

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

IN VARIIS SUNDENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1866.

No 20

## Poetry.

### RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Come rally round the Flag,  
That in freedom ever flows,  
And never droop'd in sadness or in fear:  
In the battle front it flows  
A terror to our foes,  
The dread of factious tyrants far and near.  
CHORUS:  
Tramp, tramp, tramp my boys be marching,  
Cheer up comrades hand to hand,  
Beneath the Union Jack,  
We will drive the Fenians back,  
If they dare invade New Brunswick's happy land.

Let hearts and hands unite,  
And for freedom nobly fight,  
The freedom of our country and our tools,  
A factions rebel hand,  
The sum of every land,  
Led by traitors, madmen, infidels and fools.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

St. George's cross we bear,  
Beneath its folds we wear,  
The emblems of our country and our Queen,  
By many hearts and brave,  
Triumphant it shall wave,  
A terror to all traitors, "neath the green."  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Beneath its ample folds,  
For a thousand years of old,  
Bold patriots bled, and conquer'd every land,  
Their deeds we will relate,  
And strive to emulate,  
Those heroes passed away—a NOBLE band.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Then rally round the flag,  
And for freedom nobly strike,  
Our country calls to arms, away with fear:  
Our watchword freemen all,  
By it stand or fall,  
To Victoria, and our Country, ever dear.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

St. Andrews, May 1866.

(FOR THE STANDARD.)

St. George Volunteers.

On the evening of Wed., the 25th Apr. the Non-Commissioned Officers of this highly efficient corps entertained the Commissioned Officers at supper in McNaney's Hotel. All the Commissioned Officers were present, with the exception of Maj. Mann, who was unavoidably absent on duty elsewhere. There were also present by special invitation A. J. Wetmore, Esq., Col. Westmacott, R. E., Rev. J. Home, and Dr. Johnson. The company sat down to a sumptuous supper at 10 P. M. Col. Wetmore occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Home, and Capt. Bolton, and on the left by Maj. Johnstone and Lieut. Hall. The crumpier's chair was filled by Serjt. McGee, supported on the right by Serjt. Maj. Finnigan and Serjt. McConick and on the left by Serjt. Brawn and Corp. Sutherland. Grace having been said by Mr. Home, the most ample justice was done to the truly excellent entertainment with which Mr. and Mrs. McNaney had loaded their tables. Just as the cloth was being removed, Col. Wetmore was called out on some matters of business; and Capt. Bolton took his place *pro tem.* The Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were most enthusiastically responded to. He then gave His Excellency, the Lieut. Gov. of N. B., which was likewise received with loud and prolonged cheering. In giving the toast of the evening the Commissioned Officers of the Volunteers, coupled with the name of Col. Wetmore, Serjt. McConick spoke in very high terms of the strong affection subsisting between officers and men, and stated that the admirable state of discipline pervading the corps was as much perhaps the consequence of this reciprocal attachment, as of the common patriotism, in which they all alike shared. Col. Wetmore having again taken the chair, Col. Westmacott gave the Non-Commissioned Officers of the Volunteers. He said, that both in Volunteer Corps and in the Regular Army, Non-Commissioned Officers generally were not aware of the great importance of the position which they occupied. In all the great conflicts in which the British Empire had from time to time been engaged, the

Serjeants had proved themselves to be the backbone of the British Army. On them devolved the chief responsibility of drill, and indeed almost all the laborious work of keeping a regiment in high condition. Not only so, but even on the field of battle, the chances of victory were as much owing to the able and dauntless manner in which they marshalled their men, as to the intelligence and bravery of their superior officers. In looking round the table he could not but compliment Col. Wetmore and his brother officers in having such an intelligent looking and vigorous body of Non-Commissioned officers under their command, as were now before them. In giving the Private Soldiers of the Volunteers, Mr. Home drew a rapid sketch of the history of the British Empire, from the time of Queen Elizabeth down to the present day, particularly all the great military and naval enterprises in which Volunteers both on field and blood had shed their blood in gathering laurels of fame. Capt. Bolton, in proposing the health of A. J. Wetmore, Esq., said he would not take up the company's time with any lengthened remarks, regarding the important services, which the highly esteemed and most loyal Deputy Treasurer had rendered to the Volunteer cause. Besides, it was not in Mr. Wetmore's presence, that he, (Capt. Bolton) would enlarge upon those virtues, for which their guest was so eminently distinguished, both in public and in private. In the course of his reply, and while referring to the present entertainment, Mr. Wetmore related an interesting historical anecdote, illustrating the bravery of a Serjt. at Waterloo. Some time after that great battle, a private gentleman died, bequeathing a handsome legacy to the bravest man at Waterloo. His executors, never doubting for a moment that the Commander-in-Chief was intended at once sent it to the Duke. His Grace returned the gift with a polite note, that the bravest man at Waterloo was General MacDonnell, who on the 18th of June, amidst a shower of grape, canister, and musket bullets, closed the gates of Heugomont, and thus aided materially in deciding the fortune of the day. The legacy was therefore immediately forwarded to him; but he wrote the executors, that he would accept it only on condition of dividing it equally with a Serjt. Johnson—a Non-Commissioned officer under his command on that memorable day who shared equally with him the danger in closing the Heugomont Gates, and was therefore entitled to an equal share of the glory and reward.

The concluding toast was given by Capt. Bogue, Health and Prosperity to Mr. and Mrs. McNaney for their excellent entertainment, which was most cordially responded to, as were indeed all the other toasts. The company separated a few minutes after midnight, all highly delighted with the unalloyed pleasures of the evening. In connection with the above, our readers may be anxious to know what the people of St. George have been doing towards defence during the late alarm. Col. Wetmore has under arms one artillery company under the command of Capt. Bolton, and one rifle company under the command of Capt. Bogue—both number 100 rank and file. There are 1 Capt. 2 Lieuts. and 8 Non-Com. Officers attached to each company. Serjt. Maj. Finnigan, late of the 63rd underwent all the privations of the Crimean Campaign, and distinguished himself at the terrible storming of the Redan. In addition to the above St. George has a Home Guard of 30 spirited young lads, ranging from 16 years upwards, under the command of Capt. James O'Brien, who drill once a week day and night, there are 2 Com. Officers, under arms and 8 single guards on duty at all the principal approaches to St. George—relieved every two hours from the armory and Fort Carleton.

The people of St. George are familiar with the "who goes there?" "A friend" and "pass on friend;" and can bear ample testimony to the creditable manner, in which the e-guards faithfully and courteously discharge their duties. No doubt, instances sometimes will occur, in which foot passengers, when challenged choose to be "ugly." In such a case the clear duty of the guard is at once to hear his advance, and if necessary to arrest. The Fort, to which allusion has been made is situated on Carleton Hill, the private property of Dr. Robert Thompson, who liberally granted the site. It commands for miles around every possible approach to St. George. The building was commenced and carried on under the auspices of the Deputy Treasurer and lumber merchants of St. George. It is a square erection of two stories. The lower story, which is reserved for drill, battery guns and field pieces is 32 feet square and 11 feet in height. It is pierced with five ports and a great number of sponges. At present it is furnished with 2 battery guns and a small swivel, capable of discharging from 16 to 20 rifle bullets at a shot. These guns are all the private property of Col. Wetmore. Two small bell pieces, which in cases of emergency, might be rapidly moved by a span of horses from place to place would be a great addition to these means of defence. The upper story of the fort, which process on all four

sides over the lower is 38 feet square and 7 1/2 feet in height—not including the pitch of the roof. It is pierced with a great number of sponges and loop holes, and is set apart for the keeping of small arms. It is likewise fitted as a barrack room for lodging the men. The walls of both stories are rifle-bullet proof. Not the last attractive feature about the building is the lofty flag staff in front, from which floats an old meteor flag—the invincible "Red white and Blue," proudly unwavering in the breeze the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. During the erection of the Fort, A. J. Wetmore, Esq., kindly furnished the night guard with excellent quarters in his own house.

A few days ago His Excellency, the Lieut. Gov. of N. B., accompanied by Capt. Hall, Gov. of N. B., visited St. George on his way from St. Andrews to St. John. His Excellency landed at Letting from Her Majesty's war steamer, the Rosario, and was received by Col. Wetmore and Lieut. Hall who escorted him to town. The moment His Excellency's carriage and escort were described as approaching St. George, the guns at Fort Carleton thundered forth a splendid salute in true military style. After making a short call at the private house of a leading townsman, His Excellency proceeded to the armory to inspect the Volunteers. He expressed himself highly gratified with their appearance—complimented both officers and men and said that with such soldiers, as he had seen among the New Brunswick Volunteers, the people of this province need have no fear of Fenian invasion. At the close of a pertinent and vigorous address, His Excellency was again and again loudly cheered. St. George has since been visited by Col. Oty and Capt. Collin's R. E. both of whom inspected the Fort, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with the works. It is thought by many, that the Fenian danger is on the wane—that there is no longer cause for fear. Be that as it may, the expense to the Province, and the mustering of the volunteers will not be without their fruits in time to come. We remember with what pleasure we were wont to read the thrilling interview between the Saxon and the Gael in Sir W. Scott's Lady of the Lake, when the two warriors, on whose swarthy tradition had prophesied the destinies of their respective races, confronted each other, apparently alone, amidst the wilds of old Scotland's rock-bound and heath clad hills, and when at a signal for the Gael, every crag and bush and brake suddenly swarmed with armed men, as if some lawless magic shell had conjured them up from the very bowels of the earth, while he, the chieftain of them all, turned his eye proud eye on Fifty—James and cried "How sayest thou now?"

These are Clan-Alpin warriors true; And, Saxon, I am Roderick Du!

And we have no hesitation in offering from the patriotic spirit in which city and village and hamlet and forest camp contributed—each its grade of good men and true—so small the volunteer ranks, at the very first whisper of Fenian raid, and from the alacrity with which the regular troops sent her floating batteries and mough troops to our assistance—that come when Fenians or other enemies may, they will find, that to trade these provinces is, they have professedly defended the destinies of their provinces, true to the instinct of preserving their civil and religious liberties, are quite prepared to salute any loss to these with cannon and presented arms, eye and to welcome them to traitors graves.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

### Better Off.

What of our friend Mrs. Artemus? How have the times affected her? Is she as well off as before?

She's better off, I'm pleased to say.

Ah! Then she's among the fortunate ones. Few, in comparing the present with past times, can say that they are better off.

More, perhaps than we think, was answered.

I don't know about that. In my circle of acquaintances, I can name scarcely one whom disaster has not reached. And so instead of being worse off, Mrs. Artemus a better off—She's fortunate. I hope she is better off as to her mental state, for of all dispirited, self-tormenting women she went beyond anything in my observation. As she grew older, she seemed to grow worse.

That was her weakness, said the other—Her mind, becoming stagnant, bred disorder. She was not wise enough to use the good gifts of life poured at her feet so lavishly and thence they turned to pain instead of blessing. But she has learned another lesson. Our old friend has been transformed, and now fills her place like a queen, determining all things in her kingdom, and living by a just reflection of herself, in every part thereof.

It is pleasant to hear you say so. I used to like Mrs. Artemus. I must call upon her during my stay in the city, and renew the acquaintance. Will you go with me?

Yes. I often visit her. It is my purpose to call this morning. Will this time suit you?

As well as any other; and to go in your company will render the visit much more agreeable.

The ladies were in the street soon after, on their way to make the proposed call. One of them, a Mrs. Abercrombie, formerly a resident of the city, was, as the conversation just given indicates, on a brief visit to the place where old friends still remained.

Who have we here? she asked, as her companion stopped before a small house, in a street considerably removed from the best portion of the city.

An old friend on whom I must call this morning, was replied. Mrs. Abercrombie looked at the door but no name appeared there; then she glanced up the modest house curiously. Before she had time to ask the question that rose to her tongue, a servant answered the bell.

Is Mrs. — in? Mrs. Abercrombie was standing on the pavement and did not hear the name.

The servant answered in the affirmative. Come, said the lady, and Mrs. Abercrombie followed her into the house. Mrs. Abercrombie noticed that the carpet was fresh, and the paper on the walls clean. A single door opened from the passage way into a small parlor that was furnished with considerable taste, all the articles being what an experienced eye readily detects as of good quality and workmanship. Three or four cabinet pictures were on the walls, and a seat French clock on the mantle piece. Almost at a glance Mrs. Abercrombie saw all this, and she was thinking to her friend, after being seated, to ask the name of the person on whom they had called, when light steps and the bustle of garments were heard on the stairs, and in a moment after a lady in the prime of life, with a pleasant smile on her face, entered.

Mrs. Artemus!

Mrs. Abercrombie! The two ladies clasped hands in mutual surprise, and stood gazing, with sunny delight into each other's faces.

This is an unexpected pleasure! said Mrs. Artemus, still holding her old friend tightly by the hand. When did you come to the city?

Day before yesterday.

Well I am delighted to see you. And how are you, Mrs. Wall? turning to the other visitor.

Oh, I'm well. Mrs. Abercrombie said she wished to call on you, and I asked her to come with me this morning.

It was kind in you both. Sit down. How well you are looking. Mrs. Abercrombie. It is pleasant to meet old friends. Do you know I was saying to myself only an hour ago, that one old friend was worth ten new ones. There is so much more heart in our earlier friendships, if they are genuine, and I think ours was sincere. At least I can speak for myself.

The countenance of Mrs. Artemus really glowed, her eyes were dancing in light. There have been changes with you, I see, remarked Mrs. Abercrombie, and her glance fitted about the room.

Yes. The smile did not fade from about her lips, and if her voice fell lower, the ear of Mrs. Abercrombie failed to detect a sign of bitterness. Yes, it was not our lot to escape. But we are trying to meet what comes to us with that heroism which transmutes suffering into pleasure, even loss into gain. If misfortunes have robbed others of the elements of true enjoyment, they have failed in so rifting our treasure-house. I think my coffers are fuller than before.

Perhaps, said Mrs. Abercrombie, they are smaller, and so more easily filled.

Not smaller. The cheerful tone about Mrs. Artemus was contagious. Bit of double capacity. As was with me before, reverses came. I could enjoy nothing with a true zest. In looking back, I am puzzled. I do not comprehend the state of mind into which I lapsed. With the means of happiness in abundance, I really enjoyed nothing. There was a dead pressure of discontent on my soul. But now I catch myself singing old snatches of songs a dozen times a day.

You are giving as well as receiving, said Mrs. Wall, and this opens the way for a constant new influx of divine activities. Before large wealth brought ease, idleness, resultant stagnation of feeling, but now the pressure of necessity upon love forces you into useful work. It is from your hands that your husband and children receive the good things that bless their lives at home.

I often sit with my thoughts dwelling on the past, returned Mrs. Artemus, and wondered at the selfish blindness and folly of a life self-tormenting and hurtful to all around me worse than wasted for years. How could I have expected happiness, nay, even the smallest measure of content? To me the abundance of good things was completed, like the excess of manna with Israel's discontented and rebellious children.

How is Mr. Artemus? asked Mrs. Aber-

crombie, in a pause of the conversation.

Better than for a year past. His hard struggle with failing fortune, tried severely the health which had been giving way under an all-absorbing devotion to business. It was a trial for him that first aroused me; the fear of losing my husband that disarmed all other fears of power. His pining face; his nervous exhaustion; his sleepless night; his distress of mind; his misfortune advanced upon him with the irresistible march of armed battalions aroused me, and I drew closer to his side, asking his confidence, and trying to speak comforting words. Until then I had never seen my husband display what we sometime call weakness. As I made the effort to stand up firmly—to draw my poor arm around him—to utter hopeful sentences—his strength seemed to give way. He leaned so heavily upon me that it seemed as if I must go down. Manly courage, manly endurance, manly resolution failed. He hid his face down on my bosom and wept like a woman. It was that bending of his strong soul that saved him.

A little further strain and it would have broken. An illness of many days followed. Ah these were days of self-examination and self-discipline; of new estimates of life and new resolutions—of promise to God. Take all, but spare me my husband? I cried in agony. That illness brought on the crisis in his affairs, against which he had been struggling for months. When he went out again, it was in the lush of a great calm, and he stood still, bearing what he could not control. Out of the wreck a small portion was saved, and we repaired it with more thankfulness than repairing. I was awake—more awake than ever before reaching the days of wretchedness. It was for me to determine how we should live in our changed condition; my thought and my deed must establish the new home—on the dwelt the responsibility of its beauty or deformity, its happiness or misery. And so looking heavenward for strength, I turned my back upon the world and my face to duty. After that, all was easy and plain. It seemed as if a new world had opened to vision; a world of new ideas, preceptions. How poor and mean was the life I had been living; how rich the one upon which I had entered. Daily—no let me say hourly—the reward came. Service was delightful, and the higher because it was a ministry of good to those I loved; and this very service increased love, and made objects dearer. But pardon me, friends, for this betrayal of myself into too much speaking of my own things.

You have only answered my question about your husband, said Mrs. Abercrombie. But what you have said has interested me deeply. "In your case it is truly said that sweet are the uses of adversity." The darkness has revealed to our worlds of beauty that were hidden in the glare of day.

Worlds of beauty that always exist, remarked Mr. Artemus.

I thought, said Mrs. Abercrombie to her friend, Mrs. Wall, as they passed from the humble dwelling of Mrs. Artemus, after an hour's visit, that you said she was better off in the world.

I said she was better off.

Yes, I know.

Well, isn't she better off than when you saw her last?

Better off internally you mean.

And externally also.

How will you make that appear?

She is better off externally, was replied, because her external things are in just relation to internal things. Thought and love dwell in their unrestrained activity. Feeling thinking, and acting, each in just order, and the two first rest efficiently and peacefully in their latter. Love is ever coming into the fullness of life. Was it so before? Her very abundance was a curse. Wealth surrounded her with a great, hard shell of luxurious things into which her soul could not penetrate; and it hurt, obstructed, hindered and exhausted her. But now she is better off in the possession of just those external things that respond truly to her life, and thence she has peace, satisfaction, tranquillity, blessedness. Is it not so?

Mrs. Abercrombie walked on in silence for some time, and then answered:

It is so.

### Warning.

THE public are hereby cautioned not to purchase from John A. Young the lot and premises now in his possession being Water lot No. 4 in Parish Division fronting on water street in St. Andrews as the said John A. Young would only be entitled to two fourths of said property pending the mortgage standing against his interest during the last thirty years thereby four thirds with interest were cancelled.

April 17 1866. W. H. PATTERSON.

### TO LET.

Full Store occupied by Christopher Hater—A Possession from 1st April. The Store and House occupied by Mr. Caruso. Store occupied by Mrs. McVay.

Apply to A. G. BERRY.

**BE SOLD.**  
If applied for immediately used by the 15th of April, the will be let and possession given on 1st May next.  
THAT desirably situated House for business next to the Record Office has been newly shingled and is in good repair; contains 9 rooms and a bath.  
ALSO—  
Town Lots, in good situations for houses. Apply to subscriber. Payment liberal.  
D. GREEN.

### Division of Partnership.

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

JAMES MORAN,  
JAMES A. MORAN.

Witness my hand and seal this 16th day of September 16, 1866.

### Almanacks 1866.

LAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and for 1866, can be obtained singly or by the dozen for retail from J. LOCHARY & SON, 15 of the Old Farmers Almanac always ready Nov. 30, 1865.

### Rubber, Rubbers

AT THE

### Albion House.

H. S. MAGEE,

Has received an assortment of

reins, Ladies,

Gent's,

Rubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice for the present season, which with a childrens and Ladies Boots,

SKELETON SKIRTS,

and the balance of stock of

INTER DRY GOODS,

It sell CHEAP for Current Money can Bills taken at the usual discount.

### MORE NEW GOODS.

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

Hats, Bonnets,

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HAWLS. MANTILLAS.

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Grey and White Cottons,

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Crashes; Towel-

ling & Table Li-

ness, Shirt-fronts,

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cy Neck Ties,

lars, Rubbers,

Boots and Shoes

Shance of Summer Stock daily expected Steamer "Europa" and when received be sold at a very small advance on st.

D BRADLEY.

### Ladies Seminary,

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

MRS. KENDALL will receive a limited

number of young Ladies as boarders, in addition

to her daily pupils.

The course of instruction comprises the

English, French, Italian

Languages;

riting and Arithmetic, Geography, including

use of the Globes; Astronomy, History,

usic and Singing, plain & ornamental Needle

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The French, Italian, Music, and Singing class-

are open to ladies who desire to pursue any of

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The greatest attention is paid to the comfort

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TERMS:

Board and Tuition, including all the branches

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English, £5 0 0 per ann.

Ditto, including French, 8 0 0

Music, 8 0 0

Fuel for season 0 5 0

REFERENCES.

Rev G. Percy, D D, Quebec; J Thompson Esq,

Wilkie, Esq, high school, Wm Andrews, M A,

Professor McGill College, Montreal.

Rev S Bacon, S Benson, M D, Henry Cunard

Esq, Chatham.

Rev W Q Ketchum, J W Street and Geo D

street, Esq's, St. Andrews.

### FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,

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Over Garments for Boys & Girls

Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,

Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern can be used with ease.

June 23. JAS. MCKINNEY.