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No. 44.

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1856.

[Vol. 23]

THE PEDLAR'S STORY. An Unwelcome Passenger.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered round about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a New-England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken, conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

Well, gentlemen, he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, suppose I tell you about the last thing that happened to me? You see I am now right from the far West, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern, in Hancock county, Indiana. I said it was pleasant, I meant it was warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and I had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for awhile it poured down good, and it was awful thick and dark. Now I wanted to be in Jacksonsville the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew if it did not rain, I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not have my horse fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express agent left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting round while I told this, but I took but little notice of them, one only arresting my attention. I had in my possession a small bundle of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff of Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber, named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard cruel marks, which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villainous disposition.

When I went to my chamber, I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon and intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I wished to know, if I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity. I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon shined brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and as near as I could remember the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, we should have light enough. I had entered the woods, and gone about a mile when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and jerk into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source.

What could it be? I looked quickly round but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken the method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for

I knew that somebody had got in to sleep; but this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought gentlemanly, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there, had broken in.

My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought he meant to leave the cart, when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without one—I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip stock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the trap.

The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple and then is secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that slight force from within could break it. My wheel wrenched hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good, hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own through the mud. About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the doors. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the foot board.

Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would cause him to remain quiet so long, and then start up at this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

Let me out of this, he cried, and yelled pretty loud.

I lifted my head so as to make him think I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there.

Let me out, and I will tell you what I am doing, he replied.

Tell me what you are in a hurry for? said I.

I got in here to sleep on your stage, he answered.

How did you get in, I asked.

Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head, he yelled.

Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be going.

The distance was ten miles. I slipped back on the foot board and took the whip. I had the same horse I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the report of a pistol—one, two, three, four—one right after the other, and I heard the balls whiz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls—if not two of them would have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said—O, dear, I'm a dead man! Then I said—O, dear, I'm a dead man! Then I said—O, dear, I'm a dead man! Then I said—O, dear, I'm a dead man!

Finally he settled down on the foot board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip stock and she peeled it faster than ever.

The man called out to me twice more, pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed, him, he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in with dovetail, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had it made so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else failed, the scamp commenced to halloo whoa to the horse, and kept it up until

he became quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and kept poking the beast with the stick.

We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol and more than that, my passenger was safe. Yet I was glad when I came to the old flour barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

Well, old feller, says I as I got down and went around to the back of the wagon, you have had a good ride haven't ye?

Who are you? he cried, and he kind of swore a little, too, as he asked the question. I'm the man you tried to shoot, was my reply.

Where am I? let me out! he yelled.

Look here, we've come to a safe stopping place, and mid ye, my revolver's ready for ye, the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet.

By this time the hostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and rout out the sheriff and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streak of daylight were just coming up, and in an half hour it would be broad daylight. In less than half that time the sheriff came, and two men with him. I told him the whole in a few words—exhibited the handle I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back, and passed upward for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder and his pistol was a heavy one.

On the next morning the sheriff had called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he'd got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life.

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the bullet holes just as he had told us though they were now plugged up with vital corks.

One Week later from Europe!

Arrival of the Atlantic.

New York, Oct. 27.

The "Atlantic" arrived last night.

Spain—The O'Donnell Minister has resigned, and Narvaez been reinstated.

It is further reported that Russia resigns all claim to the Isle of Serpentis, which reverts to Turkey.

The affairs of Naples are quiet.

Russia desires another meeting of the Congress of Paris. France and Prussia assent and await the decision of England.

The condition of the Bank of France is reported more favorable.

English funds had slightly declined—Consols closing on the 4th at 91.

Breadstuffs quiet and steady. Markets generally without change.

Fire.—A fire broke out about 1 o'clock on Sunday morning in a Bakery in the rear of Queen street, owing to a defect in the chimney, but our ever active firemen were early on the spot, and by their united exertions prevented the extension of the flames. Had the fire gained headway, it would have swept a whole block of wooden buildings, as a strong wind prevailed from the North-West. Such a disaster would have occurred in almost any other City on the Continent except St. John.—[N. W. Brunswickeek.

What Railways will Do.—We are an active and industrious people; but we lack enterprise; our best interests have been hitherto sacrificed to local jealousies. Railroads

will be perhaps a means of mental, as well as material advancement. Cheap and speedy transit,—cheap and regular communication among ourselves and with our neighbors good and cash markets brought in a manner to our doors, will ensure our progress in the industrial pursuits. But we very much mistake if fifty miles an hour does not have as well some effect in setting the Blue-nose wind in motion. Antiquated and useless, or pernicious, notions will be carried away, and new, liberal and useful ones brought to us, by steam. We shall progress intellectually as well as industrially.—[Woodstock Journal.

POETRY.

A GOOD NAME.
BY MARTHA W. CANTON.

Some speak of riches and their worth,
And some of lofty fame;
But still, of all earth's precious store,
Give me a bright good name.

Give me a name, though adverse winds
How loudly round my head,
That will not die when I am gone
But still an influence shed.

Give me a name, that cannot die,
When I am hid to rest
Upon our common mother Earth's
Cold, damp, and cheerless breast.

A name that all who loudly praise,
A name that all can love;
One that will brightly shine on earth,
And brighter grow above.

When I shall sleep within the tomb,
O, may my name remain;
And of be spoken of by friends,
As one without a stain.

(From the Royal Gazette.)
PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Honorable Robert D. Wilmot to be Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas and Justice of the Peace for the County of Sunbury.

John Earle, Esquire, to be Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Queen's; and Charles Edward Langan and David Phillips, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the same County.

James H. Whitlock, Esq., to be a Director of the Charlotte County Grammar School.

Alex. Munro, Esq., to be a Commissioner to solemnize Marriage in the County of Westmorland.

Vital Hebert, to be Deputy Treasurer at Edmundston, Victoria.

By His Excellency's Command.
R. D. WILMOT,
Secretary's Office, Oct. 28, 1856.

India Rubber Manufactures.

Vulcanized India Rubber fabrics are among the most astonishing triumphs of modern inventive genius, enterprise, and skill, and they had their origin and have their principal seats of manufacture in the United States.

It is not many years since that all india rubber was only used for erasing pencil marks from white paper; now its manufacture into every variety of form, and applied to a countless number of useful purposes.

The united India Rubber Companies of our country make an excellent display of their goods in the North-West Gallery of the Palace; we have endeavored to collect a list of them, to show its adaptable character.

The articles on exhibition consist of coats, pants, carriage cloths, and table covers, (beautifully printed in various colors) blankets, saddle and gas bags, aprons, beds, pillows, boots and shoes, hose and tubing, life-preservers, bath mats, water buckets, hats and caps, bottles, drinking cups, diving or submarine dresses, (one shown suspended, with a diver's helmet), breast pumps, nursing bottles, cupping cups, water bags, gloves, all kinds of toys, balls, combs, packing for steam engines, belting for machinery, pencil cases, pen holders, pulleys, insulated telegraph wire, and valves in imitation of morocco leather. The nature of india rubber renders every article to which it is applied air and water tight, elastic, tough and strong, not liable to be affected with the weather.

These are qualities of an important and useful character.—A very small amount of the india rubber in each article is sufficient to impart air and water-tight qualities to it; in fact, some india rubber goods, such as overshoes, contain but a minimum of the gum elastic, the rest being very cheap materials—hence enormous profits have been derived by the manufacturers of such goods.

The best valve packing is made of 30 lbs. red or white lead, and 22 oz. of sulphur; these metalizing substances are all very cheap. India rubber is easily rendered plastic, and combines readily with almost every substance, such as the oxides of metals, clay, pulverized gunis, carbon, sawdust, ground cork, &c. It is, certain—, one of the most

wonderful and useful products of nature that has ever been applied to the arts.

Natural Curiosities.

In Australia there is a beetle which has the peculiarly formed legs of the Kangaroo, and appears to be half Kangaroo (on a small scale) and half insect. It is a grotesque creature, and from its appearance has received the name of "Kangaroo-beetle."

In the same country there is also a bird which has a tail resembling the ancient Greek lyre. The margin of the lyre is formed by two broad feathers on each side, which curve into scrolls at the upper end, while a number of delicate ones represent the wires in the middle. These birds are hunted for their tails, which form an object of curiosity, and beauty in museums.

In the zoological kingdom there is a curious variety of shell called "Harpa," from the bars with which it is marked having the resemblance of a harp. There is another shell which resembles a rose bud, and another which resembles a strawberry.

A NORTHERN CLERGYMAN IN THE SOUTH.

From a private letter to one of the editors of the Utica Herald, that paper extracts a few words merely to lift the curtain and glance at the secrets of a Christian heart in a land of slavery. He says:

"I have preached here, in this slave city, nearly a year; have a splendid church edifice, large congregation, large salary, &c.; but I am heart-sick and home-sick. I have a more perfect hatred of Slavery and all its influences. They are all wretched, degrading, and damning."

He proceeds to speak of certain public acts in his city during the last few weeks, which are too widely known to be again told. And he then continues:

"He who says there is a Free Press or Free Speech in the Slave States is, in plain Saxon, a LIAR. Every Freemonter in the South is marked, and spotted and twitted of Abolitionism. I have not meddled with politics in my pulpit service; but because I dared to take the New York Daily Tribune I have been complained of bitterly. O, how I sigh for the Free North!"

It is my purpose to resign my charge this Fall, and seek a home Westward or Northward. I cannot, will not, tarry much longer in this land of bondage and bowie-knives. * * * My earnest prayer is that Fremont may be elected.

Mr. John Lamb, the Quaker correspondent of the "Belfast Whig," writes:—"There is no doubt that our country is rapidly improving. The people are better clad and better fed. The country is much better cultivated than it was a dozen years ago. The jails are nearly empty, and the poor houses not half filled; some of the masters complain that they cannot muster as much healthy labour as will cultivate the grounds round the workhouses. The towns are better paved, swept, and lighted, and many an old, unsightly thatched house has been pulled down to make room for a respectable slated one."

MOUSE STORY.—An Albany editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in the pantry, was the other day traced to his nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The patient mouse was arrested, and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible:—"Thou shalt not steal!" What a hypocrite!

JACK AND THE SHEEL.—The sailors having been relieved from duty, had filled their pipes with tobacco, and were looking about for a light, when, just at the moment, a burning shell fell amongst them; many of the men threw themselves upon the ground, but one, more fearless, exclaimed—"Hurray, my hearties! Providence is with us! here's a light!" and running over towards it, he went upon his hands and knees, and coolly lit his pipe from the blazing fuse of his engine of death! Indeed, Providence was with him, for the fuse burnt itself out, and the shell did not explode!—[Galt's Camp and Cutter, Sebastopol.

Practical and scientific farming should go hand in hand; science without practice is unavailable; practice without science is the quality of the brute. While science without practice will not produce a blade of grass, every acre will produce more under the culture of a practical hand guided by a scientific head.—[Flax, Loom, and Axle.

A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with this introduction:—"Mr. Foote, and the two Misses Feet."

The Royal Mail Steamship New Era, from Kingston, ran aground yesterday in the Gallops Rapids.—[Montreal, Oct. 27.