

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

IN THE CITY OF SAINT ANDREWS, N.B.

ESTABLISHED 1864. \$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

V. 132

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16, 1864.

No. 46

Poetry.

Always Friends.

BY MATTIE WHEELER.

Always friends, thro' storm and shine
True and faithful ever;
Sweetly shall our hearts entwine,
Naught our faith shall sever.
No let fortune come or go,
Let the days move fast, or slow,
Let the winds flow high or low,
Love shall fail us never.

Always friends, though far and wide
May our hearts be drifting;
Though no longer side by side
On the waves they're lifted
Though the miles lie thick between,
Still shall memory's golden sheen,
O'er the past be sifted.

Always friends, while life shall last
Let what will befall;
Till the terms of earth be past,
Friendship's light shall guide us.
When we reach the farther shore,
All our toils and conflicts o'er,
Those who loved us long before,
Still shall walk beside us.

Miscellany.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

But I tell you, Rosa, I can't wait!
It was no lover's bow, nor silk-draped
boudoir—simply a cool kitchen, with cream-
colored walls, white netted curtains stirring to
and fro in the afternoon breeze, and a wide
chairs-covered lounge placed almost invitingly
under the clock shelf, while beyond the
open door you caught a glimpse of green
meadows bathed in sunshine, and wooded
uplands dim with October haze. And Rosa
Millet, most unromantic of heroines, was sit-
ting by a pine table, parsing apples into a
wooden tray that was exalted on her hip.

Round and dimpled, with hair like brown
velvet, and soft hazel eyes, she was just that
style of female you feel irresistibly impelled
to kiss! Just the saucy, provoking, winning
little personage whose presence makes the
daily sunshine of a home. Kent Lorimer
knew this very well, and was most resolute-
ly determined to win and wear the little
creature that was sparkling on these Connecticut
slopes. So he had come down express from
New York, to plead his cause with Rosa.

But you must wait, Mr. Lorimer, said Rosa,
taking up a fresh apple and considering
demurely where she had best insert the knife
into the crimson skin. Papa wouldn't listen
to the thing for a minute.

Have you ever spoken to him on the sub-
ject?

I ventured one or two obscure hints the
other day, and—

And what, Rosa?

Why he flew into a furious passion, and
called me a little goose, and said he never
would consent to my marrying, and made
me cry, and—Don't, Kent—how do you sup-
pose these apples are ever to get pared, if
you take hold of my hands in that absurd
sort of way?

Well then, Rosa, if he won't hear to rea-
son, suppose we just dispense with his as-
sist. Let's be romantic, and make a rus-
sian match of it!

Kent spoke lightly, but you could see in
the quiver of his lip and the restless egle-
ness of his eye that his whole fate hung on
her words.

What do say, Rosa, miss?

She shook her head.

I never could take such a step as that
without my father's consent, Kent.

Yet you love me? he asked somewhat
bitterly.

Oh, Kent you know that I do!

Then why are you so unwilling to make
me happy? he said, bitterly.

She burst into tears—his mood changed
instantaneously.

My love—my little treasure, don't take a
thoughtless word so deeply to heart. I'm a
villain and a heartless scoundrel to speak to
you in that sort of way; but indeed, Rosa,
it's only because I love you so dearly.

Rosa looked up, smiling through her tears
and exhorted her enthusiastic lover "not to
be a goose!"

Well, said Kent, rising with an air of un-
alterable decision, I shall come here to-mor-
row, to see you in plain terms, and if he says
No—

What then? questioned Rosa, anxiously.

Why I shall take you without his permis-
sion, I thought the young man. Hello! why
what's the matter?
Rosa had sprung to her feet, the rosy red
apples rolling in every direction on the floor.
It's papa, she stammered; turning white and
scarlet alternately. I see him coming down
through the pasture lot!
Is that all? said Lorimer. Why I sup-
posed it was half a dozen ghosts at the very
least!

Go, Kent, she said, pushing him from her
with breathless eagerness. He must not
know you have been here. Quick! slip
down into the road through the path by the
corral bushes.

What for? asked her love, boldly stand-
ing his ground. I'm not a burglar, or a pick-
pocket, am I? why should I sneak away as
though I were? Let me remain here, and
have my say out with your father.

Oh, not to-day, Kent, exclaimed Rosa, in
covert rebellion. He would be so angry if
he thought you had been here during his ab-
sence. Wait till to-morrow—do please wait
till to-morrow! For my sake, Kent!

For your sake, then? said the young man,
yielding, with very evident reluctance—
Where's your current bush path, if I must
slink out like a detected felon. It's a pity I
haven't two or three silver spoons in my
pocket, to complete the illusion. One kiss,
darling! it's worth that, to make a fellow
feel so cheap!

And Kent Lorimer's figure disappeared
among the masses of the tall current bushes
just as Squire Martin Millet walked com-
posedly up to the door-stone on the other side
of the house, with a broad-brimmed straw
hat shading his good humored although
rather choleric brow.

Well, Rosa, he said, throwing himself into
the cushioned rocking-chair, and tussling his
hair into the window-seat. I've heard of a
fellow wants to tie the clover medder up on
the Edgewood road.

Have you, papa? asked Rosa rather faint-
ly.

It's Deacon Nehemiah Lorimer's son, up
to Hemlock Hollow, and—

Lorimer! repeated Rosa, turning red.

Why yes? don't you remember Deacon
Lorimer that got a bill from his first wife?

She it was! exclaimed Rosa. Well, his son
has bought the farm a'jink, and he'll
give me five hundred dollars for that 'ere
clover medder. Only I'm afraid your
mother won't be willing to sign away—she's
so set about keeping property in the family,
and it's her land. Eleven hundred dollars
say! he's a pretty nice sum o' money, and that
corner 'n' all. However, he's comin' round
to-morrow to see about it, and I guess like-
ly he'll talk your mother over. Folks do
say he's a very forehand young man, al-
though I haven't never seen him.

Rosa paid very little attention to the
Squire's circumstantial statements—she was
smiling to herself to think how little there
was in common between Deacon Nehemiah
Lorimer's land sons, up to Hemlock Hollow,
and her handsome, dashing young New
Yorker! Only the name, and we have
Shakespearean authority for saying, "what's
in a name?"

There was more in it than Rosa thought.
"Where is your mother?" asked the
Squire, watching his daughter's busy hands,
and thinking within himself that there was
certainly growing prettier every day of her
sunshiny life.

"Gone to spend a day or two at Elder
Singerland," faltered Rosa, an engaging
her fingers rather more than the apples in her
trepidation lest the good Squire should see
any more dangerous questions.

But the Squire evidently had no such in-
tentions. He leaned comfortably back in
his chair, yawning in a most portentous man-
ner and leisurely unfolding a fine silk pocket-
handkerchief for the purpose of spreading it
over his rufous face, so that he might take
his afternoon nap in an orthodox manner.

He's going to sleep, thought poor little
Rosa, "and I haven't told him."

She waited andidgetted a minute or two
in the faint hope that the Squire might pos-
sibly change his mind. But the clock ticked
sleepily, and the blue flies buzzed against the
window panes in a most sonorous style.

Papa! she ventured at last, in despera-
tion.

Oh! what! ejaculated Mr. Millet, start-
ing up, and throwing off the red silk pocket-
handkerchief. Did you call me, pet?

Yes, papa, faltered Rosa; I—I wanted to
speak to you about—

Well, my dear, about what?

Rosa came to her cheek on his knee.

You know, papa, I told you the other day
how dear, and truly he loved me, and how
—how I was fond of him!

There—it was all over now!

Nonsense! I wish I didn't look so red, the
indignant Squire, springing to his feet with
wrathful countenance. I told you I wouldn't

hear another word—and I won't. You get
married! Why you are nothing but a child
yourself!

I am eighteen, papa! timidly interposed
Rosa.

Eighteen, indeed, if you were twenty-eight
there'd be some sense in it. Hush—don't
another word. A city jackanapes too—just
as if the honest farmer's sons weren't good
enough for you. Just let him show his
whiskered face here, and I'll give him a dose
that shall last one while!

The Squire's face had grown fairly purple
with rage. Rosa shrank back, while and
terrified. Alas! it was of little use to plead
Kent's cause, and she crept away up to her
own room.

I'll write to him, she thought. He must
never face papa in this mood. I am afraid
we must give each other up—only I think
it will break my heart!

And she sat down to her desk, to write a
pitiful little tear-blotted note to Kent Lor-
imer, entreating him to return to New York
without making any attempt to soften her
father's heart, or to see her.

When Kent received the inch-quently
written message, he read it over twice, and
laid it in his desk, smiling thoughtfully to
himself as he did so.

I must obey you this once, my little
ladybird, he pondered. I should be a re-
pentant indeed to abandon the precious prize
when it is so nearly within my grasp. I in-
tended to have you for my own wife, if you
had forty unwilling fathers instead of one!

Very unreasonable language, wasn't it?
but you must remember that Mr. Kent Lor-
imer was very much in love!

Squire Millet was climbing heavily into
his antiquated fashion "one horse" at
about noon the next day, for he was vexed
and puzzled at the unaccountable absence of
his bustling, cheerful wife, and had "handed
up" expressly to bring her home from Elder
Singerland's habitation. For, was not her
consent a necessary and indispensable thing
in the famous bargain respecting the clover
medder?

Hallo! who's this a coming? exclaimed
the Squire, as he was taking the lines into
his hands. Rosa! Rosa! I say!

But Rosa had retreated into the house.

She always was a shy little creature, pon-
dered Mr. Millet. I'll bet a conky that
Deacon Nehemiah's son, and he'll just wait
to wait till I can bring mother back, 'cause
if she set her foot down not to sell, there's a
clean slap end to the bull affair. Morning,
sir; hope I see you well. You're Mr. Lor-
imer, I calculate.

That is my name, sir.

Wal, I'm real glad to see ye. How's your
father?

Thank you, sir, he's tolerably well, re-
turned the agreeably surprised young man.
I'm not mistaken, sir, in supposing that I
am addressing Mr. Millet?

Not by a jugful! quoth the beaming
Squire. It's all right, sir—all right! You
want my property, and I want to get rid of it.
I guess we'll make a bargain quick enough.

Thank you, my dear sir, ejaculated Kent
Lorimer, eagerly shaking the Squire's out-
stretched hand. I had hardly anticipated so
much genuine kindness. Then I may con-
sider myself sure of your consent?

Certainly; only, you see, I must get my
wife to say yes; women always like to be
consulted of such matters.

Certainly, sir, Mrs. Millet's consent would
be most desirable. At the same time, you
must not blame me for desiring to consummate
affairs as speedily as possible.

As soon as you like, sir; the sooner the
better, said Squire Millet, heartily.

Would you day be two precipitate? hesi-
tated the bold young wooer.

Not a bit, rejoined the Squire; and now
Mr. Lorimer, if you'll just walk in and set
down while, my little girl! do her best to
convince ye, and I'll bring Mrs. Millet home
in less than two hours.

The Squire drove away, accordingly, and
Kent Lorimer entered the low wooden porch
triumphantly.

Rosa was sitting behind the window cur-
tains in the back room, tremblingly listening
for the sounds of mortal combat between her
father and her lover; but as Kent approach-
ed, the ripe bloom came back to her ashen
cheek.

Oh, Kent! what did he say?

He consented!

Did he? oh! did he?

And he says, the sooner the better, to-day
if I choose so, my darling. Oh with your
bonnet, and we'll go directly to Justice
Stone's. It is a little way, and then I shall
be sure of you.

Rosa shrank back.

So soon, Kent? Oh! I fear not!

He looked at her reproachfully.

Have we waited all these months, only
to let the golden moment slip by when at
last it comes? I thought you cared a little
for me, Rosa.

She hid her face on his shoulder in mute
penitence.

Forgive me, Kent. I will do whatever
you please.

So they were quietly married in the cool
shady parlor of the country justice; and no
satin and pearl clad bride was ever pleasanter
to look upon than Rosa. Millet in her blue
gingham morning dress, with blue porcelain
buttons down the front, and an azure ribbon
in her velvet brown hair.

As they did not make any particular haste
in their quiet homeward ramble through the
cool October gleams, it happened that Squire
Millet and his plump wife were driving up
to the gate, just as they entered. Rosa tried
to draw her hand out of Kent Lorimer's arm,
but he held resolutely on to it.

Oh, here you be! exclaimed the jovial
Squire. This is my wife, Mr. Lorimer. Re-
becca, this be's the young feller that wants
the clover medder.

I beg your pardon, sir, interposed Mr.
Lorimer, with great composure—he had an-
ticipated some such deprecation to the un-
accountable misunderstanding of the morning
it was not your meadow that I wanted; it
was your daughter!

My dear sir! rejoined the Squire, in open-
mouthed astonishment.

And as you were kind enough to consent,
went on Kent, gliding, and even initiated
decent some such deprecation to the un-
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was your daughter!

My dear sir! rejoined the Squire, in open-
mouthed astonishment.

During the time they lie there, silver
been known to turn black in the house.
[Ceylon letter.]

DRY GOODS.

H. W. GODDARD & CO.
Have now on sale a lot of Winter
DRY GOODS.

Special attention invited to their stock of Clo-
thing, &c. &c.

The noted Siberian Overcoating, a ca-
stle heavy cloth for cold weather.
American Fashions.

London Paint & Oil.
To arrive per the "Kleanor"

8 HDS. Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil.
2 Tons "Brandram Bros." London white
Paint. J. W. STREET & SON.
Oct. 26, 1864.

CARD.

To the Ladies of St. Andrews and the County
of Charlotte.

MRS. MAGEE begs to inform her
Friends and Patrons, that she has now
ready for inspection her Fall and Winter stock
Flowers, Ribbons, Hats, and Millinery goods,
of the newest styles. Having received late I
don and Paris Fashion Books, she is prepared
make them up to order in the latest mode.
Mantles made to order, Fitting and stitching
executed with dispatch and neatness.
Orders respectfully solicited. Address
Albion House,
Water-street, St. Andrews.

Fall and Winter 1864.

Just opened at the Albion House, Water St.
St. Andrews.

A well selected stock of Staple and Fancy
Goods, to which attention and inspection is in-
vited.
JOHN S. MAGEE.

Furs, Furs, Furs!

New and Fashionable!
Albion House,
JOHN S. MAGEE.

Fancy Dress Goods

In all the new varieties at the
ALBION HOUSE.

WARPS, WARPS, WARPS.

St. John manufacture—dressed and Lined, a
prime and reliable article at the
ALBION HOUSE.

RIBBONS, RIBBONS.

In all the new plaids at the
ALBION HOUSE.

Flowers and Millinery Goods

the most fashionable. Bonnets trimmed and
Caps made to order at the
ALBION HOUSE.

Mantles & Mantle Cloths,

haws and Scarfs at the
ALBION HOUSE.

Berlin Goods

St. John manufacture—dressed and Lined, a
prime and reliable article at the
ALBION HOUSE.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Of the best qualities at
ALBION HOUSE.

HOSIERY—HABERDASHERY.

Baltimore shirting, Prints, Delaines and C-
barges in Black and Colors at the
ALBION HOUSE.

GRAY AND WHITE SHIRTING,

and Shifting Cottons, Crimean Flannels, Saxo-
ny and Welsh do., also, wired Kersey, Red, White
and Blue flannels in twilled and plain at the
ALBION HOUSE.

TWEEDS, TROUSERING,

and Seaquin at the
ALBION HOUSE.

KEROSENE OIL—

10 BARRELS R-R-O-H.
JAMES W. FLETCHER & SON.
Nov. 7th, 1864.