

JOHN S. MAGEE,
desirous of calling the attention of the Pub-
lisher and varied stock of goods received
from "United Kingdom," "Nawn" and
"H" consisting in part of
COBBERGOS,
BLANKETS,
ONSABURGOS
Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels
Plain Flannels in all colors,
can confidently recommend our Flannels as
and will sell cheap.
BOOTS and SHOES,
dressed, youth, Boys, Mens, Misses and
not warranted manufacturers.
I call special attention to his white Waps
made from the very best Southern foot
I warrant sound, well made and good
for the wear.
You want good value for your money, come to
LEON HOUSE.
JOHN S. MAGEE.
2,000 Gallons
LBER TEE OIL,
received from the manufactory at Saint
and will be sold wholesale or retail at the
rate, by the Subscriber. Please enquire
directly, before purchasing elsewhere.
JOHN BALSON,
Kennedy's Arcade, Water St.
Andrews, Aug. 20, 1866.
gar & Molasses
"Loyalist" from Barbados via St. John.
do } Choice
do } Barbados Sugar.
do } do do Molasses.
J. W. STREET.
37. Almanacks 1867.
MILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanack and
Register for 1867, can be obtained singly
cents, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LEITCH & SON,
supply of the old Farmers' Almanack always
on hand.
Andrews Nov. 30, 1866.
Resolution of Partnership.
TICK is hereby given, that the partnership
lately subsisting between James Moran and
A. A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
lotte, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
this day dissolved by mutual consent.
I certify that the said partnership is to
be dissolved by the said James A. Moran, who is
authorized to settle all debts due to and owing
to said firm.
JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
George, September 16, 1866.
ab. Rubber,
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House,
JOHN S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
Childrens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Rubber Overshoes.
Ladies Rubber Balmors Boots, a nice
lot for the present season, which with all
Childrens and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
WINTER DRY GOODS,
will sell CHEAP for Current Money
strictly Bills taken at the usual discount.
MORE NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest prices:
Hats, Bonnets,
Gloves, and Ribbons.
SHAWLS, MANTILLAS,
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
Lining, Stripes, and Regattas
Pants,
Silkies,
and COBBER CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
neus, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
Lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.
Balance of Summer Stock daily expected
Steamer "Europa" and when received
it be sold at a very small advance on cost
D BRADLEY.
FOR SALE.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
ver Garments for Boys & Girls
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
Each pattern can be used with ease.
June 23.
J. S. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 13, 1867.

No 12

Poetry.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots to-night,
Before the fires are dry in g;
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying.
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

These little feet with copper toes!
They run the living day;
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away;
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new plowed ground,
Where mud is plenty less;
They roll it up in marbles round,
They bake it into pieces.
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries!

To-day I was disposed to scold,
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk up stairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put these socks away,
O God what shall I do?
I mourn that there is not to-night,
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor cross the way.
Could keep their carpets all the year
From getting worn and gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak to these little ones
Let each of us beware,
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there.

Miscellany.

LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges in indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it in the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself; but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and encased herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably rejoins:—
"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do?—It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."
I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look into the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket.

Evergreen, she will rejoin, don't mention the idea or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket!

Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as a cat. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and by-the-by, there's the chimney! why not look up that as well?

Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it.

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I myself obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report. I've done it rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:—

Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself. But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me, both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public

most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must under no circumstances be imparted to that lady. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years they have been) if I say I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love-affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it? Far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that Gus Evergreen was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstances which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him among the "young ladies." When that time had expired Fred said he really must go as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunk. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred used to put it on to the country air and the quiet which was benefiting his health, etc., but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought of Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking into one's eyes, as if to captivate them for her mere personal amusement. At any rate she had a larger share of beauty than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her if he tried all his life," that "without her life was naught to him," that she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast, etc. etc.

After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. This went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel, rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrances unavailing, he went. The landlord (honest old Downbury—wonder if he lives!) gave Fred, at my suggestion, the best bedroom, "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downbury. "Any friends of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long as I'm landlord. It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for the scenery? He was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expiated on his sufferings, doubts, and solicitudes. Did she love him? that was the question that disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, that my services were not called into requisition, Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival of some country cousins at her house, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodations at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the vil-

lage had bro't many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone or suspect the fact which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guest for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book (I await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke on him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) as soon as he entered the room. The door opened and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquical faculty by a long drawn "meow," when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson taking quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she knelt down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. The prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went through it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and deep emotion when I heard her utter these words:—"Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and show down thy mercies over him. Amen."—"Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she rose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after that my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas to get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrank closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There—I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving towards the gas light, when the lucifer went out leaving darkness again. Blessed relief! but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips.

"Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groined back to bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom, and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as she could reach. I almost felt her fingers touch my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near, she lay down in bed again and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was entirely out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out!—tho't of her, and her love for me! tho't of myself and my love for her. Yes I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for

she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred just coming out of his room, who exclaimed:—
"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why it's all over feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night, that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going to—dress."

I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow. You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, up and tell us all about it.

No lark at all, Fred, nothing of the kind I assure you.

Well, if not a lark what kind of a lark was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose.

You're a goose, Fred. But seriously I've a word to say to you of the most important nature. Be a man, Fred and make up your mind to hear something disagreeable. It must be told sooner or later, and I might as well tell you now.

Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me, you do mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?

Don't mention her name again, Fred, or to think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody means to marry her. There is no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere.

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by a mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

Ah, Fred I said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—Ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you intended to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence of course, as I tell you, reader) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

THE FRONTIER WEDDING.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter, my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him; as we should be expected to remain all night, and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement; and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke the father of the expected bride, about noon. A dozen tow haired children were at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman. They're nothing but folks. She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing on the front of it. His nose is just like dad's—crooked as a cow-horn squash.

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose! of which was a little vain.

Sam! cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot. Sal, you quit that churn, and sweep the floor. Kick that corn dodger under the bed. Bill you wipe the tallow out of that cheer for the elder's wife, and be spry about it.

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat, and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

How d'y do, elder? How d'y do, marm? Must excuse my head, ha't had no chance to comb since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, ha't it?—Shoo, three! Bill drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fier, marm. Hands cold? well, just run 'em in Bill's hair, we keep it long a purpose.

Bill presented his shaggy head; but I declined, with an involuntary shudder.

Laws! if she a'n't actually shivering! cried Mrs. Burke. Bring in some more wood. There, marm, take this hot corn dodger inter yer lap. It's as good as a soapstone.

A latef squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterwards he was bounding about in a four quart kettle, over the fire. Sal returned to her churn; but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and the butter-milk went swimming over the floor.

Grab the ladel, Bill, cried Mrs. Burke, and

help dip it up. Take keer don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do keep feet out of the butter-milk; it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Drive that hon out, quick; she's picked up a pound of butter already. There Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you are a gwine to be spiced ter-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it.

I advise you to dry up! remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and, after a social chat about the event of the morning, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

Come on said she. Don't be afraid. Sam and Bill and Dick, and all the rest of ye duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm, and mind or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimney comes through.

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong trough what appeared to be an interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet remarking coolly:—

What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder.

I was dilly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The lady said that night the better—Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep, and dreamed I was just shot from the muzzle of a Columbiad, and was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico, over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a bag behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem. Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and pans, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner, and peeped in, but quickly retreated, with a few sharp words from Sally, telling him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

Now elder, cried the bridegroom, drive ahead. I want it done up nice. I am able to pay for the job, do you hear? Come Father Burke, trot out your gal.

Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We argued and argued, but she was firm, and was finally concluded to let her have her own way. Mr. Morrison stood up, the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman?" &c., down came the coverlet, enveloping both minister and bridegroom, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and cut the strings that held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking decidedly sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded, "To be sure, what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "Yaas if you must know."

Salute your bride, said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

I am ready to do anything, elder, said Lemuel; but skin me if I know about that, sir!—Just show me how, and I will do it if it kills me.

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms round his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

I vum, if I don't ditto! cried Lemuel; and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch-guard into a thousand pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company. Then turning to my husband—

Now elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak.

Whatever you please, said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur. There elder said he, there's a muskrat's skin; and in the shed is to heads of cabbage. You're welcome to the hull.

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing; Mrs. Burke went to