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VARII SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Ct.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 33

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1866.

No 14

TO BE SOLD.
gain, if applied for immediately
disposed of by the 15th of April, the
lure will be let and possession given
on 1st May next.

WHAT desirable situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
fice; has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
garden.

A L S O.—
owner Town Lots, in good situations for
ag purposes. Apply to subscriber,
as of payment liberal.
D. GREEN.

Resolution of Partnership.

ICE is hereby given, that the partnership
existing between James Moran and
V. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
St. Andrews, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
his day dissolved by mutual consent.
The debts owing to the said partnership are
to be paid by the said James A. Moran, who has
signed to settle all debts due to and owing
to said firm.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN.
George, September 16, 1865.

56. Almanacks 1866.

MILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
Register for 1866, can be obtained singly
cents, or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOUHARY & SON,
supply of the old Farmers Almanac always
nd.
Andrews Nov. 30, 1865.

ib. Rubber. Rubbers

AT THE
Albion House.

JOHN S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
Childrens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,

Rubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
style for the present season, which with a
Childrens and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of

WINTER DRY GOODS,
will sell CHEAP for current money
credit Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very LOWEST PRICES:
Hats, Bonnets,
Ribbons, and Shawls.
MANTILLAS,
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS

Grey and White Cottons,
irting, Stripes, and Regattas
Pinks,
Silkies,
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes.

Balance of Summer Stock daily expected
Steamer "Europa" and when received
it be sold at a very small advance on it.
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, and Italian
Languages;
Arithmetic, Geography, including
the use of the Globes; Astronomy, History,
and Singing, plain & ornamental Needle
work.

The French, Italian, Music, and Singing classes
are open to Ladies who desire to pursue any of
these branches of study exclusively.
The greatest attention is paid to the comfort
and manners, religious instruction, and personal
neatness of the pupils.

TERMS:
Board and Tuition, including all the branches
except Italian, £50 per annum.
DAY PUPILS:
English, £2 0 0 per ann.
Latin, including French, 3 0 0
Music, 2 0 0
Fuel for season, 0 6 0

Rev. C. Peter, D. D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,
J. Wilkie, Esq., high school, Wm. Andrews, M. A.,
Professor McGill College, Montreal.
Rev. S. Bacon, S. Benson, M. D., Henry Canard
Esq., Chatham.
Rev. W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.
Street, Esqrs., St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
over Garments for Boys & Girls
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.
Each pattern can be used with ease.
June 23. JAS. McKINNEY.

Poetry.

THE FINNEGANS.

Arrah, Biddy, be aisy ashore,
Sure you needn't be feared as a Finnegan,
For if they should come to our shore,
His back might quick they'd shin agen.
Och we're ready all over the land,
And our boys they'll fight, but never run,
With a musket and sword in one hand,
And a blackthorn stick in the other one.

There's Roberts, O'Mahoney and all,
They keep a sharp eye for the tin agen,
While Sweeney's to open the ball,
The dirty old one armed Finnegan.
With an Irish army so grand,
We're told now by one Mr. P. Day,
Who their arms will take in their hands
And then they will come and take Canada.

But when a man's eye is shot out
It's a mighty hard thing to shoot in agen;
So they'll take my advice without doubt,
And keep far away from their Finnegan.
For our boys are loyal and true,
'Pon me conscience I'm proud to be sayin it,
And they'll slaughter the Fanian crew,
With their muskets, their broadswords and
bayonet.

But Biddy, a jushla mooree,
I hope that you may never sin agen,
Till an Irish grand army you see,
Led on by old Sweeney the Finnegan.
Ar coose they're a patriot band,
Who, if they'd a chance, would get frisky
dear,
And they love their own dear native land,
But the thing they love most is her whiskey
dear.

Now we've powder and arms galore,
In a fight we'd be certain to win agen,
And sure, as I told you before,
That would just be the end of the Finnegan.
Arrah, Biddy, agra, they won't dare,
At last, I don't think there's a fear as yet,
And though they may give us a scare,
Bedad, that's the last we will hear as yet.

Miscellany.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

(CONCLUDED.)

A NAVAL STORY.

BY WALTER THORNTON.

In an incredibly short time the "Spitfire"
was under sail, and availing herself of every
glimpse of moonlight, and every puff of the
useful out-and-in wind to reach the second
light, the hidden lagoon that concealed the
mysterious vessel of which Powis was in pur-
suit.

He is a fine lad but it's all of no use, said
Gasket to himself; she'll bolt just as we get
near, and before we can tack and get a gun-
ready, off she'll be, well out at sea, laughing at
us, and as full of slaves as an egg is full of
meat. These Portuguese fellows are as quick
and as cunning as monkeys.

Hitherto all had gone well. The "Spitfire"
had come to the mouth of the second light,
and no enemy had yet appeared. Powis
gave orders to arm the men and lower a
boat. His object was to pull along the shore
of the light, and search for the concealed
lagoon.

The men, whose superstitious fears were still
working, hesitated for a moment to step into
the boat. The Scotchman muttered something
about "snares of the devil," the coxswain,
more practical, said there was no captain, and
they'd be overmatched, and the quartermaster
won't go.

But I do go, shouted Gasket, leaping into
his place, and shame on all towards! Why,
lads, if we trap this slaver we're all made for
life. Come, altogether; quietly, no shouting.

The men, ashamed of their fears, now took
their places, muffled their ears, buckled on
their cutlasses, and loaded their pistols. Four
men only were left in charge of the ship.
When a pistol was fired from the boat, they
were to reply with a gun as a signal of atten-
tion.

The men pulled swiftly and silently into
the light, keeping as close as possible to the
covered sides of the lagoon.

They did not dare yet to venture into the
mid-channel to even obtain a glimpse of the
further shores, where the phantom ship (if it
were indeed manned by flesh and blood) might
be lying.

The boy-captain, at the last clump of bush,
cried "Ship your oars!" and there they lay
crouched, peering through the bows of the
hugo poisonous-blossomed trees that trailed
into the water.

It was by this time day-break. Imagine
the brave lad's rapture, on standing up in the
boat, and parting the boughs with his hands,
to behold, not five-hundred yards off, the
phantom ship, a low-lying, rakish Portuguese
schooner, painted greyish white, the better
to elude observation at night (grey being a
peculiarly vanishing colour). It was at
anchor. The only men visible were two or
three negroes, leaning half-deep over the
stern, fishing, and, lockily, with their backs
turned towards the place where the "Spitfire's"
boat lay hid.

Powis turned round, his face beaming with
triumph, and in a cautious whisper communi-
cated the glorious news to Gasket and the
boat's crew.

Gasket was as brave as a lion, but he was
unaccustomed to act on his own responsibility,
and he dreaded the rashness of a midshipman.
He coughed, looked hard at a special rowlock,
rubbed it with his great horny fist, and mut-
tered something about—

Spouse it's a lambentade. What can we
do agin forty or fifty Portuguese? and as
for blacks, they can fire muskets as well as
white men.

Cha! said Powis, speaking between his
half-clenched teeth. Do you think my brains
are all leather like yours? Don't I see that
the rascals are gone ashore to bring slaves
from the barroos? There can be no one on
board but a nigger and a sick man or two. I
tell you, man, I go alone, and swim to the
phantom ship if you are all cowards.

This first damp powder of the old sea-
dog's spirit. There is a drop of Cain's blood
at the bottom of most men's hearts.

Avast your cowards! he cried, pulling out
his big cutlass and running his big thumb
along the edge in a most business-like way.—
It was a bad omen for the slaver's men.

Powis's eyes glistened as he seized old Gas-
ket's hat, and took off his own cap and waved
it. Then he and the men took out their pis-
tols and looked to the locks or tightened their
belts, and slung round their cutlasses smug-
ger for their hands.

The boy-captain's speech was spoken in a
low but firm voice. "Men," he said, "we may be
doing a safe thing or we may be going to our
death, for even if we do get the slaver safe,
our captain and comrades may not return in
time if the dogs dare to try and get her back.
If we die, let us die like Englishmen, true to
our God and our Queen; we must hold to-
gether, tack to back, and no flinchers. If we
fall, they will at least say in England that we
deserved to have succeeded. God be with us,
and guide us to victory, for our cause is a good
cause. Now, then, men, give way with a will,
and board her!"

Pull straight for her, Spitfires! cried Gas-
ket, and out the boat flew from between the
branches as if it was driven by steam.

The water was scarcely splashed by the
oars. It seemed only an instant after that the
boat lay alongside the phantom ship, and
headed by Powis, the boarders dashed like
wild cats at the main chains, and sprang on
deck with an English hurrah that was full of
cheerful courage.

Three or four frightened negroes and an
old Portuguese sprang to arms, but they were
cut down or beaten down in a moment. One
Spitfire was shot in the arm; but with the
exception of that casualty, and a knife-cut on
Powis's sword-wrist, the daring assault
suffered no hurt. The phantom ship was
their own.

Well done! cried Powis, wrapping a hand-
kerchief round his wrist. The dog tried hard
to get at my throats, but I gave him No. 3,
Gasket, and that'll last him for some time.—
See to him; he mustn't bleed to death. The
ship is our own. Now get up the anchor, for
we must hurry and move her off.

He fired his pistol, and the "Spitfire" an-
swered with a gun as agreed on.

We haven't too much time, he said, for di-
rectly the blackguards hear the row they'll be
after us. Now, with a will, lads, and I'll take
a captain's bayonet, for I've got my left hand
all right still.

And they did work with a will. They
found some slaves in the hold, and made them
too help. In an incredibly short time the ves-
sel's head was turned, and she and the "Spitfire"
were working down the lagoon, towards the
old morning pace.

And now, in the hull of excitement, the boy's
nature began to crop up again. Once more on
board the "Spitfire" and down in the cabin, he
danced horripops and tugged Jeykell. Nor
was Jeykell one bit less delighted.

Only think, Jeykell how pleased the gov-
ernor and master will be to hear how we took
the slaver.

The doggy old fellow, shouted Jeykell.
Alloa me, gentlemen, to propose the health
of Captain Powis, of the "Phantom Ship"; that's
the style.

But the boy's talk was broken by the en-
trance of Gasket. He looked hurried, and
rather pale with excitement.

Mr. Powis, he said, it's all up; here's the
dirty blackguards of Portuguese on us as thick
as thistles—loads and loads of them, ramrapping
away like so many sore bears. You can see

then poking their noses out of the bight there,
as thick as bees at a swarming.

Powis was awake in a moment, and ready
for the emergency. If there was not a Nel-
son, there was at least the making of a Col-
lingwood in that Pickle of the Phantom
Ship.

We'll warn the dogs, Gasket, he said lea-
ping up and calmly loading a revolver that lay
on the table before him. What we've con-
trived to get we'll contrive to keep. It can't
be long before Captain Willoughby and our
messmates return. Be quick, men, then, and
give them a shell before the canoes spread out
in the bay; we shall have them more in a
lieu now.

There was no time to lose. When Powis
got on deck, five or six canoes crammed with
shouting negroes, mulattoes, and piratical-
looking Portuguese sailors in Panama hats, were
rowing furiously out of the tree-shaded mouth
of the lagoon, and pulling straight for the
"Spitfire."

Give it to them hot; don't throw away a
shot! cried bold Powis to the men at the
guns.

Well thrown, but a little over them.
The next moment the second gun thun-
dered out.

Famous, by Jove! cried the boy-captain.
This time the shot ploughed into the second
canoe, and shattered it into fragments. The
leading canoes halted to assist the wounded
and pick up the survivors.

The "Spitfire" gave a shout of triumph.—
The next moment the storm burst full upon
them. The slaves rallied and bore down upon
them in full force. From the first canoe a
dozen rough, black-muzzled fellows dashed at
the "Spitfire's" side and attempted to board her.

Powis met them with pike and cutlass, and
drove them back over the ship's gunwale after
ten minutes hand-to-hand fighting. Twice
Gasket's cutlass saved the boy-captain's life.

Three of the oldest hands, urged on by Jeykell,
kept at work all the time with a central gun,
to keep off the other in secret.

It was hard work, and the men were ap-
petent, when a discharge of musketry
arose into the air from the foot of Elephant
Hill.

God be thanked! cried Powis, as he leant
faint and wounded against a gun-carriage.—
We are saved, boys. Give it to them again!
Blow the dogs out of the water! Now, all at
once.

The pirates had fled, leaving one-third of
their number dead in Elephant bay. But
Captain Willoughby had not arrived a mo-
ment too soon. Great was his astonishment
and delight to discover that his "Pickle" of a
midshipman had captured the famous phantom
ship.

Powis is now, we rejoice to say, first lieuten-
ant of H. M. S. A., one of the finest ves-
sels in the Channel Fleet.

A HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

It was a bitter cold night on the 25th of
December. The snow lay deep on the frozen
earth, and the bright moon, riding half way
up the heavens, lent crystalline lustre to the
scene. In the high road a short distance from
a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a
human being. His garments were scant and
tattered—by far insufficient to keep out the bit-
ting frost; his frame shook and trembled like
the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow
that grew near him, and his face, as the moon-
beams danced upon it, exhibited the footprints
of the demon—Intemperance. Poor, wretched,
and debased he looked—and such, in truth,
he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced
and trellised inclosure stood a small cottage.
It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just
such a one as the humble lover of true com-
fort and joy would seek for a home. The
tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the
poor inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage,
and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony,
he murmured:

"Oh, thou fond home of my happier days,
thou lookest like a heaven of the past! Be-
neath thy roof I was married to the idol of my
out, and within thy peaceful walls, God gave
me two blessed children. There, peace and
plenty were mine, and love and joy. My wife
—God bless her gentle soul—and was happy
then; and my children—may heaven protect
them—laughed and played in glistenous plea-
sure. Gladness played upon us then, and
every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost
them as a fool loses his own salvation! Six
years have passed since the demon that I took
to my heart, drove me from your sheltering
roof. And those six years! Oh, what mis-
ery, what anguish, what sorrows, and what de-
gradation have they brought to me, and my
poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace,
joy and friends are gone, all, all gone! Oh,
thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee, it
was I—I who did it. Year after year, I tam-
pered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that
destruction lurked in thy smile. But, but—
and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as
he spoke, there's a room on earth for another
man—and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable
and almost broken down hovel, sat a woman
and two children—a boy and a girl. The cold
wind found its entrance through a hundred
crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through
the room, the mother and the children crouched
nearer to the few embers that still slumbered
on the hearth. The only furniture was four
poor stools, a rickety table and a scantily cov-
ered bed; while in one corner, nearest to the
fire-place, was a heap of straw and tattered
blankets, which served as a resting place for
the brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle
was burning on the table, and by its dim light
one might have seen that wretched mother's
countenance. It was pale, wan and wet with
tears. The faces of her children were both
buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep
peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sounds of foot-steps on the
snow-crust struck upon the mother's ears, and
hastily arousing her children, she has them to
their lowly bed, and hardly had croached away
beneath the thin blankets, when the door was
opened and the man whom we have already
seen before the pretty cottage, entered the place.
With a trembling and fearful look the wife
gazed up into her husband's face, and seemed
ready to crouch back from his approach, when
the mark of a tear drop upon his cheek caught
her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that
yearly drop was in truth a tear? No—per-
haps a snow flake had fallen there and melt-
ed.

Once or twice Thomas Wilkins glanced up
on the point of speaking some word to his wife,
but at length he turned away and silently un-
dressed himself, and very soon his weary limbs
had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze
upon the features of her husband, after he had
fallen asleep. There was something strange in
his manner—something unaccountable; surely
he had not been drinking, for his counten-
ance had none of that vacant, wild, deontic
look that usually rested there. His features
were rather sad and thoughtful, than other-
wise; and—O heavens, is it possible—a smile
as if of prayer, issued from his lips while he
slept.

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of ap-
proaching morn, flitted before the heartbroken
wife. But she could not grasp it—she had no
foundation for it, and with a deep groan she let
the phantom pass. She went to her children
and drew the clothes more closely about them,
she then knelt by their side and after imprint-
ing on their cheeks a mother's kiss, uttered a
 fervent prayer in their behalf, and then sought
the repose of the pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas
Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself
and left the house. His poor wife awoke just
as he was going out, and she could have called
him, but she dared not. She would have told
him that she had no fuel, no bread—not
anything with which to warm and feed the
children; but he has gone, and she sank back
upon her pillow and wept.

The light of the morning came at length, but
Mrs. Wilkins had not yet risen from out her
resting place. A soft and footsteps was heard
from without, accompanied by a noise, as
though a light sled were being dragged through
the snow. The door opened and the husband
entered. He laid upon the table a heavy
wheaten loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle;
then from his pocket he took another paper
parcel, and again he turned toward the door.
When next he entered he bore in his arms a
load of wood and three times did he go out
and return with a load of the same description,
then bent over the fireplace, and soon a blazing
fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As
soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wil-
kins bent over his children and kissed them;
then he went to the bedside of his wife, and
while some powerful emotion stirred up in
his soul and made his chest heave, murmur-
ed:

"Kiss me Lizzie."
Tightly that wife wound her arms about the
neck of her husband, and as though the love
of years had centered in that one kiss, she pre-
sented it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently
laid the arm of his wife from his neck; these
things I have bought for you and our child-
ren; and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and trem-
blingly examined the articles upon the
table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she
found milk; one of the papers contained two
smaller bundles—one of tea and one sugar;
while in the remaining parcel she found a nice
lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as
she gazed upon the food that was thus spread
out before her, whence came these? Can it
be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he
never did that! And then that look—that
kiss—those kind, sweet, sweet words! O, my
poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may
only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who
had raised himself upon his elbow, "is father
gone?"
"O, tell me, mother, did not he come and kiss
me and little Abbie, this morning?"

"Yes, he did," cried the mother, as she flew
to the side of her boy and wound her arms
around him.

"And mother," said the child, in low, trem-
bling accents, while he turned a fearful look to
his parent's face, "will not father be good to us
once more?"

That mother could not speak—she could
only press her children more fondly to her
bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her
children down to that morning's meal? At
least a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain
entrance to her bosom. Toward the middle
of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired
sea captain of some wealth, sat in his comfort-
able parlor, engaged in reading, when one of
his servants informed him that some one at the
door wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in," returned Walker.
"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir!"

"Never mind," said the captain, after a mo-
ment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow,"
he continued, after his servant had gone, "I
wonder what he wants. In truth I pity him."
With a steady look, Thomas Wilkins entered
Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has
brought you here?"

"The poor man twice attempted to speak,
but his heart failed him."

"Do you come here for charity?"
"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while
his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walk-
er in a blunt, but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man
as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to
ask you if you still own that little cottage be-
yond the hill?"

"I do."
"And is it occupied?"

"No."
"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his
visitor with unconcerned interest; "but why do
you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a firm
and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened
and his lip quivered, "I have been poor and
degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of pov-
erty and disgrace. Everything that made my life
valuable, I have almost lost. My wife and
children have suffered—and God only knows
how keenly! I have long wandered in the
path of sin. One after another the tender cords
of friendship that used to bind me to the world
have snapped asunder; my name has been
but a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth I
am a man! Up from the depths of my long
grave I dragged my heart, and love still has
its home within me. I have sworn to touch
the fatal cup no more; and in my heart there is
no lie. My wife and children shall suffer no
more for the sins they never committed. I
have seen my old employer, at the machine-
shop, and he has even been kind enough to
give me an order in advance for necessary
articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-
morrow I commence work."

"And you come to see if you could obtain
your cottage back again to live in," said Cap-
tain Walker; Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir; to see if I could hire it of you to
turn the poor man."
(Concluded in our next.)

—SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make
forty such States as Rhode Island, and Min-
nesota, sixty. Missouri is larger than all New
England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland, Scot-
land or Portugal, equiva Belgium, Switzerland
and Scotland together. Missouri is more than
half as large as Italy, and larger than
Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland.
Missouri and Illinois are larger than England,
Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

—E. & N. A. RAILWAY.—The citizens of
Bangor, on Monday last, by a vote of 1297
yeas to 37 nays, voted to loan the credit of
their city for \$1,000 to aid the European and
North American Railway.

—We see that lemon juice is recommended
as a cure for Diphtheria. The juice of three
dozen gargled in the throat, will cure the most
obstinate case.

Our contemporaries are requested not to copy
the following without credit: motto for the
Finnegans, especially those who invest in the
Bonds:—"God save the green!"

A grovholm standing by a sewing machine
at which a young lady was at work, looking at
the machine and its fair operator, at length
gave vent to his admiration with, "By golly!
it's pretty," specially the part covered with
calico.

To keep bugs from rines, wet quill feathers
in spirits of turpentine, and stick one or two
in a hill. After a shower, dip them again.

"Where are you going?" said one boy to
another, who had slipped down on an icy pre-
ment. "Going to get up, was the blunt re-
ply."

The colored people have put into the Free
men's Savings Bank, over a million of dollars
the year.