

JOHN S. MAGER,
drous of calling the attention of the Pub-
arge and varied stock of Goods received
ners "United Kingdom," "Nawn" and
consisting in part of
H MERINOS,
COBURGS,
BLANKETS,
NS, in white & unbleached, very cheap,
ces, Sentags, Clouds, Garibaldi,
Stewart Hoods and Opera Mantles,
ON FLANNELS,
OSNABURGS
Red, white, blue & grey twilled Flannels
Plain Flannels in all colors,
in confidently recommend our Flannels as
d will sell cheap,
e and varied stock of
BOOTS and SHOES,
rens, youths, Boys, Mens, Misses and
d warranted manufacture.
d call special attention to his white Warps
warranted sound, well made and good
the St. John Warps, "Paris" make, pre-
re the Loom.
I want good value for your money, come to
JOHN S. MAGER.
JOHN S. MAGER

2,000 Gallons
BERTIN OIL,
received from the manufactory at Saint
n will be sold wholesale or retail at the
ates, by the Subscriber. Please enquire
selves, before purchasing elsewhere.
JOHN HALLS,
Kennedy's Arcade, Water St.
ndrews, Aug. 29, 1866.

gar & Molasses.
Loyalist from Barbadoes via St. John.
s, } Choice
do } Barbadoes Sugar.
is, } do
27, 1866. } W. W. STREET.

7. Almanacks 1867.
ILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
register for 1867, can be obtained singly
ents, or by the dozen for retail from
LOCHALY & SON;
copy of the old Farmers Almanac always
ndrews Nov. 30, 1866.

olution of Partnership.
ICE is hereby given, that the partnership
ery subsisting between James Moran and
A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
ite, under the firm of James Moran & Son
a day dissolved by mutual consent,
leits owing to the said partnership are to
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is
ed to settle all debts due to and owing
said firm.
JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN,
George, September 16, 1865.

b. Rubber.
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House,
JOHN S. MAGER,
Has received an assortment of
Lenses, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
ubber Overshoes.
- Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
- the present season, which with a
children and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
INTER DRY GOODS,
ST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest prices:
Bats, Bonnets,
Hers, and Ribbons,
HAWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
ting, Stripes, and Regattas
ints,
and COAT CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.
ance of Summer Stock daily expected
teamer "Europa" and when received
e sold at a very small advance on cost
D. BRADLEY.

MORE NEW GOODS.
ST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest prices:
Bats, Bonnets,
Hers, and Ribbons,
HAWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS
Grey and White Cottons,
ting, Stripes, and Regattas
ints,
and COAT CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.
ance of Summer Stock daily expected
teamer "Europa" and when received
e sold at a very small advance on cost
D. BRADLEY.

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

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1867.

No 10 9

Poetry.

REPLY TO — "A WIFE WANTED."

It pleased the much to read your rhymes,
About the kind of wife you wanted,
But should you see this "ideal" girl,
I'm sure you would be disappointed.
You care not for a handsome face,
Or so you state with much decision,
But two bright eyes and smiling lips,
Would put your precepts in derision.
Though off within a faultless form,
You find a heart devoid of feeling;
Yet sometimes easkets rich and fair
The purest gems may be concealing.
And should you get, as you desire,
This gentle, unaffected creature,
Who would not look into a glass,
Or even glance at any feature.
When you come home you scarce would find,
A beaming face all wreathed in smiles,
But you might find one unsmiling frown,
Her hair aky, her face in wrinkles.
And should she always stay at home,
To brew and bake and make the butter,
She soon would smother in the grow,
And have alas, "no nerves to flutter."
You think I'm talking very queer,
And that my wife has all departed;
But to my mind, a wife should be,
A woman, loving, noble-hearted.
And one whose mind is richly stored
From wisdom's fount, and who is able,
To talk with ease and grace, as well
As she knows how to set a table.

Miscellany.

THE TWO VALENTINES.

BY MARY FORMAN.

It is such a bother to be poor!
There had been a long interval of silence
in Mrs. Jameson's little sitting room when
Gertie made this exclamation.
What is the new bother, Gertie?
The pleased voice and a look of kindly in-
quiry made the young girl blush deeply, as
she replied:
O mamma, never mind. I was only think-
ing aloud.
Of some Velvet flowers I saw yesterday
at Lee's which just matched this ribbon," and
Gertie held up a bonnet she was trimming—
Velvet flowers are so lovely for a winter bon-
net, and this one needs something.
I'm sure it looks very nice, Gertie.
Nice! said the girl, with scornful emphasis;
yes, it is very nice, and that turned silk is nice,
and that short sack made out of your old cloak
is nice, and cleaned gloves are nice, and—
Why, Gertie! cried her mother in a voice
of amazement.
But there is nothing stylish or handsome in
cleaned gloves, and retouched bonnets, and
old cloaks turned into sacks, and so I say pov-
erty is a bother.
Gertie put away the bonnet, and came here.
Now, little daughter said the widow, gently,
tell me the meaning of this sudden tirade
against poverty; of the needless tossing I heard
from your room last night; of the nervous an-
guish of my contented little girl since yester-
day?
There was no answer.
Gertie, what did Leon Payne say to you
last evening?
He asked me to be his wife. The words
were jerked out hastily.
And you answered—
Jane came in and shut up the parlor, not
knowing he was there, and she stayed, so he
had no answer at all.
But he must be answered, Gertie. He has
spoken to me, and I told him it must rest with
you.
Mamma! this was after a long deep silence.
He is very rich. When he marries his wife
he can have every luxury. If—if it is me, we
can have you with us, and Jane need not teach
that horrid school any longer. We were on
—Street the other day, and stopped to
look in a jeweler's window, and he pointed
out the kind of jewels he wished his wife
to wear. I need not wear old silks then, mam-
ma?
Then you intend to accept his offer?
I don't know. You see, there is Harry.
But Harry cannot offer you jewels.
No, poor Harry! If he had only 3,000 dol-
lars, Mr. Ingraham would take him into the
house. He told me all about it last week—
But think how long it will take him to save
three thousand dollars, and of course his wife

must save and pinch, and economize, till he is
able to spend more freely.
Yes, dear, there would be no variation on
the turned cloth and retouched bonnets; no
velvet flowers, no jewels.
But such a noble, true heart; such tender
love!
Leon Payne love you.
As much as he loves anything beyond his
own pleasures and comfort. He is so thor-
oughly selfish, so hard, and thinks so much of him-
self. It is his wife that must be hand-
somedly dressed, ride in her carriage, and re-
ceive credit upon his choice. Mamma, he loves me be-
cause I am pretty and can sing well, and can
manage his house nicely. Harry loves me
because it is me.
There was a sudden violent jerk at the door
bell at that instant, that called Gertie to the
door. She came back with fly-feet.
Two Valentines, mamma! I had forgotten
it was the fourteenth.
Two?
Yes! O mamma, look!
She had torn off the cover from a dainty
package in her hand, and opened a most ex-
traordinary box. Upon the black velvet lining lay
a pair of glittering diamonds flashing up
where a stray sunbeam fell upon them into a
glorious sea of color.
Leon Payne! cried Gertie. Are they not
exquisite?
Mrs. Jameson's lip quivered a little as she
looked at her daughter's flushed face and bright
eyes, and her heart sent up a fervent prayer
for the future trembling before her eyes.
Look at the other, she said quietly.
Only a copy of verses, said Gertie. Violet
eyes, and all that sort of thing. But are not
not these diamonds magnificent? It is the very
set I admired so much when we were out the
other day.
Gertie, it is eleven o'clock and I must go
to Mr. Lewis'. Little daughter, you may
have callers while I am out; she drew her
child into her arms and looked with anxious
love into her eyes, Gertie my darling, be true
to your own heart. And so she left her.
True to her own heart Gertie Jameson
sat down to ponder over the words. The dia-
monds flashed out their glorious waves of light
before her eyes; the copy of verses lay open
upon the little worktable, and Gertie sat mus-
ing. Pictures of the past came in rapid suc-
cession into her memory.
It was ten years ago, but she could still re-
member the day, when her father had been cal-
led to the shadow land. The luxurious coun-
try home where she and Jane, her eldest sis-
ter, were born, was sold, and they had come to
the city. Her mother one of the finest am-
ateur pianists of her time, had begun to teach
music, and they had lived upon her earnings,
until Jane was old enough to take the French
class in a large Seminary and Gertie to have
singing scholars at home, but even with these
additions, their income was very limited. Close
economy, self-denial, humble fare and quiet
dress. Gertie could recall much more dis-
tinctly than the wealth her father had squan-
dered and lost. Where did Harry Clarke
come upon the scene? Gertie scarcely knew.
He was a stepson of her mother's brother
and had come to the city to make his fortune.
Far away in the central part of Pennsylvania,
nestled a small farm where Harry was born,
where father and mother had died, and which
was the boys sole patrimony.
The rest of this domain scarcely sufficed to
clothe the young clerk, but he had been win-
ning his way in the house of Ingraham & Co.,
and now if he could make three thousand dol-
lars, he might be a partner. The farm might
sell for part of that sum, but where was the
rest to come from? queried Gertie. Yet, re-
turning to Harry's memory picture, the little maid
lingered lovingly. There was no part of her
life so pleasant to dwell upon as that where
he figured. Long walks and talks, duets over
the old piano, chats by fire-light, moon-light,
and gas-light. He was so tender and loving,
so honorable and true, so respectful to her
mother, so tender to Jane, and so ready to ad-
vise or assist Jane's betrothed—a fellow clerk
who was waiting the turn in fortunes wiled
that would enable him to marry. Was not
such love as he offered worth any sacrifice?
Leon Payne came in only six months before
this musings fell upon Gertie. She had
met him at a musical party. She had be-
witched him by her pretty, piquant beauty,
her grace and her voice; he had dazzled her
by his handsome face—Harry was not hand-
some, poor fellow, Gertie sighed—and wealth.
But the young girl knew with a woman's in-
stinct, that under the courtly manner, flatter-
ing attentions, and devoted air, there was hard-
ness, selfish nature, a cruel jealousy, and a suspi-
cious and hot temper. Yet, he was so rich,
and Gertie knew all the misery of genteel pov-
erty.
Be true to my own heart! She said the
words aloud as she rose and walked across
the room. Do I love Leon Payne? If he
should lose his wealth, would I be a true lov-
ing wife to him still? Could I wear old bon-
nets and tattered dresses for his sake? She
took up the diamonds, put them on while she
spoke. They flashed brilliantly against the

deep crimson of her neat dress, and heighten-
ed the effect of her young, fresh beauty. If
he were poor and ill, could I work for him as
—as I could for Harry? It burst from her
lips in a sort of cry, and she tore off the jewels
and replaced them on their velvet bed. I
could bear all this from Harry, but not for
Leon Payne. I will be true to my own
heart.
The winter was gliding into spring when
Mrs. Jameson sat in a luxurious house on
—Street, waiting the home coming of
two brides. The parlor in which she waited
was richly furnished. Velvet carpets cov-
ered the floors, velvet curtains draped the win-
dows, long mirrors threw back the light of
large chandeliers, costly pictures in heavily
gilt frames hung upon the walls. Above
large bed-rooms were filled with hand-
somerly appointed furniture. In one room laces, vel-
vet, flowers, and silks fit for a royal trossau-
sion were spread for a rich and varied repast,
and the widow's dress, though only black silk, was
rich and handsomely made.
My little Gertie, said Mrs. Jameson, softly,
how will she reign over her palace.
A quieter home, but pleasant, too, was wait-
ing for Jane, whose husband had received an
anonymous gift, that enabled him to accept a
business opening long looked upon as an unat-
tainable felicity. But Jane was to spend a
few days with Gertie before going to her own
home, and the mother looked for two brides,
as I said before.
It was nearly mid-night when the carriage
drove up. Gertie was first in her mother's
arms, and then as Jane took her place, the lit-
tle bride stood in the long parlors pale with
astonishment.
Where am I? she gasped at last.
At home, darling. And her husband passed
his arm around her waist.
The arm, Gertie, he said, softly was full of
oil.
Oil?
Petroleum! I sold it for more money than
Leon Payne ever possessed. Now get, run up
stairs, mother will show you the room, and
now let me see how some of the finery suits
you.
But it is nearly midnight.
Never mind. We want a queen to preside
over the supper.
Mrs. Jameson led her away, while Jane
and her husband stood as bewildered as Ger-
tie had been. Suddenly the bridegroom start-
ed forward to grasp Harry's hand.
Then it was Gertie, he said, who sent me the
bundle of greenbacks?
Are we not brothers? said Harry quietly.
There was a little talk then, with husky
voices and moist eyes, Jane was still looking
gratefully into Harry's face, when the door
opened and Gertie flashed in. Upon the clus-
tering curls rested a wreath of white flowers,
and rare bracelets clasped her wrists. She
made a low reverence to her husband.
Lovely! he cried. But, get, wear the dia-
monds to-night.
What diamonds?
The ones I sent you for a Valentine.
You sent me! Harry! I sent them back to
Leon Payne.
It was certainly ten years, when one even-
ing at one of Mrs. Clarke's receptions, Mrs.
Leon Payne came to her, pointing to her
jewels:
It was the oddest thing about these dia-
monds. Somebody sent them to Leon for a
Valentine, years ago. He could never guess
where they came from, for of course the lady
must have been wealthy; though why she
sent a lady's parure to a gentleman is a mys-
tery. Are they not lovely, Mrs. Clarke?
Very lovely, and Gertie smiled, as she
thought of the day ten years before, when she
was true to her own heart.

THE BURNING SHIP.

One beautiful evening, in the autumn of
1846, seated around a table, on which the
choicest wines, were seven persons chatting
gaily, among whom was the author of this
tale. The table was placed on a lawn in front
of the country-seat of Senor Arguillas, situated
about a mile from Santiago de Cuba, then the
capital of the Queen of the Antilles. Three
of the guests were American merchants from
the far South, who were in commercial rela-
tions with Cuba, and who proposed—wind
and tide favorable—to sail for the bay of Mo-
runt, in Jamaica, in the bark Neptune, com-
manded by Captain Starkey. The fourth
guest was a Spanish lieutenant of artillery,
the nephew of our host. Then there was a
Senor Castro, a rich young creole, who aspired
to the hand of Dona Antonia, a graceful girl
of sixteen, the only daughter and heiress of
Arguillas. The sixth was Captain Starkey,
of the Neptune, an English officer about thirty
years of age, of most elegant manners and ap-
pearance. The seventh, and last, was your
servant, then quite a youth. I had just re-
covered from a dangerous illness, which had
rendered necessary my removal from Jamaica
to Cuba, as the climate of the latter place is
much more genial and less variable than that

of Jamaica, although the two islands are only
separated by an interval of two degrees of lati-
tude. I also had taken passage in the Nep-
tune, together with Senor Arguillas, who had
business in Kingston, and who was to be ac-
companied by wife and daughter, the young
Lieutenant and Senor Castro.
The Neptune had brought to Cuba a mixed
cargo of hardware, cotton goods, and other ar-
ticles, and was now about leaving with a half
cargo of merchandise. Amongst this mer-
chandise, belonging to the three American
merchants, were several barrels of gunpowder,
which had failed to command a good price in
Cuba, and which they hoped to dispose of more
advantageously in Jamaica.
Captain Starkey's vessel was provided with
every accommodation and comfort for passen-
gers, and the delightful weather promised a
passage both short and agreeable. We were
all in the most agreeable frame of mind, and
talked gaily of the morrow's voyage, the polit-
ics of Cuba, America and Europe, of the re-
lative merits of French and Spanish wines,
and of the cigars of Alabama and Havana.
The night was one of rare beauty and clear-
ness. A gentle breeze, which Captain Star-
key declared ought to carry us along at the
rate five or six knots an hour, waited toward
us the perfumes of the rich and odorous valleys
which spread out beneath us, and slightly rip-
pled the rivers, or rather streams that liter-
ally furrow the island, reflecting the dazzling
splendors of the myriads of stars, which, in
these regions, crown night with their fiery
diadem.
Most of the guests had drunk freely—per-
haps even too much; nevertheless the conver-
sation, which was in French (a language I speak
on more or less fluently by us all), was kept
up, while the mistress of the house and her
daughter were present, in a tone not likely to
produce the majestic calm of the hand-
maiden.
I should have mentioned before that Senor
Arguillas had been detained in town by some
business matters which he wished to settle be-
fore his departure.
Do not leave here, I beg of you, without
seeing me again, said the Senora Arguillas to
Captain Starkey, as she rose to retire. When
you are ready to leave ring the bell, and a
servant will inform me of the fact. I wish to
have a few words with you concerning our
preparations for to-morrow's voyage.
The captain bowed. It seemed to me that
the love, Antonia had never smiled so sedate
ly as when she swept away to join her
mother.
I can scarcely tell, at this day, what next
took place, or what was the turn taken by our
conversation; but one thing is certain, it soon
began to assume a very disagreeable character.
I fancied that perhaps Antonia's expression on
taking leave of the captain had displeased
Senor de Castro. This, however, was not the
ostensible cause of the difficulty which soon
arose. The captain of the Neptune was to
transport to Jamaica several families of free
negroes, familiar with the cultivation of the
sugar-cane, and who, on this account, had
been engaged at much higher wages than they
could command in Cuba. The American
merchants, who had not dissimulated the fact
that this companion-ship for the voyage was
little to their taste, revived this subject in some
manner, and began to banter Captain Starkey,
who was so charitable as to suppose that mis-
erable negroes had, like other human beings,
the right to dispose of their own souls and
bodies.
This slight cloud, however, would have
passed over without leaving behind any un-
pleasant traces, if, in the course of conversa-
tion, the captain had not the imprudence to
mention that he had formerly served as a vol-
unteer on board an English man-of-war to put
down the slave-trade.
This avowal at once inflamed the anger of
Senor de Castro, which seemed only awaiting
some pretext to burst forth; and I fancied,
from a few words which escaped him, that the
prizes captured by the English had caused him
some heavy losses.
Bitter words were exchanged. The mo-
tives of the English in wishing to destroy the
slave-trade were questioned, and attacked with
scorn and bitterness, and were defended with
energy and haughtiness.
At last—the fact is, the two adversaries,
heated by too frequent libations and carried
away by anger, we scarcely conscious of what
they were doing and saying—at last Senor de
Castro applied to the Queen of England an
epithet which so incensed the captain that he
dashed a glass of wine in the offender's
face.
In a second every man was on his feet, per-
fectly sobered by this unexpected termination
of the discussion.
The captain was the first to break the sil-
ence. His features, still bearing the traces
of anger, were suddenly covered with a livid
paleness.
I ask your pardon, Senor de Castro, he
stammered; I was wrong—very wrong to
have done this, although perhaps there was
some excuse for the action.
Pardon you! A thousand devils! I exclaim-
ed, de Castro, who, in a perfect paroxysm of
fury, was wiping his face with a handkerchief.

Pardon you! "Yes, I will pardon you
with a bullet through your heart—nothing
less!"
No way seemed to present itself to any of
the party to avoid a duel, particularly as at
that time the code of honor was very rigorous
in Cuba. Lieutenant Arguillas hastened into
the house, and soon returned with a case of
pistols.
Let us go into that copse below, he said,
quickly, and in a low tone; we will not be
disturbed there.
As he uttered these words, he took De
Castro's arm, and the two turned in the direc-
tion of the grove.
At the same moment Mr. Desmond, the old-
est of the three Americans, approached Cap-
tain Starkey, who, having his composure, stood
aloof with his arms folded, and said:
My dear sir, I am not, notwithstanding my
commercial occupation, an entire stranger to
these matters, and if I can be of service to you
in this affair—
Thanks, sir, interrupted the captain, I shall
not put your offer of service to the test—
Lieutenant Arguillas, he continued, it is use-
less to proceed a step further. I am not a
duelist, and will not fight with Senor de
Castro!
What does he say? cried the lieutenant,
glancing around with an air of stupefaction—
that he will not fight?
I saw the Anglo-Saxon blood boil in the
veins of the Americans, on seeing an individ-
ual of the race from which they had sprung
show thus the white feather.
You will fight, Captain Starkey? rejoined
Mr. Desmond, after a painful pause in a
grave tone; you, whose name figures in the
list of the Royal British Navy—you say you
will not fight? You must be joking.
I am not at all in jest. It is on principle
that I am a foe to dueling.
The gentleman then, toward on principle!
cried De Castro, with a savage burst of mock-
ing laughter, at the same time slaking his fist
at the English officer.
This bitter sarcasm seemed to wound the
captain like the sting of a serpent. His dark
eyes literally flashed fire; he made a step to-
ward De Castro, but then restrained himself.
It is well! said he; I must endure all this.
I have already admitted, sir, that I was wrong
in proceeding to such extreme measures with
you, although your impertinence certainly
warranted some chastisement; but I repeat, I
will not fight you.
And I, exclaimed Lieutenant Arguillas,
who seemed a prey to the most violent excite-
ment—I tell you, that you shall give satisfac-
tion to my friend, or, by heaven, I will brand
you as a coward, not only over all Cuba, but
throughout Jamaica as well!
Captain Starkey's only reply to this bravado
was to touch the bell, and order the servant
who answered it to inform the Senora Arguillas
that he awaited her orders.
The brave Englishman is about to seek pro-
tection behind the petitions of large anti-
slavery, cried De Castro, in a tone of tri-
umph.
In truth, I begin to have doubts whether
Captain Starkey is really an Englishman, said
Mr. Desmond, who, in common with his two
friends, had now become considerably excited;
but anyhow, as my parents were born and bred
in England, if you pretend to insinuate that—
At this moment Senora Arguillas advanced,
and the irritated American with difficulty re-
strained himself.
The Senora appeared astonished at the un-
usual expression of every face. Nevertheless,
at the request of the captain, she entered the
house with him.
Ten minutes afterward we learned that Cap-
tain Starkey had left the house, leaving word
that the Neptune would sail next morning at
nine precisely.
This intelligence was received with a per-
fect volley of invectives against the unfor-
tunate Englishman in particular, and Englishmen
in general; and at one time there seemed great
danger of a personal encounter between Lieu-
tenant Arguillas and Mr. Desmond, the latter
manifesting an intense desire to kill some one,
it mattered not whom, in order to vindicate
the honor of his Anglo-Saxon origin. But
this satisfaction was not afforded him, and the
company soon after separated.
[Concluded in our next.]

—A young man in Indiana cut down a tree
that contained two eons and six large rattles-
nakes.
—This winter appears to be a severe one
in Europe. A large quantity of snow has fallen
in the neighborhood of Madrid, and has
been followed by severe cold.
What a striking countenance, said the Yan-
kee to the elephant when he hit him a clip
with his trunk.
When is a clock like the discontented wo-
men. When it strikes.
What dust is most binding to the eyes—
Gold dust.
Who was the closest inmate on record—
Time out of mind.