

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY
FOR THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN
IN A FEW MINUTES
SAVES THE PATIENT
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once
IN FIRST INDICATION
To relieve the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from
what cause it may originate, or where it may be seated.
It is the Head, Face, or Throat;
It is the Back, Spine, or Shoulder;
It is the Arms, Wrists, or Side;
It is the Joints, Limbs, or Muscles;
It is the Nerves, Teeth, or Ears;
Or in any other part of the body, its application to the
spot or parts where the pain exists will afford instant
relief.

IF LITZED WITH PAIN
In the Nerve, Bone, or Limb;
In the Head, Face, or Throat;
In the Back, Spine, or Shoulder;
In the Arms, Wrists, or Side;
In the Joints, Limbs, or Muscles;
In the Nerves, Teeth, or Ears;
Or in any other part of the body, its application to the
spot or parts where the pain exists will afford instant
relief.

FEVER AND AGUE
Proves its superiority to all other Remedies at once
IN FIRST INDICATION
To relieve the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from
what cause it may originate, or where it may be seated.
It is the Head, Face, or Throat;
It is the Back, Spine, or Shoulder;
It is the Arms, Wrists, or Side;
It is the Joints, Limbs, or Muscles;
It is the Nerves, Teeth, or Ears;
Or in any other part of the body, its application to the
spot or parts where the pain exists will afford instant
relief.

THE ARTIC PRISON;
OR, SAILING AMONG THE ICEBERGS.
BY LEOPARD ST. VINCENT.

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Poetry.
TO DIE AND BE FORGOTT.
They tell me that the wreath of fame
Corrodes while it adorns,
That they who stray in glory's path,
Tread ever upon thorns.
So let it be—I would brave the worst,
Nor care how hard my lot,
Rather than leave no name behind,
To die and be forgot.
They tell me that the voice of praise
Comes off, alas! too late,
That ere the poet hears its strain,
He passes through Death's gate.
So let it be—I'll but know
When in the ground I sleep,
The world shall chant my funeral lays
In praise loud and deep.
Oh, would that I possessed the power
To climb some mountain height,
Whose lofty peak communion had
With the fair stars of night;
I'd carve my name with all the strength
Which God to me has given,
That mortal eyes might see and read,
While angels gazed from heaven.

Miscellany.
**THE ARTIC PRISON;
OR, SAILING AMONG THE ICEBERGS.**
BY LEOPARD ST. VINCENT.

The ship swung heavily to and fro—the
long yards creaking and shivering upon the
masts.
The wind whistled with a shrill, wild sound
among the shrouds; and the shrouds bent
inward as though unseen bands of heavy footed
men were ascending them. It was a dark
night, yet not so dark that we could see the
lofty icebergs by which we were surrounded,
looming upward like spectres through the
gloom. We were tossing about on the waters
of the Arctic Ocean, and—subjected to a heavy
gale of wind—our position was a dangerous
one. We had already begun to prepare rafts,
and to hoist our chests on deck, expecting
every moment the ship would be stove by the
ice. Heavy masses were continually crashing
against the bows, and thundering under the
counter, causing the vessel to shake and quiver
from stem to stern, as though every timber was
about to give way. At times the concussion
would be so violent that all hands would be
thrown off their feet, and tumble on top of each
other in a manner that was far from agreeable.

Suddenly a white face, with wild, glaring
eyes and quivering lips appeared among us.
It was that of the captain's wife. She had
been lying on her husband's arm as he stood
near the bow.
Lilian! Lilian! she gasped, where is our
Lilian?
Lilian? Good heavens! wife, what do you
mean? I left her with you in the cabin!
She is not there now—I have looked in all
the rooms. Oh, God! my child! my child!
and the mother wrung her hands in anguish,
while her white face grew still whiter.

Wife! wife! exclaimed the captain, half-
sternly, Lilian was with you when I left the
cabin; surely you did not let her leave your
side at such a time as this?
Yes! yes! cried his wife, in accents of the
most pining grief. It is all my fault—she
is lost! My little Lilian is lost! and I am the
cause.
For God's sake, explain yourself! grasped
the captain.

I left her down in the cabin, I assured the
agonized mother, and came on deck, as I wanted
to speak to you. I thought you were in
the waist, so I groped my way there and tried
to find you. Not seeing you I started on my
return, fearing to leave Lilian so long alone.
But when I reached the cabin again she was
not there—gone! gone! God only knows
where!

Lilian? Lilian! has any one seen Lilian?
None and all, from ever lying in startling
accents, that cry went up amid the storm.
But the wind only answered with a deeper
howl. The long yards still creaked upon their
rosts; and the heavy icebergs crashed upon
the bows; and the timbers groaned and shook
as they had done before. The silvery accents
of little Lilian's voice came not to our ears,
and felt as if it was hushed forever. But the
wailing tones of the poor mother, and the
despairing shouts of the father—both of whom
could not bear to give up the child—continued
long after our own voices had ceased. Then
we—rough hearted, childish men, though we
were—forgetting our own danger, gathered
about the afflicted pair and tried to console
them. I don't think we succeeded very well,
for our voices troubled a great deal; and the
tears would come to our eyes, though we kept

wiping them away with the cuffs of our heavy
jackets. No one of us but had loved little
Lilian almost as well as the parents them-
selves. She was but seven years of age; yet
the earnest glance of her dark blue eyes would
go straight to our hearts, and make us feel kind
and good to each other. To utter an oath
when she was near would have seemed like
sacrilege. Like a lily she had bloomed in our
midst, shedding a heavenly influence about her,
which soothed and purified our rugged na-
tures.

Strong—ho! strong indeed is the power of
innocent childhood over a sinful heart.
It was while we thus stood, clustering near
the binnacle, offering what little consolation we
could to the captain and his wife, that one of the
ship's crew—an old tar by the name of Bill
Butler—came towards us holding a few little
torn shreds of cloth in his hand.

I found this hanging on a hook on the
outside of the foremast, said Bill in a low,
mournful voice.
It is a part of Lilian's dress! shrieked the
captain's voice.
The captain buried his face in his hands with
a cry and we looked at one another in dumb
stare. There could no longer be any doubt
about the matter; Lilian had fallen over-
board.

The few remaining hours of the night wore
away. The gale subsided. Miraculously, as
it seemed to us, the ship had escaped being
stove; and as the sun had gone down with the
gale, there was now no more danger. Over-
whelmed with grief, yet feeling it his duty to
try and console his wife, the captain descended
into the cabin, leaving the management of the
ship's affairs in the hands of the mate. Pres-
ently the steward came on deck. He wished
to know if any of the hands had seen
Lilian that morning. This was the name of a
large Newfoundland dog which had been a
great favorite with Lilian, and she had taken
a peculiar delight in feeding him. The dog had
grown extremely fond of his young mistress,
and would show his attachment in many ways
peculiar to his kind. Now that their darling
was lost, the captain had ordered the steward
to bring Blisco to them—thinking that the
sight of him might afford a melancholy conso-
lation to the wife. Having searched the cabin
thoroughly without finding him, he had, as we
have said, the steward came on deck, as we have
said, to inquire if he had been noticed by any
of the hands. We all answered in the nega-
tive. None of us had seen the dog, since the
previous night. Thereupon the ship was
rushed to the deck and all for the missing animal;
and although we searched in every nook and
corner, he was not to be found.

While we were all wondering what had be-
come of him, the mate at the mainmast, sang
out that there were whales astern. The mate
immediately ordered the boats to be lowered,
and before we had time to get down, the mate
of the ship, who was paddling swiftly in the
wake of a great fat bow head. The whale
made straight for a field of ice in the distance,
and went down when he got in the middle of
it. We followed him almost up to the spot
where he had disappeared and then lay motion-
less and silent waiting for the next rising.
Large masses of ice, floating gloriously in the
early rays of the sun and moulded into a thou-
sand different shapes, surrounded our little craft
on every hand, floating by with majestic slow-
ness, and then crashing against each other with
a force which caused some of them to be rent
in two. Strange beautiful monuments are
these fashioned by the hand of nature—mon-
uments of the frozen mariners that sleep be-
low.

There it goes again, said old Bill Butler in
a whisper.
What? asked the mate.
That barking noise, replied Bill; I've been
hearing it ever since we left the ship.
The mate leered upon his steering oar and
listened.
It is a seal, he said.
Beg your pardon, sir, replied Bill; but I
never heard a seal bark like that.
Good heavens! exclaimed a Portuguese seaman,
that the mate was obliged to rap him on the
head with his knuckles; good heavens! he
added in a lower tone, no think that one
dog.

Good heavens, Mike, me think e same, re-
marked another Portuguese—a little fat fellow
by the name of Pat Plunker.
Poke (suppose it) dogs a miki! good, said
a Kanaka.
It does sound mighty like a dog, said the
mate, as the barking became more distinct,
perhaps it is Blisco on the ice cake.
Turning the boat around with his steering
oar, until her bows pointed in the direction of
the noise, the mate now ordered us to paddle
ahead. We obeyed and the boat shot forward
with an easy speed. The barking sounded
nearer every moment, until at last we were
quite convinced by its peculiarity that it came
undoubtedly from no other throat than that of Blisco.
But where was he?
This was the question that now rose to our
lips. We could hear him plainly, but could
see nothing of him. By the sound of his bark

we should have judged that he stood on the
summit of an iceberg we were then approach-
ing, and which was but a few fathoms distant.
Yet notwithstanding this no Blisco was there
visible. What could it mean. Had some mer-
maid charmed the dog into invisibility.
We continued to approach. The barking
became still louder, and was now full of fran-
tic joy. The iceberg—a rather large one—
troubled as though under the influence of an
epileptic fit. Still there was no Blisco in
sight.

Our boat struck the iceberg. A pair of
bright eyes gleamed at us through a chink in
the crystal wall—they were the eyes of Blisco!
The mystery was explained! The mon-
ument of ice was hollow, forming a rude little
chamber in which the dog was snugly encon-
ded.

Oh, Heaven be praised! just look here, ex-
claimed the mate turning to Bill, and motion-
ing him to look through the crack from which
he had just withdrawn his own eyes.
Bill did as requested, and beheld a sight
which filled with much joy as it did with
amazement. Reclining in one corner of the
icebound apartment—her golden hair falling
about her pale face, and the silken lashes veil-
ing her beautiful eyes, he saw the unmistak-
able figure of little Lilian.

With a few blows of our hatchet we soon
succeeded in effecting an opening in the ice-
wall. The little girl and Blisco were taken out
and placed in the boat. We laid back upon our
oars with all the strength we possessed, while
the mate, drawing a brandy flask from his pocket,
poured a few drops of the liquor down Lilian's
throat. By the faint pulsation of her
heart he knew that current of life was not yet
frozen—that she had only sunk into that cold
stupor kind of doze from which there was no
awakening.

The ship was reached at last. The mate
ascended to the deck and took the insensible
burden that Bill passed up to him.
Captain! he said, as he descended the com-
panion way, I have brought you no whale, but
something that I think will be more accept-
able.

The captain and his wife both caught sight
of their child at once and at the same mo-
ment.
My child! My Lilian! screamed the
mother, rushing forward to clasp her in her
arms. Then noticing her pale face and droop-
ing head, she sank into a seat, overcome by
her feelings, and stretched forth her arms, faintly
murmuring—
Dead! dead! she died! Give me my
poor little dead girl!

No! no! she is not dead! replied the
mate. If proper measures be taken she can
be restored in a few moments.
So saying he laid her on the bed, and assist-
ed the anxious father in his efforts to restore the
circulation of her blood.
In a few moments they had the satisfaction
of seeing Lilian open her blue eyes, and of
hearing her speak the word "mother." The
next instant she was pressed to the father's
bosom, and covered with kisses and kisses—
This probably helped her as much as the
other operations had done to restore the cir-
culation of the blood, for there was no deep
corruption that upon both cheek and lip.
The excitement having in some degree sub-
sided, explanations followed.

What Working Men Have Done.
Some may say, "Why give working people
time to think? What good use can they make
of it?" Let us see what they "have done."
Take general literature. Look at Daniel De-
foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," one of
the greatest writers of prose fiction that ever
lived; he began life as a hosiery, and was al-
most wholly self-taught. William Cobbett,
the great master of racy Saxon English, was in
early life a farmer's boy, and afterwards a
common soldier. Isaac Walton, the pleasing
biographer and "complete angler," was a linen-
draper. Then in science: Thomas Simpson,
the distinguished mathematician, wrought, for
the greater part of his life, as a weaver.—
Captain Cook, one of the most scientific of
English sailors, and a very pleasing writer,
was wholly self-taught. His father, a poor
peasant, learned to read when he was turned
of seventy, in order that he might be able to
peruse his son's voyages. Arkwright, subse-
quently Sir Richard, the inventor of the cotton
spinning machine, was a poor man, and com-
menced life as a barber. James Brindley, the
author of canal navigation in England, the
first who tunneled great hills, and brought
ships across navigable rivers on bridges, was a
mill-wright. Herschell, subsequently Sir
William, originally a musician in a Hanoverian
regiment, became a skillful optician and a
great astronomer. To him Campbell refers in
the well-known line:

"Gave to the lyre of heaven another string."
Then for the fine arts: Chantrey was a milk
and butter boy, and his first mouldings were in
solder material than marble. Sir Thomas
Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper, and
wholly self-taught. John Opie was found by
Dr. Walcott working in a saw-pit. William
Hogarth, the greatest master of character that
ever developed, his ideas by means of the
pencil, served his apprenticeship to an engrav-
ing silversmith, and commenced his profes-
sional career by engraving coats of arms and
shop-bills. Then in poetry: Gifford, the first
editor of the "Quarterly," began life as a poor
sailor boy, and afterwards served an appren-
ticeship to a shoemaker. Bloomfield—par-
son for calling him the English Burns—wrote
his best poem, the "Farmer's Boy," while he
too, worked in a garret as a shoemaker. "Ben
Johnson," says Fuller, in his "English Worth-
ies," "worked for some time as a bricklayer
and mason. He helped to build the new struc-
ture of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel
in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."—
Shakespeare, was a poor man's son; his father
could not write his name, and his cross or mark
still exists in the record of Stratford-on-Avon
to attest the fact. The poet's own education
seems to have been very limited, and tradition
describes him as having lived, for a time by
very humble employments. Then turn we to
theology, the highest range of all. The two
Millers, Doctor Isaac, dean of Carlisle, and his
brother Joseph, author of the well-known
"History of the Church," began life as weavers.
Dr. Pridaure, author of the "Connection,"
and bishop of Worcester, got his educa-
tion by entering Oxford as a kitchen-boy.—
John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory
and author of the second best book in all the
world, as a self-taught thinker.

A GLASS OF ALE.—The following, too good
to be lost, occurred some years ago in a pro-
vincial town, in a hotel not many miles from
the railroad.
"Will you give me a glass of ale, if you
please?" asked a seedy-looking person, with
an old but well brushed coat, and a most too
shiny hat.
It was produced by the bartender, cream-
ing over the edge of the tumbler.
"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed
it to his lips. Having finished it at one swallow,
he snatched his lips, and said:
"This is very fine ale, very. Whose is it?"
"It is Dawson's ale."
"Ah, Dawson's, eh? Well give us another
glass of it."
It was done, and holding it up to the light,
and looking through it, the connoisseur said:
"Whose ale did you say this was?"
"Dawson's," repeated the bartender.
The mug was exhausted, and it only re-
mained for the appreciative gentleman to say
as he wiped his mouth and went towards the
door:
"Dawson's ale, is it? I know Dawson very
well. I shall see him soon, and will settle
with him for the glasses and a mug of his in-
comparable brew. Good morning."

TORPEDOES.—There are some persons who
seem to treasure up things that are disagree-
able on purpose. I can understand how a
boy that never had been taught better, might
carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to
throw them down at the feet of passers-by, to
see them bound—yet I cannot understand how
an instructed and well-meaning person could
do such a thing. And yet there are men
that carry torpedoes all their life, and take
pleasure in tossing them at people.
"Oh!" they say, I have something, and
when I meet that man I will give it to him!
And they wait for the right company and the

right circumstances, and then out with the most
disagreeable things. And if they are remon-
strated with, they say—
"It is true," as it was a justification of their
conduct.
There are such men everywhere; if they do
not say such things when sober, they do so
when drunk.

A mother will sometimes carry her child
out of the company in the parlor to spank it,
and come back with it as a cake turn an oyster
out of the shell, and when he has been well
broiled, shove him back to be served up there-
in.
We are often harsh when we feel ourselves
strong, and show indulgence only when we are
weak and are painfully conscious that we are in
need of it ourselves.
We should be timid in our happiness. If
the flowers around us exhibit a keener fea-
ture, and the peal of the bell sounds nearer
both are the signs of storm.
A great misfortune, a great blessing,
a great crime, a noble action, are building-sites
for a child's character.
Modesty flushes a lady's cheek. Like the
blood of the scathed Aphrodite, it dyes the
white rose red.

A good wife.—In the eighty-fourth year
of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his
wife:—"My domestic enjoyments have been,
perhaps, as near perfection as the human
condition permits. She made my home the plea-
santest spot to me on earth. And now that
she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How
many a poor fellow would be saved from
suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows
every year, had he been blessed with such a
wife. "She made my home the pleasantest
spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute
to that woman's love, and piety, and common
sense! Rather different was testimony of an
old man a few years ago, just before he was
hung in the Tombs' yard in New York. "I
didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a
very aggravating woman." Let each wife in
quire, "Which am I?"

A CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS. Please give
your readers the benefit of this, for two have
already died with erysipelas, produced by cold
in the wounded part. "Take the common red-
dish carrot, scrape or grate it fine, and apply
as a poultice. It is a sure cure. The man
for crop in children: apply it to the neck and
breast, change the poultice when it becomes
dryish.—Mothers, cut this out to keep."

BONES FOR POTTERY. Fasten pieces of
wide boards on three sides of a hard stone,
and with a hammer break the bones from the
kitchen in small fragments, not larger than
peas. Hens that are having wither with
activity. Bones from fresh meat, if broken
this so that the hens can swallow the pieces,
are excellent to make them lay. Pottery of
all kinds should be well supplied with sharp
gravel also at this season of the year. Pound-
ed oyster shells, when they can be obtained,
afford one of the best means of supplying
lime.

The morality of an action depends upon the
motive from which we act. If we fling a crown
to a beggar, with intention to break his head,
he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the
physical effect is good, but with respect
to us the action is morally not very beneficial.

A minister, who had received a number of
calls, and could hardly decide which was the
best, asked the advice of his faithful African
servant, who replied, "Massa, go where de
most debble."

An old lady's lap-dog having bit the leg of
a visitor, she expressed her sympathy by re-
marking, "Poor little dear! I hope it will not
make him sick!"

Did you ever slave a monkey? asked a
coxcomb of a barber's boy. "No, sir," replied
the boy "but if you'll be pleased to sit down,
I'll try."

Punch hits a scene in a railway station—
Railway Official (very kindly).—Nice child
that, man. How old may he be? Delighted
Mamma.—O only three years and two months.
Railway Official (sternly).—Two months over
three—then I shall require a ticket for it,
please.

**Geneva, Brandy, Crushed
Sugar, &c.**
To arrive per "Onesla" from Liverpool.
3 Hides (Hennessy's & Pinedes best Cognac
15 or 20 cases (Brandy, pine and oak).
20 Cases Hennessy's best Cognac Brandy.
49 do Oat's (Hennessy's best Cognac Brandy).
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5 Kigs Carlsberg Beer.
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Nov 8, 1865. J. W. STREET & SON