

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12. 67. PER ANN IN ADVANCE

No 29] 30

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1855.

[Vol. 25

From the London Family Herald.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy-chair, and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling a cloud of the perfumed smoke; "no, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womankind in general.—When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf.—But you see if she were any way jealous, she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry—I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate falling of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was daily instructed and trained at home to look close to the inevitable battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady, and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *à-la-tête* or flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaim-

ed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. Vane replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has indeed, and she danced admirably." Or, if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added, gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's slightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend a night from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it, towards his place of business. The quick perceptions of his wife had noticed a strange discrepancy in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out too. She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane.—"He has good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling, after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spoolish robes, and Mary was intrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the fore part of the vessel, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company. After you left home I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

"What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable and wife-like greeting?" Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's a circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—Lidlin? quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Harry Vane, very complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it's all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name casually you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here!"

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There, does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See! Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet!"

And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titlers and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. "To blow out at her, as I should like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp with her too! It is a pretty child enough, though of course it wouldn't be anything else and be my child; and she looks devoted pretty herself, too, to-day.—She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her!"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby as it determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned, he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called to Mary to take the baby, and, rising exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry in to dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!"

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who to tell the truth, was a little absent-minded), to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded of Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (?) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs. Vane. "We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account!"

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unnamable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Sonchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his

irritability, and won him back to good-humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and, save his penitent confession, made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech, there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

N. B. & C. Railway.

"Chancellor," the travelling correspondent of the *Portland State of Maine*, thus notices the works on the line of the New Brunswick and Canada Railway; his closing remarks show that he is fully competent to judge of the benefits which the Railway will be to the Province. This gentleman has written several letters from New Brunswick, in which he has spoken in high terms of its soil and climate. His last letter is dated from Woodstock, July 7:—

Through the politeness of Col. Tupper, I yesterday visited the line of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway. We left Woodstock at 9 A. M., and after a two hours pleasant drive along the bank of the St. John river, we reached Eel river, took a luncheon, changed horses, and started for the railway, at which point we arrived at noon at Ware's camp, where we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Ware, the engineer. After spending a short time in examining the farm, primitive shower bath, and sampling some beverage we tramped up the line for several miles, examined the site for the station house at Howard settlement, visited the deep cuttings and took a survey generally.

There are now at work upon the line over one thousand men, and the road is being vigorously pushed on towards the St. Lawrence river, then to connect with the Grand Trunk line of Canada.

The capital stock of the St. Andrews and Quebec railway, is \$3,000,000. The Province of New Brunswick, guarantees the road six per cent. interest on \$400,000, gives them a strip of land ten miles in width along the whole line of the road. The government also subscribes for one half of the stock issuing the debentures for the same. The liberality shown by the Province in aiding this road, presents a marked contrast to the narrow-mindedness of Maine, in refusing aid in the Aroostook road.

After spending several hours yesterday in examining the road, we returned to the camp and a fine dinner, and in the cool of the evening rode home enjoying the trip very much. Already upon the tips of the road is thousand of hard wood seasoned and all ready for the Boston market as soon as the road is opened. Spruce and Pine is abundant on the line of the road, as well as Tamarack and other woods.

The St. Andrews and Quebec railroad is destined to be of service to New Brunswick and the eastern part of Maine, opening a communication on the one hand with the Atlantic, and on the other with the St. Lawrence, passing through a country rich in natural resources, needing only facilities for reaching markets to have them opened up and developed.

Tell me ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are known no more?—Some lone and silent dell, some island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and snickering, answered, "quary place."

Only one o'clock.

Mr. —, coming home late one night from "meetings" was met at the door by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. —, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"Taint three—it's only one, I heard it strike. Council-always sits till one o'clock."

"Mr. soul! Mr. —, you're drunk; as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It is three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. —, it's one. I heard it strike one—as I came round the corner, two or three times."

The region at the West recently submerged by the overflow of the rivers, is now al-

llicted by miasma, caused by the decaying matter left upon the subsidence of the floods. Drones of hogs turned out upon the reclaimed lands along the Illinois shore, are dying off rapidly from an epidemic which has suddenly broken out; the health of the inhabitants is beginning to suffer.

Rather Inquisitive.

Old I. was one of the most inveterate jokers of the early times in which he figured. An anecdote is told of him, which has never been related in print, and never can be, perhaps with much effect, but we will endeavor to do it.

One fall, as he was returning from the legislature, on horseback, as usual at that day, he was halted from a house, by a garrulous old maid who had often annoyed him with questions on public affairs.

"Well," said she, coming towards the road, "what new laws have you passed this time?"

"Well, one singular law among the rest," he replied.

"Now tell! Now, what is it?" said the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town who has the smallest mouth, shall be warranted a husband."

"What!" said the other, drawing up her mouth to the smallest compass, what a queer curious law that is!"

"Yes but we've passed another that beats that—the woman that has the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, what?" exclaimed the old maid instantly relaxing her mouth and stretching it wider at every syllable; what a remarkable law that is, when does it come in force, L.?"

At this L. — put spurs to his horse and vanquished.

Butter Making.

It is well to have a cream pot or jar large enough to contain a whole churning, and then each time the milk is skimmed, let it be stirred thoroughly with what previously contained in the cream pot, keeping the jar in a cool place, that the cream may not become acid. It should stand twelve hours at least after the last is stirred in, before it is fit for churning. Cream put in just before churning will remain in the butterdishes, unless churned some after the butter from the older cream has come, and then it is difficult to get its whole value.—*Harold New Yorker.*

Colonel Hill at Horse Guards.

It is stated upon good authority that this excellent officer will soon return to Halifax, and again resume the command of the gallant "Green Cuffs" in this Garrison. It is very gratifying to learn that Colonel Hill was received at Horse Guards, by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, with the consideration and kindness at all times due to a veteran Soldier.—[*Halifax Journal.*]

A Jolly Time in France.

A Paris letter of June 25 says: complaints are made from every part of France, that the wells and springs are drying up, and it is said that wine will be cheaper than water this year. The wine crop it is said, promises to be the largest ever seen; old money casks cannot be had now for love or money, and the potters are busy making huge jars like the oil jars of the Arabian Nights for the superabundant grapes.

Sound of Sunset.

On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago when the North Carolina lay off the battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was.

"What's that? Why, that's sunset," was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes, "Sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and I want you to grind all the tools."

"Yes sir."

"The carpenter came home at night.

"William have you ground all the tools sharp?"

"All but the hand-saw," said Bill; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

The mother who saw another baby prettier than her own has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

"Did you not tell me, sir, that you could hold the plough?" said the master.

"Arrah! be aisy now," said Pat, "show the dooce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me? but give it me into the barn, and by jabsers I'll hold it with any boy."