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## POETRY.

### THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,  
And left it sleeping;  
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,  
In sorrow weeping.  
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,  
And o'er it languish;  
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,  
In deeper anguish.  
I left her—years had vanished; I returned,  
And stood before her;  
A lamp before the childless widow burned—  
Grief's mantle o'er her.  
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,  
On God relying;  
And I returned again in after years,  
And found her dying.  
An infant first, and then a maiden fair—  
A wife—a mother—  
And then a childless widow in despair—  
Thus met a brother.  
And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part  
To meet—oh, never!  
Till death holds the spirit leave the heart,  
To live forever.

## LINES.

On being presented with a pair of gloves by a Lady.  
The "old man eloquent" thus writes:  
Who shall say that public life  
Is nothing but a discordant strife?  
And he whose life is tuned to love,  
Tender and gentle as the dove,  
Must wait his lonely night and day,  
For conflicts with the birds of prey.  
This world is fashioned frail and fair,  
On sudden changes small and great;  
On upward and on downward fate,  
And who can bend his neck to trace  
The mists of time's future race,  
May sigh to find that time's plan  
Is ruthless war from man to man.  
But nature craves to be kind,  
Not to war only man consigned;  
But gave his woman on the spot,  
To mingle pleasure in his lot.  
Till if grief men war cannot cease,  
With woman reigns eternal peace.  
Fair Lady, I have lived on the earth,  
Nigh four score summers from my birth;  
And half the sorrows I have felt,  
Have by my brother been dealt.  
And all the ills I have endured  
By man inflicted, woman cured.  
The glove from man to man thou know'st,  
Of fierce defiance is the boast.  
And cast in anger on the floor,  
To mortal combat shows the door.  
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,  
Of peaceful friendship bear the wand;  
And in return a single glove  
Betokens emblematic Love.

## THE ORPHAN OF THE MINES.

BY MRS. S. A. FORD.  
At the close of an autumnal day, the light form of a young and beautiful girl appeared descending the road leading from the neighboring mountains into the valley of the little Schuylkill, or Tamaqua, the name given to it by the Indian tribe, who once dwelt in peaceful security on its borders. But their busy labor, and a different race have reared their habitations under the shadows of the mountains, and are engaged in relieving them of their dark burthens of coal, discovered in late years in this northern portion of Pennsylvania.  
With quickened steps the young maiden approached the village, which bears the original name of the stream, and halted at a door of a little cottage standing among the dwellings of the miners. It was opened by a venerable-looking woman, in whose countenance a strong expression of anxiety was instantly changed to one of kindness and affection as she tenderly greeted the maiden, who followed her into the humble, but comfortable room to which a cheerful fire gave warmth. A young man was seated near it, who arose as they entered, and was leaving the cottage; but as the aged woman, in a voice of kindness, desired him to remain, he imperceptibly returned, and with a look of hesitation and confusion, as he listened to her greeting.  
"You stand late on the mountain, Alice," she said, gently, "mying" the strings of the

bonnet which confined the luxuriant hair of the young girl. You are damp with the dew; come near the fire, for the winds already tell of approaching winter, and Irwin has made a fine coal fire for you.  
A sigh escaped the young being she addressed, who looked kindly, but sadly, at Irwin. Clothed in the dark garb of the miner, there was nothing attractive in his appearance for the dust, accumulated by the day's toil in the gloomy recesses of the mines, had sullied and almost hid his features; but hastily leaving the cottage, he did not return until the evening's repast had been spread by the hands of Alice on the neat white cloth.  
Now you look like a Christian, said she, smiling, as he entered, with a purified face and hands, and clean attire. I can scarcely believe you are the same being who fitted that corner an hour ago.  
The bright blue eyes of the young man sparkled at her commendation, yet the color rose even to his temples at her last words, for he had seldom allowed Alice to see him before the soil of the mines had been removed, but on this evening other and more anxious thoughts had occupied his mind, and he had lingered in the cottage of old Judith, the grandmother of the maiden, to await her late return. One year before, he came a stranger from a distant part of the country, and as he resided in the next house to the cottage, his obliging and gentle manners won a place in the heart of old Judith, but only esteem from Alice, while he felt too truly that her image was first in all his plans of happiness for the future. He was poor, but virtuous and sensitive.  
Judith pressed him to sit down with them at the little table, and kindly said—It is warm here, and he who escapes it may lead an easier, yet not a happier life.  
But a life above ground, mother, said Alice, is surely better than being buried all day in the mines, like Irwin, and spoiling his skin with the dust.  
A little water soon removes the soil, answered Judith, and I wish many with whiter hands had Irwin's heart.  
It is, indeed, very kind, said the maiden, as she leaned over the little table to hide a blush, but it was not the praise of Irwin that raised it. She felt that Judith intended more than she said, and so she did, for after taking her bowl of tea she returned to the subject.  
It is better to work in the valley, she said, even beneath the hill, earning the reward of labour, than to roam over the mountains, killing the innocent deer, or worse. Did you meet the hunter, Alice?  
She did not immediately answer for the expressive eyes of Irwin were fixed on her face.  
Why do you ask, mother? she at length said; I have been no further than neighbor Wier's.  
True, the road is short, but you said late, Eva detained me talking until sunset, replied Alice, evasively, but a sudden movement of Irwin interrupted the conversation, as springing from his chair he raised the sash of the cottage window.  
Who is there? he cried, but no one answered. Not a minute has passed, he continued, since I saw a face at the window.  
It was surely some boy of the neighborhood, said Alice, but her voice faltered.  
Pray, Irwin, do not go, she exclaimed, catching his arm as he hastened to the door, but he broke from her and left the cottage.  
The moon shed its pale lustre on the beautiful valley, as it lay embosomed among the mountains. The lights from the miner's cabins shone cheerfully around, and the quietude of the scene was only broken by the murmur of the streams, which sparkled like a silver ribbon along the valley. Irwin, after looking carefully around was standing in a listening attitude on the road, when the bark of a dog at a short distance drew his attention, and, springing towards the thicket from whence it proceeded, he saw some person escape from the other side. The fleet footsteps of the stranger were quickly followed by Irwin, but the speed of the deer seemed given to the form before him, and he would have escaped with ease, had not the dog, catching the skirts of his coat, detained him. I will shoot your dog if you do not call him off, exclaimed the stranger, and Irwin's whistle was answered by the return of the animal. But he was now near enough to the object of his pursuit to distinguish by the light of the full moon a tall and well proportioned figure, with the air and dress of a gentleman. He carried a rifle in his hand, and a bag hung at his side. His face was turned away, but his voice, and a light laugh that broke from his lips, told of youth and gaiety.  
Why do you follow me? he asked. Do you allow none but miners to enjoy the valley?  
Turn your face to the moon, and I will tell you, said Irwin. Yes he added, with a sigh, the bright eyes of a countenance, beaming with manly beauty, were turned on him. It was you who looked in the window of old Judith's cottage not five minutes ago.  
You must think I have an antiquated taste, returned the stranger. Pray, who is old Judith?  
One whose family I shall always protect from the intrusion of wandering strangers.

Family! oh, then there is somebody besides her. I thought as much of you would have run yourself and me out of breath. And now, young night of the mines, as it is day, I should think you would be glad to wander at any hour; and yet you prefer moping by the fireside of old Judith, and watching the cottage window, lest some one should peep in at her family. And what if I have seen them?  
Irwin, who had stood biting his lips with vexation during this speech, now quickly replied—  
It is a pleasure you will not enjoy again, if I can prevent it, for you are more bold than courteous; and if you dare intrude—  
What then? interrupted the stranger. Pray do you know to whom you are speaking?  
I do, replied Irwin, and I think I have seen you even more suspiciously employed than you were to-night?  
The stranger started, but did not immediately speak. At length he asked, in a subdued tone—  
Where did you see me?  
It matters not, said Irwin; I wish to see you no more. Now go, and leave me.  
He turned from him as he spoke, and walked towards the village, but looked frequently back to watch the stranger, who stood silently leaning on the rifle, for some minutes, then slowly moved, until his figure was lost in the distance.  
On returning to the cottage, Irwin found Alice sitting on the step, outside of the door; but she breathed quickly, like one who had walked fast, and he suspected she had followed him and overheard his conversation with the stranger. This, too old Judith confirmed by exclaiming, as they entered—  
Where have you both been? Surely Irwin, you were mistaken; I saw no one at the window. Come, Alice, finish your supper.  
But the mood of the maiden was changed, and traces of tears were on her cheeks, as she declined the invitation with half-averted face. The evening passed heavily, and Irwin took early leave.  
The next morning was fair and bright, and after breakfast, Judith took her knitting to sit with a neighbor. Alice seemed sad and restless, and, after a hurried arrangement of the cottage, she fastened the latch, and with quickened footsteps pursued the road along the base of the Locust mountain, which bordered the river. She walked quickly on through the shadowy oaks of the Edgeworth track. The tangled undergrowth whose name it bears would have gazed with delight on the beautiful scenery around, but the footsteps of Alice lingered not. Crossing a log bridge, she turned to the left, and at length reached a saw-mill on the bank of the stream. It had not been used for the past week, and the water broke over the dam in white sheets, glittering in the rays of the morning sun. A fine spring issued from the rock on the mountain's side. To reach this, a simple bridge, composed of single planks meeting each other midway of the stream, had been supported only by rough stakes driven into its bed.  
With fearful steps Alice trod the frail planks, that trembled under her light weight. The waters below, impeded by rocks, murmured a warning, but she heard it not, and, as she reached the deeply shadowed spring, she stooped to relieve her thirst, increased by agitation.  
The bright berries of the overhanging sumac were not redder than the lips that touched the water, nor the bird that fled from its boughs at her approach more innocent than Alice. Though gentle, she possessed firmness, and her mind had received a refining culture in early childhood from a neighboring lady, whose name, which was Alicia, she bore though only known now by its simple abbreviation.

Refreshed by her draught, she sat down on a rock to rest; but this moment of inaction and quiet brought with the timidity of woman, and a rustling among the leaves caused her to start from her seat, fearing it might be the approach of a snake. With a quick bound she regained the plank of the frail bridge, and midway she paused to look back, for her bonnet had been left on the rock when, as she stood in trembling hesitation, her name was spoken in a voice that calmed her features. Another footstep was on the bridge, and a supporting hand held hers.  
I have anticipated you, sweet Alice, said the intruder; for the first time you were seeking him who has so often sought you.  
It is true, she replied; but I have come to say we can meet no more.  
Surely, Alice, you are dreaming?  
No, Edward, I have dreamed, but it is over now. Alas! that I have so long deceived myself. I fondly thought you were all that was noble and bright in human nature, but—and she burst in tears.  
What can you mean? he exclaimed, as he supported her to the rock near the spring. Lean on me, your devoted lover. Who has dared to say ought to you against me? I thought—  
Oh no, the sick, interrupting him, do not have spoken to me, and yet—  
And yet you condemn me, Alice. How can

like the artless sweetness that won my heart, which, untouched by fashionable beauty, yielded to the simple charms of a valley maiden, dwelling and mingling with the dark spirits of the mine?  
Oh! call them not thus. Their hearts are light and pure, unsoftened by the dark labour of their hands. Kind, indeed, have they been to my orphan state.  
Then you expose the cause of him who chased me from the valley last night?  
Irwin is to me as a brother, she replied; and I fear that he and the aged being, who watched over my motherless childhood and youth suspect our meetings. I have thus far kept the secret of our affection, but can no longer deceive those who are so kind to me. If, indeed, you are such as I have fondly believed, there is nothing to fear in its being known. If not, oh! Edward we must part.  
I have already told you, he replied, that the time will soon arrive when I can avow my attachment and claim you as my promised bride. Why then do you judge so harshly of one who will raise you to rank station and wealth?  
She answered timidly and sadly—  
What are rank and wealth to love and a pure conscience? I know not why, but suspicion is awake in the valley. It is said the hunter of the mountains—for thus they name you—is seen in the company of the vicious, and avoids the walks of the industrious and worthy.  
Who dares thus to impeach my character? he said, fiercely; and what have I done to deserve it?  
I know not, she replied; but alas! I fear the dark-looking men I once saw with you are leading you into evil; and, oh! if there is aught wrong, let me entreat you to leave this place. I could bear your absence better than this state of anxiety. But I can stay no longer. I feel I have not done right in loving one of whom I know so little.  
She was approaching the slight bridge, but he caught her hand—  
The torrent runs high, he cried; will you not allow me to assist you?  
No, no—I fear it not. Farewell! and she hurried to the opposite bank of the stream.  
He gazed after her receding form for a moment, then striking his forehead, murmured—  
She is too innocent—too lovely to be involved in my fate. Yet we part not thus—I must follow her. But—  
I cannot go. And he leaned his head in bitter thought against the rock.  
The son of respectable, but too indulgent parents, the lights of education and knowledge shone on his early youth, but the talents they were intended to cultivate were drawn aside by vicious associations into idle and reckless pursuits. A love of gaming soon robbed him of the patrimony he inherited on the death of his parents, and the rumors of successful speculations in the mining region had now attracted him from a distant part of the State to the valley and village of Tamaqua.

To a stranger, the coal mines form a most interesting object, and their dark recesses present a subterranean world whose treasures are a subject of deep reflection and some conjecture to the wise, and of laborious and adventurous exertion to the industrious and enterprising. But to none of these classes did Edward Lindall belong, and his time was spent in hunting along the mountains during the day, while his idle habits soon found companions to indulge his gambling propensity, and the still more fatal influence of the wine cup at night.  
He was seldom seen among those persons of intelligence and science who visited the region on business connected with the mines. The chief public house was then, as it is now, truly the home of the traveller—quiet, comfortable, and the seat of kind attentions. Here, after the labors of the day were over, might be seen the engineer correcting his drawings of the windings of the beautiful Schuylkill, or marking more distinctly the direction of the coal veins. Near him, another displayed to an admiring group around the table a collection of minerals, crystals, and fossil remains, with impressions on the broken state of the leaves of plants that ages ago had bloomed in the valley. The education of Edward would have fitted him to enjoy all that was grand and mysterious in nature—all that was refined and intellectual in society—but the blossoms of a pure taste had been blighted by the touch of vice.  
The loveliness and artless simplicity of Alice, whom he accidentally met on the mountain path, had awakened feelings of which he scarcely thought himself capable—an affection which checked his former reckless habits and regret that he was not worthy the tenderness which his continued attentions inspired in her heart. But evil associations still held their influence over his mind and corrupted his better feelings. His extravagance had wasted his fortune. How was he to repair it? The path of enterprising industry was open to him, yet he trod it not. Youth, health, education, and talents were his; but he drew not upon this simple treasury, which under his free and happy government, might have raised him to the highest scale of man-

Alas! that one so gifted should be without the guiding star of moral principle! Yet his love for the gentle Alice seems sometimes to supply its place, and it was one of these moments when, like "angel visits," it awoke him to reflection and virtuous resolution, that he hastily left the spot where they had parted and followed her steps. Slowly and sadly she moved, without looking back, and he had advanced within a short distance of her; her name was on his lips, but ere it was spoken he observed two persons approaching, when he hastily drew back and entered the nearest thicket unseen by them.  
They were both in the sunny season of youth; one a maiden with bright eyes and dark hair, and the blooming cheek of health, mounted on a slow-footed horse—the other a young man of strong frame and pleasing countenance, who led the animal over the rougher portions of the road.  
You will be more tired than the horse, Reuben, said the maiden; pray, let him go.  
I feel no fatigue in providing for your safety, Eva, he replied; that is not that your friend Alice before us? Let us hasten to overtake her.  
They were lovers, and to them the moon of life had been unclouded. The children of neighboring farmers from the romantic banks of the Susquehanna, who had removed to the new country opened by the discovery of Anthracite coal, their attachment had increased with their years. Integrity and industry, with a generous heart, were the qualities of Reuben; gentleness and goodness those of the happy Eva Weir.  
Their quickened pace soon brought them to the side of Alice, who hastily wiped the tears from her cheek, and with downcast eyes returned their eager salutation.  
Will you not ride behind me? said Eva; Dobbin will not feel your weight.  
Alice complied with her request, hoping to be less observed, and with Reuben's help was soon seated behind her. It was a beautiful contrast. Eva's blooming cheek and sunny smile, with the pale moonlight beauty of her friend.  
You are more courageous than I am, said Eva, if you feel safe in these mountain passes alone. Reuben killed a snake as we came this morning.  
Alice murmured something in reply, and then relapsed into silence. On reaching the cottage of Judith, the friends parted, and Eva proceeded to make some purchases in the village store. On her return, she lingered an hour with Alice, and gently strove to learn the cause of her sadness; but not succeeding, she kissed her pale cheek and whispered—  
You must put on a brighter face next week, for I have bought you a white ribbon, and you know that is a bride's token. Reuben's parents have provided us a little cottage on the Home Tract, and you are to be my bridesmaid.

Alice assented, with a suppressed sigh, to her friend's added—  
But you must not come alone—Irwin can attend you.  
Oh, no—not Irwin.  
And why not? asked Eva—He is very pleasing and kind, and, like you, he is fond of reading, though he has but little time for it. Do not despise him for his occupation.  
I would be very ungrateful to speak other, wise than kindly of him, Eva; for ever since my poor father was crushed in the mines, he has been like a brother to me.  
Though your father was a contractor, said Eva, thoughtfully, he was exposed to the same danger as the miners. Peace to him; I loved your good father, Alice.  
Her friend only answered with her tears. During the rest of the week, Alice left the cottage but seldom, though the sound of a bugle was often heard from the mountain which almost overhung it. She listened with a quick, beating heart, but its tones seemed to annoy old Judith; and it broke on the stillness of night, during Irwin's usual visit, the sound was sufficient to disturb his happiest moments.  
At length the time of Eva's bridal arrived, and leaving old Judith in the care of a neighbour, Alice departed, saying she would return on the third day after.  
The kindness and cheerfulness she met with at Wier's farm gave a transient glow to her cheek, and as she stood by the side of Eva, in a simple white muslin frock; her beauty and gentle manners attracted the admiration of more than one of the happy company assembled at the wedding.  
[Concluded in our next.]

EVASION.—Why did you tell a straight story? said the captain of a frigate to a coast-guard who had given a false account of his vessel when he was hailed.  
To tell you the truth, captain, said he, my speaking trumpet got bruised; and it is so crooked, that it is impossible to tell a straight story through it.  
Doctor, said a person once to a surgeon, my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding. Oh, replied the doctor, never mind that; many people continue so all their lives.