

The St. Andrews Standard.

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E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 44

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 29, 1873.

Vol 40

& CAPS

E VARIETY.

col. Dolly Varden, Duke
and small wares. Lacie a
March Shakespeare Paper
a perfect fit and durability,
line of Gents. Furnishing.

itches in Jute and Linen,
and small wares. Lacie a
ROOTS & SHOES, worked.

and OTTAMA NS.

and colored, plain, striped,
as—in bleached and un-
x Miller's White Cottons,
s, &c.

Small Profits and quick
k shall be sold at the lowest.

on the corner of Water
opposite H. O'Neill's Mar-

n for the elegant "Davis
ich has been so celebrated
a sample of which can be
price and conditions en-

S. SHERLOCK,
St. Andrews.

FIGURE.

serious accident occurring
ing obstructions on the
; the public are hereby no-
personal leaving rubbish on
streets or side walks in this
ted on the penalty according

was 20th Nov. 1872.
THOMAS HIPWELL,
Commissioner District No. 1.

U NOTICE

at the following Non-Res-
the Parish of St. George, has
er for the year 1872, and
together with the cost of ad-
within three months from
the said recording law:—
1. Property \$8.40.
RONALD CAMPBELL,
St. Andrews, Collector.

MACHINES.

FAMILY SHOULD HAVE
ginal Weed Sewing
achines.

Machines are now on sale
ere the public are invited to
themselves.

AMES STOOFF,
Agent.

Farm for Sale

offers for sale his Property at
h commands a splendid view
Bay, the Islands and sur-
The place is pleasantly situ-
shore of the Bay, the "Catal
rough it, rendering it a most
sidence and farm, in a pla-
within six miles of the town
The farm contains 100 Acres,
under cultivation; cuts 25
of pastureage; is well watered
on the premises are a
ing House, with two large
s.

He sold with or without the
r particulars, apply at the
or to

JAMES ORR, Jr.,
on the premises.

LACK TEA.

ointed from New York.
SOUCHONG TEA.
d or duty paid at lowest rates
GOOD CRAWLEY & CO.,
St. Stephen.

LARGE HOTEL,

King Street.
tophon N. B.
J. NEILL, Proprietor

Canada Ale.

Canada Bitter Ale.
J. W. STREET

by given; that His Excellency,
General, by an Order in Coun-
se 28th March, and under the
him, by the 2nd Section of the
10 1868 been pleased to order,
the following articles be trans-
go's which may be imported
of duty, viz:—
ad Wollen Netting and Flush
lature of Gloves and Mitts.

By Command,
B. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs.

IMPORTATION.

ridges & Sons' best Stout
iness" Dublin Porter, quarts

J. W. STREET.

Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

He could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the blue bell.
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the spring;
When he was well and on the lee
He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die at spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,
And, then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
That in the green fields grew,
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
And flowers would notice not;
Bird's nests and eggs caused no surprise,
He saw no blossoms get;
They met with plaintive sighs

When winter came and blaws did sigh,
And bare were plain an I tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie,
His soul seemed with the free,
He died so quietly.

Miscellany.

BARELY SAVED.

In the year 1855 I was in command of one of the companies of the 4th Infantry, and during the most of the year we were stationed at Fort Bidwell, away out in the Indian country. The redskins were pretty quiet at that time, and there was little to do more than the usual routine of garrison duty and receiving and storing a great quantity of quarter masters' and ordnance stores directed to be gathered at Bidwell.

I remember that in the course of two months we received and stored in the magazine five hun- dred kegs of powder, ready to be distributed as soon as practicable.

With one exception, my men were as orderly, well behaved and well disciplined a set as could be found in the army. The exception was of a man who had enlisted under the name of Ben Hawkins, though I afterwards discovered that this was not his real name. I learned, after the occurrence I am about to relate, that his parents were among the wealthiest and most aristocratic people at Baltimore, and then Ben had graduated with high honor at an Eastern college. Life was opening brightly to him, when he met the woman who caused his ruin. She was the young wife of one of his best friends—a woman of rare beauty, full of sense like wit, and with a wicked heart. Circumstances brought her and Hawkins much to- gether, and she exercised all her arts to lead him astray. Ben yielded in the end, as men are apt to do when thus assailed, and yielded so far as to cooie with the woman. The wronged and infar- ted husband pursued them, and strange as it may seem, the two eluded him for nearly a year, though he was continually on their track. He overtook them at last in Memphis, and confronted them in the parlor of the hotel.

The guilty wife fainted, and both of the men drew pistols; Ben was a second the quickest, and the wronged husband fell dead at his feet, the pistol ball striking the ceiling. From this scene, Hawkins fled to avoid arrest, changed his name, and enlisted as a common soldier. His whole nature became altered; he grew moody, sullen and morose, and speedily got the name of dark Ben. He had no mates nor friends among the soldiers and would allow of no intimacy. When not on duty he would sit or walk apart by himself with a lowering face, and it pleasantly spoken to he was quite likely to answer with a curse. Although I did not know the story then, it was easy to see that some severe misfortune or experience had drained all the humanity from him; and I soon saw that he was perfectly insensible to kind treatment. I did not like his hard, sullen temper, and I resolved to watch him closely and be sure that he was bent on no mischief.

One evening of that summer the corporal in command of a Nitro party employed in rolling in the powder-kegs came to my quarters, and reported that Hawkins had refused to answer to his detail. I stepped out on the parade ground where the men were told off, and found the delinquent crouched on a heap of wood, coolly surveying the

Hawkins, I said, surprised, at his conduct, are you on this detail?

Yes, he answered curtly. Take your place then. He stirred not a limb. Take your place, sir! He made no reply.

Very well, I said, trying hard to keep my temper. You are a fit subject for court-martial, and will have only yourself to thank if your sentence is a severe one. Go to the guard-house.

The fellow deliberately rose to his feet, and picking up a heavy oak bar that was used as a lever, fell back in a defensive attitude and said: "If there is man enough in this company to put me into the guard-house, why come on."

He was a rank, open mutiny, with a vengeance! "Seize him, corporal," I shouted.

The corporal was resolute fellow and sprang to obey; but before he had got within reach of Hawkins, the bar whirled and struck him full on the neck. The poor fellow dropped dead in his tracks, his neck broken!

I was perfectly aghast for an instant; and then, seeing the corporal of the guard coming around with his rifle, I ordered the man to charge bayonets on the mutineer, and take him, dead or alive. Hawkins heard the order and left back before the levelled bayonets, still brandishing his club. They drove him back to the wall of the mess-house, and it was only when the cold steel points were within an inch of his breast that he dropped the club. He was now seized by a dozen strong and willing hands, and bound hand and foot. They carried him to the guard-house, shrieking and foaming with passion. Such bitter, shocking curses as he hurled at me and the whole company, I have never heard, nor do I wish to hear anything like them again.

The guard house door was closed, and a sentinel posted over him, and as I turned away the orderly remarked:

"A hard customer, that captain. If he had a had a chance, blame it I don't believe he'd murdered us all, just as he says."

"Well, I don't think he's likely to get the chance," I replied. "There's a court martial sitting now over at Brotherton, and I'll send him over there to-morrow. I shan't feel easy with him about here any longer."

It is my belief that Hawkins heard these words; certainly he was prompt in what he did. About one o'clock the next morning the sergeant woke me from a profound sleep and informed me that Hawkins had escaped.

"Escaped—how?" I cried, jumping up and hurrying on my pants. I snatched a revolver from the table—fortunate indeed that I did—and went out with the sergeant. He could tell me nothing except that the guard had just been relieved, and the corporal had found the guard-house empty. The prisoner must have gnawed away the ropes that bound him, and then forced a board from the side of the building.

Seriously impressed with the danger of having such a desperate revengeful man at large, I bade the sergeant wait, and thought an instant as to what orders I had better give for his recapture. We were standing at this time in the shadow of the magazine, in front of which was quite a pyramid of powder-kegs. The building itself was almost full of them, and the heavy door had been left unclosed, as was sometimes the case when the kegs were being stored. No danger was anticipated, as they were most carefully put up. As we stood there, entirely in the shadow, the sergeant gripped my arm, and at the same instant I saw a dark figure stealing along the ground towards the kegs in a crouching position. As he reached them he raised himself half upright, and we, unscen ourselves, recognized Hawkins.

He did not leave us long in doubt as to his purpose. Producing a hatchet from under his coat, he beat in the head of one of the kegs without an effort to disguise the noise, and then raising it in his arms started for the door of the magazine. A sickly horror stole over me; I realized that the fiend intended to put this loose powder in the magazine, fire it and blow fort and parison to next instant. I drew my revolver, cocked it—and just as his foot was raised to pass into the magazine I fired. The shot was followed by a howl of pain, and I instantly fired again. There was a single groan and all was still. The sergeant ran up and found the desperado lying dead across the keg, his heart's blood mingled with powder. My first shot had broken his arm, the second passed directly through his heart.

I would not allow the men who came crowding around at the sound of the firing to bring lanterns, so fearful was I of the loose powder, and deferred my investigation till morning. We then found that Hawkins had provided himself with a bunch of matches and a handful of paper, and it is quite certain that if he had not been discovered, he would have sent us all to eternity in a quarter of a minute more.

A court of inquiry was ordered upon this affair,

in the course of which Hawkins' true name and history were discovered.

A Wonderful Clock.

THE INGENUITY OF A POOR GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA MINER.

The Philadelphia "Press" contains the following description of a wonderful clock, wonderfully made, from a correspondent at Shamokin, Penn: "Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, has exhibited a clock here, during the past week, of a most remarkable character. He had been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat.

He became almost a monomaniac on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his working hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied alone a small wooden shanty, where he worked, slept and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did, however, was but little. It is thought he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

The clock, which was made with no other tools than two common jack knives, is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the Gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides, and is surmounted by a globe, on top of which is attached a small golden cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial-plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another shows the miles and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description. Above the dial-plates is a semi-circular gallery, extending around about half the width of the frame work of the clock. Immediately in front, in the centre of the semi-circular gallery, is a carved wooden figure of our Saviour.

At the ends of the gallery, on either side, there is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the door, on the right-hand side of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door, on the left-hand side, is a cock. Twice a day—that is at 12 05 in the day, and 12 05 at night—a sweet chime of bells begins to play, the small door on the right-hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve Apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round, and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear) with his right hand shielding his face, and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, and the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired.

On pedestals, at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are carved wooden statues of Moses and Elias. In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient period of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Freiburg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough, to eat his meals. He has been offered ten thousand dollars for it by a person from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, but he never saw it, and he has no knowledge of how it was constructed; he has never had instruction in mechanics of any kind. His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

At a recent wedding of a well known gentleman of Portland, Me., the parlors were decorated with flowers and trailing vines and among them, by accident, the poison ivy was entwined. A few days after the wedding a number of the guests were afflicted with swollen hands and faces, some of them being seriously poisoned. Luckily the bride and groom escaped.

The following tender miserie was picked up in the ladies' sitting room of the railroad depot at Ponds: Dear Charles do you love me as much as you did at quarter to 42 last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me spirit to go down and tackle them cold beans left from yesterday. The answer sent was: Yes; hoist them in my angel.

Josh Billings gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if your mate dash down the gut it sometimes happens that there's a mistake dux the best nothing else does so well."

THE OLD SHAWL.

Fanny, wear your shawl to-day. It is cold.

Oh, indeed I shan't wear that shabby thing. I'd rather freeze.

Let me carry it then, in case you need it. I shan't display it at all. I don't want her to know I haven't things like other ladies. You ought to see her shawl.

You always look nice. You shall have all sorts of splendors when I am rich; but to-day be sensible and comfortable.

It is sensible to look one's best, and I am not comfortable when I am shabby.

Fanny spoke coldly, with a reproachful glance at her husband. She knew well enough how good he was, and how generous he was to her; but she was smarting under the effects of an exhibition of finery just given, up in her own room, by her guest, young Mrs. Duff, who had married an old man for his money.

She never would have given her hand without her heart, but she felt envious of the toilets which were gained by the sacrifice.

All the morning her guest had been spreading out her treasures—cloaks of all kinds shawls of all sorts, and of high prices, velvet dresses, satin dresses, silk dresses, diamonds, pearls and rubies. It was enough to drive any woman wild, and Mrs. Earle felt a little injured when she thought of her slender wardrobe.

My dress is decent, and I shan't wear that thing over it; she said with a little sigh.

Of all old-fashioned things, a Paisley shawl Mrs. Duff had said that morning; and Fanny determined that hers should not rest under the scornful gaze of those black eyes, although, as she said to herself, there was a time when Kate Duff had hardly a dress to her back.

If you are sure you are warm enough, Fanny; I don't think you are though, said Mr. Earle.

She longed to reply, I shall suffer, but I would rather do so than look shabby.

But she did not dare. She wanted to ride in that elegant carriage too much.

She merely turned with a smile to Mrs. Duff, who at this moment appeared, in some gorgeous wrappings, and allowed old Mr. Duff to hand her into the carriage, and her husband following, away they drove, and although Fanny Earle was a little chilly, pride kept her up, and she hid the fact from her companions.

They drove along the pleasant road for a long time, they admired the fresh beauty of the young spring. They stopped at a little hotel and had lunch. Mrs. Duff in her warm shawl was overflowing with spirits. Fanny, who grew chillier every minute could not shut up.

When shall we ever turn homeward? she thought. Why did I come? Who could I have a handsome shawl as well as Kate Duff? If Henry had really loved me, he would have tried somehow to give me this.

She was in a wretched mood. All sweetness had left her heart. She drew her hand from that of her husband when he laid it upon hers—little knowing or thinking how many wives who have Indian shawls and diamonds, would be delighted to exchange them all for one such token of tenderness from the husband who refused them no gift that money could buy, since her husband's love is the most precious jewel that a wife can wear.

Henry Earle knew very well what sort of thoughts were in his wife's mind. Naturally, he felt hurt by them. Who would not feel injured by such knowledge? He grew silent. Mrs. Duff made up her mind that Fanny did not get on with her husband as well as she pretended to, and that love matches did not turn out any better than others, after all. Old Mr. Duff thought how much prouder his wife was than Earle's wife, and then somebody said that it felt like rain, and somebody else said that there were clouds, and the horses were turned just as the rain began to dash down in torrents.

There was a tap to the carriage, of course it was put up, but it only protected two of the party; Fanny and her husband were exposed to the whole fury of the storm.

Poor Fanny her walking dress was really not thick. She was quite unprotected and shivered like an aspen, but in an instant her husband had stripped off his overcoat and wrapped it around her, buttoning it to the throat.

She is such an imprudent girl, he said to Mr. Duff, I urged her to wear a shawl.

And Mr. Duff thought to himself that he was glad his wife had more sense, and he should not have been pleased to make the same sacrifice for any lady.

If one of us must, I would rather it should be I, said Henry, and then he sat and bore the drenching bravely, until they reached home.

There was a good fire and warm tea, but though the others were seen comfortable, nothing seemed to cure Henry Earle of his miserable chilliness. He retired early, hoping, or pretending to hope, that bed and rest would

help him. And morning found him, indeed, no longer cold; he was in a high fever, and Fanny, inexperienced as she was, felt that he was seriously ill.

A physician was sent for, and for days the wretched wife hung over the husband's pillow feeling that if he died her vanity and her wish to reproach him for her plain wardrobe—the contemptible feelings which had entered her bosom at the sight of a rich woman's finery, so that for an hour or two she had no love for him—had absolutely killed him.

Mrs. Duff had gone home, there were no fine dresses to envy near at hand, she felt that she would willingly wear rags, and live on dry bread all her life, if by those means she could buy the precious life that seemed fast fading.

And at last she knelt beside his bed, and putting his wasted fingers to her lips begged forgiveness.

If I had worn that shawl you wouldn't be here, she said.

And he answered, I had better be here; I shall die, and some rich man may be your husband, some one who can give you all that I cannot.

It seemed to Fanny that Heaven had especially afflicted her.

Oh, my darling, it was only one wicked moment. What are all the cooies lying on earth to me now? If I lose you, I lose all that I care for.

In very truth, Fanny, even if I'm never rich?

You know it is true, she said. He looked in her face.

Yes, Fanny, I hope heaven will let me live now, he said.

And Harry Earle did not die. He began to mend from that day and was soon restored to strength and health. But Fanny never forgot how pride had nearly been her husband's death and strove to crush all remnants of those feelings in her soul from that time henceforth.

Whenever a pang of jealousy was awakened in her mind by the costly dress and furniture of some other woman, she had but to say to herself, But I have my Henry, and it vanished.

And now though Mr. Earle is one of the wealthiest men in his native town, Mrs. Earle is known as one who never cares for dress, and who is almost averse to splendor of attire and extravagant surroundings.

An Astonished Darkey.

Not long ago, a country store, in close proximity to New Orleans, had one or two boxes of torpedoes that were about the size of a woman's egg left over from his holiday stock. In rearranging the shelves, one of the little boys was opened and all its contents given away, except one single torpedo which, resembling a bird's egg, caddy, as the color of 44ks call them, was left on the counter. A wise-looking old negro rode up to the store on a malicious looking horse, about nine o'clock at night. He hitched his "critter" and came into the store to get a dram. While the clerk was pouring this out, old grizzly head, thinking that where even the smallest things are available, opportunities should not be lost, still his horny hand over that "bird's egg" caddy, and hoisted it.

Then he made out like he was putting a chew of tobacco in his mouth. He rolled his apparent quid with his tongue back to his jaw teeth, and then he must have shut it tight, for the explosion of yell and shrieks, and howls; and sulphur smoke exhaled, that ensued, was perfectly awful.

The old negro tore out to his nag h-wining; and under the impression that he had got "conjured" fled as fast as sorry bones could fly.

DESPICABLE THE SECOND.—Apropos of the present political situation, the story of the old woman and the Second Dysmias of Syracuse naturally occurs to our mind. The old woman prayed with wonderful fervency, "Long live Dysmias, the tyrant!" His Majesty one day overheard her, and in his curiosity asked her why she should pray for his continued existence. "Oh! Sir," she replied, "you have been so much worse than your father, that I fear for the day when your son shall succeed you!"

To say the worst of our present situation we may well adopt the old woman's prayer, for even admitting that the Government, as it exists, were bad, with what material can we replace it! The answer is one which should make Canadians shudder. We have nothing but the allies of pie-hole pilferers and the patrons of letter thieves and their abettors.

What a prospect! "Better to bear the ills that we have than fly to others that we know not of," Shakespeare says; but we do know so much of Opposition inquiry, that it is certain is not very applicable to our case.—Ottawa Times.

There is nothing so effective of bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.

A consequential young fellow in an aged country sexton in the ringing of a bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. "No, sir," replied the prim old gravedigger "but the rope is in my mind of yours!"