

**MEDICAL ASSISTANCE**  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY**  
**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

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**THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY**  
**STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN**  
**IN A FEW MINUTES**  
**AS RAPIDLY AS THE PAIN PATTERNS**  
**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
 Proves its superiority to all other Medicines as soon as it is applied to the part affected. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, and is used in all cases of acute pain, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all other painful affections. It is also used in cases of chronic pain, such as Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism. It is a most valuable remedy, and is used by all the leading Physicians and Surgeons of the world.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**FEVER AND AGUE**  
 Proves its superiority to all other Medicines as soon as it is applied to the part affected. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, and is used in all cases of acute pain, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all other painful affections. It is also used in cases of chronic pain, such as Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism. It is a most valuable remedy, and is used by all the leading Physicians and Surgeons of the world.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**CHRONIC BILIOUSNESS CURED**  
 Proves its superiority to all other Medicines as soon as it is applied to the part affected. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, and is used in all cases of acute pain, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all other painful affections. It is also used in cases of chronic pain, such as Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism. It is a most valuable remedy, and is used by all the leading Physicians and Surgeons of the world.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**COTTON BATTING**  
 Proves its superiority to all other Medicines as soon as it is applied to the part affected. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, and is used in all cases of acute pain, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all other painful affections. It is also used in cases of chronic pain, such as Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism. It is a most valuable remedy, and is used by all the leading Physicians and Surgeons of the world.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**  
**WANTED**  
 Proves its superiority to all other Medicines as soon as it is applied to the part affected. It is a powerful, safe, and reliable remedy, and is used in all cases of acute pain, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Inflammations, and all other painful affections. It is also used in cases of chronic pain, such as Gout, Gravel, and Rheumatism. It is a most valuable remedy, and is used by all the leading Physicians and Surgeons of the world.

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH. No. 30  
 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1855. \$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

## Poetry.

**THE BLESSING.**  
 Not to the man of dollars,  
 Not to the man of deeds;  
 Not to the man of cunning;  
 Not to the man of crooked;  
 Not to the man of passing  
 Is for a world renown—  
 Not to a form of blessing  
 Cometh the blessing down.  
 Not to the land's expansion,  
 Not to the miser's chest;  
 Not to the princely mansion;  
 Not to the bloated crest;  
 Not to the sordid walling,  
 Not to the knavish clown,  
 Not to the haughty tyrant,  
 Cometh the blessing down.  
 Not to the folly blinded  
 Not to the steeped in shame;  
 Not to the carnal-minded,  
 Not to unholly fame,  
 Not to neglect of duty,  
 Not for the monarch's crown,  
 Not at the smile of beauty,  
 Cometh the blessing down.  
 But to the one whose spirit  
 Yields for the great and good;  
 Unto the one whose storehouse  
 Yields the hungry food;  
 Unto the one whose labors  
 Fearless of foe or friend;  
 Unto the one whose labors  
 Cometh the blessing down.

## Miscellany.

### THE COOK'S BOY.

Our ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a rainy, pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sam's naval architecture. After the hammocks had been "piped down," a knot of old ocean's hardy sons collected beneath the upper main forecastle, which place was their regular "forum." Old Ben Miller, our second butler's mate, had been quite so fond and thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the occasion of it, he said that he had seen something that brought to his mind a thrilling circumstance of by-gone days. We knew there was a yarn on the tapis, and collecting about the old mate, we awaited its delivery. He knicked the lines from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and then charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commenced; and this is the yarn he spun:  
 It is now fifteen years ago that I was a foremast hand on-board the old ship "Hunier." She was from New York, and bound to India. A man by the name of Adam Warren, who was the first mate, had taken passage, and with him were his wife and daughter. The latter was one of the sweetest, prettiest little creatures I ever saw, only about twelve years old, as delicate as a lark. They called her Judith. O, it would have done your souls good to have seen her skipping about the deck—now hiding in a coil of rigging; now pulling at some rope, and then clapping her little dimpled hands at the repeated orders of the captain. Her merry laugh rang through the ship like the notes of our own native robin, and she seemed to be envying her brightness. Her father was one of your business men—a right down dollar hunter, who didn't seem to care for much else than the purchase and sale of his cargo; and as long as his child was well and happy, he seemed to take but little notice of her; though, I must say, he was a kind hearted man when you could bring it out. Judith's mother was one of your city aristocracy—a proud, overbearing woman, who seemed to think there was nobody but her husband's name who had any right to be on the deck; she always kept a smiling look at her own, and I tell you the truth when I tell you that she was fairly cocked by her eternal snubbing at that same bottle.  
 We had a boy on board named Luke Winship, only fourteen years old, who had been put into the galley to help the cook. He was a noble little fellow, though he hadn't much to say for himself, and he seemed to be a good fellow. One evening after he had entered the kitchen, Luke was sitting upon a parcel that was lying against the galley, and I happened to come in and see him. "What makes you look so sober, Luke?" she asked, in a starchy tone of real kindness.

I was thinking, Miss Judith, returned the cook's boy; and as he spoke he gazed into the face of the girl as though she was one whom he could almost worship.  
 "Don't call me miss. I don't like it, Luke. But tell me what you were thinking about. If I ever have troubles it always does me good to tell them to somebody. Now tell me yours."  
 It couldn't interest you, Judith, to hear the story of a poor boy like me.  
 O, yes it could! the little girl cried, clapping her hands together with much earnestness. You were thinking of your father and mother.  
 Alas! I have none.  
 No parents? No!  
 Then you were thinking of your brothers and sisters.  
 I have no relations on earth, Judith! As Luke said this he drew his greasy sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the drops that were springing forth.  
 The little girl gazed into Luke's face with a look of pity and sorrow, that seemed to make her tender heart bleed.  
 Tell me your story. Come, do, she said, and she laid her hand so kindly at him, that he began to weep again.  
 It is but a short story—a few words will tell it all, Luke returned, as he struggled like a giant to keep back his emotions. My mother died when I was only four years old, and before my father had taken the mourning weed from his hat, he too, was laid in the cold grave. They were both of them kind parents, and after my father was buried, I set upon his grave all night long and cried. O, Judith, you don't know what it is to lose a father or a mother; but to lose them both! Yes, you know something how you would feel. In the morning they came and took me away from the little church-yard, and a man who lived near the cottage my father had hired, gave me some breakfast. My parents were very poor, and after the funeral expenses were paid, there was not a cent left. I knew of no relations, I knew not that I had one on earth, and I was sent to the almshouse! There I staid till I was nine years old, and during that time I suffered more than words can ever tell. It wasn't bodily suffering, for I had enough to eat and drink, and clothes enough to wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year, but I wasn't like the other school-boys. I was a "poorhouse" child, and they shunned me. If they had done no more than this I should have been contented, they taught me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage. If they had known what pain their words gave me, I don't believe they would have spoken them; but they knew not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelty of their sneers.  
 Poor Luke! murmured Judith; and when the boy looked into her face, he found it as she was weeping.  
 At length, he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, an old farmer took me from the almshouse, and set me to work upon his farm. At first I felt thankful, but I soon found that I was worse off than before, for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hard-hearted woman, and she often beat me. There was no one to help me, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I said with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse, and often, when I went up to my little bed in the garret of the barn, did I pray that I might die before I awoke again. But I lived on, and I lived only to suffer. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer. One dark, stormy night, I secured a few cups of brandy, and after the folks had retired I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I travelled on, and at length I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get a chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing, and I told my story to the captain, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help, at times, thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed her dying blessing; and I can see the pallid cheek and sunken eyes of my father as he took me by the hand, and made me promise that I would ever be honest and virtuous. God knows I have most faithfully kept this promise, and I always will.  
 Little Judith wept as though she had herself suffered all she had heard; but she was not the only one who had heard Luke's story. For, as he closed it, Mr. Adam Warren moved carefully away from the other side of the table; and he had been standing all the while.  
 At this moment Mrs. Warren came up from the cabin, in a terrible hurry, it seemed to her child.

Where is Judith?  
 Here I am, mamma.  
 Mrs. Warren started forward, and saw her daughter just rising from the side of Luke.  
 What on earth are you doing here?  
 Luke was being told me a story, returned the little girl, as her mother led her aft. Don't you let me see you talking with that dirty boy again. It's horrible, Judith, for you to be commingled with such low, filthy company!  
 Luke heard those words, and I could see the heaving of his bosom and the quivering of his lip, as they fell upon his ear. He arose and went into the galley, and pulled the door to after him.  
 We doubted the Cape of Good Hope, and were standing up in Indian Ocean. It was the afternoon. The ship was under double reefed topsails and reefed courses, with the wind blowing hard on the larboard quarter. Little Judith was on the poop, holding on upon the weather mizen topmast backstay. Her father was there, too, and he was gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to the seaward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction, we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been mountains in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of their self—Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay, but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let her hold, and started toward her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter, she reeled and staggered beneath the blow, and the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry and sprang to the leeward. The mate gazed into the boiling sea, where the broken waves were whirling in one wild vortex; but they dared not brave the mad currents of the ocean.  
 "O, God! My child, my child!" cried the frantic father, and while yet he strained his eyes upon the piece—where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.  
 "Cut away the 'B' boy!" shouted Captain Pliston. "Cut it away quick! Both of them. Down with the helm. Give them a surge to leeward. Cut away the boat lashings. All hands on deck here. Who's in the boat! Spring to the head brace! All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first on the stern boat; I was the second, and the mate quickly followed. We got out the oars, and when the falls were eased care lay off till the boat touched the water. We unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear, the ship's head yards were braced sharp up, the mainmast canted up, and she was lying to with her main upstuck aback.  
 Luke stuck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was superhuman to him he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose, and fell upon the bosom of the long wave. Both the little boys were driven past him. Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver, twice she sank beneath the surface of tumbling sea; but as he arose, the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip; and soon they were both safe in the boat.  
 "We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but her husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejected mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.  
 "It was some time before Luke recovered; but when he did recover he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; and her opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.  
 "We anchored in the Hooply Bay, Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till this day I saw him not again. Shipmates

you noticed that man who was talking on the quarter deck, this afternoon, didn't you?"  
 "Yes," we all returned.  
 And you noticed that splendid-looking woman by his side?"  
 "Yes, yes."  
 "Well," resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, "that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunier,' but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him to-morrow. 'Ben,' said he, 'as he shook me by the hand, 'I am rich, but I have never forgotten nor broken that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed.' And, shipmates, I don't believe he ever has."  
 As the old boatswain's mate closed his eyes, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterwards we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story, but I could see that the sentiment it incited had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

## Big Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may be: conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more big words than people of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than short ones just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of people who don't begin, but always commence. They don't fire, but reside. They don't eat and drink, but partake of refreshments. They are never sick, but extremely disposed. And instead of dying, at last, they decaise. The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy express themselves in short words and direct sentences, while cunning, falsehood and self-estimating delight in what Horace calls verba sequibatur—winds a foot and a half long.

## Remarkable Occurrence.

Mr. C., assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown, and almost unknown, by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger, as a length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her—"My girl, would you like to be married?" Sir! exclaimed the girl—I asked you, young woman, whether you would wish to be married; because if you would, I will marry you. Lord, sir, these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before.  
 Very likely, replied Mr. Jones, but however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your and your father's consent, we will be married the following day.  
 He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him—"Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife; and I am come to ask your consent. This proposal, answered the old man, is very extraordinary from a stranger; pray, sir, who are you?" and what are you? Sir, replied Mr. J., you have a great right to ask these questions; my name is Jones, the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and it is necessary, I can purchase your house and farm, and that the neighborhood.  
 Another hour's conversation, brought all parties into one mind, and the finally clergyman's forementioned unwise happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and some happy with the children. Mr. J. employed great part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; and coming to a very magnificent one, that my dear, said he, is the house, the seat of the earl of E., and if you

we will go in and see, I shall be glad to see you. The gentleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. He once had a nephew, who, in the gaieties of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he had retired from fashionable life on about £2000 per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate, and is the present Earl of E.

## A DUNDREARY JOKE.

There is some relief to the monotony of heavy State affairs here sometimes. Yesterday afternoon, a gentleman who holds a responsible position under Government, concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected after his baggage.  
 Meeting the waiter, an hour or two afterwards, he said:  
 "Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"  
 "No, sir," blandly responded the sable gentleman.  
 "Why—what was the reason?"  
 "Case, sir, the gentleman in de office said you had not paid your bill."  
 "Not paid my bill—why, that's singular; he knows the very well when he kept the Grand House in Philadelphia."  
 "Well, maybe," rejoined John, thoughtfully scratching his head, "dat was de reason he wouldn't gim de baggage."  
 The gentleman of the Department took the joke in good part.

## In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner.

He particularly swore that he found near the place of the murder, belonging to the prisoner, whose name was James, a key. By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same key?  
 Yes.  
 Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?  
 I did.  
 Now let me see, said O'Connell, as he took up the key, and began to examine it carefully on the inside. He then slipped along the name of James, slowly thru, J-a-m-e-s.  
 Now, do you mean to say this word was in the hat when you found it?  
 I do.  
 Did you see it there?  
 I did.  
 And is this the same hat?  
 It is.  
 Now, my lord, said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, there is an end to the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in that hat.

## A Boy of WONDERS!

Who can you do? asked a traveller of a countryman, who he saw in front of a farmer's urchin, tucking a toad with a stick.  
 "O, I can do many a considerable thing. I filled the turkey to water, cards down the old turkey, put the pig's tails to water to make 'em curl, burnt the grasshopper, keeps tally for land and man when they sell at market, and cut the buttons off old's coat when he's at prayer in the morning."  
 The famous vessel Alexandria, intended for a blockade runner, has been stranded into a river boat, and is now lying between London and Gravesend. She is a novelty on the Thames, as she is the only boat that has cald upon deck, in the American style.

## CARD.

MRS. MAGEE has just received a second lot of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, viz: Bonnets, Hats, Caps, &c. The styles and other new styles of Bonnet styles, Ladies Hats &c. all the new shapes, Black Mantle silks, &c. and prepared to receive all orders in the Millinery line, and in order to keep her name posted, she has secured the most fashionable style of Bonnets and Trimmings, which are no different from any heretofore worn, she has procured patterns from the first of the London houses. She has also received a new mantle pattern. As all work is executed under her own personal supervision, and is guaranteed, she is confident that her customers will be fully satisfied. Orders respectfully solicited. Show room at No. 21, Broad Street, New York.

## Earthen, Crockery & Glassware.

show room at No. 21, Broad Street, New York.