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## EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A very curious romance of real life—the details of which may ere long be before the Boston courts—has been spinning its web for some time past in New York, and is now in its last act. A physician, Dr. P—, who has within a few years risen to high political influence and station, and holds an exceedingly lucrative office under the administration, is the husband of a most accomplished and gifted lady, the sister of a prominent United States Senator. The pair did not live happily; the husband's temper was dreadful, and he scrupled not at acts of personal violence; he gave cause for jealousy, also, to the wife, who intercepted letters and caught frail charms on her premises, and who may have reproached her lord for thus wronging her, more severely than he thought consistent with proper female subjection. He threatened if she attempted to seek legal redress, to shut her up in a madhouse. His specious representations gained over the lady's brother, who took his medical assurances for truth, and moreover was on terms of enmity with his sister. Without any previous examination by disinterested parties, Mrs. P— was one day surprised by the entrance of several rough-looking men into her house with Dr. B—, a physician attached to the McLean Lunatic Asylum. He immediately began to question her as to her suspicions of the fidelity of her husband. Though startled, she replied she had reason to doubt his constancy. Dr. B— said, "It is all a delusion, madam; you must be put under medical treatment for it." The lady answered that if it were a delusion, she would be happy to be convinced of her mistake; but that the course he recommended was not the proper one to convince her. Dr. B— then beckoned to the men who seized Mrs. P— by the shoulders and dragged her into the carriage, without allowing her to bid farewell to her children, though she begged with agonised supplications to be permitted to see them, and called them to come and take leave of her. She was taken at once to the asylum. So convinced were all her neighbors that she was not insane, that a gentleman of Boston went a day or two afterwards to the asylum to see her, and obtain her authority for taking her out on a business errand. He was disappointed, as she refused to see him, and urged that her brother's sanction of the proceeding was sufficient to show its propriety. The same superintendent, three months later, when asked by a deacon of Mrs. P—'s church his opinion as to her sanity, replied that he would not be prepared to give one till the lady had been there six months or longer.

Mrs. P— remained a close prisoner seventeen months in this madhouse, not being allowed to see or communicate with her children or friends during that time. She was frequently punished for "subverting the authority of the superintendent, and injuring his influence" with the patients and attendants, in maintaining her own freedom from insanity—by being incarcerated among the worst maniacs, and was often in peril of her life from their assaults; no festering inside the door of her cell being allowed. She escaped from her persecutors in December, 1861, and was joined in her flight by her eldest daughter, just entering womanhood. Consulting a lawyer they were advised to conceal themselves, as the brother's influence, with the husband's wealth and the fact of her having been so long a prisoner, would be against her, and might be too powerful for her to struggle against. Mrs. P— therefore after spending a few days in New York, decided on Philadelphia as her place of residence.

She and her daughter lived in Philadelphia some ten months, in a circle of highly intelligent and refined persons, who testify invariably in favor of her perfect soundness of mind. She earned a subsistence by her pen-writing for magazines, till the war cut off that resource; then by her needle. Those who doled out army shirts to be made, little thought that among that crowd of waiting needle women, was the sister of a Senator and a lady accustomed to affluence, of cultivated mind, who toiled cheerfully that she might live in freedom and peace, in the society at least of one of her beloved children. But she was not long to remain unmolested. Her husband, who had the police of the different cities on the search for months, at length traced her tracing a fellow to perorate a paying magazine publisher; knowing that necessity would drive her to all she could in that line. One Sunday afternoon as the young lady, Miss P—, was entering church—she was roughly seized and dragged to a carriage by two men. The mother heard of the kidnapping, and fearful of being herself taken and remanded to a madhouse, fled for refuge to a place of concealment. A friend was telegraphed to, who

came immediately and secretly carried her to Boston.

The husband soon heard that his wife's friend was in Boston by her visit to some witnesses of his infidelity, and at once set about endeavoring to find out Mrs. P—. A woman personating the friend of Mrs. P— was sent to different gentlemen, by way of ascertaining what they would say to an avowed partisan of the wife! The lady friend followed every movement watched and herself followed everywhere by a secret agent. Mrs. P— was compelled continually to change her abode to avoid an attack, and other friends of hers were also dogged wherever they went.

Mrs. P—'s Savings Bank books had fallen into her husband's possession at the time of her seizure, and her husband not only refused to restore these books, but refused to restore her property. As her property was in deposit as trustee for her children (she had taken that measure to protect them from spoliation) she cannot recover it without the books. Her brothers refusing her any assistance—though the younger has said he never believed her insane—she is dependent on the kindness of her friends.

Mrs. P— had been about three weeks in the modern Athens, when her husband made an attempt to secretly kidnap and carry her off. She was returning from a walk with Miss K—, sister of the celebrated divine. They heard a voice from a carriage say, "There are the women; drive quick John!" and Mrs. P— was seized by a man who ordered her to come with him. The terrified ladies ran in at the open basement door of Rev. Dr. K—'s house in Stanford Street. The assailant, took Mrs. P— to the carriage, which had driven close to receive her, was drawn into the entry; the man smashed a window and forced the door, which Miss K— had closed on him; but could not capture the lady before she was rescued by Rev. Dr. K—, ex-Prof. of the University, and Mr. Cough the lecturer, who were at dinner. The assailant then confessed that he had no legal authority, that he was employed in the custom house, had been tried, with others, by Dr. P— to watch Mrs. P— and her friends, and to kidnap her. The carriage had been in waiting all day, and men had been posted at the corners of the streets through which she was expected to pass.

This outrage of course, raised up friends for Mrs. P—, who soon afterwards filled her label for divorce. She asked for, but was not allowed an interview with her daughter who is a close prisoner in her father's house guarded by a golem who never permits her to be alone long enough to write a letter. Dr. P— still vehemently insists that his wife is a lunatic, though he has not seen her once in a year, and though several medical "experts," whose opinion she has sought, has testified to her perfect sanity. She is still in Boston, living down the cruel, inhuman slavery by which her enemies have striven to consign her to life long imprisonment and to brand her children with a curse. It is worthy of mention that, although the husband has started to three witnesses, that he put his wife in the madhouse on the opinion of Dr. Chandler of Worcester, Dr. Chandler gives the assurance that he never gave, nor had an opportunity of forming any opinion at all.

The facts above stated are simple truths, which may serve to show how defective are the laws of Massachusetts under which a perfectly sound minded person may be seized without a trial and consigned to a horrid prison, at the pleasure of relatives interested in putting them out of the way. Another case is that of Mrs. D—, who engaged counsel for divorce proceedings, and the next day was seized and dragged to the McLean Asylum, without the formality of an examination. Her counsel was denied admission by the Superintendent, but the lady found means to drop a letter that was carried to him, and a habeas corpus compelled her release.

A celebrated cure-all used to try his medical experiments upon his wife, because, as he said, if they did not kill her they were fit for any body.

George A. Terril, of Boston, has been arrested in Boston, for the crime of forgery. Previous to his arrest he occupied a high position in society and for the six months ending January first, was a member of the Suffolk Grand Jury.—[Portland Advertiser.]

A teetotaler said he could not marry a wife because his principles would not allow him to support her.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question "when does mortification ensue?" he replied; "when you stop the question and are answered no."

## Poetry.

### HOW WE'LL BREAK THE BLOCKADE.

FROM "PUNCH."

Cousin Jonathan listen and don't make a row,  
Nor fancy you'll see the B. lion afraid,  
We log to inform you we've taken a vow,  
Or the earliest occasion to break your Blockade.

We'll do it old boss, we'll have cotton, yes, Sir,  
Tho' your lying old "Herald" may splutter and rave,  
If we don't see the Lion afore said's a cur,  
And bid Mrs. Britannia stop raising the waver.

Would you like to know how, Sir? Then don't be an ass,  
Ground rifle old boss leave that howie alone,  
A quarrel want's two, and in spite of your sars  
We won't be the party to shy the first stone.

But we'll break your blockade, Cousin Jonathan,  
Yet,  
Yes, darrouer old stockings, C. J., but we will  
And the cotton we'll have, and to work we will set,  
Every Lancashire hand, every Manchester Mill.

We're recruiting to do it, we'll make no mistakes,  
There's a place they call India, just over the way,  
There were raising a force, which, Jerusalem,  
snakes!  
Will clean catwampus, your cruisers, C. J.

And we won't have our eggs in one basket dear boy,  
There's a place called Brazil which you know's  
real jany,  
The orders g ne out, and the world's to employ,  
All hands that can help us to stop Uncle Sam.

More power to our elbow, have ever you heard,  
Of Venezuela?—come, answer us, do:  
There, cousin we hear from a nice little bird,  
That a nice a little rod is in pickle for you.

"Ex nihilo nihil, but that wout be said  
Of certain rich valley, which nurses the Nile;  
We're recruiting there, too, boss, so hang down  
your head  
As if you'd no end of a brick in your tile.

You immortal old gooney! you reckon to heck  
The web-footed lion that swims every sea!  
We rather imagine he knows of a trick  
That will turn on your back both yourself and  
Legree.

You needn't be nervous, no war flag shall flaunt  
Nor powder nor steel will be troubled for aid  
But we'll have all the cotton our mill-people  
want;

And so—and so only we'll break the blockade.

### From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The Navy Department has received despatches from Commander Glisson of the U. S. steamer Mount Vernon, dated off Wilmington, N. C. giving an interesting account of the burning of a light ship. Having heard that the rebels made use of it as a beacon for guiding vessels in and out of the harbor, and for the purpose of annoying our vessels by hoisting lights at night. He determined to take advantage of a hazy night, with the wind off the shore, to effect her destruction. He accordingly despatched a cutter under command of acting master Alick Allen, with John P. Foote, coast pilot, and a crew of five men, and a 24 under command of acting master Surges, and a crew of six men. The boats soon got within a short distance of the light vessel on the off side of Fort Caswell. The two officers, a boatswain's mate and a quartermaster, climbed on board by a rope which was hanging at the side. The light boat was quite deserted. The carpenters had been at work, and the vessel was being pierced for eight guns. No attempt was made to molest the expedition until they had kindled the fire, which effectually destroyed the light ship. The fort did not open fire upon our boats until they were clearly out of harm's way.

Firing down the Potomac, was heard last night between 11 and 12 o'clock. It has since been ascertained that the rebel batteries had opened on Gen. Hooker's command on the Maryland shore, but without damage.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, will enter upon his duties on Monday. Gen. Cameron will remain in Washington some days and visit his friends before departing for Russia.

An order has just been issued from the Army headquarters, which contains the following:—The exigencies of the service demand that every officer and soldier of this

army, able to do duty, should be at his post.

The Commanding General therefore deems it necessary to direct that unless by reason of sickness upon a medical certificate, no leaves of absence or furlough shall be granted at the present time except in urgent and exceptional cases.

An official report from Maj. General Halleck of Missouri, says that 600 men at Silver Creek, in Howard County, were attacked by Col. Poindexter, on the 18th inst., and routed. The loss of the enemy was forty killed and sixty wounded. Our force also captured 160 horses, 60 wagons, 100 tents, 80 kegs of powder, 200 guns and 28 prisoners.

The President has just received a private despatch confirming the report that the rebels have abandoned Roanoke Island, in Albemarle Sound and evacuated the city of Yorktown.

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The Maine Board of Agriculture convened at Augusta, Wednesday, Jan. 15. Saml F. Perley, of Cumberland, was chosen President, Samuel Wasson, of Hancock, Vice President, and S. L. Goodale of Sacon, Secretary. On Thursday a list of topics for discussion were presented and various reports read. The following resolution was discussed at some length, and then laid on the table:

Resolved, That no person is entitled to the appellation of a good farmer, who fails to keep such an account as will enable him to know, with a good degree of certainty, the cost of his productions and secure to himself the greatest profits from his labors.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, says that the Joint Committee on the conduct of the war had Gen. Fremont before them on the 10th inst., for several hours. The General presented an elaborate statement of his campaign in Missouri. There are other men associated with Gen. Fremont, who are now in Washington, and will appear before the Committee, as well as several individuals prominent in the department of Missouri.

NAVAL AND MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—The Royal Naval Forces for the Home Station comprise 50 ships, mounting 1705 guns and manned by 14,152 men. These are exclusive of thirty ships ordered to be in readiness for immediate commission.

Colonel Simmons, C. B. commanding Royal Engineers at Aldershot, has received a letter of reprimand for his conduct in Canada. Colonel Simmons was for some time stationed in the Province, at Madawaska, where he superintended the erection of a substantial block-house, laid out roads, and set on foot various public works.—Ed. Col. For.

The Rattlesnake, 21, is to be ready for sea by the middle of January, when it is understood she will be despatched to the West Indies or some portion of the seaboard of America.

The Edgar, 50, screw, flagship of Admiral Dacres, is ordered to remain at Spithead until further order.

The fine steamships "St Andrew," belonging to the Montreal Mail Packet Company, and the "Calcutta" has been chartered for the conveyance of troops and war stores to British North America. The cargo of the "St. Andrew," which is ordered to Halifax will consist of 10 Armstrong 100 pounder guns, 30 tons powder, and 1200 tons of shot, shell and other stores. The "Victoria" and "Atalanta," vessels of a similar class, laden with victuals, stores and munitions, were sent down to Greenhithe from Deptford on the 15th to be swung preparatory to their departure. The "Calcutta" on the 29th embarked No. 8 battery of the fourth field brigade Royal Artillery. In addition to the Battery of Artillery, Mr. Bagnall, Mr. Greigg, and four sergeants-combatants of stores, and a number of non commissioned officers, appointed to drill the Canadian Militia, took passage in the Calcutta.

MANY FACTS IN SMALL COMPASS.—The number of languages spoken is 4,064. The number of men is about equal to that of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. One half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, 1 reaches 100 years. To every 100 only 6 reaches 75 years; and not more than 1 in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,333 die every year; 91,820 die every day; 7,780 every hour; and 60 per minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than the short ones. Women have more changes of life previous to the age of fifty years than men but fewer in life. The number of marriages are in pro-

portion of seventy-six to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is one fourth of the population.

### PLEASE EVERYBODY.

We do not remember ever having read anything better than the following sentiments. They are true to the letter:—"Heaven-help the man who imagines he can dodge his enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion; elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions—so have you—don't fall into the error of supposing they respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own color spie of wind or weather, storm or sun-shine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the troubles to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind; having once made it up, stick to it."

Anecdote of Burns.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands of Ayrshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough-looking fellow across there with the plough? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make a rhyme of. Done, said the other, and immediately walking up to the hedge Lord Boyd cried out "Bugh." Burns stopped at once, leaned against the plough, and surveying his assailant from head to foot, he quietly answered—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd,  
Wh' grace and minkers he is void—  
Just like a bull among the rye,  
Cries 'baugh!' at folks as he goes by.  
The wagger was of course won,  
"January."—The death month and the birth month have met together once more!—The bells have rung, the snow has worn, as no monarch's robe is woven, the bright christening robe, and at the baptismal font we welcome and christen the year, "Eighteen hundred and sixty-two!"

Oh year, be thy hands full of bounty, thy path full of blessing!  
Bright be thy sunshine, and sweet the fall of thy dews!  
Joyful be thy days, and peaceful be thy nights!  
Pleasant be thy spring, and gracious thy summer and fruitful thine autumn!  
Let thy face smile upon us, oh year, and bring us good tidings with thy lips, and good gifts with thy hands!  
And yet, oh year! just born and christened, thou hast no power in thyself thou art God's gift, and thou wilt be to each and all of us *tu' what our hearts and our lives shall make of thee!*

An actress was being complimented in the green room upon the blackness of her hair.  
"Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist.  
"Dyed!" repeated the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty."  
"No," said the lady; but you know—  
"Whom the gods love dye young."

And Eastern editor heads his list of Berths, Marriages and Deaths, with—Hatched, Matched and Dispatched.  
A schoolmaster asked one of his fair pupils, "can you decline a kiss?" Dropping a perplexed courtesy she modestly replied, "Yes sir, but I don't like to."

A captain of a rifle company, who shall be nameless, was we regret to say guilty of an unheard of piece of barbarity the other day—the day too, being one of the coldest we have had of late. He actually marched his men to the brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."  
"Don't get above your business," as the lady said to the shoe-maker who was measuring her ankle in order to ascertain the size of her foot.  
"Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." I guess I won't mind it now mother," replied the young hopeful, "as I've got in some toba-co."

"You a dent st. Bob? I did not know you were in that trade." "Yes," said Bob, "I follow no other business but setting teeth in beef, potatoes, bread, and such like."

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