

**BE SOLD.**  
Applied for immediately  
by the 15th of April, the  
let and possession give.  
1st May next  
I desirably situated House for  
business next to the Record Of-  
fice, newly fitted up and in  
repair, contains 9 rooms and  
L.S.O.—  
Lots in good situations for  
Apply to subscriber.  
nt liberal.  
D. GREEN.

**of Partnership.**  
by given that the partners, in  
ing between James Moran and  
of St. George, in the County of  
the firm of James Moran & Son,  
red by mutual consent.  
to be said partnership are to  
said James A. Moran, who is  
le all debts due to and owing

**manacks 1865.**  
3 New Brunswick Almanacs and  
1865, can be obtained singly  
the dozen for retail from  
J. LOCHARY & SON,  
old Farmers Almanacs always  
or 30, 1864.

**Rubber.**  
**Rubbers**  
AT THE  
**bion House.**  
S. MAGEE,  
ceived an assortment of:  
Misses,  
Ladies,  
er Overshoes.  
Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice  
present season, which with a lo-  
as and Ladies Boots,  
ELETON SKIRTS,  
the balance of stock of  
R DRY GOOD.  
CHIEF A P. for Current Money  
is taken at the retail discount.

**A NEW GOODS.**  
CRIVED and now open for sale  
very LOWEST PRICES:  
s, Bonnets,  
and Ribbons.  
/LS. MANTILLAS.  
NCY DRESS GOODS  
and White Cottons,  
Stripes, and Regattas  
s, and COSET CLOTHS  
Crashes; towel-  
ing & Table Li-  
ns, Shirt-fronts,  
rs, and Fan-  
Neck Ties,  
lars, Rubbers,  
Boots and Shoes  
A summer stock, daily expect d  
at a very small advance on  
D BRA LAY.

**ies Seminary,**  
**ANDREWS, N.B.**  
ENDALL will receive a limited  
young ladies as boarders, in addition  
of instruction comprises the  
in, French, and Italian  
Languages;  
nd Arithmetic, Geography, including  
the Globe; Astronomy, History,  
English, plain & ornamental Needle  
work, Italian, Music, and Singing class-  
es to ladies who desire to pursue any  
des of study exclusively.  
utest attention is paid to the comfort  
of the pupils, religious instruction, and person-  
al of the pupils.  
TERMS:  
nd Tuition, including all the branches  
ian, £50 per annum.  
DAY PUPILS,  
sh, £5 0 0 per ann.  
including French, 8 0 0  
8 0 0  
for season 0 5 0  
REFERENCES:  
Percy, D. J. Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,  
Esq. High School, Wm Andrews, M. A.,  
McGill College, Montreal.  
Bacon, S. Benson, M. D., Henry Cunard  
Esq.,  
Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo D  
Esq., St. Andrews.

**FOR SALE.**  
Hosiery, Gloves,  
a Worked Col-  
Garments for Boys & Girls  
ys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,  
Waists, &c. &c.  
pattern can be used with ease.  
JAS. McKINNEY.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[£2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7 1866.

No 10

## Poetry.

### NOTHING TO DO.

A strip of snowiest linen  
Half-bordered and stamped in blue,  
And the gleam of threadless needle  
Piercing the pattern through;  
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little Lady  
Sits sighing for something to do.  
Heaped on the table beside her  
Blossoms of every hue,  
Delicate, odorous roses—  
The fairest that ever grew;  
The vase stands ready while the sweet little Lady  
Sits wishing for something to do.  
Half hid under flowers a volume  
In daintiest gold and blue  
Just parted, as if it would open  
At the "Miller's Daughter" for you;  
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little Lady  
Sits sighing for something to do.  
A silent harp in the corner,  
And melodies old and new  
Scattered in pretty disorder—  
Songs of the false and true;  
The harp stands ready—still the sweet little Lady  
Sits longing for something to do.  
A sudden wind—weep and flutter—  
The door wide open flew;  
A step in the hall, and swiftly—  
"Take a bird to the threshold she flew;  
Blushing, already the sweet little Lady  
Forgets she has nothing to do.

## Miscellany.

### VIOLA ARLINGTON.

BY FLORA FAY.

Viola, Viola Arlington, just fancy I have been in the house full half an hour, and you have not offered to show me your wedding clothes, and have not even mentioned your approaching marriage. Really it is too bad, especially when I have come more than a hundred miles on purpose to be your chief bridesmaid.  
This was uttered by a bright little belle, Miss Minnie Clark, as she stood in the elegant drawing room of Mrs. Arlington. Her companion, Viola Arlington, was reclining on a large easy chair, and she turned her head quickly toward when her friend spoke, one who had been struck by the expression that flitted over the beautiful features, there was such a yearning look in the hazel eyes, and such a sad, sweet smile about the delicately curved lips; but, withal, there was something laity in the manner in which she turned the beautiful head with its weight of great broad braids.  
Oh! yes, my wedding clothes, Minnie, I had almost forgotten. Well, mamma will show them to you, she is mistress of all the preparations. She says they are perfectly beautiful.  
Viola, what are you talking about; your mamma says they are beautiful, and what do you say about them?  
Spare me, Minnie, I don't want to talk about them.  
Minnie Clark was silent a moment, and then approaching her friend, she would her white arms curiously around Viola's neck, while in a tremulous voice she asked:  
Viola, my friend there is some wrong, why do you talk so strangely for your wedding? Have you lost all confidence in the little Minnie you loved so much when we were constantly together?  
No, Minnie; I love you just as much, but why do you ask me such queer questions?—Do I not look gay and happy, and she laughed a hollow laugh, the echo of which drowned the soft sigh that she could not suppress.  
Look gay; yes, you look gay, but I know that you do not feel so. I have known it from the very minute I looked at your face; and, Viola, although you may deceive others as to your being happy, you cannot deceive me.  
Viola gently drew herself away from the affectionate embrace of her friend, and senting herself on a lounge with her head resting on Minnie's shoulder, she said quite calmly:  
Minnie, I will tell you all, but you are the only one I could tell. Everybody else thinks me so happy; but, oh! Minnie do they know what happy means? You know that I am to be married to Lord Clinton in another month, and Minnie I do not love him as I ought to; I respect and love him as I would a brother, but no more. You asked me once how it happened that I never fancied Lynn Rogers, he is so good and handsome. Well, Minnie, I did fancy him, and more I loved him, and

that summer I spent at Aunt Irwin's we were together almost constantly. We passed our mornings in study and reading, and then followed our rides, sails, and drives, and the pleasant evenings when also we sang, read, and talked. Oh! those were happy, happy days, but like everything else that was pleasant they came to an end too soon, and I had to return home. We were both good friends when we parted, and both expressed a wish that we would again renew our friendship, and that was all. I used sometimes to think that Lynn loved me, but every such thought was dispelled when we parted, for he did not betray more than ordinary emotion, which stung me to the quick, and summoning all my pride to my aid, I too appeared cold, but, oh! Minnie, I only appeared so.  
Minnie Clark started as her friend ceased for a moment.  
Viola, she exclaimed, can you, will you marry Lord Clinton? Oh! it is not right.  
Wait, Minnie, till I have finished. When I came home I was launched into scenes of gaiety immediately. I was pleased, because it made me forget my sorrow for awhile, and then mamma liked me to go in society a great deal. I soon met, Clinton, and he loved me, and asked me if my hand was free. I told him "Yes," silently rejoicing that he had said I was not married. Minnie do not blame me, I had no intention of accepting him at first, but he pleaded so eloquently, and said that I could either brighten or embitter his whole life, and I thought that if I could lessen mother's sorrow, I ought to do it, for I knew by sad experience what it was to love in vain. It cost me a hard struggle to say yes, but I did, and then I was repaid to see how happy it made him; but still there was always a dull ache in my heart, and I sometimes thought it wrong to deceive Clinton, but he was so good and noble I could not bear to tell him he was taking to his bosom a bride without her heart's best love. And then, Minnie, you know mamma, she was delighted, she says it is such a brilliant match, and that everybody is envying me. If they knew all, they would not envy me, would they Minnie? And Viola Arlington raised her head from off her friend's shoulder, and clasping the little white hands together, continued:  
This had unnerved me, Minnie, I thought I had almost buried the old love, and perhaps in time I will, but it is so hard. And then, you know, Lord Clinton is in England now, and on his passage out he was very sick, and Lynn Rogers was on board, and he waited on him like a brother, and they have become so much attached to each other that Clinton has persuaded him to remain with him ever since, and in his last letter he told me all about Lynn's kindness, and that he was going to invite him to return to our wedding. He little knows that it is useless for him to describe his friend to me, for his image is now etched in my heart of hearts? But, Minnie, I tire you, and I must not talk this way any more. It is the first time I have and it ought to be the last. Come now, and dress for company this evening, and watch me as closely as you like while I am surrounded by my ball-room friends and you will not see one regretful word or lurking sigh; whatever I may be to you, Minnie, I am proud before others, not even mamma knows of this.  
Minnie Clark kissed the now pale lips without a word, and followed Viola to her room to prepare for company.  
Viola had told the truth, for outwardly she was as light hearted as any; and thus, living this life of deception, two weeks flew by, and Lord Clinton was soon expected.  
Mrs. Arlington was in her element; her house was full of company all the time, and she gloried in the thought that her daughter had so far outshone all her acquaintances as to be intended bride of Lord Clinton. How well a coronet would grace her fair brow was her proud thought, while Minnie Clark sighed as she looked at the pale resigned face of Viola and secretly thought that although the coronet might sparkle with gems, there would be thorns beneath all the glitter, thorns that would pierce none the less because they were laid to the world's view.  
Minnie was sitting in her room one morning about a fortnight before Lord Clinton was expected, when her door was suddenly opened without any warning, and Viola, pale and cold as marble, walked in. Minnie started up with a  
What is the matter, Viola? but without speaking, her friend placed in her hand a letter, and telling Minnie to read she sank down upon the nearest seat. With a strange feeling creeping over her, Minnie unfolded the letter, and as she did so a smaller one fell to the floor. Picking it up she found it to be from Lynn Rogers. It was to Viola telling her in as gentle and calm a way as he could to prepare herself for a great blow, and then written in words of deepest sympathy Minnie read that Lord Clinton was dead—had just died the day before the one appointed for him to sail for home.  
Lynn said he had been with him constantly and had watched with him through all the stages of the fever that had so quickly changed

him for a victim. There were a few particulars in the letter, and then he closed by saying that he sent Viola a letter written by Clinton to her the day before he died.  
Minnie paused when she had finished Lynn's letter, but Viola mentioned her to read the other. Silently, and with trembling hands she unfolded page after page until she could read no further, and shaking into a chair she exclaimed between her broken sobs,  
Oh! Viola, this is too hard to bear, so young, so good and noble, and Viola how he loved you.  
But Viola spoke not a word. She seemed to hear her friend, but sat with her great eyes fixed vacantly on Minnie, who mastering her emotions, went on with Lord Clinton's letter to his intended bride. Every word of his expressed such feeling, such love, that the coldest heart would have been touched. He told Viola—his darling he called her—that she must love Lynn for his sake, for when he was sick among strangers Lynn waited on him like a brother, and not heeding Clinton's entreaties to leave him for fear the fever should by its death like grip on him. He told her every want, endangering his own life. And then, Clinton spoke in such endearing terms of Viola—he told her that he would die, and that if he could only see her for one moment, and feel her soft hand on his fevered brow, could give up life—bright and happy as the future seemed—with one half the struggle it now cost him. He said he was so weak that he could scarcely hold his pen; that Lynn was supporting him in his arms and steadying his hand, and Minnie could see that the papers were stained with tears—tears no doubt wrung from the very anguish of his heart. He wrote Viola that he had told Lynn of all his plans and had left message with him, and that he could execute all his orders. He would forward to his Viola all the wedding presents, she best knew what to do with them, and telling her not to sorrow for him, he closed his long sad letter with the loving hope, that although parted on earth, and denied the pleasure of fulfilling his greatest wish of clasping Viola to his bosom as his bride, that they might meet in a better and brighter world where there would be no parting—when Viola would wear a robe that would be brighter than her wedding clothes, and her head be adorned with a crown that would be more lasting than the coronet he offered.  
Minnie sobbed aloud when she had finished but Viola was perfectly calm no tear dimmed her beautiful eyes, and when she spoke her voice sounded cold and unnatural.  
Minnie she said, I will go mad. I feel as if I was turning to stone. Oh! I would suffer over and over again all I have suffered, if he could only have lived. Although he was not heart's choice, I loved him as a dear friend and brother, and I could have made him happy. Minnie, I am glad I never told him he had not all my heart's love. It has last sad hours the happier to think he possessed my undivided love. Oh! that I too could die, and Viola placed her hands over her ears to shut out the sounds of the merry voices below, their very echo seemed to mock her misery. You must tell mamma she added, for I cannot even now tell her of this. For my bridal, what will she do? Oh! Minnie, not yet.  
What will she do? Oh! Minnie, not yet.  
Minnie was determined. Viola, she knew could not stand the sound of the gay voices, and the exclamations of "How beautiful!" "How good!" and "Oh! I will she be happy!" that were continually wafted to her ears; after gently soothing the almost heart broken girl, Minnie left her to find Mrs. Arlington. Passing quickly down the broad staircase, she never paused till she passed into a large sitting-room, where Mrs. Arlington with some of her friends, were inspecting some of Viola's wedding presents. As Minnie entered, Mrs. Arlington exclaimed "Do come here, Minnie, and see this beautiful bracelet. How I do love Lord Clinton with some to-morrow's steamer," and Mrs. Arlington held up to Minnie's view an elegant hair bracelet, clasped with gold.  
Lord Clinton ordered it before he left, she said, noticing Minnie's pale face; "and it was only finished to day," and she read aloud the words that were engraved on the delicate clasp "Faith till death."  
Minnie could bear it no longer, and almost fainting, she managed to make Mrs. Arlington understand that she wished to speak with her.  
If Viola's grief was deep, her mother's was not less. Her daughter would never meet with another such a match was her constant cry.  
That night the clock struck one, two three and yet Minnie and Viola had not gone to bed. Silently, and with no third person present they had laid away all the beautiful clothes, the

presents, and all that would remind them of what had happened. Then, as the first grey streaks of morning appeared Minnie ordered her maid to pack her trunk and Viola's as she would start on the first train for home. Viola had not a word to say in all the arrangements—she had submitted passively to her friend; and long before her friends knew of what happened, the young girl was with Minnie hastening to the latter's home.  
Twelve months had gone by, and Viola was still with her friend. She had regained some of her former spirits, but could not, she said, return home, and indeed, she was not urged to, for Mrs. Arlington, being a very gay woman, had soon recovered her spirits, and did not particularly desire her daughter at home unless she would participate in her amusements and finding she would not, she left her with Minnie Clark who could not bear the idea of parting with Viola.  
One day Minnie and Viola had been from home, and while waiting at a station for the train, they were attracted by a conversation going on between two gentlemen.  
Did you know Lynn Rogers was home again? the one asked.  
No, is he?  
Yes, continued the first speaker. You know Lynn was very wealthy. Well, while he was abroad he met with a Lord Clinton, who got sick and died. Well, Lynn was very kind to him; and waited on him until he died, when Clinton left Rodgers the bulk of his fortune, but Lynn, like the noble fellow he is, would not accept a cent of it; but made it over to the heir-at-law; and this Clinton was engaged to be married to a Miss Arlington, I think.  
And did he make her over to Lynn too?  
Was the careless question.  
No, I did not hear that he did, but I always believed that Lynn was disappointed by somebody, but I never found out whom; but here's the train, and the two gentlemen passed on.  
Lynn Rogers home, kept ringing in Viola's ears. She wondered if he would come to see her, but neither Minnie or she alluded to what they had heard.  
When the two girls were at home, Viola went directly to her room, in passing through the parlor found a stranger there. A moment was enough to recognize this stranger her old friend, Lynn Rogers. He did not know Viola was there but came to see Minnie, and hear from his own friends. From talking of his absence abroad they soon spoke of Lord Clinton, and Minnie's heart ached when Lynn told of how hard it was for his friend to die without seeing the one he had soon hoped to call his own.  
Minnie soon perceived by Lynn quick start when she told him Viola was there, and by the hot blood mounting to his brow, that she had once suspected long before she knew Clinton, that Lynn Rogers loved Viola. Once sure of this, Minnie told him all, and she had concluded, he exclaimed:  
Can this be true. Oh! Minnie it is too good to be true. I used to think that Viola was beginning to dislike me, she acted so strangely.  
Because she thought the same of you, was Minnie's rejoinder; but, Lynn, I will let her speak for herself, and Minnie, hastily left the room to summon her friend.  
Long did the two that had, by their own folly been parted for years, sit and talk of all the events that had transpired since they last met, and that night when Viola's head pressed her pillow there was a happy feeling in her heart, such as she had not experienced for years.  
Another month and there was a wedding at Minnie Clark's, when Lynn Rogers received for his bride the peerless Viola. There was no pomp or show this time—no butterfly friends; just a few dear ones to witness their joy. And in after years in all their happy moments they never forgot the dear friend whom they both loved as a brother.

**LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.**—The human habitations on the "Pieraries" of Western Iowa, as the Missourians pronounce the word, are most commonly made of prairie sod, cut into blocks a foot long, eight inches wide and six inches thick, and laid up by a sod mason, without mortar. They are warm in winter, and thatched over with long prairie grass, shed rain perfectly. They have one room, one door and one window, and a sod chimney and fireplace at one end. A man is allowed to shelter here everything he thinks worth sheltering, first, himself; second, his "woman," and afterwards his children, his sack of flour, bag of corn meal and pile of bacon. Some houses are built of hewed logs daubed with common mud; and, since the introduction of steam saw-mills, one story framed houses of cotton wood, containing two rooms, have been built. Many of these houses accommodate very large families. With a man of a property who lived in a new house which had two rooms, one sixteen feet wide and twenty long, the other a kitchen ten feet by twelve, a family consisting of himself, his wife, nine children and six boarders (four men and two women) lived in it. A brother of this man, a justice of the peace, living near, keeps a wife and eleven children in a very similar house. A lodger reported that he slept in the room with the squire and his wife and nine children, twelve in all, and only three beds for them; and four dogs and seven cats lodged in the same room.  
A rich man will live in a cabin with a thousand dollars lying idle, rather than make any improvement in his style of living. A farmer from the slave States builds the cabin for his family with the sill-lying on the ground or on wooden blocks, a little raised so that the winter storms may sweep under, not a single timber lying level or standing plum, the doors and window panes, and the corners leaning either way, the eaves coming down to the crown of your hat, and the wind piercing through the crevices. His large herd of cattle stand out all winter, and his horses, mules, cattle and hogs all eat together the corn that is thrown on the ground for them, while the ravens light on their backs, watching for the loose kernels that may be scattered. His family, with all their cows, go without milk and butter, because they are too lazy to milk them. None of his class ever build a barn. Some of them erect a hovel covered with hay, and cobbled up with sticks, with hay at the sides, for one span of horses in bad weather. Their stock is never fat. They run at large and sometimes get ten miles from home.  
Their fire-wood is allowed to grow until it is needed to burn, and then cut only as fast as it is consumed; sometimes on a cold winter morning no fire can be built until it is chopped. Imprudence and shiftlessness are the prominent characteristics of the people.  
**An Examination for the Bar.**  
The following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar, is taken from the Western Law Journal, and is decidedly a good hit:  
The examination commences with:  
"Do you smoke, sir?"  
"I do, sir."  
"Have you a spare cigar?"  
"Yes, sir," (extending a short six)  
"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"  
"To collect fees."  
"Right. What is the second?"  
"To increase the number of his clients."  
When does your position towards your client change?"  
"When making out a bill of cost."  
"Explain."  
"We then occupy the antagonistic position—I assume the plaintiff and he becomes defendant."  
"A suit decided, how do stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?"  
"Check by jowl."  
"Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now you are aware of the duty you owe me?"  
"Perfectly."  
"Describe it."  
"It is to invite you to drink."  
"But suppose I decline?"  
"Candidate scratching his head, "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer the question."  
"You are right and the confinee with which you write the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate."  
In the days when servants were bought and sold to service in Massachusetts as in South Carolina, my grandfather had in his family a dour, called of course "Dinah." Now Dinah was fair to look upon, after sundry flirtations received, in her eleventh year a bona fide offer from a well-to-do Yankee of forty.  
"And why don't you leave him, Dinah?" asked my grandfather of the fair one.  
"Too old, massa," was the grinning reply.  
"Why Dinah, he is just in his prime."  
"Yes massa; but bimeby, when Dinah get her prime, den he hab no prime at all."  
**Luck and Labour.**  
"Luck" and "Labour" both begin with the same letter, but end with very different results. "Luck" is ever waiting for something to turn up; "Labour" with keen eye and strong will, bravely turns up something. "Luck" lies in bed, and wishes that the postman would bring him news of a legacy; "Labour" turns out at 6 o'clock, and with busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competency. "Luck" whines. "Labour" whistles. "Luck" relies on chance. "Labour" on character. "Luck" slips downward to indigence, "Labour" strides upward to independence.  
He who imagines that he can do without the world is much deceived; but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him is still more deceived.  
Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing the world can take away.