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Poetry.

A celebrated statesman said, "Give me the making of a Nation's ballads, and I care not who makes her laws." Perhaps this is exaggerated; but here is one of those fine old songs, which breathe a patriotism which has an abiding place in the heart of all true Britons, and keeps alive the bold and loyal spirit of our Navy. It was composed by Dr. Arne.

Britain's Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.

When Britain on her sea-girt shore
Her ancient Druids erst addressed,
What aid, she cried, shall I implore?
What best defence, by numbers pressed?
The hostile nations round thee rise,
The mystic oracles replied,
And view thine isle with envious eyes;
Their threats defy, their rage deride,
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls:
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks, descending to the main,
With floating fleets shall stem the tide,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thousand navies ride.
Not less to peaceful arts inclined,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread thy white sails where naval glory calls:
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

The ballad of "The Heir of Linne" has in its numbers the sound of the "north country," and is perhaps of Scottish descent, though found in Percy's "Southern Ballad-Book." The hero belongs, however, by all theories, to the other side of the Tweed: he is called, too, a lord of Scotland in the rhyme; not as a lord of parliament, but a laird whose title went with his estate. The old thrifty laird of Linne died, and left his all to an unthrifty son who loved wine and mirth:

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night;
To card and dice from eve till morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare;
I wot not if he was king himself,
Of gold and fee he was not bare.

And here he soon became; when all his gold
Was spent and gone, he bethought him of his
father's steward, John of the Scales, now a wealthy
man, as to him he went for help; he was
received with courtesy:

Now welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let me not disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here.

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land how take it into thee?
Give me the gold, good John of the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

John of the Scales drew out the agreement as
tight as a glove, gave earnest-money that all
might be according to custom as well as law,
and then reckoned up the purchase-money,
which would not have bought more than a third
of the land in an honest and open market:

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne.

Thus hath he sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far in a lonely glen.

This lonesome lodge was preserved in obedi-
ence to a vow made to his father, who told him
on his death-bed that when he had spent all his
money and all his land, and all the world frowned
on him for a spendthrift, he would find in that
lonely dwelling place a sure and faithful friend.
Who this friend in need was, the young Lord of
Linne never inquired when he made the reser-
vation; but, taking up the gold of John of the
Scales, and calling on his companions, drank
and dined, and spared not:

They routed, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it wased thin;
And then his friends they slunk away,
And left the unthrifty Heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
And one was brass, another was lead,
And the third was of white metal.

"Well," but said the Heir of Linne, "I have
many friends, trusty ones who ate of the fat
and drank of the strong at my table; so let me
go and borrow a little from each, in turns, that
may never be empty!"

But one I was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away;
Another would lend him a thriffling loan,
And sharply bade him wend his way.

Now well-a-day, said the Heir of Linne,
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

The Heir of Linne stood and mused a little
now on his ruined fortune. "It were a bawling
shame," thought he, "to beg my bread like a
common mendicant; to rob or steal would be
sinful, and my limbs are unused to work; be-
sides labour is unbecoming in a gentleman; let
me go therefore to that little lonesome lodge of
which my father spoke, and see what it will do
for me, since there is no help elsewhere."

Away then hied the Heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen;
Until he came to that lonesome lodge
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lonely were the walls—
Here's sorry cheer, quoth the Heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, briar, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No halcyon breeze here ever blew.

No chain, no table, not he spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed;
He saw but a rope with a running noose,
Which dangled hung above his head.

"Ah! this is the friend my father meant,"
said he, regarding the vacant noose with an eye
which seemed to say welcome; while, as if the
daint of the rope was not sufficient for a desper-
ate man, a few plain broad letters told him
since he had brought himself to poverty and
ruin, to try the trusty cord, and so end all his
sorrows:

Sorely ached with this sharp rebuke,
Sorely ached was the Heir of Linne:
His heart, I wot, was nigh to break,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the Heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three;
This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.

He said no more, but, putting the cord round
his neck, gave a spring into the air; but, in-
stead of the death which he expected, the ceiling
to which the rope was fixed gave way; he fell
to the floor, and on recovering was sur-
prised to see a key attached to the cord, with
an inscription which told him where to find
two chests full of gold and a chest full of silver,
containing a sum more than sufficient to set
him free and redeem his lands; with an admo-
nition to amend his life, lest the rope should be
his end. "It were now to God," exclaimed the
Heir of Linne, "that my father's words should be
my guide and rule in future, else may the cord
finish all!" He secured the money, turned his
thoughts on his estates, and hastened to the
house of Linne, resolved to be wily as well as
prudent, for he knew the character of the new
proprietor. With John of the Scales it hap-
pened to be a day of feasting and mirth; at one
end of a table covered with dainties, amid
which the wine was flowing, sat John, at the
other his wife, swollen with newly acquired
importance; while neighbouring lairds all in a
row made up the glad company:

There John himself sat at the board head,
Because now Lord of Linne was he;
I pray thee, he said, good John of the Scales,
One forty penny for to lend me.

Away, away, thou thriffling loon,
Away, away, this may not be;
For Christ's curse on my head, he said,
If ever I trust thee one penny.

This was probably what the Heir of Linne
wished, as well as expected. Woman in the
hour of need or of misery is said to be merciful
and compassionate; so he turned to the new
Lady of Linne, saying, "Madame, bestow alms
on me for the sake of sweet Saint Charity."

"Begone!" exclaimed this imperious madam;
"I swear thou shalt have no alms from my hand
—were it to hang spendthrifts and fools, we
would certainly begin with thee!"

Then up bespoke a good fellow,
Who sat at John of the Scales' board;
Said, Turn again, thou Heir of Linne,
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

Some time a good fellow thou has been,
And spared not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John of the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company;
For well I wot thou hadst his land;
And a good bargain it was to thee.

"A good bargain!" exclaimed John of the
Scales, in wrath; "you know little about bar-
gains, else you would not talk so; curses on my
head, say I, if I was not a loser by the bargain."

And here I proffer thee, Heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
That thou shalt have it cheaper back
By absconding marks than I had it of thee.

"Take you all witnesses, gentlemen," said
the Heir of Linne, casting him, as he spoke, a
glance at John of the Scales; "and here,

good John of the Scales, is the gold." All pre-
sent stared, for no one expected such an event.
He proceeded to act upon the purchase,—
And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon his board;
All woe-begone sat John of the Scales,
So silent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne.

Now well-a-day, said Joan of the Scales,
Now well-a-day and woe's my life,
Yes, yes, I was my Lady of Linne;
Now I'm but John of the Scales's wife.

John himself, it would seem, remained silent;
the fine edifice which he had reared was pulled
about his ears, and he was buried in the rub-
bish. The Heir of Linne, addressing the guest
who offered him the forty pence, made him the
keeper of the "wild deer and the tame," through-
out all his forests, and turning to John of the
Scales, as that worthy rose to be gone, said,
"Farewell, now and for ever; and may my fa-
ther's curse fall on me if I bring my inheritance
into jeopardy again!" The wisest of men may
be continued in their own resolutions, and the
most thriffling may be mended by the precept
and example exhibited in this fine old ballad.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

"Oh, girls! I shall just die, I know I
shall!" exclaimed Belle Burnett, going in-
to a hysterical fit of laughter, which she
vainly tried to smother behind an elegant
lace-edged handkerchief.

"What is it, you provoking thing? Why
don't you tell us, so we can laugh too?"

"Well—you see," she gasped out at
last, "we've got a new pupil, the queerest
looking thing you ever saw. I happened
looking through your room when she ar-
rived. She came in a stage and had a mite
of an old-fashioned hair trunk, not much
bigger than a band-box, and she came into
Madame's room with a funny little basket
in her hand, and sat down as if she had
come to stay for ever. She said: 'Are you
Madame Gazin?' 'Yes,' Madame replied,
'that is my name.' 'Well, I have come to
stay a year at your school.' And then she
actually pulled out a handkerchief out of
her basket and unrolled it carefully, until
she came to an old leather wallet, and ac-
tually took out two hundred and fifty dol-
lars and laid it in Madame's hand and said:
'That is just the amount, I believe; will
you please give me a receipt for it?' You
never saw Madame look so surprised. She
actually didn't know what to say for a mi-
nute; but she gave her a receipt, asked her
a few questions, and had her taken to No.
10, and there she is now this very morn-
ing."

"Well," what was there so funny about
that?"

"Why, this: she has red hair tucked in-
to a black net, and looks like a fright every-
way. She wears a delicate dress, without a
sign of ruff or trimming of any kind,
and the shabbiest hat and shawl you ever
saw. You'll laugh too when you see her."

Belle Burnett was an only child, and her
wealthy father was pleased to gratify her
every whim. So, besides being far too elegantly
dressed for a school girl, she was
supplied with plenty of pocket money, and
being very generous and full of life and fun
she was the acknowledged leader among
Madame's pupils.

When the new pupil, the new com-
er was escorted to the drawing room, and in-
troduced to her schoolmates as Miss Fannie
Comstock. She had exchanged her brown
delaine for a pink calico dress, with a bit of
white edging about her neck. She did look
rather queer, with her small thin freckled
face, and her red hair pushed straight back
from her face, and hidden as much as pos-
sible under a large black net, and but for the
presence of Madame, her first reception
would have been exceedingly unpleasant.

She was shy, and awkward, and evidently
ill at ease among so many strangers. As
soon as possible, she hurried back to her
room and its seclusion. The next day she
was examined and assigned to her place in
the different classes, and to the surprise of
all, she was far in advance of those of her
age. But this did not awaken the respect
of her schoolmates, as it should have done.
On the contrary, Belle Burnett and her es-
pecial friends were highly incensed about it,
and at once commenced a series of petty
animoities, whenever it was safe to do
so, which kept poor Fannie miserable in-
deed, although she seemed to take no no-
tice of it. A few weeks passed by. Her
lessons were always perfectly recited. She
made no complaint of the slights and sneers
of her companions, but kept out of their
way as much as possible. Her thin face
grew paler, however, and there were dark
rings about her eyes. A watchful friend
would have seen that all these things were
wearing cruelly upon her young life. One
Saturday the very spirit of wickedness seem-
ed to be let loose among them: Madame
was away, and the other teachers were busy
in their own rooms. Fannie had been out

for a walk, and was near the door of her
own room, when a dozen or more of the
girls surrounded her, clapping hands to-
gether, as she was a prisoner in the midst.
For a moment she begged piteously to be
released, but they only laughed the more
and began going around and around, sing-
ing something which Belle had composed—
cruel, miserable, insulting words. She
stood pale and still, and then, with a pier-
cing cry, she burst through the ring, rush-
ed into her own room, and closed and lock-
ed the door. Through their wild peals of
laughter the girls heard a strange moan
and a heavy fall.

"I believe she has fainted," said Belle.
"What shall we do?" said another.

For a moment they stood there, sob-
bing; then one of them ran for the ma-
trou and told her that Fannie Comstock had
fainted in her room, and that the door was
locked. She had a long ladder put up to
the window and sent the janitor to see if
it were true. Fortunately the window was
open, and in a few moments he had un-
locked the door from the inside. The girls
had huddled together in a frightened group
while the matron lifted the poor girl and
laid her upon the bed. She was in violent
spasms. The doctor was sent for, but
when the spasms ceased, alarming symp-
toms set in, and he pronounced it a serious
case of brain fever. It is impossible to tell
the shame and remorse of the conscience-
stricken girls. They were not brave enough
to confess their guilt, but hung around the
sick room offering their services, vainly
wishing that they might atone for it some
way. But their presence only excited the
sufferer, so they were all sent away. Day
after day passed, and still she raged in vi-
lent delirium. The little hair trunk was
searched to find some clue to her friends,
but there was nothing in it but the plainest
and scantiest supply of clothes. Day after
day came the doctor, looking grave and
anxious, and at last the crisis came. For
many hours she lay as if dead, and not a
noise was permitted to disturb the awful
silence while they waited to see if she would
live or die. At last she opened her eyes,
and the suspense was relieved by an as-
surant word from the doctor, that with careful
nursing she would soon be well again. But
her convalescence was slow and tedious af-
ter all.

Her former tormentors dared not speak
of what they had done, but they set her
daily little bouquets of fragrant flowers, or
fruit and other delicacies to tempt her re-
turning appetite. Her eyes would light
with surprise and pleasure at the little gifts.
Amidst all her wiffling ravings not a word
of complaint at the ill-treatment she had re-
ceived ever escaped her lips.

One day Madame was sitting by her side
and she seemed to be so much stronger,
she ventured to ask after her friends.

"I have no friends, Madame; only cousin
John, who has a large family of his own,
and has never cared for me. Mother died
soon after I was born. I had a step-mother,
but father died five years ago, and I've
taken care of myself ever since."

"And you are only fifteen now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you get the money to pay for
your board and tuition here?"

"I earned it all, Madame, every cent of it.
As soon as I was big enough I went into a
factory and earned two dollars and a half,
and finally, three and a half, and I worked
for my board night and morning."

"Poor child!"

"Oh no, ma'am, I was very glad to do
it."

"But how did you keep along so well with
your studies?"

"I used to fix a book open on the loom,
where I could catch a sentence, now and
then, and the overseer did not object, be-
cause I did my work well. You see, Ma-
dame, I want to be a teacher some time,
I know I'd have a better chance to learn
here than anywhere else, so I just determined
to do it."

"What are your plans for the long vaca-
tion?"

"I must go back to the factory and earn
enough to get some warmer clothes for the
winter. You see, Madame, why I can't af-
ford to dress better."

Madame's heart was full. She bent over
the white, thin little face and kissed it re-
verently.

That evening, when the girls gathered
in the chapel for worship, she told Fannie's
story. There was not a dry eye in the
room. The moment Madame finished,
Belle Burnett sprang up, with the tears
streaming down down her cheeks.

"Oh, Madame! we have been awfully
cruel and wicked to that poor girl. We
have been making fun of her from the first
and she never would have been as sick as
she was if we had not tormented her almo-
st to death. I was the most to blame; it was
I that led on the rest, and we have suffer-
ed terribly all these weeks, fearing she might
die. You may expel me, or punish me in
any way you please, for I deserve it, and
I shall go down on my knees to ask her
pardon as soon as you will let me in to see
her."

"My child, I am shocked to hear this! I
can scarcely believe that any of my pupils
would ill-treat a companion because she
was so unfortunate as to be plain and poor.
But you have made a noble confession, and
I forgive you as freely as I believe she will
when she knows how truly you have re-
pent of your unkindness."

By degrees, as soon as she was able to
bear it, one after another went to Fannie
and begged her forgiveness, which was
freely granted. She said:

"I don't wonder at all that you made fun
of me. I know I was poorly dressed and
awfully homely. I would have pulled every
hair out of my head years ago, only I knew
it would grow out again as red as ever.
But oh! if I could have felt that I had just
one true friend among you I could have
borne it; but somehow it just broke my
heart to have you all turn against me."

After this she gained rapidly, and one
morning the doctor said she might join the
girls in the drawing room for an hour or
two after tea. There had been a vast deal
of whispering and hurrying to and fro of
late, among the girls, of which Fannie had
been totally unconscious in the quiet seclu-
sion of her own room.

At the appointed time Madame herself
came to assist her, and leaning upon her
strong arm, the young girl walked freely
through the long hall and down the stairs
to the drawing room.

"My dear, the girls have planned a little
surprise for you, to make the hours pass
more pleasantly as possible."

She opened the door, seated Fannie in a
chair, and the girls came gliding in, with
smiling faces, singing a beautiful song of
welcome. At its close, Belle Burnett ap-
proached and placed a beautiful wreath of
flowers upon her head, saying:

"Dear Fannie, we crown you our queen
to-day, knowing how far above us all
you are in His sight who looketh upon the
heart instead of the outside appearance. You
have taught us a lesson we shall never
forget, and we beg you to accept a token
of sincere love and repentance for our treat-
ment of you in the past, which you will
find in your room on your return."

Fannie's eyes were full of tears, and she
tried to say a few words in reply, but Ma-
dame spoke for her, and after another song
they followed their newly-crowned queen
into the dining-room, where a most tempt-
ing feast was laid in honor of the occasion.
Fannie was quietly tearfully happy through-
out it all, yet so wearied with the unusual ex-
citement that Madame said she must not
see the girls' presence offering that night.

The first thing she saw was a large trunk
and lying upon it a card, "For Miss Fannie
Comstock, from her teachers and school-
mates." Having opened it, she saw it was
packed completely full of neatly folded gar-
ments; but she had not time to examine its
contents until after breakfast, when they
left her alone with her wonderful gifts.
There were pretty dresses and saques, cuffs
and collars, undergarments in abundance
—indeed, everything a young school girl
could possibly need. Every one of Madame's
two hundred and ten pupils had contributed
from her choicest and best, to furnish a com-
plete outfit for their less favored mate. At
the very bottom was a well-filled writing
desk, an album containing all their pictures,
and a pretty purse containing fifty dollars,
and the following note from Madame:

My dear child,—This shall be a receipt in full
for all expenses, during whatever time you may
choose to remain in the Seminary, which I present
to you as a sincere token of my love and respect.
JENNETT GAZIN.

They found her at dinner time on the
floor, surrounded by her new found treas-
ures, crying like a baby; but it did her
good. She was soon able to resume her
studies, and was ever treated with kindness
and consideration, even though all her
hair came out and left her head bald as her
face, so she had to wear a queer cap like a
wig for many weeks. When the long vaca-
tion arrived, Belle carried her off to her
beautiful home on the Hudson, where for
the first time in her life she was surround-
ed by luxury and beauty on every side, and
was treated as a loved and honored guest.
It was not long before the hateful wig was
cast aside, and Fannie's head was covered
with a profusion of dark auburn curls,
which were indeed a growth of glory that
made her plain face almost beautiful.

Gentle, loving and beloved by all, she re-
mained in the Seminary until she graduated
with honor, after which Madame offered her
a position as head teacher, with a most li-
beral salary, which she gratefully accept-
ed.

A gentleman in South Street, whose wife has
nearly nipped the life out of him for stopping
out so late at night at his club, has given her
a month's warning like the rest of servants in
general.