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Poetry.

THE DEAD.

BY H. ALFORD.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless death;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet though late.

The dead alone are fair!
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light; but let them pale and die,
And swell the stores of memory—
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear!
While they are here, long shadows fall
From their own forms, and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest!
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And little snow-falls nip their May;
But when the tempest-time is done,
The light and heat of Heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest.

Select Tale.

THE JEW.

A Tale from the Russian.

I was a Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *table-d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in the Jaudenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house.

In the conversation at this *table-d'hôte* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantness; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Seltzer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair, whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonised with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood;—such was Ellen Muller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travelers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements and grateful sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased, every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual directions of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Welter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we

well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Welter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

An attentive observer of all that passed I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Welter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon the details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more. Mr. Muller—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a physiognomist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Muller spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points, as from politeness towards the newcomer.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices; at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband. Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Muller was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical."

The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her. Then, to her great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Welter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause fol-

lowed the conclusion of the beautiful duet. Malthus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony.

He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. "Poor Welter said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room."

Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."

Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinising glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went on Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction; but as soon as he looked into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leant on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in its harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul.

One night that the family party was assembled, Welter approached Mr. Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal.

Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well she," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides he is very young," added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Welter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," said he, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves, in my opinion, that whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration was sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate"—

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Muller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "myself" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Welter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, and laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose denouement remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y., said she to me, somewhat maliciously, 'do you not feel the effect of example?'"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Muller declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Welter reentered the room pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me."

He paused, and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Welter gazed at us in turn with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skillful. The business at last was settled. I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate."

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark water that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to him who heals wounds; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death; when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached."

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown."

He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins, on the express condition that I

should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor, all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself as more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narration: the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. When Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated; tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and placing it in that of the Jew—"Sir," he said, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"

ITEMS.

CAUTION.—Perhaps it not so generally known as it should be that tin cages painted or japanned are very injurious to birds confined in them, often destroying their health and even life. The wood framed cage although not quite so fanciful when new as the tin ones, yet they are much more durable and decidedly the best cage for Canary Birds.

Why is four cent sugar like a man that never surrenders? Because it's clear grit, and nothing else.

A MARRIED LOVER.—A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

"Ah you don't know what musical enthusiasm it is!" said a music-mad Miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, Madam," replied the wit, "but I do; musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real, there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

A fellow in jail wishes he had the small pox, so he could "break out." He has tried everything else.

A western editor, in speaking of a concert singer, says her voice is delicious—pure as the moonlight and as tender as a three shilling shirt!

The difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is, that one goes best when it is tired, and the other don't.

Why should the kitchen be a delightful retreat in the summer time? Because it is a cool and airy (culinary) department.

"Thank you, Mr. Jenks," said an elderly lady to a young spoony; "for your compliment on my youthful appearance—there is not a gray hair in my head."

Young Imp.—"Good reason why old woman, you've just got your new wig on."

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Yes, sah, he berry good farmer; he make two crops in one year!" "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell his lay in de fall, and makes money once in de spring he sell all de hides of de cattle dat die for want of hay and dus make money twice!"

A SWEET THING.—"Come here, sissey," said a young gentleman to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses; "you are the sweetest thing on earth." "No I ain't," she replied, "sister says you are." The gentleman "popped the question" next day.

BROOKING AN INSULT.—"I have insulted you, but you will have to brook the insult," said a little man to a big one.

"I will brook you," said the big one, taking him up and tossing him into a running stream close by.