

# JOHN S. MAGEE,

Is desirous of calling the attention of the Public to a large and varied stock of Goods received from steamers "United Kingdom," "Nawn" and "Apsol" consisting in part of

FRENCH MERINOS, COBURGS, BLANKETS, OTTONS, in white & unbleached, very cheap. Braces, Soutages, Clouds, Garibaldi, Maria Stewart Hoods and Opera Mantles, COTTON FLANNELS, OSNABURGS

Prints, Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels, Thin Flannels in all colors. We can confidently recommend our Flannels as good, and will sell cheap.

A large and varied stock of

BOOTS and SHOES, in childrens, youths, Boys, Mens, Misses and Ladies—warranted manufacturers. Would call special attention to his white Warps which are made from the very best Southern foot ton and warranted sound, well made and good.

Also the St. John Warps, Parks' make, prepared for the Loam.

If you want good value for your money, come to the

ALBION HOUSE, JOHN S. MAGEE.

2,000 Gallons ALBERTINE OIL,

Just received from the manufacturer at Saint John and will be sold wholesale or retail at the lowest rates, by the Subscriber. Please enquire for yourselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN BALSON, Kennedy's Arcade, Water St. St. Andrews, Aug. 29, 1867.

Sugar & Molasses.

Ex "Loyalist" from Barbados via St. John, 17 lbs. Choice Barbados Sugar, 18 lbs. do do Molasses.

June 27, 1866. J. W. MAGEE.

1867. Almanacks 1867.

McMILLAN'S New Brunswick Almanack and Register for 1867, can be obtained singly at ten cents, or by the dozen at a retail from J. LOCHARY & SON.

A supply of the old Farmers Almanack always on hand.

St. Andrews Nov. 30, 1866.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the partnership lately existing between James Moran and James A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of Charlotte, under the firm of James Moran & Son was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by the said James A. Moran, who is authorized to settle all debts due to and owing by the said firm.

JAMES MORAN, JAMES A. MORAN.

St. George, September 16, 1865.

Rub. Rubber.

Rubbers

AT THE

Albion House.

JOHN S. MAGEE,

Has received an assortment of

Childrens, Misses, Ladies, Gent's,

Rubber Overshoes.

Also, Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice article for the present season, which with a

of Childrens and Ladies Boots, SKELETON SKIRTS,

and the balance of stock of

WINTER DRY GOODS,

He will sell C. H. E. A. P. for Current Money American Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale at the very lowest prices:

Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, and Ribbons.

SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, AND FANCY DRESS GOODS

Grey and White Cottons, Shirting, Stripes, and Regattas

Pinto, silicas, and COARSE CLOTHS

Crashes; Toweling & Table Li-

neus, Shirt-fronts, Collars, and Fan-

cy Neck Ties, lars, Rubbers,

Boots and Shoes.

Balance of Summer Stock daily expected per Steamer "Europa" and when received will be sold at a very small advance on cost

D. BRADLEY.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves, and Worked Col-

Over Garments for Boys & Girls

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

Each pattern can be used with ease.

June 23. JAS. McKINNEY.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

12 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 27, 1867.

No 14

## Poetry.

AULD LANG SYNE.

DONE IN DARTAN.

The following jeu d'esprit was written by the minister of a small rural parish, near Perth, with reference to the Highland belief in the antiquity of the Gaelic language:—

Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,  
An' never brocht to min',  
For shell be spoke in Paradise  
In the days o' auld lang syne.

When Eve all fresh in beauty's charms,  
First met fond Adam's view,  
The first words that he'll spoke till her,  
Was "Cumar aghum dhu."

And Adam in his garden fair,  
Whenever the day did close,  
The dish that he'll to supper teak  
Was always Athole brose.

When Adam from his leafy bower,  
Came out at break o' day,  
He'll always for his morning teak  
A quack o' usquaque.

An' when w' Eve he'll had a crack,  
He'll tent his smoochin' horn,  
An' on the tap ye'll weel nitch mark  
A penny law cairn.

The smoochin' snail is fine, my friend,  
The smoochin' snail is grand;  
We'll tak it hearty smoochin' my friend's  
An' put his hand to hand.

When man first found the want o' claes,  
The wind and could to leg,  
He twisted round about his waist  
The Tartan phibag.

He musn't first on earth be heard  
In Gaelic accents deep;  
When dhuil in his outer space  
The bicker o' a sheep.

The bray bagpipes is grand, my friend,  
The bray bagpipes is fine;  
We'll tak it hearty smoochin' yet,  
For the days o' auld lang syne.

## Miscellany.

An Evening at a Lecturo.

It is very curious to study an expectant audience. Some sit resignedly upon their seats, comfortable as the reverse, as the case may be; thinking of nothing, or thinking of something, just as it happens, in a sort of amiable chert; the end-stupor, oblivion of the slow-dragging moment. Others pull out watches for frequent consultation, shuffle feet, and take an affectionate and mournful and fond look at a furtive cipher, which can be of no possible present use. Others with an envious forethought draw from the depths of coat pockets the daily papers, and studiously apply themselves to the contents, to the manifest envy of that improvident class who are obliged to fall back upon the unsatisfactory employment of twirling their faggy thumbs. As for the ladies, bless 'em! they are never at a loss. Are there no gloves to pull off, to show a diamond ring to advantage, and glistening brooches to settle, and the last finishing polish to put upon hair, already groomed to the satin smoothness of a respectable hair sofa? This duty done, the first bonnet within range passes under the inspection of an inexorable martinet, viz.: "Did she make it herself?" or, "Is it the approved work of a milliner?" "Does her hair curl naturally?" or, "Does she curl it?" "Is her collar real lace?" or, "Only imitation?" These professional detective-queries, so amusing to the general female mind, while away the time edifyingly, especially when there is a variety of heads within eye-range for minute inspection.

FANNY FERN.

A DEADLY DEATH.—A young French musician of much promise, named Benoit Denis, met with a terrible death near Vera Cruz last December. He had been performing at a country house of a wealthy American merchant residing near Vera Cruz, quitted the heated concert room to refresh himself in the pleasure grounds and enjoy the cool evening air. Feeling thirsty, he took up an alcazar which he happened to see near a fountain, filled it with fresh water, and put it to his lips—Frightful screams instantly attracted the company to the spot. Denis was lying the earth, his hair on an end, his features livid, the body and tail of a monster scorpion protruding from his gaping mouth. The reptile whose bite is more venomous than that of a scorpion, had taken shelter from the heat in the cool porcelain bicker. As Benoit approached the vice to his lips the scorpion had sprung at his open throat. In vain was the reptile's

body cut away. Once its fangs close on their prey it is impossible to tear them open. A surgeon who chanced to be among the guests proceeded to cut them out of the flesh, piece by piece; but by the time the operation was over the poison had produced its fatal results, and after three hours of agonizing convulsions the unfortunate young artist expired.

## A Conductor Caught.

'Halloo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind!'

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The baggage master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks—men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive, snorted and puffed and blowed.

A man curiously dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was neither a man of wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder called out—

'Halloo, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!'

'Time enough, I reckon,' replied the individual addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. 'All aboard!' cried the conductor.

'Go on Limpy!' said he, as he passed the lame, curiously dressed man.

The lame man made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly, took a seat.

The train had moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

'Hand out your money here.'

'I don't pay,' replied the lame man, very quietly.

'Don't pay?'

'No, sir.'

'We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station.' And he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

'Better not be too rough, young man,' returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment; and seeing he could do no more then he soon passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor, and asked him:

'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?'

'No, sir.'

'Are you sure of that, sir? replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor could tell what would be the next movement in the scene.

And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come, perhaps, through no fault of his. He could revenge himself as he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once.

Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange pedlar, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hard-hip; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunts.

Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his book from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

'I resign my place, sir,' he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning him to the vacant seat at his side, said:

'Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you.'

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face in which there was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

'My friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very

imprudent. Your manner had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so, I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take your book, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing that has happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued Good-morning, sir.'

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—'Don't judge from appearance.'

## A Father-in-Law in Spite of Himself.

The London correspondent of the New Orleans Delta writes the following to that newspaper:

A good sell is related of a wealthy banker here, who is very good natured, but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty one and a remarkably handsome, modest and intellectual.

For these qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was poor as his salary, and had no connections to push him after fortunes, and so, like most English clerks, he would rise to one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and marry, when he gets two hundred a year, henceforth to vegetate and find that the additional ten pounds a year only kept pace with the additional babies in the household.

The banker on Sunday afternoons, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at the suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could be of advantage to his children. This was a mistake, evidently, but it was a good-natured error, and we can only wish, all of us, that more were committed. I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in an English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions on the part of the young man other than the most delicate, reserved and proper.

This will most always be the case with English youth, as Americans well know. The youth in spite of two or three days' invitation to the banker's country seat, to breathe fresh air and clear his lungs of London smoke, was evidently very ill, although he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

I cannot make out what is the matter with my young clerk, said the banker to a conferee who was in his office with him, after the youth had just brought in some papers.

'Well you are green, I should say, for a man of your life time and experience, said banker number two.

'Don't you see what's the matter? he's in love.'

'In love! bah! It is modesty and propriety itself.'

I tell you it's a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would of yourself.

Oh, the haughty old fool! my clerk is as good as his daughter, and he hangs to him. Thank you for the hint.

As soon as banker number two had gone, the clerk was called in.

So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affections—that's the secret is it? why did you not tell me before, sir?

The youth was silent.

Well, my boy, I pity you, but will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair she is worth making a risk for. There are £500 and two months leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah, don't look so stupid, I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me.

The clerk fell on his marrow bones and was on the point of making a clean breast of it when the old man arose and left precipitately to avoid the scene. The young man considered and acted, and the result was the next day there was no daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house. The house was in consternation, and a search was made for her in all directions. A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness and another from the clerk, stating that believing the banker had meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his place consent owing to appearances, he had acted on the suggestion, and ere his father-in-law had received the letter he would be his son in law. The pill was a bitter one, and the joke a terrible one against him; so it was hushed up and has only got to the ears of the purveyors of scandal and to your correspondent, who records it as a trait of London life.

We understand that Mr. Harry Gove, son of Dr. S. T. Gove of St. Andrews, has received the degree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, having passed a very satisfactory examination.

We understand it his Dr. Harry Gove's intention to practice in connection with his father at St. Andrews; under such auspices, it is believed he will secure a large share of public confidence and professional practice.—[Telegraph.]

## MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

HEAD QUARTERS, FREDERICTON, 20th March, 1867.

Commissions signed by his Excellency the Commander in Chief:—

First Battalion Charlotte County Militia. Ensign R. M. Jack to be Lieut. 20th Mar. '67. Elder Shiner, Gent. to be Ensign, 20th do. Edwd. B. Chandler, Gent. do. 21st do. John Breen, Jun. Gent. do. 22d do. James Simpson, Gent. do. 23rd do.

By Command. G. J. MAUNSELL, Lt. Col. Adj. Gen. of Militia.

## Lonely People.

Men who isolate themselves from society, and have no near and dear family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says, "Happiness was born a twin," but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious, and not intended to march through life either in double or in single file. In paring time, i. e., during the honeymoon, individuals of opposite sexes may find it very pleasant, not to say delightful, to walk apart from the unsentimental world, two and two. But as a general thing they are ready enough to rush back into the crowd when the billing and cooing season is over.

Let us now have a group of lovers, and let us see of them, and they have been condemned to a life-long *l'adieu* in the wilderness, and Sappho would have jumped into the sea to escape a cruel, had she been compelled to matrimonial solitude with the man for lack of whose love she made "a dump body" of herself.

It has been well said that the vital principle grows weak when isolated. The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the trouble of keeping soul and body together. You must have a heap of others to make a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they become dim and cold. So to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives, to keep each other warm as it were, to afford to each other mutual encouragement and confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not that of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

## MEETING OF COURTS.

The Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace, will be held at the Court House on Tuesday the 9th of April next.

At which time and place all Magistrates, Coroners, and Constables of said County and all persons required to be at these Courts are hereby publicly notified to give their attendance.

A. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte.

St. Andrews, March 20, 1867.

## PROBATE COURT.

In the matter of the Estate of Alexander Grant, late of the Parish of Saint Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, deceased.

WHEREAS George D. Street and Charles W. Warshaw, Esquires, Executors of the last Will and Testament of the said Alexander Grant, deceased, have this day filed their Account with the said Court, and have prayed that the Creditors and next of Kin of the deceased, and all persons interested in the said Estate, may appear and attend the passing and allowance of the said account.

Notice thereof is therefore hereby given, to all the Creditors and next of Kin of the said deceased, and to all persons interested in the said Estate, and they are hereby cited to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the Office of the Registrar of Probates in Saint Andrews, in the said County of Charlotte, on Wednesday the seventeenth day of April next, at the hour of Eleven in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowance of the Account of the said Administrator.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, this thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1867.

R. R. STEVENSON, J. W. CHANDLER, Registrar of Probates. Judge of Probates. for the County of Charlotte. pro hac vice.

## Choice Fish.

A few Bundles 20 lbs. each Bundle, choice Pollock Fish, for family use, are offered for sale by the subscriber, at One dollar and twenty five cents per bundle.

JOHN S. MAGEE, Albion House.

## HAY.

20 TONS best Screw Hay.

March. J. W. STREET.

## NOTICE.

It has been ordered by His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in Council that on and after the first day of May next, at the Fees, Perquisites, and other Revenues, (except the Commission allowed on Postage Stamps) derived at any of the Post Offices in this Province, in connection with the duties thereof, shall be collected by the officer in charge, and accounted for as belonging to the general Revenues of the Post Office, to the Head of the Department.

JOHN MILLAN, Postmaster General.

Post Office Department, Fredericton, N. B., 6th March, 1867.

To the Court of General Sessions in and for Charlotte County.

The Petition of the Parish of Hamble sheweth,

That Petitioner is a Householder, residing in the Parish of Hamble, in said County, and is desirous of obtaining a Licence to keep a TAVERN at (here specify the place and building) in said Parish. That Petitioner is a person of orderly and sober habits, and has the means of comfortably entertaining travellers, and is prepared in all respects to comply with the Laws of this Province, and the Regulations of this Honorable Court, relating to the Sale of Spirituous Liquors and the keeping of Taverns.

And as in duty bound will ever pray.

Dated [Paris] [signed] A. B.

The above petition is to be accompanied with the following recommendation signed by not less than two freeholders, viz:—

The Subscribers, resident freeholders in the Parish aforesaid, certify that we know the above named petitioner, that we believe the statements by him above subscribed, and recommend that the prayer of his petition be complied with.

The foregoing is the form of petition to be signed by applicants for Tavern Licenses at ensuing Sessions, which petition is to be in Court on or before Thursday the first week of the Court.

Blank forms of petition may be had at the Office of the Clerk of the Peace.

GEO. S. GRIMMER, Clerk of Peace.

St. Andrews, March 8, 1867. Courier 6 weeks

## TO BE PUBLISHED.

OF 96 PAGES EACH (PERIODS 12 NOS. ALTOGETHER) IN NUMBERS.

A WORK ENTITLED "Political Notes and Observations."

A glance at the leading Measures that have been introduced and discussed in the HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

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Under the Administration of Sir W. M. Colebrook, Sir E. W. Heath, Hon. J. H. T. Munro, Sir J. W. Heath, Hon. A. H. Gordon, extending over a period of twenty-five years.

BY G. E. FENBY, (QUEEN'S PRINTER).

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