

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## Poetry.

### WHIMS.

BY MARY FORRETT.

I love to sit in the twilight,  
When the fire is old and dim,  
And hear in the click of the embers  
A tale that is ghostly and grim;  
To trace in the fathery ashes  
The faces and forms of things  
That come to my nightly visions  
And stir up my soul with wings.

When the heart of the midnight is beating  
Weird time with the watch in the wall  
And, followed on my heart, is dreaming,  
The thought that is dearest of all.

I love to lie low in the darkness  
And hear the storm-spirits go by,  
With a weeping at my window-shutter,  
And a wailing, eldritch cry.

To gather still closer my thoughts so true,  
In the face of the surrying foe,  
And go mauling down the river of sleep  
With all the sweet voices I know.

I love the thin cry of the cricket,  
On the hearth or the lonely moor;  
The woodpecker's rat-a-tap-tapping,  
Like Death, at the oldest door.

All sights and sounds in this kingdom on earth  
Have a touch or a tone that is sad,  
But the saddest sights and sounds I know,  
Are the sights and sounds that are glad.

## Miscellany.

### The Duke of Edinburgh.

Her Majesty's ship Galatea left Gibraltar for Madeira on the afternoon of the 11th of June, and the Duke of Edinburgh has now bid a long farewell to Europe. The departure of his Royal Highness was attended with all the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion and the important errand upon which the Galatea is bound—to circumnavigate the world and carry a Royal Duke in the foot-steps of Cook and Anson—a Royal Duke and his fortunes; for the Prince may now be said to have cut the ropes which held him to the shore, and to be fairly embarked in his own ship, to discharge a difficult and responsible duty.

In the afternoon of his departure his Royal Highness, attended by Lieutenant Haig, R. E. of the Equerry in Waiting, went on shore to say "Good bye" to the Governor, Sir Richard Airey. He was received as he landed on the new Mole Stairs with a Royal Salute, and a guard of honor, furnished by the 831 Regiment, was drawn up in front of the Convent, once in days of Spanish ownership the residence of the nuns of Santa Clara, now the British Government House. After bidding farewell to His Excellency and Lady Airey, the Prince returned to the New Mole in one of the Governor's carriages, accompanied by Sir Richard, and escorted by Major General Crotchley and the rest of the staff-officers of the garrison. The Royal salute was repeated as his Royal Highness left the Mole and crossed the gateway to go up the side of his ship.

It was not until past 2 in the afternoon that the Galatea quitted her moorings. As soon as the anchor was up, and as the screw juddered its first revolution, the Royal Standard was hoisted at the main. The flag went up the halyards in a bundle, but as it reached the track it "burst," and the streaming of the bright-colored bunting to the breeze was the signal for the men-of-war to dress ships, and for the first gun of another Royal salute from the Battery on shore.

The presence of the Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet and other chieftains had brought together an unusual number of ships of war. The Bay of Gibraltar has seldom been so well filled since the days of the siege, not even late when it was so crowded with Spanish vessels. In addition to the Admiral's flagship the Caladonia, there were lying off the New Mole the Ocean, the Arctura, the Psyche, the Trinacra, the Skylark, the Redpole, and an Italian gun frigate, the Principe Humbert, which screw frigate ship joined in all the demonstrations in honour of the English Prince.

The Galatea steamed slowly under the stern of the Arctura, and on passing the flagship the signal was made for "Royal salute and man yards." The crew lay out with wonderful quickness along the yards, and the ships thundered an almost simultaneous volley.

As broadside followed broadside in rapid succession, the slow moving masses of dense white smoke hung low upon the water, almost concealing the hulls of the ships, and then gradually stealing upwards had all but the Royal yards and the trucks developed till a

light breeze blew aside the thick veil, and only one the ships stood out clear and distinct against the thick wall of smoke rolling away behind.

The Galatea passed slowly on, and when clear of the fleet lay to in order to allow the Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, C. B., and all the post-captains to go on board. After an interchange of adieux the Admiral went on board the Psyche, and steamed alongside the Galatea, intending to accompany the Prince's ship as far as Tangier. After a short delay the Galatea picked up her boats employed in unmooring at the New Mole, and then stood for Cape Spartel, well started on her lofty cruise. From Madeira she proceeded to Rio Janeiro. As the whole voyage will be made under canvas it is advisable to get the benefit of the trade winds which will blow fair from Rio to the Cape of Good Hope. At the Cape the Prince will remain a month, and then should the advices respecting the epidemic fever at Mauritius be satisfactory, will probably visit that island en route for Australia. There is no programme made out as yet of the probable proceedings on arrival in Australia, but it is known that the Galatea will come home round Cape Horn, and that she may be expected in England in the course of 12 months.

### Mechanics.

Mechanics are the palace builders of world. Not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill. The spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art for strength and symmetry; the thousands of noble ships that cover the sea of the world; the magnificent steamers that plow the Northern lakes and Western rivers; the swift locomotive that traverse with the rapidity of lightning, are all the construction of that noblest of human beings—the mechanic.

Not an edifice for devotion, for business, for comfort but bears the impress of their handy-work. How exalting is their calling—how noble their pursuit—how sublime their avocation!—Who dares to sneer at such fraternity of noble high-minded men? Who dares to cast odium on such an eminent and patriotic race? Their path is one of glory, ambition, and honour, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest fame and renown.

And yet there are those empty headed beings, who presume to speak sneeringly of mechanics and their sons, because forsooth they can dress as well as their neighbors, are as well educated, and possess more brains than the sons and daughters of those who presume to be "Spartans," and all the while are living upon the hard and honestly earned money of their neighbors—often, too often, swindling them out of their earnings, and perhaps also borrowed money. Such instances are by no means uncommon.

### Cutting Hay Early.

It is now better understood than formerly that some kinds of hay should be cut early, especially for cows. But in the degradation of our doctrines we are disposed to go to the extreme. Because some grass cut in June or early in July, makes better hay, it is not to be assumed that all grass that grows and matures rapidly and early, and very soon, if not cut, loses its good quality, and this is so also of some other kinds of grass growing on rich and warm uplands and on highly cultivated land. But there is a great deal of meadow which affords a very superior quality of hay, though cut late in August. This is the case with much of the bottom lands, or river meadows, where the grass does not mature, but its growth by the fourth of July, and it cut so early, would want its superior quality. It dries up rapidly, the juices being only partially developed, and it lacks nutriment. Any one who has had occasion to mow a strip of such grass in the early part of July, and to cut the grass adjoining this strip four weeks later, will be struck with observing the difference, not only in quantity, but in the quality of the two cuttings. There is also a great deal of upland natural meadow, where the grass is of slow growth and where the quality of it for hay improves greatly as long as it continues to grow, retaining its good color and rich aroma quite late in the season. It is a sort of low-temperature, such meadows will furnish an excellent quality of hay cut as late as the first of September.

[Country Gentleman.]

"Am I not a little pill?" inquired a lady, who was stout and corpulent, of a craggy old hawkester. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

News-papers.—News-papers are a good thing. Everybody should have a newspaper. The printer prints the Courier and Journal, and some folks like one best, some like the

other. It is very wrong to cheat the printer.

## TELEGRAPHIC.

[Special Telegrams to the Morning Journal.]

MONTREAL, July 11.

Mr. Cauchon has not succeeded so far in forming Ministry for Quebec, but hopes to do so in a day or two.

Some hitch occurred on the School Question during the original negotiations.

Sanfield Macdonald's Ontario Cabinet will be announced shortly.

Said that Brown and the extreme Reformers are furious because he undertook the task of forming one, and denounce him as a traitor to the party.

There seems to be good foundation for rumour that elections will take place early in August.

All the prominent Conservatives who attended the Toronto Catholic Convention were refused admission.

Several priests also withdrew on account of the insult they received from Brown's Fenians.

The Convention has been denounced by Bishop Lynch and the clergy as an attempt to play into hands of their life enemy Geo. Brown.

Flour quiet with few sales. Number one superfine old \$7.20 to \$7.30; new \$7.30 to \$7.50; Strong Baker's \$7.50 to \$7.60. Provisions firm, no recent change in prices.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND Nymphs.—On coming between the bluffs I saw the beach was already covered with natives, and we had not reached all the distance to shore when we beheld a host of them in the water swimming towards us. Fearing some treachery I looked to my pistol, but the interpreter told me they were only the Waivines come to greet us, and I soon perceived that they were in all good spirits. On they came, shouting, laughing, and playing in the water like a school of mermaids till we were in their midst, when it was with the greatest difficulty we could advance. We were also in momentary danger of a capsize from the number that endeavored to clasp us into the boat, most of whom we unceremoniously ejected. Their costume was the simplest that can be adapted. A few had a garle of leaves around their waist, but most had not even this unpretending garment.

At the suggestion of the interpreter I allowed two of the chief persons present to come into the boat. The rest desired from their efforts to board us, but along about the boat, and with around it, while, with the other extended towards us, they exclaimed, "Me backy, me backy." These expressions all of of manufacturing tobacco, which, though the weed grows luxuriantly on all the South Sea Islands, do not themselves know how to prepare. We landed on the rocks near a little cascade that burst from an overhanging cliff, and fell into a wide basin of fresh water clear as crystal. Some children were here filling water-shells, and the young women, I observed, as they emerged from the sea, threw themselves into this bright bath before resuming their tapers, the salt water being considered injurious to the skin.—[Lemon's Wild Life among the Pacific Islands.]

WOULDN'T OWN UP.—Joe Stetson was a will, rubbing below, who spent most of the time in drinking and spree, while his wife Polly was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that night. Night came, but Joe did not. The next day passed, but about noon Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw meat than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed—

"Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?"

"Polly," said Joe, "do you know Long Jim Andrews?"

"Who whipped Joe?" asked Polly.

"Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

"But tell me who whipped Joe?" continued Polly.

"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you never did see such a fight as me and him had—When he clinched me, I jerked loose from him, and then you him three or four of the most sou'westers you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved."

"Joe, do tell me who whipped?" continued Polly.

"Polly," said Joe, "you don't know nothing 'bout fightin'. I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and tumbled—first him on top, then me on top—and then the boys took pat me on the shoulder, and collar. 'Go in I Stetson!' We then gouged and bit, and tore up the dirt in both Runnelas grocery yard, worse nor two wild bulls. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm monstrous hungry."

"Joe Stetson," exclaimed Polly, "is a tonic

bristling with anger, "will you tell me who whipped?"

"Polly," said Joe, drawing long sigh, "I looked."

## A MONTREAL OPINION OF THE ROUTE QUESTION.

The Montreal Trawle Gazette discusses the question of route for the Intercolonial Railway, in an article on the subject it says:

There are many points to be considered in making choice a route. Expense of construction is a primary one, though perhaps others may be of more weight. The safety of the road in time of war is of the last importance, a mistake in this respect might some day prove to be an exceedingly costly one. Again, the consideration of which route will give the greatest amount nor yet the economical working of the road and the time occupied in transit from one terminus to the other.

Without venturing to give a decided opinion on a subject of so much a difficulty, and not desiring to anticipate the discussion which will take place in due time, we may be allowed to intimate the direction in which our own convictions carry us. In doing so, we would refer to a communication which appears in other columns under the initials W. M. B. St. Andrews, N. B., in which the writer offers a few reasons for preferring the frontier line, running from Rivere du Loup to Woodstock, passing through the West-rn portion of New Brunswick at no great distance from the frontier of the State of Maine. From Woodstock to St. Andrews, there is a road already built, which would make the distance to be constructed very much less than by either the central route through New Brunswick, or by the North Shore Line. We are inclined to the opinion that the balance of advantages are in favor of this route, the only objection of weight being from a military point of view, inasmuch as the road, being closer to a possibly hostile frontier, would be more exposed to the attacks of an invader than that quarter than if run at a greater distance ther from.

The natural difficulties of the country on the American side of the line, however, are great obstacles in the way of an invading force, and tend much to lessen the force of this objection. We do not agree, nevertheless, with W. M. B. in the selection of St. Andrews as the terminus of the road. St. John, we consider as much to be preferred. It is now the chief city of New Brunswick, and a long way ahead of all competitors. The very fact that it is so, seems to prove that its natural advantages are superior to those of any other port in the Bay of Fundy, whether we consider those it has for the cheap construction of vessels, or the comparatively thickly settled country which draws its supplies from the markets of St. John. In selecting a route for the Intercolonial, it is always well, too, to choose for a terminus a port to which a large number of vessels are already trading, or are likely to be induced to come, and St. Andrews in this respect, is certainly far behind St. John now, and for a long time to come, all events, must continue to be so.

We will not at present discuss at length the reasons, which have led to the foregoing conclusions, but we shall probably return to the subject on a future occasion, and at greater length than now."

NOTE.—The correspondent, who we believe to be our townsman Mr. Back, C. E., did not state in his letter, that St. Andrews was the only port, but that the choice lay between St. John and St. Andrews, as open winter ports. The logical reasoning of our contemporary of the "Trawle Review" is not faultless, or even if we have not a large number of vessels loading at that port, we have had, and it is probable we will have again. It is but a lame argument to urge that we have but few vessels. We trust that Confederation will improve our position, socially, morally, politically and commercially. Mr. Back's absence from town, prevents our referring to the copy of his letter.—[ED. STANDARD.]

The Maine Farmer tells of a young man and woman who got married in Bethel last winter, and the next day the happy couple started on their honeymoon tour into the woods, where he had contracted to cut a large quantity of cord wood. He built a camp, where he spent his time in promoting the comforts of her husband, and on Saturday night they both made their appearance in the village to secure their supplies for the next week's work, and returned on Monday morning to their camp, as happy as a king and queen. There are the willing hearts and strong hands that will cut their way through life, instead of whining for some turn of fortune's wheel, which rarely ever turns up right for those whose only watching is simply for a streak of good luck.

Comparing the cost of living with an undertaker's bill as an exchange concludes that, upon the whole, it is cheaper to live than to die.

It is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both. A truly learned man is liberal toward his opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty and compassionate toward failure. Only the ignorant and half-educated and dogmatical, illiberal and intolerant.

AN OYSTER STORY.—A laughable incident occurred at the Jackson (Tenn.) depot recently. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and never having seen oysters, were somewhat astonished at the appearance of the bivalves.

What heinous? exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. How can eat, eh? Golly! I think you nuffin 'cept a bone. Yah! Yah! he continued, laughing at his own wit, "I see some white man tink nigger a fool when he call dat tink later."

Just then he discovered an open oyster, and seizing it, eyed it closely. Not satisfied with this examination, he placed it to his nose, but no sooner was that organ in-erted between the shells than they closed—Nigger howled with pain, and called out:

Pull um off! pull um off!

But the more the oyster was pulled, the more it would not let go; and as poor Cuffe danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful.

"Hit um with a stick, said a buxom wench; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will; but Cuffe's head went with it.

Pinch he tail, cried a little nig, and he sure let go!

But there was no tail to pinch, and poor Cuffe seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an intelligent contraband' whipped out a knife, and it soon severed the oyster. Cuffe looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark:

Um got no tail, but is powerful!

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times, it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

Not many days ago a young lady from the country went into the store of a merchant, bought a thousand miles from Columbia, and asked if he wished to purchase a couple of chickens at the same time throwing a pair of live ones on the counter.

"Why, yes," he replied; "but will they lay there," meaning whether they remain on the counter for a few moments.

"Lay there?" archly retorted the rustic beauty; "No, Sir! they won't lay nowhere.—Them's roasters!"

I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good, said Edwin to his Julia. Health! I have had the plague ever since I was married, was Julia's response.

COMPOSITION.—A boy, who is bound to be a statesman, recently read the following in school at Muscatine:

**New Fancy Goods.**  
St. Andrews, N. B., May 8th, 1867.  
ALBION HOTEL, Water St.,  
Market Square.  
JOHN S. MAGEE is now daily receiving his stock of  
New Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,  
which were bought when markets were at low rates, and are offered at low prices, inspection by intending purchasers is solicited.

**CARD.**  
Opening of New and Fashionable Millinery.  
Mrs. MAGEE has much pleasure in informing the Public that she will be prepared Saturday next to display her new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods. The readers of the Standard and all other persons are particularly invited to call, and examine the same.  
May 8. Mrs. J. S. MAGEE.

NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN  
THE HAMMONTON TRACT OF  
LAND IN NEW JERSEY  
The tract of land known as the Hammonton Tract, containing about 10,000 acres, was purchased by the State of New Jersey in 1792, and was then divided into lots of 100 acres each. The lots were then sold to the public, and many of them have since been purchased by individuals. The tract is now being offered for sale in lots of 100 acres each, and is a very desirable location for settlement. The land is fertile and well watered, and is situated in a healthy and pleasant climate. The tract is bounded by the Delaware River to the east, and the Atlantic Ocean to the south. The distance from Philadelphia is about 100 miles, and from New York about 150 miles. The tract is a very desirable location for settlement, and is a very good investment for those who wish to purchase land in New Jersey.

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Dr. Parker  
Has removed to the Cottage in Queen Street, adjoining the Agency of the Commercial Bank, nearly opposite to the Store.  
St. Andrews, Nov. 19, 1866.

Anthracite Coal.  
20 Tons Red Ash Egg Co.  
SALT  
100 Sacks Coarso Salt.  
Dec. 7. J. W. STREET

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B. R. Stevenson.  
Attorney at Law and Solicitor  
in Clerk of the Peace office.  
St. Andrews, July 13, 1866.

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