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KITTY DEAN'S OFFER.

"You know, Aunt Lizzie, the silly speech I made before I went away, about having an offer. Well, though I knew it was silly, I could not help hoping that I might have one to tell the girls about when I came back. I thought that it would be so nice to be kneeling on the beach in the moonlight, and some one to hug me to love him and pity his misery, and all that; and then I made up my mind what I thought the prettiest speech in reply, telling him that I was very sorry but I should never love him; and closing by asking him if I had ever loved him to think I would give him a different reply. And I thought of this so much that when I reached East Hampton I looked eagerly round the water when we first came down to breakfast. Mr. J's to see what young gentlemen were there. But there was not one—not a single one. So at last I began to think of Mr. Murray."

"John Murray, child? Why?"
"Auntie, please wait; I can't bear it now. I did not think of Mr. Murray till he began to be with me a good deal to walk with me, and sit under the trees with me, and he was so pleasant and agreeable, and there was not a body else and I liked him—so it was very easy to make him think I liked him better than I did. So I never declined any of attentions, and I use to talk and sing and walk with him till at last we were together nearly all the time. It was so pleasant to have him like me so much, preter me to all the other ladies that I really forgot all about the offer—until I did, and did not try to lead him on to make it. But at last it came."

"O, Aunt! I had never dreamed it would be like that. He was sent for to New York and the evening before he went he came up a party to drive down to the beach and see the moon rise. There was quite a wagon load of us from J's Parson's and the other houses. When we reached the beach we separated and went off in different parties—some sat on the benches under the bower, some outside on the sand, while others walked up the beach. Mr. Murray and I wandered away from the rest, and soon found ourselves quite out of sight of all the others. Then he spread his shawl upon the sand and we sat down to watch for the moon. I knew what he was going to say; I felt it was coming; and was a little frightened, but still somewhat vain and glad. Foolish, foolish child, that I was! It seems so long ago, as if I had grown old since then."

He began in such a low, so calm voice, and told me about the one he loved years ago, never breathed her name, or spoke of her to me. Then he did not believe with who should never love again. He had given all his love to one dream—a boy's vision—and it had all come back into his heart; now he should send it upon a true, worthy object. And then he told me how he loved me, O, Aunt Lizzie, such words as he spoke then. He told me how, in the short weeks we have been together, this love had come up in his heart, growing every day and hour, as he saw my simple guileless nature opening before him. "Simple, guileless!" when I had been so artful and wicked. Then he stopped a minute, and bending forward to look into my face, he took both my hands in his and said:

"Will you be my wife?"
There was my offer, O, how I wished in that minute that I had never met him—that I had never gone to East Hampton. I was trembling and frightened; the story of that other love made me cry with pity, and now how could I be the one to make him think all women heartless? I did not say a word. I could not. I only tried to draw my hands, but he held them tightly, and said again:

"Will you be my wife?"
Then I tried to remember what I had meant to say and stammered out something about feeling sorry I could not love him, and hoping he had never thought I meant to encourage his intentions, and O I don't know what I said; it was a trifling nonsense. Shall I ever forget his griefed look when I had done! He looked into my eyes a minute, and then said, in a low sad voice—

"Kitty Dean, if you do not love me, if you will not be my wife, say so at once, I am no boy, to have my love played with. In mercy, say it quickly, if at all."

Then I said, as firmly as I could, "I do not love you, Mr. Murray, I cannot be your wife."

He turned away then, bowed his face in his hands and sat so long a time still and silent. I thought my heart would break to see that thought, noble man, whom I am not worthy to think of, so bent down with what I had made him suffer. I could not bear it. I crept to him, and knelt before him, clasped my hands, and said: O, Mr. Murray, I am so sorry! He uncovered his face, put his

arms around me, and drew me close to his breast held me there one little minute, whispered "Good-bye, my child!" then put me away and rose up. That was our parting. We walked together to join the rest of the party, but all the time I felt miles away from him. We had parted, and I shall never be near him again. He put me out of his heart just as he had put me out of his arms. That is the story. Now you may talk, Aunt Lizzie—how you may say all the harsh, bitter things you can think of—nothing can be too bad for me."

And then she fell to crying again.
"I cannot scold you to-night, Kitty," I said. "You are miserable enough as it is; and you must not cry another tear, or we shall have you really sick."

"I addressed the little thing and put her to bed, then left her. Down stairs I found my brother-in-law, anxiously waiting to hear my own opinion of his pet. I quieted his fears, assuring him that Kitty was not seriously ill, only suffering from the effects of the sea air, to which she was not accustomed."

Then I went home, thinking very hard. Notwithstanding Kitty's grief, my heart turned away from her now to John Murray—My poor John. Was there no one in the world for the foolish child to play her school girl's pranks with but my boy? I was impatient, and could hardly forgive my niece in my heart. To be sure she was wretched about it now; but it was mere childish wretchedness, which would soon wear away while John would suffer on."

But days passed by and Kitty only looked sadder and paler. She seemed to take no interest in any one or anything. But every day she would steal quietly into my room as I sat at my work, sit down on a cricket at my feet, and lay her head in my lap scarcely ever speaking except in reply to some question of mine. And so she would sit by the hour. And there grew such an expression of patient sorrow on the little face, which had always been so bright that I grew sadly troubled. I had not thought the child had such a tender heart, and now she was really pining away from pity for John Murray."

"You must not be so sad, Kitty," I said one day, as she sat on her usual seat at my feet, it makes your father feel so bad—Try to be brighter and happier."

"Happier! Aunt Lizzie, I can never be happy again," she said mournfully.

"You must try to be dear. It is useless to mourn over that which is past. You can let it rest. You cannot remedy the sorrow John has caused, by sorrowing so yourself."

A new light dawned upon me. Perhaps the girl loved John Murray. If so, I felt sure she did not know it. But I thought it was best she should make the discovery otherwise she might possibly reject John again if he ever wooed the second time."

"Kitty, said I, what was the true reason you refused Mr. Murray's offer?"

"Reason! Why, I was not in love with him."

"Not then?"

"Never, Aunt Lizzie!"

"Yet you would die for him! I said quietly she started."

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"That you care for him, Kitty more than you have owned to yourself yet."

A sudden blush crimsoned her pale face, she stood before me in an instant, her bosom heaving, her eyes like those of a frightened child—then she darted from the house. She must be alone with this new found truth, for truth I knew it was now. I sat alone, thinking how I should help my troublesome pet out of their trouble. Now that they really loved each other, I felt sure it would all come out right."

"But I must have a hand in it; they would not come together without me."

Now John had for some years been my legal adviser, having the charge of my property. I now determined to send for him under pretence of wishing him to examine some papers in my possession, and thus to contrive a meeting between him and Kitty. So I wrote for him. Indeed I scarcely saw her at all for several days. Now that I knew her secret she avoided me, and blushed through her paleness, every time she met my eye."

When John Murray came he seemed just what he had seemed for years—quiet, grave, reserved; but no more so than when I saw him last. He attended to my business with the same care he had always shown. I spoke of Kitty carelessly, that he might not think by my avoiding the subject that I knew his secret; asked him if he enjoyed East Hampton, and said my niece had not been very well since her return. To which he replied, absently, that he saw Miss Dean frequently in East Hampton, and she seemed in good health while there. His manner,

while saying this, was not all love-like; but then I did not expect it to be—John Murray was so boy, to blush and stammer when in love."

After his arrival John went out to walk. I was sitting in my little sewing-room at my work, when Kitty came in. She was pale and quiet as usual, and after kissing me: "Good morning," she said, and sat down silently at the open window. Suddenly I was startled by her exclaiming:

"Aunt Lizzie!"

I turned, and seeing her crimsoned face, 229 half-frightened, half-approachful look, I knew she had seen John Murray coming in. She started towards the door; but I laid my hand on her arm.

"You shall not go, Kitty," I said, decidedly. "You shall not trifle with him again."

She stood, timid, irresolute, and he entered the room. As his eyes fell upon her he started, and a faint color tinged his cheek, but he bowed courteously, and held out his hand (that was for my benefit, who was supposed to be ignorant of all) Kitty took his offered hand without looking at him. But now the blushes had left his face, and it was very white. As John glanced at her, he exclaimed, involuntarily:

"You have been ill, Miss Dean."

She looked up at him, met his anxious gaze and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Poor child, she had become a perfect Niobe of late. John Murray looked annoyed. His face flushed, and holding his head high, looking so proud and handsome, he said:

"I am sorry my presence distresses you, Miss Dean. Let me assure you if those tears are shed from compassion for me I do not require them. I need no one's pity," and he turned to leave the room.

Here was a situation! What should I do? I was in despair; and growing desperate as he opened the door, I whistled hastily, unheeded by Kitty, "You foolish boy!—she loves you!"

He hesitated, looked incredulously at me, then glanced at Kitty, whose face was still covered with the little tears which had grown at this time he held them in his own hand. He rushed from the room, leaving the two still up together. So sure was I now of a happy termination to my manœuvring, that I went coolly off to market, and staid away an hour. When I came home, Kitty's little straw hat still hung in the hall, and from my sitting room I heard low murmurs issue, which continued me that the lovers were yet there. So before opening the door, I thoughtfully made a great deal of unnecessary noise with the handle, all the time singing in the most unconscious manner.

But when I did open it! There was John—the grave, sad old bachelor—sitting on the sofa with his arm encircling the waist of my niece, Kitty Dean, as I entered, looking up with a beaming, blushing face, and glancing at the audacious arm, said apologetically:

"It won't take it away."

"I would not indeed!" cried I, as like a silly old woman, I put my arms about both of them, and fell to crying and laughing.

"Kitty has had offer No. 2, to make up for the first one, which was so unlike what she expected," said John.

"Oh, don't speak of that folly, please, Mr. well—John?" murmured Kitty.

And John, delighted with the sound of his name from those lips, vowed solemnly never to tease her; and as he had no Bible, he had to substitute for the volume what happened to be nearest. So he did!

FARM IMPROVEMENT.—In seeking to increase the fertility of a farm, "two things," says the Genesee Farmer, "must be borne in mind. One is, that the growth of some crops impoverishes the soil more than others; and secondly, that some crops make richer manure than others. Thus, a crop of red clover does not impoverish the soil as much as a crop of timothy grass, while a ton of clover hay will make manure worth half as much again as that made from a ton of timothy hay. The manure is true of peas and beans. The manure from a given weight of these is worth double what it is from oats, barley, rye, or Indian corn."

TO CURE RHEUMATISM.—Workmen or workwomen who have suffered rheumatic attacks by a too continued immersion of the hands in water, or exposure to the elements, may find relief by a cure by bathing the limbs in water which contains a few drops of sulphuric acid. The water should be as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed. By the next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. Only apply a few drops of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate rheumatic pains.

A Mormon Story.

Two years ago, along the river banks of a little rivulet that ran laughingly through one of the valleys of Old Wales, a maiden and her lover walked. Both were young, and one was beautiful, and both were sad. It was a farewell meeting. The lover had met to exchange their vows anew and then to part—he to embark as a sailor upon a vessel bound to America, she to remain at home patiently counting the long months that were to elapse before they could meet again.

These lovers were rude, ignorant and superstitious peasants. They knew but little, but their love was great. Fondly they pledged each other in a last embrace—slowly, and with bleeding hearts and swimming eyes they parted.

Three months afterwards a letter reached the home of the young girl from the captain of the ship in which her lover had sailed. He had been drowned, and in his chest were some papers that enabled the captain to inform her of the fate that had befallen him who alone made earth happy to her.

Not long after this there came to that country the apostle of a new faith. He was a man of strange and fervid eloquence. He drew a picture of a new home and a new world. He peopled that home with saints—He filled it with the glories and lights of Heaven brought to earth. He proclaimed himself the Moses sent by God to lead his chosen children to this promised land.

The parents of the young girl of whom we have spoken took her to listen to that strange and enterprising discourse. For many weeks a deep and profound stupor had settled upon her, and she lived like one in a dream. She listened to the wild enthusiasm of the Mormon propagandist with a stolid apathy until he pronounced the word "America." That word, the name of the loved land for which her dead lover had sailed, acted on her like a spell. She listened henceforth with open attention, and at the close of the discourse sought out the preacher and conversed with him.

What lies he told her—what cunning arts he used to draw her on, what spell he threw around her in the name of religion—will be never known. In a few days the missionary, hoary headed, and the husband of a barren of wives in the city of the Great Salt Lake, had seduced the husband of this beautiful young girl, and with his colony of converts, and his young wife embarked for the land of the New Jerusalem. They reached this place. In the peaceful twilight of the day the poor deluded Mormon wife, separating herself from her companions, walked down to the river's brink. She stood upon its brink and watched the angry and turbulent flood hurrying on toward the sea. She heard a footstep behind her—she turned her head and beheld her lover, her whom she had believed to be in the ocean, and to be re-united to whom in the spirit land she had said herself on earth.

A wild shriek pierced through the evening air. She threw her arms toward heaven, gazed up toward the eternal sky, and turning leaped madly into the rushing stream. Without a word he followed her: for a moment they were both lost to sight—they rose again, clasped in each other's arms, and then sank to rise no more.

A crowd of agitated and weeping women soon gathered upon the bank, from whom our informant gathered the incidents of this strange story. One of them who had known this ill-starred couple in Wales, had met the lover a few moments before. The story of his death was false. He had been picked up by a whaling vessel, carried to the coast of Oregon, and thence he was making his way eastward. She told him that his betrothed was on the river bank—he hastened to meet her—and died with her.—[St. Joseph (Missouri) Journal.]

COURTSHIP.—Some chap who speaks as knowingly as if he had great experience, says:—

"For the other half of a courting match there is nothing like an interesting widow. There is as much difference in courting a damsel and an attractive widow as there is in courting a girl like eating fruit, or three. Courting a girl is like eating fruit, all very nice as far as it extends; but doing the agreeable to the blue-eyed bereaved she in black crape comes under the head of nerves—rich pungent syrup. For delicate courting, we repeat, give us a 'live' widow."

A LITTLE LADY WHO WILL MAKE A FINE FARM.—At the St. Nicholas Hotel, during the past week, a young lady has been the cynosure of all the select who received notices of invitation to her private parlour. She must have received more visitors during the last few days than any other lady in the United States. Her name is Miss Lavinia Warren. Her specialties are, that while she is one of the most handsome, most beautiful developed, and most graceful of

ladies, her stature is only thirty-three inches; though her age is twenty-one. Take Cleopatra, Nino de L'Encole, or any very handsome women of our own day, point the small end of a telescope toward your Queen of Beauty, and just at her through the larger end, and by so doing you gain a good idea of what Miss Warren is like. Notwithstanding her diminutive stature, there is nothing of the child about her. On the contrary she has the self-possession and demeanor of an experienced woman of the world. Her arrival in New York has been topic of a vast deal of talk, and could she stay, there is no doubt that every body would make an opportunity to be introduced to her. We learn, however, that her intention is to proceed to Europe, whither she was going in the next Cunard steamer, but circumstances have arisen which require her first to visit Boston. When she returns to the States after her European tour, Miss Warren will be a star of the first magnitude in brilliancy, whatever she may be in size.

FROM THE STATES.

Hanover, Jan. 7.

Nothing later from Murfreesboro'. In Wednesday's fight Rosecrans massed his batteries into a park of one hundred guns, opening on enemy's centre. Latter attempted to charge upon them, meeting with terrific slaughter.

Each army estimated about seventy thousand.

Delegation of Germans waited at the President on Monday, urging Eli Thayer's scheme for colonizing Florida, and stating thousands of Germans were anxious to embark in the enterprise.

President replied that the present state of military affairs alone postponed carrying it into Missouri Legislature endorsing President's Emancipation Proclamation.

Joint resolution was introduced into Senate to memorialize Congress to enforce original agreement on order upon Secessionists.

A Washington special dispatch says practical difficulties arising render doubtful plan of assigning Gen. Butler commanding of 25 African columns.

Gen. Burnside is reviewing his army. Governor Seymour of New York in his Inaugural Message declares the Emancipation Proclamation impolitic, unjust, and unconstitutional.

He denounces arrest of citizens without warrant, and declares he will protect them. He thinks the Administration unable to comprehend and master the situation.

Does not despair of the restoration of the Union, but the Central and Western States must do it.

The Union and Constitution must be preserved, and every policy of conciliation consistent with honor held out to the South. Cadmoning was heard ten miles from Murfreesboro'. Federal force is pursuing the enemy.

It is supposed Bragg may make a stand at Tallahoma.

The Richmond Examiner claims that the Confederates had full possession of Vicksburg on the 3rd inst., and had repulsed every assault.

Half the Cabinet opposed the admission of Western Virginia.

French iron clad "La Normandie" lost 350 of 650 of her crew, of yellow fever, at Vera Cruz.

LET YOUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS HAVE SALT.—Animals that are permitted to roam in the salt marshes are generally the most healthy; they consume a large amount of saline material. The antiseptic property of salt is too well known and appreciated by most husbandmen; and the farmer might as well think of entirely dispensing with food as to fail in seasoning food with salt. No animal can long exist without salt. In the stomach it operates favorably and has a healthy action on the liver. It also prevents the food from running into fermentation, and is destructive on intestinal parasites.—[Ex.]

THE GLORY OF THE FARMER.—His glory is to create and construct. Other men may fetch, and carry, and exchange; all sorts at last on his primitive action. He is close to nature. The food which he does not make to be. All nobility rests on the use of his tillage is the original calling of the race. Many men are excluded from it, yet if they have not something to give the farmer for his corn, they must return to their planting. The farmer stands nearest to God; the first cause.—[Edward Everett.]

CURE FOR GROWING NAILS.—Heat a small piece of tallow in a spoon till it becomes very hot, drop two or three drops between the nail and the granulation; in a few days the edge of the nail will be sufficiently exposed to be pared. The effect is magical.

A SPOONFUL of alum added to starch makes the dress stiffer and incombustible.