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[From the Golden Prize.] THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

BY E. W. D.

"For Heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings; let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl, to whom Charles Westley spoke. "There, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth, are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you?"

"You suit me anyhow; and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face, puckered up in its affectionate demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, and he resumed gravely, after a pause; "The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my letters. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my letters."

"Shake them off, then, Charles," interrupted the saucy girl, with a pretty, defiant toss of the head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it!"

"I cannot, Susy, I cannot—and you know it," said the hapless lover, impatiently. "That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so—it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away angrily, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susy, meanwhile, looked out of the window and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird on that lilac tree!" cried Susy suddenly. "Do come and see it!"

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charles," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly, "don't you think you could manage to?"

"What, Susy dear?" asked Charles, all his fierceness awakened by her manner. "What?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his tail," returned the provoking girl, with an affectionate simplicity; "for then, you know, you could catch it!"

His answer was to fling her off, and with a suppressed exclamation, turned angrily away.

His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artful artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stopped abruptly before her, and said, "Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always contemptuously refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you, as you know, better than life; but I will no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away to a distance, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest yes; for my answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart!" cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a curious piece of business, Charles; and you would not succeed either," said Susy.

"I should, and would succeed," said Charles, "as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl!"

"But I don't wish, Charles dear—I love dearly to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved," replied Susy; "did not say anything about loving. But pray, how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years," replied Charles.

"Neatly and accurately quoted, Charles. But you know my cousin Rachel was only won after five years' courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this subject for two years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love point—there is, no knowing what wonders find may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, standing. "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely-tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear trifling any longer.

"Never, be it, then!" he cried; and seizing his hat, he strode angrily from the room. Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry alienated that noble manly heart? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window-sash, and leaning forward whispered:

"Charles, Charles! you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends!"

As she spoke, she tore a rose from her bosom, and threw it to him. "It lodged on my arm, but he brushed it away as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up."

Susy spent the rest of that day in tears. Early the next morning the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her health.

As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for one wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing, impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gang-way which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she was longing to hear—startled her. She turned to look round, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the river.

But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam a round the wheel, but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn.

He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting, and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.

Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support seemed also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now beginning to turn round slowly.

By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies, and fastened the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsook him.

In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles's instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the offered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the Captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue.

The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat which now rapidly moved off to make up for lost time.

And thus, when our hero regained his consciousness, he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was rapidly recovering, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by turning over, and falling into a deep quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss B— desired to see him.

He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-room, which had been given up to her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand

very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," she said, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think—"

"That I am going to die," said she anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Susy to the latter, as he entered. "I have a strange request to make to you. Would you object, sir, in the presence, and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request Charles was infinitely more so. "What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so," said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven inspired!" cried the poor fellow frantic with joy—but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added gravely, "But Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love not your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first long before you had the last."

"But Susy, you said yesterday—"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have is that I am not half good enough for you."

It is needless to say how this discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus, in the course of one eventful day, he risked a life, saved a life, made an impromptu Marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

A Good Story.

Between eighty and ninety years ago, there lived in Connecticut river valley two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt and the other Clark. The former, in early life, had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip, in a way to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt, and what was more remarkable his exen seemed to improve in disposition at equal pace with himself.

Farmer Hunt joined the church and was an exemplary man. His neighbours saw the change both in himself and team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of the townsmen asked him for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said: "I have found out the secret about my cattle. Formerly they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them the worse they acted. But now, when they are contrary, I go and sit down and sing Old Hundred, and strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as I could wish. I don't know how it is but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both altered their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers, generally, were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in town went to Deacon Hunt and said:—"I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money; it is about all I can gather."

The Deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said, "I shall curse you. Curse me," replied the Deacon, "how dare you do so?" "Because," said the man, "the Bible says so." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the Deacon, "there is no such thing in the Bible." "Yes, there is," replied the poor man. "Well," said the Deacon, "if you can find any such text I'll give you a bushel of corn." They went together to the house, when the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Proverbs 11, 26, and read: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The Deacon was fairly caught. "Comp along," said he; "and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, and helped the man to put it on his shoulder, and just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said, with a twinkling of the eye "I say neighbour, after you have carried this corn home, go up to Deacon Clark and curse him out of a bushel."

Interesting from Cuba—The British Requested.

New York, May 21.—Bark John Howe reports that ship Clarendon, Capt. Bartlett, with sugar for New York, was boarded in the harbor of Sagua la Grande, by a boat from the British steamer Buzzard. Capt. Bartlett refused to hoist his ensign at the command of the British officer, deeming the whole proceedings an insult. The officer demanded of him to show his papers, and was told they were at the Consul's office. He departed to report to his commander, and several shots (blank cartridges) were fired by the steamer to intimidate Capt. B., but without effect. Two boats, containing each fifteen men, with small arms, proceeded to the Clarendon, under the Commander in person. The latter was received politely, but Capt. B. threatened to shoot the first of the crew who came on board. The Commander again told him to hoist his ensign, and was refused. He then facing the Captain with a pistol, threatened to seize the vessel and take her to New York. The Captain replied that was just what he wanted, when, whether by intent or accident, Capt. B. was "struck in the breast." Capt. B. presented a pistol saying—"Take your hand off or I'll shoot you!" The officer denied having struck him. After some further conversation, he left the ship in a rage, without accomplishing his purpose.

Rumors of War.

New York, May 23.—The Herald's Washington correspondent says the Secretary of the Navy has issued orders to Commander Hartstene to proceed New York immediately, and assume command of the steamer Arctic; also to Commander John Rogers, to take command of the Water Witch, to fit them out without delay and proceed to the Gulf in search of the British steamer Styx. Other vessels are to follow as rapidly as they can be got ready for service. The House Naval Committee will, on Monday, report a bill for the immediate construction of ten gun boats, and it is understood the Committee on Foreign Relations will move increasing the number to thirty. Orders will be issued in a few days from the War Department countermanding the previous orders for the removal of the 2d Cavalry Regiment from Texas to Fort Leavenworth; also, changing the station of a portion of the 1st Regiment of Artillery.

Another Gigantic Railroad Fraud.

The American papers contain accounts of the discovery of a system of fraudulent railway management on the part of a New York broker of the name of Dwight which seems almost incredible from the magnitude of the swindling involved. Dwight is charged with having used, at various times, four millions of dollars of mortgage bonds, none of which he appropriated to the purposes for which they were intended. He is said to have given mortgage bonds and stock of the company as collateral security for his individual debts to several New Haven banks to the amount of \$1,183,000. He raised \$800,000 by passing his notes endorsed by the company, from several parties, among them the Northern Indiana Railroad \$300,000; Brown Brothers, London Bankers, \$200,000 in iron; New Haven county bank, by Henry Hotchkiss, President, \$65,000; City Bank, New Haven, \$30,000; Merchants Bank, New Haven, \$30,000; Phoenix Bank, Hartford, \$60,000.

The developments of this case have raised quite a sensation in Wall Street, and among the stock-owning community. Dwight has been arrested on warrants for perjury, fraud, embezzlement and conspiracy, and warrants are out against two other parties as abettors in the transaction.

A LONG TRAIN.—The Montreal Pilot, says a freight train consisting of 39 cars, was dispatched from Toronto northward on the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railroad, on Tuesday at 3:15 P. M., under charge of Mr. Roberts, as conductor, which was loaded during the night at Collingwood, for Montreal and Portland direct, without transshipment, and delivered over to the Grand Trunk Railway at 3 P. M., on Wednesday. This train was upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, and contained three thousand and nine hundred barrels of flour, being a portion of the cargo of the Evergreen City, from Chicago.

THE WONDERS OF THE AGE.—The steam engine and the electric telegraph have ceased to be wonders of the age. Young America is vigorously pushing ahead in every department of science and art for the amelioration of mankind from the toils and cares incident to life. Sewing machinery is the most recent successful invention, as well as the most important one to enslaved womanhood. It enables her to escape the drudgery of hand sewing, and gives her ample time to cultivate her own mind or those of her children. But of all the machines that have ever been invented, commend us to those of GROVER & BAKER's, which are the best in the market for family use.

Offices of exhibition and sale 495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer street, Boston; 730 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

SMASHER EFFICIENCY.—On Wednesday last, Smith, the man apprehended for the murder of Totten, on the "Marsh Road," and brought from Boston by Dobson, of our city police, at the expense of the county, was brought up before Judge Wilnot for trial, when such was the zeal and efficiency of the Executive, that neither Attorney General nor Solicitor General had a particle of evidence to produce for his conviction. His honor, the Judge, finding there was nothing against the man, told him he was at liberty to go. It would be curious if the man should prosecute the authorities for false imprisonment. —Chronicle, 21st.

LANDING OF THE LOYALISTS.—On Tuesday last, being the seventy-fifth anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists in this Province; it was celebrated by the firing of a corresponding number of guns, and fireworks in the evening. —[16.]

In justice to Davis' Pain Killer, I must say that I never sold an article which gave such universal satisfaction to all who used it. I never kept a medicine which met with such a rapid sale; its virtues are the topic of conversation in many places in this vicinity. W. W. ROBERTS, Druggist La Port, Ind.

New York, May 23.—Bark John Howe, arrived here yesterday from Sagua, reports that while on her passage from Havana to Sagua, was boarded by an officer from the British steamer Buzzard. Subsequently, while lying in the harbour of Sagua was again boarded by a boat from the same vessel. The John Howe had her colors flying on both occasions.

Troy, May 23.—George Reed, a saloon keeper, murdered his wife on Green Island, opposite this city, on Saturday, by stabbing her with a dirk and then stabbed himself several times, dying immediately. Mrs. R. lingered for only three hours. Cause—jealousy. Reed was 26, and his wife 18 years of age.

Rochester, May 23.—Our police made a descent last night upon a counterfeiting establishment in this city, arresting Henry D. Stevens, James Lenox, and Fanny F. Johnston. A quantity of bogus coin and dies for making it were found on Stevens. About \$5000 in 1/2 and 3 dollar bills on the Genesee Bank, of Flint, Mich., were found on the premises, mostly in sheets and not filled out. The parties are undergoing examination.

A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out and keeping one-half the wages. A short time since the negro came home to his master to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him, and would give \$1,200 for him.

"Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But you see, massa," said Sam, "I've had a cough some time, and 'spec I'm gine in to desampson. I don't 'spec I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in!"

The New Jersey papers say an old soldier, 113 years of age, who served through the Revolutionary War and fought under Napoleon at Salamanca and Badajoz, passed through Rahway the other day, on foot, having set out to walk to Boston. Excepting defective eyesight he is in vigorous health, and is capable of enduring fatigue better than his son—a "boy" of 84.

The flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in possession of Mr. Howells, telford, Gainsborough, England. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the harmony, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.