

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1863.

No 16



## ELECTION.

**CHARLOTTE TO VOTE.**  
ALEXANDER F. PAUL, Esquire, High Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, having received Her Majesty's Writ for the Election of One able and discreet person to serve in the General Assembly of this Province, for the said County, do hereby give Public Notice, that a Court will be held by me at the County Court House, in the Town of St. Andrews, on Thursday, the 20th day of APRIL, instant, at 11 of the 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 Friday, the 21st day of APRIL, instant, at 8 of the clock A. M., and will continue open until 4 of the 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 Blue Waters.
- For the Parish of St. James, at or near the Kirk on the Scotch Ridge, and at or near the residence of John King in the Baillie Settlement.
- For the Parish of St. Patrick, at Digdegash Mills.
- For the Parish of Dumbarton, at the Rolling Dan.
- 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 Lepreux, at or near William McGowan's, New River.
- For the Parish of West Isles, at or near the School House, in Charlotte Cove.
- For the Parish of Camps, Belle, at or near the School House in Welch 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 Friday, the 21st day of APRIL, instant, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at the County Court House, and the person 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.

ALEX. F. PAUL,  
High Sheriff of Charlotte.  
Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews,  
April 9th, 1863.

### To the Electors of Charlotte County.

GENTLEMEN.—Having accepted the appointment of Provincial Secretary, my seat in the House of Assembly has become vacant, and I am again a Candidate for your support, and shall feel thankful for a continued expression of your confidence.

Yours Respectfully,  
A. H. GILLMOR, Jr.,  
St. George, April 7, 1863.

### Public Notice

IS hereby Given, that an application will be made at the next meeting of the Provincial Legislature, for the passage of a BILL, to give the Trustees of the Church of Scotland in the Town of St. Andrews, to apply towards the payment of their debts, the proceeds of the sale of certain lands heretofore held by them in trust, one half thereof for the use of the Minister of the said Church, and the other half thereof for the use of the said Church.

Dated 17th January, 1863.  
By order of the Trustees,  
JAMES EDGAR, Secy.

**Earthen, Crockery & Glassware Show Rooms.**  
39 Dock Street, St. John.

F. CLEMENTSON, has on hand and for sale from the manufacturers in Staffordshire which he offers for sale wholesale and retail on the most reasonable terms.

An inspection solicited.  
St. John, Oct. 19, 1863. F. CLEMENTSON.

### April Sessions, 1863.

ORDERED, That Applications for Wholesale and Tavern Licences, shall be made to the Clerk previous to Friday, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of the Court week. Such applications shall state the name of the applicant, the description of the place, and of the building in which it is intended to sell, and the applicant shall furnish any other information which the Court may require, and the Clerk shall publish the notice in a Newspaper of the County.

April 8, 1863. G. S. GRIMMER, Clerk.

## Poetry.

### HONOR TO THE WORKING MAN.

ALL honor to the working man,  
Who worketh "with a will,"  
With energy and industry,  
With cunning and with skill,  
Be it with head or hand,  
Who knows his work is fair and true,  
And knows that it will stand.

All honor to the working man,  
Who worketh "with his might,"  
In patience and in honesty;  
Whose life, though passed in poverty,  
Will bear the light of day,  
Nor fears his works should follow him,  
Die when or where he may.

## Miscellany.

### OUTDONE BY AN ACTOR.

Having some business to transact at New Orleans, I took passage on board one of those floating palaces to be found on the Mississippi. At Cairo we took aboard a party that I was not happy to see, not a bit of it. I don't like single walking about on two legs. The party consisted of a young man thirty or thirty-five years old, with his wife and a young baby, and his mother. The young man was what I should call a hard character. He wore a great coat and pants, and purple velvet vest, with a massive gold, or it might be plated, chain across the breast. His long black hair was curled and shiny, and smelt like a barber's shop. He had a red, bluff face, and his eyes were black and wicked. He had been what many call good looking—good, I do not think he could have been with such a mother. She was a tall and stately woman—quite as tall as her son, and about half a century old. She wore a false front, and her forehead was shaved to make it look more expensive and intellectual. I can't answer for her age very accurately, for she was made up in the most elaborate fashion, and was dressed, even on the steambot, in the richest more antique and the costliest lace. There is not a sin of the civilized world that was not written on that woman's face. I have seen a great many women with little enough that was womanly about them, but I never saw one who seemed to me so bad as this gambler's mother.

The fact is, it was a party of gamblers. The poor little wife was a trained stool-pigeon, and even the pretty little baby was dressed to attract and lead the acquaintance. The wife was very pretty, but struck me as a strange compound. She seemed loving and gentle, as I dare say she might have been under other circumstances. She was dressed too well, and wore too much jewelry. This I afterwards found was not her fault. She was made to play her part in attracting her husband's victims. The coquetry of her appearance did not correspond with the expression of her face. There was a sad look in it that made me pity her. They had come from Canada, they said, and were going to New Orleans. I kept my eyes on them and so, I found, did the experienced chambermaid, who had been on the river too long not to know such customers at first sight.

Among our fellow-passengers was a gentleman who called himself Mr. Browne, who seemed to me to be an actor travelling incognito, or a gentleman who intended to add to the dramatic profession. We got acquainted over a sherry cobbler, became intimate with our noses in our two first jumps, and when we had a little private party in our corner, he amused us by imitating those on board, or others we happened to know, very cleverly. Among others he took off the rous-looking gambler, Rodden, as he called himself, and the stately mother. He had made up his mind about them pretty much as I had made up mine.

Among the other occupants of the great cabin, where society gets about as well mingled as you ever find it in this world, was a young man, a Mr. John Green, a master carpenter, from Chicago, going to Memphis. He was simple, honest, and verdant as his name. He got acquainted with everybody, and told of his means, intentions, and prospects, as if he thought every one as innocent as himself. Rodden had had money, but not by making the first advances. The old lady talked to him in the motherly way about his home, his prospects and sweethearts. The young wife, who seemed at times to scorn everything about her, smiled on him sweetly, and often gave him her baby to hold. Whoever she may have feared or hated, she loved the baby. It was, I believe, the bond

that held her to the gambler and his mother, and made her do their infernal bidding. But for the baby, she might have jumped into the river to escape a tyranny that became more and more apparent to me as I watched the drama playing before me.

Rodden, of course, had made up his mind to plunder the young carpenter, and it had to be done before we got to Memphis. They had played in a little family party at whist and euchre for games and sherry cobbler, or champagne. Green generally won, and was confident in his luck, and a little proud of his skill. He was fascinated with the pretty woman who could win him round her fingers. Then he tried his hand with Rodden alone, and won plenty of dollars, as he boasted to Browne, at half a dollar a game. It was no use to advise him. He was as conceited as he was honest. Like many very green persons, he believed himself an excellent judge of character, and as a card player a connoisseur.

The night before we were to reach Memphis, Rodden and Green were playing, and Green was flushed with his luck and drinking more than usual. Browne watched them till he was tired, and turned in about eleven o'clock. Then Rodden and Green drank more, or stronger than usual, and they played for higher stakes. It was the old story—infatuation, madness, and, of course, the loss of the last dollar Green had in the world. Then came another insanity worse than that of the drunkard and the gambler—the insanity of despair. Instead of going to his berth, he ascended to the deck. Then he took off his coat and vest and wrote on a scrap of paper the following scaterly legible note:—

"To the Captain of this Boat: Rodden has robbed me, when I was drunk, of three thousand dollars, all I have in the world. I am going to drown myself. Please thank Mr. Browne for me, and tell him I am sorry I did not hear to him. JOHN GREEN."

This paper he pinned to his vest, and then quickly jumped in the river; but he was not born to be drowned—not that time anyway. There was a cry from the watch on deck, of a man overboard. Now I always take my dog Muser with me when I travel; he's as good as a bowie-knife and six shovels as good as a hoeing the cry, I sprang out of the stateroom with Muser. "Save him, Muser!" said I. The dog didn't need another invitation, and he caught him and held him up, until the steamer's boat took them both in, and brought them on board again. The captain came down on Rodden, but Rodden drew a bowie-knife and showed fight. The boat had touched at Memphis, and before anything could be done, he had broken away and was clear. His mother, elegant and imperturbable as ever, had their baggage taken ashore, and we were soon on our way, like the river, and life, and all that sort of thing, and I forgot all about the adventure. New Orleans was a city at that time, full of wealth and beauty, lying a purple grape, in the sun, full of luscious pulp and sweetness. Well, it is just like a grape skin now sucked and thrown under foot to be trodden on; but we'll adjourn that subject.

On the 5th May, having got through my business, I left New Orleans to return north. I went on board that place of a boat. Black Hawk, and almost the first person I saw was Rodden's mother. There she was with the same stately presence, the same shaven forehead and false front, the same rich and moist antique; to which were now added a little woman, with her baby, now a year old, both dressed in the same showy manner; and presently I saw the hard faced gambler, Rodden. The young mother and her baby looked pale and ill, the old mother and her hopeful looked fazed and eager for prey. I paid so much attention to those people, and thought so much of what they had probably been doing all winter in New Orleans, that I rather neglected the other passengers; but the day after we started, I observed a particularly green looking individual, with light flaxen hair, an awkward slouching hat, blue homespun pantaloons, and a butternut colored coat, which seemed to me both homespun and home-made; he had old worn gloves on which he never removed, except to put on some old leather or kid ones. I watched the gambler for it had come into my mind that this greeny homespun individual had been to New Orleans with a considerable cargo of bacon and cheese. I thought of poor Green and his three thousand dollars. One day I saw Rodden and the stranger—"like," so he called himself—together.

No matter about my name, mister, said he, call me like, I'll answer to that till the cows come home. You can't come to ever me calling me mister. How do I know but you are one of them fellers that plays poker and allers wias?

I never played but three games of poker in my life, said Rodden; but I'll play euchre with you for the drinks.

No you don't. Look o'here, mister, pulling down the lower eye-lash, do you see anything green there?

I see that you have cut your eye teeth, said Rodden. I wouldn't undertake to cheat you, if cheating was my trade, which, I am happy to say, it is not.

Ye don't say so! Good-lookin', but ye can't come in, I shan't play for the drinks, nor for nothing else. I promised Susy when I came away that I wouldn't tie a kiard the hull time I was off; an' no more I won't. You see, five thousand dollars worth of bacon and cheese wouldn't be no shakes at all to one of them fellers as plays poker.

That's so, said Rodden. You are wise. Yes, an' that ain't the whole on't, for my money's in the cap'n's safe, and what's more, I'll stay there till half an hour afore I land at Memphis.

At—yes, at; but where that at is, you'll have to find out, for I told Susy I'd keep as dark as a woodchuck's hole, and not to talk to nobody more'n was raily necessary. As to you, I wouldn't mind telling you, for I took to you at worst. You are smart, but you can't keep a hotel, or you wouldn't come at me about kiards. You might have known I wouldn't play by the looks of me.

Rodden was persevering; the man in homespun was firm. The young wife seemed more terrified and miserable every hour; the old mother more hard, proud and imperious. She would take the baby, and keep it from its mother, and I believe, pinch it simply to torture the poor woman. What a life the poor thing was leading, and what a fate for the child! One evening I heard Rodden talking to the gawky man about play.

Look o'here now, said the latter, if you say kiards to me again, I'll pitch into you. I'm a man o' my word, specially when my word is given to Susy. But I have got a pocket full of dice and they ain't loaded dice nuther. Ef you want play enough to bet something handsome again my terbacker box, I'll play with you.

He drew out a very ancient silver box, of about five dollars weight, and laid it on the table. Rodden sat down to the table with eagerness in his dark eye that meant mischief. He won it—then lost it. It was lost and won several times, but rested in the pocket of the countryman.

Smart fellow, but you can't keep a hotel, nor win my terbacker box, said he.

The next day they played again, and he lost his box, and watch, and thirty dollars. The next day they were at it again, when the luck seemed to turn for the green one, as he won a large sum of money, in fact, all or nearly all he had to lose, and then the countryman refused to play any longer.

Not to-night anyhow, said he. I might be willing to play to-morrow, but I want to sleep with my pockets full for one night. I allus put my money in the captain's safe, but I'll keep this ere that was yours to sleed on; just for luck.

That foolish fellow will be robbed to-night, I said to myself, and may be murdered. I could not go to sleep, and at midnight, when I heard him go to bed, I knocked at his stateroom door, and said: Will you allow me to speak to you?

I know what you're goin to say, said he, but never you lay awake on my account. I ain't a box, and I know what Rodden will do. But he's barking up the wrong tree. Look o'here, mister, said he, he drew out a tremendous bowie-knife from the back of his neck, and showed me under his pillow a six shooter. I reckon them ere will do the business, if he comes here to look for my winnings.

I left the man, reassured, and returned to my berth, but not to sleep. The boat went snorting and rearing on her way up the gloomy river. It was high flood, and if any accident happened to the boat, there was a poor chance for the passengers. More than once did we steam past the floating corpses of a burnt or exploded steamer. As I lay thinking of all this I heard a step. The countryman slept with his door open. He would choke to death at once, he said, if he did not get the air. People brought up in log houses are apt to feel so.

I sprang to my feet and crept towards his stateroom. The door was shut. There was a sudden explosion of a pistol followed by a fierce cry. I opened the door. Rodden had fallen on the floor, but he sprang to his feet with a cut across his hand, and one of his ears shot off. He dashed out of the door as the countryman exclaimed:—

That varmint?

Are you hurt?

Not a bit of it.

He had a slight cut on his hand, however. Rodden had scarcely left the stateroom when he was grappled by the porter, who like my self, had been watching him. The porter saw the brief conflict which he had not time to prevent. The rascal struggled hard, but he was soon disarmed, bound securely, and locked up in a stateroom. His loss of blood helped perhaps, to conquer him. I asked

a lady, who had come from her stateroom to indulge her natural curiosity, to go to the poor wife and tell her the sad truth, that her husband was wounded and a felon.

Oh, what have I suffered with him and her! If I could but return to my once happy home! said the poor wife, when informed of the affair.

And why can you not? asked the old lady. It was the old, old story. She had run away from home and married a shifty scamp without the consent of her parents. The captain, the countryman, and myself went aside to consult as to what was to be done.

Wait a minute, said the countryman, as he went into his stateroom and next instant came out in a dressing-gown, another natural head of hair and without the everlasting old gloves. It was my acquaintance, M. Browne, and a capital actor, too.

I determined to serve out that fellow if I ever got a chance, he said, when he robbed that poor carpenter, and drove him crazy; he got cured of that by a small dose of water cure in the Mississippi, and by the help of your dog Muser. I shall hunt him up, and give him back his money.

Muser wagged his tail, as if he remembered all about it, and approved of returning the cash.

The poor little wife decided to return home. The mother deprived of her son, did not attempt to keep her ill-used daughter-in-law.

When Rodden found that he was to be sent to jail at St. Andrews, he sent for his wife. It's all up with me for the present, said he. They have got me foul. You had better go home, Lib, and stay with the old folks and behave yourself. Mother is not fit company for you unless I am about.

The wife answered only with her sobs. She held the baby for his father to kiss him, but she did not offer him her own lips or cheeks. He was her tyrant no longer. She had many friends. She would escape. We took her to her paternal home on the Ohio, and saw her kindly received by a worthy father and loving mother. Mr. Browne went with me and left a thousand dollars of the sum he had won from Rodden in her father's hands. Rodden was tried for a murderous assault with intent to rob, and sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. He will be sixty when he has served out his time. The mother has tried hard to save him, and may get him pardoned after a while. The little wife became an exemplary and happy mother.

I don't keep up acquaintance with all the world and his wife, because I can't, but I keep track of Mr. Browne, who is acting in England,—with another name, that I won't mention,—and as I said before, a very good actor he is, too.

A plain old clergyman was once applied to by a young man for advice on a very important matter. He asked which of two sisters he had best pay his addresses to. One was very lovely in her disposition, but not a professor of religion; the other was a professing Christian, but very ill-tempered.

Marry the good-tempered one, by all means said the old gentleman. The spirit of God can live where you can't.

A country girl, says the Rocky Mountain News, was split from a wagon the other day, and had all her finery mused in the snow-drifts. After recovering from a short spell of insensibility, her first struggling colloquy was:—"Oh! fiddle! I hope there was no editor man in sight!"



## CONCERT!

A Concert will be held in the Town Hall, on Thursday, April 20th, in aid of the funds of the Church Bazaar.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8. Tickets 25 cents, Children 12 1/2 cents.

Tickets to be obtained at the stores of J. B. McGee, William Whitlock and Geo. F. Stickney and at the door.

### Molasses.

20 H HDS choice Retailing Molasses.  
April 12, 1863. J. W. STREET & SON.

### House to Let.

THE House in Queen St. at present occupied by E. K. Richards, Esq., and Mr. Alex. McFarlan, from 1st May next. Suitable for one or two families. Apply to J. W. STREET & SON, May 8, 1863.

### KEROSENE.

A SUPPLY of the genuine article for sale at the Drugget Store of Feb. 14, 1866. J. I. STREET.