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POETRY.

UP AND DOING.

BY MRS. SMOCKNEY.

Lo! from the wild the city starts,
And on the prairie's breast
Spring dome, and tower, and spire, like dream
Of Araby, the blest;
And they who fall behind the age,
Or move with snail-like feet,
Are in these days of progress deem'd
Defunct, or obsolete.

The world grows busy, and expects
Her sons to do the same;
She makes the boiling water work,
And yokes the winged flame;
She bids the mightiest elements
Her varied will obey,
And calls the lightning from the skies
Her whisper'd words to say.

The idle man is like the dead
Who can no burial find;
Till fares it in the race with those
Who halt and look behind;
Even she, who backward gaz'd of old,
Was petrified we read,
And how can we afford to wait
Amid this railroad speed?

The tares are growing in the field,
Though we suppose them sleep;
And he who sows no seed betimes,
May hope in vain to reap.
The Prince of Evil never reigns,
Nor loiterers o'er his prey,
And they must needs be wife awake
Who think to bar his way.

The Pagan people fade and fall
In ignorance and night,
Without a cheering ray from heaven
The dreary grave to light;
The ready mission-ship but asks
Our bounty for its freight—
Hark! to the cry of dying souls—
They can't afford to wait.

If there's a duty unfulfill'd,
A blessed work unspoken—
Haste! be the hour-glass of our days
Is wasted, spent, or broken;
Nor let procrastination lend
Its burden to our fate—
We can't afford to wait my friend,
We can't afford to wait.

"The Flowing Bowl," in whose praise
Bacchanalian poets have sung, has often been
the destroyer of domestic bliss. The fol-
lowing incident related by the New York
correspondent of the Gazette, shows that a
washbowl, filled with cold water, may be the
cause of equal mischief:—P. Courier.

"A fashionable couple up-town, married
but not mated, as the story goes, quarrelled
a few mornings since, and the irate wife, by
advice of her parents has sued for a divorce.
The case is only noteworthy from the ridicu-
lous cause of the quarrel. One morning, it
seems, the husband washed himself, as usual
in the bowl used by both; but the lady for
some reason, refused to use it that morning,
and rang the bell for another. It was
brought when the now indignant husband
flung it violently to the floor, breaking it to
pieces. The wife thereupon called him hard
names, when he locked the bedroom
door and insisted that she should use the
bowl. She vowed that she would not if she
went "with a dirty face for a week." He
swore that she should; and so filling the
bowl, he seized her hands, and using suffi-
cient force, washed her face for her. He
then unlocked the door and went to his busi-
ness, while she went to consult a lawyer,
and the suit was commenced. If incompa-
sibility of temper were sufficient ground for
a divorce, we should require a divorce court
to attend exclusively to dissolving the mar-
riage tie.

The following is a sample of Newspaper
notices of Marriages, from a California pa-
per the Marysville Weekly Appeal:—
"Our friend, Johnny McFarland, swore to
us, upon a bottle that he was married the
other day, in Marysville. We think it is
true, for when he told us, his eyes outsparkled
the champagne before us. His memory
seemed confused about whether he had a
license or not and about the name of the
clergyman who hallowed him, but of the
date, he is certain. He says it was Monday
evening, Nov. 14th, and intimates that he
could no more forget that day than could a
soul from Purgatory forget the date of his
entrance into Paradise. By diligent enquiry,
we learned that the former name of the lady
who shares Mc's happiness, was Virginia
Blodgett."

A man is often "in advance of his age,"
but who ever heard of a woman being so?

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A Passage in the Pyrenees.

"Oh! there's not in this wide world," I
exclaimed, quite unintentionally quoting
Tom Moore; there never has been, nor can
be again, so charming a creature. No
nymph, or sylph, or winged Ariel, or syren
with song and mirror, was ever so fascinat-
ing—no daughter of Eve so provoking!"

This apostrophe, which certainly appears,
now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather
rhapsodical, was not uttered *vis a voce*,
nor even *sotto voce*, seeing that its object,
Miss Dora McDermot, was riding along on
ly three paces in front of me, whilst her
brother walked by my side. It was a mere
mental ejaculation, elicited by the surpassing
perfections of the aforesaid Dora, who as-
suredly was the most charming girl I had ever
beheld. But for the Pyrenean scenery a-
round us, and the rough ill-conditioned
mule, with its clumsy side-saddle of discol-
oured leather, on which she was mounted,
instead of the Spanish jennet, or well-bred
English palfrey that would best have suited
so fair an equestrian, I could, without any
great exertion of fancy, have dreamed myself
back to the days of the M'Gregors, and fan-
cied that it was Sir Vernon riding up the
mountain side, gallily chattering as the went
with the handsome cavalier who walked by
her stirrup, and who might have been Frank
Osbaldistone, only that he was too manly-
looking for Scott's somewhat effeminate her-
o. How beautifully moulded was the form
which her dark green habit set off to such
advantage; how fairy like the foot that
pressed the clumsy stirrup; how slender the
fingers that grasped the rein! She had dis-
carded the heavy riding hat and senseless
bonnet, these graceless inventions of some
cunning milliner, and had adopted a head
dress not unusual in the country in which
she then was. This was a *beret* or flat cap,
woven of snow white wool, and surmounted
by a crimson tassel spread out over the top.
From beneath this elegant *coiffure* her dark
eyes flashed and sparkled, whilst her luxuri-
ant chestnut curls fell down over neck, the
alabaster fairness of which made her white
head dress look almost tawny. Either be-
cause the air, although we are still in the
month of September, was fresh upon the
mountains, or else because she was pretty,
and a woman, and therefore not sorry to
show herself to the best advantage, she had
twisted round her waist a very long cash-
mere scarf, preciously passing it over one
shoulder in the manner of a sword belt, the
ends hanging down nearly to her stirrup;
and this gave something peculiarly pictur-
esque, almost fantastical, to her whole ap-
pearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the
baths of St. Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had
fallen in with an old friend and college chum,
Jack McDermot, who was taking his sister
the round of the French watering-places.
Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty
had recommended the excursion, and Jack,
who doted upon his only sister, had dragged
her away from the gaieties of London and
brought her off to the Pyrenees. McDermot
was an excellent fellow, neither a wit
nor a Solomon; but a good hearted dog who
had been much liked at Trin. Coll. Dublin,
where he had thought very little of his
studies, and a good deal of his horses and dogs.
An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight
touch of the brogue, was perceptible in his
talk; but from this his sister, who had been
brought up in England, was perfectly free.
Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a-
year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand
pounds from her mother. She had passed
two seasons in London; and if she was not
strenuously married, it was because not one
of the fifty aspirants to her hand had found fa-
vor in her bright eyes. Lively and high-
spirited, with a slight turn for the satirical,
she loved her independence, and was hard to
please.

I had been absent from England for nearly
two years, on a continental tour; and although
I had heard much of Miss McDermot, I had
never seen her till her brother introduced me
to her at St. Sauveur. I had not known her
an hour, before I found myself in a fair way
to add another to the list of poor moths who
had singed their wings at the perilous light
of her beauty. When McDermot, learning
that like themselves, I was on a desultory
trip of ramble, and had not marked out any
particular route, offered me a seat in their
carriage, and urged me to accompany them,
instead of prudently flying from the danger,
I foolishly exposed myself to it, and lo! what
might have been anticipated came to pass—
Before I had been two days in Dora's soci-
ety, my doom was sealed; I had ceased to
belong to myself; I was her slave, the slave
of her sunny smile and bright eyes—this
man more potent than any lamp or ring that
dawns or fairly ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed and we were at
B—. During that time the spell that
bound me had been each day gaining strength.

As an intimate friend of her brother, I was
already with Dora on the footing of an old
acquaintance; she seemed well enough
pleased with my society, and chatted with
me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did
I watch for some slight indication, a glance
or an intonation, whence to derive hope.—
None such perceptible; nor could the most
egregious coxcomb have fancied that there
were. We once or twice fell in with other
acquaintances of her's and her brother's, and
with them she had just the same frank and
friendly manner as with me. I had not suf-
ficient vanity, however, to expect a woman,
especially one so much admired as Miss
McDermot, to fall in love at first sight with
my humble personality, and I patiently wait-
ed, trusting to time and assiduity to advance
my cause.

Things were in this state, when one morn-
ing, whilst taking an early walk to the
springs, I ran up against an English friend,
by name Walter Ashley. He was the son
of a country gentleman of moderate fortune,
at whose house I had more than once passed
a week in the shooting season. Walter was
an excellent fellow, and a perfect model of
the class to which he belonged. By no
means unpolished in his manners, he had a
sort of plain frankness and *bonshomme* which
was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing.
He was not a university man, nor had he re-
ceived an education of the highest order;
spoke no language but his own with any de-
gree of correctness; neither played the fid-
dle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On
the other hand, in all manly exercises he was
a proficient; shot, rode, walked and danced
to perfection; and the fresh originality and
pleasant tone of his conversation, redeemed
any deficiency of reading or accomplishment.
As a personal appearance he was a splendid
fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly
built, at the same time symmetrically built;
although his size of limb and width of shoul-
der, rendered him, at six and twenty, rather
what is called a fine man, than a slender or
elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon
physiognomy, blue eyes, and light brown
hair, that waved, rather than curled, round
his broad handsome forehead. And then,
what a mustache the fellow had! (He was
not an officer in a crack yeomanry corps.) Not
one of the composite order, made up of po-
tassium and lamp-black, such as may be seen
sauterling down St. James's street on
spring afternoons, with incipient gardeners
behind them—but worthy of an Italian prin-
ce or Hungarian hussar; tall, well-grown,
and glossy. Who was the idiot who first
set afloat the notion—now become an estab-
lished prejudice in England—that mustaches
were unseemly? To mine faces out of ten,
they are a most becoming addition, increas-
ing physiognomical character, almost giving
it where there is none; relieving the monot-
ony of broad flat cheeks, and abridging the
abomination of a long upper-lip. Uncleanly
you say? Not a bit of it, if judiciously
trimmed and trained. What, Sir, are those fox-
not at least as proper looking as those fox-
which you yourself, each morning of your
life, take such pains to comb and curl into
shags?

Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him
off to the hotel to introduce him to McDermot
and his sister. As a friend of mine, they
gave him a cordial welcome, and we
passed that day and the following ones to-
gether. I soon, however, I must confess,
began to repent a little having brought my
handsome friend into the society of Dora—
She seemed better pleased with him than I
altogether liked, nor could I wonder at it.
Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please
a woman of Dora's character. She was of
rather romantic turn, and about him there
was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated
to captivate her imagination. Although per-
fectly feminine, she was an excellent horse-
woman, and an ardent admirer of feats of
address and courage, and she had heard
me tell her brother of Ashley's perfection in
such matters. On his part, Ashley, like
every one else who saw her, was evidently
greatly struck with her beauty and fascina-
tion of manner. I cannot say that I was
jealous; I had no right to be so, for Dora
had never given me encouragement; but I
certainly more than once regretted having
introduced a third person into what—between
Jack McDermot counting of course, for noth-
ing—had previously been a sort of *tertium
societatis*. I began to fear that, thanks to
myself, my occupation was gone, and Ashley
had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with
Walter, and we had started early in the
morning upon an excursion to a neighboring
lake, the scenery around which, we were
told, was particularly wild and beautiful.—
It was situated on a piece of table-land
on the top of a mountain, which we could see
from the hotel window. The distance was
barely ten miles, and the road being rough
and precipitous, McDermot, Ashley, and my-
self, had chosen to walk rather than to risk

our necks by riding the broken knee'd po-
nies that were offered to us. A sure-footed
mule, and indifferent side-saddle, had been
procured for Miss McDermot and was at-
tended by a wild-looking Bearnese boy, or
gossamer, as her brother called him, a creature
like a grasshopper, all legs and arms, with a
soured countenance, and long lank black
hair hanging in irregular shreds about his
face.

There is no season more agreeable in the
Pyrenees than the month of September.—
People are very apt to expatiate on the de-
lights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive
charms, and such like. I confess that in a
general way I like the youth of the year bet-
ter than its decline, and prefer the bright
green tints of spring, with the summer in
prospective, to the melancholy autumn, its
russet hues and falling leaves; its regrets
for fine weather past, and anticipations of
bad to come. But if there be any place
where I should be tempted to reverse my
judgment, it would be in Southern France,
and especially its western and central por-
tion. The clear cloudless sky the moderate
heat succeeding to the sultriness, often over-
powering, of the summer months, the mag-
nificent vineyards and merry vintage time,
the noble groves of chestnut, clothing the
lower slopes of the mountains, the bright
streams and flower spangled meadows of
Bern and Languedoc, reader no part of the
year more delightful in those countries than
the months of September and October.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little
in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing
out the beauties of the wild scenery through
which we passed, and occasionally laying a
hand upon her bridle to guide her over
some unusually rugged portion of the almost
trackless mountain. McDermot and I were
walking behind, a little puffed by the steep-
ness of the ascent; our guide, whose name
was Cadet, a name answered to by every se-
cond man one meets in that part of France,
strode along beside us, like a pair of compass-
es with leatheren lungs. Presently the last
named individual turned to me—
"Ces messieurs veulent-ils voir le Saut de
lou Contrabandiste?" said he, in the barbar-
ous dialect of the district, half French, half
patois, with a small dash of Spanish.

"Le Saut du Contrabandiste," the Smug-
gler's Leap—what is that?" asked Dora,
who had overheard the question, turned
round her graceful head, dazzling us—no at
least—by a sudden view of her lovely face,
now glowing with exercise and the mountain
air.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed
us, was a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast
depth, and extending for a considerable dis-
tance across a flank of the mountain. It
owed its name to the following incident:—
Some five years previously, a smuggler,
known by the name of Juan le Negre, or
Black Juan, had for a considerable period,
set the custom-house officers at defiance, and
brought great discredit on them by his suc-
cess in passing contraband goods from Spain.
In vain did they lie in ambush and set snares
for him; they could never come near him,
or if they did, it was when he was backed
by such a force of the hardy desperadoes
carrying on the same lawless traffic that the
douaniers were either forced to beat a retreat
or got fearfully mauled in the contest that
ensued. One day, however, three of these
green coated guardians of the French reven-
ue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarm-
ed. They pursued him, and a rare race he
led them, over cliff and crag, across rock and
ravine, until at last they saw with exultation
that he made right for the chasm in question,
and there they made sure of securing him.
It seemed as if he had forgotten the position
of the cleft, and only remembered it when
he got within a hundred yards or thereabouts
for then he slackened his pace. The douan-
iers gained on him, and expected him to de-
sist from his flight and surrender. What
was their surprise and consternation when
they saw him on reaching the edge of the
chasm, spring from the ground with lizard-
like agility, and by one bold leap clear the
yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a
shout of rage and disappointment, and two
of them ceased running; but the third, a
man of great agility and courage, and who
had frequently sworn to earn the reward
set on the head of Juan, dared the perilous leap.
He fell short; his head was dashed against
the opposite rock, and his horror-struck com-
panions, gazing down into the dark depth
beneath, saw his body strike against the
crag, on its way to the bottom of the abyss.
The smuggler escaped, and the spot where
the tragical incident occurred was thencefor-
ward known as "Le Saut du Contrabandiste."

Before our guide had finished his narra-
tive, we were unanimous in wishing to visit
its scene, which we reached by the time
he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It
was certainly a most remarkable chasm,
whose existence was only to be accounted for
by reference to the volcanic agency of which
abundant traces exist in Southern France.

The whole side of the mountain was crack-
ed and rent asunder, forming a narrow ra-
vine of vast depth in the manner of the fa-
mous Mexican barrancas. In some places
might be traced a sort of correspondence on
the opposite sides; a recess on one side
into which a projection on the other would
have nearly fitted, could some Anteus have
closed the fissure. This, however, was only
here and there; generally speaking, the
rocky brink was worn by the action of time
and water, and the rock composing it sloped
slightly downwards. The chasm was of
various width, but was narrowest at the spot
at which we reached it, and really did not
appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made
it out to be. On looking down a confusion
of bush-covered crags was visible; and now
that the sun was high, a narrow stream was
to be seen, flowing like a line of silver, at
the bottom; the ripple and rush of the
water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine,
ascending to our ears with a noise like that
of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock,
a few yards from the brink, was rudely
carved a date, and below it two letters.—
They were the initials, so our guide inform-
ed us, of the unfortunate douanier, who had
there met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so
gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley,
who was on the right of the party, broke si-
lence.
"Pshaw!" said he stepping back from
the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump
across it myself."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dora.
"Ashley?" I exclaimed, "don't be a
fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse
possessed him I cannot say; but certain I
am, from my knowledge of his character,
that it was no foolish bravado or schoolboy
desire to show off, that seduced him to so
wild a freak. The fact was, but for the
depth below, the leap did not look at all for-
midable; not above four or five feet, but in
reality it was a deal wider. It was probab-
ly this deceitful appearance, and perhaps the
feeling which Englishmen are apt to enter-
tain, that for feats of strength and agility no
man surpasses them, that convinced Walter
of the ease with which he could jump a-
cross. Before we could stop him, he took a
short run, and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an
exclamation of horror from McDermot and
myself. Ashley had cleared the chasm, and
alighted on the opposite edge, but it was
shelving and slippery, and his feet slid from
under him. For one moment it appeared as
if he would instantly be dashed to pieces,
but in falling he managed to catch the edge
of the rock, which at that place formed an
angle. There he hung by his hands, his
whole body in the air, with out a possibility
of raising himself; for below the edge the
rock was smooth and receding and even
could he have reached it he would have
found no foot-hold. One desperate effort he
made to grasp a stunted and leafless sapling
that grew in a crevice at not more than a
foot from the edge, but it failed, and near-
ly caused his instant destruction. Desist-
ing from further effort, he hung motionless,
his hands convulsively cramped to the ledge
of rock, which afforded so slippery and dif-
ficult a hold, that his sustaining himself by
it at all seemed a miracle, and could only
be the result of uncommon muscular power.
—It was evident that no human strength
could possibly maintain him for more than a
minute or two in that position; below was
an abyss, a hundred or more feet deep—to
all appearance his last hour was come.

McDermot and I stood aghast and help-
less, gazing with open mouth and strained
eye balls at our unhappy friend. What
could we do? Were we to dare the leap
which one far more active and vigorous than
ourselves had unsuccessfully attempted?—
It would have been courting destruction
without a chance of saving Ashley. But
Dora put us to shame. One scream, and on-
ly one she uttered, and then, gathering up
her habit, she sprang unaided from the mole.
Her cheek was pale as the whitest marble,
but her presence of mind was unimpaired,
and she seemed to gain courage and decision
in the moment of peril.

"Your cravats, your handkerchiefs!" she
cried, unfasting, as she spoke, her long
cashmere scarf. Mechanically McDermot
and myself obeyed. With the speed of light
and a woman's dexterity, she knotted togeth-
er her scarf, a long silk cravat which I giv-
her, McDermot's handkerchief and mine, and
securing—how I know not—some sort of either
extremity of the rope thus formed, she
threw one end of it with sure aim and steady
hand, across the ravine and round the sap-
pling already referred to. Then leaning for-
ward till I feared she would fall into the
chasm, and sprang forward to hold her back,
she let go of the other end. Ashley's hold
was already growing feeble, his fingers were
torn by the rock, the blood stirred from un-
der his nails, and he turned his face towards