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THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dirty old house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but not less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil, and his clothes plain; but the former were stately—the latter in the best fashion. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule, and nothing was ever seen to go wrong. All the "scocks" were powder, and the two man servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country-gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and a warm heart. Though there were two carriages always at her special command, she sometimes walked on foot, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the "Morning Post." The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She was not very tall, but very beautifully formed and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that ever was seen.

Her face was sweet and very thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she was soon the admired of all admirers.

Now Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron; nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself.

There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distinctly connected with her mother's family—who was neither top-hatted, nor tooled, a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house.

Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball-room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying, to her. The color came into her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come and ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too; and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact, judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint. Two days after, as young gentlemen themselves were ushered into his library, Ashton's first speech was—"I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."

"Mrs. Herbert may like to write a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You will find her up-stairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you."

"Good fortune!" did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered.

She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he had repeated what he had told her father. She turned red and pale, but sat still and said nothing. Henry Ashton became agitated himself. "It is all in vain," he said to himself, "it is all in vain. I know her father too well," and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.

Alice answered in a faint voice: "In the little room beyond the back drawing-room."

Henry Ashton paused a moment longer; the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips and said, "Farewell, Mrs. Herbert! farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but, at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still further! farewell!"

Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service there. Often he would ask himself, "I wonder if she is married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the women's part of the newspapers—the births, marriages, and deaths.

His fears, if we can venture to call them such, were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit, she might listen to the young Earl of—. In the meantime, Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing-room. There was no

answer, and unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, and through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the sickly light Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing-table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. He was pale as marble, and his eyes were open, but fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with her wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Alice, thoughtful, even in the deepest agitation, feared to call mother, and rang the bell for her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead for some hours. Poor Alice wept terribly, but still she thought of her mother and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for, in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small phial, and was gazing on it intently.

"I had better put this away," Miss Herbert, he said at length in a low voice. "I had better put this away before any one else comes."

Alice gazed at the phial with her tearful eyes. It was marked "poison!"

This was the commencement of many sorrows. His last great speculations had failed, and that the news of his "aboli" to beggary had reached him on the night preceding his decease.

Then for poor Alice herself came the last worst blow, the sickness and death-bed of a mother—richness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over; the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert, and Alice sat with her eyes dropping fast, thinking of the sad "What next?" when a letter was given to her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the new land which he had made his home.

Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice considered to call her own, and after taking passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec, a vessel named the St. Lawrence she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th May, 18—.

I must, however turn to the history of Henry Ashton.

It was just after the business in Canada was settled, that he entered a room in Quebec, where several of the officers of his regiment were assembled in various occupations—one writing a letter by the pocket which was just about to sail, two looking out of the window at the nothing which was doing in the streets, and one reading a newspaper. There were three or four other journals on the table, and Ashton took up one of them. As usual, he turned to the record of the great things in life, and read, first the marriages—then the deaths, and as he did so, he saw—"Suddenly at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq."

"Here's a bad business!" cried the man who was reading the other newspaper. "The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it too, Ashton. Look here. They talk of 3s in the pound."

Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then took his hat, and then walked to head quarters. What he did or said there, is no body's business but his own; but certain it is that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Fair winds wafted him soon to England; but at St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about for three days without making much way.

A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put a portmanteau, a servant and himself, into the little skimmer of the sea, and was in a few hours landed at the pleasant watering-place of Wiston. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post-chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant and his portmanteau towards Bristol, on his way to London. He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet some of the many things that fill his head happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, to the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others, before he could get a place of rest. At length he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the town, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day? Henry Ashton informed him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come up the St. Lawrence, he was

not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek further.

Henry Ashton pulled off his boots and went to bed. Soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he fancied he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. He put on his dressing gown and issued out into the sitting room, and he opened the outer door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare from the direction of the staircase, but heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken; and in a minute after, loud knocking at the doors, ringing of bells and shouts of "fire!"

Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by flames that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived; an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Oh, my poor young mistress! my poor young lady!"

"Where is she, my poor girl?" demanded the young soldier.

"In number eleven!" cried the girl. "In number eleven! Her bedroom is within the sitting-room, and she will never hear the noise!"

"There she is," cried one of the bystanders, who overheard; "there she is, I dare say."

"A ladder," he cried, "a ladder, for heaven's sake! There is some one there, however it be."

No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.

Henry Ashton darted away, into the inn, up the staircase; but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the room he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting-room. He dashed in, caught the handle of the lock of the side-door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.

"I will open it," cried a voice from within that sounded strangely familiar to his ear.

The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.

"Heaven!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation; and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.

"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.

"And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!" said Alice.

"I will die with you, at least," replied Henry Ashton; "that is some consolation, but no! they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl, you are saved!"

He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms; and it was no moment to give way to fear.

When his last footstep touched the ground a universal shout burst forth from the crowd and even reached the ear of Alice herself; but she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a merchants house, some way down the same street.

The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year bearing with her to the depths of the ocean every living thing that she had carried on from England. But on the day she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and ere many months were over the tears for those dear beings she had lost were chased by happier drops, as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for "LUX FINE."

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Grant was serious in his advocacy of the extension to Pictou, he should have joined them. Mr. Wier replied defending the Government, who, he said, were deprived of the means for building the Pictou railway, by the action of their predecessors, who had taken over £100,000 of railway funds to meet their deficiencies, and expended £60,000 to £70,000 in subsidizing railway contractors. The moment Mr. Wier sat down Dr. Tupper arose in a state of frantic excitement, applying to Mr. Wier such epithets as no gentleman would apply to another, and using language too indecent to be uttered in any assembly of gentlemen.—Dr. Tupper, who was called to order, refused to sit down when commanded by the Chair, but continued speaking until the galleries were cleared. The House sat for some time afterwards with closed doors, but what transpired we have not heard, except that Dr. Tupper had to take back some of the more offensive words he had used.—[Hfx. Chron. 14th]

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A Pennsylvania correspondent writes us that the diphtheria is very prevalent in some parts of the State, and says that we would confer a great favor upon the sufferers by republishing the remedy given about a year ago. With this request we comply. It is as follows:—

"Make two small bags that will reach from ear to ear, and fill them with ashes and salt; dip them in hot water, and wring them out so that they will not drip, and apply them to the throat; cover up the whole with a flannel cloth, and change them as often as they become cool, until the throat becomes irritated, near blistering. For children, it is necessary to put flannel cloths between the ashes and the throat, to prevent blistering. When the ashes have been on a sufficient time, take a wet flannel cloth and rub it with castile soap until it is covered with a thick lather: dip it in hot water and apply it to the throat, and change it as they cool; at the same time use a gargle made of one teaspoonfull of cayenne pepper, one of salt, of molasses, in a teaspoonfull of hot water, and when cool and one fourth as much cider vinegar, and gargle every fifteen minutes until the patient requires sleep. A gargle made of castile soap is good to be used part of the time.

A correspondent in Maine, in sending the above remedy, as there has been a number of deaths from diphtheria, until this remedy was used, all had recovered.

FROM THE STATES.

FLAHOOR, Feb. 17. Official statement of all the officers commanding the blockade squadron off Charleston utterly refutes statement of Confederate officials, and reflects severely on Foreign Consuls who gave it their sanction.

Com. Blake, of Hatteras under date Kingston, 21st Jan., gives official accounts of the action with the Alabama, from which it seems engagement was warmly contested. World's despatch says Fremont's new command reported Texas, which sends Butler back to New Orleans.

Two expeditions of Army of Potomac broke up contraband traffic near end of Peninsula between Potomac and Rappahannock. Richmond papers say \$2000 offered for substitutes and large rewards offered for apprehension of deserters.

Port au Prince advices report that the Alabama captured two or three prizes within six days after leaving Kingston. Gen. Hindman's army reported in "bal" condition, 300 froze to death on retreat from Van Buren.

When Hindman was ordered to Vicksburg his men refused to go.

Federal scouting party engaged a body of Confederates near Lake Providence, La., killing a number, capturing thirty-two prisoners, and ninety horses.

Another snow storm in Virginia rendering roads still worse.

Feb. 18. The work on Canal Fake, Providence and Yazoo pass is progressing.

Advices below Memphis state that Confederates at Port Hudson communicate with Gulf via Atchafalaya River. Queen of West will intercept that movement as soon as she is required.

Million bales of cotton represented below Helena awaiting Gen. Grant's permission for shipment.

New Orleans advices say new advance preparing to go to Teche County from Beshears City.

Harriet Lane reported still at Galveston. Mutiny recently took place in which several North Carolina regiments were engaged. Ring leaders shot by order of Beauregard.

New Monitor gunboat Indianapolis ran Xieburg blockade.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Kingston (Jan. 15) papers, per steamer Tallman, announce the arrival of the Alabama, on the 26th ult., with the officers and crew, 160 in all, of the Hatteras. The Alabama was severely ridiculed in the encounter.

Two Federal men-of-war were reported off Jamaica.

Capt. Semmes had a reception at the Commercial Exchange of Kingston, from the merchants of the city, and was lustily cheered.

A Key West letter gives the particulars of the chase of the Florida by the Sonora off the Bahama Banks. While the wind was light and the sea smooth the Sonora gained on the pirate, but on reaching the open sea, and the wind freshening, the Florida drew rapidly away, and night coming on was lost sight of. The crew were at quarters twenty-four hours, but three times, when the capture of the pirate seemed almost certain, some derangement of the Sonora's machinery interfered in the rebels favor.

The Boston Journal of the 15th inst. says:—

"We have obtained several interesting and reliable particulars of matters in the rebel capital from one who arrived in Boston on Saturday morning, direct from Richmond. Our informant came by land to Point of Rocks, Maryland, and was detained by United States officials to aid in detecting two spies who came with the party."

The defences of Richmond are described as impregnable. Earthworks in several lines have been thrown up, and guns of the heaviest calibre have been mounted guarding every avenue of approach from every point. The fortifications extended from eight to ten miles below the city. The river banks have been fortified and Fort Darling strengthened, until the people feel perfectly secure from any attack. There is no large force in Richmond. Stuart was at Warrenton with a large force, with a design of making a raid into Maryland, it was believed. The Richmond people were equally confident of the impossibility of our taking Charleston, but had some fears in regard to Wilmington, although both places had been very strongly fortified. The fortifications at Fredericksburg had been so perfected that the rebels were at a loss to repulse any attack. A movement against that place was daily expected, and at one time it was reported an attack had been made, which the leaders declared was precisely what they most desired, sanguine were they of victory.

TWINKLEY TWINKLE. A war correspondent of a New Orleans paper writes thus from Jackson, Tenn.:

"An officer of my acquaintance, who is ordinarily fond of 'tritters,' just dropped into a dwelling at Jackson a day or two since, where this delicacy was smoking hot upon the table, and very politely asked to share the meal with the landlady. She graciously complied, and asked him to be seated."

"Will you take the 'twinkley twinkley' or on the 'dab'?" My friend was entirely ignorant of the meaning of these terms, but at a venture chose the former. He was soon enlightened. The ancient female dipped her not over clean fingers into a tumbler of molasses standing beside her, and allowing the drippings to fall on the delicacy, presented it to him as "twinkley twinkley." On the "dab," was a spoonful of treacle upon the centre of the "tritter."

A new English Church has been consecrated at Nico by the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar in the presence of the principal French authorities, who had the courtesy to accompany the English Consul in his official capacity.

The deaths in London in a week that ended on Saturday were 1477. The average number of deaths in the corresponding weeks of ten years (1851—62) is, with a correction for increase of population, 1475.

UPWARDS of 130,000 persons are in the deepest distress in the manufacturing districts of France, for whose relief no more than £10,000 have been raised by voluntary subscriptions throughout the whole empire. A DESERTED and poverty-stricken wife at Oskengate, near Birmingham, threw her child down a pit shaft and then jumped after it.

REGIMENTAL BALL.—Lieut. Colonel Ormeron, and the Officers of the 16th Regt gave a Ball on Monday evening last at Stube's Hotel, there probably from 150 to 200 ladies and gentlemen present. The splendid Band of the Regiment was in attendance. The Company began to arrive at 9 o'clock and dancing commenced shortly afterwards, which was kept up with but little intermission until a late hour in the morning. Every one who was present that we have conversed with, remarks that it was one of the finest Balls ever given in St. John's. Morn. News.

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