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POETRY.

SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.
The rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!
We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May!
We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow!
And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.
Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim:
The gate, good wife, that leads out of life,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately—the latter in the best fashion. Everything seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very good race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two marriages always at her special command, she sometimes walked on foot, and did not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the "Morning Post."

The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, but very beautifully formed and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities, too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object, and too frequently brought in contact with the poor to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to covet, and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and very thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers.

People looked for her at the opera and the park, declaring her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and everybody added, when they spoke about her, that she would have had a million at the least. Now, Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves; because none of them were above the rank of a baron; nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not well know why; perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fools, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools; and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of these three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of our nobility.

There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards distantly connected with her mother's family—who was neither poor, libertine, nor fool,—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house; but both father, mother, and daughter, all thought him out of the question; the father, because he was not a duke; the mother because he was a soldier; the daughter because he had never given the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The

color came into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young gentleman himself was ushered into his library, and banker prepared to give his hint, and give it plainly, too. "He was saved," the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."

Mr. Herbert economised his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way," he added, "Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother; he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting, and farming, and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her up stairs. I must go out myself.—Good fortune attend you."

"Good fortune" did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered. There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy; but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he had repeated what he had told her father. She turned red, and pale, but sat still and said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. "It is all in vain," he said to himself, "it is all in vain. I know her father too well; and he rose, asking where he should find her mother."

Alice answered in a faint voice, "in the little room beyond the back drawing-room." Henry paused a moment longer; the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips and said, "Farewell, Miss Herbert, farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least, it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still further!—farewell! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. Often he would ask himself, "I wonder if she is married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon his always looking first at the women's part of the newspaper—the births, marriages, and deaths. His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended to a considerable fortune, but that Alice refused from motives that you will understand.—Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after taking passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec, the *St. Lawrence*, she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th day of May, 18—

I must now, however, turn to the history of Henry Ashton. It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations,—one writing a letter by the packet which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading a newspaper.—There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them, as usual he turned to the record of the great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths, and as he did so, he saw "Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq." The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although, he it said truly, he gave his first thoughts and they were sorrowful to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible that she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her."

"Here's a bad business!" cried the man who was reading the other newspaper.—"The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it, too, Ashton. Look here. They talk of 3s. in the pound!" Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then took his hat and walked down to headquarters. What he did or said there is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is that by the beginning of the very next week he was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.—Fair winds wafted him soon to England, but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much headway. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, and all she must have suffered, his heart beat

strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time that make or mar men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Weston, came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant and himself into the little glimmer of the sea, and was in a few hours landed at the pleasant watering place of Weston. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post-chaise was soon rolling and the young officer, his servant and his portmanteau towards Bristol, on their way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet some of the many things that fill inns had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and several others before he could get a place of rest.—At length he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and he sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room and asked if he was the lady that was to go down to the *St. Lawrence* the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come up from the *St. Lawrence*, he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and began to think of Alice Herbert. Soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he fancied he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bedroom was one of those unfortunate inn bedrooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting-room. He put on his dressing-gown, and issued out into the sitting-room, and there the smell was stronger; there was considerable cracking and roaring, which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke, through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase, but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken; and in a minute after, loud knockings at the doors, ringing of bells and shouts of "fire! fire!" showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw the rushing forth of almost naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and the opening of all the doors in the house, as if for the express purpose of fanning the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shoutings, there were screamings and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element, and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. By this time the engines had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Oh my poor mistress! my poor young lady!"

"Where is she, my good girl?" demanded the young soldier. "In number eleven," cried the girl, "in number eleven! Her bed-room is within the sitting-room, and she will never hear the noise." "Here she is!" cried one of the bystanders, who overheard; "there she is, I dare say." Ashton looked up towards the house, thro' the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth; and across the casement that opened to the very room that he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman in her night dress, pass rapidly. "A ladder," he cried, "a ladder for Heaven's sake. There is some one there, whoever it is." No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain. "The back staircase is on fire," he cried; "she may be saved that way." "Aye, but the corridor is on fire," said one of the waiters. "You'd better not try, sir; it cannot be done." Henry Ashton darted away into the inn, up the staircase; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the room he had lately tenanted. He rushed, however, recollecting that he had seen a side-door out of his own sitting-room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"I will open it," cried a voice from within that sounded strangely familiar in his ear. The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"Heaven!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed, holding her to his heart. "And you have thrown away your life to save mine," said Alice. "I will die with you at least," replied Henry, "that is some consolation. But no, they have a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl, you are saved!" He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom, and when he looked down, whether it was from fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found she had fainted.

"It is all well," he said, "it is all well!" and as soon as the ladder was raised he bore her out, holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like silence below. The ladder shook under his feet; the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his feet were placed. But steadily firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.

When his last footsteps touched the ground a universal shout burst from the assembled crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing-room of a good merchant's house, some way down the street.

The *St. Lawrence* sailed the following day for Quebec, and went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of the ocean every living thing that she carried out from England. But on the day she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing-room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and ere many months were over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost were chased by happier drops as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for *Tara Fina!*

Use of Ice.—To drink ice cold liquid at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestions. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantages in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean, and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crushing between, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhoea, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp, has allayed inflammation of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions, induced by too much blood there. Water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest, with a sponge or cloth, very often affords miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up in the bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber. All inflammations, external and internal, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or water, because it is converted into steam and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part. A piece of ice laid on the wrist, will often arrest violent bleeding at the nose.—*Journal of Health.*

It is useless to talk about love in a cottage. The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. There is more love in a full quart barrel than in all the roses, posies, and wood-bines that ever grow.

How near skin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush turned a laughing child in a painting, to one crying: our mothers, however, without being great painters, have often bro't us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

HASPY words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it; forgiving cures it; and forgetting takes away the scar.

RICHES are often thorns that pierce the head with fares in getting them, and the heart with grief in parting with them.

LITTLE FAULTS, no less than great crimes, can hide the light of heaven from the soul. Just breathe upon the glasses of a telescope, and the dew of your breath will shut out the all stars.

PATRIOTS.—"General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that these people who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood are amazingly particular about the first drop." We have too many of that style of patriots now-a-days.

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