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Poetry.

The Welcome Fall.

Thy Fall! the Fall! the welcome Fall!
Thy temper benign we worship all.
Thy sweltering sun's scorching reign
To past, and we are cool again.
Season bland of foliage gay!
When woods put on their bright array.
When Earth her products yields the while,
And languid faces learn to smile,
Then man forgets the heat and toil
Summer inflicts—his bliss to spoil.
Best season! kindest of the year
We hoot thee wretched, sad, and drear
Would man's lot be—his fearful doom
Two winters in sight—and worse to come
Then let us be glad—each token and sign
Of weather influence all combine
To whisper that the proud season of "Fall"
Is at hand, to comfort us one and all.

WON AT LAST.

It was a cold, cheerless day in November, and the cutting wind swept with an angry howl round the sharp corner of a New York hotel, dashing the rain violently against the window-panes of a room looking out on Broadway.

Its sole occupant was a young man in a naval uniform, who reclined in a dejected manner on a lounge drawn close beside a glowing grate fire.

In moody silence he paid assiduous attention to a meerschaum sending forth huge volumes of smoke as he listened to the stifling gusts of wind that moaned and eddied round the exposed corner of the room.

A knock at the door caused the young man to start nervously, while in a sharp, irritated voice he bade his intruder enter.

"Hail Alf, taking it easy this raw day, eh? But what is the matter, my boy? You appear agitated, and your face is—"

"Oh, never mind my face, Tom. Take off your coat and sit down here. Take a nip. You'll find brandy and whisky on the shelf yonder. And then listen to me, for I have much to say to you. Tom, you are my oldest and best friend; my confidant and adviser, to whom I have unhesitatingly, and now again I come to you with my tale of sorrow. Two misfortunes have overtaken me to-day, Tom—one of them, however, I accept now with joy. Hattie Rogers has rejected me, and threw on the table as my orders from the Department to assume command of the "Rattler" and proceed without delay to join the squadron at present in Chinese waters."

"Well, well, Alf, this is news, to be sure; and unexpected, too. But, in regard to the most important portion, how was it Miss Hattie refused you? Poor girl! she is sadly in need of a protector now, and I am sure she loves you, Alf."

"I am not so sure of that," broke in the young officer, impatiently, as he rose to his feet, pacing up and down the room, striving in vain to suppress the agitation which was too visible in his pale, handsome features. "But listen, and you shall have the whole yarn, with my reason for letting me go by the board. As you know, Hattie is an old school-mate of mine, and in the days when her father was alive we spent much of our time in each other's society. Our love is not a creation of yesterday, or, at all events, so far as I am concerned. Well, misfortunes came—financial crisis and other troubles—which robbed Hattie's father of his wealth, and the old gentleman died of a broken heart."

"I see you are a little impatient, Tom, and I know you are acquainted with their past history, but it is a melancholy pleasure to me now to go over and review old reminiscences wherein Hattie figured so was connected. How Hattie and her mother struggled with poverty, the heart-rendings and mortifications to which they were subjected, God and themselves are only acquainted. My parents, I am sorry to say, associated by a false pride which has no hold on my composition, dropped them from their visiting list, and discountenanced my boyish intimacy with the pure, lovely girl, whose love I would sacrifice everything my heart holds dear to obtain. The widow and her daughter, removed to the city, buried themselves in obscurity, and it was by accident I found out their retreat. As delicately as possible I attempted to assist the helpless ones; but the mother, who was already struggling with the insidious ravages of consumption, so subtly and coldly repelled my proffers, and retired covered with embarrassment, my heart wrung with pain at their evident suffering and want. But I sought out the firm for which they sewed, left a portion of my funds in his hands to be paid to the widow as an extra price for the excel-

lence of the work. A few days since I learned of the mother's death. Hattie is left alone, friendless in this great city. I sought her out in the midst of her sorrow, soothed and comforted her, mingled my tears with hers, and performed the last sad ceremonies at the grave of her mother. But when I spoke of her forlorn condition, my love, and plans, she burst into tears, reminded me of my laughly parents and sisters, their opposition and dislike to her, the improper motives which would be attributed to her, and, hang it, Tom, I cannot begin to tell you all she said. The interview was a long and trying one. She confessed she loved me, kissed me, bade me a last adieu, and pushed me from the room. In the midst of my trouble comes my orders for a three years' cruise on the other side of the world, and Hattie my darling, golden-haired lost love, will indeed be lost to me forever."

And in a burst of uncontrollable grief the poor fellow sank on the couch completely unheeded. For hours his friend bent over him, talking in a low sympathetic tone, which had its effect upon the excitable disposition of the naval officer. Plans were proposed by which Tom pledged himself to look after Hattie's welfare and interests in the absence of her lover, and he confidentially asserted that time would bring all things about satisfactorily.

"Keep up a good heart, Alf," he said, as he drew on his great coat. "Look on the bright side of life; think of Hattie as temporarily separated from you, and leave the rest to me."

Alfred Judson was the son of a distinguished gentleman who had figured in the councils of his country as a cabinet officer. His large fortune lent additional lustre to his name and reputation, all of which he prized solely on account of his well-beloved and only son, who he hoped would some day add additional laurels to the family honors. That Hattie Rogers, in her humble condition, should be looked upon as one scarcely worthy to fill so exalted a position as their son's wife, is scarcely to be wondered at when society of the present day measures worth, talent, and attainments by gold.

But in that respect alone was she the inferior of her open, generous-hearted sailor lover.

Possessed of every accomplishment that could grace a lady's education, Hattie was well fitted to fill the highest station. Her beauty was beyond all question, which, added to a matchless form, might prove a dangerous inheritance to the orphan, situated as she was in the great wicked metropolis.

Tom Alfred, Alfred's best and trusted friend, was a rising young journalist, connected with one of the prominent dailies of the city; and nobly did he set about the task of redeeming his promise pledged to his friend. But when he sought the humble lodgings where he expected to find the orphan girl, he was told that she had departed, leaving no trace by which her whereabouts could be discovered.

It was under these distressing circumstances that Alfred was forced to bid adieu to his friend, who accompanied him down the harbor. The last good-by was said; Tom wrung the hand of his pale dejected friend, without venturing to say a word, and in company with the pilot, passed over the side of the brig-of-war, which continued its course across the deep, trackless ocean.

It was a fine clear day in January, the sparkling clear waters of the Indian Ocean glistening with a thousand scintillations from the gorgeous sunset that was gilding the west. Broad belts of gold and purple light, waving and undulating, danced across the placid surface of the ocean, while the high, mountainous region of Sumatra loomed up from a light surrounding of misty haze, which, like a silvery veil, partially concealed the land.

Under all sail, the huge, lumbering hull of a merchantman was forging slowly ahead, closing in with the land; while off on her weather quarter another vessel, under a cloud of canvas was rapidly approaching.

From the immense folds of snowy canvas, the glossy hull, tapering spars, taut rigging and peculiar aspect, it was plain to the admiring gaze of the seamen on board the merchantman that the stranger was a man-of-war.

With studding sails set aloft and aloft, and rolling with a gentle motion, the man-of-war skimmed over the ocean, casting up little showers of spray from the volume of foam boiling and bubbling about her graceful cut-water.

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard; a hundred forms sprang into the rigging like magic; the broad folds of canvas disappeared; booms were run in, and the next instant the tall form of the naval officer sprang on the hammock nettings, waving his trumpet in token of salu-

tation to the shipmaster's respectful salutation, and then raised his gold-banded cap as his eye caught the flutter of a lady's dress.

After the usual salutations, questions, and answers, the officer added:

"You had better keep a good look-out to-night, as there has been a suspicious sail in sight, hovering about all day. She has dived in under the land just now, but I have an eye upon her, and will take a look at you during the night. If you should need any assistance, hoist a red lantern at your peak."

And again raising his cap, the officer resumed his solitary walk on the weather side of the man-of-war, which displayed the ensign of the United States.

Hailing by the wind, the symmetrical vessel heeled over to the evening breeze, displaying her flashing copper and disclosing the muzzles of a well-appointed battery.

"It's a seaman in charge of that craft, marm!" exclaimed the bluff old master of the merchantman to his lady passenger. "None of your school-boy, kil glove, toy tars from Annapolis. He's been on salt water, and put his theory into practice."

The man-of-war had taken a sweep up to windward, and as night set in, she was dimly made out in the distance heading in for the land.

It was midnight. The mate had the watch, and was leaning idly over the rail, watching the eccentric phosphorescent bubbles and streaks of light which circled and eddied far astern.

Soon the look-out reported the man-of-war bearing down upon the ship again, and the mate waved his hand to the officer of the watch who, standing in the mizen chains, peered down upon the deck of the merchantman as he swept by under her stern.

The wind was growing light, gradually hauling until it blew in light zephyrs directly over the land, bearing with it the scent of a thousand tropical shrubs and plants.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think I heard something that sounded like the report of a gun," and the quartermaster of the watch saluted the officer of the deck, whose attention was instantly arrested.

"What direction did it appear to come from, Tom?"

"This way, sir, about the direction where we last sighted the ship, sir."

"I think you must be mistaken, Tom. I can hear nothing. But keep a good look-out, and let me know if you hear anything."

"Ay, ay, sir," repeated the seaman, as he walked over the forward.

Scarcely had the quartermaster regained his post, when a shout, mingled with the report of firearms, echoed across the water.

With a bound the officer of the deck sprang onto a gun, gazing intently toward the point where the ship had last been seen.

"There goes the gleam of a red lantern, there, a devilry going on to leeward there. Port your wheel, quartermaster. Ho! tell the boatswain's mate to call all hands, and, jumping off the gun, the young man hastened to summon his commanding officer.

In an indescribable short space of time every officer and man was at his station, and the vessel under all sail was rapidly nearing the huge hull of the merchantman, whose heavy yards and cumbersome spars loomed up through the obscurity.

"Clear away the first and second enter. Man the starboard battery!" came in deep, measured tones from the quarter deck.

"There is a pica, sir, shooting from under the lee of the ship!" reported an off-hand sailor.

"Ay, ay, sir, I see him. Sail trimmers to your stations. Starboard for and main braces. Train your guns. Ready. Fire!" and with the word of command the iron messengers of death were launched full at the light, fleeting prosa, which, with her large sixteen shillings spread to their fullest capacity, was heading in for the dark, frowning land, hauled on a taut bow-line.

The cries of wounded men, the reeling of wood, and the shouts of the survivors were borne back to the ears of the men-of-war men. But there was no time given for reflection, as the first and second cutters were called away.

The courses had been hauled up, main yard laid aback, and as the boats with their armed crews shoved off from the man-of-war, the prosa was still visible, dancing to windward at no mean rate.

Ordering his gig manned, the naval commander proceeded himself to board the ship, which had sustained an attack from the Malay pirates.

The deck presented a fearful spectacle, the dead and lacerated bodies of the seamen being strewn fore and aft. For the pirates, although they had not had time

to disturb the cargo or valuables, had wrecked a bloody vengeance upon the crew.

The surgeon's skill was called into requisition, and from the captain, who had been badly wounded, the commander learned the facts of the attack.

"But where is my passenger?" he exclaimed suddenly, as he gleamed wildly about the cabin, where Miss Rogers, an any of you tell me?"

"Whose name did you say," inquired the commander in an agitated voice.

"Miss Rogers, Miss Hattie Rogers, who was going to Calcutta as a volunteer nurse for the Ambulance corps connected with the English army."

"What?" exclaimed the officer as he staggered back, his face deathly pale, "she has been captured by the pirate, she is not in the cabin. Search the ship, lads, quick, moments are precious now. And is it thus we were destined to meet?" muttered Alfred, (for it was him) as he turned away to conceal his emotion.

The search was fruitless, no tidings could be learned respecting the fate of the unhappy girl, and Alfred leaving the surgeon on board the ship, ordered all boats to be hoisted out and the crews armed.

With long rapid strokes the rowlocks having been muffled, the parties soon found themselves within the murmur of the surf; the broad mouth of the creek opened abruptly before them; and into this the expedition stealthily pulled.

The hull of the large prosa with her raking masts and rude rigging, was soon discovered in the gloom moored close in shore was a considerable settlement, which was wrapt in silence. Here and there the occasional twinkles of a coconut oil lamp could be seen, through the cracks of the bamboo huts.

It yet wanted two hours of daylight, and Alfred, as the boats grated on the sand beach, determined to reconnoitre in person before risking an attack upon the piratical settlement. He was anxious to ascertain himself of the safety of Hattie, who might have sustained some injury from the broadside of the brig-of-war which had flown thick and fast about the fleeing prosa; and now that she was in the hands of the pirates, they might direct the first blow at her in the fury and rage of a night attack.

Agitated and tormented by a thousand evil fancies, Alfred accompanied by his coxswain, stole cautiously forward, gliding from hut to hut, until the centre of the village had been gained. Here a large building with some pretensions to architectural skill had attracted Alfred's eyes, and his heart beat wild as the low tone of a female voice reached his ear.

The occasional rattle of arms, accompanied by a deep guttural exclamation, was sufficient warning to the officer and his follower to proceed with caution.

A dark opening, partially concealed by a curtain of palm leaves, was evidently some passage way leading into the interior of the structure, and without the least hesitation Alfred entered, feeling his way step by step. The slight, almost undetectable tones of the female voice he had heard thrilled through every fibre of his heart, urging him on beyond all prudence.

Loosening his sword in his sheath, Alfred ventured to draw aside a second curtain, when the huge interior of the edifice was revealed in all its hideousness; the room or inclosure was dimly lighted by various oil lamps supplied with floating wicks, and the wavering light added to grim horror of the rudely carved and painted idols scattered about. Prominent among them was the god Kalu, who presides over the host of idols. His huge form was swathed in yards of native cloth, and by his side reposed the sacred war club of the tribe.

Kneeling by the side of this monster was a figure arrayed in white, which instantly caught Alfred's eye. He recognized the form and the luxuriant golden hair of his lost Hattie, who in another instant would have been clasped in his arms, but for the sudden appearance of a tall, powerful figure arrayed in all the panoply of a Malay chief. His black, glittering eyes glowed with an unnatural fire as he halted close beside her.

In a deep guttural tone he addressed a few words to the kneeling girl, who started to her feet with a shriek of horror; as she realized who was before her.

But the grasp of the Malay prevented her flitting victim from effecting her escape—she was in the coils of the destroyer who enjoyed his triumph with unconcealed satisfaction.

A shout, the report of a pistol, followed by a wild cry from the chieftain, who fell headlong to the floor; and Alfred stood over him with Hattie clasped in his arms.

With his brave coxswain to guard the rear, the young commander, with his loyal prize, essayed to beat a hasty retreat, but the report of the pistol had alarmed

the slumbering pirates, who, creosins in hand, crowded around the temple of Kalu. They, too, had heard the report of the pistol, and interpreting it as a signal of danger, they had advanced at a double quick, falling with the fury of a thunderbolt upon the ranks of the surprised foe.

The crack of fire arms, the ringing of steel, the shouts of seamen, and the cries of the Malays, proclaimed to Alfred and his companion that assistance was at hand.

The victory was easily won, and while the young commander retired to his vessel in company with Hattie, the expedition thoroughly performed its work of destruction.

The inhabitants had all either perished or fled. The town was wrapt in flames; while the prosa, scuttled in numerous places, sank fathomless deep below the surface.

But a few days elapsed before the "Rattler" dropped anchor before the city of Singapore, and it is needless to add that Hattie, accompanied by the force of circumstances, to the importunities of her lover, her heart had long been in his possession, and she now made but few objections to the proposition of an immediate marriage.

Privately and with but few spectators, they were united, the bride, in her blushing beauty, showing no trace of the trials and dangers to which she had been subjected.

The news was transmitted to Alfred's parents, including Tom Alder, who indulged in a luxurious supper in honor of the happy termination of his friend's affairs, while the parents, powerless to repair the financial damage, were forced to add their congratulations for their son's happiness.

BITES OF THE RATTLESLAKE.—A Post Office agent travelling in Texas tells of the successful use of the gall of a rattlesnake as an antidote for the bite of that reptile. In the case spoken of relief was almost instantaneous to the patient, who was writing in paroxysms of great pain, rapidly swelling and becoming purple. A friend of the writer, who spent several years in California and New Mexico, saw the same remedy successfully used among the Indians in the latter country. In one instance an Indian's dog near the camp was bitten in the nose by a large rattlesnake. The Indians immediately opened the reptile and administered the gall. The cure was rapid and effectual.—*St. Augustine Press.*

It is said that when Dr. Thomas Scott, the commentator, published an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with explanatory notes appended, he presented a copy to a pious and worthy couple in his parish, whose whole stock of literature was such as they had acquired from the perusal of the Bible. On enquiring upon them some time after, he naturally inquired how they liked the book? Their reply was that they were delighted with it, and understood it all perfectly, except the notes.

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in a sermon exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age. "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried on in this town."

The Provincial Wesleyan has changed its name, form and dress, and now appears as a quarto, printed with new and handsome type, and its title shortened by the omission of the prefix "Provincial."

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

A young school-boy was asked for an apt quotation in Latin to show off the progress he had made to a friend of his proud father. After a moment's consideration the boy said he had got it. "What is it, my boy?" "Why, father, you know our Latin master's name is Cave, so I think 'cave canem' would best express the state of affairs and manner of progress in the class."

A young lady was yesterday standing on the wharf on the foot of Second street, waving her handkerchief at a schooner lying in the stream. "Know anybody on board?" queried her companion, as he came along. "No, I don't; but they are waving their handkerchiefs at me," she replied. "Hand (ha) ker (hood) chiefs!" he exclaimed, dropping his basket and leaning against a woodpile; "why, then, the men's shirts, hung up to dry!" She waved into a warehouse.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones to be sure, your honor, wouldn't be thinking I plant boiled ones."