

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.]

No. 61

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1858.

[Vol. 25]

A DAY IN PETTICOATS.

BY A MODEST MAN.

"I couldn't think of such a thing."
"But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thingamobos and the what's the name?"
And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze, a suit of female apparel.
His idea was that I should personate his lady love for one day, to prevent any one from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party—until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could undo.
This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly looking woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really very little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but I was really one of the softer sex. These accessories gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.
Then the day chosen for the runaway match, was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D—, a small village near which she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down D— river, to the grove, three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.
Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should whip off with Bob Styles into the country.
At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal and, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.
Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D— by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel where the sailing party were to assemble. Several of the pick-nickers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (everybody knew Bob Styles) asking if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.
"Pressing business engagements, you know and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go though. I had just time to bring Miss Lee over and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby this is Miss Lee." Miss Withergill, Miss Lee, and he rattled off a long string of brief introductions, which showed me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.
Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking man with hook nose, and eye-glass and fluffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my person, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out:
"Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee."
"Yes," answered Bob with a mischievous glance at me, "she is a nice girl, though a little go ahead sometimes. Keep a little lookout on her, will you?"—then lowering his voice—"Not a bad match for you, old fellow; she is rich."
"Is she?" said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.
"On my honour," replied Bob. "Forty thousand in her own right." Day, day, and he was gone.
Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was assembled at another hotel, thither he had taken her.
Having business in D—, he had left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at eleven o'clock. She, like a faithful daughter, kissed him, bade him good-bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles's light wagon, which had driven up to the back door as Mr. Lee's drove away.
As for the pic-nic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket, (the boat was a regular excursion packet), and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies, to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but my tongue just in time to prevent exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role the hardest to play.
No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was

one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which by the way, did not occur until we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for half an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been in *propria persona*, I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I were "obtaining goods under false pretences," and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.
A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking in a monosyllable, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me affectionately, revealed all her love affairs and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves, but not customarily talked about between ladies and gentlemen.
I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give it up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles's trick would also come out; and as the news of that kind travel fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the Style's family lived, and where the knot was to be tied.
The river breeze was fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me, couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from the boarding school, put her face dangerously close to mine and whispered: "My dear Maggie your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be town talk with the gentlemen!"
Nor was I conscious of having a very small foot for a man; and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came nearly up to my waist with a pair of gaiters, borrowed from a servant girl, in all of which toggerly my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little flagree lace-edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me, in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at that moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.
"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.
"Certainly," I simpered, in my high falsetto.
"Ah, thank you," said Bimby—with a lackadaisical which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—"you are as kind as you are fascinating!"
"You flatter me!"
"I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee."
"Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man," I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.
He cast a languishing glance at me, through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.
We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard at first, for me to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.
I had at first made him purposely jealous by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman-killer—a sort of easy, devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to "play off" against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionally looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing he led me to a seat, keeping his arm around my waist, and I permitted it.
Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.
"Ahem—a—Miss Lee, shall I—a, have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?" I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.
Now, I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-profes-

sional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha or Schoun-brunnen ring in my ears, I can go 'till it is for a year.
Not so with Bimby. He pled want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.
"Aha, old boy," thought I, "I'll give you a turn, then!"
But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.
"Oh yes!" he exclaimed, "of course; I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much longer."
For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went on smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder. On we went, however, and I seemed to notice his slackening up at every round, when he passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes the wretched man gasped out between his steps—"Ah, a—are you not—get—getting tired?"
"Oh no!" I burst forth as coolly as if we were riding round the room—"Oh no, I feel as if I could waltz all night."
The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see.
I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and all together, I saw he could not hold out much longer.
"This is delightful," I said composedly, "and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!"
"Puff—puff—ah puff—yes—oh—puff—very delightful," gasped he.
"Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?"
He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.
"Ah, puff—puff—don't ah puff—don't know."
So when we neared the musicians, I said "Faster, if you please—faster!" and they played a whirlwind.
Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a pacer, and revolved after the manner of a tetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a bevy of ladies in the corner. I turned around coolly, and walked to my seat, sent the young woman-killer for a glass of ice-water.
The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.
I got some idea, from this, of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.
At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for this accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served as a ball room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me—
"Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!"
"What should I do? I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Style's malediction project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.
I said I was tired out—could not somebody else go?
No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.
So I went.
What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment? What if she should wish me to do some sewing? What if, in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her?
However, I nerved myself up for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief, let go her dress. As she did so a pardon my blushes—a petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.
"Stop!" I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto, "stop! don't undress, for God's sake!"
She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.
"And why not?"
"Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?"
"Why yes—how frightened you look! Why what is the matter—Maggie!—you—why—oh! to!! oh!!!"
And she gave three fearful screams.
"Hush, no noise, or I am lost!" I exclaimed, putting my hands over her mouth.
"Swear I mean no harm; if I had

would not have stopped you. Don't you see?"
She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.
"Oh, sir," she said, "I see you are a man, but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?"
I told her the story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.
I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars. So we went down and had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendliness and old acquaintanceship quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said I must relieve my mind of one more burden.
"And what is that?"
"Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back."
And I did.
She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through she glanced up timidly and said—
"I think you are real naughty, anyhow."
When we returned I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all ready for supper, which was served in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than your ladies generally do, we had mere dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz.
He didn't take the hint.
Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure and persuaded Jennie to stroll out into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic-seats, and gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter, a bench was placed in a nook sheltered from the wind, and from sight.
Here we sat down in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball room, and purchased several of the wandering women who sold refreshments. I gave up all cares or fears of my incognito, and revelled in pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.
How long we sat there heaven alone knows. We talked and laughed and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all sorts of nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until this month of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred fifty-seven, for aught I know, had not the carriages been sent to carry us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.
This wonder begat questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks, prevented them from hearing us or we them.
At length they hit upon our path, and all came along, single until they got to the open space above. Then they saw a sight.
I was spread out in a face and easy position, my bonnet off and my hair somewhat tousled up. One foot rested on the ground and the other on a rock, about level with my head, (regardless of ladies this time) and there I sat puffing away in a very unlady-like manner, at a high-flavored Concha.
Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder, and her small waist almost circled by my arm.
Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice—
"Just think of poor what's-his-name there—Bimby. I suppose he knew he was making love to a man!"
"Hush!" cried Jennie. "Look! there he is—and oh, my gracious! there is the whole company!"
Yes, we were caught. It was of no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had seen too much for that. Besides, by this time Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless "one flesh," and my disguise was of no further importance, so I lowered up and told the story.
Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even "squared off," but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that he should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to D—.

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I love my wife to the same thing.
N. B. My wife's name is Jennie.
[From the New York Leader.]
IN MEMORY OF GEN. HAVELOCK.
BY H. W. TROWBRIDGE.
The soldier brave, whom all have loved,
Is dead to all but Fame,
And she will raise a monument
Less lasting than his name.
The cruel, cold avenger Death
At last has swept away
The hero of the Indian wars—
The bravest of his day!
Then let the world in sorrow weep;
And clothe a realm in black;
For he has gone unto that bourne
Whence no man cometh back.
Dying in India sultry clime,
Far away from wife and child—
Far away from all his kindred,
In jungles dark and wild.
He died not as the coward dies—
Scourged to his opening tomb—
But called by God, work well done,
A Christian soldier, home,
And looking down from heaven, perchance
Directs our armies' might—
The warrior of the Indian land,
Who fought the double fight.
BROOKLYN, Jan. 25th, 1858.
THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
The papers give minute details of everything connected with the arrangements for celebrating the nuptials of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The "Bridal Dress" is thus described:—
The bridal costume of the Princess Royal will, we understand, be of rich white moire antique, the lace dress of exquisite Honiton guipure, consisting of three founces, the body being trimmed to match. The veil will be of Honiton guipure lace which will be worn in a style completely novel in this country for costume, and will be attached to the head with magnificent Moorish or Spanish pins. The dress and veil are splendidly worked, the emblem being the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The latter has employed 50 girls for the last twelve months. This new style of veil was entirely her Majesty's suggestion, and the carrying out of the idea has met the approbation of the Queen. The cost of this production will be about £600.
We also subjoin a description of "The Wedding Bonnet," and some other items of interest to our fair readers.
The Princess Royal's wedding bonnet, which she will wear upon leaving Buckingham Palace for Windsor, will be of white tulle, trimmed with lace and bunches of orange blossoms outside, with lace quilting inside and white silk ribbons. The size is not very diminutive.
THE PRINCE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—Prince Frederick William's Christmas gift to the Princess Royal of England was a pearl necklace, reported to be of the value of £4000.
THE PRINCESS AND HER FRIENDS.—Several autograph letters have been written by the Princess Royal to her friends among the nobility of her own sex, taking a graceful and affectionate farewell of them.
NO CRINOLINE.—The width of the waists at the Chapel Royal on the occasion of the marriage will be 20 inches. *In re crinoline* has evidently not come under the consideration of those who have spaced out the chapeau.
MARRIAGES INNUMERABLE.—It is said that there will be in this country a larger number of marriages on the bridal day of the Princess Royal than was ever known to be celebrated in one day before.
THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—The ratification of the marriage treaty between the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William is being engrossed at Berlin, in duplicate, on parchment, for the signature of Queen Victoria and King Frederick William IV. The text is threefold, viz: in English, French, and German, and is being copied by a very skillful person, who reckons on turning out a very creditable specimen of his skill.
MADAGASCAR.—Intelligence has been received of a continued persecution of the Christians in Madagascar. Thirteen persons had been subjected to torture, and a number reduced to slavery.
Donald McNeill has been sentenced by the Court at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, to be hung on the 18th of February, for the murder of Wm. Lane.