On the third day they fell in with other bands of Indians. Unmistakably they also were on their return after having been engaged in similar atrocities. They had with them two white children, a boy nearly as large as Rebecca, and a little girl much smaller.

Each party having their bloody exploits to recount and their spoil to exhibit to the others and probably feeling secure in their augmented numbers and the distance now intervening between them and the settlements, they all encamped and remained there two days.

The rest was very much needed by the intimidated and torn captives. They were suffered to converse together, and as soon as they were sufficiently recovered from their weariness to be inclined to move about, they were allowed to do so, being only required to keep within sight of their captors. This companionship in misfortune afforded some solace to the forlorn little creatures.

While immediately beside the Indians, they had not dared to speak to each other of the dreadful events which had desolated their

homes and made them captives, fearing that they might be understood and subjected to worse treatment in consequence. To be permitted to remove to the distance of even a few rods from the objects of their terror, where they might speak to each other without every word being overheard, was to the miserable children, pining for kindness and sympathy, a highly prized privilege.

There they might pour into each other's ears the pitiful tale each of his or her individual bereavements or personal sufferings, and find some relief to their overburdened hearts in talking of the pleasant homes so suddenly changed to scenes of blood,—of the fond parents and loving brothers and sisters slaughtered before their agonized eyes, or from whom they had been so ruthlessly torn; and in such interchange of sympathy and commiseration, how frequently did the afflicted experience an alleviation to the bitterness of unshared sorrow.

This brief interval of rest, with the opportunity it afforded to the little captives for the solace of conversation, soon terminated. The Indians, seeming to have accomplished whatever object they had in view in delaying there for two days broke up their encampment and resumed their journey.

Rebecca and the boy had both recovered some what from their previous weariness during the suspension of the march, and succeeded in keeping up with the train without much urging. But the rest was productive of no improvement in the smaller girl—her strength did not seem to have rallied in the least. The hardships to which she had been subjected in the first days of her captivity, had exhausted her powers of endurance. Early in the day the delicate little creature began to lag behind, in vain the little sufferer strove, in obedience to the by no means gentle reminders of her captors, to quicken her feeble footsteps. Before midday she tired down altogether.

Poor child where was now the fond father whose strong arms were wont to bear her along when tired?—where the loving mother whose gentle hands ministered to her in her infant ailments, whose sweet tones and tender caresses soothed all her little sorrows?—Hard, indeed, was the fate of the hapless little one, so early overwhelmed with a combination of woes that would have sorely taxed the fortitude and endurance of mature years. Her infant yearning for the accustomed endearments of her home, and her frail body excruciated with pain and last succumbing to the torments induced by fear, fatigue, hunger and exposure.

No fondly hand stretched out to aid her tottering steps, nor arm to shield her defenceless head. The hard hearted savages, who had reduced her to this extremity, finding her unable to proceed further, would no longer encumber themselves with the utterly exhausted child. A blow from the tomahawk of one of the Indians terminated at once her terrible sufferings and her brief life; then the party passed on their way, indifferently, as if he had struck down a branch that had intercepted his progress.

None but her afflicted companions in tribulation to cast a pitying look upon the languid victim, to leave a sigh or shed a tear in commiseration of her sufferings. No weeping mother to close, with lingeringly caressing touch, the eyes filled in death with terror and anguish, or to press a last kiss upon the forever silent lips. No father to lift with aching heart, the delicate form of his darling from among the forest leaves upon which her life blood had flowed, or to bury it out of sight.

There, in the deep wilderness, unprotected by stick or stone, the lifeless little body was left to be devoured by beasts and birds that feed on carrion.

There, where the pure spring gushed from the hill-side and trickled down into the rippling stream—where bees hummed and gay butterflies flitted about the wild flowers—where the grand old forest trees towered high towards heaven, and the merry birds sang their matin and vesper songs amid the lofty branches—where all else spoke of tranquility and enjoyment—there lay that ghastly evidence that sinful man had come upon the scene to mar, with his evil passions, its quiet loveliness, and had left behind that gory proof of his kindred with the first born of human kind—From "Early Scenes in Canadian Life," in New Dominion Monthly for May.

### The Enchanted Necklace.

Little Gertrude sat eating a piece of brown bread by the tiny brook that flowed over the round smooth pebbles, at the foot of her father's garden.

O dear, she exclaimed at length, I wish I had something better than brown bread to eat I wish I had a fairy godmother who would give me everything I wished, like the little girl in my story book. I wish I could see a fairy this minute.

Here a rustling of leaves caused Gertrude to look up, and lo! there stood a beautiful lady not more than a foot tall, with floating gossamer robes, and hair like braided sunbeams.

Child of earth, your wish is granted; take this necklace, and as long as you wear it, what-

ever you wish will come to pass; and placing a golden necklace, with a diamond clasp, in the child's hand, she disappeared before the astonished Gertrude could find words to express her thanks.

O, what shall I wish for? thought she. O now I know, I wish I was a grown up woman, with a beautiful house, and splendid furniture, and plenty of servants.

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she found herself in a gorgeously furnished parlor, seated at a grand piano, trying to hum out a piece of new music that lay before her.

How hungry it makes me to practice my lesson, she exclaimed; I wish dinner was ready.

Instantly the falling doors of the parlor flew open, revealing a table covered with a snowy cloth, and the richest silver, and costliest china and nice white bread and golden butter, and fried chickens, and jellies, and cakes, and fruits of all descriptions, and behind her chair stood a servant ready to do her bidding. This is something like living, thought Gertrude. But hardly had she tasted the first morsel, when a huge black wastrel bounded into the open doorway, his eyeballs shining like coals of fire, and the white froth dripping from his open mouth.

He is mad, shrieked the servant springing through an open window.

I wish I was in China, screamed Gertrude, and at a bound and whirl, she was high in the air and in an instant she landed in the midst of a dark kinned, black eyed crowd, who stared at her and talked in a language she could not understand.

O, I wish I was at my own father's house, said Gertrude, and with another whirl she was again in the air, and then she found herself at her father's gate. Her mother was at the door.

O mother, cried Gertrude, I am—  
Who are you? asked her mother.  
Why, I am your Gertrude; do you not know me, mother?

But the woman only laughed, and said:  
You my Gertrude? Why, Gertrude is only a little girl, and you a woman. No, you are not my child; and she entered the house and shut the door.

O, what shall I do, said Gertrude; even my own mother does not know me. And she darted through the gate just as a runaway horse dashed along. She tried to get out of the way, but it was too late. She slipped and fell directly in front of the horse, and would doubtless have been crushed had she not the neck.

I wish I was a rabbit, she shrieked; and in an instant she bounded under the horse's feet in the form of a plump gray rabbit. She did not pause till she reached the forest, when looking up, she beheld a sportsman with a gun about to shoot her.

O, I wish I was a bird, she gasped; and, lo! there she was flying thro' the air in the form of a beautiful bird, perched now and then among the leafy branches of the trees, and singing a joy.

I shall be perfectly happy now, thought Gertrude, but glancing up she beheld a hawk about to seize her.

O, I wish I was a little girl again. I wish the fairy would take back the hateful necklace. And she flung the trinket from her with such force that she awoke.

I am so glad it was a dream, she said; I am sure I will never grumble about brown bread again, nor want anything more to do with fairies. And she kept her word, when she found herself wishing for things she could not have, she thought of the enchanted necklace, and was contented.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—In one of the lower counties of Maryland there flourished, in the palm days of the "peculiar institution," an old dorky preacher, who used no notes, and prided himself on his extemporaneous efforts. His white brethren call him "Docum"—a title which he accepted, of course, with ludicrous gravity. At a camp-meeting which the Doctor was holding, one of these friends gave him, as a text, this passage in the Psalms of David:—"Wake, psaltery and harp; I myself will arise right early." The Doctor adjusted his spectacles, and read:—"Wake, psaltery and harp; I myself will arise right early."

The "Doctor" went on to explain that Moses was a very early riser; that he had a pease tree which grew near his window; and that he was wont to rise mighty early and hang out his harp on the pease-tree, "wid psalms."

The amiable temper that pervaded the debates of the House of Commons is fairly expressed by the words with which Lord Castlereagh wound up one of his bitter replies:—"I reprobate the personalities used by good men in this debate. I deprecate a contest of this nature. But if any gentleman conceives himself injured by any gentleman on this side of the House, I am ready to say there is no one on these benches will not willingly extend to him." There was courtesy!

To travel around the world at present, requires \$2,000 and ninety days time.