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GEORGE McCULLOCH,
St. Andrews, Dec. 29, 1869. Administrator.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic* [$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 10 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 9, 1870. Vol 37

Poetry.

If your Foot is Pretty, Show It.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
No matter when or where;
Let all fair maidens know it,
The foot takes all the men.
The face, so fair and lovely,
May charm the gazer's eye;
But if the foot is homely,
He'll quickly pass her by.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
When you trip along the street;
For it will catch the eager eyes
Of every man you meet.
Don't toss your glossy ringlets,
Nor pout your lips so sweet;
But gently lift your petticoats,
And show your handsome feet.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
At concert, ball or fair;
For that small pedal index
Tells where your graces are;
The figure may deceive me,
All hooped and padded o'er;
But let my eye survey the foot,
I ask to see no more.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
If you want to catch the beaux,
No longer hide that tell tale charm
Beneath so many clothes.
A graceful foot betrays a form,
Of rare and faultless grace;
Full rounded limbs it doth reveal,
For fancy eyes to trace.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
Yes, show it while you can;
Twill help your other lovely charms
To win some nice young man.
The practiced eye may well distrust
A nicely padded breast;
But when it rests upon your foot,
It knows of all the rest.

Memoirs of Major Robt. Stobo:

BY A CONTEMPORARY.

REVIEWED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

On the 3rd of July, A. D. 1754, one hundred and sixteen years ago, that is, in the height of the struggle between the English and French in the New World, two hostages and prisoners of war might have been seen sorrowfully marching towards the gates of Fort Du Quesne, where now stands the thriving American city of Pittsburg. Not all the genius of Colonel George Washington, leading on his "self willed and ungovernable" Virginians, had sufficed to save the English forces besieged in Fort Necessity. Terms of surrender were proposed by the French and readily accepted by the disheartened British.

On that memorable 3rd of July, 1754, the English garrison withdrew from the basin of the Ohio, and then, in the eloquent language of Bancroft, "In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head springs in the Alleghanies, no standard floated but that of France."—These were glorious times, indeed, for the Bourbon lilies; but they were not to last for ever.

Captain Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman was one of the hostages; Captain Robert Stobo, a Scotchman, a favorite of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and first captain of a Virginian regiment just raised, was the other. To reviewing succinctly the chequered career of the latter, as disclosed to us in the Memoirs before us, we shall for the present confine our task.

* * * Amongst the delicate attentions of his amiable jailers, one notes the honor bestowed on him, which installed him an Indian chief. The ceremony of installation was more painful than picturesque. It was performed with some sharp flint stones, dipped in a liquid which leaves a blackness under the skin which never wears off, "applied on the leg above the garter, in form something like a diadem." We are unfortunately left in the dark as to whether this handsome scar, in order to display with advantage its insignia as a Knight of the Garter, took to wearing kilts or not. In order to carry out more effectually his plans, he took to studying French most earnestly. But an untoward event threatened to cut short his adventurous career. The French Government having obtained possession of the letters and plans Stobo had secretly conveyed to the enemy, issued a memorial describing Stobo as a spy in Fort Du Quesne, who had communicated valuable information to the British authorities. Upon this discovery Stobo was committed to a close prisoner at Quebec, and hardly used, we are told. His dungeon is most dismal and dark, but by degrees his eyesight became so sharp he could discern a "running mouse" on the floor. It is to be hoped this is the last of these running mice. These credentials against him were soon remitted to Paris by the very first opportunity, and the next year a commission was sent out to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, to try the prisoner for his life. Some time in 1756 he effected his escape from prison; but a reward of 6000 livres having been offered for his re capture, dead or alive, thousands scoured the woods for him and he was soon replaced in his confinement—a most dismal dungeon, from which on the 28th November, he was dragged before the Marquis of Vaudreuil, who, as president of the court-martial, sentenced him to death for violating the law of nations by breach of faith and treasonable practices against the government which held him as a hostage; but the Governor referred to France to have the sentence confirmed, and the hapless prisoner with his arms well tightened down with cords by way of consoling himself used to say, that he hoped the day would come when he could raise off the noses of those who caused him such disgrace. But, as he used to say, "Fortuna favet fortibus;" so he had soon contrived a plan of escape, which instead of landing him in Virginia took him only to the Falls of Montmorency, where he was arrested again on the 3rd May, 1757 and reconveyed to his prison.—His new misfortune is bewailed by his biographer in affecting language. But this evil fortune cannot last forever. There were then in Quebec, and there are still, ladies with marriageable daughters. But let us allow Stobo's language to speak:

"There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown, of manners sweet, and gentle soul."

This lady fair thus addressed the proud Canadian Viceroy:—"Mighty Cousin, our good Canadian Court must sure were right when they condemned this haughty prisoner to lose his forfeit life to our grand Monarch, (Louis XIV) whose great benevolence gives peace to mankind, his mighty arms give empire to the world."

Now, dear reader, shall we confess it? we have grave doubts that the court charmers, in Bigot's frolicsome days at Quebec, pleaded the cause of gallant cavaliers in such "hifalutin" accents.

Be this as it may, Stobo, then very weak and ill by close confinement, was allowed to take up his quarters on the ramparts with the kind hostess and her yet kinder daughters.—Amongst the English prisoners at Quebec, there was a Lieutenant Stevenson, of Rogers' Rangers, and one Clark, a Scotchman, from Leith, a ship carpent by trade, with his wife and two small children, who, to improve his prospects, had become a Roman Catholic.—Finally, a plan of escape was agreed on, and carried out on 1st May 1759.

Major Stobo met the fugitives under a windmill, probably the old wind mill on the grounds of the General Hospital Convent. Having stolen a birch canoe the party paddled it all night, and, after incredible fatigue and danger, they passed Isle aux Coudres, Kamouraska, and landed below this spot, shooting two Indians in self defence, whom Clark buried after having scalped them, saying to the Major: "Good sir, by your permission, these same two scalps when I come to New York, will sell for twenty four good pounds; with this I'll be right merry, and my wife right beaux." They then murdered the Indian's faithful dog, because he howled, and buried him with his masters. It was shortly after this that the laird of the Kamouraska Isles, Le Chevalier De la Durantaye, who said that the best Canadian blood ran in his veins, and he was of kin with the mighty Duc De Marlpoix Had the mighty Duke, however, at that moment seen his Canadian cousin steering a four oared boat, loaded with wheat, he might have felt but a very qualified admiration for his seamen like abilities. Stobo took possession of the Chevalier's pinnace, and made the haughty laird, "nolens volens," row him with the rest of the crew, telling him to row away, and that, had the great Louis himself been in the boat at that moment, it would be his fate to row a British subject thus. "At these last mighty words," says the Memoirs, "stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld and with reluctance temporized." After a series of adventures, and dangers of every kind, the fugitives succeeded in capturing a French boat. Next they surprised a French sloop, and, after a most hazardous voyage, they finally, in their prize, landed in Louisbourg to the general amazement. Stobo christened the "Elizabeth Rose;" but took passage two days after in a vessel leaving for Quebec, where he safely arrived to tender his services to the immortal Wolfe, who gladly availed himself of them. According to the Memoirs, Stobo, used daily to set out to reconnoitre with Wolfe, and, in this patriotic duty, whilst standing with Wolfe on the deck of a frigate, opposite the Falls of Montmorency, some French buffets were nigh carrying away his decorated and gallant legs.—[From New Dominion Monthly for March.

Lots of folks are continually getting "stout," and remaining thin!

Interesting Tale.

MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

Dear! dear, no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold. And Mr. Peters rose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently He rang again, a third, a fourth time and still no answer! Out of all patience he went to the door and called—'Maria, Maria!'

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered the summons—She had one of those round, bright faces which Nature intended should be decked with continual smiles; but now with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather doleful expression, totally at variance with her usual joyous look. Her voice, too had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

What is it Joseph?

Where's Bridget?

Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued, "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat"

I wish, whined his wife, you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life.

Hang it all madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I have it. Here was I the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a charitty, cheerful, loving wife, and good quiet children; and now since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?

Oh Joseph, if you would only, only come into that blessed circle.

Oh Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?

I'm sure I don't know.

Are they going school to day?

No, dear Joseph

For what reason madam?

My dear, their teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh! Joseph turn now, while there is time. You have still a week for preparation

Well when I take up the subject, it will take more than a week to put it through.

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

Joseph, said his wife you need not send home any dinner I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine

Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his friends, Fred Lemers who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

Hallo! he cried, you here? What are you doing here at breakfast time?—Wife sick?

No.

Had a quarrel?

No!

Gone to town?

No!

They why don't you breakfast at home?—Chimney on fire?

No!

Servants all dead?

No!

Well, what in thunder is to pay?

Maria's joined the Millerites!

Fred gave a long, shrill whistle, and then said:

Going to ascend next week?

Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am an almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal; all in confusion, wife got the blues, either quoting the speeches of elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third or fourth stitch Hang it all. Fred I've a great mind to take poison or join the army!

H'm! h'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure.

A cure?

Yes, if you will promise to take my advice I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy.

Do it, cried Joe I'll follow your word like a soldier under his superior officer, What shall I do.

At a late time Mr Peters, entered his home, whistling. Maria was seated at her sewing, and there was no signs of preparation for the evening meal

Maria my dear, said Mr Peters, is the tea ready?

I don't know, was the answer, have been out all day attending meeting.

Oh, very well; never mind. Attending meeting! You are resolved then, to leave me next week?

Oh! Joseph, I must go when I am called.

Yes my dear, of course. Well, I must resign my self, I suppose. By the way, my dear has it ever occured to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet my love, and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through hair and pulled up his collar.

Maria looked up rather surprised.

You see dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quickly you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness: and besides my dear, there will be no funeral expenses to pay, and that is quite a saving.

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to quit his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not yet gained.

So my dear, he continued, if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife.

What? cried Mrs. Peters.

Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for.

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

Another wife, Joseph! Another wife!

Yes I think I have selected a good successor I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her she is your bosom friend!

What, Sarah Ingrham?

Yes my dear. I think that on the day you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingraham!

What! that good for nothing, silly, empty headed old maid, the mother of my children! What!

Well my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business to go a courting and she will have me I know.

No doubt! Oh, you great, brutal, hateful—

Stop my dear, don't fly into a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have proposition to make.

Go on sir! Do not spare me!

Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do, I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to morrow to spend a week!

What?

Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture.

What?

And you can leave the house in her charge all day That will give you plenty of time to go out and she can learn the ways of the house.

What?

And my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask of you. Stay at home one or two days and show her around where you keep things, and so on so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go You will do this to oblige me won't you?

Mrs Peters for an answer rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe The cotton, scissors, work basket and tablecloth followed each other in rapid succession, and he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

So! you and Sarah! That's the reason you whisded so nice when you came in! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay if it's only to spite you! I won't go? I tell you, Mr. Peters, that I won't go!

But my dear you must go if you are come for.

I won't go!

But consider, my dear.

I won't go!

But what will Sarah Ingraham think of it?

Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—I—oh!—I am fairly choking! and the little woman threw herself into a chair in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

Well, old boy, how goes it?

Fred, was the reply, I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy tattling old maid who, under pretence of loving my wife, was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements.

Then Mrs Peters will not ascend, will she?

If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step mother to my children, Mrs Peters has concluded, that, on the whole, she won't go!

A SNAKE STORY.—"During the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was in the American army. One day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log that I paid no attention; the fact is I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log and nothing else. You see I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions; and the fact is, I never should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be, was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid: I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on the top of what do you suppose?" "A boa constrictor," said one. "No." "An anaconda," said another. "No." "What then could it have been?" asked a third. "Just what I supposed it to be, a log!"

RETURN OF THE DRUID.—There is yet no word of the City of Boston. The Government steamer Druid returned to Halifax yesterday afternoon. She had been to Sable Island, had communicated with the Governor, but he had no tidings of the missing steamer. There had been but one wreck on the Island during the winter—that of the bark M. & E Robbins, of Yarmouth, from Boston for Cork. The mate and one man were washed overboard after the vessel struck, and were washed overboard after the vessel struck, and were drowned. The rest of the crew were saved, and saved, and came to Halifax in the Druid. The Governor reports indications of another wreck on the North West part of the Island, as about 1st of January a figure head and peices of deal were washed ashore. About the 4th Febuary a boat with the name Kate Cleather upon it was washed up

The Salt Lake "Vidette" is responsible for the following:—

A wayfarer dropped into the Occidental Hotel in this place to get a square meal, and having planted himself in a chair at one of the tables he was confronted with, "What'll you have?" The hungry one fastened his eyes upon the waiter, and said

What have you got that's good?

Oh, we have roast beef, corn beef, roast mutton, fried ham, and boiled curlew.

What the deuce is curlew? said the stranger.

Curlew! why curlew is a bird, something like a snipe.

Does it fly?

Yes.

Did it have wings?

Yes.

Then I don't want any curlew. Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this cursed country, I don't want it for my dinner.

YOUNG LADIES JUST LISTEN.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicate, but not forward. Be kind, but beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage sensible conversation with those who are sensible and as to frivolous company do not go into it more than you can help.

Some Music teacher once wrote that 'the art of playing a violin requires the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art in the known world.' Upon which an editor comments in the following manner:—'The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, at the same time making it please everybody beats fiddlin' higher than a kite.'

RULES PRESCRIBED by the Treasury Board, under sanction of the Governor General in Council, in reference to the mode of Acquittal of Warrants for the payment of Money by the Government of Canada.

1. No Officer in the Civil Service shall, under any circumstances, be permitted to act as Attorney for receipt of public moneys

2. No power of Attorney will be recognized, received or acted upon by the Receiver General, which is not printed, and of the form to be obtained from the Department of the Receiver General, under which only payment can be made—and such power will operate as to any sum of money due only by the Government at the date of the power of Attorney.

3. General Powers of Attorney, authorizing the receipt of money due, or which may become due after its date, by which any chartered Bank or Agent of a chartered Bank is constituted the Attorney, will be received and acted upon if printed and of the special form to be obtained from the Department of the Receiver General, and in the event of the power being to the Agent of a chartered Bank, the Bank must declare itself, by a proper instrument in writing, responsible for the acts of such agent in respect to the receipts of moneys thereunder

It is, however, optional with the party executing any Power of Attorney to a Bank or Agent of a Bank, prior to the execution, to erase the words "or may hereafter become due."

4. Duplicate Powers of Attorney must be produced in every case, except where they may be General Power of Attorney, as above mentioned; to a Chartered Bank or Agent of a Bank, in which case a duplicate must be lodged with the Finance Department.

5. All powers of Attorney and duplicates must be signed in the presence of a witness.

6. In case of the death of the person in whose behalf payment is claimed, the probate of Will or other proof that the applicant is entitled to receive the money, must be furnished on application for such payments.

Blank Forms of Powers of Attorney may be obtained from the Department of the Receiver General and at all Branches of the Bank of Montreal.

By order of the Board.
JOHN LANGTON,
Secretary.
Treasury, Ottawa, 1st Feb. 1870.—timar 9

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