

W ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.
HAMMONTON TRACT OF
LAND IN NEW JERSEY
The tract of land in the township of Hammonton, New Jersey, known as the Hammonton Tract, is for sale by the owner, J. W. Smith, at a price of \$10,000. The tract is situated in the township of Hammonton, New Jersey, and is bounded by the Hammonton River on the north and east, and by the Hammonton River and the Hammonton River on the south and west. The tract is of the size of 100 acres, and is situated in the township of Hammonton, New Jersey. The tract is for sale by the owner, J. W. Smith, at a price of \$10,000.

From the 10th of March, 1867, to the 10th of April, 1867, the following were the names of the persons who were admitted to the Hammonton Tract, New Jersey, at a price of \$10,000.

THE GREAT
UNITED STATES CIRCUS
—AND—
MENAGERIE,
Will Exhibit at St. Andrews on Friday,
JUNE 21st,
ST. GEORGE, JUNE 22nd.

Two Popular branches of Amusement in
One Entertainment.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 19, 1867.

No 26



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Will Exhibit at St. Andrews on Friday,
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ST. GEORGE, JUNE 22nd.

Two Popular branches of Amusement in
One Entertainment.



New and Magnificent Outfit!
Carriages, Cages, Band Chariot,
Horses, Harnesses, Trappings, and Superb
Paraphernalia generally,
forming altogether the Grandest combination
of Equestrian and Zoological
Attractions that ever appeared in one
Exhibition: First in the attractions
among the Equestrian
troupe is

M'LE MARIE!
The distinguished Parisienne, in her dazzling
Feats of Equestrianism, the acknowledged
model of the Arena. Next in rank is

La Petite Louise!
The beautiful child-rose late of
La Cirque Napoleon.

John H. Glenroy!
The accomplished American horseman. The
unparalleled

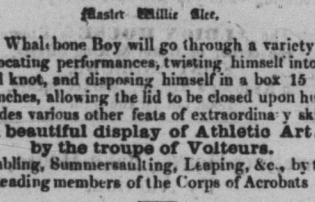
TRICK-HORSE GEN. GRANT.
Will be performed in all his wonderful
feats by his accomplished trainer,
MR. FRANK J. HOWES.

WILLIAMS AND MANKIN.
Will illustrate the daring splendors of the
Gymnasium upon the Trapez, Hor-
zontal Bar, Leaping, &c.

The clowns Clark & Williams
Will introduce a new school of laughing
philosophy, with original grotesques,
stupendous contortions and droll antic.

Signor ALEE & Son,
The Wonderful Contortionists, will exhibit
their renowned feats of elasticity.

Wonders of the Menagerie!
The great novelty of the Zoological Department
is the renowned



BABY ELEPHANT!
Recently brought out to this country by the
proprietors of the United States Menagerie at
the expense of \$10,000; the only one now living
in this continent. It is but three and a half feet
high, a little over a year old, and weighs about
300 pounds. The Baby Elephant will be intro-
duced in the ring and performed by Mr. Seton-
son.

THE SACRED CATTLE.
Are also great objects of attraction in this collection.
The herd consists of a bull, a cow and a

calves, and were brought out to this country in the
ship Colocoda. The Sacred Cattle are now kept
by the heathen, and could only be obtained after
the greatest difficulty, and a promise of returning
them within a given time.

A WATER BUFFALO.
From the Hooghly River, India, it also with the
United States Menagerie, and is the only
Water Buffalo ever brought alive
to this country.

LIVING WILD ANIMALS,
viz:

Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Civets, Monkeys,
Cockatoos, Baboons, Parrots, Guinea Pigs,
Mask Animals, African Porcupines, White
Parrots, Prairie Wolves, Hudson Bay Wolves,
Lobster Wolves, Hyenas, Bears, Gazelles,
Deer, Macaws, African Goats, Coons, Apes
Leopards, Great California Bear, Opossums.
There will be given two Entertainments

DAILY, AFTERNOON & EVENING.
Admission - 50 Cents.
Children under ten, 25 cents.
Which includes the right to see both Circus
and Menagerie without extra charge.

THE MATINEES.
Or daylight performance, given daily at
this exhibition have been expressly arranged
for the convenience of families. Doors open
for the Matinees at 1 o'clock P. M. The
Circus performance will commence at half
past 2 o'clock, which will give an opportunity
to those who prefer it, of seeing the
animals before the equestrian exercises com-
mence.

The animals will be fed in the afternoon in
the presence of the audience.
The Circus performance in the evening,
will commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at
half-past 6—leaving an interval of an hour
and a half to examine the cages of wild ani-
mals.

THE LAST PLANK.
It is well that the reader hereof should
know that I am not one of the politically
favored ones who enter the U. S. Navy
through the cabin windows—but that after
years of toil and privation, ranking from a
cabin boy upwards in merchantmen, I found
myself, in May, 1861, in New York, just re-
turned from China, in command of the clipper
ship Meteor. Twenty years of sea service
had bronzed my face—thirty-two winters have
failed to whiten either hair or beard for me.

Fired of that. The thunder of the first
gun first. Sumpter were rolling throughout
the land—the hearts of an excited people were
throbbing with fears and hopes—the flag I
loved had been insulted—an enemy which
was the only mother I, as an orphan boy,
could look to, was in danger of destruction by
the treacherous hands of her own sons, urged
on by the minions of avarice, "rummy abroad
I knew my duty. I had but one course to
steer. It was for Washington, there to offer
my services to aid in strangling the serpent of
secession. They were accepted. I was com-
missioned as volunteer lieutenant, at once or-
dered to duty, and thence then I have been
christened, as well as adopted, in smoke and
fire, in blood and carnage, under Porter, Dahl
green and Farragut in succession. All of
this only to tell how I became, and what I am
now, a lieutenant commander in the regular
navy.

My last voyage, before I was made captain
of the Meteor, was the most fearful of my life.
I was first mate of the ship Triumph bound
from Boston to New Orleans, with an as-
sorted cargo of great value. The captain, Babbitt
by name, was an oddity in every way. He al-
ways struck for new courses, took all tracks
but those prescribed by custom, and thought
nobody knew anything but himself.

For instance, he insisted that a counter-
current ran southward inside of the Gulf Stream,
and that the only way to make a quick voyage
to New Orleans was to hug close in on the
shore side of all the way out, despite the
danger of capes, rocks, and reefs, the whet-
swords of which he said he knew too well not
to avoid them.

Who could gainsay him? He was captain
of his own ship—monarch of it, and all on
board. So, sailing with a stiff nor'-wester on
our quarter, we sped swiftly on, passing all
the dangers of the coast successively, such as
Barregat, Hatteras, etc., and found ourselves
on a morning suddenly becalmed off Cape
Florida, close in with the land, but soon drift-
ing northward despite the captain's "southerly
current."

It was very clear—not a cloud in sight—
warm and close; though it was September, and
the time for an equinoctial gale to be upon us.

Heave the deep-sea lead, Mr. R., said the
captain to me, and see if it is shoal enough to
get an anchor to hold.

I rounded, and forty fathoms was given.
Send two hawsers together and drop our
heaviest ledge, was his next order. Then
do a full every sail but the fore-storm-say-

l and the balance-reefed spanker, and send
down all the light spars from aloft, and get
ready to house top masts and secure lower
yards, get up preventer-braces and see all se-
cure below and aloft.

Ay, sir! And it was done.
We were now ready for a storm, but I, old
as I was in sea matters, could see no token of
it anywhere.

We're going to have a tough time of it, Mr.
R. said Captain Babbitt to me.
Why, sir, said I, the sky is as clear as my
love's dear eyes, and the water is as smooth as a
mill-pond. I see no sign of wind.

Wait about two hours and you'll sing another
tune, he replied. I've been in these latitudes
before. The worst of this will be that it
will come down off shore, and if we must
sail, Cuba and her reefs will be under our
keel. If we bump our heads there, it will be
the last of the old Triumph and us too.

I made no reply, for I thought if only one
of his fancies, and leaving the second mate in
charge of the deck, went below to take a nap,
for I'd had the mid watch and felt rather
snoozish. I went to my state-room and threw
myself on my bunk, and soon was dreaming of
a blue-eyed angel-a-hore, whom I hoped to be
applied to at a not far distant time. A heavy
tramping overhead, and the shout of "all hands
about!" brought me out of sleep, and to my
feet in an instant. I hurried on deck. Never
can I forget the change of scene, of sky and
sea, from the calm beauty in which I had left
it when I went below. Now, black clouds
were rolling up to the northward, coming on
in great blotchy waves, like crags of ebony
mountains, overhanging and about to fall upon
us. The sea was black under the shadowy
wing of the storm, and the roar of the tempest,
like a hoarse, angry voice, came to our ears
from the distance.

Up with the fore-storm-say sail—never
mind the spanker!" shouted the captain. You
two mates take the helm—now, lash yourselves
to the rigging—it will wash us fore and aft
before we get headway. And as he spoke, he
was at the helm, he bounded forward and cut
away the hawser which held us at anchor.

As he did this, I looked off over starboard
beam and saw the water apparently rolling in
a huge white breaker towards us. The next
instant the wind struck us, and for a moment
I thought all was over, for the ship keeled
until her lower yard-arms were in the water.

Hand up—hard up the helm! shouted the
captain in my ear.
I could but just hear him, and pointing to
the wheel, he saw that his order had been an-
ticipated.

Just then away went our mizen-mast close
by the deck, and that alone saved us, for now
he had paid off before the wind, and the
ship righted. Then the stay-sail filled, and
away the old craft shot, like an arrow sped
from a well strung bow. As we got out into
the gulf, the sea rose literally to a mountain
height, and the wind blew so hard that the
foam was scattered in cloudy mists through
the air.

How does she head? I asked the captain,
who stood forward of the wheel.
Sea—sea—west, sir! I replied, in a shout,
for the gale drowned all common tones.

If she goes at this rate, and holds that course,
we will strike Cuban rock inside of ten hours!
he cried.

Why not try to heave her to? I asked.
But in a sea and gale we would be keeled
in a minute were we to try it; all our
hope is in a change of wind, or a lull which
will let us put the mainsail on her.

This looks rough, but what is to be? he
said. There is no rubbing that out, I replied; and
then I did my best to steer her as nicely as I
could, so that no broaching to should hasten
our fate.

On—on—once passing a hapless vessel
drifting bottom up, with her sails and spars
aboard of her—we swept, until the night
was upon us. Then the captain and a good
seaman relieved us from the helm, and I had
time to think. I went below and looked at
the chart. I made an estimate of our speed,
and to my horror, saw we could not be over
twenty, or at most, thirty miles to windward
of the rockiest part of the Cuban coast.

I went on deck sick at heart, for sea and
gale seemed higher than ever. I told the
captain how near the last peril was, but he
did not seem to heed me. He stood with his
shoulder to the wheel, and the ship flew mad-
ly on. Never had she sailed with such speed
before.

I went forward, and while I looked at the
phosphoric flame flashing from beneath the
bow, I thought of home, of my own loved Ella
—and I groined in bitter agony. I never
before had feared death—but now—now so
near, it was terrible!

An hour—maybe more—and then I hear all
too plain, even above the wild roar of the
storm, the dreadful sound so sudden and
deep, of the surging breakers. "A rushed aft,
and shouted the fearful tidings in the captain's
ears.

God help us! God help us! was all he
said.
An instant after, we were in the white,

seething water, and then lifted skyward on a
mountain roller, we were dashed down with a
crash upon the dreaded rocks. Darkness
above—flashing phosphoric all around—the
ship shattering, parting beneath our feet, men
struck in wild misery, my pen cannot paint
the picture!

And now wave after wave swept on over
us, tearing her all asunder, and yet I clung to
a rope which I had fastened to a bolt in the
deck, not knowing whether one was alive be-
side me, or not, for all was silent but the winds
and waters. Like howling demons they went
on with their fearful chorus.

How long seemed that night, while I could
feel that the shattered remains of the old ship
were going fast from under me! But the
blessed daylight came at last, and even the
sun shone out. And I saw, lashed like myself
to the deck, but one man—that man was the
captain. Whiter than foam was his face, and
full as white his hair, which had been glossy
brown the day before. Our eyes met—his
were wild and wolfish—insanity's fire was in
them.

The sea now drove the last part of the
wreck asunder, and for a moment I thought we
were both gone, but on one high spot of rock
we got a foothold, and there clutching the
coral crag, with bleeding hands we hung.

Until then neither of us had looked from each
other or the wreck. But together glancing
southward, there we saw not a mile distant,
beautiful, flower-carpeted, fruit laden Cuba.
White cottages, groves of golden oranges, and
tall palm trees; never had they looked so
beautiful to me. Yet a mile of terrible break-
ers lay between us and it—a "wristle of wa-
ters," through which the strongest swimmer
could not hope to pass.

And the ship was gone—no, one plank—
a single plank—small, but large enough for one
to cling to, came drifting in our reach. With
one hand each of us seized it, with the other
we clung to the peak of the rock which
alone had saved us from instant destruction.

Let go the plank! it is mine. I will lash
myself to it and live! cried the captain, his
eyes glaring fiercely on me.

I will not yield my right; the plank is mine
and life is as dear to me as to you! I shout-
ed.

I have a wife and children, you have none,
let me live for them! he pleaded.

I have one dearer than all the world, I will
live for her who yet shall be my wife! I
cried.

Fool—fool! she shall look for you in vain!
As he said this, he drew a pistol from his bos-
om. Well! I knew it was capped, water-proof
ed my body. I clutched it—it was that, but
I drew the plank towards me which he had
let go of when he clutched his weapon. He
raised his hand, his weapon was levelled at my
heart.

Give up the plank! he shouted.
Never, coward never! Fire, and my dying
curse go with you!

I closed my eyes—I knew my fate—but a
wild rush of water, a fearful wave, swept me
far, far away from the rock. Then I was
drowning—gurgling choking in the water—
But I rose, and as I did something hard touch-
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COLONEL ANDERSON'S LETTER.

We deem it only a simple act of justice, to
that worthy, efficient, and highly popular Officer
Colonel Anderson, to copy his letter, published in
the Globe of the 12th inst. It will open the eyes
of the people, as to the way their money goes.

[To the Editor of the Globe.]

Sir,—You may perhaps remember that about
this time last year an anonymous complaint
was made in some of the papers that Major
James, (formerly 7th Hussars), my very effi-
cient paymaster, was receiving double pay as
Frontier paymaster, and as filling the same ca-
pacity at the Camp of Instruction. This en-
quiry, proved to be incorrect, although, had it
been the case, there would have been good
grounds for allowing the double pay as at a
personal inconvenience, he was alone perform-
ing work for which otherwise two officers
would have had to be paid.

On consulting the Auditor General's Re-
port, I find that more than one Officer, with-
out the claims of Major James, has been draw-
ing pay in more than one capacity.

I have distinctly endeavored to discov-
er if any Officer was drawing pay permanently
or how many Officers are now permanently
as Militia Staff, but I believe I do not
exceed the truth when I mention six as the
number. With the rates of pay I am also in-
terested in the Militia, what increased effi-
ciency has been gained by this increased ex-
penditure. Is the Militia of the Province in a
more servicable state than in 1864? Are
the Volunteers more efficient or more num-
erous? An exceptional impetus was given last
year by the enlistment of members of both
battalions I think you will find that in the majority
of cases the great bulk of the Militia are in
status quo, and that the Volunteers have actu-
ally decreased in number. In this country the
Militia is as it was, and instead of the con-
siderable Companies in Fredericton, there is now
only one. If the Province chose to pay a
large Staff, I can only as an inhabitant ex-
press my disapprobation, and the more strong-
ly when I find that when any work is to be
done, whether a Camp of Instruction or a Fe-
minine threatening out-riders, such as civilians
and Officers of the regular service, have to be
called in, at such expense. The Officers com-
posing the Militia Commission, in January
1865 (who by the way did not receive travel-
ing expenses) were under the impression that
the Camp, as it was, would have been carried
out with very small assistance from the Line,
and you will find contrary to expectation that
a much increased aid was required from the
regular troops at the second Camp. In con-
clusion I beg to state that as Commanding Of-
ficer, I object to the accounts under the head
of "Charlotte Militia, &c," page 167, Aud-
itor-General's Report, and that had they been
as they ought, submitted to me, I should cer-
tainly have declined to sign them; and I am
also credibly informed that the pay of one
or more of the Militia officials was conside-
rably increased on the 1st November last,
which, of course, does not appear in the pre-
sent accounts.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
T. ANDERSON,
late Captain 78th Highlanders.

7th June, 1867.

An old-fashioned, wealthy fellow, who was
never known to have anything in the line of
new apparel but once, and that when he was
going on a journey, had to purchase a new
pair of boots. The coach left before daybreak,
and so he got ready and went to the hotel to
stay for the night. Among a whole row of
boots in the morning he could not find the ob-
ject of his search. He had forgotten his new ones
hunted and hunted in vain. The coach was
ready, and so he looked carefully round to see
if he was not observed, put on a nice pair that
fitted him, called the waiter and told him the
circumstances, giving him ten shillings for the
owner of the boots when he called for them.

The owner never called. The old man had
bought his own boots!

The Portland M^{rs}. Press says:—"Several
of our drapers' shop-glasses were deprived of a
portion of their stocks by a United States
detective officer on Monday, who seized small
lots of kid gloves in several stores, that
had been smuggled into country. The drapers
had purchased them from a tinsmith's peddler,
who sold them at low prices.

What is light? asked a schoolmaster. A
very strong that isn't full weight is light, but
the reply.