

Almanacks 1866.
AN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
er for 1866, can be obtained singly
or by the dozen far retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
of the old Farmers Almanac always
we Nov. 30, 1865.

Division of Partnership.
is hereby given, that the partnership
subsisting between James Moran and
John, of St. George, in the County of
under the firm of James Moran & Son,
dissolved by mutual consent.
owing to the said partnership are to
by the said James A. Moran, who is
to settle all debts due to and owing
from.

BE SOLD,
n, if applied for immediately
ased by the 15th of April, the
be let and possession giv-
May next
T HAT desirable situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
shed.

Rubber.
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House.
H. S. MAGEE,
has received an assortment of
s, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Overshoes.

MORE NEW GOODS.
RECEIVED and now open for sale
the very LOWEST PRICES:
s, Bonnets,
ers, and Ribbons.
AWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS
rey and White Cottons,
ng, Stripes, and Regattas
s,
Silkies,
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
ens, Shirt-fronts,
diers, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
ars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.

Dies Seminary,
T. ANDREWS, N.B.

TERMS:
Land Tuition, including all the branches,
Italian, \$50 per annum.
DAY PUPILS:
English, 25 0 0 per ann.
tio, including French, 8 0 0
sic, 8 0 0
iel for season, 0 5 0

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

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]
E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Ct.
[52 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Vol 33
SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1866.
No 28

Poetry.
SEVENTY AND SEVENTEEN.
BY MISS L. H. SIGOURNEY.
Ye look askance at wrinkles,
Ye frown at the locks of gray,
And miss the tint on cheek and lip
That Time and hath swept away;
Yet of a secret beauty
Within the heart is seen
That appertains to seventy
More than to gay seventeen.
One knows what's worth pursuing,
The other can't discern,
One knows what's worth possessing,
The other has to learn,
And the cost of such experience
Is heavy on I ween,
The heritage of seventy
But not of gay seventeen.
One dreams that fattery is truth,
And Cupid is not blind,
The other finds even gratitude
Is rare among mankind;
And so it skills to save itself
From disappointments keen,
And seventy years are wiser found
Than beautiful seventeen.
Call not Old Age unlovely,
Nor deem its precepts stale,
Nor say it lingers all too long
Within this shadowy vale;
It hides our hidden treasures
Despite its furrowed main,
And seventy years may happier be
Than were the gay seventeen.
If God ordains you longer
In this fair way to stay,
Give thanks for His permission
And smiling hold your way;
Nor overlook the duties
That cluster round the scene,
For seventy hath its mission here,
As well as gay seventeen.

Miscellany.
A BENGAL PILOT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.
Why should a man who advertises for a wife be held up to contumely? Among the comely denizens of May Fair, marriages are frequently "arranged" by aristocratic mammas without the slightest consideration as to the wishes or feelings of those who are to be united for better or worse. Marriageable men living in humble society have not the advantage of this agreeable agency for providing brides. They are thrown upon their own resources.—Should they be plying to look at, of agreeable manners, and have opportunity for mingling with the fair sex, there is every chance of their obtaining a suitable helpmate. But all men do not possess these advantages. Besides, some are modest, and would undergo my ordeal rather than "pop the question" be told to ask and ultimately meet with refusal. Others, from their business occupations, may be precluded from the enjoyment of those social gatherings at which far-seeing mothers make it a rule to "bring out" their daughters to the best advantage. But no doubt the chief cause of bachelorship arises from the fact that many men agree with the remark made by a quaint play writer, that "matrimony is not consistent with the liberality of the subject." Whatever may be the cause of men not succeeding in obtaining wives, there is one mode of accomplishing the object which meets but little favour in this country. Should a lone bachelor be hazardous enough to make known his matrimonial wants by means of an advertisement in the public prints, he is held by all the sparks in the locality as fair game for their sport. In other countries advertisements in regard to "matrimonial alliances" are common enough. Here they are reprobated. They are too businesslike; they offend our strict English notions of prudence; they look like a public trafficking in marriage; the persons who have recourse to them are regarded as knaves or fools, and are often treated as such. A fictitious fair correspondent is provided, the bait is thrown out to the wife hunter, *cortes* are exchanged, and an interview fixed to take place in some locality where the perpetrators of the joke may easily recognise their victim and play their pranks upon him.
An amusing case of this kind occurred in Liverpool a few days ago, the subject of the joke being, if his correspondence is to be believed, not only a successful seaman but also a clever satirist. Seamen are generally unsophisticated mortals, and go about their wooing in the simple, every-day fashion. Our friend, however, passed many years in the golden East,

being employed as a pilot in the Bengal service. Perchance that period of life, which is generally spent by young men in love-making was passed by him far away from England's bright eyed damsels, and in the society of Eastern ladies, who, however charming they may be, are not remarkable for their domesticity. Whatever was the cause, he returned to England unmarried. After a short residence here he seems to have been struck with the advantages of married life. Being a man of literary pursuits, he may have discovered that Shakespeare said that "the forehead of a married man is more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor," and agreed with the proposition. At all events, he determined to get a wife, and that as quickly as possible. To expedite matters he had recourse to a public notification of his wants in the advertising columns of the "Mercury," and inserted the following under the head "Matrimony":—
A seafaring man having a little property is desirous of residing with a respectable person similarly situated, for a wife. Age not to exceed 30. No objection to a widow. Integrity and honesty may be relied on.—Address, &c.
The advertisement came under the notice of a few young men, who thought it too good an opportunity for a lark to let pass. A reply, written in a female hand, was duly indited and forwarded to the address indicated. The bait took, and the following correspondence ensued:—
Tuesday Afternoon.
The writer has observed your notice in today's "Mercury," and, being desirous of satisfactorily setting herself in life, would have no objection to a correspondence with the advertiser with a view to attain such an object.—She would like as a proof of sincerity to receive the advertiser's "carte de visite," for which will be afterwards exchanged her own.
The writer is possessed of some little property, sufficient to maintain herself comfortably, and which she will be glad to share with one who would return the affection she is willing to give. Is considered attractive, and aged 28.
She relies upon the sincerity of the writer in what he says as to honour.
Address Miss M. A., General Postoffice, Liverpool.

Wednesday Evening.
My dear Miss A.—Your kind and sensible answer I received this afternoon, together with a dozen others; and all, with but two exceptions, requesting cartes de visite. I did once indulge in such things in one of my voyages to New York, for the sake of a dear brother, but I have always (thank God) found my face and general appearance a sufficient passport for getting through this vain world. From over 13 years as master and pilot in India and China, my complexion is rather dark, but considered very interesting; but as self-praise is a poor recommendation, I least said on the subject the better. I am at present amusing myself by writing and painting. I have already publishing in London on the India and China seas, &c. (illustrated). I do not wish to go to sea any more, for I think with a suitable partner and my pen and brush I could manage very well. In the evenings I amuse myself with my concertina or guitar; so I consider myself a confirmed bachelor. If in answer you will inform me of any suitable time and place for a meeting, I shall be happy to attend your summons, stating by what sign of dress, &c., I shall know you; and I will, of course, speak first. An answer will oblige, yours truly,
(Signed) H. B. W.,
Late Bengal Pilot Service.

In case of mistake, you can address Captain W. R.—street.
P. S.—To morrow evening until after seven I shall be engaged seeing an old shipmate away.—H. B. W.

Thursday Evening.
Dear Mr. W.—I received your kind letter this morning, and am pleased to see you regard with favour my note in answer to your advertisement. Although you do not enclose your carte, I am convinced after reading your letter, that your intentions are manly and honourable.
I am at present residing with a friend in Everton, whose house, however, I intend leaving to-morrow, having an invitation to spend some time with a relative in Mount-pleasant, where all future letters can be addressed; and I hope, therefore, you will in this instance write to the general post-office, as before. I shall be on Saturday afternoon calling on a friend of mine in Chatsworth street, E-12, hill, and should like the meeting to take place, if you have no objection, in Waverley-road.—You may know me by my wearing a black silk dress and cashmere shawl, with a bonnet of a light colour. I shall also have an umbrella in my hand, together with a book.
I shall be happy to receive a note from you to say if the time suits you and how you may be known, and am, dear Mr. W., yours sincerely,
M. A.—

P. S.—I forgot to mention the time, which had perhaps better be 5 30, at the fountain, in the middle of the park, close to the pond.

Friday, 9 a.m.
My dear Miss A.—Your kind and very amiable letter I have just received, and with many grateful thanks for its pleasing contents I return the wished for answer. I have been so inundated with answers that my poor head aches again. I thought when I called on Wednesday afternoon for my answers that I had got all I might expect, and last night, rather reluctantly, I called again, and was surprised to have handed to me as many more. An old friend of mine in the pilot service being rather pressed for time once sent his wife a letter referring her to the 2nd Epistle of John and 12th verse, and I must also at present do the same with you. I am very dark, with a moustache, and am often taken for a foreigner. I forgot to tell you my reasons for advertising, which I do not consider manly, although in France more so with females. I have no friend or relation, and as I seldom meet any one who can hold any sort of interesting conversation I go about communing with my own thoughts. With my pen I can amuse myself the whole day, and make myself merry or sad. When I was in India I used to write for the "Delhi Punch," and have often sat and heard roars of laughter from my comical yarns.—However, I am digressing from my text, and must conclude by stating that I will attend your summons with pleasure. The curator of the Botanic Gardens has sent me some splendid geraniums, and one bids fair to be out in flower in the morning; if so, I shall have one in my coat.—And wishing you all happiness, believe me, yours truly,
H. B. W.

As will be seen, the place fixed for the meeting was the fountain in Waverley Park, the lady describing the dress which she would wear, and the advertiser proposing to carry a geranium in his button hole for the purpose of recognition. Saturday was the day of appointment. The weather was nuptial, but that did not damp the pilot, who was at the rendezvous at the stated time. He had not long to wait. Soon after entering the park he was accosted by a gentlemanly-looking young man, who asked him if he was the person waiting for the lady. The pilot was cautious, and gave an evasive answer. The young man said he was the lady's brother.—This had the desired effect, and the pilot threw off all reserve and said he was the person.—The "brother" told a plausible story about his sister being somewhat indisposed, and suggested that her would-be lover should accompany him to her house and see her. This he was nothing loth to do and the two left the park together.
A few they were passing the Farmer's Arms, the "brother" suggested that, as it was cold, they should call in and have something warm. They went in and as the two were sitting mixing their grog, a man, an acquaintance of the "brother," dropped in. He was invited to join in the friendly glass but presently in came about 30 more "friends," and the brother with rare generosity, invited them all to drink and introduced the pilot as his sister's lover. There was no formality on either side. The parties immediately fraternised. Additional rounds were called for, but a circumstance occurred "making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth." One of the persons pulled out a letter which the pilot had written to the lady, and amid the jokes and laughter of his companions read it aloud. Imagine the pilot's dismay! He had been victimised.—The lady that he thought would become his bride had been a fiction. He was being made sport of by a lot of young sparks, and instead of spending the winter of his days in married comfort, he would be scoffed at by his friends for his escapade in search of a wife. However he wisely determined to put the best face on the matter. His tormentors, after jeering him for some time, said they would let him off on condition that he paid for the drink.—He asserted that he was unable to do so, having only half-a-crown about him. He was tauntingly told that he was "pretty fellow to do about courting with such a small sum in his pocket," and was threatened with suspension by the beels. He was menacingly asked his intentions, which he humbly asseverated to do honourable. The parties then subscribed among themselves and paid for the drink, returning the pilot his half crown. His trouble, however, were not over. He was called to accompany some of the party to a public house in Whitefield-lane. When they got there it soon became known that "a fellow in search of a wife had been sold, and was in the house." A crowd soon congregated, and the pilot was chaffed and subjected to fresh indignities. A sailor's sheath knife which he wore was taken from him, and he was addicted to those musical and literary pursuits of which he boasted and not again attempt to obtain a partner by such means as he had resorted to. As he left the public house he was jostled by the crowd outside, and flour was freely sprinkled upon him. When last seen he was making his way down Whitefield-road as fast as his legs would carry him, completely chafed, and looking more like a dusty miller than a Bengal pilot.

A Little too Punctual.
The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, newsboys, fruit vendors, cabmen and dock loafers, were on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group, from the foot of the deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall brown Yankee; in an immense wool hat chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddlebox and scrutinized sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver ball's-eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob by the means of a powerful steel chain. After morning guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, reappearing on board almost instantaneously, with flushed face expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operation he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat wildly, and hopelessly ejaculated:
"What's the time of day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? What's the cap'n? What's the steward? What's the mate? What's the boss that owns the ship?"
"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood for a moment.
"Hain't seen nothing of a gal in blue sash-bonet, with Canton crape shawl (cost fifteen dollars) pink gown, and brown boots, hey? Come aboard while I looking for the cap'n at the hind end of the ship—have ye, hey?"
"No such person has come on board!"
"Formented lightning! she's my wife," he screamed; "married her yesterday." All her trunks and mine aboard under the pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut st-e-pie. The old black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage, anyhow. My wife only think of it, was to come aboard at half past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped.—We hain't been married long enough for that.—You don't think she's abducted, do ye mister? Speak—answer—won't ye? Oh! I'm rav'n distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afloat?"
"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will be rung in four minutes."
"Thunder! you don't say so? What's the cap'n?"
"That gentlemen in blue coat."
"The Yankee darted to the captain's side. Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes, won't you?"
"Can't do it, sir."
"But ye must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye ax?"
"I could not do it."
"Cap'n! I'll give you tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.
The captain shook his head.
"I'll give you five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron platter.
"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain, shortly, and turned away.
"Oh, you stoney-hearted theathin'!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears.
"Partin' man an wife, and we just one day married!"
At this moment, the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to the centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang plank: the fasts are already cast loose.
"Loggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collar on one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll leave you into the dock!"
"Yo-yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.
"Shut up you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there will be an ugly sort of work!"
"But the plank was got aboard, and the boat splashed past the pier. In an instant, the Yankee pulled off his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.
"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger, seizing him.
"I am goin' to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I mu-n't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York. You may divide my baggage among ye—let me go—I can swim!"
He struggled so furiously that the consequence of his rashness might have been fatal had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman, in a blue bonnetwith Canton crape shawl pink dress and brown boots came towards him. The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann!" clasping her in his arms in spite of her struggling and kissed her heartily right before all the passengers.
"Where did you come from?" he inquired.
"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me half-past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."
"A little too punctual!" said the Yankee.

TELEGRAPHIC.
PORTLAND, July 5.
A terrible fire broke out yesterday afternoon, raged all night and had not been subdued at 11.50 this a.m.
About half the city is destroyed. Up to this morning a belt of a mile and a half long had been burned. Over fifty houses have been blown up to stop the fire.
All the city and country buildings, all the banks, all the newspaper offices, all the whole sale dry goods stores, several churches, the telegraph offices, and large majority of all the business places are destroyed.
The fire has destroyed everything so completely that the streets can hardly be traced.
Telegraphs have been sent to Boston for provisions and 1500 tents for the homeless families.
No estimate can yet be made of the loss, but will amount to millions.
Gold 152.
BOSTON, July 6.
Loss by the Portland fire is estimated at ten to twelve million dollars.
Tents and large quantities of provisions have been sent from Boston and other places for the homeless and hungry multitude.
The Extensive Machinery works of Rogers & Company, near Utica, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on Wednesday; loss \$200,000.
New York, 6th.—William Murphy, captain of brig Mary, of Halifax, fell overboard and was drowned.
Gold 154.

CANADIAN LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM.—The Ottawa correspondent of the N. Times says:—
I think people on your sides of the lines fall into error ignoring the loyalty of this province and in undervaluing its martial strength and resources. In the first quality it is undoubtedly more loyal than the English at home themselves—a proposition freely admitted by all who know both countries well.—The necessity for a display of its martial spirit has unfortunately existed in two or three occasions within some four or five years, and the response has been really remarkable.—The present occasion affords good proof of this. Within few hours of the first alarm, several thousand men were marching to different points as directed. Within twenty-four hours fifteen thousand were in marching order. Within three days forty thousand were at the disposal of the Government. A week more of real necessity would find an additional hundred thousand prepared to defend the soil. I speak now only of volunteers.

A correspondent writing to the Halifax Express from Port Mulgrave on the 25th inst. states that upwards of 250 sail of American vessels had passed through the Strait of Canso and were on the fishing grounds, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his interlopers neighbor, "your early habits, industry and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bar-channal, "you would have been my driver."

An exchange says one of the chief enjoyments of an editor is to know that people who do not pay for their papers are about the only ones who are continually finding fault.

There is a young lady in this place whose lips resemble peach blossoms so much that she has to keep a veil over her face to keep the bees out of her mouth.—[Brandon Republican.]
"How! what of that? There are forty girls in this place; at least whose lips resemble cherries, it is difficult to keep the bees from them."—[Nashville Union.]
That's nothing to what we can show, any day, here in Macon. There are one hundred damsels, "more or less," in this burg, whose lips resemble ripe strawberries peeping out of their covering of sugared cream, and saying, as plainly as can be, come and take a sip my darling.—[Georg's Citizen.]

The collection of hunting trophies belonging to the late Gordon Cum ng, skins, bones and trunks were sold by auction a few weeks ago in London, and were purchased by agents of P. T. Barnum. A skull of an elephant brought a hundred guineas.
The strongest men yield to the influence of women, as the mightiest oak quivers in a gentle breeze.