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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 dissipation. 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 were 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 daughters always at her special com-
mand, 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 ex-
ceedingly graceful. She was the least af-
fected person that ever was seen; for, ac-
customed 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 ob-
ject, and too frequently brought in contact
with the poor to estimate 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 admir-
ers.

People looked for her at the opera and the
park, declaring her beautiful, adorable,
divine; she became the wonder, the rage,
the fashion; and every body added, when
they spoke about her, that she would have
half a million at the least. Now, Mr. Her-
bert 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 certain-
ly 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 li-
brary, 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 appoint-
ment in Canada just that he might retrieve.
She would like to write, I know. You will
find her upstairs. 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 re-
gret that fortune has not favored me still
farther!—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, al-
though about a year after Henry Ashton
had quitted England, her father descended
a little from his high ambition, and hinted
that, if she thought fit, she might listen to
the young earl of —, Alice was not in-
clined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to
understand that she was not inclined to
become his countess. The earl however,
persevered, and Mr. Herbert now began to
ask his influence; but Alice was obdurate,
and reminded her father of a promise he
had made, never to press her marriage with
any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoy-
ed than Alice expected, walked up and down
the room in silence, and upon hearing it, shut
himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two
hours.

What took place Alice did not know, but
Mrs. Herbert from that moment looked grave
and anxious. Mr. Herbert insisted that the
earl be received at the house as a friend,
though he feared his daughter no more, and
began to parry success each other so rapidly
that the quieter inhabitants of Port-
land Place wished the banker and his family,
as Alice wished herself to be in
Canada. In the meantime, Alice became
alarmed for her mother, whose health was
evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs.
Herbert would consult no physician, and
her husband seemed never to perceive the
state of weakness and depression into which
she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the
matter to her father's notice, and as he now
went out every morning at an early hour,
the rose one day sooner than usual, and
knocked at the door of his dressing-room—
There was no answer, and unclosing the
door, she looked in to see if he were already
gone. The curtains were still drawn, and
through them some of the morning beams
found their way, and by the sickly light
Alice beheld an object that made her clasp
her hands and tremble violently. Her
father's chair before the dressing-table was
vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor
something like the figure of a man asleep—
Alice approached, with her heart beating so
violently that she could hear it; and there
was no other sound in the room. She knelt
down beside him; it was her father. She
could not hear him breathe, and she drew

back the curtains. He was pale as marble,
and his eyes were open but fixed. She ut-
tered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed
round the room thinking of what she should
do. Her mother was in the chamber at the
side of the dressing-room; but Alice,
thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation,
feared to call her, and rang the bell for her
father's valet. The man came and raised
his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently
been dead for some hours. Poor Alice
wept terribly, but still she thought of her
mother, and she made no noise, and the valet
was silent, too; for, in lifting the dead body
to the sofa, he had found a small phial, and
was gazed on it intently.

"I had better put this away before any one
else comes," he said, at length, in a low voice—
"I had better put this away before any one
else comes."

Alice gazed at the phial with her fearful
eyes. It was marked "poison."

This was the commencement of many sor-
rows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced
that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death
yet every one declared that he had poisoned
himself, especially when it was found that
he died utterly insolvent—that all his great
speculations had failed, and that the news of
his absolute beggary had reached him on the
night preceding his distress. Then came all
the horrors of such circumstances to Alice
and her mother—the funeral, the examina-
tion of the papers, the sale of the furniture,
the tiger claws of the law rending open the
house in all its dearest associations, the com-
miseration of friends, the taunts and scoffs
of all those who envied and hated in silence.
Then for poor Alice herself came the last
worst blow, the sickness and death-bed of a
mother—sickness and death in poverty—
The last scene was just over; the earth was
just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert; and
Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, think-
ing of the sad "What next?" when a letter
was given her and she saw the handwriting
of her uncle in Canada. She had written to
him on her father's death, and now he an-
swered full of tenderness and affection, beg-
ging his sister and niece instantly to join him
in the new land which he had made his dis-
covery. All the topics of consolation which
philosophy ever discovered or devised to
soothe man under the manifold sorrows, and
cares of life are not worth a blade of rye grass
in comparison with one word of true affec-
tion. It was the only balm that Alice Her-
bert's heart could have received; and though
it did not heal the wound, it calmed its ach-
ing.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not
been altogether portionless, and her small
fortune was all that Alice now possessed
to call her own. There had been, indeed,
a considerable jointure, but that Alice refused
on motives that you will understand.—
Economy, however, was now a necessity;
and after taking passage in one of the cheap-
est 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 Que-
bec where several of the officers of his regi-
ment 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 pa-
per did not drop from his hand, although
he was much moved and surprised; but his
sensations were very mixed, and although
he 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-
come 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 turned to what he said or read there
headquarters. What he did or said there
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 oc-
curred about this time that make or mar
men's destinies. A coasting boat from Swan-
sea to Wiston, came within hail, and Ash-
ton, tired of the other vessel, put a portman-
teau, a servant and himself into the little
glimmer of the sea, and was in a few hours
landed at the pleasant watering place of Wis-
ton. It wanted yet an hour or two of night,
and therefore a post-chaise was soon rolling
the young officer, his servant and his port-
mantau towards Bristol, on their way to Lon-
don. 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 fur-
ther.

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 bed-
room was one of those unfortunate inn bed-
rooms that are placed under the immediate
care and protection of a sitting-room. He
put on his dressing-gown, and issued out in-
to 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 ca-
lamity had become apparent to the people in
the street. He saw the rushing forth of al-
most naked men and women, which gener-
ally follows such a catastrophe, and the open-
ing 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 portman-
teau, 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."

"There she is!" cried one of the bystand-
ers, 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 next 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 Heav-
en'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 of stone," 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 sign,
up the staircase; but the corridor was on
fire, as the man had said, and the flames rush-
ing up to the very door of the room he had
lately tenanted. He rushed, however, recol-
lecting 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 with-
in 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 explana-
tion, and hurried back with her towards the
door of his own room. The corridor, how-
ever, 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 Hen-
ry, "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 hear-
ing 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 as-
sembled crowd, and even reached the ear of
Alice herself; but ere she could recover com-
pletely, 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 THE FIRM!

Use of Ice.—To drink ice cold liquid at
meals retards digestion, chills the body, and
has been known to induce the most danger-
ous 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, with-
out much chewing or crushing between it,
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 ar-
rested 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-giv-
ing slumber. All inflammations, external
and internal, are promptly subdued by the
application of ice or water, because it is con-
verted into steam and rapidly conveys away
the extra heat, and also diminishes the quan-
tity of blood in the vessels of the part. A
piece of ice laid on the wrist, will often ar-
rest violent bleeding at the nose.—[Journal
Health.

It is useless to talk about love in a cot-
tage. The little rascal always runs away
when there is no bread and butter on the ta-
ble. There is more love in a full stout bar-
rel 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 paint-
ing, 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.

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

Riches are often thorns that pierce the
head with cares 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 amazing particular about the first drop."
We have too many of that style of patriots
now-a-days.