Volume VIII

The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

No. XIX

Price 15s.] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1841. [17s. 6d. by Mail.

POETRY.

THE FLOWERET.

Beneath a snowy winter bed
A flow'ret raised up its head
And smiled with simple grace:
It had so long lain hidden there
It never thought to breath the air,
Or see heaven's pleasant face.

It was a simple thing indeed,
And yet its presence was decreed
To ease the mind o'ercast
And tell that worth, though long its hid,
E'en as that flow'ret's gentle lid,
Shall spring to life at last.

And thus I said—Oh, spirit proud
Why dost thou seek amid the crowd
A balm to ease thy heart.
The simple bud, if sought with grace,
Carries a'moral on its face.
And wisdom can impart

DEFENCE OF MY CIGAR.

Nay Lady, never knit thy brow
This harmless weed to see;
Nay, scorn it not, for Lady, know,
'Tis but a *type* of thee!

Woman, of Natures's works the best,
And thou the fairest far,
Can soothe at will my troubled breast,
But so can my Cigar?

It's form so lady-like, and slim,
No waist but thine can vie,
The lustre of its *glow* might dim
All but my Lucy's eye!

The grateful fumes around me twin'd,
Are like the charities,
The incense of a virtuous mind
That heav'nward doth arise!

One fate, alas! must both attend,
Ah! that mysterious *must*;
Thy bright career, like it must end,
And what remains but dust?

See, how it graceful bends to me,
And seems to woo the lip,
Thou know'st where mine would rather be,
Did I but dare to sip!

Then, if the weed thou'dst have me floe.
Let not the time belong;
My lip may be as free with thee,
Nor thou declare it wrong!

Le Bijou.

From the London Pocket Magazine.

HENRY SAINT PIERRE.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"Modest fears instinctive, wonder draw
The boldest forward, gaining strength,
As darkness louted and white winds blew.
To where the man stretch'd his length,"

Bloomfield's May Day with the Muses.

In the autumn of 1709, near the suburbs of the city of Lyons, some peasants, proceeding from the market to their rustic homes, heard, from a group of trees near the roadside, the groans of some one apparently in distress.—With the spirit of unsophisticated humanity they proceeded to the spot, and found on the ground the senseless and bleeding body of a man. They raised it from the earth, applied such restoratives as occured to them at the moment, and soon had the satisfaction of observing signs of returning life. The stranger a young man of very swarthy and forbidding countenance, whose dark malignant eyes even in the flash of pain seemed to deny the thanks to which his tongue had given utterance, faintly and briefly stated that he had been wounded by some secret assasin from the neighbouring copse, who fled as soon as he saw his purpose was effected. He declared his ignorance of the person of the assasin, and pointed to a neighboring hut as the house of his father. While four of the human peasants bore the bleeding youth in their arms, two of their body proceeded forwards to impart to the parent the dreadful event.

They found the old man cleaning with great minuteness an old pistol, and his change of colour at their entrance seemed to anticipate their tale of woe. Antoine the elder of the peasants, in the rude caution of untutored simplicity broke the dreadful relation to the horror-struck father

'Where,' exclaimed Bampierre, (for that was his name,) 'Where was this deed committed?'

'It was,' replied Antoine, 'in the ——"

'Lightning! within the wood of Basque?' furiously intterupted the old man. "May its branches be the gibbets on which the Lyonese may hang till the birds of the woods devour them."

The peasants started at his vehemence, and Bampierre ended, with a degree of softness very different from his former manner—

"I knew my boy was gone to that accursed wood, and there I doubt not he found his death."

At this moment the rest of the peasants entered with the younger Bampierre, to whose wounds they assisted to apply alleviations, which appeared to revive and relieve him.—The father then led them to the outward room, and setting before them refreshment, returned to his wounded son. Their conference was long, and the low murmuring of their voices alone told the human villagers that it was not the chamber of death. At length the old man re-appered; his face was pale, and his brow was gloomily knitted.

"My kind friends," said he, "to whose benevolence I owe the life of my son, accept my thanks. Come with me to the house of the assassin, ere his flight shall yield him. In the cottage of Henry St. Pierre you will find the murderer! St. Pierre is that assasin!

The whole party proceeded to the cottage of Henry. He was from home. A lovely girl who on the morrow was to become the partner of his future life, and the venerable Maurice, her father, were alone in the cottage. Where was St. Pierre? He had been gone from the cottage since the setting of the sun towards the wood of Basque.

After waiting some considerable period footsteps were at length heard approoching the cottage, and in a few seconds St Pierre entered His countenance was pale as death, a cold prespiration had settled on his brow, and his eyes wandered anxiously around, as if searching for some absent individual. A pistol, recently discharged, was in his right hand; in his left bore the hat of the younger Bampierre. These were circumstances which left but little doubt of his guilt. He was seized, bound, and dragged to the prison of Lyons his asservations of innocence were distregarded; the frantic screams of the lovely Annette were unheeded; the more reasonable expostulations of the aged Maurice were rejected and despised.

Traces of footsteps were afterward found in the wood of Basque, and they corresponded with the shoes of St. Pierre; he had been seen in the outskirts, at the decline of day, by a youth from a neighbouring hamlet; a portion of his dress was found adhering to the bushes near the spot on which the murder was attempted. The pistol, too, had been recently discharged—and but little doubt could remain of his guilt.

St. Pierre did not deny his having been in the wood, but solemnly declared he had not dicharged the pistol. He refused, however, to account for its being in his possession—it was not he affirmed the weapon of murder—This was mysterious, but he refused to explain.

CHAPTER II.

Days rolled away, and the dungeons of Lyons yet contained the hapless Henry. The hour of trial at length arrived. The hearts of his friends beat with fear; the soul of St. Pierre throbed with hope; and the attention of all was fixed upon the important and singular case about to be decided. With a firm and manly step, St. Pierre advanced through the assembled crowd to the bar. Every eye was fixed upon him. His cheek was faded, his eye appeared dim, but his countenance was placid and unruffled. Once only the hectic flush crossed his cheek,—it was on meeting the eye of Annette, who with her father, attended the trial On the other hand appeared the two Bampierres, the young one with hatred sparkling in his eye, the elder with meek and downcast looks, as though it anguished him to aim at the life of fellow-creature. They made their depositions: the younger Bampierre swore to the person of St. Pierre; the peasants deposed to his entrance into the cottage, to his agitation, to the remnants of his garments hanging to the neighbouring bushes to the discharged pistol to the finding the hat of Bampierre in the hand of Henry. He was called on for his defence. He solemnly asserted his innocence. He admitted having been in the wood of Basque, admitted having therein found the hat of Bampierre, and he acknowledged the footsteps to be his, but he denied the attempt to murder, denied all knowledge, participation, or idea of the crime. More he would not say. In vain his friends implored him; in vain the beautiful Annette bent her knee to her betrothed; deaf to all, he persisted in his silence. The verdict was decided it was a verdict of guilty. The awful sentence of the law was passed upon him, the judge impressively pronounced on St. Pierre interminable imprisonment.

The beautiful Annette fell lifeless at the feet of her parent. The spectators raised her, but the heart had ceased to beat. The heart of affection was broken! Annette, the betrothed, had perished! St Pierrie, was borne from the court in the arms of the attendants, to his prison home, and the weeping & horror-struck spectators retired to their several abodes.

Maurice, the venerable Maurice, to whom Annette had been the prop of life, the staff of declining years, followed her to her eternal home; to leave her no more.

Three days passed away, and still the attention of the people of Lyons was occupied in guessing at this mysterious event; on the fourth, when the sun set, and darkness was over the city, a cry of fire aroused the inhabitants from their beds. The city prison was found enveloped in flame. The devourng element, despite of every exertion, raged in its progress. The door was broken down, but its vacuum was instantaneously supplied by a barrier of flame, which made the hardiest shrink from entering. All attempts to save the tenants of the prison were known to be in vain. Even the jailor perished in the devouring element, and it was not until the following night that the bodies of the sufferers could be removed.

At length the ruins were explored, and in the cell of St. Pierre whose stony walls had most resisted the heat, a mutilated body was found, and consigned to kindred earth. A small tablet was reared to tell the passing stranger of the catastrophe, and to convey to posterity the remembrance of the event. Albert, the brother of St Pierre, a dissipated, thoughtless youth, as nearest of kin, succeeded to his moderate income, which the king in mercy had granted to his kindred; and as years rolled away, the circumstance, the crime and the victim were alike forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

In the month of November, a company of persons had assembled at the comfortable fire side of the inn of the honest Jacques, from the chilling blasts of this bitter month. They consisted of some of the principal inhabitants of the suburbs of Lyons, who nightly met there to talk of news, and listen to the marvellous relations of those travellers whom cold or hunger compelled to take refuge there. Among them was Albert St Pierre. The host as was his custom, filled his place in a huge arm-chair, which had served successive landlords until new backs, new legs, and new bottoms, together with sundry other repairs, had rendered its form and make so doubtful, that the most antiquated antiquarian would have been puzzled to fix the date of its creation. Mine honest host was raising his seventh cup of Nantz to that part of the head where lips are commonly placed, when a traveller, from a neighbouring room, sent that he might discharge his bill of entertainment ere he departed. When this business had been despatched, and the traveller was on his way, Jacques could not refrain describing the purse of golden louis-d'ors which the traveller had displayed, and gave a shrewd guess that his portmoteau was similarly furnished, from the great care with which it was guarded. Some few remarks followed, and the company shortly after broke up. Two hours afterwards, three peasants, passing along, observed in a retired part of the road the body of a man; they raised it; it was Albert St. Pierre, and they bore him to his cottage. He appeared to be unhurt; no wound was to be discovered, and every means were used to bring him back to sense. At length, with a sudden start, the eyes of Albert opened, and gazed with frantic rapidity on all around him. 'I have seen him! I have seen him!' he exclaimed. 'He stalks abroad in judgment on me! Henry! Henry! I will confess all; but do not haunt me.' The peasants were amazed; the words were repeated, and they reached the ears of justice; its minions entered the chamber of the now idiot St. Pierre; but in vain—no word did he utter but what betrayed the wandering of alienated reason At length the crisis arrived; the physician watched anxiously the sleep of his patient He awoke.—'It is all over,' said the physician; 'he has his reason, but it is the forerunner of death.' Albert was aware of this; he motioned for writing materials, and as he penned the conclusion of the following scroll, he sunk back on his pillow and expired

'The vision of death is over me!—the cold grave yawns for its victim! guilt weighs down my soul, and all the horrors of a bleeding conscience rush over my memory! I am the slayer of Henry! my silence was the signal of his death! But for me he might have flourished, his children be now encircling him, and his troubled spirit, which has crossed my path be at rest. I saw Annette—to see her was to love her. I dared to breathe my love, and was repulsed. Dread of my brother's hate made me affect contrition, and by that the lips of Annette were sealed. I saw by brother my successful rival; I had long been the slave of dissipation; Bampierre was the companion of my revels; I squandered my patrimony; Bampierre was the secret foe whose specious friendship led me on to ruin! To him I unfolded the tale of my unrequited love, to him I opened the before guarded secret of my ruined fortunes It occasioned mutual confidence—*he*, too, loved Annette. The villagers also spoke of his love, and laughed at his presumption;—my brother was the bar to both—the object of our mutual hatred. I thought of his marriage with Annette; I saw in it the ruin of my love, and the destruction of my hopes of future wealth from his inheritance. My bosom harbored horrid thoughts—blood flitted before my vision—*murder* haunted my mind. Young Bampierre fanned the flame of hatred. Scheme succeeded scheme; *his* death and a division of his inheritance was agreed upon between us; each was to sue for Annette, and leave to fortune the result. The elder Bampierre soon agreed to our plan.

It was my brother's custom, as soon as the shades of evening cooled the parched earth, to seek the wood of Basque. We had determined to watch his motions, and, when opportunity was given to despatch him. Thrice we waited with anxious impatience his approach to his customary retreat, but in vain; he came not: and the arrival of Annette at his cottage made us fear his nuptials would be completed ere we had an opportunity to execute our intentions. We therefore agreed that whichever of the three should have an opportunity separately of despatching him should do so, and it was decided that we should meet no more until the deed was done. On the fourth night, when nearly dark, I saw with horrid satisfaction the ill-fated Henry enter the wood of Basque. I tracked him to its inmost recesses,—I raised the weapon with deadly aim at his heart—I fired—I missed my aim. My brother paused a moment; then rushed into the cluster of trees beneath which I stood. I was incapable of flight; conscious guilt rooted me to the spot, and I sunk at the feet of the injured Henry. Never shall I forget the look of horror which he cast upon me! 'Albert!' said he, 'have *I* injured *you?*—Would you stain a brother's hand with kindred blood? what madness urges you to this? can nothing but *my* death relieve you or am I so severe a brother as not to listen to the griefs of Albert?' I could refrain no longer; I knelt at his feet; I bathed them with my tears; I conjured him to yield me to the hands of justice; I told him my meditated guilt, my daring love; I opened my whole soul to him, but I did not criminate the Bampierres in my confession 'Albert,' replied the noble-minded Henry, 'by the memory of our departed parent I swear this scene of horror shall never pass my lips. Kneel to your Maker for *his* forgiveness; a brother's heart requires no appeal. Live to repair your error; check those dangerous passions which will urge you on to ruin; and when this agitation has left you, meet me at my house, and your necessities and sorrows shall exist no longer. I am myself unnerve; but in an hour, Albert, we meet again.' He left me, and I remained alone, to meditate and bless the brother who thus could nobly render good for evil.

CHAPTER IV.

——————the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors: while the sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light"

Southey's "Madoc."

'I mused for some time after the departure of Henry, and was preparing to leave the wood when the report of fire-arms alarmed me. I turned towards the sound, and saw the elder Bampierre rushing hastily along the path. It was dark, but he approached so near, that his form, familiar to my eye, could not deceive me—I trembled for my brother; I knew the murderous purpose for which the hoary villain had entered the wood; I heard the groans of some one suffering; and by their sound was guided to the spot of murder. The fallen victim had fainted. I raised the body in my arms; judge my astonishment; it was the younger Bampierre! It was evident that the father had mistaken, with the uncertainty of aged vision and the veil of evening, the wretched youth for Henry. I could not but feel awe at the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, which had thus turned the guilty father's hand against his only child I used every endeavor to restore sense to the young peasant, but in vain, and was about departing to the cottage of his father when I heard the sound of footsteps. A thought struck me—for me to appear in such a situation might occasion questions, and these persons would doubtless bear the body to some cottage if they could be made aware of his necessity. I mimicked the groan of a wounded man, and soon had the satisfaction of finding that the peasants had discovered the body. I traced them to the door of the cottage of Bampierre, and then proceeded to my house, until the hour of meeting my brother should arrive

"At the appointed time I directed my steps to his cottage with a heart beating with shame and panting with gratitude. What was my horror to find Annette weeping, and to learn from her father that Henry was charged with the murder of the younger Bampierre, and dragged to prison! With the rapid foot of fear, I flew to the cottage of the accusers. At first they affected to brave out the truth of their dispositions; but when I stated the scene which I had witnessed when I related my knowledge of the murderous deed, they sneered at me, and in tone of defiance dared me to contradict their testimony. They threatened to produce those written proofs of my criminal intentions which in an evil hour I had confided to them, and held over me the threat of ignominous death and eternal shame and execration, should I dare divulge my knowledge of their guilt. With grief and contrition, I acknowledged that the fear of shame, the love of life prevailed and I consented to be a silent spectator of my brother's destruction. I avoided his dungeon; I dared not to meet the eye of the deeply injured St. Pierre! I was silent, and saw him fall the victim of villany! I have since enjoyed the half of his inheritance the other has been yielded to the Bampierrs. To drown remorse, I again plunged in dissipation, and my affairs again became embarrassed. On the evening in which I was sitting at the inn, I listened with unobserved attention to the tale of Jacques. I heard of the wealth of his guest, and thought that I might acquire riches. I followed the stranger, having first armed myself. I overtook him, and with the firmness of despair presented my pistol to his breast, and claimed his property. Words cannot tell my horror, when, putting his purse into my hand, the well-known voice of my brother fell on my ear—'Again in the path of blood, Albert!' he said: 'ill-fated youth! know you not that shame and sin are synonymous?' I heard no more—sense forsook me—and I sunk upon the earth! Can it be a spectre sent from the sepulchre to wither me with horror? No! it is his voice—*his* whom I have driven from happiness, whose hopes I have blithed, whose joys I have destroyed:—it is my bro——**"

It was indeed Henry St. Pierre, who, saved from the flames, had, in a foreign land acquired wealth, and practised charity. On the dight of the devastation, the jailor had been aroused from his bed by the devouring element, and had rushed towards the entrance. Finding that pasage enveloped in fire, he endeavoured to make his escape through the vaults The dungeon of St. Pierre was but a few paces from the path. He respected the youth, he thought him innocent, and he determined to give him a chance for life. He therefore descended to the lower vault, and unlocking the door, bade the astonished prisoner depart On reaching the steps by which the jailor had descended, they found the roof of the passage had fallen in, and completely paved with fire the long and narrow opening. Henry darted through, but his utmost persuasions could not induce the jailor to follow: calculating on succour from without, the old man obstinately refused to proceed, and reluctantly St. Pierre abandoned him to his fate, and rushing through the vaults, gained the country, and proceeding to the sea shore, left his native land. As the flames advanced, the jailor receded, and his last refuge was the cell of his late prisoner; and his was the mutilated body which had been discovered and buried at St. Pierre.

The two Bampierres were seized; the facts were proved against them; and on the scaffold this detested pair expiated their crimes by death, execrating each other, and execrated the loathing spectators of their end. St. Pierre lived but a few years afterwards; he returned to his native land but to expire, requesting, as a last fond wish, to rest in the same grave with his Annette.

Early Potatoes.—The best mode we ever tried to procure early potatoes to spread out those designed for seed on a grass plat in the garden so thin that one should not be upon another—cover them with horse stable manure three inches thick—then lay boards or slabs over to keep it moist and to prevent the hens uncovering the potatoes. When the sprouts have started an inch or two the potatoes should be carefully taken up and planted out in hills. They will ripen two weeks sooner than when the seed is taken directly from the cellar.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A Good Joke. I have heard a first rate joke about John Truman, late of Athens. He was stopping at a tavern up the country, and used to lounge about the bar, and drink other people's liquor. Not a glass could be left a moment, but he would slip up, and drink its contents. One day a stage driver came in, and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately shuffled up to the bar. The driver knew this man, and immediately played possom by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took—on returning he saw the glass empty, and exclaimed with all the diabolical horror he could affect,

"Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! who drank that pizon?"

"I!" stammered John, ready to yield up the ghost with affright.

"You're a dead man," said the driver.

"What shall I do?" beseeched John, who thought himself a "gone sucker."

"Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you're a dead man in three minutes," answered the wicked driver. And *down* went the lamp oil, and up came the brandy and opium, together with John's breakfast—the joke was told, and he has never drank other people's liquor since.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers, originally, we believe, from the Farmer's Cabinet, which says in effect that hen's eggs which are nearly round invariably produce female chickens and *vice versa*. We advise every old woman who is foolish enough to believe this statement, to read it to their hens, and persuade them to lay round eggs.

Punning.—A person named Owen Moore, once left his tradesmen somewhat unceremoniously, on which occasion a wag wrote—

"Owen Moore has run away,
Owin' more than he can pay."

Conundrums.—Why is a flourishing field of corn like a jackass? Because it hath *long ears.*—When he has *brought them all up.*—When is a bonnet *not* a bonnet? When it becomes a woman!—Why is a pickpocket like a reporter? *Because he takes notes.*

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