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Poetry.

THE DEPARTURE.

All around me glows the harvest,
As I drop below the town,
And the pleasant song of workmen
On the breeze is floating down,
Far away the slender brooklet
Gleams upon the yellow plain,
Like a newly sharpened sickle
Drooping amid the golden grain.
By the town and through the valleys,
Screams the rushing river past,
Like a herald to the future,
With a summons from the past.
Now my soul hath caught the music
Of the pleasant harvest strain,
And the stream of gladness flashes,
Like the brooklet in my brain.
And responsive to the river,
How my spirit sweeps along
As it goes to meet the future
With a purpose fixed and strong.

Remember Those at Sea.

Oh, ye who safely coast repose
When falls the veil of night,
Or watch the silent hours disclose
The sweet return of light;
At early dawn, or close of day,
Whenever ye may be,
When'er ye bend the knee to pray,
Remember those at sea.
When distant thunders loudly roar,
And frowning clouds arise,
And lightning rends the skies,
Be sure with your peaceful hoarse,
Oh, grateful ever be!
And when your sacred prayer-time comes,
Remember those at sea.

Miscellany.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Some years ago I was stopping at a little village on the Delaware, in one of the upper counties of New Jersey. Looking from my chamber window, early one morning, I observed an unusual commotion in the village—men, women and children collected in groups at different points, and all seeming greatly excited. I hurried out to learn the cause, and was informed that a little girl of five years, the daughter of a widow living some two miles from the place, and had been missing since about four o'clock of the previous afternoon, and it was supposed she had wandered off into an extensive wood not far from the dwelling, and had got lost. The nearly distracted mother, with some of her nearest neighbors, had searched for her the day preceding as long as she could see, and during the night a messenger had arrived with an appeal to the citizens to turn out en masse and endeavour to recover the missing one, which many were preparing to do. I immediately resolved to make one of the number, and in less than half an hour was on my way to the woods with a party of friends, and where some were collected not less than a hundred persons, of both sexes, and some of them quite venerable.

After a general consultation, we divided into small parties, each taking a certain portion of the wood, and agreeing to meet upon the summit of a hill which was visible from our place of starting; but in case the child should be found before reaching the hill, a messenger was to be instantly despatched to the village, and have a 6-pounder discharged, as a signal that success had crowned our efforts.

As the different parties went about to commence their search, each under the guidance of a neighbor living in the vicinity, my attention was called to a woman running across the fields and gesticulating wildly, and some one remarked that it was the almost frantic mother herself. We waited till she came up to us, and I do not think I ever saw more terrible grief depicted on human countenance. She was expressed in her pallid face, and was, in reality, only thirty years of age, and naturally rather handsome, but the deep lines of grief and anxiety, now drawn on her expressive features, gave her the look of sixty. Her eyes, red from weeping, were wild and unsteady; her lips were ashy and quivering; her hair was dishevelled; and her dress was badly torn in different places, as if from rushing among bushes and brambles. With clasped hands and wild, hurried glances from one to another, she ran up to where I was

standing, exclaiming in the most piteous, heart-touching tones:

Oh, for God's sake, find my child! My darling! My sweet, little innocent! If possible, madam, we surely will!" I answered:
Oh, find her, sir, or I shall go mad.
"Doubtless we shall find her before the day is over! I rejoiced; but you must try and be calm, for this wild excitement will do you an injury!"
Calm! she cried, with a look that was almost fierce; who talks to me of being calm, when my little Ada is wandering in unknown wilds and dying of starvation? Oh, my God! My God! will no one find her and restore her to her mother's arms? But I will seek her myself! I will have her! she shall not be lost!
Saying this, she started and ran into a thicket near at hand, regardless of tearing her clothes and scattering her hair with the brambles. Fearing she might lose her reason, and either do herself some injury, or wander off and get lost, two gentlemen and myself immediately started after her. We had some difficulty in catching her, for she plunged through the bushes like a wild beast. I took hold of her, using considerable force, and told her in a stern, determined tone, that we should not permit her to act in such an unreasonable manner; and that if her child, she must be quiet, and permit herself to be wholly under the guidance of the ladies present. At first she was disposed to treat our advice with contempt, and declared with a strange, wild look, she would do as she pleased; but when she found we would not let her go unless she promised compliance with our request, she became more reasonable, and declared that she would do anything if we would only set forward and find her darling child.

We now began our search in earnest, spreading out our party in a line, some ten or fifteen feet apart, and beating the bushes in our direct course. In some places the woods were very close, and thick with underbrush, and here our progress was always slow and tedious—for though we made a good deal of noise, and called the name of Ada at least once a minute, yet it was not certain the little wanderer would answer, even should she hear us, being perhaps so bewildered and frightened as to shrink from her friends—and so to make our work sure, we let not even the smallest hiding-places go unsearched; but again, where the woods were open, we pushed forward pretty rapidly, and succeeded in reaching the summit of the hill mentioned, just as the setting sun was lighting it with his last golden rays. Some of the villagers were there before us, and the others came up soon after, and the meeting there was a serious one, as no one could give the least tidings of the missing child; and it was painful to think, not only of her forlorn condition and sufferings, but of the deep, mental agony of the poor, loving mother. So sincere was the sympathy of some of the villagers, that one man proposed to give one hundred dollars to whoever should find the child alive, and nine others quickly joined him, making the handsome sum of one thousand dollars reward, which it was rightly believed would prove a great stimulus to exertion on the part of many who might otherwise prove comparatively indifferent.

In fact, the news of the reward did fly rapidly, and the effect was almost magical. Several of those present who, a minute before, were so tired from their day's work as scarcely to be able to drag their weary limbs home, now hurried off to get their supplies, procure lanterns, and continue the search all night, while numbers at the village, who could not find it convenient that day to give their time to this work of humanity, now turned out with an eagerness that clearly showed how potent was the spell of money.

Not being fit very good health myself, and wishing to husband my strength for the following day, I went home, and went to bed at an early hour. Though very much fatigued, I could not sleep for a long time, and moved restlessly to and fro, my mind filled with painful thoughts of the poor, child dying of starvation in some lonely spot and the poor mother shrieking away her reason over the horrible discovery. At length came a confused, half-conscious state, and then that peculiar condition in which we dream and know we dream, yet have no desire to wake. I thought I was out hunting the child, as I had been that day, and that besides persons who pursued the search with me, there was also a stranger, a man with a pale, ascetic face, and not unlike a clergyman. Walking close up to me, and fixing his dark, expressive eyes intently upon mine, he said, in a mild pleasant tone, with a winning smile:
"You are troubled about this lost child—it does credit to your heart—and I have come to show you where she is."
Oh, if you know, speak! said; not be-

cause of myself, but for her sake, and her almost frantic mother's!

Follow me! returned the stranger, at once leading me away from all the rest. Then I thought we were at the foot of the hill already more than once mentioned, at very point where my companions and myself had begun its ascent, and that instead of going up as we had done, the stranger to the right, and led the way through a kind of swamp, till he came to a grassy meadow, through which flowed a sparkling rivulet.

This he crossed, and continued on till he came to another hill, which was steep and rocky. Clambering up the hill, past rock after rock, we soon came to a ledge that was very difficult of ascent, and around the base of which the whirrberry was very dense. Turning into this thicket and keeping around a hill, we soon reached a point where the ascent to the top of the rocks was comparatively easy, and one coming to the summit of the ledge, there sat the poor little girl, crying and wringing her hands, and occasionally stopping to gaze with a shudder upon the dreary scene below.

At this point of my dream, I awoke; but the whole scene had been so real, that it was some time before I became convinced that I had been dreaming and had not seen the child at all; and even then I was so impressed with the idea that the vision was something more than a chance fancy, that I felt quite confident I should find her on the morrow.

At the first streak of day I arose, broke my fast, and started off in haste, telling my family of my dream, and that I really expected to find the lost one. A large number of the villagers set off at the same time as myself, and on our way to the wood we met nearly as many returning home from a fruitless night's labor, some of them were completely worn down with a constant vigil and travel of four-and-twenty hours. To none of those going out or coming in, however, did I communicate my secret hope, but managing to separate myself from all, I repaired with haste to the spot where the images of my dream had led me away from the rest of my companions.

To my great delight—I might almost say surprise, though I confess I half expected the result—I discovered the very swamp I had gone through in my sleep; and beyond it, too, the very same meadow and rivulet. My heart beat fast. Could it be, after all, that I had been directed by some higher intelligence? and that I was destined to save a sweet little life, and bring great joy to the almost breaking heart of a fond and doting mother? I fervently prayed to God that it might be so.

I hurried on, and still saw everything exactly as I had seen it in my dream. I came to the hill, ascended it, and discovered the ledge, I was almost to the end of my journey! I should soon know! Hark! did I not hear a child's cry? My heart seemed to rise to my throat and choke me! Could the dream be a clairvoyant sight?

I plunged into the bushes, and ran around up the hill, panting with the exertion and excitement. I gained the summit of the rocks, looking eagerly, almost wildly, at every object.

What was that? Something was before me lying stretched out on the rock—like the form of a child! I gave one bound forward, and uttered a loud cry of joy!
Yes—the poor, sweet little girl was there her golden haired head pillowed on her little white arms! At the sound of my voice she lifted a beautiful face, with a pair of soft blue eyes, and gave me a look I shall never forget. The next moment she was in my arms and strained to my heart; I was weeping and thanking God.
Mamma! mamma! take me to my dear mamma! murmured the sweet little creature in a feeble tone.
Yes, my poor, dear, sweet little innocent! God bless you! I will take you to your own dear mamma! I answered, in a choking voice.
The rest is soon told. I carried the child home, a distance of five miles, for she was too weak to walk. Some one had told the mother before I reached the house; and with a wild shriek of joy she ran out to meet me, but fainted and fell, overcome by her emotions.
It was decided that I was entitled to the thousand dollar reward. I accepted it, and then made a present of it to the poor widow whose heart-felt blessings afforded me a happiness not to be found in gold.

Never seize a sheep by the wool on the back; it is very hurtful to the animal, particularly in warm weather when he is large and fat. The best way is to catch a sheep by the hind leg, or by the neck. The animal is easiest held by placing one hand under the lower jaw, and the other back of his ears, and slightly raising his head.

A Colonel was complaining at an evening

party that, from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he: "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and—" "Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

Power of Humbug.

An individual who owned a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, the scene of the last great action of Napoleon, was frequently questioned as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle, and he invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

He was very poor, and one day while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travelers subjected him, his friend cut him short with: "Well, make one help the other. Make some relics!"

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man.
"Sell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and set on that chair."
Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and inquiring for relics, was told the story. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the "Wellington tumbler" was accordingly sold. The third arrived gazed with breathless wonder on the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat. The fourth purchased the door-posts between which he had entered; and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor upon which he had trodden.

At the last advice the fortunate tavern-keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit, formed by selling the earth upon which the house stood.

MUST YOU FILL YOUR PAPER WITH ADVERTISEMENTS.—Very often we are asked the question at the head of this article. The reply is, always, yes, sir, we are obliged to; and the question suggests two or three others that might well be put to the questioner.—The pay that we have collected for subscribers for the whole paper we have used for the same time. Then again what would a local paper do worth without giving the local advertising? We heard an intelligent lady, a short time since, remark, that she read all the advertisements weekly, and was interested in every much in such reading. But the farmer, the mechanic, the business man in the country is just as much interested, in the advertisements of his country as he is in the local columns. It is in this part of the paper that he learns of all that is transpiring in the county. Every one is interested in the local advertisements, all that purchase or sell goods are interested in the business advertisements. So of all the rest. Then, again, if there is a person so isolated from all other persons, so much of a hermit, that he is impervious to all that is transpiring around him, and so much in love with hoarded dimes, that he must count the cost of his newspaper, the printed words it contains, to see whether he can afford it or, whether he cannot drive a better bargain in another direction, such a person has no right to have a newspaper at all. But there are a good many people that will judge a newspaper as the judge potatoes by the bulk, and who never think that to get up and maintain a county newspaper will judge a hundred subscribers with no extensive field for circulation, is a difficult undertaking, and one that returns but little pay for the outlay.—[Ellsworth American.]

A HOME-MADE HEARTH ROOF.—A lady subscriber writes: "Procure a colts sack, sack it tightly on a frame the size you wish your rug. Get a blacksmith to make you a crochet needle about the size of a husking peg, tapering rather more. With charcoal and rule 'lay out on the sack you the figure wish for your rug. Gather all the old woolsen rags such as are too much worn for carpet, 'thrums,' bits of wool, etc. Tear these in strips, and with the hook in the right hand, hold the strip beneath in the left hand, catch the rag and pull it through about half an inch, then through again as near to the first as possible. By so doing the different colors and following the patterns, a very beautiful article can be made. After it is all filled up in this way, take a pair of sheep shears or common scissors, large size, shear it all off to an even surface. Old dresser are the best; heavy cloth will not work in well. I have seen such rugs in handsome parlors, and when tastefully made they are equal to any."

The Mess. Ploughman always has a batch of valuable items, each one of which contains a good point. It is not the man who can string out the long, proxy newspaper article

who is the greatest public benefactor.—Speaking of loads, it says:

Never kill the toads that frequent your garden. Not by any means remarkable for beauty, they are nevertheless very useful in destroying insects, particularly those that fly in the night. Toads feed almost exclusively on insects, and the amount of good they do is immense. It would be always reconcile ourselves to the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does," and conquer our prejudices, we should cherish the toad as a true friend. A young lady once told us that she "perfectly doted on alligators." It would be much more sensible to fix her young affections on toads.

To Young Smokers.

An eminent physician writes the following: "Let me give two or three hints to boys who use tobacco. Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, depleting the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes, is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy—I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world, to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

A few weeks ago, a youth arrived in this city to prosecute his studies with a view to professional life. A week or two after his arrival, he was seized with paralysis in both legs, which advanced upwards till nearly the lower half of his body was benumbed and apparently lifeless. There is but little hope of his recovery. The cause of his disease was tobacco smoking—a habit which he had early acquired, and persisted in to the time of his attack.—[STATISTICAL MONTHLY.]

POSTSCRIPT.—Mill and water people, who content themselves with doing no harm, at the same time never doing good, are three negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his Harvard appointed way, but actually rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act, but thousands who will walk the future path will thank him for clearing it.—The man who has no enemy is generally a sleek, creeping, cautious, white-washed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits.

CHAPLAIN AND CONTRABAND.—Army Chaplain—"My young colored friend, are you read?"
Contraband—"Yes, sah."
Army Chaplain—"Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?"
Contraband—"Sartin massa, if you please."
Army Chaplain—"Very good; what paper would you choose, now?"
Contraband—"Well, massa, if you please, I'll take a paper ob terbaccher."
The chaplain looked at the contraband, the contraband looked at the chaplain, then the latter sighed and passed on.

ONE FOR THE JUDGE.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet, which was ordered by the executioner, on such a day, that the next time the Judge came to the gallows, he was sent for.
"Fellow," said the judge in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"
"Humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter. "Had I known that it had been for your lordship, it would have been done immediately."

PIANOFORSALE.—A good second-hand Cottage Piano, made by "Broadwood" for sale at a bargain. Can be seen at
June 7. H. W. GODDARDS.

GARD.—MRS. MAGEE has just received a second lot of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, viz. Bonnet, Milk, Crapes, etc. The Empress and other new styles of Bonnet shapes, Ladies Hats in all the new shapes, Black, Marble, silver, etc., and is prepared to receive all orders in the Millinery line, and in order to keep her list as posted in the newest and most fashionable style of Bonnets and Trimmings, which are so different from any heretofore worn, she has procured patterns from one of the first London Houses. She has also received a new make of pants; all work is executed under her own personal supervision; satisfaction is guaranteed. Orders from the country carefully executed.

Having a nice lot of Brailing pattern stamps, she is prepared to stamp patterns on all materials for dresses, blouses, shirts, etc. All work is done respectfully solicited.

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