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A. A. Gibbs, M.D.
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OOPING COUGH
STER, C.E., Aug. 21, 1861.
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P. QUINTH,
Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.
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OF WILD CHERRY
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BRATED SALVE
ves pain at once, and reduces
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relief and a complete cure.
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prietors.
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Machines are now on sale a
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AMES STOOP,
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J. NEILL, Proprietor.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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No 10 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 6, 1872. Vol 39

Poetry.

My Forest Land.

O tell me not of sunny lands,
Where snow is never seen;
Of spicy gales and fragrant trees
With branches evergreen!
Such scenes may please the languishing,
But bold hearts spurn their spells;
Give me the land where winter reigns
In snow roads and sleigh bells.

Some sing of lands where purling brooks
Are all the streams they boast;
Where craggy mountains clothed in mist
Protect their sterile coast.
Give me the land where inland seas,
And giant rivers sweep,
And where from Niagara's Falls
A deluge meets the deep.

Give me the lands where forests rise
With towering heads and high;
Where leaves in Autumn's mellow scene
Reflect the tinted sky.
Our own dear land, our Canada,
A land of freedom strong;
Come, join with me this song to raise,
And sound it loud and long!

Interesting Tale.

THE REBELS.

A Tale of Emmet's Days.

[CONCLUDED.]

Goaded by this insult, Gerald's hand clenched instinctively, as if he had grasped a weapon; but his eye fell on the upturned rigid features of his dead cousin, and his anger sunk before their voiceless reproach.

To throw a light upon the bad feeling entertained by Hugh Perring towards his cousins, it will be necessary to give an outline of their domestic history. Both Mrs. Perring and her sister had married men of good fortunes, and of an equal position in society, and during the childhood of their families, nothing could exceed the unity and affection subsisting between them. But, unfortunately, a jealousy arose between Mr. Perring and his brother-in-law, in consequence of some official place becoming vacant at the castle, for which they both made application, and which the former obtained. After his decease, the sisters renewed their intercourse; but Hugh Perring perpetuated in his own breast the variance felt by his father, and long after death had set his seal on the dissentions of both parents, he continued to his unoffending cousins this feeling of jealous animosity.

Douglas Hewitt, the eldest of his uncle's sons, though equally high-spirited, was of a more forgiving and generous disposition, or perhaps, the greatest secret of his forbearance to his haughty cousin was, the love with which Hugh's gentle sister Norah had inspired him. As children they had played together, and even then Norah found that her brothers were not half so gentle as cousin Douglas—dear cousin Douglass, who thought nothing of climbing the highest branches of the mountain ash to procure her the most gorgeous of its scarlet treasure, and afterward of wreathing them among her dark and shining hair, till she looked like some little Indian princess, with coral circling her head.

It had never occurred to Hugh Perring that his sister's childish preference for her cousin Douglas should continue to influence her in after years; so that it was with no little surprise and chagrin that he learned that the good-looking young man in regiments, whom he had seen on duty in the castle yard on the day of his stripling whom he had left, two years before, in his trencher-cap and gown, at Trinity—and the now affianced husband of his sister. The very profession Hewitt had chosen, seemed like a display of opposition; for the republican principles of the Perrings were no secret among their fellow collegians, between whom debating parties existed, where the politics of the period were discussed. This new and closer connexion, therefore, Hugh determined should never take place; but as Norah's fortune was at her own disposal, he knew this was only to be compassed by some underhand machination.

Now, nature had not intended Hugh Perring for a villain, and the task he had proposed to himself was too repugnant to his feelings to allow him to go through with it. He therefore contented himself with exhibiting his dislike of Douglas in such a manner as he hoped would lead the latter to resent it, and thus occasion a decided rupture between them. His cousin, however, for Norah's sake, determined to avoid everything that might give a pretext for his malevolence. And so the affair continued, until the unfortunate occurrence of Sydenham's death afforded a sufficient plea for Hugh to put a decided veto on the marriage. He forbade Douglas the house; and, by alternate threats, entreaties, and cruel representations of the light in which her conduct would be viewed if she ever became the wife of her cousin, endeavored to force Norah into a promise of discarding him; but her love had become a portion of her being, and she felt it would be easier to part with life than with the object of her affection.

Amid this tumult of suffering, the tide of time swept on. It was a summer evening, and Norah sat alone in the little room that, in her mother's life-time, had been the scene of so many hours of affectionate intercourse and light-hearted mirth. Her brother's frequent and prolonged absences left her now, more than ever, the prey of regretful memories. She had watched the sun's setting, and the after rising of the moon, and at length, with a feeling of anxiety, turned away from the window. Hours passed on—twelve, one o'clock came, and still she lingered in the room, without light or companion. At this time, the figure of a man might be seen, not keeping the path leading to the house, but stealing cautiously beneath the shadow of the trees. As the person drew near the windows of the sitting-room, he paused; and looking anxiously around, placed himself where the shade cast by a group of shrubs prevented the likelihood of his being discovered, and yet admitted of his perceiving the interior apartment. The heavy foilage of a few scattered trees in front of the windows formed the shadow of the picture, and between these, as they swayed to and fro in the night-wind, the bright, clear moon gleamed through, illuminating a portion of the apartment in which, at the open instrument, Norah Perring sat; but though her fingers occasionally touched the keys, the sounds produced were wild, unconnected, and sometimes dissonant, proving the utter abstraction of the player. As the breeze freshened, the waving of the branches became more irregular; and as the shade they caused sometimes fell upon the music-page, or darkened the keys, she once or twice started as if a living thing beside her had occasioned the shadow.

For a short time Douglas remained within his hiding-place; but unable to contain himself longer, he rushed forward, tapped against the window, and the next moment held to his bosom the scarcely sensible form of Norah, who, overcome by tenderness for her lover, and terror at the possibility of her brother's return, could only weep forth her alarm and pleasure.

The brief and agitated discourse that ensued between them was broken by a slight noise, as if the window had rebounded from a sudden pressure of the casement. Associating every fear with the presence of her fierce, remorseless brother, Norah trembled with apprehension as Douglas left her side to discover its cause. The young man gazed forth, but could see no one. The wind had gone down, and the trees stood still as if in sleep—the ramifications of each stately branch being traced against the clear sky with unerring fidellity—while the gravel-paths that intersected the flower-beds looked white and distinct in the moonshine.

"We are both nervous," said the young man, smiling. And he beckoned her toward the window, where they stood looking out upon the lovely scene before them.

Just as Norah was restored to a state of comparative tranquility, her fears were again excited by remarking that an old woman with a red handkerchief on her head, and wrapped in a gray cloak, crept cautiously from beneath the bushes near the window, and peering about for a moment, moved stealthily away. The bent form, and shuffling gait, discovered at once the mendicant, Ansty Connelly.

Douglas was endeavoring to quell his fair cousin's uneasiness, when a bright flash of light suddenly shot up above a dark and distant part of the city, and was followed by a loud report that shook the window at which they were standing.

"My God!" exclaimed the young man, hastily. "They have risen—the city is attacked—and I am here! Let me go, Norah. I may yet save your brother. You have no need to fear; his party will not harm you, and the soldiery dare not. Farewell." And he burst from her, before she half comprehended the fearful meaning of his words. When she did comprehend them, her first impulse was to follow him; and she ran wildly out upon the lawn, and down the avenue leading to the road, when something like a huge gray ball, just within the gate, opposed her progress. She stood still; it uncurled itself, and throwing back the hood of her cloak, Ansty Connelly stood before her.

"Did a gentleman pass you just now, good woman?" inquired Norah, trembling with fright.

"I am surprised at sich a question from you, Miss Norah Perring. If it watching your gates I'd be at this hour of the night?" answered the old woman, evasively.

"Perhaps he went the other way," said Norah, utterly unmindful, in her anxiety, of the covert sarcasm of Ansty's reply; "hasten to the road, good woman, and meet him as he passes. I will reward you for it."

"Find another arrant woman for yourself," exclaimed the old crone, sharply; "the time is coming whin Ansty Connelly 'ill be as good as any of you. An' signs by 'ont I make the Orange lads know it! My two fine boys at Ballyholan!—och hone!—och hone! Did ye never hear your mother, Miss Norah—may the heavens be her bed—tale of the big fight at Ballyholan? and how the ancient Britons kilt Ansty Connelly's two sons? 'Tis that made me so fond av the moonlight, avich! in hopes the good people 'ed take me out of trhouble, and give me my two fine boys again."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Norah, who now remembered to have heard it said that Ansty was subject to fits of mental alienation! "Poor thing! what a sad example of these past times of error! Alas! perhaps the consequence of to-night may be to make me equally desolate! Go home, Ansty; or come with me up to the house. This is no place for you, in the damp night air."

"Och! not a dhrop of the blessed dew falls on me, asthore! The fire in my ould head an' heart dhries it all up. Never mind for Ansty, the crater! the night's us't to her; an' the moon 'ed miss her, if she'd stay within."

So saying, Ansty again covered her head with her cloak, and rocking herself to and fro to the monotonus measure of one of the wild and mournful death-cries of her country, seemed to have determined on remaining there for the night; and Norah, finding her persuasions useless, returned to her home, full of anxiety and apprehension. No sooner had Ansty satisfied herself that she could no longer be perceived, than she ceased her lamentations, and with a step but slightly impeded by the lameness that distinguished her usual gait, set off in the direction of the city.

The report, which Douglass had taken for a signal of rising, had been occasioned by the explosion of a powder depot belonging to the insurgent party in Patrick Street, and which thus afforded government unequivocal proof of the means of a rebellion being in active preparation within the city. Yet no precautionary measures ensued. The next day, however, Hugh Perring returned home, and a stricter system of espionage on her actions convinced Norah that by some means he had heard of her interview with Douglas. All day long he continued in doors; but as soon as he had assured himself that she had retired for the night, he left the house, and returned no more till morning. Determined to find out whether he went alone, one night Norah followed him silently down stairs. No one was with him; and as with a boding heart she retraced her steps, her foot crushed some papers, and gathering them up, she discovered among them a proclamation for a general rising of the United Irishmen on the 23rd of the month. It wanted but a few days of the appointed time. Norah's resolution, therefore, was quickly taken, and as rapidly acted upon.

On the evening of the succeeding day, and an hour after sunset, a covered car drove into the castle-yard, and a youth, clad in academical garb, stepped out, and walked on, until challenged by the sentinel on duty.

"Who goes there?" demanded the soldier, in a stern, peremptory voice.

"A friend!" answered the youth, in a low tone.

Advance friend! rejoined the sentry, bringing his musket to the charge, and give the countersign. But, instead of advancing, the acton that accompanied the invitation had the effect of sending the collegian several paces back.

I have no countersign he answered. I only want to see Lieutenant Hewitt.

Devil a Lieutenant Hewitt you'll see, till I hears the countersign, returned the immovable man at arms.

The youth, who had evidently expanded his knowledge of military usages, to the customary response to the sentry's challenge, stood crushing the folds of his gown with a nervous and uncertain action; and from the working of his pale and interesting features, it was evident that he suffered much more than the chance of spending an hour in the sentry box, until the guard came round, would have occasioned under ordinary circumstances, to any son of Alma Mater. Pray let me pass he cried, taking out a purse, and speaking in accents of great distress, I only want to see Mr. Hewitt. I am his cousin. Here is gold for you. Good kind sentry, let me pass.

That's nothing to me. I must do my duty; and I cant let you pass without the parole, answered the man, doggedly.

Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do? cried the youth in anguish.

I'll tell you what you'll do, answered the soldier, a little softened by the offer of the gold—you may walk out; but if you attempt to move an inch nearer you are my prisoner.

I cannot go till I have seen Mr. Hewitt; my business with him is of life and death Surely, good soldier, you will let me pass?

Not a step, returned the sentry; either you walk off my post or into my box, till the guard comes round. And if you give the officer no better account of yourself than you have given me, I promise you you'll pass the night in the guard-house.

At this moment, a gentleman in plain clothes came towards them; and the distress of the youth became even more perceptible.

Here is someone coming, he said: pray—pray let me pass! Mr. Hewitt will acquit you of any blame. I will give you all that is in my purse.

It is more than I dare do now, returned the man. Here comes one of the officers. And he turned to repeat to the person approaching the accustomed military challenge, while the collegian drew his robe around him, and stood close to the side of the building. Presently afterward the other party drew near and whispering the talismanic reply, approached the trembling gownsman, and courteously inquired if he should pass him in. No sooner had the latter uttered his thanks than the officer drew his arm within his own, and walked on silence, till out of ear shot of the sentinel, when the youth inquired, Will you have the kindness to point out Mr. Hewitt's quarters? It is to see him I have come.

Pon my word he does not deserve to see you, replied the officer in a tone of confidence that strangely and painfully affected the youth—he has not used you well in keeping you waiting for him, and exposing you to so much annoyance.

Mr. Hewitt is not aware of my being here, replied the other coldly.

I wish I could persuade you to let him remain in ignorance of your coming, continued the officer. Or, if not, as he felt the fragile arm within his own suddenly withdrawn—come into my room and I will send for him.

Sir! said the affected collegian springing from his side, since something has betrayed my sex to you, pray do not tarnish your kindness by rudeness more insufferable than any annoyance I have previously experienced.—However strange my being here, and in this disguise, may appear, I am a lady; and my motive is not only innocent but, I trust, praiseworthy. Add to my sense of gratitude for the favor you have already conferred upon me by telling me where I shall find Mr. Hewitt Be assured, neither he nor I will ever forget the obligation

I will send him to you replied the officer, in a tone as respectful as his former manner had been bold. Stand here, out of observation; he shall be with you in an instant.

So saying, he touched his hat and departed, while Norah remained, watching, with nervous anxiety, every shadow that crossed the mess-room windows, impatient for, yet dreading Douglas Hewitt's approach. Presently an officer in full regimentals hastened toward her, and her heart told her it was her lover

I have the honor to be the individual you have inquired after, he said; may I know to what circumstances I am in ——

Douglas, take me where I may speak to you faltered Norah; I had no other way of seeing you, and I could not write what I have to tell.

Norah, my own love what has happened? said Douglas anxiously, as he drew her arm fondly within his own, and hurried her toward his apartments.

In less than a quarter of an hour after the meeting, accompanied by her cousin, Norah was on her way back to Rathfarnham. On the same night Hugh Perring, as he entered his own gate, was seized by a party of soldiers at the head of whom was his cousin, Douglas, charged with conspiring against the state, and was conducted a prisoner to the castle garrison. Instead, however, of finding himself incarcerated in a dungeon, or subject to the cruel privation which had been the fate of other state prisoners, he found himself in excellent quarters, supplied with all sorts of good things, in the shape of edibles, and an equal feast of mental entertainment.

His situation was a mystery to himself.—The longed for day of Ireland's struggle for liberty was fast approaching, and he should appear to his friends an apostate to the cause, in its hour of extremest need! He comforted himself, however, with the idea that his arrest was too important an event to be passed over by the government journals; and that, by this means, the self elected chief of the United Irishmen would attribute his non appearance to its proper cause.

At length, the evening of the 23rd of July arrived. Not only Douglas Hewitt contributed his warning to his friends in authority, but information had been given to the under secretary of the insurgents, and even of the hour of their meditated outbreak; but, on the precautionary principle of creating no alarm, few preparations were made to withstand them, beyond the strengthening of the guard at the Phenix Lodge, by an officer and thirty men. A large dinner party was given on this evening, by the secretary of the war department, to his military and other friends, at the castle; and among the guests was Douglas Hewitt.

The orthodox toasts and loyal sentiments had all been duly honored and dismissed, and the mercurial spirits of the party were rising in proportion as the contents of cooper after cooper of bright claret disappeared; song succeeded song, and the true Anacreonic feeling was fast diffusing itself around, when a wild and piercing shriek rang through the apartment, arresting each one's hand on its way to his lips, and driving the ruddy color from his cheek. Every one at the time instinctively arose, as the door was thrown open, and a lady with her hair dishevilled, and her white dress stained with blood, rushed madly into the apartment, shouting, incoherently, the the horrible catastrophe of her murdered father. It was Miss Wolfe, the daughter of Lord Kilwarden, who was most inhumanly butchered by the pikes of the insurgents. In a moment the revel was over, the military flew to revenge—the civilians to defend themselves, but the horrors of that night are for the historian, and I gladly pass them over, to follow the fortunes of Douglas Hewitt and his cousin.

About five weeks after the occurrence just related, on the afternoon of a day in the early part of September, crowds of persons were to be met returning along the Rathfarnham road. The low tone in which they conversed—the air of depression and gloom that rested upon all, so different from their national bearing under any ordinary circumstances, was in itself, sufficient to arouse a painful conviction of the nature of the calamity that could thus strike down their naturally elastic spirits. These persons had been to witness the unfortunate Emmett's execution.

But let us turn from the road, to the residence of the Perrings, at Rathfarnham The blinds of the windows were closed, as if death was in the house; and on a sofa in the little room previously decribed, lay Hugh, pale even to ghastliness, from no physical illness, but from the nervous anguish that preyed upon him since the apprehension of his friend. Norah knelt beside him; her eyes blinded by tears, and her hand was pressed against his pallid brow. The door opened, and Douglas Hewitt entered. Hugh raised his head and gazed inquiringly at him.

Is it over? he asked quickly.

It is, said Hewitt mournfully.

Thank God! muttered Perring, dropping back on the pillow, and bursting into tears.

And but for you, he continued, when the paroxysm subsided—but for you, my generous hearted cousin, and you my dear—dear sister, I, too, should have paid the penalty of disloyalty and madness with my pure intentioned but misguided friend.

He is at rest, interrupted Douglas; let us hope that the sincerity of his motives may outbalance the crimes his treason has occasioned. Do not dwell upon it, but in return for the mercy so graciously extended to yourself, prove to your king and country that a pardoned rebel can make a useful citizen and a loyal subject.

Little more need be asked. Norah soon after ward became the wife of her cousin; and in the spring of the ensuing year Hugh Perring started for the Continent, to seek Gerald Hewitt, who had quitted Ireland on the day after Sydenham Perring's death, and had sought to heal the anguish of a bruised spirit by successive changes of scene and occupation. The forgiveness and re union of his family effected what neither time nor travel could accomplish; and the cousins returned to Ireland better and wiser men for the bitter experiences of the memorable year 1803.

AN AUSTRALIAN HONEY HOARD.—A tree was felled the other day at Sandy creek, Wagga Wagga, for the purpose of procuring honey which it was known had been collected there by a rather large swarm of bees. When the tree was cut down, there was found in the hollow, one of the most astonishing collections of honey ever known, probable to have been gathered by one swarm of bees. There were several immense layers of comb 10 feet in length, and of great length, and of great density, extending along the inside of the trunk, and almost clothing the hollow of the tree entirely. After it had been carried home, [having been wasted considerably by the fall of the tree, and the primitive mode in which it was collected] The comb yielded over 300lbs of honey of the purest quality.—[Melbourne Argus.

A short time since, as a well known master over a grammar school was censuring a pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in practice, he said, Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny? when the boy innocently replied. No sir; they sell them two for three half pence when they are stale.

Whatever I have tried to do in life, said Charles Dickens, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, find I now to have been golden rules.

The year 1872 promises to be memorable in Omemee for the number of edifices to be erected, including new school buildings, shops, and residences.

The plain duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woes.

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