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133

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21 1866.

No 8

Poetry.

WHEN IN OUR NURSERY GARDEN.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet,
We can see the lamb in Abraham's bosom,
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent, neither moan nor cheering,
The hush of hope the end of all our cares,
All but that hush above, beyond our hearing,
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,
Not the life here, 'mid pain, and sin, and woe,
But ever in the fulness of perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

INCIDENTS IN THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON."

LETTER FROM MR. WILSON.

The following letter from J. Edward Wilson, one of the passengers rescued from the steamship "London"—to his mother, will be read with interest. Mr. Wilson is well known here, having resided among us for several years previous to his going to Australia. He has an uncle, and several relatives in this town, and in common with his many friends in St. Andrews, we rejoice in his safety and returning health.—[Ed. Stand.]

LONDON, January 20, 1866.

MY DEAR MOTHER,
No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me again in England. The steamship "London" is the last of the bottom in the Bay of Biscay, and only two others are the only survivors out of 180 passengers! The ship foundered six days after leaving Plymouth, and out of 250 passengers and crew, but 13 are left to tell the tale. The scene was most fearful and heart-rending, and on never to be effaced from my memory.

I will now tell you the papers for particulars, respecting our ship—the storm, and the immediate cause of the disaster. On the afternoon of the 11th, as the ship was steadily settling down, a boat was launched, and I was one of the fortunate who leaped from the rail and got into it. Nothing but sheer desperation induced me to do so, as the sea was running so high at the time that it seemed like an igniting the late which belied our unhappy companions.

We were very much crowded in the boat, and during that long and anxious night which followed, we suffered severely from the cold wind and heavy showers of rain and hail, while every 15 minutes were drenched by the sea for as long as an hour, and at one time half filling the boat.

The following day we were picked up by an Italian torpedo, a boat being 20 hours in the air. We were somewhat awkwardly speared with our preservers, as they could not speak any language, nor we Italian; but they were very kind and did all in their power to make us comfortable. After four days, during which we were in great danger of a second shipwreck, we landed at Falmouth, and the same evening Mr. Main (whom I had met in Nova Scotia a few months ago) met me, and proceeded to Plymouth, and thence the day following by rail to London. I have suffered considerably from exposure, fatigue, and the consequent mental reaction, but I am recovering, and I would not be well again if I could on yet get up—but that is almost impossible. The quantity of sea-sickness I suffered from, and the letter is pouring in to me from all parts of the kingdom, and persons are calling on all for the latest news, and I do not know how long I may be detained here.

I could write enough to fill a book, but for the present, must say, good-bye.

Yours, affectionately,

JAMES E. WILSON.

Why is a lady disposing of her jewels like a lunatic? Because she sells her rings, (bergs).

Miscellany.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

I was only a lad of eight when the incident which I am about to relate happened, yet it produced so strong an impression upon my mind at that time, that I still remember every thing perfectly, even to the minutest detail.

My father had removed to the West a few months before, when he had constructed quite a comfortable log-house, and had cleared considerable land. There was only three of us—father, sister Jennie, and myself. Jennie was our housekeeper, and besides her work, she found time to teach me to read and write a little, generally spending an hour with me every day. She was dear, faithful girl, and I used to think if I grew up to be a man, I would marry just such a woman as she was!

There were some Indians remaining in the neighborhood, but as they never molested us, we came to think of them with fear at last, and later used often to go away, sometimes to be gone all night, leaving Jennie and I alone. At such times we used to fasten up the house as soon as it began to grow dark, and keep the rifle in the corner, where we might seize it at the first alarm.

One day father went away upon business, expecting to be gone longer than usual. The day passed quietly, and I had just drawn back from my six o'clock tea, when the door softly opened, and a man entered.

He was a tall, muscular fellow, and looked as if he might possess the strength of a giant in his right arm. He wore a long, light-colored shirt of some dark stuff, and a pair of trousers of the same material. He stood quite still, and sure you can see the face was quite pale, but otherwise she did not show the least sign of fear. She only stepped forward, and asked:

"What do you wish? Can I do anything for you?"

"I want fire-water," returned the savage, looking at her steadily, with his great eyes.

"I have no fire-water to give you," said Jennie, but you can have a draught of milk if you would like."

She placed some upon the table, and then she did quite freely, making a hearty supper of it, but she kept her eyes upon him, which he did not seem to mind. When he had finished his repast, he came and stood by the window.

"Me stay here to-night," he said, "sleep by the fire."

"No," replied Jennie, firmly, "you can not remain."

"Me say," repeated the savage, this time a little angrily, "White squaw will allow me to sleep here!"

"I can not so defendless as you think," said my sister in an unflinching voice. "You have eaten and drunk and now you must go."

The Indian then drew back, and he raised the door as if he would strike her, but he did not do so, and rushed out of doors. Jennie comprehended his object in a moment. He had not his rifle with him, and gone to fetch it. With a quick motion, she closed the door and fastened it.

The savage came back, raging and furious at finding himself outwitted. He tugged and pushed at the door, filling every pause with howls and imprecations, but it was true to its trust, and did not give an inch.

All was quiet at last. Jennie took me in her arms, and except to go to the wall, on the same side of the room as the window, and the Indian could not fire at us from that. I could feel her heart beating very fast, but she whispered don't be frightened, Frank. All will come out right at last. He will go away soon.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and I was fast asleep. A little while after, we could see the stars come out by one. We dared not light a candle, so we sat very still in the gloom. After a long time Jennie got up. "I am going to look for the Indian," she said. "Do not stir until I come back."

She crept away through the darkness. After she was gone, all was still for a few moments, and then I heard a light noise close at hand. I looked up and saw a dark form at the window. I knew it was the Indian, and so thought very little about it. By and by, however, there was a creaking of springs, and the window went slowly up. I hardly knew what to do. Jennie had not come back, and where she had been I did not know. I knew that she was in some danger, and I called out to her, and she came back, and I saw that she was all right, and I was glad.

The Indian put his head through the window, and then slowly drew his body into the room. There was a faint light from the end of the room, and the moment his foot

touching the floor, Jennie struck a light. She had been in another apartment when he had first attempted to enter, and had been too late to prevent it.

"Why are you here again?" she asked, with assumed anger, as the light flared up and dispelled the gloom.

The savage looked at her a moment in surprise. Evidently her coolness and calmness perplexed him.

"Me want fire-water," said he after a pause.

"I have already told you we have none," said Jennie, "What is this, then?" and he seized a bottle which stood upon a shelf, and raised it to his lips.

The bottle was full of oil. Jennie lifted her hand to stop him, but it was too late. He had already received a goodly portion in his mouth, and was spitting it at a great rate.

In spite of her situation, Jennie could not but smile at his ridiculous mistake.

"White squaw laugh another way soon," muttered the Indian angrily. "Pearl-wasp take scalp—hers and another one!" and he pointed towards me.

Jennie was shocked instantly.

"Do with me as you wish," she said calmly, "but do not harm my brother. He never did me any injury, and I am sure you cannot be so cruel!"

It was an unwise speech, for it betrayed her weakest point. He immediately drew his knife and approached me.

"Take your scalp, first," he said, "seizing a tuft of my hair."

Jennie sprang forward with a cry of anguish, and placed both arms tightly about my neck. She almost choked me with her firm, convulsive hold.

"Oh, you must not shay him!" she exclaimed in agony. "I can die, if must be, without a murmur, but I beseech you to have mercy on him, and to consider his tender years!"

I felt the hot tears dropping fast upon my forehead. Somewhat moved, she gave me a fresh courage and resolution. I grew stronger at the sight of her despair.

"Do not weep, dear Jennie," I said. "I will die like a man! If you ever see father again give my love to him, and tell him I did."

She uttered a long, gasping sigh. Then, as if a sudden thought had come to her, she sprang to the door, and raised it a just in time to stay the sliding door, which in another moment would have fallen down upon my defenceless head.

"Put up your knife she said in a calm, determined tone. "Let it be one more never to strike a comrade!"

The Indian turned away, cowed and ashamed. Nothing in her eye told him she was not to be trifled with. Nevertheless, though failed in his purpose, he could not help but gaze at her admiringly.

"White squaw is brave," he said shortly. "She does not shrink and hide from danger like the timid deer. She is too brave and beautiful for the cowardly pale-ones! Only a warrior would be fit mate for her! I will work to be so, and I will be so!"

He then turned and went out, and I saw him no more.

The Indian's face was calm and emotionless, but his voice was eager and earnest. He drew slowly near to the door, and pushed it open, and he looked out into the night.

The trap-door which led into the cellar was up, and I saw the Indian's head and shoulders as he came up, and he looked at me with a sudden push!

Thus taken unawares, he could not save himself. He staggered, lost his balance, and fell back with a low cry, and the yawning pit beneath him!

In a moment the trap-door was down and fastened. Then Jennie came back, and she was flushed. Then Jennie came back, and she was flushed.

"You have to be that this dish is properly heated?"—Yes, sir. "Fuer why is it a cold ice to night?" But I haven't the charge of heating the water.

We were getting tired of sending for people now, but determined to get to the bottom of the matter if possible, we had the cook's boy, who, as buter No. 2 said, had the heat the water. We expostulated with the boy, and received some excuse about a hole in the boiler, and not being able to get it mended on Sunday.

"Anyhow," said we, "if there isn't more water in the thing than there is today, it will never keep anything hot." "Oh, sir," replied the boy, "I have nothing to do with putting the water in; I have only to take it before it gets out."

This is part of an account of a recent fire in the city of London.

There are 200 Catholic churches and chapels in the United States.

A bill now before Congress provides for a standing army of 5,000 men.

How can you convert a man into a multiple?

By multiplying him as a patient.

I CANNOT, SIR.

A young man we will call him honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of some rich merchant. One day a letter came containing an order for goods which had been received the day before. The merchant handed the letter to honest Frank, and, with a persuasive smile, said:—

"I rank reply to this letter. Say the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter containing the order. Frank looked at the face of his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied:—

"I cannot, sir."

"Why not, sir?" asked the merchant very anxiously.

"Because the goods are now in the yard and it would be a lie on my part, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular regarding the merchant's honor, and upon his life and going away."

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing in refusing to answer that letter. A day what do suppose happened to him?

He has his place? No he didn't.

The merchant was too shrewd to turn away a clerk who would write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth, and instead of turning him away, made him his confidential clerk.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—"Cassidy" is the Philistine Saturday Evening Post, gives the following facts worth remembering:—

It is worth while for all farmers, every where, to remember that theough culture is better than three mo' hags on the farm.

That an offensive war on wheels is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always say better than law suits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer than purchased in the winter.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks like a man, is a sure sign of a vicious animal. Don't buy him.

That a mopey feed of fat pig hogs is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That a man who is money lost at a hundred per cent.

That an evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten spent in lounging about country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly and cleanly.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good, reliable entertaining paper, and pay for it promptly.

THE PERFECTION OF RED TAPE.—The under-graduates of the English University of Oxford have lately quarreled with the "read and butter" more correctly, with those who provide them with their food in the colleges.

A saint writes to an English journal some account of his sufferings and search for a responsible head upon which to lay the blame, from which, says the New York Evening Post, we get a glimpse of the division of labor and responsibility existing even in that ancient and venerable government.

Ye need evening the dinner government is the mess to which I belong was a usual, perfectly good. We are ordering yeast for the mutton, and after complaining of him, requested him to observe that the hot-water dish on which the meat was placed was not only not properly heated, but as old as he himself.

"Oh, sir," replied he officially, "I have no right to do with that. That is the business of the general butler." He is accordingly sent for.

"Have you the charge of heating these dishes?" No, sir, the butler does that. I've got to look after the spoon and forks." Send the other butler then."

Presently "the other butler" arrives, and the following dialogue ensues:—"You have to be that this dish is properly heated?"—Yes, sir. "Fuer why is it a cold ice to night?" But I haven't the charge of heating the water.

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel J. Woodworth, while yet as we was a journeyman printer, working in an office at the corner of Chambers and Chatham Streets, New York. Near by on Frankfort street is a building known to me by the name of Mallory, where Woodworth and several other particular friends used to resort. One afternoon on the liquor was supped up. The printer seemed, as he had by it; for after taking a draught, he sitting the glass down and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's son de-vie was "sup up" to anything he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken, there was one thing which in both our estimations surpassed this as drink."

"What was that?" a keen Woodworth demanded.

"The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well after our return from the labor of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tears glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eyes.

"True," he replied, and shortly quitted the place.

He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the "Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embodied in the memories of every succeeding generation.

ADVERTISING.—The reason why the great Saragunian man could afford to build the handsome palace on Fifth Avenue—why Phineas B. Bunn could afford to do so, and still be wealthy by way of Professor Holway had done it was a great unvarnished state in England—why the immense fortune of the Comstock mine, three several sewing machine companies—why a poor fifth-rate druggist, who ten years ago kept a little old store in Philadelphia, is today making out of common run and two hundred a week, is a story which, why hand out of others are succeeding in this world, and why their neighbors in the same line of business are failing, is more than anything else in the world worth advertising.

Merchandise men are getting thoroughly grounded in this, and the variety and magnitude of the most widely the public is made acquainted with the various of the world and the various of the world is a study which itself.

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BE SOLD.

If applied for immediately, it will be let and possession given on 1st May next.

THAT desirable situated House for business next to the Record Office, has been newly shingled and is in good repair; contains 9 rooms and a bath.

A LEO.

Town lots, in good situations for business. Apply to subscriber. Payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

Notice of Partnership.

Whereby given, that the partnership consisting between James Moran and Moran, of St. George, in the County of York, under the firm of James Moran & Son, is dissolved by mutual consent.

As to the said partnership, as to the said James A. Moran, who is to settle all debts due to and owing to the said firm.

JAMES MORAN.

JAMES A. MORAN.

16th, 1865.

Amanus 1865.

NEW Brunswick, N. J.

For 1865, can be obtained by mail, or by the dozen for retail from J. LOCHARY & SON.

of the old Farmers Almanac always on hand.

Nov 20, 1864.

Rubber.

Rubbers

AT THE

Albion House.

IN S. MAGEE.

has received an assortment of

Misses,

Ladies,

Over-shoes.

Ladies Rubber Balsam Foots, a nice

the present season, which with a

children and Ladies Boots,

SKELTON SKIRTS,

and the balance of stock of

AT R DRY GOOD.

sell CHEAP for Current Money

in little taken at the most discount.

NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED and now open for sale

the very LOWEST PRICES:

ats, Bonnets,

cravats and Ribbons.

AWLS, MANTILLAS.

FANCY DRESS GOODS

grey and White Cottons,

ray, stripes, and Regattas

ats.

Silicinas,

and CORSET CLOTHS

Crashes; Towel-

ling & Table Li-

neus, Shirt-fronts,

ollars, and Fan-

ry Neck Tea,

lars, Rubbers,

