

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE
GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY



ADWAYS READY RELIEF

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY
STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN
IN A FEW MINUTES,
AND RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

ADWAYS READY RELIEF
is a superior to all other Medicines at once.
ITS FIRST APPLICATION
relieves the sufferer of PAIN, no matter how
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No. 34

Poetry.

HERBERT LLEWELLYN.

SURGEON TO THE ALABAMA.
The following poem has been sent us for publication by the author, a distinguished provincial Physician:—When a boat filled with the wounded was pushing off from the ship, which appeared about to founder, the men appealed to the Doctor to jump on board and save himself; but that noble and devoted man refused, saying, "that the boat was only for the wounded, and he would not endanger them by entering their over laden vessel." Herbert Llewellyn went down with the Alabama.

HERBERT LLEWELLYN. A name
That will long be honored in story;
For hallowed and high is the fame
Of that noble "non-combatant" glory.
The sea-fight had now ceased to rage,
But the shattered ship's flag was yet flying—
In the combat he did not engage,
He was tending the wounded and dying.
A glory in youth or in age
To succor the sick and the dying—
But bravest before all the brave,
He cared not his own life to save,
He cared for the wounded and dying.

Herbert Llewellyn, he stood
On the deck of his ship—she was sinking;
But calm and undaunted his mood,
Of the wounded alone was he thinking,
That bold, able Surgeon, with hand
Ever ready to render assistance,
How the wounded to save he now planned,
When his ship could no more make resistance.
A boat, on the instant, is manned,
Since the ship can no more make resistance,
With the wounded that boat is soon full,
"Give way, comrades pull, comrades pull,
For our ship can no more make resistance."

Herbert Llewellyn! beware,
"Doctor," all cry, "you will perish,
A berth in our boat we must spare
To save one we so honour and cherish."
Leap in, but the Doctor replied,
As he stood there all fearless and lonely,
"For the wounded that boat was supplied,
And that boat is for wounded men only.
For their safety it was to provide,
For the safety of wounded men only."
Death and danger to him were as naught,
"Was the safety of others he sought;
And the boat was for wounded men only."

Herbert Llewellyn went down
With his ship, in the deep-seething water,
But such death has a higher renown
Than to be adding heifer to war's slaughter.
Must the red death of battle alone
Claim praises from valour and beauty?
Is not a more true courage shown,
When calmly man meets death as duty?
Has he not more courage known,
Who calmly met death as his duty?
Herbert Llewellyn, thy name
Is baptised upon undying fame,
So calmly didst thou meet death as thy duty,
Toryan, June 20. R. T. E.

JOHN CLARKE'S FORTUNE.

"Never mind the house, John; we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty years old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone!—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."
"Hush dear!" said his wife.

"I bequeath to John Clarke," my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation during the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse chaise, which has stood in my barn for more than twenty-five years, requesting that he will repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

"That was all. Some of the people who were present tittered, and all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively, poor little Jenny fairly cried. "To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!"

"Wish you joy!" said a red-headed youth with a grin, as he came out of the room. "Jehp sprang up to collar the fellow; but a little white hand, laid on his arm, restrained him.

"Let them triumph John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "pray don't notice them, for my sake."
"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs,

the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left a good deal of his money; served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he speculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." To which she added in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "he might have married me. He had the chance; and I loved him better than any one else—better than that little simpleton Jenny Brazier."

"Now we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt. "He became very pious just because he expected a fortune from my poor dear brother; but we shall see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I think John Clarke'll have to be contented with his little cottage," said the father of Susan Spriggs, to good old Joseph Hemp.

"Well, I think he is content; if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife," was Joe's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal," said Spriggs. "Why, she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty piano like sixty, and manages a house first rate."

"Hess you, neighbor Spriggs. I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings than all the forty piano gals."

"I'd like to know what you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs firing up.

"Just what I say," replied Joe coolly. "Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gal-folks yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best men yet," replied old Joe complacently.

"Doubt it, said Mr. Spriggs.

"Yes, may be you do," said Joe; "and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best? No John Clarke won't be a good man, if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dogs are pugnacious' will ston the animal while he's a running; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so—Why don't you step up to him, and say, 'John I am glad you're getting right now, and I've got faith in you; and if you want any help, why, come to me and I'll assist you? That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs.'"

Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all, replied Spriggs, sulkily.

I hope I shall, and I'm bound to do, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help.

No—is a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one-horse chaise.

No, mattered Joe, as his neighbor turned away; but if he had married your rawboned daughter, that plays on the forty piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake.

"A one-horse chaise!" said Spriggs, laughing, what a fortune!

And so it went, from mouth to mouth—None of the relatives—some of them already rich—had offered to the poorest man among them the owner of the one-horse chaise, any of the bequestment left to him or her but they had rather rejoiced at his disappointment.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was the least discouraged; and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land the money will set us up quite comfortably. Isn't our home a happy one if it is small? And oh! John, by-and-by!"

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever, new story of innocence, beauty, and helplessness, that brings cares akin to angels' work.

For once John Clarke stopped the gossips' mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the railway company paid into John Clarke's hand a very handsome sum for the privilege of cutting a railway through his little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and a good round sum from the railway company," thought John with an honest exultation; "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look there!"

He did, and saw the old one-horse chaise dragged by a stalwart laborer.

"Master says as how the old barn is going

to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the laborer.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly; but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old chaise done up, can't you—You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash," muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could," said John.

"Then I'd have it done," said Jenny, "and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old chaise made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in."

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's tomorrow, and see what he will do for it," said John.

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come over to his shop," shouted the wheelwright's apprentice on the following day, at the top of his lungs.

"Old Joe Hemp's there; an' says he's right down glad. It's hundreds, and hundreds, and huns—"

"Stop, boy! what in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle, face downwards.

"My precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John, I'd go over and see," exclaimed Jenny.

"Taint any fun, I tell ye," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! you'll find it ain't fun when you come to see them gold things and the papers."

This added words to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old wheelwright's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine fellow!" cried Joe Hemp.

"Look here! what'll you take for that old chaise? I'll give you four hundred!" cried the old wheelwright, in great glee.

"Four hundred?" repeated John aghast.

"Yes; just look at it! You're a rich man, sir; and by Jove, I'm glad of it. You deserve to be," said the wheelwright, shaking John's hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old chaise filled with gold and bank notes? I mean the cushions, the linings, and every place where they could be placed without danger of injury.

Poor John!—rather rich John—his head was fairly turned. It required all the balance of John's nice equisopie of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming-top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first old Joe Hemp proposed to take the old chaise just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and proclaim with a trumpet the good tidings to the whole village, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know it soon enough!" she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings!"

They did know it; and a few years afterwards they all agreed that John Clarke had turned out a really good man. So much for that old one-horse chaise!

AN INCIDENT.—A singular scene is described in one of the English papers:—"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton, the women veiled over the babes and kissed them, and finally sang the doxology over the welcome importation. Imagine cotton becoming petical, and people spontaneously raising a Te Deum because asked once more to toil! If that incident is true as it stands, it would make a better subject for a painter than half the worn out incidents of dramatic art."

The Indiana Banner says that a woman residing near Terre Haute, put out the eyes of her son to save him from the draft. She says the mother of seven sons, one of whom had died in the army, and another had suffered the amputation of his leg. To save her eldest son from the draft, she held a burning coal close to his right eye, while he slept in a lounge, and the optic nerve was destroyed without more than momentary pain. The mother is supposed to be partially deranged.

THE YELVERTON CASE.

HOW MISS LONGWORTH RECEIVED THE JUDGMENT.

During the whole of the fourteen days that the arguments in the memorable Yelverton case lasted in the House of Lords, Miss Theresa Longworth, accompanied by her two lady friends was to be daily seen at the back of the reporters' gallery, earnestly watching the proceedings. Of course, she naturally felt pleased with the reasonings of the Attorney-General, which were all in her favour, but she betrayed no emotion when Mr. Roll, with cutting criticism, analysed her evidence and her correspondence. On Thursday, however, she did not make her appearance in the house. She arrived on that day at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. Simson, Traill, and Wakeford in Abingdon-street, whose place of business is situated within a stone's throw of the grand entrance to the House of Lords, at ten o'clock, accompanied by her two lady friends, one of whom was said to be her sister. Here she waited in a state of most anxious uncertainty as to the result. She had a tolerably clear idea; for somehow or other the fact had leaked out, as we stated in the "Mercury" of Wednesday, that the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham were in her favour. She was also equally aware that Lord Chelmsford and Lord Kingsdown were against her. But she was not certain about Lord Wensleydale. It was said that the latter noble and learned lord had wavered in his opinion since the case was heard, and that he was only brought over at the last moment to take the side of Miss Longworth by the plausible persuasion of Lord Chelmsford. Miss Longworth knew that he was wavering, but she was not made acquainted with the influence exercised upon him by his brother lord, and she was thoroughly aware that if Lord Wensleydale would give judgment in her favour the scale was at once turned, and the validity of her marriage with the major was established. Her grand object, then, on Thursday, was to ascertain, as she sat in the office of Simson and Co., how matters in the house were proceeding; and for this purpose she despatched one of her lady friends to the reporters' gallery. The Lord Chancellor rose at eleven o'clock, spoke until twelve, and then sat down upon the woolsack. Immediately after his conclusion the lady friend despatched a note across to Abingdon-street in these brief terms:—"It is all right, the Chancellor is in your favour—Wensleydale is up." The impatience—then feverish anxiety—of Miss Longworth was now at its height, and during the time Lord Wensleydale was speaking she sent two messengers across to the house to learn the drift of his argument. His lordship spoke in so low a tone of voice that it was impossible to gather the view he entertained until he had reached the close of his manuscript, and then the astounding fact was made apparent enough that he pronounced the Scotch marriage invalid. Instantly this momentous fact was conveyed across the street to Miss Longworth, and when it was communicated the effect was heartrending. She burst into tears, sobbed violently, and fell upon the floor in a state of utter unconsciousness. Swoon after swoon succeeded; the principals and clerks rendered all the assistance in their power, but nothing seemed to soothe or administer to her till the slightest relief. Now and again she rallied, and then impatiently asked to be informed of the final result, and when at length it was communicated to her, as delicately as it could be, about two o'clock, namely, that there was a majority against her of three to one, or if Lord Brougham had been present, of three to two, she dropped again from her seat, was removed on the shoulders of one of the bystanders to the brougham which was in waiting, and was conveyed in an apparently senseless state to her lodgings in Cambridge-terrace, Edgware-road. She was accompanied in the brougham by her alleged sister, and has since been confined to her room.—Liverpool Mercury, July 30.

A NECESSARY ACCOMPLISHMENT.—Jenny June in her sensible book urges the necessity of cooking to the comfort of a family. She sees no beauty in delicate hands that can't knead the dough nor turn the steak. If anything in the world will make a man miserable it is the want of a good reliable dinner, and here she hits a truth.—She warns the ladies, the wives, that if they desire loves bonnets, and lots of small change in the shape of five and ten, they must cook the best of dishes and regulate their husbands with them. This may be very honestly advice, but it has more to do with the comfort of a family than all the fine arts of music and dancing and prochetting and fiddlestick generally in the world. A woman who can't

command every minutiae of the process, from raw beef to the well flavored dibb, is not worth a husband.

Echoes from the Valley.

The best talkers are not always the deepest thinkers. There is a mind of unexplored wealth in some people's minds—a fund of unexpressed knowledge and sense. The silent ones among us are not to be slighted or despised. There is some truth in the adage, "Still waters run deep." And if we were seeking friends, we would not choose them among those who wear all their feelings out side; whose tongues prate glibly of affection, &c.; who never hesitate for words when they are speaking on some subject sacred and dear to us. We would rather select a heart than a tongue. And there is often touching eloquence in silence. An unfinished sentence often tells us more than a whole array of properly spoken ones could do.

We are apt to judge from mere appearances. We believe what we hear, and will not take things on trust. Nevertheless, we often judge wrongly. There are wells of truth and excellency lying still and deep beside us of which we little dream. These are during thoughts in many a silent breast; passionate pleadings which cannot be outpoured in words—leaping, living desires, that struggle but cannot find utterance. These are hearts worth winning. Their silent language, flashing out now and then a little in the eyes or the face, will repay the student a hundredfold.

Thoughts are the parents of deeds. Not a few grand and noble achievements come from men whom the world has called idle dreamers. They have not talked much, but their active minds have produced wonders enough to furnish conversation to mere talkers by the score. Their thoughts have been definite, and well arranged. They knew they were mighty powers for good or for evil, and used them as those who must give an account.

Nevertheless, there are idle dreamers far too many of them. Doubtless, precious hours are frequently wasted in listless, undirected, floating thoughts that do harm rather than good; while much good might be accomplished by spending the same time in work.

None of us are good thinkers who do not live better, act nobler, and work more earnestly, in consequence of our thoughts.

Proverbs of the Billings Family.

Don't swap your relations unless you ken afford to give em the big end of the trade.

Marry young, and, if circumstances require it, often.

If you can't git fine cloaths, and eddication too, git the cloaths first.

Say how are you, to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and have a good speck of impudence on hand.

Be charitable—three cent pieces were maid on purpose.

Do not take anybody's advice except your own.

It costs more to borrow than it does to pay.

If a man flatters you, ye can kilkilate he is a roan or a feel.

Keep both eyes open, but don't say mor'n half you nose.

Don't mortify the flesh too much; twasn't the sores on Lasserus that sent him to heaven.

If you itch for faim, go inter a graveyard and scratch yerself again a tumstun.

Young men, be more anxious about the pedir gree yare going to leave than you are about the one somebody left you.

Fewd say to all young men, "Go in," and to old fallers, "Git out."

As good a way to get rich as any is to run in debt two hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay your debts.

Philosophers tell us the world revolves on its axis, and Josh Billings tell you that fall half the foids on sirth think they are the axis.

N.B.—These are proverbs have stood a hundred years, and thit' gin out yet.

"Stockings I do without so long as I wear fashionable dresses," said a city belle somewhat straightened in her spandale resources, "but a bosom pin and kid gloves I must have."

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—"Three things," said the Rev. Dr. Henry, of New York, "appear to be uninjured by the Fall; the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had man remained holy; as if God would never us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we shall regain."

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

COTTON BATTINGS.

Batts. Batts.

Warp. Warps. Warps.

White and Blue Cotton Warps

Ladies and Childrens Hoots-ton Skirts.

received and for sale at the BION HOUSE.

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BOY from 14 to 16 years of age, who can read and write, to work at the Printing office. Apply at the STANDARD OFFICE.