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Vol 39

Poetry.

LAST YEAR AND THIS.

The book is closed,—no longer mine,
Though I have marked it thro' and thro',
Scribbling my name as children do;
And blots o'er all the page divine
From dust and mold and bestrew.

Like a page of olden days.

The story that I might have writ,
Though in gold and colors fit,
Alas! is gone for evermore,
I cannot alter it.

Another volume now is here,—

Its vacant pages lie before me;
It filleth me with doubt and fear,
This hidden mystery.

The future history of my soul

Shows through the mist a crowd of days,
On which with efforts vain I gaze,
And dangers that conceal the goal
Their shadowy forms betray.

It bows me down this painful thought:

Perforce continually I
Must fill up this great diary,
Just as I toiled, and wept, and wrought
Last year so fruitlessly.

Oh! that I might the task resign,

In which I miserably fail!
Art purer, subtler, might avail
In tracing out each finer line,
Each difficult detail.

No! for on the trackless deep

The seaman writes while journeying on,
The Master gives to every one
A book to write, a log to keep,
There is excuse for none.

But stay,—who gave this work to me?

Is he a taskmaster severe,
Whose dark unbending brow I fear,
Like one whom transient children love,
When they perceive him near?

No,—advances, in rushing tide,

Resistless my fears o'erflow;
The echoes of a voice I know,
That bade me in His love confide,
Sound back to answer, "No!"

Yes! He will teach me how to write

This mystic book with letters fair;
And may his name illumined there,
On every page in golden light
As wisdom's crown appear.

Interesting Tale.

THE SCENE PAINTER'S WIFE.

"You wouldn't think it, to look at her now, sir," said the old clown, as he shook the ashes out of his blackened clay, "but mawm was once as handsome a woman as you'd see for many a long day. It was an accident that spoilt her beauty."

The speaker was attached to a little equestrian company with which I had fallen in during a summer day's pedestrianism in Warwickshire. The troupe had halted at a roadside inn, where I was dawdling over my simple mid-day meal, and by the time I had snatched my cigar in his companionship, the clown and I were upon a footing of perfect friendship.

I had not been a little struck by the woman of whom he spoke. She was tall and slim, and had something of a foreign look, as I thought. Her face was chiefly remarkable for the painful impression which it gave to a stranger. It was the face of a woman who had undergone some great terror. The sickly pallor of the skin was made conspicuous by the hectic brightness of the large dark eyes, and on one cheek there was a scar—the mark of some deadly hurt inflicted long ago.

My new friend and I had strolled a little way from the inn, where the rest of the company were still occupied with their frugal dinner. A stretch of sunny common lay before us, and seemed to invite a ramble. The clown filled his pipe, and walked on meditatively. I took out another cigar. "Was it a fall from horseback that gave her that scar?" I asked.

"A fall from horseback! Maudine Delavante! No, sir, that scar on her cheek was made by the claws of a tiger. It's rather a curious sort of story, and I don't mind telling it, if you'd like to hear it; but for the Lord's sake don't let her know I've been talking of her, if you should happen to scrape acquaintance with her when you go back to the inn."

"Has she such a dislike to being talked about?" "I rather think she has. You see she's not quite right in the upper story, poor soul, but she

rides beautifully, and doesn't know what fear means. You'd scarcely believe how handsome she looks at night when she's dressed for the ring. Her face lights up almost as well as it used to do ten years ago, before she had the accident. Ah, she was handsome in those days, and used to be run after by all the gentlemen like mad. But she never was a bit of a fool, never—wild and self-willed, but never a wicked woman, as I'll stake my life. I've been her friend through thick and thin, when she needed a friend, and I've understood her better than others.

She was only twelve years old when first she came to us with her father, a noted lion-tamer. He was a man that drank hard now and then and was very severe with her at such times; but she always had a brave spirit, and I never knew her to quail before him or before the beasts. She used to take her share in all the old man's performances, and when he died, and the lions were sold off, our proprietor kept a tiger for her to perform with. He was the cleverest of all the animals, but a queer temper, and it needed a spirit like Caroline Delavante's to tame him. She rode in the circus as well as performing with the tiger, and she was altogether the most valuable member of the company, and was very well paid for her work. She was eighteen when her father died, and within a year of his death she married Joseph Waylie, our scene-painter.

I was rather surprised at this marriage, for I fancied Caroline might have done Joe was thirty-five if he was a day—a pale sand-haired fellow, not much to look at, and by no means a genius. But he was awfully fond of Caroline. He had followed her about like a dog ever since she came among us, and I thought she married him more out of pity than love. I told her so one day; and she only laughed, and said,

"He's too good for me, Mr. Waters, that's the truth. I don't deserve to be loved as he loves me."

The newly-married couple did indeed seem to be very happy together. It was a treat to watch his wife through her performances, ready to put a shawl over her pretty white shoulders when she had done, or to throw himself between her and the tiger in case of mischief. She treated him in a pretty patronising sort of way, as if he had been some much younger than her instead of twelve years her senior. She used to stand upon tiptoe and kiss him before all the company sometimes at rehearsal, much to his delight. He worked like a slave in the hope of improving his position as he improved in his art, and he thought nothing too good for his beautiful young wife. They had very comfortable lodgings about half a mile from the manufacturing town where we were stationed for the winter months, and lived as well as simple folks need live.

Our manager was proprietor of a second theatre, at a seaport town fifty miles away from the place we were stationed; and when pantomime time was coming on, poor Joseph Waylie was ordered off to paint the scenery for this other theatre, much to his grief, as his work was likely to keep him a month or six weeks away from his wife. It was their first parting, and the husband felt it deeply. He left Caroline to the care of an old woman who took the money, and who professed a very warm attachment for Mrs. Waylie, or Maudine Delavante, as she was called in the bills.

Joseph had not been gone much more than a week when I began to take notice of a young officer who was in front every evening, and who watched Caroline's performance with evident admiration. I saw him one night in very close conversation with Mrs. Muggleton, the money-taker, and was not over pleased to hear Maudine Delavante's name mentioned in the course of their conversation. On the next night I found him loitering about at the stage-door. He was a very handsome man, and I could not avoid taking notice of him. On enquiry I found that his name was Jocelyn, and that he was a captain in the regiment then stationed in the town. He was the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, I was told, and had plenty of money to throw about.

I had finished my performance earlier than usual one night soon after this, and was waiting for a friend at the stage-door, when Captain Jocelyn came up the dark by street, smoking his cigar, and evidently waiting for some one. I felt back into the shadow of the door, and waited, feeling pretty sure that he was on the watch for Caroline. I was right. She came out presently and joined him, putting her hand under his arm, as if it were quite a usual thing for him to be her escort. I followed them at a little distance as they walked off, and waited till I saw Joe's wife safe within her own door. The captain detained her on the door-step talking for a few minutes, and would fain have kept her there longer, but she dismissed him with that pretty imperious way she had with all of us at times.

Now, as a very old friend of Caroline's, I want to go to stand this sort of thing; so I taxed her with it plainly next day, and told her no good

could come of any acquaintance between her and Captain Jocelyn.

"And no harm need come of it either, you silly old fellow," she said. "I've been used to that sort of attention all my life. There's nothing but the most innocent flirtation between us."

What would Joe think of such an innocent flirtation, Caroline? I asked.

Joe must learn to put up with such things, she answered, as long as I do my duty to him. I can't live without excitement, and admiration, and that sort of thing. Joe ought to know that as well as I do.

I should have thought the tiger and the horses would have given you enough excitement, Caroline, I said, without running into worse dangers than the risk of your life.

"But they don't give me half enough excitement," she answered; and then she took out a little watch in a jewelled case, and looked at it, and then at, in a half-abstract, half-anxious way.

"Why, what a pretty watch, Carry!" said I. "Is that a present from Joe?"

"As if I didn't know better than that!" she said. "Country scene-painters can't afford to buy diamond watches for their wives, Mr. Waters."

I tried to lecture her, but she laughed off my reproaches; and I saw her that night with a bracelet on her arm which I knew must be another gift from the captain. He was in a stage-box, and threw her a bouquet of choice flowers after her scene with the tiger. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her pick up the flowers and offer them to the grim-looking animal to smell, and then snatch them away with a laugh, and retire, curtseying to the audience, and glancing coquettishly towards the box where her admirer sat applauding her.

Three weeks went by like this, the captain in front every night. I kept a close watch upon the pair, for I thought that, however, she might carry on her flirtation, Joe's wife was true at heart, and would not do him any deliberate wrong. She was very young and very willful, but I fancied my influence would go a long way with her in any desperate emergency. So I kept an eye upon her and her admirer, and there was rarely a night that I did not see the captain's back turned upon the door of Mrs. Waylie's lodgings before I went home to my own supper.

Joe was not expected home for another week, and the regiment was to leave the town in a couple of days. Caroline told me this one morning with evident pleasure, and I was overjoyed to find she did not really care for Captain Jocelyn.

"Not a bit, you silly old man!" she said. "I like his admiration, and I like his presents, but I know there's no one in the world worth Joe. I'm very glad the regiment will be gone when Joe comes back. I shall have had my bit of fun, you know, and I shall tell Joe all about it; and as Captain Jocelyn will have gone to the other end of the world, he can't object to the presents—tributes offered to my genius as the captain says in his notes."

I felt by no means sure that Joseph Waylie would consent to his wife's retaining these tributes, and I told her as much.

"O nonsense," she said; "I can do what I like with Joe. He'll be quite satisfied when he sees Captain Jocelyn's respectful letters. I couldn't part with my darling little watch for the world."

When I went to the theatre next night, I found the captain standing talking to Caroline just inside the stage-door. He seemed very earnest, and was begging her to do some thing which she said was impossible. It was his last night in town, you see, and I have very little doubt that he was asking her to run away with him—for I believe the man was over head and ears in love with her—and that she was putting him off in her laughing coquettish way.

[To be Continued.]

INHALATION OF DUST BY WORKMEN.—The injurious effect of exposure to the dust of various manufacturing establishments has not unfrequently been dwelt upon with more or less force; but we are hardly prepared for this subject. It has long been a disputed point whether the particles of iron, silica, etc., merely lodge within the air-cells of the lung, or penetrate through their walls into the tissue between them. But, Professor Zenker informs us that, on examining the lung of a woman who had been exposed to the dust of iron oxide, used in preparing books of gold-leaf, he found the powder in the tissue between the air-cells, and in their walls as well as in their cavities. From less than two ounces of this lung over twelve grains of iron oxide were obtained by chemical methods, and there must have been at least three-quarters of an ounce inhaled. In another case—that of a workman exposed to the dust of a mixture used in preparing ultramarine substance—he found a quantity estimated at fully an ounce.

Young man advertises for a place as salaried man, and says he has had a great deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different situations within the year.

Doomed to Die—Made his Escape.

A TRUE TALE.

With pity at my heart I stood, and gazed upon the man before me—a man, a fellow being doomed by a merciless court-martial to die; to leave the bright and beautiful world around him, and to be ushered at once into "the valley of the shadow of death." A noble-looking man he was, as he stood there unmoved amid the enemies that surrounded him and a thoughtless, half-sad, half-defiant expression rested upon his handsome, daring face.

He was a Union spy, captured in the Confederate lines, and hearing upon his person (treasonable papers sufficient to have condemned a regiment. He had made a good fight but was at last overpowered, the papers found upon him, and, after a speedy trial, was condemned to die.

I had formed one of the court-martial, and though I knew that the crime of being a spy was punishable with death, yet had I sought to have him spared. I was young then, for it was the first few months of our civil war, and I was not so used to deeds of blood as I became in after years; and, beside, the spy was young and handsome, by his deportment evidently a gentleman, and his reckless bravery had my admiration.

Nightfall came upon our camp, and the following morning the spy was to be called out and shot. I had been appointed to take charge of the execution, and seated in my tent, I was thinking—thinking of the unpleasant duty I was to perform on the morrow.

"Lieutenant, a note for you, sir," I started at the orderly's voice broke the stillness of the night, and taking the quivering note.

"Pardon me for disturbing your slumbers, but as you command the detachment that will be sent to execute the spy, I would like to see you, if your duties as an officer do not argue to the contrary. Hoping that you will grant this favor, I remain with respect,

WILLIAM HAYES."

I carefully read the note over twice, and then said to the orderly:

"Say that I will come."

A few moments later and I stood in the presence of the condemned man.

"Mr. Hayes you sent for me?"

"I did, Lieutenant; it was because of your kindness to me during the trial, and also that I saw in your eyes pity for my fate."

"I do feel for you—from my heart, I do, and sincerely wish I had not the unpleasant duty of executing you."

I have a favor to ask of you, sir; to please order the guard to remove some distance from the tent, as it is a confession I wish to make a few pages, and returning to the tent Hayes at once began:

"I am no spy, sir; but am condemned upon circumstantial evidence. I came into the Confederate lines to visit my mother, who lives in the South although she is Union in her feelings."

After a visit to her of a few days, I started to return, at the roadside came upon a dying man, clad as a Confederate soldier. I imagine my surprise to recognize in him a noted spy of our own army, and also recognizing me he informed me that he had been wounded the night before, by being fired upon by a party of Confederate cavalry, and had ridden on until he could go no further. He knew that he was to die, and entrusted to my care, the papers he had about him. I watched over the poor fellow until he died, and then, following out a shallow grave.

"Left him alone in his glory," and proceeded on my way.

I have little more to add, except that I am a Major of cavalry in the United States Army, and wish that you will take my private papers from me after I am dead, and send them to an address I will give you. Now this is all I ask, except that you will send me pen and ink by the orderly when you return.

Thus we parted, and finding a seat awaiting me at my tent upon my return I gave him pen, ink, and a paper, and ordered him to ride over to the tent where the doomed was with them, and tell the guard to release his hands of the shackles while he wrote, but to keep a close watch upon him.

A few minutes after I was startled by a loud shout, one, two, three, shots in rapid succession, and then the rapid rush of hoofs by my quarters. I was just in time to see the scout's horse dash swiftly by, and recognize, by the moonlight, the commanding form of Wilbur Hayes, the Union spy in the saddle.

Men mounted in hot haste, and a chase commenced, but the daring soldier escaped, and thus saved himself from the death of spy.

Upon inquiry I learned that when the man-aces had been removed from his wrist, Hayes watched his opportunity, with two rapid blows struck the guard and the scout to the ground, and springing lightly on the back of the scout's horse, rode rapidly away, followed by the shots, came from?"

from the sentinels in the immediate vicinity.—[Col. Prentiss Ingraham, (Confederate.)]

Miss Prudence Pottingill's First Ride in the Cars.

We are indebted to a Concord, Massachusetts, correspondent for the following account of an old lady's first ride in the cars:

Miss Prudence Pottingill, at the mature age of sixty-one, made up her mind to visit New York for the first time in her life. She had never seen a railroad, such things had been unknown in Amherst County until this summer, and the ancient farm house in which she lived was seven miles from the station. So she set calmly upon a seat placed on the great wooden platform which surrounds the country depot, and gazed with amazement upon the train which arrived, and then proceeded upon her journey. The station master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly watching the departing train.

Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to New York?

Git on! I said the old lady—git on! I tho't this bull concern went!

Having explained to her that the platform was stationary, the man kindly advises her to wait for the express train, into which he escorts the maiden, and finds for her a seat by a benevolent old gentleman. Clutching fast hold of the seat in front of her, she is at first very much alarmed at the speed at which they are going, but gradually becomes calm, and much interested in the vicinity of her surroundings. The old gentleman answers her many inquiries very civilly and, among other things, tries to explain the use of the telegraph wires, and tells her that the messages sent over them at a much greater rate of speed than they are travelling. "Wal, wal!" says the old lady, you don't ketch me a ride on 'em, for this is fast as I want to go anyhow. She had seen so many wonderful things that she was tired at anything; and when the train dashes into the one which had preceded it, owing to misplaced switches, and the poor old lady is thrown to the end of the car among a heap of broken seats, she supposes it to be the ordinary manner of stopping, and quietly remarks, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?" Being provided with a seat in this forward car, which was unoccupied, she arrives without further accident at her journey's end, and is surrounded by an eager crowd of lookers-on, and listens in wonder to their reiterated call of "Huck! back! back!"

Gripping her umbrella in one hand and her handbag in the other, she looks down into the face of the loudest driver with the compassionate inquiry, "Air you in pain?" From the consequences of her wrath she is rescued and carried safely home by her nephew, who has come to the depot to look for her.—[Harper for January.]

FOR GRAMMARIANS.—A conversation took place down East, between a young lady who writes for the magazines, and an old gentleman who could speak English.

Old G.—Are there any houses building in your village?

Young Lady.—No sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenter's who are building.

Gentleman.—True. I said corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built, and how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?

Lady.—(Looks puzzled a moment and then answers rather abruptly.) Nearly a year.

Gentleman.—How much longer do you think it will be being built?

Lady.—(Exclusively.) Don't know.

Gentleman.—I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being building so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built instead of being built as he expected, he cannot.

The young lady leaves the room very suddenly.

A LESSON FOR THE BOYS.—Money saved is money made, is an old maxim which a boy in New Bedford has proven to be a good one.

In May, 1855, a boy there deposited in savings bank the sum of a dollar and forty cents, and continued to deposit weekly, never in large amounts, and now from a small beginning he finds himself worth nearly two thousand dollars. If the young men who spend the balance of their wages between Saturday and Monday in something that they cannot find again, such as cigars, tobacco, liquors, or even more silly if less injurious objects, would do likewise, the country would be much better off, and our cities would come to be the hotbeds of vice that they now are.—We commend this example to them.

At a concert in Boston, not many years ago, the house became angry at one of the orchestra, shouting: "L. order! order!" to him, until the p. or player could stand it no longer. He dropped the instrument and turning to the audience, said, "It's very well to say 'L. order! order!' but here is the violin to



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