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JOHN BRODIE'S WIFE.

A Story of Two "Panics."

BY SYLVANUS CORB, JR.

"Marry her if you will, sir; but the consequences be upon your own head. Mind that!"

And Silas Brodie, as he thus spoke, gazed sternly upon his son. He was very angry, and his lips were compressed until their hue was bloodless.

"She must be my wife, father," John Brodie returned, calmly and decidedly.

"Must? Will you set at nought a father's authority?"

"You have no right to put the question in that way," the young man said reprovingly. "You know very well that in all things just, I will obey you. But not in this—not in this. I cannot. I love Alice Darcy—I have loved her a long time—and I cannot sacrifice the whole of my joy and peace for coming life to a false, pernicious idea of fashion or expediency."

"Very well, sir," cried the old man, with a wave of the hand. "Go! I will not retract. Marry with Isabel Ogden, and a hundred thousand dollars are yours. Marry with this low girl, and not one penny!"

"My father,—one hundred thousand dollars cannot buy your son!" And thus proudly speaking John Brodie turned from his parent's presence.

There was a gleam of pride upon that father's face as he gazed upon the erect, handsome form of his boy, but it faded quickly away, and his foot came down with a stamp, as though he would crush forever the emotion he had for a moment experienced.

Silas Brodie had retired from business, and he was very wealthy. John was his only child and he had long held a plan for a brilliant alliance for his heir. He had even made arrangements with the parents of Isabel Ogden for a union between herself and his son. Hence, when he found that John had shaped his own course, and resolved to marry a poor unknown girl, his rage was deep and bitter. He would not think of it—he would have the low girl apprehend for robbing his son of his love—he would stop it in some way. But when in the end, he found that he could not stop it, he took an oath that he would disinherit his child if he persisted in his rebellious course. We have seen the result.

In the home of an humble artisan, and engaged in knitting, sat Alice Darcy. Her pure, handsome face was lighted up by a happy smile, for a little child—a child of her only brother—gambled by her side. Alice had been spending the winter in the city with her brother, and had intended to return in the spring to her home in the country, where she had been living with an uncle, her parents being both dead.

In a little while the child went away, and then Alice stopped knitting, and became sad and thoughtful.

"Eh? How now, Alice my darling?" cried a stalwart man, of some five and thirty years whose garb bore upon it the dust and wear of toil. "Why so sad? Tell me."

"Sit down Tom, and I will tell you." So the brother sat down, and took both his fair sister's hands in his own. There was an earnest, honest, loving look upon his face which gave Alice confidence at once.

"Now what is it?"

"I'll tell you Tom,—I must not—"

"Not what?"

"Oh, fudge. Don't tremble so, and tell me what you want to say. You mean to say that you mustn't marry with John Brodie?"

"Eh?"

"Aye, Tom,—the very words I would have spoken," returned Alice, bowing her head, and trembling more violently still.

"Why—what a silly girl. Pooh, nonsense. Look up here my darling. You don't know what you're talking about. Not marry with John? And why not?"

"Because," said the sister with more patrimony. His father will disinherit him."

"And what of that? John Brodie has made his own selection; and let me tell you he has made a good one. When I started out to learn his true character I found him all I could wish for the husband of my sister."

"And I found out one more thing too. I found him to be one who would count all the gold of all the world as dross and a curse were it heaped up in one great pile, and offered to him if he would sell his heart. No, no,—John Brodie loves you too well,—he loves him too well,—you would both be miserable if you were to leave him. But then I know you Tom. John won't let you."

Just as Tom spoke John Brodie entered the room. The latter then took the brother's seat, and was then informed of what Alice had been saying. He gazed into her beautiful face a moment, and then he clasped her to his bosom.

"Never!" he cried. "Leave me. Oh, every hope of joy in the future is centered

in you. Leave me? You cannot. Together, with youth and health, we'll start up life's hill, and carve our own way. Say love—you cannot deny me."

She did not.

John Brodie took sweet Alice Darcy for his wife, and, true to his promise the old man cast him off, and even closed his doors against his disobedient boy. John was sorry, for he still loved that old man who had been his father. But the young husband was happy. He had found a wife more valuable than houses and money, and he knew how to prize her. He went to his father once and asked that he might be received, not as an heir, but as a child; but he was indignantly rejected.

"But you will love me some time again," the young man said.

"Never," was the parent's response.

John went no more to his parent's house. Alice did all in her power to make her husband happy, and she succeeded. And she did more. She helped him in his business, and encouraged and sustained him in all his efforts.

In a few years fortune smiled upon John Brodie. He had saved enough, with his wife's help, to go into business, and an excellent opportunity was found. All the young merchant's ventures proved favorable. Gold came to his coffers, and he grew rich.

In course of time John Brodie saw a group of four children about him—and his home was one of affluence and solid comfort. He had placed his gentle Alice at the head of a costly establishment, and the future promised much.

When Alice's oldest daughter was sixteen the mother received word that her old uncle the one who had brought her up—was dead, and that all his property was left to her. It amounted to a farm worth some five thousand dollars, beside good buildings, farming utensils, good stock of oxen, horses, pigs, sheep and hens.

"We do not need it," said John.

"But I shall keep it, nevertheless. Who knows but the time may come when our boy may need a home. I'll keep it, John."

A good man was obtained to live on the distant farm, and from that time John Brodie almost forgot that there was such a thing.

A few more years sped on, and then came a cloud over the business world. The cloud grew more heavy and dark—the lightning bolt followed—and the crash came. Fortunes sank like wrecked ships; men arose in the morning worth tens of thousands, and returned to their homes at even penniless; strong firms became weak and tottered; magnificent business schemes fell through in a day, carrying their projectors down to ruin; and a wall of distress went up from the land.

John Brodie came home one evening and sank into a chair. He was pale and wan, and a death-like damp stood upon his brow.

"I know it all," whispered Alice, winding her arms about his neck. "You have lost your fortune."

"Aye," the merchant groaned, "every penny!"

"Is all lost, John? Have you saved nothing?"

"Nothing, Alice—nothing! I have lost thirty thousand dollars by one bank, and nearly as much more by the failure of a single house. I am ruined! Oh! I could bear it for myself—but for you—my wife and children. 'Tis terrible."

"What is terrible?" asked Alice, in a whisper.

"Such ruin."

"Ruin of what?" said the wife, eagerly and earnestly, with her arms still about her husband's neck. "Are we not richer than when we were so happy in our morning of life? See our children—"

"Aye—and see them suffer!"

"No, no," cried a chorus of voices; and more warm arms were about his neck.

"No, no," repeated Alice. "Never so happy as now if they can but help you to happiness. You have worked for years to rear a glittering pile, and what was it worth after it was done? It was worth to us only our sustenance. It was not worth the love of one of these children—it was not worth the smiles of peace that shall still be ours."

"But no house!—no home!" groaned John Brodie. "This place is already seized."

"But we would not stay here if we could, my dear husband. We have a better home. Come with me—with your children—to our home in the country."

John Brodie started with a new life. He was not petted. I have taught them to love the home of my childhood, and in all their education they have not learned to love the gaudy show and empty fashion by which they have been surrounded. John—you shall find your children worthy of you."

The stout man wept when this soft influence of devotion beamed upon his soul, and ere he retired to his rest he knew that his wife and children were anxious to get away upon the quiet farm.

As soon as possible John Brodie settled up his affairs. He gave up everything, and his creditors, when they saw that he had no more, set him free.

But John Brodie could not go without one more attempt to regain his father's love. He went to the home of his boyhood, but the stern old man would not see him. The long-cherished emity had become a part of his very soul, and he would not relent.

So John then went away and was unhappy for a while, but the smiles of his own loved ones soon brought joy to his heart.

In due time John Brodie reached his wife's farm. It had been kept in excellent condition. A neat white cottage, with green blinds, half hidden with huge cherry trees; a long succession of sheds, and woodhouses, and carriage-houses led thence to a white stable, and beyond this was the huge barn. The surface of the tillage land was smooth free from stones, while the rest of the farm lay in beautiful swells, partly covered by wood, and in other places dotted by the grazing herds.

"Now if we only had a little money to begin with," said John, after he had been over the premises.

"I guess we can raise enough," returned Alice, with a smile.

"How? Where?"

"Why—what do you suppose the farm has been doing for the past five years?"

The husband gazed eagerly into his wife's face, but made no reply.

"I have received five hundred dollars a year for it," she resumed, "and have the money in my pocket now. I drew it out of the Savings Bank two weeks ago, thus, I suppose, doing my share towards creating a panic."

Alice drew out twenty-six hundred dollars, and handed it to John. He looked at the money—then into that still sweet face—and then his head was pillowed upon her bosom.

John Brodie's farming progressed famously, and he soon assured himself that the place would more than support his family. In a little while new strength came to his old frame; new color came to the rounding cheeks of his children, and to the face of his Alice came back the old joy and smile of other days.

"What would induce you to go back to the turmoil of the great city, John?" Alice asked, when they had been a year in their new home.

"Only one thing in all the world could induce me," the husband answered, while he stood with both his hands upon Alice's shoulders, and gazed into her still handsome features. "—only one thing in all the world—the happiness of my wife and children."

"And if they were happier here?" Alice said, with tears in her eyes.

"Then not all the world beside could hire me to leave this happy retreat."

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Time passed on. John Brodie's head became gray, but his step was firm and his frame strong. His daughters were all married and doing well, while his son, now grown a stout man had taken a wife and assumed control of the farm. The silver upon the head of Alice seemed only new rays of glory about her brow, and the few furrows upon her face were only lurking places for smiles and happy joys.

And the farm had been productive, too. A railroad had brought it near to the city and in the one item of fruit much money was every year realized over and above the expenses of the family.

Twenty years had John Brodie lived upon his farm, and then came another cloud, lightning-bolt, and crash upon the financial world. But not upon him—no, not upon him. He sat in his cozy library with loved Alice by his side, and read in the papers of the terrible wreck of fortune in the world about him. His thought ran back over twenty years and he remembered the storm wherein he had been wrecked. So he had sympathy for those who suffered now.

And the storm raged in the great wreck of business, and by-and-by a new wreck was thrown upon the strand of ruin. It was an old man—very old. For years he had prided himself upon his wealth. One storm he had ridden out in safety, and he had not feared this one. But of late, to keep down memories which haunted him, he had dabbled in stocks. He speculated—and fell.

And when all was gone—when the ruin was complete—that old man took his staff and walked forth from the city. The autumn wind blew his sparse, snow-white locks about, and his frame trembled as he moved on.

John Brodie sat in his library, and Alice was by his side. The door was opened, and a little boy—one of John's grand-children—

led in an aged man.

"My father!" cried John starting to his feet.

And the old man put forth his trembling hands and murmured—

"My son!—my son!—Oh my son!"

Alice took the boy by the hand and led him out.

An hour passed, and then John Brodie came forth, leading his father by the arm. Both had been weeping much, and both looked very happy, though over that older face still lingered the traces of old regrets.

"Alice," spoke John, "this is my father!"

The old man seemed fearful at first, but when he saw that quick joyous look beam upon Alice's face he had no more doubt. She gave him both her hands, and on the next moment his hoary head was pillowed upon her bosom. In a little while he looked up and in broken accents, said—

"Love me—love me, and I'll bless God for the ruin! Love me both, and I'll bless you while I live!"

And when the old man was assured of their love, and they were all seated together and the children had come to see their grandfather, John Brodie, spoke:

"I thanked God for the old crash, a score of years ago, for it gave me a new life, and it opened to me a knowledge of the love of my wife and children, which I had never fully appreciated before. And now how fervently may I thank God for this present crash of ruin, when it has given back to me a father!"

"Oh! we should be very grateful," said Alice.

"Grateful!" cried John, the tears starting to his eyes as he did so. "Grateful!" he repeated. And then he wound his arms about his wife's neck, and his tears and kisses were upon her cheek together.

Ah—that was still his great gratitude—his great joy,—his great hope,—his WIFE!

African Expedition up the Niger.

A new expedition has been fitted out in England for the purpose of further exploring the celebrated river Niger, which is described by the Moors under the name of *Nel el Abed*, or the "river of slaves," and called by the negroes, *Joliba*, or the "great waters." This river penetrates far into the interior of Africa, but its source may be truly said to have never been discovered, although the lamented Mungo Parke, and the Brothers Landers are said to have found it.

The chief obstacle to the advance of Europeans into the interior of Africa has been the terrible climate. This has proved most deadly to the white race, and has been the great barrier to travelers and to missionaries. When the first English expedition ascended the Niger, about 1842, so great was the mortality that on its return, it is said, there were hardly enough left to throw the dead overboard. But this terrible experience did not prevent a renewal of the attempt. A dozen years later, in 1855, a second expedition sailed up the river, under Mr. McGregor Laird, who fitted out a small iron steamer for the purpose. An experienced physician who accompanied it, as soon as the steamer entered the river, began giving quinine to every man on board, in doses of about six grains. These were given every day, and continued for sixteen weeks, or all the time that the expedition was in the river, and was even kept up for a fortnight after it had crossed the bar again, and was out in the open sea. The result was that it did not lose a man! The scourge of Africa was completely disarmed. Thus fortified against the climate, the present expedition will probably be able to prosecute its voyage in safety, and we may reasonably anticipate great results from its prolonged and careful explorations.

COLONEL INGLIS, the Commandant at Lucknow, is a Nova Scotian. He entered the army as Ensign in Her Majesty's 32d Regt. in 1833, and is now its Colonel. He has seen considerable service in India, having taken an active part in the Punjab campaign of 1848-9. He was with his Regiment at Lucknow when the present mutiny broke out and since the death of Major Banks, who succeeded Sir Henry Lawrence, the whole defence of the Residency of Lucknow has devolved upon this gallant officer.

Col. Inglis married a daughter of Sir Frederick Theiger, M.P., who, with her youthful family, is sharing the hardships and trials to which the valiant little garrison of Lucknow has been so long exposed.

The Halifax British Colonist says:—

Nova Scotians may indulge in feelings of just pride in the reflection that Col. Inglis is one of themselves, and should he come safe out of the perils that yet surround his path, we doubt not that our Legislature will mark his heroic conduct in the same manner that they did that of our fellow countryman, General Williams.

It is worthy of note, that both in the Russian war and the existing fearful struggle with the mutinous Sepoys in India, Nova Scotia has occupied a front rank through those two distinguished officers, who have been foremost among the first.

For much importance can scarcely be attached to circumstances which are calculated to force upon the mind of the British Government and people, the conviction that in the Colonies may be found men capable of shedding lustre upon any position, however commanding and critical that position may be. We shall not breathe freely until we learn beyond doubt that all the perils which surround our brave countrymen and the gallant Havelock, who is now with him, have been surmounted.

A Ball Guest that Tarried Long.

Fourteen years ago a French officer, Ulrich while fighting against the Arabs, was struck by a ball in the eye. About ten days ago he had a slight attack of apoplexy which shook him greatly, and a few nights afterwards he was awakened from his sleep by a sense of suffocation. Jumping up, he found that the ball had by degrees worked its way down, and at last fallen from the upper part of his mouth into his throat. By violent efforts he succeeded in dislodging it, and he is doing well. The ball, though diminished by corrosion was found to weigh twenty-five grammes (about four-fifths of an ounce.)

Poor, or "pore," which is found to mark the termination of so many East Indian cities and settlements, signifies town. The Nagpore means the Town of Serpents. "Abad," and "patam," also signifies town; Hyderabad being Hyder's Town, and Seringapatam—from Sreringa, a name of the god Vishnoo—being the town of Sreringa. Allahabad, from "Allah" God, and "abad," abode, means the abode of God; that city being the capital of Agra, the chief school of the Brahmmins, and much resorted to by pilgrims. Panjab is the country of the Five Rivers, and Doab is applied to a part of country between two rivers.

At a trial last week a sexton, who had taken part at a marriage, was one of the witnesses.

Well, said the counsel, I thought your business was to bury people, and not to marry them.

Certainly, said the sexton; but we must first have a population before we can bury them.

We understand that Mr. T. P. Pemberton has just completed a splendid drawing of No 4 Engine. Our informant says that the drawing reflects much credit upon the artist, and that it is open for exhibition at the gas-fitting establishment of Mr. Thos. Campbell, Canterbury street, St John—*Recorder*.

LOVE AND GRAMMAR.—An interesting scene recently occurred in one of our public schools. In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," the word courting came to a young miss to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short; but as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed and held down her head. "Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, ma'am." Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? what does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last said, "It agrees with all the girls, ma'am!"

INERTIA.—This is used to denote the principle or law of the material world, that all bodies are absolutely passive indifferent to a state of rest or motion and would continue for ever at rest, or persevere in the same uniform rectilinear motion, were it not for the action of some extraneous force. Inertia is one of the inherent properties of matter, unceasingly offers itself for our observation during every action of our lives.

CAPTURE OF SLAVES.—Norfolk, Dec. 21.—The bark Wm. G. Lewis, 35 days from the coast of Africa, arrived here to-day. She was captured as a slave in the Congo river, by a boat expedition, commanded by Lieuts. Walker and Cummings, from the U. S. sloop of war Dale.

The brig Windward, supposed to be a slave, was also captured, and will probably arrive in a few days.

The British steamer Eleeter had seized the bark Clara B. Williams and an American schooner, about the same time.

Mrs. Williams, who had been captured after the seizure of the bark Clara B. Williams, is now in St. Peter. Her officers and crew were all well.