

Almanacks 1866.
New Brunswick Almanack and
for 1866, can be obtained singly
or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
the old Farmers Almanack always
at N. B. 30, 1865.

Partnership.
her by given, that the partnership
between James Moran and
of St. George, in the County of
the firm of James Moran & Son,
dissolved by mutual consent.
owing to the said partnership are to
be paid to James A. Moran, who is
the all debts due to and owing
thereon.

BE SOLD.
If applied for immediately
use of by the 15th of April, the
will be let and possession given
on 1st May next.
I have a desirable House for
business next to the Record Of-
fice; has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
a bath.

Rubber.
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House.
H. N. S. MAGEE,
has received an assortment of
Gums, Ladies,
Gent's,
Over-shoes.

Ladies Rubber Patented Boots, a nice
and the present season, which with a le
children and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
INTER, DRY GOODS,
sell CHEAP for Current Money
in Bills taken at the usual discount.

More New Goods.
RECEIVED and now open for sale
the very lowest prices:
Hats, Bonnets,
Gloves, and Ribbons,
AWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
Linen, Stripes, and Regattas
Silkies,
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
neous, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
Lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.

For Sale.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
r Garments for Boys & Girls
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
h pattern can be used with ease.
W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.
Esq., St. A. 1865.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1866.
No 21
\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE



ELECTION.
CHARLOTTE to wit.
ALEXANDER T. PAUL, Esquire, High Sher-
iff of the County of Charlotte, having re-
ceived Her Majesty's Writ for the Election of
Four able and discreet persons to serve in the
General Assembly of this Province, for the said
County do, in obedience thereto, hereby Proclaim
and give Public Notice, that a Court will be held
by me at the County Court House, in the Town
of St. Andrews, on THURSDAY, the 7th
day of June next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for
the purpose of the said Election; of which all
persons will take notice and govern themselves ac-
cordingly.

And in case a Poll shall be then and there de-
manded, I do hereby further proclaim and give
Public Notice, that Polling Booths will be open-
ed on TUESDAY, the 12th day of June next,
at 8 o'clock A. M., and will continue open
until 4 o'clock P. M., of the same day at the
following places, to wit:—
For the Parish of St. Andrews at the County
Court House.
For the Parish of St. David, at the head of Oak
Bay.
For the Parish of St. Stephen, at Salt Water near
the head of Tide Waters.
For the Parish of St. James, at or near the Kirk
on the Scotch Ridge, and at or near the resi-
dence of John King in the Baillies Settlement.
For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Digdigash
Mills.
For the Parish of Dumbarton, at the Rolling
Dun.
For the Parish of St. George, at the Lower Falls
and at the Upper Mills.
For the Parish of Penfield, at the School House
near the Episcopal Church.
For the Parish of Lepreux, at or near William
McGowan's, New River.
For the Parish of West Isles, at or near the School
House, in Chocolate Cove.
For the Parish of Campo Bello, at or near the
School House in Welch Pool.
For the Parish of Grand Manan, at Grand Har-
bour and at or near the residence of Lorenzo
Drake, North Head—for the purpose of
taking the said Poll.
And I hereby further Proclaim and give Public
Notice, that the said Election will be open-
ed, on SATURDAY, the 16th day of June
next, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the County
Court House, and the persons chosen to serve
in the General Assembly, will be then and there
openly declared. Of all which said Proclamations
all persons will take due notice and govern them-
selves accordingly.

ALEX. T. PAUL,
High Sheriff of Charlotte.
Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews.
May 16, 1866.

The following extracts from the Election Law
are published for general information:
Sec. 35.—"The resident electors shall vote in
the district in which they are registered; the non-
residents at the Court House or building used
therefor in the Ship Town, unless they have se-
lected another polling district."
Sec. 40.—"The following Officers, Poll Clerks, Can-
didates and their agents, may poll their votes in
the district where they are acting, though they
do not reside therein, if, on the day of nomination
their names are certified and entered as qualified
by the Sheriff or the Clerk containing the check
list, and the Sheriff shall strike such names out
of the list of the district in which they are qual-
ified to vote."

ALEX. T. PAUL,
Sheriff.
May 16, 1866.

THE ELECTIONS.
The following are the dates of the Elections
in the several Counties named below:—
County. Election. Dec.
Northumberland, My. 21, 26, 28,
Carleton, " 22, 26, 28,
Albert, " 25, 29, 31,
Simsbury, " 26, 30, June 2,
Gloucester, " 30,
York, " 26, June 1, " 4,
Queen's, " 5, " 9,
St. John Co. June 2, " 6, " 9,
" City, " 2, " 7, " 9,
Charlotte, " 7, " 12, " 16.

In balancing the action of the Government
of Nova Scotia in this momentous crisis with
the motives of the meeting from whom this
Address emanates—that the Queen's Govern-
ment will rightly judge where lies that revolu-
tionary tendency with which this Address
would fain attach to the proceedings of the
faithful and loyal representatives of this Pro-
vince.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
W. F. WILLIAMS.

Miscellany.

A STORY OF TWO KISSES.

I am an old man; so old am I that, looking
back, life seems so very long, and yet so short
that I do not quite know whether many things
did not happen in a dream. I am hale and
beardy, and merry, for the matter of that; and
when I laugh, my laugh rings out clearly and
loud, they say; so much so that it makes the
people around me, especially my grandchild-
ren, and nephews and nieces, laugh too.—
And when I laugh the old times come back
when others, who are silent now, laughed
with me, and then I am suddenly still, and the
laugh dies away; and when I think of it it
empty echoes fill my brain just as if it were
sleep-laugher in a dream.

When I stay laughing so suddenly—for the
meriment and enjoyment, and, for the matter
of that, the grief and pain of old men, are
short and sudden, like those of children—my
grandchildren, and nephews and nieces, have
a great difficulty to stop too; and they choke,
and nudge each other, and say, Ah! that is
a good story, Uncle; almost as good as the
story you told yesterday.

Told yesterday; let me see what it was
that I told yesterday? How long ago it
seems; it must be longer ago than the time
when I was only twenty years old, a stalwart,
brave fellow in yellow breeches, black leg-
gings, a heavy brass-bound leather belt,
with a white plume tipped with red, and a
clanking sword, which I now could not lift
with my two hands. I was a royal volunteer
then, prepared to resist the French; and I
and some of my company were encamped in
white tents on the coast of Kent.

Yes; people think me very merry. And
so, bless Heaven! I am, for I try to stand up-
right, four-square to the world, as a man
should; but being an old man, I have blank
places in my heart now, where no love grows
any more; and I feel that I cannot
laugh back; and when I dare not tread and
touch lest sudden pain should come back, like
the shooting of an old wound.

Been in love? Yes, I should think I
have; how else could I have grandchildren,
these people who laugh so well and hearty
when I laugh, and make me tell how old I am
a score of times, and say how well I am look-
ing?

Been in love? I think I was talking of that,
was I not? Yes, been in love! Well, we
just did love when I was a young fellow, and
I recollect my Alice, and I recollect her, as I
love her now. I think that she could do any-
thing but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth,
or do a wrong action. Her face was a sweet
oval face; her hair a very dark brown, nearly
black; and her eyes a deep blue, full of
meriment at one moment, aye at all moments,
except when she heard a sad story or was
touched with pain for any one else, and then
they grew deeper and deeper as they filled
with tears. Not for herself. She never cried
for herself that I know of, for she never had
a day's illness. But she was terribly cut up
when her poor brother died, and that you see
was how I knew her. Her brother was my
right hand man in my company. Many is
the time that she stood shoulder to shoulder with
me, good at drill, good at song—good at any-
thing. He used to live near the coast; and, in-
deed, he joined us, and I was one of his tent-
fellows, and his drum.

Well, he knew people that I knew, and we
were soon friends; and he took me home to
show me Alice. He was always talking about
her, and she about him; and when he was
there, scarce a look did she give. Her brother
Joe—his name Joe, and mine too—could do
everything, and was the be-all and end-all of
the world, I used to think; and so one day I
tried to run with Joe, and Joe beat me, and
Alice laughed; and then I shot against Joe,
and he beat me too, and she laughed the more;
and I wrestled with him and threw him, and
she didn't laugh then, but ran to see whether
he was hurt, and said it wasn't fair for Joe to
tackle a big fellow like me, although he was
nigh an inch taller. In short, I could not
please her any more.

Well, it was one day when we heard that
the first-mentioned boat of old Boney were not
coming over, and that the army of Boulogne
had melted bit by bit away, like a snow drift,
that he made a night of it. Ay, it was a night,
too! and being hot in the summer, we must
keep up the fun till the sun came up over

the seacoast, looking red and angry at our
folley. Well Joe and I, the two Joes as they
called us, ran down on the beach and washed
our hot faces and plunged in the fresh, salt
waves, and were in a few moments as fresh
and as merry as larks. And after dressing,
Joe must needs take a walk with me—who
was nothing loth, you must know—along the
edge of the cliff. The seas for centuries have
been washing that chalk-bound coast, and at
intervals there stand up pillars of chalk, with
seas around them, and with little green patch-
es of land, a few yards square, on top of them.
The people call such a place, "No Man's
Land," and no man can own it, truly. Well,
Joe came to one of these a few feet—say
twelve—from the cliff, and turning to me, said,
Joe, Joe, said he. I think I see his bright
face now—I challenge you to leap on that No
Man's Land, I do.

Joe, said I, hurriedly, don't be a fool! It
may be it would give way at the top, and if it
did not, how could you jump back without a
run? You'd be stuck on the top there, like
a mad sentinel or a pillar salt. I'm not go-
ing to jump it.

But I am, said he. And before I could
stop him, if indeed I had tried, he took a run
and jumped.

It was so sudden that I could only stand a-
ghast when I saw him there. He stood, in-
deed, but for a moment, and then he took a
step back, when I heard a rumbling sound,
and half the top of the "No Man's Land" part-
ed and the chalk and earth, and Joe, fell down
with a crash upon the rocky coast below.

I ran around the little creek to the other
side of the small bay, and throwing myself down
on the turf, stretched my neck over, looked
and cried out, Joe! are you hurt, Joe?

A faint voice came up, and I could see the
poor fellow struggling under a huge piece of
chalk which seemed to hold him down in agony.
He smiled in a ghastly way with his
whitened face, and said, Ran, Joe, run! The
tide's coming in!

Well, I did run, and we got ropes from the
tents, and a few strong fellows laid those as if
swung sung over the cliff, just reaching poor
Joe as the cold sea water was lap, lap, lapping
up to his mouth, taking away his breath, and
then running back, crawling over him and
leaving bubbles of salt foam, as if sport. I got
him out, but he could not stand. Some bones
were broken and he was badly bruised, so that
I was forced to tie him to a rope, and they
hailed him up, and afterwards pulled me up,
and we took him home.

Well, I'll make a long story short, poor
Joe died, with praises on his lips, and poor
Alice bowed her head like a broken lily. It
was a long time before she got over it, and
summer had grown into winter, and winter into
summer, and all to winter again.

The threatened invasion was all over; our
swords were getting rusty, our uniforms dirty
and when the holidays came I left the firm
in which I had just become a partner, and
went to spend a fortnight at my old friend's
in Kent.

Alice was there, well and cheerful now, and
reconciled to her loss, though we often talked
of poor Joe; and as the days wore on we
grew close together, and she called me by
my name and seemed to have transferred her
brother's love to me. She never told me so
nor let others see it one merry Christmas
night, when she rejected all her cousins and
her other friends, and would only dance with
me.

We had a mistletoe, too. At last one madcap
fellow proposed that the ladies should kiss the
gentlemen all round when and how they could,
and Alice and I, who had subsided into solemn
talk, and were speaking of poor Joe, were sur-
rounded, and it was insisted that Alice should
play too; and she, in a solemn, quiet way,
slipping sally yet sweetly too, took me beneath
the Christmas bough and kissed me on my
lips.

Ay, it's many years ago, but I feel it now.
My heart bent so fast that I hardly dared re-
turn it; but I put my arm around her and
took her gently to the bay window of the old
hall, saying, as I pressed her hand, Alice, dear
Alice, did you mean that kiss?

Well I need not tell you what she answered
'tis fifty years ago! and I am surrounded with
Alice's dear grandchildren; and there is one,
a little thing with light and golden hair that will
deepen into brown, who plays around my knees
and tells me her little stories, her sorrows
and her joys; so quick so sudden, so hurried
in their coming and their going, that they are
like my own, and, as we talk, we grow quite
friends and companions like my Alice was to me.

Bless you, she understands it all? She is
a woman in her pretty ways; for her poutings,
petting and quarrellings. She manages her
household of one wax doll and two wooden
ones, and tells me, for the wax doll is the lady
and the wooden are the servants in the mob-
caps and stuff gowns, when they are impudent
and do no work, and when they gossip with a
wooden policeman who belongs to her, brother,
little Joe.

So we are fast friends, little Alice and I;
and to-night, on Christmas night, I noticed

that she would not dance nor play with the
pink and shiny-faced little boys who were so
unnaturally tidy and clean in their new quick-
brockers, with red stockings; but she came
and sat by me and talked softly in the firelight
as Alice did, and made me think of fifty years
ago. And only think how old times came
back and new times like the old; only think
that when her mother told her she should
choose a sweetheart, she got a little bit of mis-
chief, and climbing on my knee, holding me
in talk as if to hide her purpose—though I
guessed it soon, I'll tell you—she put her little
doll-like arms around my neck, and holding
the mistletoe above my head she kissed me
again and again, said I was her sweetheart.

So this child sweetheart brought the old
times back—the old times that are still so dis-
tant and so near; and with the sweet kisses
'neath the rustling leaves made me think of
my dead Alice in the grave.

Why Spain destroyed Valpariso.

The history of the present war against Chili
goes back to the unwarranted seizure of the
Chincha guano islands from Peru by a Spanish
naval officer. This embroiled Peru with
Spain, and during that quarrel Chili, in the
exercise of her sovereign rights, declined to per-
mit the Spanish war-vessels to take in coal in
her ports for the purpose of war on her sister
republic. This seized upon by Spain as a pre-
text for quarrel with Chili. It never was a
cause for war. Spain made no pretence of
that at the outset. She sent a negotiator
ostensibly to settle the difficulty by the ex-
change of diplomatic notes. But that negoti-
ator was a Spanish Admiral, with a powerful
squadron at his back. He did not treat the
dispute as one in which a question of right was
to be settled, but proceeded upon the theory
that he had force to compel the theory that he
had force sufficient to compel the Chilians to
agree to his terms. He was exacting, insolent
and domineering, and at last presented an ul-
timate, and declared the whole coast of Chili
under blockade. This was during the pen-
dency of negotiations. Such proceedings
were of course resisted by the Chilians, war
was the consequence, and the course of Pa-
reja's squadron the Spanish Admiral, was almost
unanimously condemned by the nations of
Europe, as well as of America. Soon after
a Chilean vessel succeeded in capturing one of
Pareja's squadron, and, under the mortifica-
tion of this defeat and the trouble he had rush-
ed into, he killed himself on his own ship.

The news of the little naval victory obtained
by Chili, in the capture of one of the block-
ading vessels seems to have aroused fiercer re-
sultment in Spain, and we now have the re-
sult.

THE WEIGHT OF PEOPLE.—What is the
average weight of a man? At what age does
he attain his greatest weight? How much
heavier are men than women? What would
be the weight of fat people—and what of very
fat people? M. Quetelet of Brussels some
years ago deemed such questions quite within
the scope of his extensive series of researches
of man. He got hold of everybody he could,
everywhere and weighed them all. He weigh-
ed the babies; he weighed the boys and girls;
he weighed the youth and the maidens; he weigh-
ed the soldiers, factory people, pensioners; and, as
he had no particular theory to disturb his
facts, he honestly set down such results as he
met with. All the infants in the Foundling
Hospital in Brussels, for a considerable period,
were weighed, and the results were compared
with others obtained similar establishments in
Paris and Moscow. The average returns
show that a citizen of the world, on the first
day of his appearance in public, weighs about
six and a half pounds—a boy baby a little
more, a girl baby a little less. Some very
modest babies turn the scale with two pounds
and a half, while other pretentious youngsters
boast of ten and eleven pounds. M. Quetelet
grouped his thousands of people accord-
ing to ages, and found that the young men of
twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three
pounds each, while the young women of twenty
have an average of one hundred and twenty
pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk
at about thirty-five, when their average weight
was one hundred and forty-two pounds; but
the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when
their average weight was one hundred and
twenty-nine pounds. Men and women to-
gether averaged almost exactly one hundred
and forty pounds.

AN AMERICAN AUNT OF BRITISH LOYALTY.
"The Princess Helena of England," says
the Gazette de France, "by her marriage
with Prince Christian of Augustenburg, will
become the niece of a New York lady named
Lee. The family of this latter some years
ago established them at Paris, hoping, as is
not unusual with rich Americans, to form an
alliance with some noble European family. There
were two young ladies, both of whom
attained their wish, as one married Baron
Wachter, Minister of Wertenburg, at Paris,

and the other some time after inspired with
the warmest love, Prince Frederick, brother
of the late Sovereign Duke of Augustenburg,
and uncle of the present Princess. The mar-
riage took place at the United States Embassy
as Paris, and the bride and bridegroom started
for the east on a wedding tour. They had
reached Beyrouth, in Syria, when the Prince
had taken ill and died. His widow returned
to the house of her sister, the Baroness Wach-
ter, and now becomes aunt of an English Prin-
cess.

CHOLERA PREVENTATIVE.—In these times
when cholera is expected, and when every
body would seek to remove all that is offensive
to sight or smell, the following is surely worth
trying:
"One pound of green copperas (costing seven
cents) dissolved in one quart of water and
poured down a privy, will effectually concen-
trate and destroy the foulest smells. For wa-
ter closet on board ships and steamboats, about
hotels and other places, there is nothing so
nicely to cleanse and purify those places, as sim-
ple green copperas dissolved; and for sick
rooms, it may be placed under the bed in any
hospital or other places of the sick, free from
unpleasant smells. For butlers' stalls, fish
markets, slaughter houses, sinks and wherever
there are putrid and offensive gases, dissolve
copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few
days the "bad smell" will pass away. If a cat
rat or mouse dies about the house and sends
forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved
copperas in a cup or jar, anywhere within
"smelling distance," and the cure is sure. I
have known a stock of dry goods which were
nearly spoiled by a skunk under a store, to be
cleansed and restored simply by sprinkling
dissolved copperas about the floor."—[Salem
Gazette.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—In a village not a
thousand miles from the city, there lives a
quiet, unobtrusive young lawyer. A modest
fellow is M.—(merit is always modest), but
he knows his rights, and knowing, dares main-
tain them. Like a great many others, he is
"following the practice," and anticipates a glo-
rious time when he overtakes it.

Some time ago, having been retained in
some cases, he made his appearance before an
august dignitary—a Justice of Peace. "His
Honor" evidently lost faith in M.—at first
sight; for one after another of his cases "col-
lapsed" under the stunning charges delivered
by the Court.

The law and the testimony were alike un-
availing. M.—'s cases were bound to go.
At last human nature would bear no more.
M.—, rising from his seat, delivered him-
self in his usual slow and measured manner.
"The Court can fine me \$5?"

For what, Mr. H.—? said the Justice,
somewhat surprised.
For contempt of Court," coolly rejoined Mr.
M.—.

"I am not aware, Mr. M.—," said the Court,
of your having been guilty of any act which
be considered contempt."
"I know your Honor is not aware of it,"
said M.—, "but I entertain a secret contempt
for this Court."

A Baptist minister visiting the oil region in
Kentucky, found one of his brethren actively
engaged in the work of getting petroleum, who
insisted that it was an altogether Scriptural
occupation, Job having been in the oil busi-
ness. Some doubt being expressed at this
novel statement, he at once got a Bible, and
turning to Job 29, 6, read: "The rock poured
me out rivers of oil." "Now says he, 'what use
do you suppose Job had for three thousand
camels and five hundred yoke of oxen, unless
it was to carry his oil to market? He cer-
tainly did not need that many for farming.'—
As he had no railroads then, he needed them
if he had a flowing well of oil." He says he
gives this interpretation for the benefit of his
ministering brethren engaged in this business,
hoping they will use their eloquentia wealth,
when they get it, as liberally as Job did his.—
[N. Y. Methodist.

The bark Dr. Kano, from Londonderry, with
passengers, arrived at Halifax a few days ago
where about a 180 were landed. The vessel
immediately afterwards cleared with the re-
mainder for this port; but a disturbance
breaking out among some drunken sailors on
board, which led to the arrest of ten of the
party, led to the detention of the vessel for a
couple of days. The Halifax papers say the
passengers are nearly all Scotch miners and
mechanics, there being only eight Irish pas-
sengers in all.

A good word is as easily spoken as a bad
one.

Died.
At St. John, on the 12th inst., after short
illness, Mary Anne Elizabeth, widow of the
late Honorable Charles Jeffrey Peters, for-
merly Her Majesty's Attorney General of
this Province, aged 68 years.

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