

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS BUNDENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[25 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 17

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 27, 1870.

V. 1 37

Poetry.

Live for something.

Live for something, be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Be not down to useless dreaming;
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are very weary,
Slothful hearts are very gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Remember in thy pathway
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling smiles.
As the pleasant sunfall
Takes on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladly wait the darkened earth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort—
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul's turning
From the perfect selfish heart,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Interesting Case.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

"GUILTY!" When that word rang through the crowded courtroom, there was not a sound to break its awfulness. It struck like a sledge hammer upon the senses, and made the hearts of every man and woman there beat with a new and terrible meaning. Some one was doomed to death. Stagnantly stood on the dais of severity, with all life's warmth and vitality leaving him, with mocking smiles and scornful eyes.

A hush for a moment hung like a cloud over the assembly, then there burst forth a dry, tearless sob, and some one with a wailing, despairing cry said: "Father!"

Then all again was silent, but larger eyes peered sharply to discover the owner of that grief-stricken voice, and heads were bent earnestly forward. Then there came a shuffle of feet, and the officers with the prisoner came down the room.

He was a magnificent specimen, and seemed to verify the words, "God created man in his own image." He towered several inches above any one near him, and his chest was broad and perfectly developed. A handsome head with a profuse, white hair, was as near the hair, and fronted a little lower down, as was the entire lower portion of his face, exhibited a thoughtful and generous nature, and his eyes were tender as a woman's.

There was not a sign of distress—save the gleaming white lips, otherwise the face was as serene as a summer's day. Just behind him walked a child—his child you knew at once, by the striking resemblance—a little girl of eleven or twelve years of age. There was not a tear in the glittering brown eyes, but her face was white and rigid as death, and her tiny hands clenched fast together, betraying a fearful struggle within.

You will drive me away yet, will you? she pleaded, as they neared the door. I want to talk with poor father.

I've nothing to say about it. I can't let you go low with us, but I guess you can come to-morrow, said the officer.

Can't I go now? she asked, grasping his arm. No, not now.

She said not a word but sprang forward and clung to the prisoner.

Mary, my little daughter! Do you forget poor mother?

No, no! But what can I say to her? How can I tell her? What can I do?

Tell her to pray for me, and trust in God. Be a brave little girl, and comfort her as I would. She stood up.

And I shall tell her that I'll die to prove you a good man; and father, I shall do it.

She stood aside and watched them as they walked down the hall, and disappeared; saying to herself, "Yes, I'm going to save him. He shall not die, he shall not die!" her white lips trembled at the word, "hang." She did not notice the crowd that was surging through the open door and rudely pushing her. She saw nothing but the path he had taken down the hall into the open air. Her brown eyes were dull and vacant, and her lips cold and white. It was a strange sight, and the curious crowd gathered in hundreds about her. She did not see them; a hazy, filmy veil seemed spread before her eyes, and a numbness like death possessed her.

It's poor little Mary Neilson, said a kindly voice,

from the crowd: some one order take her home. Little Mary, said a woman, stopping forward and taking her hand.

She did not hear them, but when the woman's arm stole around her, she sank beneath of life and strength into her lap.

She must go home, said the woman. Poor thing! she's a weakly creature, and this has proved too much for her. No wonder. Poor Neilson!

Hush! The thin hand was raised. Hush! He will not die. Some one says it is all well. Some one says, Mary, don't cry, and Mary will not. I can see him climbing a hill where purple flowers and long-stemmed grasses wave their heads. There is a river at its foot, in which pebbles and yellow sand are lying as thick as the grass. Now he's walking swiftly over the plain, talking wildly, and turning back to the white house away up on the hill. Then he goes on, on, on, so very fast that I cannot—O, I cannot—yes, I see him. It is the little which passed under the bridge below our house, and he is going away in it. O! O! mother, mother! She threw out her hands, and her face expressed the wildest emotions with fear and horror.

Right down over the steep, slippery bank with a fearful crash. Don't you hear them go?—O! with blood! There he is, but he's not dead. There's a cut upon his head, and his arm hangs down at his side.

A convulsive spasm passed over his face, and she moved wearily, and the awe-struck crowd pressed nearer.

He is very weak and sick. I cannot speak to him. He is miles on miles away. It is a little bit of a house, on a broad field where there is not a tree in sight. There are flowers and grass, a lot of it, and when I look away off, it looks like water. They will take care of him and make him well, but he should not toss and growl so much. He talks about some one—some woman, I think—I am not sure, for I cannot hear her name.

Again that terrible convulsion swept her face, and she passed her hand across her brow. Her eyes grew again bright and deep, and she stood up with an effort, and looked in wonder upon the crowd.

Are you ready to go home, Mary? asked the woman who had held her.

Yes, I forgot where I was. Have I been asleep, perhaps?

The crowd parted, and allowed her to pass with a deference and tenderness they might give a queen, and with her companion the condemned man's child passed.

It was a wonderful case. Months before young Ray Berkley had disappeared. Neilson was foreman in the great factory of which he was a joint owner. They never agreed. From the hour of his coming, with his vague ideas of mechanism, gathered from books and reading, and from men who knew less than himself, there was open warfare. For fifteen years Neilson had been in the heart of that great, noisy crashing mass of animated iron and steel, and there was not a bolt nor screw nor valve, that he was not as familiar with as with his own name. He smiled at first at young Berkley's suggestions, but when he found the young man in earnest, he stepped forward with the superiority of a practical machinist, and remonstrated against the foolhardy alterations which were then under consideration. Berkley was not a snob, but his education had given him a vague and indelible idea of equality as of machinery, and when Neilson, in his rough overalls and dirt-begrimed face, came forward and stood there beside him, in his snowy linen and perfectly fitting broadcloth, he felt a right to order him, with a severe censure for his boldness, back to his work.

Neilson obeyed, but his teeth left a mark upon his under lip, and from beneath his swollen brow he shot an angry glance at his presumed superior.

It's no use, Ray, expostulated the senior partner, his uncle. Neilson has managed the work for fifteen years, and the profits have been immense. It is all folly to think of making alterations.

And Berkley went away muttering about old fogies and ignorant louts.

He was betrothed to Genie Hosmer, the heiress of Riverland, a fine old estate situated upon a high hill which overlooked the river. In these stormy days her heart and temper were sore tried. He seldom came without a bitter story of his miserable attempts at alterations, and innumerable curses for Neilson and other rebellious spirits, which seemed to hold, in a diabolical power, the entire control of his mighty machinery in the old factory.

He became like a haunted creature, and wandered in feverish restlessness, pursued forever by the intricacies of his works, and their presiding genius, Amos Neilson.

One night Genie Hosmer said as she stood at her door:

I am half afraid to trust you, Ray. The servants say that there is a great stir among

the workmen. Your desire to reduce the power will throw many out of employment, will it not?

Yes, and save one half the expense under which we are now laboring.

But you are making money enough. Neilson is an old workman and understands every thing well, and why don't you let it go on? Let Neilson have his way. He knows best.

Poor Genie was terrified by the look he gave her.

And so you turn away from me? O God, Genie, I believe I am growing crazy!

He did not pause to say good-night, but hurried away through the darkness, and she in her heart believed him right when he spoke of growing crazy.

It was a heavy night with only an occasional flash of very light to break the dense darkness, and very few ventured beyond the village street. There was sufficient to keep their busy, and those who were not at home were in the barroom, the post-office or the stores, talking and commenting upon the strange battle between Berkley and Neilson.

A little past eight Neilson looked into the grocery store, and said to one:

Have you a horse here, James?

No, I walked down. Do you want him? It is no matter. I am going over to the Hill to get the doctor; my wife's achitis out to night, and I thought if you had your horse here I would borrow him for an hour or so. However, I can walk about as well.

It's a little darkish, isn't it?

Yes.

We walked away, and the crowd went on with their gossip. On the following morning Neilson made his appearance in a pitiful plight. He was as pale as death, and over one eye, a long cut extended quite across his temple back beneath his hair. A hat, he said, from the plank bridge, which spanned the river a little way below the highway, had caused it. He ventured, on his way home from the Hill, to take the footpath through the woods, and the plank bridge gave way and let him fall into the water. No one doubted him then.

Before night the town was noisy with inquiries for Berkley. He had not been seen since he left Genie Hosmer at her door, and he could not be found within the limits of the town.

Just at nightfall, a party of laborers, crossing the plank bridge where Neilson had met his accident, found a glove, a handkerchief and the handkerchief which bore the letters R. B., and the elk-skin shoe, were covered with blood.

Of course they were identified as belonging to the missing man, and immediately the air was thick with blood and murder. Before noon on the following day, Amos Neilson lay a hopeless, helpless prisoner in the jail.

The well known feud which existed between them was sufficient to convince the public mind that Neilson had killed Berkley, and other circumstances combined to make as clear a case of wilful murder as ever came before a court of justice.

Neilson had a few friends. The senior Berkley was one. He thoroughly understood the longest high spirited fellow to doubt him, and knew the nature of his temper, too well to deem him incapable of suicide, or any other rash impulsive deed which his ill-temper suggested. He testified to the fact that Ray left him on the night of his disappearance, in a perfect fury. The combatants had exchanged words during the day, and Ray swore to be avenged. He even begged his uncle to discharge Neilson, and fairly ground his teeth in rage when he refused him.

Miss Hosmer's testimony verified the truth of Mr. Berkley's statement. Ray was in a state of terrible excitement, and seemed capable of doing anything to rid himself of the troubles of which he was pursuing him.

The testimony of the workman went further. Occasional threat from Neilson were distinctly remembered, and the conversations between the two were many of them entirely repeated.

Others, ten or twelve at least recognized the clasp knife as having belonged to the prisoner, and the evidences of a struggle were clear in Neilson's pale face, and the bruises which were afterwards covered.

It was fully believed, that on his return from the Hill he overtook Berkley, and that they resumed the quarrel and a fight ensued, in which Neilson conquered, but he denied all knowledge of the affair. He stood up before his accusers, when they sought to beg a confession from him and only replied:

I am innocent, so help me God!

In the spring time he had his trial, and they led him back to his cell, a condemned man.

Through the dreary days of his imprisonment little Mary Ed had been his comforter. She had flung from the bedside of her sick mother to his dismal cell, and worked with a will which had almost many a woman. She had so much faith in her father that she could not believe they would condemn him. She had, too, kindness, with a radiant, smiling face, day after day, as he sat gloomy and despondent, and many

times cheered him so well that he also began to have hope. But the blow came, and crushed and broken, he reentered his cell, from which he was never to come forth until he came forth to die.

From the hour of the strange scene in the courthouse, which one imputed to hysterics, another to clairvoyance, and one or two willfully skeptical ones to her artfulness, little Mary became bright and cheerful. She went with her work, with a courage and light heart-dness surprising to every one.

Neilson was condemned to die, but the day of his execution was indefinite, and she reminded every one who came near her of this fact.

My father may be saved—she would quietly say.

Miss Hosmer was her best friend. In her grief for her betrothed her generous heart did not forget the more than orphaned child, and in each other's company these bereaved ones found great comfort.

If Mr. Berkley had only listened to you, Miss Genie, he would have been happier—Don't you think so? asked Mary, one day.

Yes. What did I say?

Did you not tell him to be content with what he had?

Yes, but who told you?

I don't know. Somebody did. Somebody tells me a great deal of late. But, Miss Genie, it is not clear. There's a great deal upon my mind. I often think that if you would only take my hand there, it would all go away. You or somebody like you. Sometimes when you take my hands there, a strange feeling goes up, away into my shoulders, and it pricks, and pricks, like many little pains.

A faint smile came to Genie's white lips. She prayed that she had no mesmeric power to touch this strange child, and asks her to bring spirit to action, for to her it seemed harmful.

Will you rub my head, only just a little, Miss Genie?

She mechanically put forth her hands and hid them up on the low white forehead.

O Genie, how pleasant it seems! It slides away like a heavy great cloud, and I feel, O Genie, as though I stood away up on a tiny place in the blue sky, with nothing but air, air, air! Don't move your hand! If you do I'll fall! O there's a strange face—I've seen it before. It is one that would bring it here. It would have been here days ago, but for that rolling field, and the lane arm, and the last temper that would not let the arm get well up on the great great will. And yet it looks so strange—so white and calm, and it is used to be dark and stormy like the Hill on a winter's night. There'll be a great time in the street. They will shout and laugh as you and I will. Genie, do you see that face?

No child, answered Genie, with a shudder. You will by and by. You'll be very glad to see it. I suppose you'll see it clearer than I do. Sometimes it is hid away from me by a crowd, or smoke, or a hill. Strange things come up, but I never lose it. I always know where it is, even if I don't see it. O the garden, the air, the flowers, Genie—

The little head fell back upon her arm, and the child lay motionless as a corpse. A desire to keep the appearance of the singular state a secret, possessed her, and gently rearing her head to the sofa she arose and lay down again. The long windows were open, but she knew that the long servants would enter there, and throwing a shawl over the child she sat down beside her. Through the long afternoon she slept, breathing with a regularity that indicated peace in mind and body. Miss Hosmer would not awaken her, for she knew that she was exhausted and needed rest, and twilight crept on, and still she sat there.

With the increasing darkness came a desire for company, but not caring to arouse any one she drew the lace curtains and lighted a lamp. Genie! Why I'm still here! And Mary got up and looked wistfully about her.

Yes, dear. You have been sleeping all the afternoon. Hark! there is some one on the piazza. I wonder who has called at this hour?

Shall I go?

Not yet. Whoever it is, I shall be at leisure to entertain you until I can send one of the servants home with you. It is not safe to go alone. I do not feel like seeing visitors.

There was a rustle at one of the curtains. If you say so, Genie I will go away again. And Ray Berkley sprang in and stood before her.

She could not speak. Her eyes were wild with terror, and had he not caught her with his arm living hand, she would have fainted and fallen to the floor.

Why Genie are you frightened. You look as though you had seen a ghost.

I thought you one. Are you alive, or are you dreaming?

I am alive, I believe, and you are awake; but if this young lady does not cease her antics and tears, I shall believe neither one or the other.

In five minutes he knew the whole story, and with tears in his eyes, he returned to Mary,

who in her happiness was crouched upon the floor at his feet, and gathered her up in his arms.

Thank God, that I am not too late. And to-morrow we will go and open the prison doors, and lead poor Neilson home in triumph.

No, Genie, not to-morrow, but to-night—Think, darling, how wearily each hour drags to a condemned man. To-night he must know it; he must be liberated if he can be done.

In his lonely cell Neilson sat counting the hours as they dragged on, or pacing up and down, praying, moaning, begging for mercy, when through the clear air came a confused murmur of voices, that swelled into a roar and echoed like thunder in his ears. Some one was coming rapidly down the corridor, with loud voices. Impatient hands were at the door and when it was opened, a flood of light streamed upon Mary, Miss Hosmer and—O, it could not be!—Ray Berkley was dragging him forth.

How he ever came out beneath the free sky he never clearly knew. He only felt himself rise above a crowd who were shouting his name and Berkley's name, and soon after he was kneeling in prayerful silence by the side of his happy wife.

From Riverland, said Berkley in telling his story, and ran hastily down the footpath across the plank bridge. Upon the bridge I followed as a moment before I had taken my knife to cut a staff from the hedge, it seemed to me my fortune to cut myself severely. I truly lost all my gloves, and wrapped my hand in my handkerchief. This did not stay the bleeding, and angrily I threw them all away and gathered some leaves from a bush beyond the hedge. I walked on all night and part of the following day. Then I became exhausted, and at the first town, found the depot and entered the cars. I travelled night and day for nearly a week, not knowing or caring whether I was bound. At the end of the seventh day we were thrown into a deep rock bottomed valley, by the carelessness of the engineer, and there I perished. I was dragged from the wreck with a broken arm, and a terrible cut upon my head. In a cabin on the prairie I found a resting place; and there I worried myself into a fever, and cursed myself all the world. Something came over me while I lay there a calumnes, a knowledge of my folly and wrongdoing. When after months of suffering I arose from my bed, I felt like a new being. I know you and I can thank God together.

I know it would be so did not Miss Genie. Somebody or something told me so. It never came before, but in our great trouble it saved mother and me, and perhaps all of us. And Mary laid her head upon her father's arm. The work went on as they had gone for fifteen years, and Berkley and he so much faith in Neilson, that a year ago he admitted him into the firm.

Old ladies tell long tales of Mary Neilson's gift, but she has forgotten it, and only calls it a dream, or any name—that occurs, as seems the whole of those dark months in her young life.

COURT DON'T FIX THE VERDICT—At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina, an entire negro jury was empanelled. A case was brought before them, the witnesses examined, and their attorneys made their respective arguments.

The judge after laying down the law and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, a rather intelligent looking negro, with instructions as soon as they found a verdict to bring it without fail.

Thirty minutes elapsed, when the jury returned headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge.

As the judge appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired:—

Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?

No, Massa Judge, we habn't found 'em no how, replied the ebony jurymen.

It's a very plain case, said the judge.

Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it, replied ebony arguents.

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On what ground? inquired the judge.

We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge, replied the foreman; de usafur did not take us out into de grounds, but took us into a room and I eised de door, and told us when we found de verdict he would let us out. So we began to find de verdict, and see ch every corner, or eye and shery thing dere was in that room, but we found no verdict—no nullah ob de kral dere.

A schoolmaster ask one of his boys, on a cold winter morn'g, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said:—What strah, what you tell me?

Yeg said, said the boy, 'I can't it at my finger ends.

Atten is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the ground.

The man who lives for himself, lives for a mean fellow.

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