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ALPBOROUGH
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S STANDING
A Mr Thomas Taylor, Esq,
17th April 1845.
HOLLOWAY

THOMAS TAYLOR
SION AND COAST
THE DOVE
A Mr Thomas Taylor, Esq,
17th April 1845.
HOLLOWAY

TO SUFFER
Oh! I dearly love the summer
With its blue skies and bright flowers,
Its balmy air and pensive tone,
In the evening's gentle hours,
With the glow of the twilight,
Its bright and cloudless noon,
And the blossoms on the bending trees,
Whose fruit shall crown them soon;
The green grass of the meadow—
The wild flower blossoming—
The peacock and the butterfly,
Alas! in careless wing—
All speak in tones of gladness,
Till the sunset heart is stirred,
And the spirit casts its eyes aside,
And craves like a bird!

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Vol. 13

No 30

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1846.

[15^s at the end of the Year.

POETRY.

The following lines are from a "Harp" whose
music has already thrilled many souls. Mr. Cle-
ments is a true poet, and his thoughts come over
like starlight in a dark hour.

EVENING.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

The parting day has left a smile
Upon the face of yonder sky,
And clouds in crimson glory pale
Their ruby canopy on high.

The sweet romance of life is cast,
On Evening's sword of plumed hours,
When the cool zephyr wanders past,
Just stoop to make the sleeping flowers.

The pulse of nature warmly beats,
Responsive to the human breast,
Like that mysterious bliss that meets
In hands and hearts together pressed.

The tranquil deep above us lies,
Calms as the slumber of a girl,
And stars look outward like her eyes,
When opening through a floating veil.

The sunlight of our life may fall,
Ere its meridian hath begun;
Why should we grieve? Life is not all
For which the race of years is run!

Home, slowly by the evening gale,
And swathed in sunset hues, are curled
The clouds, as if let down to veil
The threshold of a brighter world.

Will many we deem the halo sent
Illumed by beamed fires of earth,
A pathway through the firmament
That leads us to immortal birth?

In many a veil kept at eye,
Has fancy seen an angel glide
Down by descending bow, and leave
A scraph's robe, some grave beside.

TO SUFFER.

Oh! I dearly love the summer
With its blue skies and bright flowers,
Its balmy air and pensive tone,
In the evening's gentle hours,
With the glow of the twilight,
Its bright and cloudless noon,
And the blossoms on the bending trees,
Whose fruit shall crown them soon;

The green grass of the meadow—
The wild flower blossoming—
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All speak in tones of gladness,
Till the sunset heart is stirred,
And the spirit casts its eyes aside,
And craves like a bird!

Oh! I dearly love the summer,
When the stars are out on high,
To wander on, for many an hour,
Beneath the glittering sky—
While the rippling of clear water,
And the sighing of the breeze,
Call up and awaken happy thoughts,
And previous memories;

While nature's simple music
Softens every care to rest—
For we would not fear that holy calm
By one possession of the breast.
Oh! then I love the summer,
For the title doth she bear
Of Queen of all things beautiful,
And glorious and fair!

Devoted Heroism.—A private soldier of
the principality of Piedmont, whose name was
Charles Emanuel Micah, who without educa-
tion, or knowledge of history, which by plac-
ing before us great examples, is admirably
calculated to inspire noble sentiments, ex-
hibited the resolution and firmness of a hero.—
In the year 1706, the French army, having
overrun Savoy, entered Piedmont, and seized
on Turin, and encountered various difficulties
from the vigorous sallies and obstinate defence
of the garrison. At length, they gained posses-
sion of a subterraneous gallery, leading di-
rectly to the centre of the town, which they
resolved to surprise the following night; but
a body of miners were that moment working
exactly under the spot. One of them, Micah,
the hero of this story, as soon as he heard the
French over his head, concluded that his blow
was not immediately struck, Turin would be
lost. The mine was already charged, but
not having at hand what engineers called a
sennicase, which would have enabled him to
retire, he saw no alternative but to admit the
enemy, or sacrifice himself; gloriously prefer-
ring the latter, he communicated his design
to his companions who were working with
him, recommended his wife and children to
the King, begged his associates to pray for
his soul, and insisted on their retreating as

fast as possible. On their making a signal
that they were out of danger, Micah set fire
to the train; the mine blew up in a moment,
and involved himself and his enemies in con-
sumptive ruin and promiscuous carnage. His
sacrifice, lamenting that the safety of his capi-
tal had been purchased at the expense of so
valuable a life, settled on his widow and child-
ren an estate, which his descendants still en-
joy.

THE ORPHAN OF THE MINES.

BY MRS. M. A. FORD.

[Concluded.]

It was near sunset, on the afternoon of the
third day, that Irwin, dressed with scrupulous
neatness, appeared on the road near the farm,
whether he had walked in the hope of meet-
ing Alie. She may be displeased, he thought,
with a sigh, yet I cannot resist the wish to be
near and protect her, for the shadows of the
evening will soon be spread over the valley.

An approaching footstep aroused him from
his melancholy musings, and as some person
passed swiftly by him, he caught a glimpse
of features not easily forgotten. Irwin start-
ed. It is he, and she will meet him, was his
first painful thought; but the stranger turned
into the Hazelton road, and his mind felt re-
lieved. He lingered for some time, but Alie
came not, and he now feared he had missed
her on the road, and determined to return.

It was true; for having left the farm unper-
ceived, Alie had taken the road on the oppo-
site side of the stream, and had nearly reach-
ed the village, when she rested for a short
time on a trunk of a tree that had been felled
near the river side. It had fallen close to the
side of a deserted shantee, against which Alie
now leaned. She had once met at this spot
the object she was now striving to drive from
heart, but its throbbings too plainly told that
love was still there, although a sad unwell-
come guest.

She had not sat long, when she was start-
led by approaching footsteps, and, looking up,
saw two men advancing towards the spot, one
of whom she recognized as employed in the
mines. As she was concealed from view and
expected them to pass on, she sat perfectly
still, but with a feeling of alarm soon heard
them enter the shantee. They were immedi-
ately joined by a third person, whose ap-
proach she had not perceived. They spoke
in low voices, one of them in whispers, but
the thin planks between them and her resting-
place did not prevent her hearing, when, as
she softly rose to leave it, some words riveted
her to the spot with fear, and though trembling
like the leaves of the aspen trees, her argu-
ment was as silent, while she listened to a plan
of robbery on the highway.

The conference ended, and the men were
leaving the shantee, when one, who had spoken
in whispers, said more audibly—
I will meet you then, on the Tuscaro road.
But no violence; it is enough that we secure
the money.

The sound of that voice felt like the knell
of death on the heart of Alie—that voice
heard only before in the accents of love! Is
he the companion of robbers? With a sud-
den pang, she fell senseless to the ground.

She must have remained long in this state,
for when her eyes again opened, the shadows
of evening were gathered around her, and a
kind hand was touching her temples with wa-
ter, while the gentle tones of Irwin's voice as-
sured her of safety.

Lean on me, Alie, my sister, my friend.
What has caused this? Oh! tell me in pity
to my feelings!

Where are they? she cried, looking around
in terror.
Who do you mean, Alie?
No one, she replied, more calmly, relieved
by the thought that he was ignorant of the
dreadful truth; but take me home, Irwin.
You were always good and kind, though I
have been so unjust to you.

Supported by his arm, she reached the cot-
tage, where her pale and agitated countenance
alarmed the aged Judith, but assuring her it
was only fatigue, she retired to the little cham-
ber, which a slight partition divided from the
room. There sinking on her knees, she
sought consolation and guidance from the
great source that alone could give it in a
moment like this. Pressing to her lips the little
cross that hung suspended by a ribbon to her
neck, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven
in silent prayer.

Forsake me not, oh! thou merciful father!
Alas! my heart has wandered from thee, and
placed its hopes on earth. Forgive me, for
my divine Saviour's sake, and guide me in
this hour of darkness. Give me strength to
act—save the innocent, yet not expose the
guilty. Support me through this trial, and
my heart shall be devoted to thee alone.

A light dawned on her mind, and a path of
safety seemed pointed out to her. Rising from
her knees, she again entered the room, and
turning from the anxious gaze of Irwin, ap-
proached Judith quietly saying—

I feel better now, mother—and as I have
heard our pastor in the village, I have a
religious duty to perform, to prepare for the
Sabbath. I will leave you for a little while

with Irwin. It is early yet, and I will soon
return.
In reply to their kind remonstrances, she
allowed Irwin to go as far as the village street,
where they parted.

The pastor was on his monthly visit to this
portion of his scattered flock, and on this
evening a number were gathered to meet him
while, as he listened to their confiding breath-
ings of sorrow or sinful weakness, he admin-
istered salutary admonition with the con-
solutions of religion. The sobbing of one op-
pressed in heart aroused his more earnest at-
tention.

Of what dost thou accuse thyself, my child,
that thou art thus grieved? he kindly said.
Despair not of His mercy who loves the con-
trite heart.

Alas! father, it is the guilt of others I
came to tell! answered the distressed Alie,
for it was she.

Then I cannot listen to it, he said: Accuse
not others but examine thy own heart. Is
their taught there to dispense thy heavenly
Father?

Too much, indeed; but, oh! I came here
to prevent guilt—perhaps to preserve life.—
Listen to me, father. On Monday a person
will travel from hence with a sum of money
in charge, belonging to the mining company.
His trust, and perhaps his life, are in danger.
Speak, and save him.

The pastor started from his seat in surprise.
This is indeed dreadful; but can thy truth
be depended on?

She raised the hood that concealed her face.
Can it be possible, he said with a heavy
sigh, that thou, the orphan child of the good
Harvey, canst be connected with this intended
crime? I cannot doubt thy truth; but, oh!
what interest canst thou have in the beings
who planned it?

Ask me not, father—my heart is broken;
but believe me innocent, and hasten, oh! hasten,
to warn the traveller of impending danger.
Let him not ride on the Tuscaro road.

Is that the place of peril? he inquired;
but she had glided from his presence.

On the same evening, he communicated
the alarming intelligence to those interested.
Many questions were asked by his startled
auditors, but he could only answer. The se-
cret was confided to me by an oppressed, but
innocent heart—that broke in weeping. It
was the name of the distressed orphan passed
not his lips, but he urged the immediate adop-
tion of measures of safety for the person to be
entrusted with the funds. Arrangements
were accordingly made for his journey by a
more circuitous, but less dangerous route, and
it was determined that a party of the villagers
should on Monday proceed to search the
thickets on the Tuscaro road.

The Sabbath came, and with it rest to the
weary. Gathered around the little church,
that rears its white cross on the breast of the
Sharp mountain might be seen groups of the
miners, neatly dressed, in whose clear skins
and bright eyes a stranger would not recog-
nize the dark shadows that glide through the
avenues of the mines, their presence only
made visible by the little lamps fastened
in front of their caps.

The view from the height on which the
church stands is very beautiful and interesting.
The village and winding stream below, hem-
med in by mountains, that shelter the valley
in winter, and shorten the sun's stay in sum-
mer—the white shantees of the miners, con-
trasting with the black heaps of coal, quanti-
ties of which are daily conveyed by a rail-
road to the depot at Port Clinton, about twenty
miles below. There the little Schuyll-
kill unites itself with the western, forming
one beautiful river.

At the hour of worship, the miners, who
with their families, formed the principle por-
tion of the congregation, entered the temple.
There was an air of quiet happiness and devo-
tion about them as they knelt, some sup-
porting their rosy-checked children on the
bench before them, while on the opposite side
their wives hushed the plaint of their infant
to the other parent, or rested in the space be-
tween. No pews confined the infant wander-
ers, and a look or a smile drew them quietly
back. The scene was simple and natural;
for without the privilege of bringing their
little flock, these mothers would have been
confined on the Sabbath to their shanties in
the valley.

The service ended, and, as the crowd de-
scended the steep hill, a kind hand on each
side offered support to the venerable form of
Judith. She looked up, and saw the bright
and happy faces of Eva and Reuben.

Why are you alone, good mother? said
Eva; and why is not Alie here to assist you?
She is not well, and left the church early
an hour ago. She says the fresh air re-
lieves her, but I don't think so, for she walk-
ed out at sunrise this morning and returned
paler than ever.

This reply gave uneasiness to the young
pair, and they exchanged looks of concern.

The oaks of the stream lay in silent beau-
ty, when Alie paced the lonely road above
the village with wistful step. She frequen-
ly stopped to listen, but no sound broke on
her ear. At length she approached a spot

almost overhung by a ledge of rocks, when a
few light tones of a bagpipe came from the
heights above, and the next moment Lindall
sprang down from the rocks. Clothed in a
dark green coat, his usual dress, his rich
brown hair confined by a small travelling cap,
he seemed unconscious of evil or danger as he
caught the struggling hand of the agitated
Alie.

Cruel Girl! he exclaimed, why have you
avoided me so long? To-morrow morning
I must leave this part of the country on ur-
gent business. Oh! drive all doubt and fear
from your mind, and consent to unite your
fate with mine. As my wife, no one can op-
pose your departure with me, or, if they do,
fly with me this night.

In the ardor of his feelings, he noticed not
the look of anguish she turned on him. She
seemed ready to speak, but her voice died on
her lips. At length, as he still implored her to
fly with him, she found words, broken, it is
true, but such as deprived him of hope.

Part for ever, Alie, he exclaimed, repeating
her words.—It cannot be. I will not give
back the promise once made on this spot.
It is binding no more, said the shuddering
girl, but go—in pity to yourself and me, de-
lay not a moment to leave this place.

Why should I go so soon, unfeeling girl?
You must—your safety depends on it;
and, oh! go not near the Tuscaro road!

He started, and gazed wildly in her face.
Ha! what do you mean? Who said aught
of that road? Speak! What have you heard?
Am I betrayed?

Through an involuntary impulse, she had
sunk on her knees, and pressing her hands
on her heart, to still its throbbings, she raised
her fearful eyes to his, and spoke.

Hear me, Edward! I have sought you
since the dawn of day to warn you of danger.
Go not near your late companions, for all is
discovered.

He stood like one without power to move,
his fine features convulsed, and that form,
once so graceful, shrinking from her look;
but like a ministering angel seemed the maid-
en, who still knelt at his feet.

Nay, give not up to despair, she cried; I
have saved you from crime, Edward, but your
name is safe from suspicion; and when you
are far from this fatal place, oh! if you ever
really loved me, retrace to the path of virtue,
and reflect—

Reflect! It would be madness!
Oh! say not so. I will pray for you.
Cease, if you would not drive me frantic;
and yet, he added, in a softer tone, you would
have been my guardian angel, if I had listen-
ed to your warning; but now you must hate
—must scorn me!

Alas, no! My heart is not so easily chang-
ed; yet, Edward, we meet not again on
earth. Then will you not promise me, in
this hour of bitterness and sorrow, that, by
sincere penitence and a virtuous life, you will
try to meet me in that bright world where
sin can tempt no more? Oh! promise—here
in the sight of heaven!

For a moment he knelt beside her, a mur-
mured word was on his lips, but the sound of
approaching footsteps alarmed him, and,
pressing her cold hands to his breast, he
sprang upon the rocks and disappeared.

Alie had not power to move, as the kind
voices of Eva and Reuben broke on her ear.
At prayer, dear Alie, exclaimed the former
—do you prefer an altar of rock in the
woods?

Your friend is ill, said Reuben, as he raised
her from the ground, and his young wife,
now alarmed, tried to assist him in conveying
her to the cottage. She remained all night,
and a physician, brought thither by the dis-
tressed Irwin, ordered composing medicine
and perfect quiet.

On the next day, the village presented a
scene of excitement, from discovery of two
persons under suspicious circumstances on
the Tuscaro road. They were of the lower
class, and at a subsequent period, after a short
imprisonment, were released, for want of
stronger evidence against them—the only
witness who could have condemned them be-
ing the sick orphan, whose knowledge of the
circumstances was not suspected.

For many weeks a lingering nervous fever
confining her to her chamber. The kindness
of neighbours was lavished on the suffering,
but uncomplaining girl, and Eva forgot her
own happiness in anxiety for her friend.

But the hunter was gone, and, if Alie re-
covered, might there not be hope for him?
Reuben had encouraged him to think so, and
had formed many little plans for advancing
his prospects. While he reflected on these
during the winter, his labor seemed lightened,
and he drew the cap still closer over his fine
dark hair, to keep out the dust, hoping soon
to quit the miner's life.

At last the warm breath of Spring unfroz-
ed the streams; slowly the trees put on their
leafy covering, and the flowers opened their
beauteous folds to the sun's beams. The con-
stitution and youth of Alie seemed to obtain a
transient triumph over disease, as leaning on
the arm of Eva she walked in the garden to in-
hale the fresh air. But the tint on her cheek
was brighter than the hue of returning health,
and the old repeated cough was not the har-

binger of recovery. Sadness too, still shadow-
ed her countenance, and Irwin awoke from
his dream of happiness.—Yet why had he
dreamed at all?

The summer and autumn passed, and her
rapidly declining health left him no wish be-
yond the solitude of the mines, where he free-
ly indulged his sorrows.

During another dreary winter, she gradu-
ally faded, but her tenderness to Judith and
Irwin seemed increased. She felt grateful
for that delicate feeling which prevented them
from alluding to her sorrows, for she was con-
scious that, during the delirium of her former
fever, some broken words had revealed a part
of them. But they were breathed to the ears
of those who loved and trusted her, and she
had nothing to fear. Her mind had been
trained to early piety, and her gentle spirit
seemed ready to take its flight to a happier
world. One morning, a sealed note, directed
to her, was found on the cottage window.—
It was without signature, and read thus:

"He who has caused you so much sorrow,
but who was preserved by you from greater
crime, has been severely injured, by being
thrown from a horse, and feels that he cannot
recover. Though so unworthy of your love,
he has struggled to keep the promise made in
sorrow and remorse at the last sad parting.—
Pity and forgive him, and pray that heaven
may pardon the mispent past."

After reading the note, Alie's head sunk on
the pillow, but her feeble hand hid it in her
bosom, while her pale lips moved in fervent
prayer for one who had broken her young
and guileless heart.

It was on a beautiful day of the ensuing
Spring, as the sun of the moon shone brightly
into the valley, that many of the miners and
their families were grouped in front of the
church. It was the season of their pastor's
visit, and their services were ended; yet they
lingered on the hill, and there was a sad ex-
pression on every face. Were they thinking
of the far green life of their forefathers (for
the greater portion of them were natives of
Ireland), as they turned their eyes towards the
east? But there were others gazing in the
same direction, and among them the beauti-
ful countenance of Eva, which was suffused
with tears, as she screened from the sun's rays
a lovely infant that slumbered in the arms of
Reuben.

At this moment four men appeared ascend-
ing the eastern side of the hill, bearing a plain
coffin. The tearful eye of one named for a
moment on Eva. It was Irwin, but how pale,
how changed.

In the little procession that followed, the
feeble form of the aged Judith, as she leaned
on a sympathizing neighbor, wearing those
few tokens of mourning which sorrowing peo-
ple can gather, excited the pity of all, as
they joined the funeral train, and entered the
grave-yard to pay the last and tribute to the
remains of the young and gentle Alie Har-
vey.

She was a blighted flower, said the pastor,
after the interment was over. We have laid
her beside her father. May they rest in peace.

And gladly would I share their rest, said
the aged mother; for oh! what is left to me,
Your Alie was good and lovely, he replied,
but one of many sorrows. Then mourn not
that she has passed thus early to a happier
world, but in meek resignation to the will of
Heaven prepare to follow her there.

His kind voice soothed her grief, and other
consolations came in whispered and broken
accents from one who now pressed close to
her side.

I will be a son to you, Judith. Surely we
can now struggle through this sad world to-
gether.

What, you, Irwin—you, whose love she re-
jected, and all for him?
But she did love me, mother, as a kind
sister, and how could I expect more? The
darkness of the mines will now be welcome
to me, for their gloom suits my feelings. I
shall no longer pine for the sun's beams, for
they shine on the sweet face of Alie no more.

Alas! dear Irwin,
Nay, lean on my arm more heavily, mo-
ther. I am yet strong, though sad in heart.
And thus mingling their sorrows they de-
scended the hill.

Eva still lingered by the grave, and yet
it is better thus, she said, drying her tears,
for she is happy now. But, oh! thou great
and holy Being, she continued, raising her
eyes to heaven, how hast thou blest my lot!
The early friend of my youth, my almost sis-
ter, Alie, sleep here, while I, not half so wor-
thy, am blest with health and love. And
these are mine, she added, as her brightened
eyes rested on the dear objects near her.

Thou shouldst indeed be grateful my child,
said the pastor, who had heard her last words;
but judge not the providence of the Most
High, if the pilgrimage of thy early friend
has been by a shorter and more thorny road
than thine to the land of good spirits. He
does what is best. May thy path long be
flowery and thy heart ever thankful.

With quiet step Eva rejoined her husband,
in whose arms the infant Alie still slept, and
the young and grateful pair took their home-
ward way.

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