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## A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

"Choose, now, between me and your mother. If she be dearer, more precious in your sight, than the love you professed, remain with her. I urge my claims no more."

So spoke Ambrose Sutton to the young girl at his side. They were walking together, one colden autumn afternoon along hill-side path that overlooked the village where amidst clustering shrubbery and overhanging trees, Amy Lee's home was nestled. She dwelt there with her widowed mother and young sister. It was the only home she had ever known. Until she met Ambrose Sutton, it held all whom she loved, and bounded her sphere of interests and duties.

Six months before she would have deemed it impossible that aught could tempt her to even wish to leave her home, to so much as entertain the thought of admitting other particular and personal interests.

Ambrose Sutton had received a call to a wealthy parish in a distant town. He had come out to seek his intended wife, and communicate the tidings to her. His acceptance was already written, and he announced that he expected her to be ready to accompany him, or at least to enter upon her new location before the Christmas holidays. Amy replied, in alarm, that she could not leave her mother, and it was then that Ambrose spoke the cruel words that open our sketch. Then that Amy, quite overpowered by them and by the conflict so suddenly presented to her, sank down upon the mossy ground, burst of a fallen tree, by the path-side, and burst into tears.

Without a word of sympathy in her distress, Ambrose turned away, and saying that he would give her until morning to decide, strode down the path, leaving her weeping there on the hillside.

Poor girl! at seventeen one has little strength to meet the fiercest conflicts of duty and passion!

After a time a child's feet pattered along the hillside path. A child's voice, out of the gathering darkness, called "Amy!"

"The girl rose up with start, and met her sister."

"Mother wants you," the child said. "She feels worse; she says she shall not live till morning, and you are a bad girl for to leave her so long."

Amy was recalled from thought to work. She seized the child's hand and hurried along the path, her conscience filled with vivid reproaches for her seeming neglect.

"How could your hand be, Amy?" continued the child. "Mother said it would be just like you to go out and die of consumption, as father did. Then she should die, of course, having nobody to take care of her, and I should be left alone."

Amy had no fear of colds, or dyming, for herself, but what a vivid picture was this of the possible consequence of deserting her home. No, her duty plainly lay there, her first, her earliest, her nearest and most pressing duty. She could not leave her sick mother, nor her little sister, that was settled. And from that moment her decision was made.

When morning came, after meeting every want of the invalid, and performing with scrupulous care all the duties of the sick room, she escaped for a few minutes to write the note expected by her lover, the seal of her fate.

Dispatching it by a servant, she sat awhile in her own room, revolving still a thousand troubled thoughts. It was hard thus to shut herself out from forever, and devote her young life to tasks that seemed as interminable as a taskless.

While she sat thus, her dear friend and confidante came in. Mary Russell was as different from Amy as possible—a bright, sparkling brunette with lively manners, and a determined and headstrong will. She had ambition, too, and had craved her friend's prospective alliance with the popular and talented young clergyman.

A shade of satisfaction, she could not quite repress, now crossed her face as Amy, with the impulsiveness of youth and her warm loving nature, poured the story of her struggles and griefs into the ear of the only friend she knew, but she was subtle and artful, a thousand times a match for simple Amy, and she repressed even this slight manifestation of her feelings, and devoted herself to the task of comforter.

The next day she came again. She had been entrusted by Mr. Sutton, with his farewell message to Amy, to hear herself denounced as hopelessly sinful, in that she had broken her solemn promise, and to find the exhortation of repentance unaccompanied by any allusion to the circumstances which divided her duties, and made her a subject to two strong and unavailing opposing forces.

For the first time Amy found heart to blame her lover for undue severity, for a certain moral obliqueness that betokened an ever-

looming self as the obstruction of his vision. This, more an impression than a discovery, aided her much in recovering a portion of the cheerfulness she had lost. This man who had no regrets save for himself, no recognition of other duties than those owed himself, no sympathy for any suffering or disappointment except his own, who had no conception of a parent's claim upon a child's affection, or the exalted devotion of a daughter's love, was scarcely worth wearing one's life out for in sorrow and lamentation. And these thoughts, aided by the necessity of constant occupation and thoughtfulness for others, promoted the establishment of a beautiful re-action in Amy's soul.

Mr. Sutton went away to his new parish, and Amy felt, moved and trothed with freer impulses when he was gone. A new pastor came whom all the people liked, and Mr. Sutton was soon well nigh forgotten.

Nevertheless scarcely a year had elapsed before he was recalled to the memory of the people of the village in a very unexpected and remarkable manner. He suddenly returned to fetch away a bride—no other than the brilliant Mary Russell.

The wedding was very private, even Amy receiving no intimation of it except a brief note from her friend on the evening previous. No one was invited, and the bridal party left as soon as the ceremony had been performed.

Mr. Sutton's parish was a distant one, and as Mary Russell had been an orphan, who had only far-off relations in the village, there was little known of her after she went to her new home.

Years elapsed before she again visited the scenes of her youth. Years that had matured the gentle Amy into a noble and beautiful woman, with all her powers fully developed and disciplined. Years that had developed the once brilliant and piquant beauty of all her personal charms, and reduced her, while yet in the prime of her life, to the feebleness and decrepitude of old age, and she had come wearily back to die.

The iron hand of a despotism, as powerful, had indeed lain heavily upon this once lovely woman—the tyranny of the unscrupulous will of an utterly selfish man. She had not been subjected to blows or vulgar abuse. Outwardly her life had seemed one of comfort and gladness; her husband having talent, influence, an affable manner to his peers, a condescendingly agreeable one to his inferiors.

Mr. Sutton refused the last request of his wife—that she might be permitted to die surrounded by the scenes of her youth. He fixed a day on which he would arrive to take her home. It was more decorous that she should die among his people. He should expect her to be ready to accompany him.

There was neither sympathy nor sorrow in this letter—it was the mandate of tyrant, and Amy, sitting by the bedside of her dying friend, shuddered as she read it. But one more inexorable than Ambrose Sutton interposed. Summoned in all haste, the minister arrived to catch his wife's dying breath, and it was but her poor lifeless remains that he bore homewards.

It was on that dreary visit that Mr. Sutton met Amy first, after all those years. He beheld her in the full maturity of her almost regal womanhood, and acknowledged her perfection. Her mother had long since departed; her sister a young matron in a home of her own, no longer needed, much as she prized the care and companionship of Amy. She was alone, free, and independent. Mr. Sutton resolved to secure her for himself.

He waited until a decorous period had elapsed after the death of his wife, and then wrote to her offering his hand, and a certain something which he took to be a heart, to her acceptance. He awaited her reply without a fear of the result. Having loved him once, and suffered heartbreak on his account in her fantastic devotion to duty, it was not to be supposed that now, in the acme of his fame and popularity, she could receive his offer save with joyful assent.

Nevertheless, much to his secret chagrin, he was decidedly, though most politely, refused, and in answer to the remonstrances he vouchsafed to offer to this decision, firmly pointed to the wasted life of the brilliant Mary. Humbled, but more enraged, he speedily turned to other hopes, and married a lady whose wealth was her sole attraction. It is said that he here met his match, a will that could not be bent to his own, and he bent to his own, and became, in consequence, a much more endurable person.

Amy married also. She met with the loving appreciation, the sympathy and kindness her nature required, and in her great happiness, often congratulated herself on the fortunate escape of her youth. Her story exemplifies the often quoted proverb that "Duty is sure to meet with its reward."

## POETRY.

ORIGINAL POETIC LINES FROM THE PEN OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

Fair Ganges, no storm cloud hangs  
At this time o'er thine awful steep,  
But with an hundred varying hues  
Lighting them up from crest to pool  
Thy waters take that fearful leap  
Eight hundred feet!—here what a scene  
To fix, to fascinate the eye!  
Wouldst feel its spell here on the brink  
Recumbent, loving pilgrim lie,  
And look below,—and if thou canst  
With steady and unflinching gaze  
Drink in the immensity of space  
Rest so awhile,—Th' untutored eye  
Falls to resolve such height, such depth,  
You'crag whose weather-beaten face  
Reveals a cliff, how small, how near  
At a first glance it looks,—but, see  
The host huddled in a misty hand  
Far short is falling,—neering thee,  
Nearing thee still,—till it to trace  
Its long descent thou wouldst essay  
Crane or the vast abyss, and face  
Temptation strong, thus—thus to fall away!

Fair Ganges, may I linger here  
On thy rock-girt heights alone,  
At morn, at eve, or at hushed noon  
When still the shadows be, and deep  
And hoarse, and alternating sweet  
With soft low sounds, of jungle born,  
Thy waters roar, from crag to steep,  
Go pilgrim, wouldst thou gaze thy fill  
Go,—tolling down that rough incline  
And lovingly each vista scan  
Which to thy passing glance reveals  
Fair glimpses, growing fairer still  
Till on thy sight irradiant shine  
Those ceaseless waters as they fill  
When time was young, nor yet had man  
Been imaged by the Hand Divine!  
Look up,—eight hundred feet and more  
Like a huge wall the cliff springs up  
Those circling, wheeling, restless birds  
Which seem a' top mid-way hang—  
And note how changeable is the roar  
A deep low boom, a crash,—a clang—  
Now like the surf long rolling into shore.

Ye who have seen the hand of man  
Rear the huge cliff with subtle mine  
And gloried in such mortal skill  
With bounding heart, with eye of pride;  
See what a mightier hand than thine  
Hath rent this strong rock at his Will  
And made this lonely river's side  
A living monument to be,  
A witness of His power,—(how meet)  
Until there shall be no more sea!"  
And "Earth shall melt with fervent heat,"  
Fair Ganges,—for many a day,  
While like thy river life flows on,  
Remembrance shall re-light those fires  
Which kindled erst this feeble lay;  
Again in fancy that bright scene  
(Blue river veiling with blue sky,  
Jungle and hill, and deep ravine  
And those sweet notes at break of day)  
Shall live,—and Life's chequered flow  
Till like thine own, that plunge draws near,  
And I see thy waters now  
Sinking in beauty down that steep,  
So may Life's stream all radiant glow,  
Thus lit with glory, take,—its final leap.

F. T. M.

## ANOTHER MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

The Key West correspondent of the New York Herald, after describing the capture of the English schooner Victoria, by the U. S. Steamer Santiago de Cuba, for having left a closed port with a cargo of wool and two Confederate agents, goes on to say:

"A few days after the capture of the Victoria by the schooner Eugene Smith, under English colors, from Matanzas for Havana, and took from her a Mr. Zacharie of New Orleans, and a Mr. Rodgers, agents of the Confederate States. They are lodged in Fort Taylor, and will no doubt, after being confined in Fort Warren, have a capital opportunity of comparing the difference of temperature between Key West and Boston harbor."

If the above is true, we hope that Mr. Seward will carry out, without waiting to be asked, the "cherished principles" and "essential policy" of his own government, and restore to the men of British protection immediately.—*Ex. Globe.*

The DELAGATES.—We have been informed that there is nothing definite from the Delegates. Their propositions respecting

the Railway are now before the Home Government. They expect an answer towards the end of this month, and it is known that the majority of the government are favorable. In the meantime the delegates have not been idle, as they have taken every opportunity to urge upon the English people the importance of this Railway, and to awaken public interest in its favor. Their services too, have been found useful in a national point of view, and every day for a week previous to the sailing of the steamer they were at the War and Colonial Office, where the information and advice they could give has been of great importance at this critical period.—*Globe.*

STONE BLOCKADES A FAILURE.—In a late number of the New York Herald, a correspondent describes at great length the process of blockading Charleston harbor, lately attempted by the Federal Government, and he argues great things from this mode of stopping up a harbor. A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, on board a United States steamer at Port Royal tells a different story:—

"The idea of blocking up channels is not a feasible one. The currents in these Southern streams are very rapid; a wreck thus sunk, would be washed out in a very little time. Were the stone, with which the thirty old whalers were laden, devoted to the erection of batteries, then indeed might we expect some return for the investment; but to continue to sink vessels which cost from \$4000 to \$8000 seems to be a policy which should be inquired into. Let it be understood, that at Matanzas, within the last eight years, a new inlet has been formed. The numerous islands in this latitude surrounded by narrow channels readily announce the solution of the query. Why should there exist the same tidal velocity South as at the North? We already see the effect of the Savannah river upon the whalers sunk. They are burying almost perceptibly, and when they shall have sunk below the surface of the sand, then the channel which was intended to have closed, so far from being sealed will only become deeper."

FROM HAYTI.—By an arrival from Port au Prince we are in possession of Hayti papers to the 27th November.

Madame Fabre Geoffard, mother of the President of Hayti, died at Port au Prince on the 20th, aged ninety-four years. The flags of foreign ships in port were displayed at half-mast. At the funeral all the public functionaries were present. President Geoffard and his wife walking after the coffin.

The newspaper *Le Peuple* has received from the government a "first warning" for publishing an article tending to bring the government into disrepute.

The most satisfactory reports are given in relation to the welfare of the Louisiana and other emigrants to Hayti.

The trouble with Spain in regard to St. Domingo has been arranged, and a Convention concluded between Hayti and Spain.—By this Convention Hayti agrees to pay Spain 25,000 piastres for the damages inflicted upon inhabitants on the frontier of St. Domingo by the Haytians during the troubles which attended the annexation to Spain of St. Domingo.—*N. Y. Post.*

## MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

FREDERICTON, 24th Dec. 1861.  
His Excellency the Commander in Chief is informed that misapprehension exist as to the effect of his General Order No. 1 of 17th instant, relative to the Militia Staff Appointments.

His Excellency learns with much surprise that this Order is supposed by some to be intended to cancel all Commissions which have been held above five years. No misconception could be more complete; the order relates solely to officers on the General Militia Staff, that is to say, to the Adjutant General, the Quartermaster General, and their respective Deputies. It applies neither to Regimental Officers, nor to the Staff of His Excellency.

By Command  
R. HAYNE, Lt. Col. Adj. Gen. Militia

From the Royal Gazette.  
His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has, with the deepest regret, received intelligence of the death on Sunday the 15th inst., of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

In consequence of this most melancholy event there will be no Ball at Government House on the 1st January next.

HARRY MOODY, A. D. C.  
Gov., House Dec., 24, 1861.

## Blue Laws of Connecticut.

The following are some of the famous Blue Laws of Connecticut:—  
Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice

of his neighbor shall sit in the stocks; and be whipped fifteen stripes.

To pick an ear of corn in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

Men stealers shall suffer death.  
Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold or bone lace above two shillings by the yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the select men shall tax the offenders a £300 estate.

## Lumbering on the Aroostock.

The Aroostock "Pioneer" of the 24th says:—There has but a few, if any, teams gone into the woods this season, and the signs of the times seem to indicate that the lumbering operations will be conducted on a much lighter scale, than any previous year within our knowledge.

Our village seems quite dull this winter—in fact, every one seems to expect it to be so, and consoling themselves during the winter, that it cannot be otherwise during these war times, conform themselves very readily to the new state of things. But this should not be so; while a great portion of our male population are far away, fighting in defence of their country, let us enjoy ourselves, in their absence, as well as we can."

QUIZZING A CLERK.—A few days ago one of our young ladies who is well acquainted with Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary thought she would try one of our clerks, and quiz him whether he was possibly posted in that extensive work. One of the words, which is a synonym of Hoop Skirts, is the word "Farthingale."

So as the young lady spoken of was out shopping one afternoon, she stepped into one of our Fancy Goods stores with a twinkle of fun in her eyes. Behind the counter was a delightfully polite clerk, who greeted his sly customer with great cheer, and would be "happy to wait on her."

"I am in search of a 'Farthingale,' Mr. H.," remarked the young lady, with the sweetest nonchalance possible. The clerk stammered right under his eye were more than three score of hoop skirts, seen by both parties of course. "Farthingales," "Farthingales," said the clerk, as his face turned several shades of scarlet, (evidently not knowing whether a Farthingale might not be anything from a full-rigged schooner to a knitting needle.) "Farthingale," Miss S.—we sold the last one yesterday. "I am very sorry, Miss S.—will you buy nothing else this morning?" "No sir, a Farthingale is all I need! believe. Good morning." No sooner had the young lady left the store than the clerk turned to his employer and wanted to know "what a Farthingale was." Nobody knew. The last seen of the young man was in search of a book store, where he has undoubtedly ere this, through the medium of Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, solved the hooped mystery of the "Farthingale."

We doubt not if the young lady makes search at the shop for a Farthingale, the clerk will find the "stock" was not quite exhausted by the sales of yesterday, and will be happy to furnish "Farthingales" in any quantity.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

## PROPOSED EXTENSION OF THE CANADIAN TELEGRAPH.

Montreal, Dec. 27th.—No decision has yet been made by the authorities as to building a military line to Quebec. The existing Telegraph Company of Canada seriously contemplate extending some two hundred miles to Cape Rozier, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, via Campbelltown, to the head of the Bay of Chaleur. If this enterprise is carried out, the news by the Canadian line of steamers will be received at least one day sooner than via Farther Point. Should the line be extended to Cape Rozier, it is expected that the steamer to and from Quebec will make that a port of call next season.

Lieut. Colonel Kennedy of the Staff, arrived here on Tuesday night by express from Halifax. He reports the roads blocked with snow from Truro to Sackville, and speaks in the highest terms of the people on the route, who turned out most cheerfully to assist him, and other officers with him, on their journey. He says that farmers cut down valuable fences to let the sleighs pass through their fields and gardens—that at one place where the roads were quite impassable, the sturdy country men turned out in a body and walked on nine miles with the sleighs to break down a track, all manifesting the greatest enthusiasm for their Queen and country.—*Empire.*

Parties travelling to California will remember that passports are required of them, because says Mr. Seward, citizens of the insurgent States, and agents of the insurgents, have taken passage in the steamers from New York to Aspinwall for disloyal purposes, and especially for the purpose of embarking for Europe and elsewhere.











