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Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1866.

No 27

Poetry.

THIS IS ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Trying, trying—always trying—
Pulling down to save a fall;
Living by the dint of dying—
This is all!

Giving, giving—always giving—
Gathering just abroad to cast;
Dying by the dint of living—
At the last.

Sighing, sighing—sighing, sighing—
Sun in shade, and shade in sun;
Dying, living—living, dying—
Both in one!

Hoping in our very fearing,
Striving hard against our strife;
Dying in the steel of steering,
This is life!

Seeming to believe in seeming,
Half disproving, to approve;
Knowing that we dream, in dreaming,
This is love!

Being in our weakness, stronger—
Living where there is no breath;
Feeling harm can harm no longer,
This is death!

STATIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

CORRECTED UP TO MAY 26, 1866.

[Where two places are mentioned, the last-named is that at which the Depot of the Regiment is stationed.]

CAVALRY.

1st Life Guard-Regent's Park.
2nd Life Guards, Hyde Park.
Royal Horse Guards, Windsor.

1st Dragoon Guards, Madras, Canterbury.
2nd Do, Bengal, Canterbury.
3rd Do, Bombay, Canterbury.

4th Do, Cork.
5th Do, Dublin.
6th Do, Dublin.

7th Do, Bengal, Canterbury.
8th Do, Madras, Canterbury.
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13th, 1st bat., Aldershot, 2nd bat., Mauritius, Newry.

14th, 1st bat., Sheffield, 2nd bat., New Zealand.

15th, 1st bat., N. Brunswick, Chatham, 2nd bat., Gibraltar, Chatham.

16th, 1st bat., Canada, Colchester, 2nd bat., Nova Scotia.

17th, 1st bat., Canada, Aldershot, 2nd bat., Nova Scotia, Mullingar.

18th, 1st bat., Madras, Shorncliffe, 2nd bat., New Zealand, Curragh.

19th, 1st bat., Bengal, Chatham, 2nd bat., Birmah, Chatham.

20th, 1st bat., Bengal, Chatham, 2nd bat., Japan, Chatham.

21st, 1st bat., Glasgow, 2nd bat., Madras, Preston.

22nd, 1st bat., N. Brunswick, Parkhurst, 2nd bat., Mauritius, Parkhurst.

23rd, 1st bat., Bengal, Walmers, 2nd bat., Gibraltar, Walmers.

24th, 1st bat., Curragh, 2nd bat., Rangoon, Buttevant.

25th, 1st bat., Canada, Preston, 2nd bat., Ceylon.

26th, Bombay, Preston.

27th, Bengal, Buttevant.

28th, Aldershot.

29th, Madras, Chatham.

30th, Madras, Parkhurst.

31st, Portmouth.

32nd, Gibraltar, Buttevant.

33rd, Bombay, Belfast.

34th, Bengal, Colchester.

35th, Bengal, Chatham.

36th, Bengal, Belfast.

37th, Fernoy.

38th, Bengal, Colchester.

39th, Manchester.

40th, New Zealand, Chatham.

41st, Bengal, Colchester.

42nd, Bengal, Acheron.

43rd, N. Zealand, Winchester.

44th, Dover.

45th, Bombay, Parkhurst.

46th, Bengal, Newry.

47th, Canada, Pembroke.

48th, Shorncliffe.

49th, Bombay, Colchester.

50th, N. Zealand, Parkhurst.

51st, Bengal, Winchester.

52nd, Portsmouth.

53rd, Waterford.

54th, Gosport.

3rd ditto, Jamaica.

4th, ditto, Sierra Leone.

Cape Mounted Rifles, Cape Good Hope.

R. Canadian Rifles, Kingston.

Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, Malta.

Miscellany.

MY FARE.

A Cabman's Story.

Don't you make a mistake, now, and think I'm not a working man, because I am. Don't you run away with the idea that because I go of a morning and find my horse and cab waiting ready cleaned for me, and I jump up, and drives off, that I don't work as hard as any mechanic, because I do; and I used to work harder, for it used to be Sunday and week-days, till the missus and me laid our head together, and said if we couldn't live on six days' work a week at cabbing we'd try something else; so now I'm only a six-days' man.

Hansom cab, V.R., licensed to carry two persons.

None of your poor, broken-kneed, knackers for me. I takes my money into the governor's regular, and I told him that if I couldn't have a decent horse, I wouldn't drive; and I spoke a bit sharp, having worked for him ten years.

Take your choice, Steve Wilkins, he says; and I took it, and drives Kangaroo, the wall-eyed horse with a rat tail.

I had a call one day off the stand by the Foundling, and had to go into New Ormond Street, close by; and I takes up an old widow lady and her daughter,—as beautiful a girl of seventeen or eighteen as ever I set eyes on, but so weak that I had to go and help her down to the cab, when she thanked me so sweetly that I couldn't help looking again and again, for it was a thing I wasn't used to.

Drive out toward the country, cabman, the nearest way, says the old lady; and when we want to turn back, I'll speak.

Poor gal! I says, she's an invalid. She's just such a one as my Fan would have been had she lived; and I says this to myself, I gets on to my box, feeling quite soft; for though I knew my gal wouldn't have been handsome, what did that matter? I didn't like to lose.

Well, I says again, she wants fresh air; and I takes her up the hill and through Hampstead; and I touches Kangaroo on the flank, and away we goes, and I picks out all the nicest bits I could, and when I comes across a pretty bit of view, I pulls up, and pretends as there's a strap wanted tightening, or a hoop picking, or a fresh knot at the end of the whip, and so on.

Then I goes pretty quickly along the street, and walks very slowly along the green lanes; and so we goes on for a good hour, when the old lady pushes the lid open with her parasol, and tells me to turn back.

All right, mum, I says; and takes 'em back another way, after following the same plan; and at last pulls up at the house where I supposed they was lodgers, for that's a rare place for lodgings about there.

I has the young lady leaning on my arm when she gets out, and when she was at the door she says "Thank you" again so sweetly and so truly that it almost upset me. But the old lady directly after asks me the fare, and I tells her; and she gives me sixpence too much, and though I wanted to pocket it, I wouldn't, but hands it back.

Thank you, cabman, she says; that's for being so kind and attentive to my poor child. God bless her, mum, I says, I don't want paying for that.

Then she smiles quite pleasant, and asks me if it would be worth my while to call again the next afternoon if it was fine, and I says it would; and next day, just in the same way, I goes right off past Primrose Hill, and seeing as what they wanted was the fresh air, I makes the best of my way right out, and then when we was amongst the green trees, Kangaroo and me takes it easy, and just saunters along.

Going up hill, I walks by his head, and picks at the hedges, while them too, seeing as I took no notice of 'em, got to take no notice of me. I mean, you know, treated me as if we was old friends, and asked me questions about the different places we passed, and so on.

Bimeby I drives 'em back, and the old lady again wanted to give me something extra for what she called my kind consideration; but "No, Stevey," I says to myself, if you can't do a bit o' kindness without being paid for it, you'd better put up the shutters, and take to some other trade. So I wouldn't have it, and the old lady thought I was offended; but I laughed, and told her as the young lady had paid me; and so she had, with one of her sad smiles, and I said I'd be there again next day if it was fine.

And so I was; and so we went on, day after day, and week after week; and I could see that, though the sight of the country and the fresh air brightened the poor gal up a bit, yet she was getting weaker and weaker, so

that, at last, I half carried her to the cab and back again after the ride. One day, while I was waiting, the servant tells me that they wouldn't stay in town, only on account of a great doctor, as they went to see first, but who came to them now; and, last of all, when I went to the house, I used to be in a fidget for fear the poor gal would be too ill to come out. But no, month after month she kept on; and when I helped her, used to smile so sweetly, and talk so about the trouble she gave me, that one day, feeling a bit low, I turned quite silly, and happened to look at the poor mother, standing there with the tears in her eyes. I had to hurry her in, and get up on to my seat as quick as I could, to keep from breaking down myself.

Poor gal! always so loving and kind to all about her,—always thanking me so sweetly, and looking all the while so much like what one would think an angel would look,—it did seem so pitiful to feel her get lighter and lighter, week by week; so feeble, that at last, I used to go up stairs to fetch her, and always carried her down as a child.

Then she used to laugh, and say, Don't let me full, Stephen; for they got to call me by my name, and to know the missus, by her coming in to help a bit; for the old lady asked me to recommend 'em an honest woman, and I knowed none honest but my wife. And so it was with everybody—it didn't matter who it was,—they all loved that poor gal; and I've had the wife come home and sit and talk about her, and about our Fanny as died, till she's been that upset she's cried terribly.

Autumn came in very wet and cold, and there was an end to my jobs there. Winter was very severe, but I kept on hearing from the miss how the poor gal was,—sometimes better, sometimes worse; and the miss allus shook her head werry sadly when she talked about her.

January Feberwerry went by terribly cold, and then March came in quite warm and fine, so things got so forward, you could buy nighties werry cheap in April; and one night my wife tells me that it was as fine next day as it had been, I was to call, and take the old lady and her daughter out.

Next day was splendid. It was as fine a spring day as ever I did see, and I picks a duff-downwind in on each side of Kangaroo's head, and then spends two-pence in a couple o' bunches o' wilets, and pins 'em in on the side where the poor gal used to sit, put clean straw in the box, and then drives to the place with the top lid open, so as to sweeten the inside, because swells had been smoking there that morning.

Just run yer sponge and leather over the apron a bit, Biddy, I says to our waterman, afore I left the stand.

Got a wedding on? he says, seeing how pertickler I was.

There, look alive! I says quite snappish; for I didn't feel in a humor to joke; and then, when I'd got all as I thought right, I drives up, keeping the lid open, as I said afore.

When I draws up, I put the nose-bag on the old horse for him to amuse himself with, and so as I could leave him, for he wouldn't stir an inch with that bag on, to please all the placemen in London. Then I rings, and at last gets my orders to go and help the young lady down. I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and goes up; and there she was a waiting and smiled so pleasantly again, and held out her hand to me, as though I'd been a friend, instead of a rough, weather-battered street cabman. And do you know what I did as I went in there, with my eyes all dim at seeing her, so, so changed? Why I felt as I ought to do it, and I knelt down and took her beautiful white hand in mine, and kissed it, and left a tear on it, for some thing seemed to say so plainly that she'd soon be where I hoped my own poor gal was, when I always say we lost; but my wife says, No, not lost, for she is ours still.

She was so light now, that I carried her down in a minute; and when she was in the cab and saw the wilets, she took 'em down in her hand, and nodded and smiled again at me, as though she thanked me for them.

Go the same way as you went the first time, Stephen, she says.

And I pushed over all the quieter bits, and took her out beyond Hampstead; and there, in the greenest and prettiest spot I could find, I pulls up and sits there listening to the soft whispers of her voice, and feeling, somehow, that it was for the last time.

After a bit, I goes gently on again, all more and more towards the country, where the hedges were turning so beautiful and green, and all looked so bright and gay.

Bimeby I starts again, for there was a pretty view, and you could see miles away. Of course I didn't look at them if I could help it; for the real secret of people enjoying a ride is being with a driver who seems no more to be than the horse,—a man, you see, who knows his place.

But I couldn't help just stealing one or two looks at the inside where the poor gal lay back in the corner, looking out at the bright springtime, and holding them two bundles o' wilets close to her face. I was walking back

wards and forwards, then, patting the horse and so, and straightening the harness, when I just caught the old lady's eye, and saw she looked rather first, then, and she leans over to her daughter and tells her by name quickly; but the poor gal did not move, only stared straight out at the blue sky, and smiled so softly and sweetly.

I didn't want no telling what to do, for I was in my seat and the old horse flying amongst before you could have said Jack Robinson twice; and away we went, full pace, till I came up to a doctor's, dragged at the bell, and had him up to the cab in no time; and then he rode on the footboard of the cab, in front of the apron, with the blind let down, and he whispered to me to drive back softly, and I did.

The old lady has lodged with us ever since, for I took a better place on, purpose, and my missus always attends on her. She's werry fond o' talking with my wife about their two gals who have gone before; but though I often take her for a drive over the old spots, she never says a word to me about such things; but soon after the funeral she told Sarah to tell me as the wilets were not taken from the poor girl's hand, and sent me a note to buy a suit o' mourning.

Of course I couldn't wear that every day, but there was a bit o' rusty crape on my old shawl hat not such a werry long time ago; and I never buy wilets now, for now they lie in baskets in spring time, sprinkled with the drops o' bright water, they seem to have tears upon 'em, and make me feel sad and upset, for they start me off thinking about "My Fan."

MASSON AFFAIRS.—We observe that an Independent Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons has been established in Nova Scotia. This organization is in addition to the Provincial Grand Lodges, holding under authority of England and of Scotland. There are now three grand bodies having jurisdiction over subordinate Lodges in Nova Scotia.

In New Brunswick, at the present time, there is a district Grand Lodge holding under authority from England and subordinate Lodges working under authority direct from Scotland and Ireland. In Canada there is an Independent Grand Lodge, and subordinate Lodges operating under warrants from Scotland and England. In other Provinces we believe an anomaly of a like kind prevails. With these facts, and the knowledge of the difficulties which arise from the existence of such a state of things before them, we think the Faternity would display commendable wisdom by considering propriety of effecting an arrangement which would do away with these diversities of authorities, and the conflicting interests which arise from their maintenance, and of adopting some general plan for the better government of this time-honored institution. If a suggestion of ours would not be considered amiss, we would propose that there be organized, as speedily as circumstances will admit, and the consent and co-operation of the Parent Grand Lodges can be obtained, a Grand Lodge of British North America, under the patronage of the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland. And to further this design, we would recommend the assembling in Convention at some central or nearly central place—say St. John—of delegates from the Lodges in the various Provinces, vested with authority to consider all matters relating to the government of the Craft within their respective jurisdictions, and frame a scheme of amalgamation. [Morning News.]

AS DULL AS A HOE.—Why should the hoe be made the whipping post for so many blundered scythes, axes, knives, and other tools? As dull as a hoe!—Many a farmer works the year through with a hoe whose edge is thicker than an old-fashioned copper, when a few minutes turning of the grindstone would put it in good working order. A sharp hoe saves time and strength, and does one's work better than a dull one. No farmer will mow ordinarily longer than a day, without grinding his scythe: why not always keep and edge also upon the hoe?—[Ag.]

The London "Times" says that, according to the estimate of the commissioners, four hundred and thirty-eight persons were shot in Jamaica, during the time martial law was in force, about six hundred of both sexes flogged, and one thousand houses of the peasantry burned down.

A Mrs. Carver of Calais, who for some time has been troubled with a cancer in her breast, fell dead on Wednesday. A subsequent examination showed that the cancer had eaten into one of her blood-vessels, thereby causing her death.

Two hundred rubid canines were killed in Michigan City, this spring.

The spirit of the age—merit and nobility.

Rather ominous—to be importuned by your younger wife to get your hair bowed.

Say little, think much, and do more.

Almanacks 1866.

AN'S New Brunswick Almanac and star for 1866, can be obtained singly, or by the dozen for retail from J. LOCHARY & SON.

of the old Farmers Almanac always Nov. 30, 1865.

Intion of Partnership.

is hereby given, that the partnership subsisting between James Moran and Moran, of St. George, in the County of under the firm of James Moran & Son, is dissolved by mutual consent, owing to the said partnership are to be dissolved by the said James A. Moran, who is to settle all debts due to and owing from.

JAMES MORAN, JAMES A. MORAN.

1865, September 16, 1865.

TO BE SOLD.

in, if applied for immediately passed off by the 15th of April, the will be let and possession given on 1st May next.

THAT desirable situated House for business next to the Record Office has been newly-shingled and is in good repair, contains 6 rooms and a bath.

ALSO.—or Town lots, in good situations for purposes. Apply to subscriber, if payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

Rubber.

Rubbers.

AT THE

Albion House.

H. S. MAGEE.

has received an assortment of RUBBERS, Misses, Ladies, Gent's.

bbber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice present season, which with a lot of dresses and Ladies Boots, SKELETON SKIRTS, and the balance of stock of WATER DRY GOODS, SELL CHEAP for Current Money, in bills taken at the usual discount.

TORE NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED and now open for sale the very lowest prices: Hats, Bonnets, Corsets, and Ribbons.

AWLS. MANTILLAS.

FANCY DRESS GOODS, Grey and White Cottons, Stripes, and Regattas.

Corsets, and CORSET CLOTHS, Crashes; Towels, and Table Linens, Shirt-fronts, Collars, and Fancy Neck Ties, Boots and Shoes.

of Summer Stock daily expected, and when received, sold at a very small advance on cost.

D. BRADLEY.

dies Seminary.

T. ANDREWS, N.B.

KENDALL will receive a limited number of young ladies as boarders, in addition to the usual number of pupils.

The instruction comprises the use of the French and Italian Languages; and Arithmetic, Geo., phy., including of the Globes; Astronomy; History, and Singing, plain & ornamental Needle work.

French, Italian, Music, and Singing classes open to ladies who desire to pursue any of these studies exclusively.

utmost attention is paid to the comfort, manners, religious instruction, and personal conduct of the pupils.

TERMS:—and Tuition, including all the branches of instruction, £50 per annum.

DAY PUPILS.—including French, 8 0 0; Italian, 8 0 0; for season, 5 0 0.

REFERENCES:—Percy, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq., Esq., high school, Wm Andrews, M.A., McGill College, Montreal.

Bacon, S. Benson, M.D., Henry Cunard Esq., J. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D. Esq., St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves, and Worked Col-Garments for Boys & Girls.

ys Jackets, Sacks, Pants, Waists, &c. &c.

pattern can be used with ease.

JAS. McKINNEY.