

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

133

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28 1866.

No 9

## TO BE SOLD.

Argain, if applied for immediately  
of disposed of by the 15th of April, the  
place will be let and possession given  
on 1st May next.

HAT desirably situated House for  
business next to the Record office;  
has been newly shingled and is  
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and  
attached.

A L S O.—  
Corner Town lots, in good situations for  
ing purposes. Apply to subscriber.  
Terms of payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

## Resolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the partnership  
lately subsisting between James Moran and  
A. V. Moran, of St. George, in the County of  
lotie, under the firm of James Moran & Son,  
his day dissolved by mutual consent.  
I declare owing to the said James A. Moran, who is  
obliged to settle all debts due to and owing  
to said firm.

JAMES MORAN,  
JAMES A. MORAN,  
St. George, September 18, 1865.

## \$5. Almanacks 1865.

MILLIAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and  
Register for 1865, can be obtained singly  
for 5 cents, or by the dozen for retail from  
J. J. JACQUES & SONS,  
supply of the old Farmers' Almanac always  
on hand.  
Andrews Nov. 30, 1864.

## 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.

SKELTON SKIRTS,  
and the balance of stock of  
WINTER DRY GOODS,

will sell CHEAP for Cash, and on  
credit at the usual discount.

## MORE NEW GOODS.

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

Hats, Bonnets,  
Shawls, Mantillas,  
DRESS GOODS.

Grey and White Cottons,  
Stripes, and Regattas  
Silks,  
and CO-SET CLOTHES  
Cravats, Towels,  
Linen, Shirt-fronts,  
Collars, and Fan-  
cy Neck Ties.

Boys, Rubbers,  
Boots and Slippers,  
and all the latest fashions  
of the season, stock daily expected  
"Europe" and when received  
be sold at a very small advance on cost.

D. B. L. L.

## 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.

Reading and arithmetic, Geography, including  
use of the Globes; Astronomy, history,  
and Singing, plain and ornamental Needle-  
work.

The French, Italian, Music, and Singing classes  
are open to ladies who desire to pursue any of  
the branches of study exclusively.

The greatest attention is paid to the comfort  
and health of the pupils.

TERMS:  
Board and Tuition, including all the branches  
except Italian, \$20 per annum.  
DAY PUPILS:  
English, \$5 0 0 per ann.  
Folio, including French, 8 0 0  
Music, 8 0 0  
Fuel for season 0 0 0

REV. G. PERRY, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,  
Windsor, Esq., high school, St. Andrews, M.A.,  
Jesse, McGill College, Montreal.  
Rev. S. Bacon, S. Bennett, M.D., Henry Conrad  
Esq., Chatham.  
Rev. W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.  
Esq., St. Andrews.

## FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,  
and Worked up  
Garments for Boys & Girls  
Boys' Jackets, Hats, Pants,  
Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern to be sent with order.  
J. J. JACQUES & SONS.

## Poetry.

### NEARER TO GOD.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
Even though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,  
Step unto Heaven;  
All that Thou sendest to me,  
I'll receive;  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forget,  
Upwards I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

## Miscellany.

### ALMOST MARRIED.

I am a miserable man. What I've been  
through no pen can describe. I am a bachelor,  
and probably shall ever remain one. I never  
attempted to marry but once, and that was  
a short time ago in the city of Boston.

I sat down to tell you about it, but the tears  
dim my eyes so that I can hardly see the page.  
The sobs heave up from the bottom of my  
bosom. O Tom Day, why were you ever  
born?

I am not wealthy, neither am I handsome.  
But I have an excellent disposition, so my  
friends say. In fact, my Aunt Lucy told me  
that she thought I should make one of the  
best of husbands—that is, if I could get a  
wife.

I am thirty-two years of age. My business  
at present is nothing—no matter what it is,  
for that has nothing to do with my story. I  
have travelled with a circus; but that was  
several years ago. I don't suppose you ever  
heard of me in those days, for my position was  
very exalted—I was a "tent man." I tried  
to be a "tumbler," but I did not succeed  
in that. If I had, probably I should have  
made for myself a great name and Tom Day  
would be heard of years after his death. As  
it is, I don't suppose he will. But to my story.

I have—or had, what I considered, a friend.  
He resides in Boston. His name is Davis,  
Jerome Davis. He is a married man. His  
wife is a Boston woman. Jerome came from  
his native place. We went to school  
there, and we have been friends ever since.

This last fall Jerome invited me to visit  
him in the city. "You must come Tom," said  
he, "for you know you have never been to see  
me since I was married. Why, you've never  
seen my wife, Tom?"

"No, that's a fact," I replied.

"Well, come down then, wont you?"

He seemed so very anxious, that I promised  
him I would. We were standing on the plat-  
form of the Juliet station at the time, and just  
as he had finished the train came in, stopping  
a minute, and then, puffing and snorting, was  
off again, with Jerome standing in the door of  
my car, waving his hat and handkerchief at  
me as long as I remained in sight.

The paternal Day bought a farm in J—  
soon after. We were to take possession in  
November. But meantime there were several  
weeks in which I should have nothing to do.  
A lucky thought struck me. "I'll go to see  
Jerome in Boston. I can spend my time there  
as agreeably as elsewhere, I do not doubt, and  
so, go I will."

Having formed the resolution, nothing was  
left for me but to push into execution. The  
next day it rained, and as that was Saturday,  
I concluded to wait until the Monday follow-  
ing, determined not to start upon my journey  
in bad weather.

Monday came and found me ready to start.  
I kissed my mother on both cheeks—that's the

custom in our family—and then bidding her  
adieu, with tears in my eyes, I set forth, my  
mother's warning, to beware of bad company  
while in the wicked city of Boston, ringing in  
my ears.

I'd never been in Boston before. But for  
all that, although the streets are as crooked as  
as they can well be, I had no great difficulty  
in finding the house of my friend, Jerome  
Davis.

He was at home when I got to the house,  
and I never wished to find a warmer welcome  
anywhere, than he gave me. I was inroduced  
to Mrs. Davis, and believe me, my dear reader,  
I would give the whole world, were it  
mine, for such a wife. Not that she was beauti-  
ful. By no means. There was no beauty  
about her. But there was something about  
her, lovely to look upon. And there, more  
than all that, I knew that she possessed a  
warm, loving heart. I wanted "some one  
to love, some one to care for," because I want-  
ed some one to love me. I have lived thirty-  
two years alone. Is it not time that I had  
some one to comfort and love me?

That one came forward in the person of  
Betty Creekey—Mrs. Davis's sister. When  
I took her little soft, plump hand in mine, and  
looked into her bright eyes, I felt that we were  
intended for each other. I think she experi-  
enced a little of the same feeling. Something  
in the expression of her twinkling blue eyes  
seemed to say—"we are one." Perhaps you  
think this all imagination on my part, but  
nevertheless, I do believe that Betty Creekey  
felt it and tried to express it as plain as she  
could without her tongue.

For my part, these midnight orbs of mine  
told Betty Creekey that I loved her, and  
that I would be her own dear Thomas, if she  
would only accept me.

All this was performed in less than three  
minutes; yes, while I held the lovely Betty's  
hand within mine own.

I asked Jerome about her afterwards.  
She's your wife's sister, you said?

Yes, he replied.

But if I remember, your wife's maiden name  
was not Creekey, eh?

Why, no, that's a fact. Why, you see she's  
a widow!

O, ah, yes, I see. A widow, indeed! Hus-  
band long dead? I inquired.

About two years. Killed in the army.—  
He enlisted four years ago, replied Jerome.  
Ah, then he was a soldier?

Yes.

And he was killed—poor Betty! I said,  
my voice choking, while the tears stood in  
these deep brown eyes of mine.

Yes it was a hard thing for her, poor girl.  
But Jerome. It is a wonder to me how the  
frail creature bore up so well under her great  
affliction. We did think that she would not  
long survive him; but, thank God, she is  
better now.

I felt more love for her than ever when I  
learned how the dear, sweet creature had suf-  
fered.

I am of a very sympathetic nature. I al-  
ways feel for those who are in distress. My  
heart is large and warm, and it seemed to me  
then that I could take Betty Creekey to my  
bosom, feeling for her as ever man felt for  
woman.

Time passed away. I saw more and more  
of Betty every day. We were thrown to-  
gether very often. Besides, I often asked  
her to attend the theatre with me, and those  
blissful nights I shall always remember.—  
We went to the Sunday evening concerts, too;  
and then a night when we returned, we al-  
ways found that Jerome and Mrs. Davis had  
retired.

Those Sunday evenings could not come and  
go, without giving us a knowledge of each  
other's feelings, even though we never spoke  
directly of love. But the time came at last  
when we felt that there must be a definite un-  
derstanding between us.

I remember the night well. I was seated  
upon the sofa, and Betty Creekey sat beside  
me and one of her little dimpled hands had  
been mixed up with mine, so the neither of us  
knew who it did belong to. I felt that I must  
speak at once. I had kept it back so long  
that I was red in the face, and my heart was  
fairly burning up with passion; and as near  
as I could tell, Betty was feeling very much  
the same.

Darling creature, said I, striking an attitude  
and turning my "witching eyes" upon the  
countenance of this lovely female, how can I  
tell you?

Thomas she cried, in a voice choked with  
emotion and spruce gun, thou needest not tell  
I have known it all along.

Thou hast, darling one? And thou knowest  
that thou art all the world to me? O Betty!  
Betty Creekey, my all, my only love!

It is needless, perhaps to say that we imme-  
diately fell into each other's arms, while I rap-  
idly kissed upon the sweet lips and blooming  
cheek of that darling creature.

I will be your wife, Tommy, whenever you  
wish me to, she murmured, with great tears of  
joy rolling down her cheeks.

Let it be so, Betty, dearest, for I feel  
now that I should die were we to be parted.

And still there comes a dread when I think—  
O Tommy, she sobbed, do not speak of that.  
We shall never be parted—

"But, should oceans divide us, Tommy,  
And leave the least a dream,  
They cannot be so wide, Tommy,  
But love can span the stream."

she sang, her voice trembled. But will not  
speak of that again.

No, darling Betty, we will only look upon  
the bright side. If trouble comes, it will be  
bad enough then, without borrowing it now.

We kissed and then bade each other good-  
night, retired. I cannot tell you half the hap-  
piness I felt that night. It was so strange to  
love and be loved in return! O, my heart  
will break for very joy! I cried as I entered  
my chamber that night. I could not sleep—  
I could only live and think of Betty—and my  
own great love for her. We were to be mar-  
ried very soon, and I had to think that all  
over too, and lay my plans for the future.

Next day I told my friend Jerome about my  
little affair. He didn't seem at all surprised.  
He seemed to take it as a matter of course.—  
But for all that he was very happy to learn  
that Betty and I had come to an understand-  
ing.

The wedding will follow soon, I suppose.  
Tom? said he.

Yes, as soon as Betty can get ready.

That's right, delays are dangerous, you know  
Jerome answered.

So preparations for the wedding were made  
at once. Everybody was busy but just Betty  
and I. We were busy with our love, and  
could not be disturbed.

Meantime I wrote to my friends, and told  
them that when I returned from Boston I  
should bring a wife with me. I did not wish  
to make them entirely by surprise, but still I  
only told them just enough to excite their curi-  
osity for more.

The wedding day arrived. It was Wed-  
nesday. A more beautiful day for the season  
the sun never shone upon. Betty was all  
smiles, and for that matter, so was I. Jerome  
Davis and Mrs. Davis also looked exceedingly  
affable. And when at last the minister ar-  
rived everybody wore a broad grin, they felt so  
exceedingly happy, although I never could  
imagine why, they were no friends of mine.

The marriage ceremony was to take place in  
Mrs. Davis's front parlor. Already we had  
taken our position. The minister stood before  
us. A buzz around the room and all was si-  
lent, so still that I heard my heart beating (it  
might have been Betty's) at the bottom of my  
bosom. The minister opened his lips to speak,  
but no sound issued from them. He turned  
pale, pale as death, the book fell from his hand  
and he staggered back, his eyes fixed upon  
the door.

I turned, and beheld a fine looking man of  
about thirty-five or forty years, standing in the  
doorway. No one but the minister had noticed  
him. He looked pale and care worn and wore  
a suit of a fine blue. An awful suspicion flash-  
ed across my mind. I trembled, and just then the  
bride turned toward the door. O, oh! she  
saw him, and then turning herself from my  
gasp, rushed into the outstreached arms of the  
door.

Creekey! Creekey! I sobbed to hear no  
more. I was motionless. The soldier lived. I  
fled from the house. Through the streets of  
Boston I wandered till night. I was half  
crazed. I could not return to the house of  
my friend Jerome. No I never wished to  
look upon his face again.

That night I went to the theatre, and saw  
Maggie Mitchell play "Fanchon." Poor Di-  
der! He "wanted to die." I could  
sympathize with him. The play did me good,  
I felt that there might be some poor Didier as  
miserable as my self, in this world of woe.

And I bury my sorrows minding cows and  
milking the plough.

TAKING COLD.—Thou shalt take cold and  
bring upon thee all various forms of incur-  
able disease, by living as I have an extra gar-  
ment when per-piring from heat or vigorous exer-  
cise. When exercise has been taken the per-  
son should rest awhile removing an extra gar-  
ment, and if lying down or exposed to a cur-  
rent air, more nothing. Instead of less, should  
be added till well rested. When exposed to  
cold from getting the feet wet, dry clothing  
put on, and vigorous exercise taken how-  
ever stupid the person may feel; unless too  
much exercise has been previously taken, in  
which case remove the damp clothing, retire  
immediately to bed cover very warm and put  
warm feet so as to create warmth with a short  
time. Before, and during the continuance of  
exercise, a person may drink cold water, but  
never immediately on ceasing from exercise,  
however thirsty.

A traveller stopping at a hotel exclaimed one  
morning to the waiter: "What are you do-  
ing, you black rascal! You have roused me  
twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast  
was ready, and now you are attempting to  
strip off the clothes! What do you mean?"

"Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't going  
to get up, I must have the sheet any how,  
cause dey'r waiting for de table cloth."

## AN ISLAND OF SALT IN LOUISIANA.

A Philadelphia gentleman, just returned  
from a protracted sojourn in the Southern States,  
thus describes a salt mountain in the Parish  
of St. Mary's, Louisiana.

"The name of the Island is 'Petit Anse' and  
consists of a hill, at some points one hun-  
dred and sixty feet high, containing about two  
thousand and twenty acres of land sur-  
rounded by the waters of Bayou Vermillion  
situated about nine miles from Vermillion Bay  
in the above named parish.

"Although salt has been manufactured upon  
the island for many years, yet the discovery  
of the mines were not made until 1863, and  
they were only worked by the Confederates  
for a period of about three months previous to  
its occupancy by our troops, during this short  
space of time it is estimated that the quantity  
taken out was not less than 20,000,000  
pounds by means of rude machinery.

The quality of this article is very superior  
(99,100) pure salt and so far as tests have  
been made, the deposit seems inexhaustible,  
and promise to be one of the greatest develop-  
ments of the age, consequently of great benefit  
to the nation, for although the production of  
salt in the United States in 1860 was nearly  
130,000 of barrels, yet the importations of this  
article from foreign ports were very large."

ROASTED GRASSHOPPERS.—Among the  
choice delicacies with which the California  
Digger Indians regale themselves during the  
summer season, is the grass-hopper roast. Hav-  
ing been an eye-witness to the preparation and  
discussion of one of their feasts of grasshoppers,  
we can describe it truthfully. There are dis-  
tricts in California, as well as portions of the  
plains between Sierra Nevada and the Rocky

Mountains, that literally swarm with grass-  
hoppers, and in such astonishing numbers that  
a man cannot put his foot to the ground, with-  
out stepping upon them, without crushing great  
numbers. To the Indians they are a delicacy, and  
are caught and cooked in the following man-  
ner: A piece of ground is sought where they  
most abound, in the centre of which an excava-  
tion is made, large and deep enough to pre-  
vent the insect from hopping out when once in  
it. The entire part of Diggers, old and young,  
male and female, then surround as much of  
the adjoining grounds as they can, and each  
with a green bough in hand, whipping and  
thrashing on every side, gradually approach  
the hole, driving the insects before them in  
countless multitudes, till at last all, or nearly  
all, are secured in the pit. In the meantime  
smaller excavations are made, answering the  
purpose of ovens, in which fires are kindled  
and kept up till the surrounding earth, for a  
short distance, becomes sufficiently heated to  
gether with a flat stone, large enough to cover  
the oven. The grasshoppers are now taken  
in earthen bags, and, after being thoroughly  
soaked in salt water for a few moments, are  
emptied into the oven and closed in. Ten or  
fifteen minutes suffice to roast them, when they  
are taken out and eaten without further  
preparation, and with much apparent relish,  
or, as is sometimes the case, reduced to powder  
and made into soup. And having from curi-  
osity tasted, not of the roast, really, if one  
could divest himself of the idea of eating an  
insect as we do an oyster or shrimp without  
other preparation than simple roasting, they  
would not be considered very bad eating even  
by more refined epicures than the Digger In-  
dians.—[California paper.]

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—There are  
thousands of excellent farmers in our country,  
who are capable of penning communications  
that would be read with great interest and  
profit. It is not to be expected that the man  
who has always been accustomed to wield the  
plow and spade, and other implements of hus-  
bandry, will be able to pen an article equal to  
the man who has never done but little else in  
his whole life but write.

We desire to have our young farmers try  
their hand a little. If they fail, it can be no  
worse for them. Writing and communication  
will greatly facilitate the task of penning au-  
thority. Farmers have great deal of leisure  
during our long winter evenings; and it would  
be an excellent way to spend a portion of  
their time to write communications on subjects  
connected with their business. Let us sug-  
gest a few thoughts to aid young writers:

Write briefly. You can pen a communica-  
tion of good length on one page of foolscap  
paper. Record facts which have been inter-  
esting and profitable to yourselves, and you  
may rest assured that your writings will be  
perused with interest by others. Young writ-  
ers sometimes think that if a communication  
does not cover three or four pages of foolscap  
paper, it will not be acceptable to an editor.

Nothing is more erroneous. Editors usually  
prefer short articles to long ones. Four short  
communications would be much more likely  
to prove acceptable to editors, and to be pub-  
lished, than one long one.

If there is any subject on which you have

made discoveries, or on which you have  
thoughts that would be likely to be profitable  
to other farmers, sit down to write upon it,  
but confine yourself to that subject alone—e.g.  
the management of cows, or sheep, or other  
animals.

Many farmers have certain modes of per-  
forming different kinds of labor, which if dis-  
cussed in proper language, would be of great  
value to beginners. Let our young men im-  
prove their talents in communicating their  
knowledge to others.

While engaged in manual labor the mind  
may be employed in the investigation of some  
subject to write on, after the labors of the day  
have closed.—[N. Y. Observer.]

A GROWING POWER.—Since the days of  
Peter the Great, Russia has advanced her  
frontier 700 miles towards Vienna and Berlin  
500 miles toward Constantinople, and 1200  
miles toward Lahore and Kurrachee in India.  
She has taken from Sweden more than half  
her territory; from Poland territory more ex-  
tensive than Austria; from Turkey, provinces  
equal to Prussia, the Rhine provinces, Belgium  
and Holland; from Persia, provinces as large  
as Great Britain; and from Turkey and China  
countries greater than the whole of Europe.  
Her population in the same time has increased  
sixfold.

A woman went into a house at Boston the  
other day with an infant in her arms and ask-  
ed to stay awhile, as she was weak and tired.  
She also asked for something stimulating, say-  
ing that she was recently confined. The lady  
of the house went to get a glass of ale for the  
stranger, and on returning found that her own  
infant, which she had left asleep in the cradle,  
had been taken away by her visitor and a ne-  
gro baby left in its stead. Nothing has been  
heard of the woman since, and the affair cre-  
ates great excitement among the interested  
parties.

WHAT A BOOK DID.—A member of the  
British Parliament, Mr. Jackson, recently  
gave his history to a mechanics' association of  
young men. When eleven years old, he was  
taken from school and put at hard work at a  
ship's side from six in the morning till nine at  
night, with half an hour for breakfast and three  
quarters of an hour for dinner. At the end  
of nine months, his master being sick, he was  
put into the office, where he found an *Encyclo-  
pædia Britannica*, which he read from begin-  
ning to end. After that he never lost an  
hour. When he had worked till nine, and  
gone to bed at ten, he had hung a lamp over  
his bed, and read a part of the night.

He is not only an honored member of Par-  
liament, but is distinguished in commerce.—  
He has commercial relations with almost  
every part in the world, and all his success  
he ascribes to the knowledge derived from  
books, beginning at the *Encyclopædia*. "Read!"  
was his exhortation to young men. "Instead  
of smoking your pipe and drinking beer in a  
public house, read, and you will find art,  
science, language, something to entertain, sup-  
port and instruct you."

A JUST REWARD.—When Napoleon I.  
sailed on his expedition to Egypt, the ships  
accompanying him were crowded with troops.  
It frequently occurred that a man accidentally  
fell overboard, and at such times Napoleon was  
said to have manifested the greatest interest  
in rescuing the unfortunate soldier from his  
peril, although when in battle, to general over-  
sight showed greater indifference to the wholesale  
slaughter resulting from his orders; there the  
certain loss of thousands of lives never deter-  
red him from pursuing a plan which promised  
success. On the occasion referred to, he stimu-  
lated the sailors to watchfulness and exertion,  
by liberally rewarding all who helped to res-  
cue a drowning soldier. One night a loud  
splash was heard near one of the ships, and  
immediately the cry was raised "man over-  
board!" The vessel instantly put about, the  
boats lowered, and for a long time, the search  
continued; until at length the sailors succeeded  
in saving—a quarter of beef which had slip-  
ped from a nose at the bow of the ship. Of  
course a good laugh followed, but Napoleon  
ordered that at a larger reward than usual be  
paid, as the sailors had exerted themselves,  
enough un-successfully, as much as would have  
been necessary to save life.

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl  
out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an  
improvement, and apply for a patent before he  
is six months old.

A ship-building association is about to be  
formed in Quebec. The object of the associa-  
tion is to build a ship for the purpose of  
When it is made to measure, the ship will  
be built in the harbor of Quebec.

A collier, at Paris, who at the public dis-  
putations, was asked if he understood Latin.  
"No," he replied; "but I know who is wrong  
in the argument." "How?" asked his friend.  
"Why, by seeing who is angry first."

The coroner says a great many people died  
this year that never died before.