

**MEDICAL ASSISTANT**  
**ROBERT AMERICAN & SONS**

**ADWAYS READY RELIEF**  
**THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY**  
**FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN**  
**IN A FEW MINUTES**  
**RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT**

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**FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE**  
**THROAT AND LUNGS**  
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# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1865.

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No 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1865.

No 8



## ELECTION.

CHARLOTTE TO WIL.

THOMAS JONES, Esquire, High Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, having received the Writ for the Election of Four able and discreet persons to serve in the General Assembly of this Province, for the said County, do, in obedience thereto, hereby Proclaim and give Public Notice, that a Court will be held by me at the County Court House, in the Town of St. Andrews, on Friday, the 10th day of MARCH next, at 11 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of the said Election; of which all persons will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

And in case a Poll shall be then and there demanded, I do hereby further proclaim and give Public Notice, that Polling Booths will be opened on Thursday, the 9th day of March next, at 8 o'clock A.M., and will continue open until 4 o'clock P.M., of the same day at the following places, to wit:—

- For the Parish of St. Andrews at the County Court House.
- For the Parish of St. David, at the head of Oak Bay.
- For the Parish of St. Stephen, at Salt Water, near the head of Tide Waters.
- For the Parish of St. James, at or near the Kirk of the Scotch Ridge, and at or near the residence of John King in the Boute Settlement.
- For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Diggleburgh Mills.
- For the Parish of Dunbarton, at the Rolling Dam.
- For the Parish of St. George, at the Lower Falls and at the Upper Mills.
- For the Parish of Penfield, at the School House near the Episcopal Church.
- For the Parish of Leguana, at or near William McGowan's New River.
- For the Parish of West Hill, at or near the School House in Charlotte-avenue.
- For the Parish of Upper Pella, at or near the School House in Wick's Pool.
- For the Parish of Grand Manan, at Grand Harbor and at or near the residence of Lorenzo Drake, North Head—for the purpose of taking the said Poll.

And I hereby further Proclaim and give Public Notice, that the said Election will be closed on Thursday, the 23rd day of March next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the County Court House, and the persons chosen to serve in the General Assembly, will be then and there, openly declared. Of all which said Proclamations, all persons will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

THOS. JONES,  
 High Sheriff of Charlotte,  
 per ALEX. T. PAUL,  
 Under Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews,  
 February 11th, 1865.

### TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN.—At the request of a large number of the Electors of this County, I have been induced to offer myself as a Candidate, at the approaching Election, to represent your interests in the General Assembly of this Province. I am in favor of a well arranged Confederation of the Provinces, such an one, as shall secure Justice and Equality to all, believing that a Union would greatly tend to our advancement. I have ever been a believer in the importance of Railways, and especially Western Extension, by the shortest possible route. Should I have the honor to be returned, I shall endeavor to the utmost of my ability, to accomplish the above objects, and assist to forward any principle that I consider for the benefit of the Province at large, and especially this County.

I am, Gentlemen,  
 Yours truly,  
 WILLIAM KILBY REYNOLDS.

St. Andrews, N.B., February 9th, 1865.

### TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN.—You are called upon to exercise your valuable right of choosing fit and discreet men to represent your interests in our Provincial Parliament.

This unexpected appeal at this time, it has been thought advisable by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to make, in order that you may have an opportunity constitutionally afforded you, of expressing your opinion on the most important question of the Union of the British North American Colonies.

The Confederation of these Colonies has been for many years sought for by the wisest statesmen, and by the most patriotic of our people, and the long agitated theory is now by a combination of fortuitous circumstances reduced to a practicable scheme, and presented for the adoption of the respective Colonies.

The fact that such men however diverse their political views and interests may have been, unite in desiring a consolidation of the Provinces, goes far to induce us to look with favor on the advantages of a well considered plan of Union.

By such we may obtain free and unrestricted trade with all the Provinces, which we do not possess, the result of which will be an extended trade in all departments of business; with numerous water privileges will at once be available for manufacturing purposes; thus affording opportunities for other employment than

the too often unprofitable business of lumbering, to which the labor of many of our people is confined.

We also obtain forthwith on the consummation of the scheme, the immediate construction of the intercolonial railroad on most advantageous terms, which besides the expenditure of millions of dollars in our hands, will open up our country for enlarged settlement, increase the value of our lands—induce immigration and give every facility for commercial intercourse with every Province—and be the means of retaining our young men within our own country by our possessing equal attractions with other countries.

By consolidation we are also enabled to act in cases of necessity with greater purpose and unity of action. By the proposed scheme we have secured to us sufficient money to meet all our local wants, not subject to any reduction by any fluctuations in our present uncertain revenues, and thus securing us against any additional taxation which a Province in case of loss in revenue, we might have to resort to, but which is all provided for in the Union; we have all present rights and privileges preserved—our local legislatures the same as ever with powers unimpaired—nothing surrendered that we now have—our lands and mines, and the management of all our internal and local affairs, the same as heretofore—and the having also secured to us the prompt payment of the interest of our provincial debt—which in our separate position, should our revenue fall short, we might be unable to do without having—resort to a heavier tax, and in consolation, by calculation made, we avoid any additional taxation, but if we remain as we are, we must be forced to make up for probable deficiencies in our revenue to pay our interest on public debt, and leave enough for local purposes without any uncertainty, but a tariff to be recast so, as to bear evenly on all the Provinces.

We also possess our system of Responsible Government—have our equal representation in Legislature according to population—and start on equal terms with our sister Colonies, and the greatest nations of the earth, each part sharing in the prosperity of the whole, and having our own country as loyal subjects to the Mother Country, from which we never wish to be separated.

A scheme so favorable to our future progress, if not adopted now, may never again be proposed. Gentlemen Electors.—Is it not the more prudent course to ascertain this question rather than to wait until it is proposed? And if so, on fuller investigation to be a scheme founded on equitable terms, and possessing the advantages referred to, will we do well if we succeed in having it secured to us, otherwise it will be time enough then to reject it. You will consider which is the more prudent course to take, and vote for those who unhesitatingly pledge themselves to reject it with or without enquiry and investigation of its merits which can best be had on discussion in the Legislature.

Gentlemen Electors.—My interest in this County are identical with yours, I have every motive to induce me to guard them well and faithfully. My course in the House of Assembly is known to you, I feel I have done so, and conscientiously done what I could to benefit the County. If you are satisfied that I have fully and creditably represented you, I may ask a continuation of your confidence, and I offer myself again as a candidate for election.

Whether you support me by your votes at the coming election or withhold from me so doing, I tender to you all my heartfelt appreciation of your confidence hitherto reposed in me, and whoever may be your choice, I hope you may be served as ably and faithfully as I have, or been the endeavor of.

Yours faithfully,  
 JAMES G. STEVENS.

St. Stephen, February 11, 1865.

### TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN.—You are again called upon to elect Four Gentlemen to represent your interest in the Legislature of this Province; being one of your Representatives before the dissolution of the late House, and being re-elected by many Friends from the different parts of the County to come forward at this time, I have consented to do so.

I am for Confederation of the Provinces—for Western Extension from St. John by the most practicable route, passing through St. Stephen. I make no promises with regard to local affairs, my conduct for the past, must be your guarantee for the future.

I remain yours,  
 Gentlemen,  
 J. H. MCADAM.

St. Stephen, February 14, 1865.

### TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

GENTLEMEN.—In compliance with the wishes of many of my friends in different sections of the County, I intend to come forward at the forthcoming Election as a Candidate for the representation of this County in the General Assembly of the Province. I am more particularly induced to do so, at the present time, (that I elected) I may be enabled, to oppose the (so justly called) "Scheme of Confederation," which is fraught with evil, and will bring taxation, poverty and ruin, upon this once happy Province, if unfortunately the measure should be adopted.

"You know where you are," he cautions, "don't jump in the dark" to your destruction. I have served you for many years in the Legislature, faithfully, and will do so again if honoured with your confidence.

I am, Gentlemen,  
 Yours very respectfully,  
 ROBERT THOMPSON.

St. George, N.B., 11th February, 1865.

### MICKLEEN CAHILL'S DRAME.

WHAT I'VE ASKED? Can't you be easy in yourself, Mickleen dear?

Mickleen answered not. He lay uneasily on the low settle, flinging his arms about with a violent motion.

"It's dhraming he is—the Lord preserve us!" said Judy Cahill, seating herself on a log of bog oak that served for a stool, that stood by the side of the smouldering "raked" turf. He's been dhraming lately, and sure it's no wonder, when the agent's coming for the rent, and the driver—bad luck to the same man, the Lord forgive me for cursing—says we shan't have the slip of bog next year.

Another plunge in the bed; a deep drawn "yough" from the sleeper, disturbed again by the speaker's colloquy.

Michael Cahill, or Mickleen, as he was called from his diminutive size, was but a little removed from the lowest cotter class of Irish peasants, with all the imaginative faith of his class, gazed round his cabin with a bewildered countenance. He had evidently been "dhraming," as his wife suggested, and his drowsy, half-awakened state, he was not thoroughly sensible that it was the old, familiar, every day world that met his gaze.

The pleasing vision of his sleep had left him disappointed, that it was not real.

"Naug-at-tha! Never welcome it for a dhrame," he ejaculated, as he proceeded to cover himself in that bed, which suit which formed the fashionable and picturesque apparel of the Irish peasant at the time of the occurrence.

Was it a lucky dhrame that you had? inquired his curious wife, who was preparing to commence her day's duties, or has any of the good people been plaguing ye?

Tenth, Judy, then, it was the same creak of gold that I was dhraming on.

There is one Irish peasant more firmly believes in than another, it is a "creak of gold." There is not a cranny in the ruined churches or dilapidated castles that stud the hill sides, or adorn the valleys of the garden-hed of Erin, but what, in addition to the legends of "good people," leprechauns, or other traditionally but somewhat visionary inhabitants of the place, a tale of hidden treasure is sure to be appended. Now Mickleen was a "small" farmer, and a very respectable one.

He was too much of a dreamer for that. He had gazed over the table of treasure troves which were common in his remote district, and they formed his sole waking and sleeping dreams. His bit of ground was neglected.

His wife had to attend to the honored pig, the few poultry, an odd goat or two, the half starved cow, together with a slice of bog on Mount Cailan, formed the worldly possessions of Mickleen—always excepting his *banchee* Judy. Now, Mount Cailan boasts of an ancient tomb or cromlech, which is said to be the burial place of Fin mac, a hero of the Fenian period of Irish history, and many visitors undertake the labor of climbing up the otherwise uninteresting mountain to gaze on the heap of stones with its unintelligible inscription.

And where was this creak, Mick? this time? asked Judy, for Mickleen was a noted dreamer, and his letter half was beginning to lose faith in his dreams, which had hitherto been remarkably barren and unproductive.

Why, said Mick, I dreamt that I was in a strange place, where there were more people than at Milton fair, and such crushing and squeezing; I asked, what place it was, and they said it was London bridge, and all of a sudden I had a creak of gold; but begorra, where it come from I don't know, congealed Mick, shouldering his spade, and proceeding to earth up the prairie—softening "em, he called it.

Throughout the day, this creak of gold was the common subject of conversation when ever the husband and wife met—at night the same, for Mickleen dreamt again that he had only to go to London-bridge and the fortin were uppermost in the thoughts of the pair; and after diverse plans, they resolved to sell the goats and the cow, to furnish Mickleen with the means of reaching the metropolis. The neighbors thought Mick Cahill had taken leave of his senses, and he was called an omadhaun, not a few times, as the project seemed out that he was going a forth voyage for no possible object within the comprehensions of his friends.

Attired in a new suit of frieze and corduroy, Mickleen started on his, to him, unknown voyage, and found himself, after a number of vicissitudes, in the busy streets of the metropolis. Mick had once been to London, but his experience of the city of the violated treaty gave him but little assistance in the new world he found himself in.

Day by day he wandered up and down London-bridge, cursing his folly, by being led away by dreams, for no fortune found he, save misfortune. His money was rapidly

melting away, and it was necessary that he must either get employment or starve. The police gazed at him with suspicion. The apple-stall keeper, wondered what took him over the bridge so often, and a vender of pines suggested that he was mad, and had escaped from some lunatic asylum. In the meantime things were getting from bad to worse with Mickleen—his money was gone, and misery stared him in the face. In the midst of his dilemmas, he stopped to ask a question from an old man selling blacking, for Day and Martin, or the immortal Warren, had not then commenced their labors, and itinerant blacking merchants were common.

You are from Ireland, I believe? said the old man.

Sure the day's luck I've seen since I left Ireland, Mickleen.

And what made you leave it? said the old man, musingly; I want to go there.

Do you, replied Mickleen, "then there are two of us, for I would rather a prairie and salt on Mount Cailan, than ride in a coach here. Devil a bit of blue sky is there over it."

"Mount Cailan?" muttered the old man, that is the name sure enough. Would you take me to Mount Cailan? he inquired.

I'll do that same, but sorry a head or a sheep have I, despondently answered Mick.

I don't know what you mean by a head or a sheep, but if it's money you are in need of, I'll find that, said the old man; but stay, if you'll bring me there you shall have half the gold.

What gold? said Mike, his eyes beginning to twinkle.

Why, I can't do it myself, and as you're a simple, honest fellow, I'll tell you. I have been dreaming for some time past, said the old blanching seller, that near a stange tomb with some strange reading upon it, on Mount Cailan, wherever that is, there is a treasure hidden. Do you know of such a place?

"Fin-mac-coul's grave, I'll swear," said Mickleen with rapture. I know the very place, *ma-sourneen*; tell on.

Do you know a singular shaped goose bush that lies at an angle between a low thatched building and this tomb?

Sure enough I do, replied Mike, as he re-described a description of his cottage, and the old bush on which Judy blanching her linen.

Well, three feet lower down the hill than the bush treasure lies, and if we get it, you shall have half, said the old man, and we'll start at once.

Mickleen assented, and after some refreshment, the pair agreed to meet at a rendezvous the next morning, preparatory to a start.

The summer was wearing on—the fore-gloves had blossomed, and the heather bells were budding and Judy Cahill was sorrowing for her absent husband. Not a line or a token had reached the priest that Mickleen was safe. The hoarse surge of the Atlantic and its white foam were hateful in Judy.

The pig had been sold to meet the agent with—another "gold" day was approaching, and no tidings of the lost Mickleen. She could see the distant sail heading up for Galway or for the mouth of the Shannon, and she cursed, in the bitterness of her sorrow, the folly of dreams, and their direful consequences to her and to her happiness.

They had commenced to cut brooms on the hill side, and the mist were getting chill in the early morning. The sea-side visitors were rapidly leaving for home, and there would be no market for her eggs and young potatoes, her little worldly all. She had but little turf cut—and that not brought home; the winter was coming fast—but no sign of Mickleen.

Late one evening, Judy was sitting over the fire, tired and weary. She had been to the priest, to know if there were tidings from her husband, but there was none. The priest had spoken harshly of Mickleen's expedition, and her heart was sad. A tap at the door startled her. "Come in," said she, and Mickleen stood before her. Not the tattered-up Mickleen of her heart, but a portragged, starved wretch, cold and hungry. She did not mind that—it was Mickleen, and even if there was no creak of gold, life would be endurable again.

The pot of prairies were soon swinging on the fire, and a naggin of illicit whiskey—never scarce in the neighborhood of the mountain—rattled on the worn-out man, who seemed absolutely ravenous. From the table of his conversation with the blacking seller on London bridge, Michael Cahill had been with the old man. It was home punishment with the old man. It was home punishment with the old man. It was home punishment with the old man.

Sported on by the upshots of the hidden treasure, he had walked the whole of the way, and had parted with the best of his clothes to delay the expenses of his padings across the Channel. He begged his bit and sup, and there he was.

For days he lay all of a burning fever; the fatigue and anxiety told on his frame. The wife watched him with renewed anxiety,

cursing the "dream of gold," that had brought the trouble upon her.

The fever turned at last, and Mickleen, feeble and wan, was able to get up. He had never told his wife of the old man's revelations, for fear of another disappointment.

As soon as he was able to move, his duties kept him busy. He must pit the potatoes, ere the frost nipped them, and he must bring home the turf for the winter firing. It was not until this was done, that he dare talk of the treasure, for he felt afraid of Judy, and the loss of the cow and summer's work.

November had turned ere he mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and they resolved to search for the treasure. The spot was easily discovered, for the description was clear and precise. Carefully digging and clearing away the rubbish soil, the pair anxiously worked on. At length Judy said it was useless trying any further, there was no appearance of the soil having been disturbed, and there was nothing there. Another stroke of the spade, and a dark vessel was discovered. A large, old tripod pot was raised from its bed, covered with an ancient-looking griddle of large size.

What the pot contained no one ever knew, but circumstance appeared to thrive with the Cahills. Little by little, for they would not rouse the suspicions of their neighbors, they purchased a cow and a goat, and farmed a greater quantity of ground than before. It was evident that Mickleen was fast becoming a snug man; his rent was paid regularly, and he thought of moving to a larger house.

The big griddle he had found on the night in question, still adorned his dwelling. It was a strange piece of furniture, and had some singular marks upon it, which Mickleen could not attempt to decipher. Years after, and Mick was growing wealthy among the country people, a poor tutor called at Mick's dwelling, with a "God save all here!"—a greeting that finds a welcome anywhere in the west. Scarcely had the tutor touched the piggin of milk put into his hands by Judy, who was now a stout, comely mother, than he asked where they had got the griddle.

Why? said Mick.

It's a strange one, said the tutor, for there is written on it in old characters—

Deeper go, and you'll find more!

Indeed I said Mick, that's a strange thing to have on a griddle. It's an old family piece. The tutor departed with a gratifying day, and at night there was a light glimmer near Fin-mac-coul's grave. The passer-by on the distant footpaths crossed themselves. Mickleen was rich after that night. A large sheep farm, in Burren, was added to his property. He will never talk of his London journey, but professes his faith in dreams.

His secret, however, leaked out at last. It is now a common subject of conversation with the country people, and the visitors to the mountain, whether in search of the picturesque or of game, are sure to be told the story of the Creak of Gold and Mickleen Cahill's Dream.

At most every one has some way by which he gauges the respectability of his neighbor. We doubt, however, if any two parties will come to the same conclusion when such a question is under discussion. It takes the negro philosophers to seeth these knotty points. They take the men and apply the gauge direct and settle the matter beyond dispute.

"Catto, does you know dem Johnnies up dar in Congo place is going to be berry 'spectable folks?"

"Wall, Scipio, I tought dey war getting along berry well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is."

"How 'spectable does you tink, Catto?"

"Wall, guess about tree thousand dollars."

"More 'spectable dan dat?"

"Wall, how 'spectable is dey?"

"Why, five thousand dollars an' a house an'—"

"Whe! good by, Catto, I must give 'em a call."

It is highly necessary in giving directions, green hands to make yourself perfectly understood, for where there is a possibility of misconstruction green ones will be sure to find it out.

"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and I want you to grind all the tools."

"Yes, sir."

The carpenter came home at night. "William have you ground all the tools sharp?"

"All but the hand saw," said Bill; I could not get quite all the gaps out of that.

Small American citizen, of African descent,—"Now you jist luff me lone. You'll wash yous Naggish you self fore dis war dose."

What is the best musical instrument to drink? Piano-for-te.