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The St. Andrews Standard.

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The Shadow on the Pillow.

The following Song, from the pen of Mr. James Ballantine, author of "Castles in the Air," "The Blade of Grass," and other poetical gems, has just been published, set to music by J. Durner. The song is founded on an incident communicated by Sir John McNeill. "A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unflinching care this was accomplished; and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was, by kissing her shadow when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the ward on her nightly visit."

BORNE helpless from the field of fight,
Hewn down with wounds and scars,
I pray'd 'Heaven come and help the right,
And end the cruel wars.'

I swoon'd, I dreamt an angel band
Bore me o'er ocean billow;
I woke—and lo! an angel hand
Was smoothing down my pillow.

'Twixt death and life, through day and night,
My wounds unconscious kept me
Of all, except those eyes so bright
That kindly watch'd and wept me.
And over me, in yon far land,
Had staved the weeping willow,
Had it not been the angel hand
That smoothed the soldier's pillow.

Oh! earth but once heard such a tale,
So heavenly and so human,
As that of Florence Nightingale,
The angel type of woman.
What marvel that a soldier tell,
A poor but grateful fellow,
He kissed her shadow as it fell
At midnight on his pillow.

THE PEASANT'S COT.

FROM A SHIPMASTER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

On my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they had a desire to travel some. Besides the three owners I had four other passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion, was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I run her into the Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers and all, doing their share of work at the pumps.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week at least, before she could be fit for sea, and that if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stonehenge was there, and so were the other relics of Roman and British Antiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury, I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner, who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and from thence to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse, and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went immediately and bought him a good saddle-horse.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent on his baggage ahead to Salisbury, by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion most excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I inferred that at that time he had away from his parents

During the last six years of his residence in the United States, he had been engaged in Western land speculations, and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town, six miles southeast of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon, the sky began to grow overcast, and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock, the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminster we had taken the direct road for Amosbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when this storm had come close upon us we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road turned off to the right, and where a guide board said it was five miles to Deptford Inn.

I proposed that we should turn into this byway, and make for Deptford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily assented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we espied a small neat cottage, not more than a furlong ahead, thro' a small clump of poplars. We made for this place, and reached it before we got wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long sheepshed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him that we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us that we should have the best his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that, we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of, we followed the old man into the house. He was a gray-headed man, certainly on the down hill side of three score, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks on his brow, than those of age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered the room arose from her work. "Some travellers, wife, caught in the shower," said the good man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome," the woman said, in a tone so mild and free that I knew she only spoke the feelings of her soul. "It's poor fare we can give ye, but the heart o' the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people, and told them I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman, taking her tea-kettle from the hob, and hanging it on the hob.

"Stop wife," said the old man, tremulously. "Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as us to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place the apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door close by the fireside stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one on it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," he said, my poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm—and he's been sick now all the spring and summer, and I have not been well. I've taken care of the sheep, but I couldn't plant. It's hard but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trial with me, and I think, she takes the biggest share."

"No, no, John, don't say so," uttered the wife. "No woman could do the work you do."

"I didn't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only what you've kept me up." I call from the sick-room; took the wife away, and the old man then began to tell me, in answer to my questions, some of the peculiarities of the great plain; for we were on it now—and I found him well-informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to set up. We had excellent bread, sweet butter, some fine stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating, the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table, a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men and the old man had just come in from the barn and it was not yet so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle-aged men, one of them habited

in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which mark the officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the new comers, and I saw that he was very pale and trembling. A low deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side, and put her arm about his neck. She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband's seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she softly said. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls. Cheer up, I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else are gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started, he wiped it away, and having kissed his wife, he arose from his chair. Just then the two men entered. He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length they fixed upon the old man.

"Well," said he, "what about that rent?" "We haven't a penny of it yet, sir," answered the host tremblingly.

"Not a penny! Then how'll you pay the twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" muttered the old man, painfully. "Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick, and every penny I could earn has paid the doctor."

You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm it afterwards appeared. "All I know is, that you have had the house and the land, and that for two whole years you haven't paid me a penny. You know that I told you a month ago, that you should have just one more to pay me. That month was up last night. Can you pay me now?"

"No! no!—O, God knows I can't!" "Then you must leave the house."

"When?" "To-night."

"You do not mean that. What you do not turn me out so quickly as—! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move!—If you want a shelter you may go into the old house at the horse-pen."

"But there is not a window in it!" "Beggars shouldn't be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right out, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there's not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows and your sheep, and if they go for more than the twenty pounds, after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment, half-sty, into his landlord's face, and then he sank down into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. "My cows! My sheep!" he groaned spasmodically. "O kill me, and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O, you are rich, and we are poor."

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man, "I'm used to such stuff. I make my living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are penniless, you know where to go to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go to-night, unless you pay me the twenty pounds; and your cows and sheep go too."

I was just upon the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, and she too, had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time, I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor, sharply.

"And when did that amount come due in the year?"

"It was just due one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulled out a large leather pocket book, and from thence he took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse, and counted from thence twenty golden sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord, and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the landlord to see if the gold was pure. "Yes, sir," he repeated. "This makes it all right."

"Then I suppose we can remain here now undisturbed."

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month is already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to-morrow, sir, and I will arrange with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance about the room, but without speaking further he left—and the officer had to follow him, without having done anything to earn him a fee. As soon as they were gone the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can never pay you back again?"

"Sometimes you can," returned my companion.

"Yes—yes, John," said the wife, "sometimes we shall surely pay him."

"Alas! when?" "Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the old people looked aghast.

"Oh! You have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can bear it of a noble friend. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep!"

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "I have another way. Listen: Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless, wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what became of him?" "For some moments the father was silent, but at length he said:

"Alas! he fled from his home, long years ago. One night, (we lived then far north of here, in Northamptonshire,) my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment he fled, and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you ever hear from that boy?"

"Never," answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in the conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire on the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head, and tremblingly she whispered:

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you Nathan—Nathan Leeman!"

"And I should answer, for that is my name," spoke the man starting up.

"And what would ye call me?" the woman gasped.

"My MOTHER!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and join—and I heard murmured words of blessing and of joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn, and when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was yet resting upon her shoulder, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all as well as I can tell you. When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents here, for when I went away sixteen years ago, I left them in Kingsthorpe, upon the Nen. I knew them of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here, he added, in a lower tone, "for only think what curious circumstances have combined to bring me to this cot."

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought this all about. But at all events there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's humble cot, for God was praised again and again.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call there on my return. I went to Salisbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Portsmouth, to see the great ships of war. I then returned to the cot and spent a night there. Money possessed some strange charms, for it had not only given the poor peasant a sure home for the rest of his life, but had brought health back to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him, and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in the humble cot. Nathan Leeman told me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should soon take his parents and brother to some luxurious home, when he could find one to suit his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received some letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford, on the Banks of the Lower Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place, and I am under a solemn promise to visit him if ever I land in England again.

Eagle Fancy for Children.

In Hundwyl (Appenzell) such a daring robber carried off a child before the very eyes of its parents and neighbours. In the Silver Alps (Schwyz) an eagle seized a herdsman's child seated on the rocks, began forthwith to tear him to pieces, and dropped him into the abyss before the herdsman could drive the bird away. In Bernese Oberland, Anne Zurbuchen, a three year old child, was taken out by her parents during the hay-making, and placed by them on the ground near the stable. The child soon fell asleep. The father covered the child's face with a straw hat, and then went on his way to his labour. As he soon after returned, with a bundle of hay, he found the child no longer there, and sought for it for a time in vain. In the meanwhile, the peasant Heinrich Michael passed by a wild path in the direction of the mountain brook. To his astonishment he heard a child crying. Proceeding in the direction of the sound, he speedily saw, from an adjacent height, an eagle rise and for a considerable time hang poised above the precipice. The peasant hastily ascended, and found the child lying on the very edge of the cliff, with no other injury than to the left hand and arm by which it had been seized, but with the loss of socks, shoes, and cap, dropped in her aerial flight. From that time the child went by the name of Eagle-Anne.

In Murau (above the Lauterbach valley) the inhabitants show an inaccessible point of rock which lies exactly opposite to their elevated mountain village. Thither, across the deep Lützelthal valley, a lamb-vulture carried a child which it had caught up in Murau, and tore it in pieces at the ridge of the rock. For a long time after, the little red frock of the luckless child could be discerned among the stones. On the 8th June, 1838, two little children, Josephine Doler, and Mary Lombard, were playing together on a smooth spot at the foot of the rock. Majon Aleck in Wallis, and about 120 feet distant from it. Suddenly, Mary appeared crying at the door of a neighbouring hut, where she breathlessly related how her companion a three-year old, and very weakly child, had suddenly disappeared in the thicket. More than thirty persons explored the rocks and neighbouring precipices, and at last remarked on the edge of the former a shoe, and on the opposite side of the abyss a sock. It was only on the 18th of August that a herdsman named Franz Favolet discovered the body of the child in the upper part of the rock Lato, about half a league from the spot where the child had disappeared. The body was dried up, the clothes partly torn, partly lost. As it was impossible that the child could have crossed the abyss alone, so it must have been carried off either by a lamb-vulture or a pair of rock-cagles whose nest was in the vicinity.

"Did you go to Dr. — to have him cure you of lisping?" said a gentleman in Louisville to a little boy who had been tongue-tied, or something of the sort.

"Yeth, thir," answered the lad.

"What did he do to you?"

"He cut a little thring there wath under my tongue."

"Did he cure you?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Why, you are lisping now."

"Am I, thir? Well, I don't perceive that I lisp, either when I go to thuy thick, pen's!" Then I alwath notithe it.

"Happy lad! Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

We know a man, the tones of whose voice are so lively that his words pass for child-words.