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## Interesting Gale.

### THE STOLEN PORTRAIT.

There was once a poor peasant, named Pierre Arnot, who dwelt near Arles, in the south of France, together with his wife and little granddaughter called Pauline. This little girl at ten years of age, was not only exceedingly lovely in person, but was gifted with a voice the light of all who heard it—so sweet, so clear, and so powerful were its tones. And when the good priest took her into the village choir, people from the neighboring hamlets, and even from Arles, would come purposely to hear her sing. Yet no persuasion or representation could induce Pierre to part with his little granddaughter; for the purpose of having her educated for the opera—Pierre, though practically knowing nothing of the world beyond his own neighborhood, had heard something of the trials and temptations that best stage singers and actresses, and not for all the riches of fame that might thereby be brought, would he have subjected his little Pauline—his pretty treasure, his home's sunshine—to such an ordeal.

One day there came two strangers—very fine and polite gentlemen, they seemed to Pierre and his wife—to negotiate for the little girl. They would educate her and treat her like a lady; would guard her as though she was a prince's; they would pour into Pierre's hands amounting gold if he would only consent to let them take Pauline and educate her for a public singer. But Pierre was deaf to all entreaties, and the little girl herself frightened at the idea of leaving her grandparents and the humble vice-breathed but in which she had dwelt since her birth. So the negotiators for the Theatre Royal went away disappointed any day.

But some weeks thereafter, as little Pauline was leaning upon the crazy wicket gate, gazing dreamily at the rose tinted clouds, which the sunset had left, for the little child loved all beautiful sights and sounds, softly from the meadows below came the sound of music, and the sweetest, most fairy-like music she had ever heard. At first she fancied it must have come from the clouds, so seraphically soft and dreamy was it; and then she advanced a few steps and it ceased, and advanced again and finally her little bare feet went tripping through the grass and daisies in quest of the mysterious sounds. And this night—the sight of the little fairy figure in the white peasant's dress, lit up by the rosy hues of the summer sunset—was the last glimpse that the good old grandfather had of her little Pauline.

Some people who had also heard that heavenly music, said the little girl had been enticed away by the fairies. And this belief grew into a popular tradition as year after year passed, and nothing more was seen or heard of Pauline Arnot.

These years brought sad changes to good Pierre. His wife was dead. He was alone in the world, infirm, and unable to work, or to do anything but play on his violin, which he did with marvellous skill, for a talent for music was inherent in the family. He had to sell his little cottage; and then without a house to shelter him, and too proud to accept unrequited charity, he took his violin in hand, and set forth, in his old age, to earn a precarious livelihood by playing his way from town to town. And at length he came to England, and after vainly trying his fortune in the streets of London, proceeded to the country, among whose green fields and shadowy lanes the country-bred old man felt more at home.

One day he stopped at a small village called Upham. Observing a shop where bread and cheese and beer were sold, he entered and humbly, in his broken English, requested to be "favoured" with some of them. The keeper of the shop, a good-looking, kind hearted dame, set before him the desired refreshment, and as he ate, half-finished, she marked his old clothing and haggard appearance, and the curious look of his face, and gradually drew from him his whole history. It was with bitter sorrow that he dwelt on the disappearance of his little Pauline. He had but one memorial of her, he said—a portrait of her mother, taken when the latter was a girl of eighteen by a traveling artist, whom the poor cottager had nursed through a dangerous illness. The young man pointed it and left with them as a token of his gratitude; and this poor Pierre had brought from home, and wore constantly in the breast of his coat. He no drew it forth and showed it to the sympathizing hostess. It was, he said, a good likeness of Pauline's mother, but far more resembled the little girl at the time she was stolen away by the fairies.

The kind heart of the woman was touched. I can get you a good job, friend, she said, if you will remain here until to-morrow night. Sir John Bolton's second son Arthur, Captain Bolton of the Dragoons was married last week and to-morrow they and their guests go to a grand entertainment given them at Kidmore Park; and the servants of Sir John's (dwell in his place, Moorlands, that you see over yon-

ber) are to have a ball of their own to-morrow night, in celebration of their marriage, and it was only to-day that Pierre, the Captain's own man, was down to the village, inquiring for old Luke Dexter the fiddler. Now Luke got a fit of rheumatism, and they will be glad to have you in his place, if you're a good hand at your instrument; and they will pay you well for the job. What say you?—I'll go over at once, and speak to neighbor Brown who'll let them know.

Pierre had no objection, and, having made an exhibition of his skill in presence of neighbor Brown, to the entire satisfaction of that lady, the report was made and the bargain completed.

The old violinist found the evening at the Moorlands a very pleasant one. His performance was greatly applauded; the butler, the steward, and other great distinguished personages, were condescending, and the rest gracious and attentive to his wants. Captain Bolton's own man, took him up stairs with one or two other favored persons, that he might have a view of the splendidly furnished suit of rooms that had been prepared for the newly-married pair, and to be able to tell in France how such things were done in King Land.

It's fit for a bride, even if she was the Princess Royal herself, observed one of the favored admirers.

And in sure that Miss Princess couldn't be more deservin' of it than my lady, replied the Captain's man, lofty. She's the beautifullest lady I ever set eyes on, and she's beautiful! She ought to be a born princess instead of a foreign lady of good family, half of which she deserves.

And with the utterance of his opinion, the group dispersed, and in due time the group broke up.

On the day following, Pierre was again about setting forth on his wanderings, when he was surprised by a visit from Sir John Bolton's butler, in company with very official looking clubs. Their business was soon told. They had come to arrest the French violinist on suspicion of having the Miniature of Mrs. Bolton, the bride of Captain Arthur, which the latter had caused to be taken and richly set in diamonds. It had been left by the Captain on his dressing-table, and being mislaid upon their return from Skidmore Park, and the Captain's man being questioned thereupon, the latter had been forced to confess as to the introduction of the visitors into his master's apartments. Whereupon each of these had been arrested; the violinist amongst them and were now taken to Moorlands for examination before Sir John and a Magistrate.

Pierre was the last called upon, and as he betrayed some unwillingness to having his pockets and wallet searched, the constable himself proceeded to do it, and drew forth a small picture in a dingy and worn leather case, which he first glanced at, and then held up triumphantly before Sir John.

It's the picture of Mrs. Captain Bolton, as you see your honor, he said; 'tude the diamonds 'as been picked out by this 'ere old rogue, who no doubt hid 'em somewhere, and the painting been put in this hold frame.

Sir John examined it attentively.

It is doubtless the portrait of Mrs. Captain Bolton, my daughter-in-law, he said, in his formal way; yet cannot be the same that was last night, judging from the style of painting.

And he inquired the painting to his son.

The latter examined it, at first with surprise and then with an expression of curiosity and bewilderment.

It is doubtless the portrait of my wife, he remarked; yet as you say, sir, it is not the one that has been lost. The painting is much inferior, the dress different, and the expression not the same. Where did you get this picture, my good man? he continued, turning to Pierre, and speaking in French.

It is the portrait of my daughter, Monsieur, replied the violinist, and was taken more than twenty years ago.

Then it cannot be Pauline, said Captain Bolton to his father, yet how wonderfully like.

Pauline? repeated Pierre turning suddenly to the speaker; and then adding dramatically, as if to himself—Ah, it was like Pauline—my little Pauline!

Hurried and eager questioning followed on both sides.

There is no doubt of it, said Captain Bolton, at length, grasping the old musician's hand. You are Pierre Arnot, my wife's grandfather, of whom she has so often spoken. She told me all she could remember of her early life before she was stolen away from her home, and was extremely anxious to find you, but had unfortunately forgotten the name of the place whence she came. How glad she will be, and for myself, old friend, I am glad also thus to have found you.

Thereupon, the young wife was informed of the news, and soon entered the room, flushed and eager. One glance between the two was sufficient. In eight years Pierre had but little changed, and though the graceful beautiful creature, before him stood in woman's stature, and arrayed in silks and jewelry, yet the eyes

of the old man easily recognized the sweet face; the golden hair, and large luminous eyes of his darling. And the joy and tenderness of that meeting who may describe?

Little Pauline had been enticed away out of sight of home, not by the fairies, but by Leclair's insatiable flute player, whom the clever negotiators before mentioned, had taken the trouble to bring all the way from Paris for this special purpose. And then they had lifted her into a close carriage in waiting and so gained possession of the prize which they failed to purchase with gold. They had, however, kept their promise to the grandfather, and Pauline had been well educated, and treated and brought up "like a lady," as they had said she should be. And her beauty her accomplishments, and refinement had won the heart of young Captain Bolton, when introduced to her at a private entertainment just before her proposed flight, and, as we have seen, she became his wife. And this story I had from a descendant, one high amid the social circles of the British capital.

Of course this ended the wanderings of the grandfather. He was at once transferred to handsome quarters with his darling Pauline, where the remainder of his life was spent in the sweetest tranquility. His violin was an inseparable companion, and he lived to give its softest as well as wildest notes to two young striplings in the household.

For the Standard.

### The Trichina Spiralis.

The frequent recurrence of paragraphs both in the Canadian and United States newspapers announcing the stifling fact, that persons, and even whole families have fallen victims to a comparatively new malady, resulting from the consumption of pork in a diseased or Trichinae state, will of necessity lead the public to the serious consideration, whether or not it will be necessary to exclude pork from our list of articles of diet; as ordinary observers are unable to detect anything in the appearance of which we are liable at any moment to suffer from the serious effects resulting from its consumption. But as it does exist, we must look to the fact in the face and endeavor to find some means for its prevention, and if possible save ourselves, and at the same time our bacon. The Trichina Spiralis belongs to that very remarkable group of organized bodies, known as Parasites, which are distinguished by the fact, that they live either upon the surface or in the interior of the animal, or vegetable, they inhabit. The brain, the ball of the eye, in fact all most all portions of the body are subject to the invasion of these pests, but the Trichina in particular shows a preference to the voluntary muscles. They are usually found in immense numbers, and destroy life, either by abstracting the nourishment intended for the parts they inhabit, or by the constitutional irritation they occasion. The microscope has unfolded to us the peculiar and wonderful characteristics of this animal, an oval spindle shaped cyst, swollen in the middle and tapering at each extremity, with a rounded cavity in its central portion, in which the worm is not attached, so we might say this outside covering forms its fortification. Its formations is such that it is incapable of reproduction; its gender being neuter.

It will be said, that since they can have no progeny, they must have been produced without a parentage, and if such is the case how have they obtained access into the human body? These seeming inconsistencies however are easily explained. As the maggots so often seen in meat are embryonic flies, so is the Trichina spiralis the larva of some, as yet unknown parasite, which exists in the muscular tissue, preparatory to its development into a perfected organism. There is little difficulty in accounting for the introduction of these parasitic germs into the interior of the body. The air and the food offer a ready means of entrance into the respiratory and digestive passages, and once taken into the stomach, these germs find access to the blood vessels and are carried to different portions, of the system, where they are at last arrested by the minute capillary vessels. Circumstances being favorable to their development they here increase in size, and produce a train of symptoms which eventually result in death. It is erroneous to suppose that the hog is the only animal liable to be attacked by this parasite, as they have been found in large quantities both in beef and mutton; but to the latter, being subjected to a more thorough cooking than pork, (which is often eaten in the form of ham and sausage in an underdone state) the germs of this animal are destroyed. The tenacity with which these Trichinae, (as well as other animals of a like low degree of organization) cling to life is remarkable, for we find that they flourish in hams that have been subjected to both pickling and smoking.

Once introduced into the system, no remedy for them has as yet been discovered, nor do I think will be, for three reasons. First, from their ability to resist the action of salt, of itself a powerful caustic, which clearly shows no ordinary means would be of avail. Second, from the impossibility of prescribing any remedy, which would be taken up by the circulation sufficiently strong to prove effective. Third, the fact, in which they are enclosed almost precludes the possibility of any substance either applied externally, or given internally, from affecting the enclosed worm. The way of escaping any of these, to say the least, most unpleasant circumstances which result from the consumption of Trichinuous pork, is as simple as it is effective. Subject the meat to a thorough and complete cooking at or above the temperature of boiling water, as no living organism is capable of existing at this degree of heat. Pork subjected to this test may contain millions of the germs of this parasite, and yet be eaten with impunity. Seek not to unravel the mystery that, days concealed in an underdone sausage, look with horror upon raw ham, see a skeleton in a half cooked roasting piece, or you may find otherwise to your cost, "that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

A rustic describing Louisville, said the finest re-fence there belonged to Mr. M. E. Church, whose name was cut in big letters over the door, and there was a sharp pointed chimney on the house two hundred feet high.

—New Potatoes from Bermuda are twelve dollars and fifty cents per barrel in New York.

—In an oyster recently taken at Stamford Harbor, Conn, were found one hundred and twenty-seven pearls.

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### GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday 9th April, 1869.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority given by the Act 31 Vic. Cap. 12, Sec. 58, intitled "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order that it is hereby ordered, that from and after this day the rate of toll payable on ice passing through the Welland Canal, shall be, and the same is hereby reduced from twenty cents per ton, such reduction to cease and determine after the expiration of the current year, when, unless otherwise ordered, the existing toll of twenty cents per ton shall revive and continue in force thereafter.

WM. H. LEE,

Clerk Privy Council.

April 21

### GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday 9th April, 1869.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

WHEREAS under the Tariff of Canal tolls adopted and established by order in Council of the 15th day of April, A. D. 1863, Part is subject to the high rates of toll imposed thereby on unmanufactured goods and merchandise, which are placed in the 6th class of that Tariff;

And whereas it is expedient that Part which is now an article of traffic in Canada should be placed, as regards Canal tolls, on the same footing as Coal, and rated in the third class of that Tariff;

His Excellency in Council, on the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority given by the 58th section of the Act 31 Vic. Cap. 12, intitled "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," has been pleased to order, and is hereby ordered, that from and after this date, Part shall be, and is hereby placed in the 3rd class of the Tariff referred to, and subject to the payment of the rate of Canal toll prescribed for articles enumerated in that class.

WM. H. LEE,

Clerk Privy Council.

April 21—31





