The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic. [12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

No 35.] SAINT ANDREWS N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1862. Vol 29

Poeterie.

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed, and then she sighed.

Said he, 'My darling idol!"
And he idled, and then she idled.

"You are creation's belle,"
And she bellowed, and then he bellowed.

"Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown,"
And he groaned, and then she groaned.

"And you shall have your private gig,"
And he giggled, and then she giggled.

Said she, "My dearest Luke,"
And he looked, and then she looked.

"I'll have thee, if thou wilt,"
And she wilted, and then he wilt-d.

A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.

Doctor Edward L——, who spent some years in Paris, during the reign of Louis Phillippe, acquiring greater proficiency in the art of surgery, met with at least one strange, curious and exciting adventure, which we now record in his own language :—

I am naturally as fond of adventure in reality (said the doctor) as most persons are of reading it; and this admission, I trust, will be sufficient explanation of how I so readily became connected with the mysterious affair I am about to relate. One night while returning late to my lodgings from a convivial party, where I had drunk a good many healths in a good deal of very good wine, as I was sauntering along one of the numerously named quays of the Seine, not far from the Hotel Dieu—the oldest hospital in Paris, and, bye the bye, one of the best in the world—I was sauntering along the quay, I say, humming a tune, and by way of variety, thinking over some of the stories I had heard of persons being assassinated in this vicinity and thrown into the river, which I could see rolling along below me A woman, cloaked and hooded, brushed past me at a quick step. As I had not heard her till I saw her, I had believed myself alone in that particularlocality, I felt my blood quickened with a slight start, and I began to mutter, as I searched for a knife, the only weapon I carried :

'If you were a man, now, my fine lady, instead of a woman, as you are—God bless the sex collectively—I—'

Here I stopped, because she did, wheeling round, facing me, and looking as if she were taking my dimensions.

'Five feet nine and a half in boots,' said I, the wine making me rather saucy; weight, one hundred and fifty-five, dinner included; age, say twenty five, more or less, generally more; and mighty good looking for a man of my size.

Here I put my back against a convenient post and began to whistle, the woman all the time apparently eyeing me closely. Then she came towards me, and said in a low sweet voice—at least I thought so then;

'Will monsieur pardon me?'

Of course I will, mademoiselle, since you don't owe me anything, and are not likely to,' said I, thinking myself uncommonly civil, which was all owing to the very good wine I had drank.

'Is monsieur a doctor?'

'I have that honor, mademoiselle.'

'A surgeon, monsieur?'

'Not quite equal to monsieur Blandin, but still a surgeon, at your service.'

'Monsieur is an Englishman,' she said, perceiving by my accent that I was a foreigner.

'I am,' returned I, elevating my head with an air of pride.

'The Englishmen are brave.'

'Some of them, mademoiselle.'

'And they are also gallant.'

'They possibly have the fault, if fault it is, especially if a pretty woman is in the case.'

Here my fair unknown, as if without thinking, so clever was the art, pushed back her hood and showed me, by the dim light of a neighboring lamp, one of the sweetest, prettiest, most bewitching faces I had ever seen.

'Monsieur is a doctor, a surgeon, an Englishman, and a brave and gallant gentleman, therefore monsieur will come with me and save a sufferer's life by his great skill.'

'Of course I will,' said I, steadying myself by the post, for the wine had somehow increased its power over me since leaving my friends. 'Of course I will, mademoiselle—only too happy to serve such a beautiful creature—'pon the honor of a Frenchified English gentlemen chirurgeon! Pray lead the way, mademoiselle.'

'Will monsieur be so kind as to take my arm?'

Monsieur was so kind—monsieur would have done almost anything he had been asked just then,

Twenty paces or so brought us to the steps of one of the ports leading down into the Seine. My fair unknown descended, and so did I, without asking wherefore. If she had jumped into the water just then, probably I should have jumped in after. She didn't though, and that probably accounts for my not being a drowned doctor to-day.

Well, as she and I reached the stair above the wash of the river, a boat rowed by two men shot up to us, and before I exactly comprehended what I was doing, or how it was done, I found myself seated on one of the thwarts, my unknown angel beside me, and the boat rapidly going somewhere, still rowed by the two men,

'Whew, thought I, 'here is an adventure whether I will or no. Dr. L——, you gouty wine-bibber, you have probably made an ass of yourself, and are now going to have your throat cut for the little money you are supposed to have but you haven't got it about your person. Well it is too late to whine or repine now, so not a word" And not a word did I say, rather liking it than otherwise, all except the murdering part, which I hoped might be a mere fancy of my own, so really fond was I of adventure.—We were not many minutes on the river, and during that time we shot along past houses, under bridges and among river craft with great rapidity, not a word being spoken.—Suddenly we ran into a low, dark arch, and soon after came to a stop in some place, where, so far as seeing is concerned, I could not have told myself from a barrel of ink.

"Not a word; monsieur le docteur; your life depends on it,' said a low, stern whisper in my ear.

'I am as dumb as a post,' said I; 'more so if anything. If you hear me speak before you are ready, blow my brains out—that is what few I have left.'

'Silence! you are a brave man, will not be harmed, and will be well paid for your trouble.

'Thank you—all right; and being all right, as Davy Crockett used to express it, go ahead.

This was not all the talk of the wine. I was getting sobered up pretty fast, and almost wished myself safe in bed in my lodgings, but thought it best to carry out my previous *sang froid*.

'A capital surgeon, as far as coolness is concerned, I heard whispered from one to the other.

'Come, fellow as I lead and remember!' said that stern whisper again, and at the moment, a strong hand took hold of mine.

I arose, stepped from the boat to some stairs, went up steps, and through a long narrow passage, and up and through, and down and through, till I heartily prayed I might soon get through, and all the time in a darkness that might have been cut with a knife, so to speak, and in silence that death itself might have been satisfied with.

At last we entered an underground place that seemed to be a large foyot, as I hastily surveyed it by the light of a flambeau that a masked figure held in his hand. The other masked figures, all in black gowns, or dominoes, were standing beside them and a glance at my guide showed him habited and masked in the same manner. The girl was not present.

'Monsieur le chirurgien,' said a stern voice, aloud, swear by your honor as a gentleman, you will never reveal aught of this night's adventure—of whatyou have seen or shall see—of what you have heard or shall hear—of what you know now or shall know.'

'I swear never to make the slightest revelation while I remain in France,' I replied.

'Enough. Secret assassination will be the penalty if you break your oath. Now follow us.

I was conducted up stairs, two or three flights, into a small and elegantly furnished apartment, in one corner of which was a bed and on the bed a young man, with face as white as a sheet, and groaning at every breath. One of my mysterious companions turned down the coverlit, and showed me a leg completely shattered at the knee, evidently by a pistol or musket ball.

'Well monsieur? said an anxious voice.

'There is no help for it the leg must come off,' I replied by this time completely sobered.

'Monsieur will take it off then.'

'I have not my implements with me'

'Here's all monsieur can need.'

A complete and beautiful set was produced. Without another word I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves and proceeded to the work, the masks assisting me. The poor sufferer fainted under the painful operation. When all was finished one of the men said to me, in a low anxious tone :—

"Will he survive?'

'With careful attention and nursing I think he will.

'Thanks. Monsieur le docteur will write down all necessary instructions.'

Pen, ink, and paper being furnished me, this I proceeded to do. When all was completed, a heavy purse was placed in my hand and the mask said :

'Monsieur le doctor will not forget his oath.'

'Not very likely to, with assassination in prospective,' said I.

'Enough. Come.'

I followed my conducter down into the crypt again, and then, in total darkness, was led through a succession of long narrow passages, alternating with stairs, the same as before—but not ending where I began—for a door was at last thrown open, and I suddenly found myself in a dark narrow street I heard a slight click behind me, and on looking round was greatly surprised to find myself standing alone, beside a church and only a bank wall where I had expected to see a door at least. The stones were all alike, as far as I could see, and nothing indicated an opening of any kind. And yet I had either come through that wall or else I was dreaming. Was I dreaming? I was not quite sure, though the purse that had been put into my hand felt very heavy.

'Well thought I, this will do for one night at any rate; and now, like the Dutch burgomaster in the play, I will go home and think.

I was some distance from the Seine; but I soon found the river, and in less than half an hour after, my lodgings also, which I reached just as day was breaking.

I went to bed and went to sleep, and slept till noon and then got up and counted my money—fifty napoleons in good, hard, heavy yellow gold.

'Well,' said I, 'if my last night's adventure was a dream, I only hope and pray I may keep on dreaming so every night.

But what was all this mystery? what could it mean? Pshaw! why trouble my brain about it since probably I never should know. On taking my breakfast—or dinner, if you choose—at the Cafe de Tortoni, I looked over the columns of Le Moniteur Universal, and soon found myself deeply interested in the details of the astounding assassination of Madame ————, a well known favorite of the king of the French. Her apartments had been entered by a band of masked assassins, and the lady stabbed in bed. Her dying screams had brought assistance, but not sufficient to secure the ruffians all of whom had escaped, though one had been shot and carried off by his companions One hundred thousand francs reward for the apprehension and conviction of the ruffians, or any one of them.

'Oho!' said I to myself, 'I think I know something!'

But I said it to myself. Neither the king of the French, nor any of his subjects, was ever made wiser of my knowledge. I never heard that either of the assassins was ever arrested; but to this day I believe I was made fifty Napoleons the richer for shortening the leg of one of them,

Ancient Glass.

In all works published on glass making, twenty years ago, the art of glass making is alleged to be of comparatively modern date. The discoveries of Layard in Nineveh, however, have thrown a new light upon the subject, and have conclusively demonstrated the fact that the ancients six hundred years before the Christian era, were acquainted with the art of glass making, and with the magnifying glass

Two entire glass bowls, with fragments of others, found by Mr. Layard in one of the palaces at Nimroud, are supposed to be 2,600 years old, and are therefore the most ancient known specimens of transparent glass. These glass bowls were covered with pearly scales, the result of long immuration, which on being removed left prismatic opal-like colours of great brilliancy, showing under different lights the most varied and beautiful tints.

With the glass bowls was discovered a rock crystal lens, with opposite, convex and plane faces. Its properties could scarcely have been unknown to the Assyrians, and we have consequently the earliest specimen of a magnifying and burning glass. It was buried beneath a heap of fragments of beautiful blue opaque glass, apparently the enamel of some object in ivory or wood that had perished. Of this lens Sir David Brewster observes, "It is plano-convex, and of a slightly oval form, its length being 1 3-5 inches, and its breadth, 1 2-5. It is about nine-tenths of an inch thick, and a little thicker at one side than at another. Its plane surface is pretty even, though ill polished and scratched. Its convex surface has not been ground or polished on a spherical concave disk, but has been fashioned on a lapidary's wheel, or by some method equally rude. The convex side is tolerably well polished, and though uneven from the mode in which it has been ground, it gives a tolerably distinct focus at 4½ inches from the plane side. There are about 12 cavities in the lens that have been opened during the process of grinding it; these cavities doubtless contained either naphtha, or the same fluid which is contained in topaz, quartz and other minerals. As the lens does not show the polarized rays at great obliquities, its plane surface must be greatly inclined to the axis of the hexagonal prism of quartz from which it must have been taken. It is obvious from the shape and rude cuttings of the lens that it could not have been intended as an ornament; we are entitled, therefore, to consider it as intended to be used as a lens, either for magnifying, or for concentrating the rays of the sun which it does, however, very imperfectly."

Sir David says further of this lens that it is as sound as it was many thousand years ago when in the form of a crystal in quartz or rock crystal, which is pure silex, and other regular crystallized bodies.

It has been remarked that there is perhaps no material body which ceases to exist with so much grace and beauty as glass when it surrenders itself to time and not to disease. In damp localities, where acids and alkalies prevail in the soil, the glass rots as it were by a process which it is difficult to study It may be broken between the fingers of an infant, and in this state we generally find in the middle of it a fiber of the original glass, which has not yielded to the process of decay. In dry localities, where Roman, Greek and Assyrian glass has been found, the process of decomposition is exceedingly interesting, and its results singularly beautiful.

At one or more points in the surface of the glass the decomposition begins. It extends round that point in a spherical surface, so that the first film is a minute hemispherical one of exceeding thinness. Film after film is formed in a similar manner, till perhaps twenty or thirty are crowded into the tenth of an inch. They now resemble the section of a pearl or of an onion. When the decomposition has gone regularly on round a single point, and there is no other change than a division of the glass into a number of hemispherical films, like a number of watch glasses within one another, the group of films exhibits in the polarizing microscope a beautiful circle of polarized light with a black cross. A small glass bottle now in the British Museum, found in the ruins of Nimroud, is said to be of equal age with the glass bowls already described. On this very interesting relic is the name of Sargon, with his title of king of Assyria, in cuneiform characters and the figure of a lion. In the excavations of the mound of Babel, amongst other interesting articles was found a number of small glass bottles, some colored, others ribbed and otherwise ornamented.

A most celebrated antique vase which was for 200 years the principal ornament of the Barberini palace, and which is now designated the Portland vase, is a rich specimen of early glass manufacture. It was found about the middle of the sixteenth century inclosed in a marble sarcophagus within a sepulchral chamber under Monte del Grano, about two miles and a half from Rome, supposed to be the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died in the year 235. It is decorated with white opaque figures in bas relief upon a dark blue transparent ground, the subject of which has not hitherto received a satisfactory elucidation, but the design and the arrangement and more particularly the execution are truly admirable. A part of the blue ground, *i. e.*, all below the handles, was originally covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been sculptured in the style of a cameo with most astonishing skill and labor.

Of the several specimens of glass brought to England by Mr. Layard, one, the fragment of a vase, when examined was of a dull green color, as though encrusted with carbonate of copper. This color was quite superficial, and the glass itself was opaque and of a vermilion tint, attributed to suboxide of copper. The outer green covering was due to the action of the atmosphere on the surface of the glass, and the consequent change of the suboxide into green carbonate of copper. This specimen is interesting as showing the early use and knowledge of suboxide of copper as a stain or colouring agent for glass. The ancients employed several substances in their glass and coloured glazes for bricks and pottery, but of which there remains no published record. But these glasses and other ancient works of art prove that they were familiar with the oxide of lead as a flux in their vitreous glasses, and with stannic acid and Naples yellow as stains or pigments.—Sci. American.

SIGNS OF HEALTH.

Perhaps there is no living writer on medical subjects who enjoys a higher reputation for keen observation than Proffessor T. Laycock, of Edinburgh. The following are some of his opinions delivered in a recent lecture respecting the outward signs of sound health and indications of long life :—

1. The skin should be healthy; this is indicated by a freedom from dry scurfiness, both of the skin and scalp; a certain suppleness, the result of due secretion of sebaceous fluid; a firmness of texture equally removed from transparent thinness and coarse thickness; a freedom from chronic congestions, patches of varicose vessels, or any skin disease, whether parasitic or diathetic

2. The skin produces, whether appendages—as hair, nails and teeth—or secretions, as the pigmentary, sebaceous or perspiratory, should be normal and healthy. The expressions of the eye should be free from peevishness or irritability, for these often mark a tendency to shortness of life; there should be no *arcus senilis*, or infiltration of the lower eyelid, or marked vascularity of the upper lid. The complexion may be of any temperament but should be good of the kind; there should be no signs of unhealthy blood, as a peculiar pallor, or icteric tint, or duskiness of hue. Perhaps the best single criterion of a sound, enduring constitution is to be found in the character of the hair and teeth. Persons tending to longevity have usually sound, well enameled, well set teeth, continuing free from decay until old age, and their hair is thick, not soon gray, nor falling early. In such persons the general powers are vigorous, and it is only some visceral disease or acute fever which shortens life. If to the signs of good health you can add good conduct and the fact of longevity being hereditary in the family, the individual has a good chance of long life.

The appearance of the patient may be fallacious as to the formation and deposit of fat, whether in the cavities or the adipose tissue. This occurring beyond the healthy mean is not a mark of strength, but of degeneracy. It constitutes the popular sign of advancing age in the "decreasing leg and increasing belly" of Shakespeare; and an early or excessive fat deposit is not unfrequently indicative of premature old age.—Scrofulous children and youth are apt to be very fat before tuberculosis comes on; very fat men and women rarely reach sixty, and all the fat infantile monsters die early.—Polysarcia, as this fatty condition is termed is to be distinguished from atheroma, which is fatty degeneration, limited to the arterial tissues, and also from fatty deposit in the muscles. It is a general mode of degeneration of nutrition arising from constitutional tendencies, often hereditary, and apt to show itself at epochs of evolution or decline, especially of the sexual glands. Another commonly received sign of a good constitution is a clear, florid complexion, and it may be received as such, with reservations. But it not unfrequently is the sign of a dangerous tendency to serious diseases of the heart and blood vessels, and to rheumatic affections in persons otherwise of a vigorous habit, and should never be accepted as a good sign without cautious inquiry, more especially into the morbid tendencies as to the nervous system.

A Beautiful Paragraph.—The following lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia: "I envy no quality of mind and intellect in others—be it genius, power, wit or fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and believe most usiful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes; varnishes and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes misfortune and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

A distinguished Colonel of one of the Maine regiments, says a Portland paper, before leaving for the seat of war, had fine photographs of himself taken, and furnished a copy to each of the workmen in his employ, with which they were much pleased.—The pleasure was, however, marred a little when at the end of the week they found the picture charged to them at 25 cents each.

Good manners consist in the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective; some must be seen at a distance.

What a queer thing it is that of those who slightly go out on the loose, so large a number should come home quite tight.

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