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KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If I ever marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man—or the unhappy one if you please, ha! ha!—shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications:

First, a fortune.
Second, good looks.
Third, common sense.

I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous: but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who had obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen, she had many suitors, but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all others, except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals.

If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and something of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius nor very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions, a "noble, good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society to that of Mr. Wellington whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (his companions called him "Duke," was no idiot or hump-backed, as I would have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of much sense, good looks and polished manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as far as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Frank Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," altho' just the man for her in every sense—had never been able to draw them out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer more worldly consideration to control the aspirations of the heart.

However, one day, when he pressed her to declare his fate, she said to him, with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank, I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes, for we must part now."

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale.

It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side, he placed his arm around her waist without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—proud Kate—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go."

"Go!" murmured Kate, "go."

"Where you departed?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell."

He took her hand, gazed a moment, tenderly and sorrowfully, into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment her reso-

lution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble yes from her lips—and an instant later, she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated, and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifices she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually, her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarce repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around swimming in the atmosphere of a fairy-land, Kate gave her heart to the man her ambition—(not her love)—had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender and kind, and loving; but all the attention and affection could not fill her heart. She had once felt it cord and sympathy moved by a skilful touch—she had known the heavenly charm of the deep delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled, to speak, in silks and satins. These chords were still and soundless. Her heart was dead; none the less because killed by a golden shot, having known and felt the life of sympathy in it, unconquerable by golden streams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he said; "then why do you complain. But I bestow lessons where the affection you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it, said her husband fiercely. 'It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to a fate of a loving, unloving husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear.'

"Very well," said Kate. "I do not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am the cold deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well,"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same."

and what more do you desire?" asked her husband bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of heart is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife, but do you know what they mean?"

"Do you feel that the only true union is love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble and cry, and cling to me now; I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind till sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until with a start she cried:

"Frank! oh Frank! come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing by her side.

"You have been asleep," he said smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say; not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand.

"You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause with you once more and I found you here where I left you asleep."

"Oh! what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. It was so like a terrible reality that she shuddered now to think of it. I thought that I was married!"

"And would that be so that be so terrible!" asked Frank. "I hope then, you did not dream you were married to me?"

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart!"

"Then, if you gave your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, and her bright eyes were beaming happily through her tears, and here it is!"

Soon there was a real marriage, not a splendid, but a happy one, followed by a life of love, of contentment, and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

Useful Medical Hints.

We find the following remarks (by the editor) in the *Cincinnati*, a scientific and agricultural journal, published at Cincinnati, Ohio:—

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy is a tea-spoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a tea-cup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a tea-cupful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these nullify many violent poisons. In case of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in cold water gives entire relief, as instantaneous as the lightning. Meanwhile, get some common dry flour, and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part the moment it emerges from the water, and keep sprinkling on the flour through anything like pepper-box cover, so as to put it on evenly. Do nothing else; drink nothing but water, eat nothing until improvement commences, except some dry bread softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burnings have been performed in this way, as wonderful as they are painless. We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and which was fast sinking into the sleep which has no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg—a tea-spoonful every five minutes—until it ceased to seem drowsy.

MOOSE HUNTING.—Mr. Whitcomb of Masardis a few days ago while hunting on big Machias stream, above Ashland, fell in with a herd of bull moose, six in number, and without running them, managed to creep upon one after another till he killed five out of the six. They all had horns. Considerable interest is now felt among scientific men to preserve specimens of these aboriginal animals before they become extinct as it is feared they may. A full skeleton was sent

last winter to Amherst College, Mass., and now we believe one is wanted at Philadelphia.—*Aroostook Pioneer*.

BENEFITS OF DRAINING.—In travelling over various portions of the Country, it is gratifying to observe the progress that is making in draining land. It is hardly ten years since, that not more than three or four farms in the United States had a drain tile on them, now we seldom visit a well managed farm of heavy soil, in any of the older states, that is not drained; and the manufacturers of tile in all the places where the business has been started are now unable to supply the demand for them.

In an article on draining, the Country Gentlemen, in speaking of some of its advantages, says:—

One beneficial result claimed for thorough drainage is that it lengthens the season of labour and vegetation—"an extension" which the crops and the farmer need as often as the customer of banks and brokers. The time required for the "settling soil," after the winter frosts pass from it, depends to a great extent upon its porous or its retentive character, is everywhere known and conceded. The deep gravelly loam is seen to be soon free from water while the heavy clay requires a long time to become fit for cultivation. In one case the soil is fully drained, and in the other the water mostly passes off by the slow process of evaporation. Thorough drainage of the heavy soil renders both alike in this respect, and thus adds from ten to fifteen days to the time of preparation for seeding—giving the same increased time for the growth of the crops in which the land is devoted."

The following remarks, copied from the *Main Farmer*, we commend to the notice of the farmers:—

As the snow gives facilities for pleasant travelling, and the pressure of farm business is much less than in the growing and harvest season, the farmer can well afford to devote more of his time to the social duties of life. Let him cultivate these duties, and by prudent recreation and timely visits among relations and friends, renovate both his body and mind by the relaxations from severe labor and the cultivation of social friendship.

Farmers should associate with each other, they should meet together often, and by friendly conversation, improve themselves in the important topics of the day, and more especially in those pertaining to their own calling. As iron sharpeneth iron so does mind sharpen mind in friendly discussion, one with another. Hence one great value of farmers' clubs. These clubs, we are happy to say, are increasing among us, and wherever they are established and faithfully attended, there is always a perceptible improvement in the neighborhood. If it is not convenient for you to unite in these social meetings, it will be advantageous to spend the long evenings in perusing some of the many good books which are now so easily obtained. In this matter of reading, however, we would recommend some system of moderation. Consider what subject will be most congenial to your present time and condition, and buy or borrow some treatise which shall give you information in regard to them. In this way you will become more interested and be more likely to remember and profit by the information given.—*Main Farmer*.

MILK.—Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer to see if the "iron-tailed cow" has been guilty of diluting it. If so, the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter. The Paris milk is very pure in consequence. If a tradesman adulterates any article of food offered for sale, he is first fined, and then made publicly to confess his fault by means of a large placard in his window, setting forth the exact nature of the trick he has played upon his customers.

BEAUTY OF MIND.—It is something wonderful to think in how many ways beauty of mind manifests itself; what a number of things it prevents us from uttering and doing; what miraculous promptitude belongs to it in considering what we should say and what we should not say; what words we may pronounce plainly, and what turns of expression another thought may require, in order to be presentable with grace. "He who writes for a woman," said a French author, "ought to dip his pen in the rainbow, and use for sand the dust of a butterfly's wing." In order to enjoy one of these intervals, though it were only with good fellows, you ought to have a capacity for appreciating that light touch, that transparency of tone, that some delicate refinement which characterizes the interchange of thoughts where the fair and natural ones are heard conversing. You should be able to feel, in short, that there is a sweet graceful way of doing everything, as a manner that softens and degrades all; that there are persons who can say and

perform before you almost everything without offence; while there are others, on the contrary, whose purity—one must ask pardon for speaking truth here—is indelicate, and whose cleanliness is disgusting.—*Digby's Evening on the Thames*.

ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN.

CAN.

PORTLAND, Dec. 31.—North American arrived at 11 A. M.

Dowager, Queen of Sweden, widow of Bernadotti, is dead.

Parliament will meet on 5th Jan.

Passport system between France and England, to be abolished after January.

Marquis Dalhousie, dead.

The 3 English prisoners and 3 French Officers massacred by Chinese.

Negotiations for evacuation of Gaeta having failed bombardment recommenced on 19th.

Directors of Atlantic Cable will keep concern aloof at their own expense, hopeful of success.

Funds declined 4th. Grand Trunk decline 1 per cent. Turkish loan failure.

Fifth Bengal Europeans disbanded. Consols 93½. Cotton advanced 4th. Flour—Wheat advanced.

The London correspondent of *The New Orleans Delta* says there has been an attempt since the return of the Duke of Newcastle to reconcile him to his daughter, who did marry Lord E. Vane, the son of the Marchioness of Londonderry, who makes £100,000 a year out of costs, and therefore can back her boy. But it did not suit the haughty Duke, as the antecedents of the young gent were too well known, and, in fact he proved the prophetic views of her father to be true, which was nearly terminating the honeymoon by a separation. The Duke cut his daughter dead, and passed her by in the street without the slightest signs of recognition—It was a match in spite of his teeth and exorable the Duke continues still. His trip to America has not effaced the memory of the wrong done to him by his child.

MASONIC.—At the Meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, under English jurisdiction, held in the Masonic Hall, in this city, on Thursday last, the following officers for the year 1861 were installed:—

R. W. Alex. Balloch, Prov. Grand Master.

A. K. S. Wetmore, D. P. G. M.

B. B. Stevens, S. G. W.

W. F. Bunting, J. G. W.

W. W. Rev. N. Bliss, G. Chaplain.

R. T. Clinch, G. Treas.

Edw. B. Peters, Secy.

W. James Rosborough, S. G. D.

Edwin S. Wetmore, G. D. D.

T. A. D. Foster, G. D. C.

R. W. Crookshank, Jr., G. S. B.

E. J. Everett, G. Pur.

J. Boyer, G. T.

J. McAllister, R. Whiteside,

A. Hartt, W. S. Bueton, G. Stewards.

L. P. Crear, S. S. Littlehale,

—St. John Courier.

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE OPERA.

"In the new French opera-house about to be erected," says the *Constitutionnel*, "the electric telegraph will, it is said, play a very prominent part. An instantaneous line of communication is to be established between the cabinet of the minister of state and that of the director of the theatre; a wire will also run from the box-office to the principal hotels, so that strangers will be able to engage places immediately on their arrival in Paris; and by the aid of the same electric power the prompter will be enabled to give notice to the actors and actresses in their rooms when the curtain is about to rise."

We seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

Do all the good you can in the world and make as little noise about it as possible.

A Bachelor's face is often the worse for wear—a married one's for wear and tear.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

"One word more, and I have done."—How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker. It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

A man excused himself for marrying by saying that his friends said he drank too much for a single man.

To be deprived of the person we love is happiness in comparison of living with one we hate.