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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## POETRY.

### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Oh, who can feel the tender power  
That music to the soul reveals,  
And in their hearts not bless the hour  
When first it to their conscious steals!

It is the heart that passes by  
Or treats its power with silent scorn—  
Ah, they should see no pitying eye,  
But constant know life's keenest thorn.

Where is it not? In tree and flower,  
In winds that waft their fragrant by;  
From myriad strings salivary shower,  
To earth falls shimmering from the sky.

It warbles in the tiniest stream,  
And trembles in the thunder's roar;  
It whispers in the lover's dream,  
And murmurs on the ocean's shore.

It tames the untaught savage beast,  
And calms the anxious brow of care,  
It soothes the fevered brain to rest,  
And scatters gladness everywhere.

The soldier in the battle slain—  
The sinner in his death-bed thrown—  
By it are charms from conscious pain  
And die without a moan.

It is the same for lord or slave;  
The babe upon its mother's arm,  
The old man passing to the grave,  
Alike will feel its blissful charm.

So lovers tell their woes in song,  
Or speak their joys in tender strains;  
And, be life's journey short or long,  
Still music rules it of its pains.

Such is its power. It matters not  
The kind of music that we hear—  
Its soothing strains are ne'er forgot,  
When once they fall upon the ear.

From youth to age the journey through,  
Its gentle ways are felt by all;  
It will our hopes and strength renew,  
And cheer us on, whate'er befall.

## LITERATURE.

### "Little Jinks."

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

I never could be harsh with any one having a real love for his mother; more, the moment that I saw that his case was a deserving one, I was ready to exert myself to the utmost to help him out of the mire. My own mother had a hard struggle to keep her harum-scarum boy in order; but sooner than cause a tear to gather in her eye, I would have chopped off my right hand. She was my idol whom I used to worship in secret; and many a time when she thought me fast asleep, I have been peeping out from under the blankets, watching her sewing, and wishing that I were strong enough and big enough to work for her myself. But let me explain. I received the following note one morning as I entered the office.

"I missed my purse when I reached home, so my pocket must have been picked some-where between the Mansion House and Finsbury square."

This brief communication was signed by a well-known banker, a jolly old bachelor living in Finsbury Square. He was a little man and inclined to be fat; but he had a large warm heart—as I had discovered long before—and seemed to live in a kind of genial atmosphere, liked by everybody and envied by none. I even felt a momentary surprise that a thief had found it in his heart to victimize such a man.

Calling at his house, the following ensued: "It is not so much the money that concerns me," he said; "though the loss of that would be serious to a poor man, but in the inner pocket I had stowed away some papers an old memorandum which I shall miss very much. If you just get me them you can let the poor wretch keep the money."

This proposal was against all law and order, and he must have known it; but I had to remind him of the fact.

office, determined to work with a will to trace his purse and its contents. But I did not even hear of it. No one among my numerous acquaintances seemed particularly flush of money the empty purse was not picked up anywhere or brought in; and I began to fear it had left London and the thief with it.

In this, however, I was mistaken. A little before 10 o'clock next morning while we were chatting away, a slim morsel of a boy made his appearance, with his eyes all red and swelled with crying, and asked if this was the detective's office. We all stared around and gazed at the little intruder. The strangest thing about the boy was his "shyness"—he was a mere shadow of a boy, though he had a prepossessing little face in spite of the blurring effect of the crying.

Being answered in the affirmative he remained a moment silent, during which I could see by the quivering of his lip that he was struggling hard to appear manly and firm while making his next speech; he then suddenly produced the purse of Mr. S., the banker, and hastily got out the words:

"If you please, I'm a thief—and mother is dead and I've come for you to put me in jail." He was choking and shaking all over as he got the words out, but it was no use. A blinding rush of tears came to his eyes and the heavy purple dropped at his feet.

There was a strange silence in the room. Nobody rushed forward with a pair of handkerchiefs, or grasped him by the collar to hustle him off to the cell. He was so small, so forlorn and pitiful looking.

I touched him gently on the shoulder. "What's your name?" I asked; but I was not prepared for the change which this question produced. His face flushed up and every tear burst out of his eyes, as he said:

"My name is Willie Bell, but they call me 'Little Jinks' now. That's why I ran away from the 'House.' But I pitched into them before I left—not for that, but for something else." And the recollection seemed to add to the little man a kind of fierce pleasure.

"Oh, so you run away from the 'House.' I suppose your mother was pretty poor, Willie—not well off—eh?"

"That's it, sir," he cried, with a sudden intelligence flashing out of his tearful eyes. "That's how she died—of his fearful eyes. Because she hadn't enough to eat. I tried to save her by stealing the purse after I ran away from home; but when I got home—she couldn't eat—and she died without knowing what I had done. Do you think they'll tell her in heaven that I stole it?"

He appeared so anxious for a negative that I was forced to say: "I don't think they will, Willie, because that would be sure to make her unhappy—wouldn't it?"

This brought a fresh burst of sobbing and then he said: "I hope I'll be hanged. I want to die now. It's no use living without mother, and every body else is cruel. There's nobody to put their arms around me when I am hungry. I—I'm trying not to cry—I made it all up before I came that I wouldn't cry—but somehow, I can't help it. It seems very hard that God should take her away, for I loved her so, and I'm such a small boy."

I could not get out an answer, and nobody else seemed ready to speak. I picked up the purse and motioned him to follow me into another room, and there poor Willie told me his mother's history, and a sad, sad history it was.

It was the old story—a garret, pinching want, and a hard struggle for bare life, which finally drove the mother into delicate health and the boy into one of the "Homes" of London.

But here poor Willie's troubles increased. The boys of the "Home" crowded around the strange little arrival, and dubbed him "Little Jinks." No rudeness or unkindness was meant—it was their custom, and he had to give up asking them to call him Willie, for "Little Jinks" they would have him and nothing else. The first day passed all well enough—he made one or two acquaintances, and at night, when all was asleep, and the cold moonlight stole into the dormitory, he had a good cry, keeping his head nuzzled in the bedclothes to stifle the sound.

But fresh griefs were in store for him. In an evil hour he had confided to some of his new acquaintances some particulars of his own life and history; and the next day, when he found them torturing one of their number a mute named Johnnie, he horrified them by firing up, knocking down one of them, releasing the sufferer, and daring them to touch him again.

An excited circle instantly formed around him. "What is it?" cried one, allowing.

"It's Jinks, the beggar, the starved brat," spitefully answered the froward boy, gathering himself up and wiping the blood from his nose. "Why couldn't he stay in his hole and not come in among gentlemen?"

"What's he done?" "Stuck up for Johnnie." "Oh, my! Ha! ha! ha!" and the jeering laugh ran round all.

"I don't care what you say," chokingly returned Jinks, blushing to the ears, and then turning dangerously white. "You're a pack of cruel brutes."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys—"What a pity his mother isn't here! Ho! ho! ho!" "Don't speak of my mother; I warn you, don't!" said Jinks, with a strange flashing of the eyes.

"Ho! ho! ho! Do you hear him? His mother's a beggar, too." "Of course she is. He told me so, and my uncle threw her a farthing on the street one day. Ho! ho!"

The last speaker didn't get his laugh out, for though he towered up tall and strong, Jinks had flashed through the air at his throat like a bloodhound. They fought long and fiercely, and small as he was Jinks seemed to be getting the best of it, when one of the assistant masters suddenly appeared on the scene and put an end to the struggle.

And now Jinks experienced the danger of going against the majority. The small boy and himself gave the true version of the story; the other boys, one and all, gave quite a different one, and the majority carried the day.

Jinks and Johnnie were taken in and carried till every bone in their bodies ached, and then shut up in separate little rooms on the ground floor with a lunch of dry bread and a mug of water each.

Poor Jinks thought it high time to make his escape from a place where he was so miserable and get back to his mother. In getting through the window of the room in which he was confined he fell to the ground and was considerably shaken. Before he could rise to his feet his terror increased by a policeman arriving on the spot.

"Oh, sir," he managed to gasp out, "I'm only little Jinks, you won't stop me? They beat me all over for nothing. But I didn't mind that but they called my mother a beggar, and I'm running away from them. Oh, do let me go. Mother will be glad if you will let me off, indeed?"

The policeman looked down at the little atom with his torn shirt and stains of blood coming through his pitiful face and wildly pleading eyes. He didn't shake him or grasp him roughly. No, he took the boy up in his arms. He tried to speak to him, but for a long time the words stuck in his throat, and when he did get them out they were strangely husky, and not at all harsh or unkind.

"Poor little fellow!" The unexpected words went straight to "Little Jinks'" heart. If the man had kicked him, he would have been stone; but the kind words drew from him a convulsive sob, and must have set his brain reeling, for the next thing he was conscious of was the policeman putting a sort of fiery stuff into his mouth out of a flask, and telling him to keep up a good heart, for he wouldn't let anybody touch him.

They were friends in a moment. It ended, however, by the kind policeman carrying "Little Jinks" to his mother; and the poor woman when she heard the account received him with open arms, and there he remained with her until the day of her death, and the day, indeed, on which he stole the purse to keep her from starving.

When he brought the stolen purse in, he found his mother dying. But the following conversation took place between them: "Who gave it to you?" she managed to ask, and then a guilty, fearful remorse began to gnaw at "Little Jinks'" heart.

"A woman down there," he got out. "But could you not get up and walk about mother? You would look better then, and perhaps you could eat."

"No, Willie, dear. I'm afraid—" "Little Jinks" seemed to see the words that were coming, and a great wall burst from him as he placed his little hand on her mouth.

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"No, Willie, dear. I'm afraid—" "Little Jinks" seemed to see the words that were coming, and a great wall burst from him as he placed his little hand on her mouth.

"Oh, mother, don't say that, or I'll die!" he wildly said. "I'll run for a doctor—oh, how fast I'll go—and you'll be well to-morrow, won't you?"

But she only strained him closer to her breast. "Pray after me, Willie," she faintly whispered, and then choking with grief, and burning with a sense of grief, he repeated after her a little prayer; that God would look after a poor little boy who would soon have no mother to look after him, and make him grow up to be a great

and good man.

After speaking the prayer, "Little Jinks" had but one thought—how could he let his mother die without confessing his crime. Every moment it was at the tip of his tongue, but then he thought the awful news would strike her dead in his arms. He let her sleep on while he watched her breathing.

Toward morning she stirred slightly and opened her eyes. "Kiss me, Willie," she said.

It was only a whisper but he heard every word. "Now put your arms around me—tighter, tighter."

These were her last words. Her breathing got fainter and slower; and then her eyelids drooped. Willie's screams brought in some of the neighbors.

They took him gently from the room and were kind and good to him, poor though they were; but when they told him that his mother was away somewhere and would not be back for a while, he had such a wild burst of grief that they were afraid of his slender life. But he was calm at last, and then he insisted on going out, he would not tell where, but he would go.

He slipped out when they were in the next room, and found his way to Scotland Yard, and this ended his story.

I didn't take him away and lock him in a cell. No, I took him home to my wife and then paid a visit to the banker. After giving him the purse and contents entire and unbroken, I told him "Little Jinks" story pretty much as I have now put it before the reader. As I have already indicated he was of that decided class called "soft-hearted," and long before I had finished he was blowing his nose and wiping his eyes, and finally, crying and sobbing like a child. But when I stopped and asked him if he wished to press the case, he started right back in his chair and looked perfectly fierce.

"Mr. Reynolds," he cried, do you "take me for a monster!" "No," he added, after a minute. "I will not press it—nor will I let you press it. Do you hear me? I am determined. I will see Willie—you'll let me see him, won't you? I think I shall like Willie, and perhaps Willie might like me. This is a big house, too; he wouldn't fill up much space in it; and besides, he'd be somebody to talk to. But Mr. Reynolds, please—stop—if you say another word about pressing the case, as you call it, I'll kill you on the spot!"

## THE MADEIRAS.

Less than five hundred miles separate the Azores from that other group of islands, the Madeiras, named from its principal member, that most lovely and best known of the Portuguese possessions. It comprises the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira, and three uninhabited islets, appropriately named Desertas.

Porto Santo enjoyed the priority of discovery, having been first visited by Bartolomeo Perestrelo in 1418, six years after Dom Henriquez, the Great Infante, inaugurated that bold search for the unknown which raised Portugal to the foremost rank of nations. Begun by pursuing the Moore, who had been routed from the Peninsula into their own country, it was through the accidental drifting of an expedition from the west coast of Africa that these islands, which are only three hundred miles from Morocco, were discovered. The whole group was known by the Romans, and termed Insule Papuarie.

Porto Santo, though only eight by three miles in dimensions, is the home of six thousand people. Its little town of Villa Balsa is scarcely known by name; yet notwithstanding its unimportance it has its own historical boast that it was the home of Columbus, who here found his wife, and here dreamed of undiscovered world to which it was to be his mission to show the way.

Porto Santo having been settled, Madeira, the sister-island having been thirty-five miles distant, could not long remain unknown. The great black cloud to be seen, always seen hanging on the southwestern horizon, never changing in form or position, had already attracted attention, and accordingly Joan Gonçalves Zarco and Tristao Vaz Teixeira, the following year, sailed for it, and had their eyes gladdened by the sight of lofty hills covered so luxuriantly with forest trees that they named the island Madeira (the island of wood). All the many works that have been written descriptive of the island, the story of Robert Machin and Anne d'Arfet, who, fleeing from the wrath of lady's family to the shores of France in the year 1344, were driven by opposing winds to this lovely spot, where they lived sad and died, and in the little church of Machico, which has de-

rived its name from the English lover, a portion of the cross is shown which indicated their graves on its rediscovery.

Two years after its final settlement by the Portuguese, the vine was imported into Madeira from the island of Candia or Crete, and found so congenial a soil that its wine became renowned as the most delicious beverage it has been granted man to taste. Madeira has been a household word in every language of Europe, but in 1850 there were only four hundred pipes remaining on the island; and though Madeira is still offered for sale in every city of the United States at reasonable rates, it is not difficult to imagine its source. The Madeira wine of commerce was itself a compound of the various productions of the island, known by special names as Bala, Sercial, etc., each possessing a distinctive character. At one time the production amounted to twenty-five thousand pipes a year, but in 1852 the same terrible disease which spread over the other Atlantic islands appeared among the vineyards, and destroyed its culture, taking from the island a fair name, ruining thousands of wretched people, and depriving man of a blessing; for since man will yield to the craving nature has implanted in him, and everywhere furnished the means of gratifying it, it is a blessing when he can drink of wine like this rather than some vile substitute. Fortunately the *odium* appears to have been destroyed or to have disappeared, and new plants introduced from the United States and Europe are thriving with every promise of restoring to the island its former celebrity among wine producing countries. The miller which attacked the vines has not impaired the fertility of the island in any other respect.

The lofty mountain sides are covered with valuable timber. Pines are of extraordinarily quick growth. The *Jalapa regia*—the fruit of which is termed by some the Persian and by others the English walnut, and better known as the Madeira nut—here attains its highest development. Spice trees flourish, the red pepper excelling in flavor the product of Cayenne. Oranges and other tropical fruits thrive without care, and strawberries ripen in February in the open air. The temperature varies from an average summer heat of 72° to a winter of 60°, giving an annual mean of 66°, which has made it the favorite resort of consumptive invalids from all parts of Europe. Whether it is the best in the world will appear when Panerille is considered. It is enough to say at present that the humidity of the Madeira winter, due to a long prevalence of rain, and the excessive discomfort occasioned at other times, by the dry, noxious, and almost insufferable *leste*, or east wind, which blows from the coast of Africa where it is known as the *harmattan*, and equally drenched, are not experienced on the Spanish island, but are, in a measure, compensated by the greater comforts that are at the command of the wealthy invalid in Madeira. The island is easily reached in four or five days by steamers from England and Portugal. The English language is spoken as commonly as the vernacular, and private hotels are numerous, where extensive suits of apartments, excellent attendance, and the most delicate *cuisine* are obtainable. Hammock-bearers accustomed to the business tenderly carry the consumptive for daily exercise, and the number of these during the season when the island is most frequented is not a pleasant spectacle for the robust and healthy visitor. [Extract from a paper from the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands," by Dr. A. L. Ginox.]

The AFFABLE MAN.—A mother and babe was among the passengers waiting at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

"She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man.

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out; "but I'm afraid he has smelled so much whiskey that he'll have the *delirium tremens* before night.

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying gloves and cinnamon.

Boarding school miss: "O, Charlie, I expect to be graduated at next commencement." "Graduated! what'n?" "Why, in white tulle."