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SAINT ANDREWS N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1862.

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Communication.

To the Editor of the Standard.

The Hotel needed here is one of the very best, well fitted up, and kept by a person who understands his business, and who would do his utmost to minister to the comfort of those who take up their abode with him. There should be a livery stable connected with it, and it would be advisable for the proprietor to make some arrangements to secure boats for the use of his visitors, and to engage some convenient place where a bathing house could be erected, with a bathing machine kept for the benefit of ladies. There are also other means which might be adopted to add to the attractions of the establishment, on which it is needless to dwell here particularly—of course, on this side of the Atlantic there would be the inevitable bar to furnish to the inner man a proper supply of "gin-cocktails," "brandy-smashers," "stone fences" and other euphonious stimulants, without which life would be a burden to the American soul.

It would not, however, be requisite for these purposes that an hotel on a very gigantic scale should be erected. An argument might be made with people in the town to provide sleeping apartments for such persons as could not be accommodated within its walls (in case of a sudden influx) and it might afterwards be enlarged if necessary or (as is the case I believe at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls) small buildings detached from it might be erected, which could be closed during the winter. Doubts however, may be entertained by some whether, after all, there would be sufficient business to make such an establishment pay.—In my opinion, if the proper means were taken to make it attractive, and to make its advantages publicly known, there would be no difficulty in so doing. Already for years back (I can speak from my own knowledge) it has been the wish of many families in this Province to take advantage of the healthy air, and pleasant scenery of St. Andrews during the heat of the summer months but the universal complaint is "You have no good hotel, no place where a family can put up comfortably." Can any one conscientiously deny the soft impeachment? The late Lieut. Governor was I believe, desirous to come here with his family, and more than the occasion for the benefit of the sea bathing, but was deterred by the want of accommodation, and so was obliged to take up his residence among the fogs, and in the solitude of Red Head! I have said that without any railway connection such a scheme as I have proposed is perfectly feasible, but it cannot be disputed that the fact of a railway being already completed and in running order to Woodstock gives great additional advantages to the plan, and renders its speedy execution more desirable than ever.—Every year numbers of tourists ascend the river St. John to Fredericton, Woodstock or the Grand Falls returning as they came by St. John. By coming to St. Andrews not only would they be enabled to enjoy the beautiful scenery of Passamaquoddy Bay and of the surrounding country but they would save a long passage up the Bay of Fundy (no light consideration in rough or foggy weather) as well as escape the tediousness of the up journey on the river, (which compared with the rapidity of the descent is very great) and avoid the monotony of twice travelling over the same route. It is to be presumed that next spring the Railway authorities will take means to provide through tickets for this route, and considering the great inducement that a good Hotel here would be to travellers to adopt it it would be to the interest of Company to lend the project material assistance. If then it be conceded that the establishment of an Hotel such as I have alluded to would be a source of benefit to the town by bringing to it annually a large influx of strangers, for the most part of an affluent class, and whose presence would be the means of circulating a considerable amount of money among us, the next thing is to enquire if any means can be devised to expedite the accomplishment of such an important object. I fear that in the present pecuniary state of affairs here it would be impossible to raise a sufficient sum by a Joint Stock Company, though I firmly believe that to many of our merchants and storekeepers such an investment (even though the whole amount subscribed as stock were sunk) would be eventually a profitable one. It would however, probably be preferable that such an undertaking should be the result of private enterprise, could any one possessed of sufficient capital, and knowledge of the business be induced to embark in it. It is far from improbable that there are many persons in the United States, connected with the establishment at some of the numerous watering-places with whose business the war must have materially interfered, not only by the consequent diminution of Northern visitors, and the total absence of the Southerners (who formed I believe a

large proportion of the frequenters of these places) but also by the greatly increased expense of living that will ensue from the new measure of taxation, which is a disadvantage that is likely to be permanent. If such persons could be made aware of the facilities St. Andrews affords, for such an undertaking, the many advantages it enjoys, and the prospect of success it holds out, I think their own sagacity would show them that a good speculation might be made. If a few advertisements were inserted in some of the leading American papers, referring for further information to some persons of standing in their community, and if private individuals whose any means of spreading such information in the proper quarters, would do it might be instrumental in leading to the desired result. I trust however, that some practical persons will give the public the benefit of their opinion on the subject, and that the leading members of the community, and all interested in the matter (and who among us is not?) may concert some means to effect the desired end, so that another summer may not pass away, without seeing the undertaking fairly under way. Hoping that the matter will not be allowed to drop into oblivion, and apologizing for the length at which I have trespassed on your space, I am, Sir

Your obedient servant,
St. Andrews, PROGRESS.

FROM THE STATES.

BANGOR, Nov. 11.

Secret Union Society discovered in Texas, having passed words. Militia called out, number arrested and two hung.

Reported considerable portion of Sigel's corps advanced along Manassas railroad, especially to attend to Stonewall Jackson's movements, who is believed still in Shenandoah valley.

Sixty of Sigel's body guard dashed into Fredericksburg and on enemy, before time to form, bringing off forty prisoners.

Lee reported at Richmond acting as commander and military adviser.

Gen. Johnston takes his place in field. Headquarters at Culpepper.

Merrins, No. 2, completed and below Fort Darling, ready for mischief.

Reported three Maine Regiments requested for Gen. Banks' Expedition.

Gunboat Montgomery captured valuable a cargo laden with war munitions off Mobile.

Nov. 12.

Official despatches from Com. Farragut detail operations on Texas coast, comprising the capture of Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Sabine city, with possession of adjacent water.

Information received concerning Confederate army locates Hill's command at Culpepper Court House, Longstreet between Culpepper and Gordonsville, while Jackson holds Chester and Manassas Gap.

Gen. Hayard still remains at Rappahannock Station, with Confederates in force on the opposite side of the river.

Rosecrans arrived at Nashville on Monday. The country on his route is principally desolate; forest blazing, buildings destroyed, inhabitants and forage work nearly gone great destitution in the city.

Gen. McCook has driven the enemy back from the city.

They are in considerable force at Munfrees, but retreating beyond Tennessee River, destroying everything behind them.

Flour 5 a 10c lower.

Nov. 13th.

Federal Army of the South West has advanced beyond La Grange, towards Holly Springs from which Confederates have reported fallen back.

Mobile Tribune says that there is not a thousand blankets in Price's army—having thrown them and knapsacks nearly all away, in retreat from Corinth.

Same paper says Dioceses of Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia completed. Union styled "Protestant Episcopal Church of Confederate States." Richmond Whig says Van Dorn takes upon himself entire blame of Corinth defeat.

Richmond Enquirer says significant movements indicate a sharp and decisive winter campaign in Virginia.

Governor of Georgia in annual message denounces Conscription Act.

Raleigh Register thinks federals will attack Weldon.

Twelve thousand Federals near Savannah.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1.—The steamer Active has returned from the wreck of the Golden Gate, near Manzanilla, having left there on the 26th. Nothing had been done toward recovering the treasure. A final attempt would be made on the 1st of November.

AN APPEAL TO THE NORTH.

(From the London Times.)

Let us look over the ocean, a few days' voyage by steam, and rest our eyes on a country very like ours, inhabited by people speaking our own language, and clinging to our laws with even greater veneration than ourselves in some instances. The scene is peculiarly English. There are ridges of lofty, dark green hills that look blue when the sun sets behind them. Among them are home steads, cornfields, and bits of wood. Between two such ridges runs a stream that one does not know whether to call a river, or a torrent, or a creek, or a water course, for it has usually little water till it expands, and deepens just before joining a navigable river that cuts through the hilly district.—On one side of this mountain stream are some bold bluffs, surmounted by a plateau, and intersected by deep lanes, partially hidden by scrub. The country is only about a couple of hours by rail from the capital of a great empire, and no doubt a pleasant retreat for politics and amusement. Arcadia itself never described more pleasantly than the region which lies before us in the letter of a truthful correspondent. One is tempted, like the old poet to invoke the friendly power that shall carry one from this dusty, smoky, reeking metropolis, and plant one by some Maryland torrent, or on some Pennsylvanian highland. Be assured, good reader, there is no pleasanter country on the earth, except our own. Nature has done her work well, and if the region is not a Paradise it is no fault of hers.

But what was the scene twenty days ago on that fair spot, which might have vied with one of our own favourite haunts of wearied Londoners? Two large parties of armed men descend from two opposite lines of heights, and after some angry parley proceed to scatter themselves over the field, to reap what may be called the harvest of death. The crop lies on all sides, under their feet, scattered, far and wide, in the open, in the furrow, in the deep hollow, in the thick, by the watercourse, on the wayside, in heaps, everywhere. There are there, within three or four miles, thirty thousand dead, dying or wounded men. The reapers proceed to collect their own; to dig shallow graves, in which they heap the dead; to give such relief as lies in their power to the dying and desperate, and to remove, as far as their means of carriage will allow, those of whom there is some hope. Plunderers have been before them, and in the dawn have gathered a vile booty, and perhaps dealt foully with the helpless owners. The thirty thousand are sorted; a bit of coloured rag, a word, or a figure distinguishes the two parties in the conflict which has given a new world. The few shreds and barns in the neighbourhood are cleared for hospitals, in which the wounded are laid thick, side by side, at least out of sun, wind and rain.—An army of surgeons enter with their terrible weapons, and soon a "vast hole" is dug, and filled with amputated limbs. That is the least terrible form of wound. There are horrors that no tongue can tell, and no imagination conceive that has not seen. Of these thirty thousand the greater part are very young, raw, and simple, having some strange idea that they were fighting for independence and the privileges of men and citizens. For an idea which is either an unreasoning prejudice or a political subtlety, and which need never have existed had it not answered the purpose of faction, these men lie on the ground, wrecks of humanity, dying, or doomed to be henceforth burdens to society and themselves. Let us think what we should do if by some sudden disaster there lay that number of dead and wounded men on the downs of pleasant Surrey. What a panic would strike our capacious and well-appointed hospitals.—But there are all ready twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers at Washington where only once church can be spared for divine Service from a hospital use, and where long wooden structures, compared to our roughest cow-sheds, have already been run up to receive those who cannot be taken in elsewhere. This was the state of Washington three weeks ago; and just then there started from "Antietam Creek," the sad procession bringing the Federal share of the wounded from a field on which thirty thousand men had lain in agony, or past pain, the night before. But even this terrible aggravation added to a vast sum of horrors was only one of many such additions. The war was raging on twenty such fields. The men who thus fought and fell were but a remnant. They had come straight from a swampy peninsula, in which disease vied with the bullet, and where the intervals were as deadly as the battles. The men who fought what is called the Borodino of the war were part of the 200,000 who survived twice their number.

What is there but a suicidal madness in such work as this? The Roman poet describes horses in their madness tearing out

their entrails with their own teeth, and devouring their own flesh. He adds a prayer that Heaven may avert such a horror from his friends, and inflict it upon the enemies of his country. None have prayed for this to the Americans, but it has befallen them. This is what they are doing, and we are satisfied we might as well reason with an animal seized with this madness as with these our kinsmen. It is attempted now to spread the horrid contagion within the communities of the Southern States, and there is quite as much prospect of this process of dissolution breaking out far North. It is vain, perhaps, to tell the unmoved spectators of all this carnage that they will never restore the Union, but we venture to put a question, which even their pride will allow to be practical and worth a good serious consideration. Let us suppose the tide of war henceforth to turn, in the main to the Federal side; and let us conceive the Union restored to such new form as might be possible under the circumstances. It will, in that case, be one form of Government instead of another; or rather one Government instead of two or more. Will it be worth the sacrifice of a million or a quarter of a million more? A conqueror of the barbarous old school thought it worth the destruction of half the human race, if he could thereby become master of the remaining half. This was his calculation, and we, in these days, call it nothing but a savage sort of egotism. It was for his own sake—that is, for his vanity or self will—that he was ready to destroy half mankind. It can be nothing else, that impels the Federal government to purchase unity, if they can, at the cost of so many human hecatombs. It cannot be for the good of the South they seek to reduce it, or to destroy it; and if it is for the good of the North, that good has not yet been explained. It is only the vulgar good of those who which for numbers however unwilling, or power however brutal. We can speak with authority, for England has, with an ill grace indeed, illustrated by her example the doctrine which she preaches. We tried for seven years to preserve the Anglo American unity; we spent a hundred millions; we disgraced ourselves; we lost influence at home, and we entirely failed in our object.—The Americans had ample opportunity of studying both sides of that question, ours and theirs—a forced and heartless unity, for a friendly independence. They must be utterly forgetful, blind, or mad, if they now choose to copy our mistake, and not their own successful wisdom.

A BOY ATTACKED BY A BEAR.—A boy, aged about 13 years, says the Mitchell Advocate, residing with Mr. Stedman in the neighbourhood of Molesworth, on the first concession, township of Wallace, being on his return home from a visit in the neighbourhood, lost his way in the bush; and while looking about to find the path, he was suddenly seized by a bear that lifted him off his feet and carried him some distance into the bush. The boy happened to have a small dog with him that attacked the bear, and brain dropped the boy and made for the dog. In the meantime the boy ran for his life, and reached home in such a state of terror and excitement that he immediately afterwards fainted. The boy complained of being a good deal bruised and sore about the chest and sides from the hugging he had received; but it was thought, our informant said that he would get well without any serious consequences.—[Canada paper.]

A SOLDIER STABBED BY HIS COMRADE.—In the Jesuit Barracks, Quebec, last Thursday evening, a private named Conway, of No. 5, company, 17th regiment, got out of his bed and deliberately crossed the room, drew a bayonet from private Washington's scabbard, and made a desperate attempt to stab Washington, while he was in bed. The bed clothes were pierced through and a wound inflicted over the region of his heart. The perpetrator of the deed, who appeared to be under the influence of liquor, was immediately secured and Washington was conveyed to the military hospital, where he now lies in a precarious condition.—[Daily News.]

On Monday night, a house adjoining the old Cemetery, used as a barn, and filled with hay belonging to a poor man, was set fire to and burned to the ground. Last evening, fire was set at the back of an empty tenement, directly opposite the residence of Alex. Jardine, Esq., but it was discovered and extinguished before any mischief was done further than burning the shingles for a distance of four feet from the ground. These are all cases of glaring incendiarism, yet the guilty parties cannot be detected.—[Globe, Wednesday.]

The take of Codfish at the Labrador this season is not one-tenth of the usual catch.

A prisoner was up for two frivolous charges, as his lawyer designated them, viz: forging a note of hand and stealing a horse. On running his eye over the jury, the lawyer did not like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a "principal" witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who shaking his head, said, "Squire, I can't swear to that ar dockymint, no how." "Why?" "Kase hit haint true." The lawyer exploded loud enough to be heard through the room. "What? forge a note and steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie? I leave such a confounded fool to his fate."

TRUE CULTURE.—Alas! how many examples are now present to memory of young men the most anxiously and expensively educated; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill strength and courage; varnished rather than polished, perilously overcivilized, and most pitifully uncultivated! and all from inattention to the method dictated by nature herself—simple truth that as the forms in all inorganic existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within; that it may be trained, supported fed, excited, but can never be infused and impressed.—[Colridge.]

Jesse Hoyt, Esq., Superintendent of N. S. Telegraph, telegraphs to the office at Halifax that the submarine cable across the Straits of Canso failed on the 4th inst. It is supposed to have been damaged by a vessel's anchor during the heavy gale. Messages for places in Cape Breton and Newfoundland, &c., will be forwarded by boats crossing between Port Mulgrave and Plaisanter Cove offices, as frequently as the weather will permit, and until telegraphic communication is re-established.

PHILADELPHIA, 3d.—Schooner Elmira Cornelius was brought this port to night in charge of prize master H. Johnson, of U. S. steamer Heston. She cleared from New York for Port Royal last June. On the 28th of June she was driven out of Bull's by the Restless, while trying to run the blockade, but escaped in consequence of the darkness.

She arrived at Port Royal, and after remaining some time, her captain, John Bismarck, of Staten Island, alleging that cargo, which was miscellaneous, could meet a better sale in New York, sailed thence. She was captured Oct. 11th, while again trying to enter Bull Bay Channel. The captain ran ashore when he found it was impossible to escape, and she was got off by the assistance of the U. S. steamship Flag. Her steward says the captain told him she left New York in order to run the blockade.

A Yorkshireman having occasion to visit France, was dumfounded to find, on reaching Calais, that men, women, and children, all spoke French. In the height of the perplexity which this occasioned he retreated to bed, and was awakened in the morning by the cock crowing whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of astonishment and delight, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last!"

There is a queer fellow who lives in the New York Brewery. He goes and gets drunk and has a celebration every time a battle takes place. He cares not which side wins, he still celebrates, claiming that the result is a triumph for American arms, let it go as it may.

The sharpest frost of the present autumn occurred on Wednesday night, when ice formed thick as a dollar. The tops of the houses and fields were coated with white frost, which did not disappear until long after sunrise.

The steamer Lady Head, on her last trip to Quebec from Miramichi, and intermediate ports, had 117 passengers, and a large freight. This vessel has performed her service very satisfactorily this season.

A correspondent of the Messenger says that a vein of superior Oil Coal, 24 inches wide, has recently been discovered on the farm of Christian Earnest, near Bridgewater.

ORIGINATION OF THE WORD HURRAH.—A great many people have shouted Hurrah! many a time off, but comparatively few know its derivation and primary meaning. It originated among Eastern nations, where it was a war-cry—from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country went to Heaven. It is derived from the word Hurraj, which means "To Paradise."