

BE SOLD,
if applied for immediately
of by the 15th of April, the
it be let and possession giv-
on 1st May next
HAT desirable situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
has been newly shing and is
good reg-ir; contains 8 rooms and
good reg-ir.

ALSO—
Town lots, in good situations for
business. Apply to
D. GREEN.

tion of Partnership

merely given, that the partnership
existing between James Moran and
son, of St. George, in the County of
the firm of James Moran & Son,
dissolved by mutual consent.
The said partnership is to
the said James A. Moran, who is
settled all debts due to and owing
to the said firm.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN,
September 16, 1866.

Almanacks 1866.
N'S New Brunswick Almanac and
for 1866, can be obtained singly
or by the dozen for retail from
J. JOHNSON & SON,
the old Farmers Almanac always
on Nov. 30, 1865.

Rubber, Rubbers
AT THE
Libion House.
N. S. MAGEE,
received an assortment of
Ladies,
Gent's,
Over shoes.

Rubber Balmal Boots, a nice
present season, which with a
Ladies and Ladies Boots,
KELETON SKIRTS,
the balance of stock of
CHERRY DRY GOODS,
CHEAP for Current Money
taken at the usual discount.

RE NEW GOODS.
CEIVED and now open for sale
very lowest prices:
Bonnets,
and Ribbons.
WLS. MANTILLAS,
ANCY DRESS GOODS
and WLS. Cottons,
Stripes, and Regattas

Official
and COSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ing & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
and Fan-
Neck Ties,
Lars, Rubbers,
Boot and Shoes.

es Seminary,
ANDREWS, N.B.

ENDALL will receive a limited
young ladies as boarders, in addition
upils.
of instruction comprises the
French, and Italian
Languages;
Arithmetic, Geography, including
the Globe; Astronomy, History,
Singing, and ornamental Needle
work.

Italian, Music, and Singing class-
es to ladies who desire to pursue any of
of study exclusively.
Attention is paid to the comfort
of scholars, religious instruction, and person-
al supervision.

TERMS:
Tuition, including all the branches
of study, £50 per annum.
DAN PUPILS,
including French, 8 0 0 per ann.
8 0 0
8 0 0
8 0 0

OR SALE.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Wicked Col-
ments for Boys & Girls
Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
can be used with each.
JAS. McKINNEY.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VARII SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1866.

No 16

Poetry.

THE BOTTLE IMP'S CHANT.

Who comes this way with tottering step,
With bleared eyes and dim,
With dogged mien and laggard look?
Methinks I well know him.
No strangers are we,
My work I see
Stamped on his features gaunt and grim.
Not many months have we been friends
(My victims don't last long),
But firmly has he clung to me
With passion fierce and strong.
I laugh when I see
How he worships me
With a shaking hand and a faltering tongue.
When first we met his step was firm,
His eyes shone bright and clear;
He knew not of the net I weave
With meshes close and near.
Now in it he lies
My helpless prize,
A thing of loathing, scorn, and fear.
What power on earth compares with mine:
What monarch equals me?
For king and subject, sage and clown
Yield to my witchery.
'Tis idle to tell
How 'neath my spell
I hold them fast in slavery.
For me the mother leaves her babe,
The husband leaves his wife;
For me men lurk in taverns vile,
Foul scenes of brawls and strife.
For me fearlessly
And recklessly
They part with health, wealth, friends and life.
'Tis but a glass' the novice says,
And sips and sips again;
He little thinks that each drop adds
A link to my stout chain.
Too late he will try
Desperately
To break its iron folds in vain.

Miscellany.

THE EBONY CHEST.

With the Silver Mountings.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

She was sailing out of Madeira, the good
ship South Star, a fine trim British vessel,
built more for cargo than passengers, but car-
rying the latter when she could get them.—
On her way home from Brazil she had en-
countered a succession of bad weather, and
had to put into Madeira for repairs and pro-
visions. Some of the crew had quitted her
there, and whispers went about that they were
afraid of her, or of something in her. Two
passengers only had come in her from Rio de
Janeiro, a gentleman and his servant. At
Madeira she took on board a Major Gore, his
wife, two elegant young ladies, and their maid
servant, all in mourning.
Not down there, please; that's the state
cabin, and it belongs to the Don, cried a young
boy, in a sort of uniform, whose duty seemed
to be to show himself in all parts of the ship
at once. The Don doesn't choose for anybody
to go into it.
It was the older-looking of the two young
ladies whose decent he thus interrupted.
She turned her imperiously handsome face
upon the boy, and her fine dark eyes flashed
forth the haughty questions just as plainly as
her tongue.
The Don! Who is the Don? What do
you mean, boy?
That's him, said the boy, pointing to a cus-
tomant part of the deck. He is as rich as all
the mines of Brazil knocked into one, and he's
as good as master of the ship, for his wife's
law. If he had nothing else but the chest in
his cabin he'd be richer than he could count,
for it's full of gold and diamonds.
Why is he called Don?
Because he's rich, I suppose. He lost his
wife and child out there, they say, and he's
coming home for good. She was Spanish or
Portuguese, and there was something odd
about her, I fancy. The sailors, I know,
whisper about it, but they won't tell me.
To the temporary surprise of his listener,
the young gentleman suddenly vanished.
Looking round, she saw the "skipper" advanc-
ing, along with the gentleman passenger.
The captain stopped as he came up, probably
thinking it his duty to introduce them to each
other.
Mr. Valencia; Miss Gore.
Mr. Valencia raised his straw hat and bow-

ed. She bent also, but haughtily, as if in re-
signment of what the captain had done.
The Gores had left their only son in a grave
in Madeira, whither they had gone a year be-
fore, hoping to prolong his life. So much de-
pended on it. Had he lived but two months
longer, he would have come into a large for-
tune, and could have willed it to his family.
He died, and it went from them; and the
major was returning to England a bitterly dis-
appointed man—returning to poverty and debt,
and all sorts of humiliations, for he had fully
counted on this coming money for years, and
had lived accordingly. Mrs. Clytton, his only
daughter, had been a wife for six months only,
and had been back under her father's roof, a
widow, these three years. She was five-and-
twenty now, and had no fortune whatever,
but plenty of pride. Anta Gore, an orphan
and the major's niece, lived with them. She
possessed about a hundred a year, ninety of
which the major and Mrs. Gore took, leaving
her the rest for clothes and pocket-money.—
Tolerated as a dependent more than a rela-
tive, poor Anta had been taught the lesson of
humility, and had learnt it effectively.
Certainly the ship did not appear to be a
lucky one. Contrary weather pursued it after
quitting Madeira, just as it had previously;
violent head-winds one day, inter-calm the
next; and the voyage promised to be unusu-
ally prolonged. It seemed to Mrs. Clytton,
who was a remarkably shrewd observer, that
some sort of dissatisfaction reigned amidst the
sailors, which was not allowed to transpire
beyond themselves. Meanwhile, an intimacy
sprang up between the Gores and the Anglo-
Spaniard, rather remarkable from his previous
coldness. They were together always—he
pacing the deck with one or other of the young
ladies—generally Mrs. Clytton—at his side,
or sitting under the awning in the autumn
sun, while he told them tales of Brazilian life.
And Geraldine Clytton had begun to think
the wealthy Don worth her notice. The hid-
den treasures of that chest, filled to its very
lid with diamonds and jewels, floated before
her in dazzling vision by night and by day.
Simms had craftily thrown out delicate ques-
tions on the subject to the servant, Vincent,
and he responded without reserve. They
were almost priceless jewels, he affirmed—
necklaces, rings, armlets, all fit for a queen;
one tiara of diamonds was said to be worth
eight thousand pounds. Geraldine Clytton
turned half faint with delicious hopes as she
gathered this, and made up her mind, in the
consciousness of her irresistible charms, to be
George Valencia's second wife. Nor for him-
self did she care; but to be the mistress of
such gems, she would well nigh have barter-
ed her soul.
Have you been long in the Brazils? asked
Major Gore one day, as they were all, except
Mrs. Gore, who suffered from sea-sickness,
sitting on deck, Mr. Valencia leaning over the
side in his customary listless manner, while
he watched the waves.
Ten years.
Ten years of exile! A short while, though,
to make a fortune in; which you have done, I
believe?
A larger fortune than I shall know how to
spend, said Mr. Valencia. We were original-
ly Spaniards ourselves, and have connections
still in Brazil, so that I went out under good
auspices. The lady I married was also very
rich.
She must have died young. You cannot be
more than forty.
I am thirty-six. I dare say I look forty.
Geraldine Clytton's lips parted as she wait-
ed for more. She had become anxious to
know somewhat of his first wife. Major Gore
continued.
What did your wife die of, Mr. Valencia?
Mr. Valencia extended his arm. See! Is
that a petrel? We shall have bad weather
again.
Major Gore took his glass. I think it's
only a sea-gull. Your wife, Mr. Valencia—
has she been dead long?
Mr. Valencia turned round and faced the
major; his countenance stern, his lips drawn
in. Fardon me, Major Gore, but I would pre-
fer to speak on some other subject. That is
a petrel.
Major Gore stared and bowed. He was
not gifted with superior delicacy, and he pre-
sently entered on this question again.
Why do the sailors call you the Don?
Mr. Valencia burst into a laugh. They
know, I suppose, I don't. Perhaps they take
me for a Spaniard.
Nothing less than a Don—whatever the
important title may imply—would travel with
a chest of jewels such as yours, interposed
Geraldine Clytton in a tone between jest and
earnest; as she moved to his place at the
ship's side, and looked after the bird, the har-
binger of storm.
The words seemed to surprise Mr. Valencia.
Who told me? Oh, it's the talk of the
ship. That large, beautiful ebony chest, you
know, in your cabin.
Had his face turned pale?—or was it only
Mrs. Clytton's fancy, as she closely watch-

him? It changed; and the next moment
sarcasm was pervading his every line.
Joking apart, though, Mr. Valencia, she
persisted, does the chest contain jewels?
It does. Valuable jewels.
And what shall you do with so many?
Bestow them on my wife, when I marry
her, he replied, looking full into her hand-
some face.
Had he divined her secret thoughts? For
once Mrs. Clytton showed that she was an-
noyed; she turned to her cousin, speaking
tightly. Anta, how negligent you are! Poor
nanna keeps her cabin, and you sit here
never looking after her?
Anta Gore, meek as ever, and lovely in her
meekness, was hastening away, when Mr.
Valencia offered his arm. She blushed as she
took it.
Your cousin is curious as to my jewels, Miss
Gore. It does seem strange, I suppose, for a
single man to possess so many. They were
my wife's. Had my child lived, they would
have been hers; but she likewise died. My
wife had a passion for costly gems. Many of
them were heir-looms.
But do not talk of your wife if it pains you
to do so, said Anta, simply, remembering the
recently passed scene. We cannot always
bear to speak of the lost when they have been
very dear to us.
True. But my case is the opposite one.—
I did not love my wife, Miss Gore. Her
memory is painful to me; I had almost said
hateful.
Oh! exclaimed Anta.
She gave me cause to hate her, he contin-
ued, in a low tone. It was not a happy mar-
riage from the first. She was older than I by
some years, and we did not assimilate. I mar-
ried her for money, not for love, more shame
to me; still I—tried to do my duty by
her. There's a confidence for you, Miss Gore.
But I'm sure I don't know why he told you,
unless it is that you have seemed to belong to
me since I knew your name was Anta; it was
my child's. Let the confidence rest between
us.
She blushed again in the prettiest manner
possible, by way of answer, and glanced up an
assent from her blue eyes, as Mr. Valencia
resigned her at the stairs leading to Mrs. Gore's
cabin.
And the contrary winds continued, inter-
spersed with dead calms; and the sailors
looked gloomy as death. How long was the
voyage to last? One thing it favored—and
that was the close and ripening intimacy be-
tween the passengers; and Mrs. Clytton
might always be seen by the side of Mr.
Valencia. For hours together they would pace
the deck, her arm in his. Whispers went
abroad in the ship that she surely meant to
make her his second wife. It might be so.—
Mr. Valencia was not the first man who has
succeeded, spite of will, to the charms of an
attractive woman.
Was it a dream? Mrs. Clytton sat up in
her berth, the drops of horror gathered on
her brow. The ship was tossing about in a
fearful storm, and she suspected they were in
danger. Not at that was her terror awak-
ened, for she was constitutionally brave; but at
the whispered words of two of the crew who
had come down to scold some other or
other that had broken from the fastenings close by
her head. Snatches of words, at the best, but
their import all distinct and terrible.
The ebony chest, which had been the subject of so
much comment on board, so much consciousness
to her, did not contain jewels, but the wife of
Mr. Valencia; the wife whom he was, with a
suspicion of having murdered. The re-
mains had been smuggled on board in a
chest, out of the way of South American au-
thorities, and he himself set about the false re-
port that it held jewels.
The storm had subsided. Not so the tur-
mult on the brain of Mrs. Clytton. Over and
over again she asked herself, did she really
hear such words, or were they but the fancies
of a troubled dream?
I cannot stand this suspense, she murmur-
ed to the evening of a second day. Yet how
can it be? It is not a thing I can speak about.
The crew would conclude that the fright of
the storm had turned me mad.
A regular gale, ma'am, that last, wasn't it?
But we shall go along well, I hope, now.—
The weather seems to have cleared.
Vincent, tell me! she cried out, laying her
hand upon the man's arm, in her feverish im-
pulse—for the interruption had come from him,
as he was passing her. Tell me truly, as
though you were speaking for your life, what
it is that your master has in that ebony chest?
My master has jewels in it, ma'am, was the
ready and evidently truthful answer. Beauti-
ful gems that belonged to his wife! They
were to have been her child's, but the little
lady died too young, and so the jewels were
left to me.
When Mr. Valencia was packing them in
the chest he said he had half a mind to leave
them behind, so little does he care for them.
Only there were no relatives to leave them to:
so he saved a sigh of intense relief. I heard
the sailors whispering the night of the storm.
Vincent. They said that the ship could not

get along for what was in the chest; they
spoke of a dead body. Of course I knew it
was nonsense.
Mr. Vincent swayed himself to and fro in
a perfect delirium of laughter.
That was my doing, Mrs. Clytton. When
we were getting on board at Rio, it some-
how came out to the sailors that the chest had
jewels in it. Knowing what a light-finger lot
jack is on occasions, I thought it well to put
them on another scent, and I confided to them,
as a weighty secret, that the chest really con-
tained the bones of Mrs. Valencia, which were
brought home for interment. And they have
believed it all this while! What soft
fellows sailors are!
Entirely reassured, thoroughly convinced,
Mrs. Clytton forgave the man's familiarity and
laughed with him, forgetting her dignity. She
dismissed the subject from her mind from that
moment. Vincent entered on a description of
some of the treasures of the chest, and she
listened until her pretty mouth watered.—
The whole hours that evening was she chatter-
ing by the side of Mr. Valencia.
The ship did arrive in port, and safely, in
spite of the prognostics of the sailors; and
the passengers parted at Southampton, only
to meet again early in December, for Mr.
Valencia had given a cordial invitation to the
major and his family to meet him in his pa-
ternal home in Norfolk, and spend a long
Christmas with him. And they arrived early
in December, nothing loth, finding a home re-
plete with every convenience, ever luxury,
and a warm welcome from Mr. Valencia.
It is a perfect home! cried the Major, in a
rapture of admiration. You have given it
everything, Mr. Valencia, that can ensure hap-
piness and comfort.
Not quite perfect yet, dissented Mr. Valencia.
It wants one thing more, Major, which I
suppose I shall have to give it—a mistress.
Shall you add that? inquired the Major,
his eye resting, perhaps unconsciously, on his
daughter.
I hope so. The happiness denied to me in
my first wife may be mine in a second. What
do you think Miss Anta?
Anta Gore colored so vividly at the unex-
pected question, that she was glad to escape
in very self-consciousness; and Mrs. Clytton,
full of contemptuous pity, said Anta was
growing more absurdly shy every day.
The days went on for all parties in a sort of
Elysium. Major and Mrs. Gore had never
been so luxuriously off in their lives; Gerald-
ine was indulging in blissful visions, their whole
basis, gold; and Anta was in the maze depths
of a first love dream, whose idol was George
Valencia. Her heart had gone out to him in
those days when they were on the broad sea,
when he had talked to her in low tones, un-
suspected by any body, and gazed into the
depths of her blue eyes.
And the ebony chest? It was in Mr. Valen-
cia's private rooms in the west wing of the
house, its contents (as was understood) as yet
undisturbed. Geraldine Clytton's desire to
see those priceless jewels, so shortly, as she
hoped, to be hers, was growing almost ir-
resistible, feyering her spirit with an excite-

ment bored boxes, as the case might be, com-
pletely lined the chest all round. They were
no doubt, the jewels; but Mrs. Clytton's at-
tention was caught by what was lying in the
middle. Nearly all the way down the middle
of the chest was laid a snow-white damask
cloth, lightly covering what might be under it.
Parties of diamonds, no doubt; and she picked
off this cloth with so impatient a jerk that
the current of air whiffled against the candle
and put it out, so that she had caught a glimpse
of what looked like a human face lying there
with wide open flashing black eyes. At first
she could see nothing, the moonlight being so
faint as contrasted with the recent light of the
candle, and a superstitious terror assailed her
and turned her heart to sickness.
(Concluded in our next.)

Grand Jury Report.
GRAND JURY ROOM, April 1866.
To their Honors the Justices in Sessions.
The Grand Jury have to report to the Coun-
ty, that they have examined the accounts ren-
dered against the County for the past year,
and find the charges for the various services
alleged to have been performed, and found
them satisfactory, with a few exceptions which
we have noted.
The Grand Jury have examined the Coun-
ty Jail, and find it generally in a good con-
dition; there appears to be a deficiency in beds
and bedding in the Debtors department which
should be supplied. As regards the Position
of Mr. Mark Young, we do not wish to ex-
press any opinion in the matter, but leave it
to the Justices to take such action in the mat-
ter as they in their wisdom may think fit.
With regard to the accounts of Commissioners
throughout the County the Grand Jury
recommend that such portions of these ac-
counts as relate to their own labor, should in
future be verified by their own affidavits, re-
spectively, where no other vouchers can be
obtained, such expenditure being without the
competence at public auction required by law,
and also that Overseers of the Poor and Com-
missioners of the Alms Houses in the County,
who are also Storekeepers and furnish goods
for the support of the Poor, should support
their accounts by their own affidavits of the
value and delivery of the goods respectively
furnished by them.
All of which we respectfully submit.
M. J. C. ANDREWS, Foreman.
W. W. SHAW, Secretary.

A FEARFUL INSTRUMENT OF WAR.—The
Gazette du Midi reports that a new torpedo
of a more destructive kind than any hitherto
invented, has just been tried in the dockyard
of Castiglione, Toulon, with complete success.
The vessel was a ship-of-war, attacked by a boat
towed by a steam tug, supplied with a spar armed
with a fulminating torpedo, was lifted three
feet out of the water, and instantly sunk in
consequence of an enormous hole in her keel
caused by the torpedo. The success was the
more remarkable as the charge of powder was
only six pounds.

EXTRAORDINARY STORM.—During the
recent hurricane of the 11th ult., on the French
coast, 200 enormous blocks of stone, placed in
front of the breakwater at Cherbourg, to pro-
tect it from the action of the sea, were lifted
by the waves and thrown into the harbour.
Forty cannon planted on the pier were thrown
into the sea. Such a storm has never before
been experienced in that place.

A drunken negro at Murfreesboro Tenn.,
ran against a fence and fell, and, much
angered because she was in his way, desper-
ately drew a revolver and blew out her brains.
He is in custody and will be hanged.

The French Government has sent a sci-
entific commission to Germany to investigate the
new trichinosis disease, to which pigs are li-
able, and which has created so much conster-
nation among the lovers of pork.

We understand the antimony mine near
St. George's Lake on the Magaguadavic river
is to be worked this summer. A quantity
of ore has been sent to New York and smelted,
and is pronounced superior to any yet dis-
covered in any part of the world, except
that in France, and equally as good as that.
The mine is said to be very extensive, and
the gentleman who assayed some of the ore
says it is of incalculable value. The mine is
owned by Messrs. Hibbard and D. Gilmore of
Magaguadavic, and Jed Price of New York.

A field of wheat buried under an ava-
lanche in Switzerland, for twenty five years
proceeded on its growth as soon as the snow
melted.

A shoemaker in Leeds, England, under-
took, lately, for a wager, to cut an uncooked
rabbit, fur, skin and all. He succeeded, but
immediately went into convulsions, which con-
tinued for an hour, when he died.

According to the Home Journal the reason
why so many Americans are going abroad,
is in the fact that a family can live in England
or France on the rent of their house in New
York.