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## Poetry.

"Crush the Dead Leaves under thy Feet."

BY RUTH.

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet,"  
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;  
Think not of earth as no glory left,  
Because a few of its frail things die;  
Spring-time will bring fresh verdure as sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Look not back with despairing heart,  
Think not life's morning has been in vain;  
Rich broad fields lie before thee yet,  
Ready to yield their golden grain.  
Autumn may bring thee a fruitage sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadows fall,  
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;  
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,  
Till they reach the light of eternal day.  
Life is not long, and the years are fleet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Bravely work, with a steadfast soul,  
Make others happy, and thou shalt find  
Happiness flowing back into thy heart;  
A quiet peace and contented mind;  
If earth be lonely, then Heaven is sweet—  
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

The following curious catalogue of Dickens' works is worth preservation:

"Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mar" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby" had just finished reading "A Tale of Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent church were heard, when "Seven Poor Travellers" commenced singing a "Christmas Carol," "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz" to show "Little Dorrit," who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" in a street that has "No Thoroughfare" opposite "Black House," where "The Hallowed Man," who had just given one of "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" to an "Uncommercial Traveller," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Judge Not by Appearances.

Some years ago, there arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, an odd-looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned that celebrated resort. He seemed to have just sprung from the woods; his dress, which was made of leather, stood defiantly in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of a needle for many a long month. A worn blanket, that had served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long rusty tin box on the other, and his beard uncropped, tangled, and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the thick dark locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders.

This being strange to the spectators, seemingly half-civilized, half-savage, pushed his steps into the sitting room, untrapped his little burden, quietly to breakfast. The host at first drew back with evident repugnance to receive this uncouth form among his genteel visitors; but a few words whispered in his ear satisfied him, and the stranger took his place in the company, some shagging their shoulders, some staring, some laughing outright. Yet there was more in that one man than in the whole company. He had been entertained with distinction at the tables of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose name would be growing bright, when the fashions of the world had been forgotten. From every hill top, and deep, shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air will give his name. The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits far up on the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, ornithologist.

## A GOOD STORY OF CHARLES MATHEWS' INTRIGUING.

Charles Mathews had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trying-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room he found its sole tenant, a commercial gentleman, earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire and took up a newspaper, meaning to waste away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation and with a ghastly smile:—"I beg your pardon, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard." The person thus addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his taste, and coolly bowed. Mathews resumed his paper, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out with syllabic precision:—"Are you—a—ware, sir—that—you—have—been—eating—boiled—beef—without—mustard?" Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews started to read, but no response, while he was really nursing his wrath to keep it warm. At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventional and good taste, he jumped up, and in the most arbitrary and defiant manner snatched the mustard-pot out of the chef's grasp, and, shouting out, "Confound it, sir, you shall take mustard!" He then slapped his hat on his head and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; and that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen in the coffee-room.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—Another of these type-setting bandits has braved himself as a fitting victim for the knife of the assassin. The editor of a paper in Wilmington, Delaware, cut up an exchange an obituary poem, and sent it into the composing room with the following explanatory remarks:—"We publish below a very touching production from the talented pen of Miss Louisa Henry. It was written by Miss Henry at the death-bed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of an overwhelming affection which are the natural effluences of a pure, untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influences of a mother's love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret." Well, the editor sent the poem up stairs; and what should this infuriated and revolutionary compositor do but get the clipping turned over, songbook, god, never thinking that there might be something on the other side, he went to work and set up in type the wrong side of the paper. The consequence was that when the popular journal was printed, the editor's introductory remarks prefaced a receipt for "swipes in wine," and a painful article on the "Hog-cholera in Tennessee." Perhaps a disconsolate and solitary printer might not have been observed at large in the streets of Wilmington that evening enquiring where arnica could be purchased at the best advantage. Ah! perhaps Miss Henry's brother did not call upon that editor with a discouraging club?

A man, seventy years old, in Newport, Wisconsin, had a quarrel with his wife, and taking his shot gun, went out, threatening suicide. He lay down in the grass, fired off his gun in the air, and waited an hour for his grief-stricken wife and children to come out. When they failed to put in an appearance the old gentleman went back in high dudgeon and said "he'd show them whether they wouldn't come out when he'd killed himself."

The train from Mobile to Jackson recently brought up a lot of oysters which was something never before seen by some of the darkies present, who began to examine them with great astonishment.

"What do you?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How am I, eh? Golly! I think dem nuffin 'cept a bone. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his own wit. "I speck some white man tink nigg a fool when he called dat ting ister."

Just then he discovered an oyster slightly open, and seizing it he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with this examination, he placed it to his nose, but no sooner was the organ inserted between the shells than they closed, when the darky howled with pain, and called out, "Pull em off! pull em off!"

But the more the oyster was pulled, the more he would not let go; and so poor Coffin danced and yelled; his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable meal ornament were both ludicrous and painful.

"Hit um with a stick," said a boxman wench, and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a heavy will, but Coffin's head went with it.

"Pinch he tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure to let go!" But there was no such pinch, and Coffin seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife and severed the oyster. Coffin looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark, "Um got no teef, but he gum, it powerful!"

## Interesting Tale.

THE PALE GIRL.

The building was a solitary one, and had a cold and forbidding aspect. Its tenant, Adolf Waldstein, was a man whom few liked; not that they charged him with any crime, but he was of an unsocial temperament; and he ever since he came to the neighborhood, thinly inhabited as it was, he had contracted no friendship—formed no acquaintance. He seemed fond of wandering among the mountains, and his house stood far up in one of the wild valleys formed by the Rhine Alps, which intersected Bohemia.

He was married, and his wife had once been beautiful. She even yet bore the traces of that beauty though somewhat faded. She must have been of high birth for her features and gait were patrician. She spoke little but you could not look on her and fancy that her silence was for lack of thought.

They had only one child—a daughter—a pale but interesting girl. She was very young not yet in her teens—but the natural mirth of childhood characterized her not. It seemed as if the gloom that had settled round her parents had affected her too; it seemed as if she had felt the full weight of their misfortunes, almost before one could have known what misfortune was. She smiled sometimes, but very faintly yet it was a lovely smile, more lovely than it was melancholy.

Much did the parents love the gentle child. Yet it was evident that Pauline could not live; at least her life was a thing of uncertainty. She was tall beyond her years; but she was fragile as the stalk of the white crowned lily. She was very like her mother, though there was at times a smile upon her brow that reminded you strongly of the darker countenance of her father. It was said that when he went out among the rocky heights in search of the red deer, he would forget his purpose for hours, and seating himself upon some Alpine promontory, would gaze upon his lonely house in the valley below and often not until the sun was going down would he start into recollection.

One night it was dark ere he came home, and the wind howled fearfully. In their sitting room he found his wife lying in bed, and she was dead. He found his wife lying in bed, and she was dead. He found his wife lying in bed, and she was dead.

His eyes were fixed upon his daughter. Hers was no common countenance; the general expression was such as, once seen, haunted the memory for ages. None knew in what that expression originated—there was a mystery in it. Her mother had born many children, but they had all died in infancy. The father's fondness was to see a son rising by his side into manhood nor did he yet despair of having the wish gratified. It was said his dying commands would have given that son much to do.

Pauline was now thirteen but the cancer was busy within, and even her mother saw at last that she too was to be taken from her.

It was a stern dispensation; the only child of her heart—her meditation and her dream for fifteen years. But evil had followed them as a doom, nor was that doom yet completed. She died upon an autumn evening. She had been growing weaker for many a day, and they saw it, but spoke not of it. Nor did she; it seemed almost a pain to her to speak; and often she did, it was in a low, soft tone, inaudible almost to all but the ear of affection. Yet was the mind within her busy with all the restless activity of feverish reverie. She would strange daydreams; life, and the distant world often flashed upon her mind in fitful, all faded away; and though her eyes were still open, darkness fell around her, and she dwelt among the mysteries and immaterial shapes of some shadowy realm. It would be fearful to know all that passed in that lonely girl's spirit.

It was autumn evening—tunny, but not beautiful—silent but not serene. She had walked to the brook that came down the mountains, and formed a pool and budding cascade not a stone's cast from the door. Perhaps she grew suddenly faint; for mother, who stood at the window, saw her coming more hastily than usual across the field. She went to meet her, and was in an arm's length, when her daughter gave a faint moan, and falling forward, twined her arms around her mother's neck, and looked up into her face with a look of agony. It was only for a moment; her dark eyes became fixed—they grew white with the whiteness of death, and the mother carried her child's body into its desolate home.

If her father wept it was at night when they were no eye to see. The Hungarian dog howled over the dead body of his young mistress, and the old domestic cat by the unkindly hearth, and grieved as for her first-born; but the father loaded his gun as was his wont, and went away among the mountains.

The priest came, and the coffin, and a few of the simple peasants. She was carried forth from her chamber, and the father followed. The procession wound down the valley. The tinkling of the holy bell mingled sadly with the funeral chant. At last the little train disappeared, for the churchyard was among the hills some miles distant.

The mother being left alone she fell upon her knees, and lifted up her eyes and clasped her hands to God, and fervently prayed from the depths of her soul that he might never curse her with another child. The prayer was almost impious, but she was frantic in her deep despair, and we dare not judge her.

A year has passed away, and the lonely house is still in the Bohemian valley, and a friarless inmate haunts it still. Waldstein's wife bears him another child; and hope almost beats again in his bosom as he asks with somewhat of a father's pride, if he has now a son? But the child was a daughter, and his hopes were left unfulfilled.

They christened the infant Pauline; and many a long day and dreary night did the mother hang over its cradle and shed tears of bitterness, as she thought of her who lay unconscious in the churchyard among the hills.

The pale grew, but not in the richness of health. Yet it seldom suffered from acute pain; and when it wept it was with a kind of suppressed grief, that seemed almost unnatural in one so young. It was long ere it could walk; when at last it did it was without any previous effort.

Time passed on without a change, and without incident. Pauline was ten years old. Often had Philippa with maternal fondness pointed out to her husband the resemblance which she alleged existed between their surviving child and her whom they had laid in the grave. Waldstein, as he listened to his wife fixed his dark, penetrating eye upon his daughter, and spoke not. The resemblance was, in fact a striking one—it was a supernatural. She was the same tall, pale, girl, deep sunk eyes and long, dark, ebony hair. Her arms and hands were precisely of the same mould, and they had the same thrilling coldness in their touch. Her mother loved to dwell upon the resemblance; but her father, though he gazed and gazed upon her ever and anon started and walked with hasty strides across the room and sometimes even at night rushed out into the darkness, as one oppressed with fearful fancies.

They had few of the comforts, and none of the luxuries of life, in that Bohemian valley. Philippa had carefully laid aside all the clothes that belonged to her dead daughter; and now that the last child of her age had grown up, and was so like her that was gone, she loved to dress her sometimes in her sister's dress; and the pale child wore the clothing, and would talk to her of the lost Pauline, almost as if she had known her.

One night her mother plied her needle beside her lamp, and at a little distance her daughter sat musing over the dead embryo of a dying fire. A thunder storm was gathering, and the rain was already falling heavily. Waldstein entered; his eye rested on his daughter, and at the same moment he uttered an exclamation of horror; but he recovered himself, and with a quivering lip, sat down in a distant corner of the room. His Hungarian dog was with him; it seemed to have caught the direction of its master's eye, and as its own rested on Pauline, the animal gave vent to a low growl. It was strange that the dog never seemed to love the child. On the present occasion she was probably not aware of her father's entrance, for she appeared absorbed in her own thoughts; and, as the blue flickering flame fell upon her face, she smiled faintly.

"Oh, heaven! it is! it is!" cried Waldstein; and fell fainting on floor.

His wife and daughter hurried to his assistance, and he recovered; but he pointed to Pauline, and said, falteringly, "Philippa send her to bed."

With a quiet step his daughter moved across the room; at the door she was about to kiss her mother, but Waldstein thundered out, "Forbear!" and rising, closed the door with trembling violence.

He had watched long and narrowly, and now he was unable to conceal longer from himself the fearful truth—he knew and felt that the second Pauline, born after her sister's

death, was the same Pauline as she whom he had laid in the grave.

The secret of this however, which he would not have told her by day and awake, the wretched Philippa gathered from him in his unconscious mutterings in the night. When the suspicion flashed upon her, it fell upon her soul like a weight of lead.

A few days after the occurrences of the evening to which we have alluded, the living child who had come in the place of the dead, told Philippa she had dreamed a dream. She related it, and Philippa shuddered to hear a repetition of one she well remembered fleeing to long ago, and which she had ever since locked up in her own bosom. Even in sleep, it seemed that by some awful mystery, Pauline was living over again.

Time still passed on, and the pale child shot up into a girl. She was thirteen; and a stranger would have thought her some years older. It was manifest that she, too, was dying. There was a dismal doubt haunting her father's mind whether she had ever lived—When they asked her as to how she felt, she shook her head, and stretched her arms towards the churchyard.

To that churchyard her father went one moonlight night. It was a wild fancy; yet he resolved to open his daughter's grave, and look once more upon her mouldering remains. He had a reason for his curiosity, which he scarcely dare own even to himself. He told the sexton of his purpose, and with pickaxe and shovel the old man commenced his task. After digging for a considerable time, the sexton said, I have not come to the coffin yet, and I am past the place where I laid it thirteen years ago; may the Holy Virgin protect me, there is not a vestige of the coffin or the body left.

Waldstein groaned convulsively, and leapt into the grave, but in chief—the sexton had reported truly. He had just stepped up again into the moonlight, when a cold hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started, and turning round, saw his daughter beside him.

Pauline! Just heaven! what can have brought you so far from home?—at night too, and weak as you are; it will be your destruction.

She took no notice of the question; but fixing her quiet look upon the grave, she said, Father, I shall soon be there.

It was the thirteenth anniversary of Pauline's death, and the swollen brook was brawling hoarsely down the mountains—for a tempestuous autumn had already anticipated winter. The shutters of the upper chamber were closed, and Philippa sat by the sick bed of her last child. The sufferer raised her pale and languid head, and whilst her dark eyes appeared to wander in the delirium of fever, she said, she said with a struggle, "Mother, is it not a mysterious imagination, but I feel as if I had lived before, and that my thoughts were happier and better than they are now?"

Philippa shuddered, and gazed almost with terror upon her child.

It was a dream, Pauline; one of the waking dreams of over watchfulness. Be still, sweet girl; an hour's sleep will refresh you.

As she spoke, Pauline did sleep, but there was a little to refresh in such slumber. Her whole form was agitated convulsively; her bosom heaved with unnatural beating; her hands alternately grasped the covers, as if to tear it into shreds, and were ever and anon lifted up to her head, where her fingers twined themselves among the tresses of her ebony hair; her lips moved incessantly; her teeth chattered; her breath came short and thick, as if it would have made itself palpable to the senses; terrible gibbering succeeded, and her poor mother knew that the moment of dissolution was at hand. In an instant all was still—the grasp of the hand was relaxed—the heaving and the beating ceased—the lips were open, but the breath of life, that had ebbed and flowed between them, had fled—her task and was gone; a damp distillation stood upon the brow—it was the last sign of agony which expiring nature gave.

That night Waldstein dreamed a dream. Pauline, wrapped in her winding sheet, stood opposite his couch. Her face was pale and beautiful as in life; but under the folds of her shroud he discovered the hideous form of a skeleton. The vision became double, a grave opened up as if spontaneously, and another Pauline burst the coverments asunder, and looked with her dead eyes full upon her father.

Waldstein trembled and awoke. A strange light glowed under his chamber door. Who was there stirring at the dead hour of the night? He threw the curtains aside. The moon was still up, indelible inquisitor urged him to rush towards the room in which the body of his daughter lay. He passed along the lobby, the door of the chamber was open; the dog lay at the threshold; the corpse was gone!

—Next to busy bees, bootblacks furnish the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

The latest euphuism for red hair is Canandaigua colour; Canandaigua being, as every New York traveller knows, "a little beyond Auburn."

Mark Twain says: "Now is the time to plan bookbait cakes."



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