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RADWAY'S PILLS.

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

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Poetry.

A HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

BY PAIR BENJAMIN.

O Thou, Whose garment is the light,
Whose throne the vaulted sky;
Who spread'st the curtains of the night
And hung'st the stars on high;
Thou, at Whose words creation rose
In all its bright array,
Though for our eyes no sunshine glows,
No living waters play;
We lift the music of our hearts
In gratitude to Thee,
For all the ways Thy love imparts
Our minds can clearly see.
We see Thee in Thy sacred truth
By inspiration told;
We see Thy hand direct our youth,
And lead us, weak and old,
We see Thee on our mental eye
The beams of science pour,
And for such blessing humbly try
To worship and adore.
O Father! hear our feeble hymn,
Behold us while we pray;
And pierce these helpless orbs so dim
With Thy celestial ray.

Miscellany.

A TEXAN'S WEDDING TOUR.

Among the many German emigrants that from time to time landed at Indian Point on Matagorda Bay, on the coast of Texas and proceeded inland for hundreds of miles to make a settlement on the extreme frontier of that perilous region, was a red cheeked lass of seventeen, who, being an orphan and without relatives in the old country, had ventured over to try her fortune in the new. But though without kin, Gentle Katy, as she was familiarly termed, was not without friends; and the same vessel which brought her over had on board at least six sturdy young fellows, who thought her more lovely than any other female they had ever seen.

Gentle Katy cast her lot with a newly-married couple, and with them went far northward, to settle in a beautiful spot on the green bank of the Llano. There, strange as it may seem—for there is no accounting for tastes—she saw and fell in love with as rugged and ugly a specimen of civilization as could easily be found in a region where the men have always been more contented for their pluck than their beauty. Jack Hawkworth measured six feet and two inches; was rough in manner, blunt in speech, and had never been inside of a school-house in his life; but he had a good heart, and the courage of a lion. On one of his hunting excursions he came across Katy, and the result was a mutual passion and a marriage.

"Now, then, my little beauty," said Jack, playfully tapping the bride's chin with his long, brown bony fingers, "I've got the bird, y' see, and I want the cage to put it in. I'm agwine to get the cage; and so, just you stay here quiet till I come back."

In her imperfect English, Gentle Katy managed to inquire how long he would be gone, and Jack assured her "it wouldn't be over a thousand years."

He finally took leave of her, in his rude way, and went about fifty miles to the eastward, where, partly for cash and partly on credit, he purchased a small shanty, and land enough to live on comfortably, and then returned for the purpose of removing his bird to his cage.

But judge of his anguish on finding that Katy was lost to him perhaps forever. The young couple with whom she had made her home in the wilderness were almost frozen with fear and tribulation. They told him, with wringing hands and tearful eyes, that Katy, had the day before gone over to a little prairie grove to gather some flowers, and that shortly after, hearing some wild screams and horrible yells they had looked out just in time to see her borne off by a party of mounted Indians.

At this direful intelligence Jack Hawkworth sunk down on the nearest seat, buried his face in his hands, and for a few minutes shook all over like a man with the ague. When he again looked up his hands and face were working convulsively, his dark bronzed features were white and ghastly, large beads of perspiration were standing all over his face, and his small black eyes had a piercing expression. He staggered to his feet without saying a word, clutched his long rifle, with a gripe that seemed to sink his fingers

into the cold metal, and then went straight to the spot where his unfortunate wife had been seen in the power of a "savage" force. For half an hour he walked to and fro over the ground, minutely examining the foot-prints of the different horses and calculating their number; and then, falling upon the departing trail, he struck off at a long steady Indian lope, and soon disappeared from sight of the excited couple who had come forth to watch him.

The trail led almost directly southward, and all the remainder of that day the old hunter pursued it at the same loping pace. To have seen him going over mile after mile of plains, hills, valleys, wood-belts and streams, at the same steady gait, without once pausing to take breath, or showing the least sign of fatigue, one might have fancied him an iron automaton, propelled by setting machinery. When at length night fell upon him, and he could no longer see hoof-prints he was following, he threw himself down upon the green bank of a running stream, ate a few mouthfuls from his wallet, took a long drink of the flowing water, stretched himself on the ground, with one hand resting on his trusty rifle, and almost immediately went to sleep, though in that peculiar condition of mind and body, the result of long experience in scenes of danger, that the slightest unusual sound would be sure to wake him.

Six or seven hours was all the rest that Jack required; and the moon by that time being well up, and pouring down a silvery flood through a cloudless sky, he arose, took another drink, and resumed his course on the broad trail. This he followed at a slower pace till daylight once more made it clear before him, and then he hurried forward as on the day preceding.

The sun was perhaps two hours above the horizon, when he reached the place where the Indians encamped on the night following the capture of his wife. Here he spent about half-an-hour in examining the different foot-prints; and when, among others, he found those of his pretty bird, and saw where she had passed the night, his agitation and excitement became painful, and he several times groaned out as one enduring great bodily suffering.

At length he set his teeth hard, with an unswerving determination, drew his hands slowly over his face, and outwardly became more composed. Then he commenced a road circuit around the camp to find the departing trail. In doing this he discovered a point where three horses had filed off from the main body; and suspecting these had been detached and sent off with the captive to follow this trail, instead of the other.

"If I'm wrong," he muttered, "good-bye to little Katy for the present; but if I'm right, and its in one human nater to do it, I'll hev her back ag'in, and the scalps of them as tuk her!"

With this he again set forward in the manner described, and with only now and then a brief rest, continued the same hurried pace till near sunset, when he came upon the previous night's camp of the three Indians, showing that thus far he had gained his enemies. With the wildest anxiety of hope and fear, he now made an eager search for the foot-prints of his little wife; and when at length he found them, where she had remounted and been secured to a tree, thus proving that her life had so far been spared and he had taken the proper course, such contending emotion of joy and rage took possession of him—joy at the discovery and rage against her foes—that for a time he was like one demented.

Since branching off from the main body, the three warriors had kept a straight course, a little north of west; but on the third day Jack Hawkworth reached a spot, on an open plain, where they had made a halt, probably of short duration, and perhaps to discuss a change of route, and the trail led directly south, toward a range of hills that could barely be discerned in the blue distance.

Knowing that among these hills was a rare spring of medicinal water, which the Indians not infrequently visited, it occurred to him that the present party had gone there for him to come up with them. This idea afforded him fresh hope, and raised his spirits materially as he started onward again.

When night again fell upon the scene, the hills were looming up in rugged lines before him, but still miles away. Knowing the exact location of the spring, and that it was so situated as to command a view of the broad plain in the direction of his approach—believing also that the Indians had gone directly thither, and might be there now, which would make it almost impossible for him to advance in daylight without being discovered—he resolved, weary as he was, to push on in the dark, and gain a safe position among the hills before morning, even should he not succeed in surprising his

enemies while resting in supposed security. We will not remain with him on that tedious night-journey, which, connecting as it did, with all the fatigue he had previously undergone, required almost superhuman exertions to accomplish. It was life or death to him, he felt, however, and he strained every nerve and muscle to the last tension, and succeeded in reaching the base of the hills in such an exhausted condition, that he was obliged to throw himself down on the earth and rest for an hour, to recover strength enough to go through with what was yet before him. He had two miles yet to go to reach the spring, and when at last he slowly dragged his aching frame in sight of it, the late moon was already silvering the tops of the trees, and he knew that day was about breaking.

But now there came a thrill of joy to his heart, that sent new life throughout his drooping frame—for now it was he heard the whinny of a horse, only a few rods distant, and felt assured he had not made a fatal mistake in his calculations. Guided by the sound, and moving with the stealthy caution of a panther, he soon reached a grassy and beautiful plateau, where he saw the three animals he had so long followed picketed within half pistol shot of him. The horses showed some fear at his advance, and more than once snuffed and snorted so loud that he fairly trembled lest their masters should come to learn the cause. He reached them however, without discovery, and, in less than a minute, had cut every throat. As they floundered, groaned, fell and kicked, they made a noise that roused up the sleeping savages, and brought them upon the ground in frightened haste—but in this the old hunter was prepared. Throwing himself down behind one of the gasping animals, with his long rifle brought to bear upon the point from which the Indians were hurriedly approaching, he waited till he saw a moving shadow behind himself and the back-ground of the sky, and then, taking as good an aim at this as the circumstances would permit, he pulled the trigger. With the sharp report the savage dropped; and his companions, close behind, uttered yells of dismay and terror. But their yells were not as loud and terrible as those of the old hunter, as he sprang to his feet, knife in hand, and bounded toward them; and probably supposing themselves assailed by numbers, they turned, with wild shrieks, and fled, fast and far down the steep hills, and escaped in the darkness.

Having thus gained a complete victory, in less time than it has taken us to record the facts, the old hunter now began to about the name of his wife; and at the third call he received an answer that sent the blood bounding with the wildest rapture through every vein. In another minute he had reached the side of his darling wife, and out the cords that bound her; and as she sprang into his rough but manly arms, and clung wildly around his neck, he became so overpowered with his emotions, that he reeled to and fro, holding her in his embrace, and finally sunk down on the earth; and alternately wept, laughed, and shouted like a madman.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon their long, wearisome, perilous journey homeward. Suffice it to say, that Jack Hawkworth put forth all his experience, sagacity and manly qualities, and brought his friends, to their great wonder and delight, he himself becoming quite a lion among her countrymen for his brave exploit. "Ye see," Jack used to say, in winding up the narration of his adventures which he told so often, over a bottle of whiskey, "he frequently repeated it in his dreams—'Ye see, when a big nob gits spilled, as I've heard tell, they has what they call a wedding tour; and so, to be in fashion, me and Katy tuk our amongst the Camanches, and I'm jest one old scalp the richer for it.'—Whoop!"

A NOVEL PLEA.—A judge relates the following incident that occurred in his practice. He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A. was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision. May I please your honor, said the man, "may I pray?" The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. "O Lord, thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts,

and thou knowest that it is so and so"—to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifoggery. When he rose from his knees, Esquire W., the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken, said: "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" To which the judge replied: "You can close with prayer if you please." Esquire W. was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by this novel mode of presenting it.

Courting.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Courting is a luxury, it is said, it is the water, it is the pla spell of the soul. The man who has never courted has lived in vain; he has bin a blind man among landscapes and waterscapes; he has bin a deaf man in the land of hand organs, and bi the side of murmuring canals. Courting is like 2 little springs of soft water that mountain out from under a rock at the fut of a steat and then run down the hill side by side, singing and dancing and spattering each other, eddying and frothing and hawking, now hiding under the bank, now full of sun and now full of shadow, till himby the jine and then the go slow. I am in favor of long-courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump cards, it is good exercise, and is just as innocent as 2 morino lams. Courting is like strawberries and cream, it wants to be did slow, then you git the flavor. I hav saw folks git acquainted, fall in lov, git married, settle down and git to work in 3 weeks from date. This is jest the wa sam folks larn a trade, and akounts for the grate number of alimitey mean mechanics we hav and the poor jobs the turn out.

Perhap it is best i shud state sum good advice to young men, who are about to court, with a final view to matrimony, as it waz,—in the first place, young man, yu want to git yur sisten and then find a young woman who is willing to be courted on the square. The next thing is to find out how old she is, which you can dew bi asking her, and she will say that she is 19 years old, and this you will find won't be far from out of the wa. The next best thing is to begin moderate; say once every nite in the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require it. Its a fast rate way to court a girl's mother, a leetle on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despises and that a little, good courting, if it is dun strictly on the square. After a fust year yu will begin to be well acquainted and will begin to like the business. There is one thing i alwus advice, and that is not to swoop fotografts ofter than once in 10 days, unless yu forgit how loy gal looks. Occasionally yu want to look sorry and draw in yur wind as the yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu a few find out what sils yu.

Evening meetings are a good thing to tend it will keep yur religion in tune; and then if the gal happens tew be there, bi accident she can ask yu to go hum with her. As a general thing i wouldn't brag on other gals unless when i was courting, it mite look az the yu know tew much. If yu will court 3 years in this way, and the time on the square if yu don't say it is a little the slickest time in yur life, you can git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relations, these things are just about az the kerosine ile refining business, liable to get out or repair and bust at enny minute. Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the virtue and bizzness there is in her; court her for a wife and a mother; court her as yu would court a farm for the strength of the site and the perfection of the tiller; court her as tho she want a fule, and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash tub, and at the pianer; court her in this wa young man, and if yu don't git a good wife the fault won't be in the courting. Yung man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if yu kant make these rules work, jest send for him, and he will sho you how the thing is did, and it shant kost you a cent.

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after eight years courtship?

He who gets angry in discussion while his opponent keeps cool, holds the hot end of the poker.

Why does a person that is poorly, loom much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

The only chance for men's hats to contain anything valuable, is to pass them around for pennies.

THE HOMICIDE AT TUSKET.

An inquest was held at Tusket on Wednesday, the 24th of August, before James M. Lent, Esq. Coroner, on view of the body of Daniel Benson, a sawyer, residing near Tusket Bridge, and about 50 years of age, leaving a wife and five children, three of them quite young, in a helpless condition. It appeared the unfortunate affair occurred on Monday evening, a little before sunset, at the house of Jacob Wood, where deceased and two others were discussing some news of the American War. A difference in opinion occurred between the deceased and a man named Hamilton, a painter, (not a native of this place, but a resident of some two or more years). The latter, in the dispute, struck the deceased with his hand, which so produced a counter blow from deceased. Before Wood and the other man, named Cody, could prevent the fray, Hamilton struck him twice with a knife; one stab in the thick of the thigh, the other a short distance above the groin, on the left side, which proved mortal. Doctor John M. Bingley was immediately in attendance, and rendered all the surgical aid the case would admit of. The wound was a little over an inch in width, but the momentum had protruded eight or nine inches. This took the surgeons some time to replace carefully. Every attention was paid to the sufferer, by Mr. Woods and family and some others who sat up with him all night. Next morning he was carefully removed to his own home. The following afternoon he was thought to be dying, and a magistrate was called in to take his deposition. He was very low, weak, but quite sensible. The substance was, "that Hamilton the painter stabbed him twice, without making any threat, or notice that I would do so, and wished him brought to justice." He died the same evening, 27 hours after receiving the wounds. Coroner Lent summoned a jury next morning, at 9 a. m., at the house of the deceased, where they were sworn on view of the body, and Doctor Bingley made a post mortem examination, which occupied some time. The jury adjourned to the Court House, to meet at two o'clock in the afternoon, where the witnesses were carefully examined. Doctor Bingley deposed, that he had made a surgical view of the wounds or stabs; the one on the thigh of deceased was deep, made by a knife or sharp instrument, entering, as he thought, to the bone, but that such a stab in that place would not produce death; the other stab, above the abdomen; had cut some of the bowels, &c., which he minutely described, and which was the cause of the death of Daniel Benson. Jacob Wood and James Cody, who were present at the homicide, were also sworn, and deposed much the same as already stated. The jury after consulting some time about the propriety of returning a verdict of "murder" or "manslaughter," finally agreed on the following:—"That the deceased Daniel Benson came to his death by stabs inflicted by the hands of John J. C. Hamilton, maliciously and feloniously on the part of said Hamilton."

A warrant had been issued for his arrest on Tuesday morning, and after the verdict Coroner Lent issued his warrant.

Hamilton was arrested at New Tusket, near Weymouth, on Monday morning, and brought to Yarmouth, where he is now in jail awaiting his trial in the Supreme Court.

ANOTHER DU CHAILLE STORY.—At the Geographical Society, in London, on the 15th ultimo, an amusing story from M. du Chailla was read, detailing his success so far on the Fernando Po River, where he was waiting for instruments to replace those he had lost. He stated that he had written with the kind that whoever was found guilty of stealing should be flogged; and that finding his fowls disappeared at the rate of ten a day, he was told that the woods were full of snakes and wildcats. This excuse not satisfying him, he was afterward told that the thieves could not be discovered, but that three boys should be flogged for him. He declared that he would leave them if they did not find the culprits, who proved to be one of the King's wives, and another noble lady. These in vain offered him some elephant's tusks as a condemnation of the offence. Proceedings were stayed till the return of the King from the expedition, when the criminals were solemnly brought out and Du Chailla informed that none but himself should flog the Queen. This he refused to do, and the punishment was inflicted by the lady's brother.

A lady of somewhat dignified demeanour, having lost her way, said to an usher in the street, "Boy, I want to go to Dover Street." "Well, marm," replied the boy, coolly walking on, "why don't you go there?"

Why is a sermon delivered on board a ship like a necklace? Because it's a decoration. I hate to hear folks behind one's back, as the s' said when the policeman cried, "stop the!"

