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Noetry.

THE FIGHERMAN'S WIDOW.

Down on the sands when the tide is low, I sit and dream of the "long ago;" The children play at their mother's feet, ne of the waves is hushed and

But a voice drifts over the quiet shore, And whispers, "The sea shall be no more."

Down on the sands when the red light pales, I sit and watch for the fishers' sails ; And my heart throbs still with the old, old

For the boat that will never come back again; But a new world waits for my loverand me, A world of peace-where is no more sea.

For God is good, and the gift He gave Is held awhile by that silver wave; Not lost, but kidden :- I may not weep, While he is at rest in the solemn deep, And the voice of an angel speaks to me Of the fair new home where is no more sea

When softly chime the evening bells, My heart within my bosom swells, As in a dream away I roam, And see again my own dear home.

The lowly church once more I see, The village, known so well to me-In evening sunshine, fair and bright, There lies my home before my sight.

Towards my own small house I tread, The bells ring sweetly o'er my head. It is the mother's voice I hear ! She softly soothes my babe so dear. With tender heart I hear her pray

And my sweet infant's lisping cry Goes up to God beyond the sky. In foreign land, far, far from home. Oh, wife most dear y what joy 'twould be

For me, her husband, far away,

To kiss once more my child and thee ! THE CRUISE OF THE ARIADNE.

A light breeze stole up softly from the west- breast. too softly, as yet, to fill the sails of the trim litto trust the deceitful ray. The sails loosely only safety lay in returning. There was a temflapping, seemed to answer the appeal, and to pest—a dark rainy sea, dense gloomy clouds declare that some time must yet clapse before overhead, and the Ariadne came back.

morning we speak of, a graver look than was bring back their memories—every storm would its wont. Something was busy beneath those wake new fear and diead in loving hearts for *rog lifted and cleared away—but not so did the captain's face. That was still half clouded, as of Captain St. Maur's outward passage, that if there was some memory that disturbed, or the man at the lookout called his attention to some anticipation that knocked unpleasantly a bark, the wavening and unsteady, course of at the door of his mind.

"You are grave to day, Arthur," said his cousin, Stephen Millwood, who had come on board to bid him farewell. "Are you ill? or has the parting from Leila proved too much for you?" bear it- I have unpleasant thoughts which I cannot conquer. I will make a clean breast of it to you; for a trouble shared is half cured, they say. And yet, it is foolish to disturb myself with an idle dream, or to repeat it to you

"Say on, my dear fellow, Perhaps I can comf it you, somehow,"

"Listen, then. You know Edgarton, who sailed a fortnight since. He was my particular friend. We have been in port together often, and were constant companions. We were hoping to meet again, as I was to sail soon after him. But last night and the two preceding nights, I was tormented by ugly dreams about Edgarton, which have left an impression or my mind that I cannot rid myself of. There were strange confused scenes, in which his was the prominent figure. Strife, and blood-shed and death were all there; and in each, Edgar ton had his part. I know not what it betokens but I feel that wherever he is, he is not safe. would give worlds to be assured that nothing evil had befallen him; but the presentimen is strong, and will not be controlled.

"But it was only a dream, my dear fellow and like a thousand others, has no foundation for alarm. You will laugh over this with Ed garton, when you arrive in port and find him

wife, St. Maur had noticed, on the very morning of sailing, a countenance which had sent a brave, and to look this dreadful matter in the face.

The mate, who had received several heavy blows in defence of his captain, and who was suffering greatly in consequence, called him aside, to confer with him privately. He informed him that he did not show me the wrong side of his temper but once. I am not such a tender-hearted chicken as you, St. Maur, and I should make nothing of stringing him as high as Haman, if I discovered any attempt to molest any one on board."

In one on board."

In one of sailing, a countenance which had sent a brave, and to look this dreadful matter in brave, and to look this dreadful matter in the lace.

Before the evening was over, she had regained her composure sufficiently to ex-John Brice is a young man in the bloom of Noches'er, the daughter of a West Inclian, was in that town on a visit recently. Stroll-wing along the levee at the foot of Locust tree about eight o'clock in the morning, his attention was called to the mast, was tated this dying comman in the bloom of Noches'er, the daughter of a West Inclian, was in that town on a visit recently. Stroll-wing along the levee at the foot of Locust who had recently disk. He mother had died long before, and Olive had him as did to long before, and Olive had him as did to long before, and olive had him as did to long before, and olive had him a more than the laughting as the more than the laughting as the composition of a West Inclian, was in that town on a visit recently. Stroll-wing a more chant, who had recently disk. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but he situation. Her name was Olive had her composition. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but he situation. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but he situation. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but he distinction. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but he gained her composition. He dosen't live in St. Louis, but

A LONG low line of ragged coast lay half enveloped in fog, one May morning, years ago.

The mists were rolling off the green hills above the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent almost a victim to the enhittered thoughts.

The metable factures was removed.

"And do, for Heaven's sake, Captain St. Maur in regard to his friend; and, after dreaming of the bark of Edgarton and the ugly-looking sailor, for there is everything here to terrify her imagination, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation, and I am too weak to offer her going, and had died the night before. Missignation are considered to antone the many to the finder pronounced to be a "mer-bear up under the hardship she was under going, and had died the night before. Missignation are considered to antone the many to the finder pronounced to be a "mer-bear up under the hardship she was under going, and had died the night before. Missignation are considered to antone the many to the finder pronounced to be a "mer-bear up under the hardship she was under going, and had died the night before. Missignation are considered to antone the many to the finder pronounced to be a "mer-bear up under the hardship she was under going, and had died the night before." the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent almost a victim to the embittered thoughts such protection as she needs." of apple blossoms, from the orchards beyond, which, until now, he had kept in his own

St. Maur sailed on that day, notwithstanking the bright ray from the sun; but its minsy curtains back again. A storm, such as seidom arises in the balmy month of May, steel again, as if to warn the commander not to trust the deceifful ray. The sails loosely only safety lay in returning. There was a tember only safety lay in returning. There was a tember of the barry seemed to answer the appeal, and to pest—a dark rainy sea, dense gloomy clouds.

Mr. Brico departed for the fundamental noises of bodra of the barry and the port from which she had a led, in or the barry and the barry a

Again all a sailor's superstition seized Cap- so do

declare that some time must yet clapse below the brig would "walk the waters."

Again all a sailor's superstition seized Capton is Manu. It was an unfucky voyage that standing in the half carcless, half commanding did not keep on its unbroken route. If St. Captain St. Manu. It was an unfucky voyage that standing in the half carcless, half commander of the little weakness, let us remember that greater men on board; and yet, I fear you that he have also proved themselves weaker than he.

But on the last day of May the brig sailed one worked for his board up in the flighent face, with its calm smile, the firm red lips enclosing toeth white as ivory, the wide help essant blue eyes, that lighted up the whole, without feeling that he was no common man, even if his form were not of the Apollo build.

The thoughful face, however, wore, upon the The thoughtful face, however, wore, upon the every wave that rolled upon the shore woul

which had awakened his curiosity for some nutes. Sometimes approaching, sometime

St. Maur ordered the men to stand out for her, wish I could have seen min once more, and when near enough, to hail her. They did so, and the brave captain, who was never known to show signs of fear, actually stumbled, and was near fainting when the answer came to his was near fainting when the answer came to his

"Captain Elgarton has been murdered!

What brig is that?"
The mate caught up the speaking-trumpet which his captain had dropped, and

Stunned and shocked as he was, St. Man the death of the ward of the Arabella. What a sight met back of the Arabella. What a sight met Not until she was comfortably situated and from all people, he received this courtest ward for the Arabella. lock of the Arabella. What a sight met his eye! There lay his friend, the lifeblood with faces blanched to the hue of death. I

come on deck until all vestige of the deed la. Only one man was saved.

the bright at stood outward bound. At intervals, the fog was pierced, for a moment, with a bright ray from the sun; but its flimsy curtains back again. A storm, such as seldom arises in

was, agreed with him as to the necessity of port from which you sailed. Do you wish so doing.

was awake, and was about to ascend to the the place of my poor Juanita, in accom-leck. She started at sight of the mate's panying me on a voyage."

"I should the place of my poor Juanita, in accom-panying me on a voyage."

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sed herself willing to do what her preser-wers thought best. Hethen introduced St. Maur, who asked her if she would go on St. Maur had supplied him elf with read.

St. Maur ordered the men to stand out for her, wish I could have seen him once more; but

superintend the arrangements he had suggested. When all was done, he guide I the lady to the deck, from which all traces of recent tragedy had been hastily remain

his eye! There lay his friend, the lifeblood poured out like water on the deck; and around the body stood several of the crew, with faces blanched to the hue of death. It was horrible, indeed.

"Who has done this frightful deed?" he is skel, in a voice that stroye to be firm, but take in a voice that stroye to be firm, but the kindly eare St. Maur had taken to keep her in ignorance until now, and thankful to be still under his protection, she could have forgother look, nor the clasp of her layer forgother look in a voice that stroye to be firm, but the layer forgother look in a voice that stroye to be firm, but the layer forgother look in a voice that stroye to be firm, but the layer forgother look in the layer forgother layer f

garton, when you arrive in port and find him there, unharmed, before you."

"Who has done this frightful deed?" he akel, in a voice that strove to be firm, but resulted with emotion which could not be prove true, I will never trust to dreams again. I never thought myself superstitions, but this has really almost unmanned me. I dwell upon it constantly. Erea through the foggy atmosphere of this morning, I have had glumpses of horror that made me shudder; and in every hore of them, I have seen Edgarton's face."

"But see, Arthur, the fog has cleared away, and even so will the mists that have temporally obscured your mind. Promise me that you will try to exortie your demon, and fill his place with some more agreeable object—Mademoiselle Leiln, or any other that pleases you."

St. Maur tried to catch a ray of consolation. But the flow and I loved I Caprain Elgarton is a b. Alle. And now to find I lim thus—O now could he bear up against it? Neving of sailing, a countenance which had sent a thrill of mingled diagust and h ir r to his missing and the received several hear thrill of mingled diagust and h ir r to his missing the face which her list proceed that strove to be firm, but reside no portion will transport to be still under this pressive his protection, she could not be only we prediction of the clim of the Arabella, he was to easily the nice and the cabin of the Arabella, he was to easily the nice and the cabin of the Arabella, he was to easily the cabin of the Arabella, he was to easily invested to observe her at all. Now, he had at that parting.

When the Ariadine sailed from Porto Risch, the class of the promised bedieve when the time of its promise the cabin of the cabin of the Arabella, he was to easily invested to observe her at all. Now, he had at that parting.

St. Maur that the cabin of the Arabella, he was to easily invested to observe her at all. Now, he had at that parting.

When the Ariadine sailed from Porto Risch and when the cabin of the cabi

such protection as she needs."

St. Maur promised to convey her to the large as soon as the darkness should hide the deck from her sight; also to put on welcome sails of the Arabella caught her which he paid \$18.75. He offered it for the beautiful hall the store of the caught her which he paid \$18.75. He offered it for the

The mate, or rather, captain, as he now ter," said St. Maur, "I am bound for the was a spiel-mark.

bruised head, but he hastened to ascure her that it was nothing serious. He then told her, gently, that the captain was dead, and that Captain St. Maur's vessel being better adapted for passengers, he had thought it would be pleasanter for her to take passage with him.

She was shocked at his news, but professed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed herself willing to do what her preserual showal her seed to her seed the lad, as he gave his nose a wipe. "I should think you would be ashamed to pitch into that little boy, said a pedestrian yes terday, as he caught a big big boot-black cuffing a small newsboy, "Ye would hey?" sneer ed the lad, as he gave his nose a wipe. "Dye was shocked at his news, but professed her seed to her seed to her showal her showal her seed to her showal her sho

putting about, as if to sail away altogether, she attracted the eyes of all on board. The cap tain raised his glass to his eye, but dropped it almost instantly.

"When I have taken my last look at Cap iain Edgarton's bark!"

At the same moment, two or three voices repeated the name of the bark. One man had made two voyages with Captain Edgarton, and declared that it was the Arabella; and Clarkson, the mate, was equally sure.

The bark was now making signals of distress.

The bark was now making signal signals of distress.

The bark was now making signal signal signal

was inexpressibly sad. He knew not if Olive Rochester would care if she should never see his face again. His stay must ecessarily be short; and if he would kn his fate, it must be important that he should tell the story of his love for her as soon as

she should reach her home.

To one as reticent as himself, it was no easy task to broach a subject upon which ne wasso wholly in the dark, as that of Miss Rochester's feeling in regard to himself. By no chance show of affection had she or which his capanian master."

"The Ariadne—St. Maur master."

"For God's sake, come on board the bark!"

"Stunned and shocked as he was, St. Maur than the death of one she had known so litters in his honor which all mast feel to ward a man like St. Maur. At all times and from all people, he received this cour-

"What's that? says John.
"It's a \$29 gold piece."
"No; is that so? Is it good?"
"I don't know. Let's ask this merchant."
The two accordingly inquired of another

They finally settled on a dollar, and

al should think you would be ashamed to

parents were not quite decided as to whether they would make a President of him or send him over the water to marry into the royal family. He is now working in a saw-mill at sixteen dol-

An Illinois editor bought his ink by the full, because he could get it cheaper, but his wife went to fill the inkstand one morning and

How true, as Dr. Johnson says, that "every man endeavors with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others and in idleness from