

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

POST-PAID.  
\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No. 21

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 24, 1876.

Vol. 43

## Doering.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

BY LUCY LAROM.

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine,—  
The orchards and the mowing fields,  
The lawns and garden fine;  
The winds my tax collectors are,  
They bring me lilies divine,—  
Wild acorns and a shillee o' senes,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps from me  
A glimpse of blue immensity—  
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies;  
I have a share in every ship  
Won by the inland breeze  
To loiter on my airy road  
Above the apple trees.

I freight them with my untold dreams  
Each bears my own pickled crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew—  
My ships that sail into the east  
Across that outlet blue!

## HEZ AND HIS RIVAL.

How a Temptation was Resisted.

You see we were rather tough on our way,  
where Hez and I went, with our bit  
of tent and pickers, shooting-irons, and such like,  
meaning to make a pile of gold. We went to  
Washoe, and didn't get on; then we went to  
St. Lawrence, and didn't get on there. Last we  
went right up into the mountains, picking our  
way among the stones, for Hez sez: "Look  
here, old hoss, let's get what no one's been  
after. If we get what the boys are at work  
already, they've took the cream and we get  
the skim milk. Lets you and me get the  
cream and let some of the others take the  
skim milk."

"Good for you," I says; and we tramped on  
day after day till we got right up in the heart  
of the mountain, where no one hadn't been  
before, and it was so still and quiet as it made  
you quite deaf.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we put up  
our bit of tent on a pleasant green shelf in  
the steep valley place. "This'll do, Dab;  
that's yaller gold spangling them sands and  
running in veins through them rocks and  
yaller gold in the pockets of the rock."

"Then let's call it Yaller Gulch," I says.

"Done, old hoss!" says Hez and Yaller  
Gulch it is.

We set to work next day washing in the  
bit of a stream, and shook hands on our luck.  
"This'll do," says Hez. "We shall make a  
pile here. No one would dream of hunting this  
out."

"Sav, stranger!" says a voice as make us  
both jump. "Do it wash well?"

And if there wasn't a long, lean, ugly, yaller-  
looking chap looking down at us as he stood  
holding a mule by the bridle.

Why, afore a week was over, so far from us  
keeping it snug, I reckon there was fifty peo-  
ple in Yaller Gulch washing away and making  
their piles. Afore another week was over  
some one had set up a store, and next day  
there was a gambling saloon. Keep it our-  
selves! Why, stranger, I reckon if there was  
a speck of gold anywhere within five hundred  
yards our chaps would sniff it out like vultures  
and be down upon it.

It wasn't no use to grumble, and we kept  
what we thought to ourselves, working away  
and making our ounces the best way we could.  
One day I proposed we should go up higher  
in the mountain; but Hez said he'd be blowed  
if he'd move; and the next day, if he'd wanted  
me to go, I should have told him I'd be blowed  
if I'd move; and all at once from being rich-  
chums, as would have done anything for one  
another, Hez and me got to be mortal enemies.

Who should come into the Gulch one day  
but an old store-keeping sort of fellow with  
a pretty daughter as ever stepped, and from  
that moment it was all over between Hez and  
me. He'd got a way with him, you see, as I  
hadn't; and they always made him welkin at  
their store when it was to me. "How do you do?"  
and "Good mornin'" to me. "I don't know  
what love is, stranger, but if Jael Burns had  
told me to go and cut one of my hands off to  
please her, I'd ha' done it."

But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way  
the wind blew. She was the only woman in  
the place, and could have the pick, and she picked  
Hez. I was 'bout starved the first time I

met them two together—she a hanging on his  
arm and looking up in his face, worshipping  
him like some of them woman cads worship a  
great big strong he; and as soon as they war-  
got by, I swore a big oath as Hez should never  
have her.

But Hez and Jael were spliced up and I allus  
kept away. When I wanted an ounce or two  
of gold I worked and when I'd got it I used to  
drink—drink, because I wanted to drown all  
recollection of the past. Hez used to come to  
me but I warned him off. Then Jael came  
and when she began to talk to me about for-  
giving him, it only made me more mad, than  
ever, and so I went and pitched at the flower  
end of the gulch and they lived at tother.

Times and times I've felt as if I'd go and  
ping Hez on the quiet, but I never did, thou I  
got to hate him more and more, and never half  
so much as I did eight two years arter, when I  
came upon him one day sudden, with a wife  
Jael, looking pooter than ever, with a little  
white-haired squaler on her arm. An it riled  
me above a bit, to see him so smiling and hap-  
py and me turned into a blood-shot, drink-  
ing, raving savage that half the Gulch was feared  
up and tother half daren't face.

I had been drinking hard for about a week  
when early one morning, as I lay in my ragged  
bit of a tent, I woke up, sudden like, to a  
roarin' noise like thunder, and then there came  
a whist and a rush, and I was swimming for  
life, half choked with the water that had car-  
ried me off. Now it was hitting my head, play-  
ful like, agen the hardest corners of the rock it  
could find in the Gulch; then it was hitting  
me in the back or pounding me in the front  
with trunks of trees swept down from the  
mountains, for something had bust—a lake or  
something high up—and in about a wink the  
hill settling in Yaller Gulch was swept away.

I sot on a bit of rock, and there was  
the water rushing down thirty or forty feet  
deep, with everything swept before it—mules  
and tents and shanties and stores, and dead  
bodies by the dozen. Just then I hears a wild  
screamer, and looking down, I see a chap  
half swimming, half swept along by the torrent,  
trying hard to get at a tree that stood tother  
side.

"Why, it's you, is it Hez?" I says to  
myself as I looked at his wild eyes and  
strained face, on which the sun shone full.  
"You're a gone coon, Hez, lad, so you may  
just as well fold yer arms, say amen, and  
go down like a man. How I could pop  
you now, lad, if I'd got a shooting-iron—  
put you out o' yer misery like. You'll  
drown, lad."

He made a dash and tried for a branch  
hanging down, but missed it and got swept  
against the rocks, where he shoved his  
arm between two big bits, but the water  
gave him a wrench the bone went crack,  
and as I sat still there, I see him swept  
lower and lower, till he clutched at a bush  
with his left hand and hung on like grim  
death to a dead nigger.

"Sav yer right," I says coolly. "Why  
shouldn't you die like the rest? If I'd  
had any go in me, I should have plug-  
ged yer long ago."

"Hollo!" I cried then, giving a start,  
"it ain't tis—tarnation! It can't be!"

But it was.  
There on tother side, not fifty yards  
lower down, on a bit of shelf of earth that  
kept crumbling away as the water washed  
it, was Jael kneeling down with her young  
'un, and, as I looked, something seemed to  
give my heart a tug, just as if some c on  
had pulled a string.

"Well, he's 'bout gone," I says; "and  
they can't hold out but 'bout three minutes.  
What's it got to do with me? I shant  
move."

Just then, as I sot and chawed, telling  
myself as a chap would be mad to try and  
save his friends out of such a flood, let  
alone his enemies, darn me! if Jael didn't  
put that there little squaler's hands to-  
gether and hold them up as if she was  
making it say its prayers—a born fool!—  
when that thar string seemed to be pulled,  
inside me like, agen my heart; and I  
couldn't help it—I jumped up.

"Say, Dab," I says to myself, "don't you  
be a fool. You hate that lot like pyson,  
you do.—Don't you go and drown your-  
self."

I was 'bout mad, you know, and couldn't  
do as I liked, for, if I didn't begin to rip  
off my things, wet and hanging to me.  
How they did stick!—but I cleared half  
on 'em off, and then, like a mad fool, I  
made a run and a jump, and was fighting  
hard with the water to get across to Hez's  
wife and child.

It was a bit of fight. Down I went,  
and up I went, and the water twisted me  
like a leaf; but I got out of the roar and  
shower, on to the bit of a shelf where Jael  
kneelt; when, if the silly thing didn't begin  
to hold up to me her child; and her lips,  
poor darling, said dumbly, "Sav it! sav  
it!"

In the midst of that rush and roar, as I  
saw that poor gal, white, horrified, and  
with her yaller hair clinging round her,  
all my old love for her comes back, and I  
swore a big oath that I'd save her for my  
self or die. I love her down into ribbons,  
for there wasn't a moment to lose, and I  
swam that bairn somehow on to my  
shoulders, she watching me the while; and  
then with my heart beating madly, I  
caught her in my arms, she clinging tight-  
ly to me in her fear, and I stood up, think-  
ing how I could get back, and making  
fast, though. In a moment there was a  
quiver of the bank, and it went from be-  
neath my feet, leaving me wrestling with  
the waters once more. I don't know how  
I did it, only that, after a fight, and being  
half-drowned, I found myself crawling  
on the side of the Gulch, ever so low down,  
and dragging Jael into a safe place with  
her bairn. She fell down before me,  
hugged my leg, and kissed my feet, and  
then she started up and began staring up  
at a drow, ending by seeing old Hez cling-  
ing there still, with his sound arm rammed  
into a bush, and his body swept out by the  
fierce stream. The next minute it she  
seized me by the arm, and was prying at  
him, and she gave a wild kind of shriek.  
"He's a gone coon," I says, though she  
couldn't hear me; and I was gazing over  
her beautiful white face, and soft, clear  
black, as I thought that now she was mine  
—all mine. I'd saved her out of the flood  
and there was no Hez to stand in our way.

"Save him!—save him!" she shrieked in  
my ear.  
What, Hez? Save Hez, to come between  
us once more? Save her husband—the  
man I hated, and would gladly see die?  
Oh, I couldn't do it; and my looks showed  
it, she reading me like a book the while.  
No, he might drown—he was drowned—  
must be. No; just then he moved. But  
nonsense! I wasn't going to risk my life  
for him, and cut my own throat like, as to  
the future. She went down on her knees  
to me though, praying again at where Hez  
still floated; and the old feeling of love for  
her was stronger on me than ever.

"You're asking me to die for you, Jael!"  
I shouted in her ear.

"Save him—save Hez!" she shrieked.  
"Yes, save him!" I groaned to myself.  
"Bring him back to the happiness that  
might be mine. But she loves him—she  
loves him; and I must."

I gave one look at her—as I thought my  
last—and I couldn't help it. If she asked  
me dumbly, as she did, to something ten  
times as wild, I should have done it; and  
with a run I got up well above Hez afore  
I jumped in once more to have a fight with  
the waters till I was swept down to the  
bush where he was. I'd got my knife in  
my teeth to cut the brush away and let him  
free, but as I was swept against it my  
weight tore it away, and Hez and I went  
down the stream together; him so drow-  
ning that he lay helpless on the water. Some-  
thing seemed to tell me to finish him off.  
A minute under water would I have done it,  
but Jael's face was before me, and at last I  
got to the other side, with her clinging  
alongside us; and if it hadn't been for the  
hand she stretched down to us I should ne-  
ver have crawled out with old Hez—I was  
that drow.

As I dropped down panting on the rock  
Jael came to my side, leaned over me and  
kissed me, and I turned away, for the next  
moment she was crying hard, and bring-  
ing her husband to, and I was beginning  
to feel once more that I was a fool.

I ain't much more to tell, only that the  
flood went down almost as quick as it came  
up, and Hez got all right with his broken  
arm, and did well. They wanted mule-  
back to be; but I kept away. I felt as if I  
been a fool to save him, and I was kinder  
shamed like of it; so I took off to Triest,  
where, after chumming about, I took a  
going voyage to Panama and back, and  
the sea seemed to suit me like, and so I  
stuck to it.

For the Scientific American.

Centennial Notices.

Every year it is said, the battleship, of  
Waterloo is carefully planted with batter-  
ed bullets, odds and ends of accoutrements  
and other rubbish, which in the following  
year are dug up and sold to credulous tour-  
ists, as relics of the conflict, by the en-  
terprising natives. Not long ago the Ger-  
man government was ruthlessly victim-  
ized by some ingenious Arabs who man-  
ufactured and sold as real some spurious  
specimens of rare and ancient pottery.—  
Almost any one, indeed, who travelled  
through Europe can add scores of instances  
of like deceptions being practised which  
probably have come under his notice; so  
that at the present time, antiques in Na-  
ples, coins in Rome, pipes and pottery in  
the East, and the thousand bits of bric-a-  
brac that travellers delight in gathering  
are either the handiwork of the present in-

habitants of the historic localities, or, far  
more likely, have their origin in Birming-  
ham, England, that world's supply shop  
for all heterogeneous articles, from big  
Japanese dolls down to pins.

We did cherish the idea that the relic  
manufacturing industry had not traversed  
the Atlantic; and although we might se-  
cretly laugh at the friend who proudly  
exhibits Waterloo bullets and Roman obols,  
we were fain to accept as genuine flint lock  
muskets which have been through the Re-  
volution, or the moth-eaten old uniform  
kept in the garret since the days of 1812,  
and now brought out for exhibition in the  
Centennial season. But this era of confi-  
dence has passed. We now point the finger  
of scorn at the musket, and express doubt  
as to whether the uniform is not one on  
which army officers have been testing the  
much-revered moth.

We much  
have confidence in our innocence, despite  
the fact that General Washington's head-  
quarters have sprung up over the land  
like mushrooms, access taking the suppo-  
sition that the hero must have been en-  
dowed with ubiquity, or else have spent his  
existence in travelling from one to the  
other; but when we regard the number of  
his favorite and only chairs, at least one  
of which is now deemed indispensable to  
every well regulated furniture store, and  
the quantities of abnormal written docu-  
ments attributed to the father of his Coun-  
try, which photography reproduces in an  
infinite and genuine originals, our credu-  
lity gives way, and we warn our reader  
against Centennial relics. During the past  
winter we have certainly seen thirty quilt  
ed petticoats which the fair wearers as-  
serted as belonged to Martha Washington,  
and this is in only one city. How many  
such garments Philadelphia possesses, we  
cannot divine. All along Broadway, con-  
spicuous small boys are vending musty,  
yellow, and ragged newspapers; and not a  
single anniversary of any revolutionary  
event can occur but that copies of the par-  
ticular ancient paper containing the ac-  
count of the conflict are sold in New York  
in editions so large that the long since  
dead publishers would have dreamed their  
fortunes secure had their original publica-  
tions achieved one half the circulation. La-  
fayette buttons are appearing by the gross;  
and as for Franklin's canes, their name is  
 legion. There is a strong and growing de-  
sire for these things, which bids fair to es-  
tablish a new and patriotic industry devo-  
ted to their manufacture.

## What Came of Trying.

Long ago among the chorus singers of  
the theatre of Bergamo, Italy, was a poor  
tailor, who modestly tried to use all his  
talents for the support of himself and his  
mother. One day the celebrated singer  
Nozari went to this tailor for a pair of pan-  
taloons. Noticing that the poor man's  
face was familiar, he made enquiries, and  
found he belonged to the opera chorus.

"Have you a good voice?" asked Nozari.  
"Not particularly," answered the tailor;  
"I can hardly reach A."

"Let me hear," said Nozari, stepping  
to the piano. "Commence."

The tailor commenced, and with diffi-  
culty reached G.  
"Now the A."

"I cannot, sir."  
"Sing the A, unfortunate fellow."

Again a great effort, and A was reached.  
"Now the B flat!" cried Nozari.

"I am not able."

"I say the B flat, or, by my soul, I—  
Don't be angry; I will try."

A B flat.

"Do you see that it is possible?" ex-  
claimed Nozari, triumphantly. "And I  
tell you, my son, if you practice assiduous-  
ly, you will be the first tenor of Italy."

Nozari was not mistaken. The poor  
chorister became the celebrated Raimondi.

Lord Maitstone, an English nob, was  
finer the other day, for taking his dog to  
a first class compartment of a railroad car,  
contrary to rule, and against the protest  
of a vicar who occupied the same compart-  
ment. The owner of the dog was very  
angry at the objection to his presence,  
and he was Lord Maitstone, and his dog  
had always travelled with him and always  
should. The court gave him the highest  
fine possible, \$10 and costs. This is the  
way they punish snobbish in good old  
England.

The iron horse has but one ear—the en-  
gineer.  
Pluck will carry a man where a palace  
car will not.

"Mamma, don't you want some nice  
candy?" said a shrewd little child. "Yes,  
dear I should like some." "Then, if you'll  
buy some, I'll give you half!" hissed the  
polly girl.

## The Late Colonel Kingsmill.

Colonel William Kingsmill died on Saturday  
morning at the residence of his son, Mr. Nicol  
Kingsmill, No. 132 Wellington street. His  
death was somewhat sudden and unexpected,  
although he had not been very well for a few  
days previous. He was in his eighty-third  
year. He was in full possession of his faculties  
up to the evening before his death, and evi-  
dently passed away in his sleep.

Colonel Kingsmill was born in Kilkenny,  
Ireland, in 1791. He was the son of Major  
Kingsmill, of the 1st (Royal) Regiment who  
served in the American war and was present  
at the battle of Bunker's Hill. He was educa-  
ted at the Kilkenny College, and joined the  
66th Regiment when very young. With his  
Regiment he served in Spain during the Pen-  
insular war and was present at Basaco, Torres  
Vedras, the siege of Badajoz, the battle of the  
Pyrenees, etc. After success had crowned the  
British arms, and Napoleon had been taken  
prisoner, the 66th regiment was ordered to  
guard him during his captivity at St. Helena.

Col. Kingsmill was then lieutenant in the  
regiment. The 66th subsequently came to Canada,  
when Col. Kingsmill retired from the service  
as senior captain. On the breaking out of the  
rebellion in 1837 he was again in arms, and  
raised two regiments of volunteers. He after-  
wards commanded the 3rd Incorporated Militia,  
but retired on his appointment to the office of  
Sheriff of the District of Niagara. He held  
the position of Sheriff for a period of twenty years,  
and resigned it in consequence of failing health  
brought on by the laborious nature of his  
duties. He was subsequently appointed post-  
master of Oneida, and held that office till the  
time of his death, performing its duties by  
deputy. Col. Kingsmill was a very much  
respected resident of this city. He was always  
ready to assist in any good work, for the Church  
or in the interests of society. He was a stand-  
fast adherent of the Church of England, and  
it was seldom that he was not a representative  
of some congregation at the Synod. In the  
interests of temperance he laboured assiduously,  
and, although his name seldom came before  
the public in that connection, his work, which  
was carried on in a quiet and unostentatious  
manner, was none the less effective. A true  
soldier, he retained his love for everything per-  
taining to military matters to the last. His  
reminiscences of Napoleon were exceedingly  
interesting, and everybody was pleased when  
he would tell anecdotes or give personal recol-  
lections of the great Emperor. It is under-  
stood that for some time Col. Kingsmill was  
engaged in preparing a book on the history of  
Napoleon during his captivity. Had he lived  
to complete it, it would, no doubt, have been a  
valuable contribution to the history of that  
period. He has also written largely during his  
lifetime on educational and military topics.  
His letters to the public press under the nom-  
de plume of "Veteran," several of which ap-  
peared in the columns of "The Mail," have  
always commanded great respect. As a lec-  
turer he has appeared very often, and his  
kindly advice to the prisoners, whom he visited  
in the goal, and the cabmen, in whom he took  
an especial interest, will long be remembered  
by them. He had four sons and two daughters.  
Two of his sons who joined the army died not  
very long after. His other sons are Judge  
Kingsmill, of the County of Bruce, and Mr.  
Nicol Kingsmill, of the firm of Crooks, Kings-  
mill, & Cattamach, at whose residence he died.

In compliance with Col. Kingsmill's request  
he will be buried at Niagara. The funeral  
cortege will leave Toronto on Tuesday by the  
City of Toronto. The funeral will be accorded  
full military honours.—[from the Toronto  
Mail, May 8.]

[The deceased gentleman, was an uncle of  
the late Dr. Wm. Bradley, whose family still  
reside in St. Andrews.] Ed. STANDARD.

"Who frow dat peanut at me?" asked a  
darkey when struck on the cranium with a  
sand-bag thrown out of a balloon.

An exchange says that a resident of  
Madison, Conn., lately buried his seventh  
wife. Was she dead?

"I would not, for any money," says Jean  
Paul Richter, "have any money in my  
youth." That's the way we feel. We  
would rather have it now.—[Danbury News.]

Being asked what made him so dirty, a  
street Arab replied, "I was made as they  
tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works  
out."

A despairing swain, in a fit of despera-  
tion, recently declared to his unrelenting  
lady-love that it was his firm determina-  
tion to drown himself, or perish in the  
attempt!



California Vinegar  
vegetable preparation,  
native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada,  
a medicinal pro-  
cessed therefrom  
whol. The question  
"What is the cause  
of the disease?"  
a, that they remove  
ad the patient recov-  
ers the great blood  
g principles, a perfect  
rator of the system.  
story of the world has  
mounded possessing  
s of VINEGAR BITTERS  
every disease man is  
gentle Purgative as  
ing Congestion or In-  
flamed Visceral Organs,

ly good health, let  
rners as a medicine,  
alcoholic stimulants

ALD & CO.,  
San Francisco, California,  
Charlton St., New York.

ists and Dealers,  
ake these Bitters  
ns, and remain long  
ir bones are not dis-  
sion or other means,  
d beyond repair.

ids procure VINEGAR  
lertly Vigor and the  
king system.

ent, and Internit-  
re so prevalent in the  
ivers throughout the  
ally those of the Mis-  
sissippi, Tennessee,  
s, Pa., Colorado, Ariz-  
on, Alabama, Mobile,  
ines, and many others,  
ries, throughout our  
the Summer and Au-  
ny no during seasons  
of yness, are invariably  
ative derangements of  
s, and other abdominal  
atactant, a purgative,  
influence upon these  
essentially necessary,  
for the purpose equal

VINEGAR BITTERS, as  
e most delicate and  
which the bowels are  
tion stimulating the  
r, and generally restor-  
tions of the digestive

digestion, Headache,  
ars, Coughs, Tightness  
s, Sour Eruptions of  
ate in the Mouth, Bil-  
ion of the Heart, Inflam-  
Pain in the region of  
hundred other painful  
flappings of Dyspepsia,  
a better guarantee of  
ghy advertisement.

ing's Evil, White Swel-  
lens, Swelled Neck,  
inflammations, Indolent  
cecal Affections, Old  
the Skin, Sore Eyes,  
as in all other constitu-  
ant's Vicious Humors,  
ent curative powers in  
and intractable cases.

itory and Chronic  
n/Bilious, Remittent  
evers, Diseases of the  
ey, and Bladder, these  
Such Diseases are  
Blood.

ases.—Persons en-  
and Minerals, such as  
ters, Gold-beaters, and  
Pain in life, are subject  
to Bowels. To guard  
dose of WALKER'S VIO-  
lually.

ses, Eruptions, Tetter,  
as, Spots, Pimples, Pus-  
ules, Ringworms, Scald  
Erysipelas, Eczema,  
the Skin, Humors and  
of whatever name or  
dug up and carried out  
short time by the use of

other Worms, Insek-  
so many thousands, are  
d and removed. No sye-  
o verminages, no anthel-  
the system from worms

omplaints, in young or  
le, at the dawn of wom-  
of life, these Tonic Bit-  
cided an influence that  
on perceptible.

all cases of Jaundice, rest-  
is not only the work,  
e treatment is to promote  
to bile and favor its re-  
urpose and VINEGAR BIT-

filtrated Blood when  
purities bursting through  
les, Eruptions, or Scars;  
n find it obstructed and  
ns; cleanse it when it is  
ill tell you when. Keep  
the health of the system

DONALD & CO.,  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charlton St., New York.  
Suggate and Spence.

Original issues in Poor Condition  
Best copy available