

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 7, 1871.

Vol 3

## How the Injun Caught the New-Fashioned Buffalo.

There ain't much fun in an Injun:  
If there is it's deepish down,  
And don't crop out on common times,  
As it does in a snail, or clown,  
Or a Dutchman, or a Yankee,  
Or any of them 'ere chaps,  
That always are gay at the gravest of times,  
And never give heed to mishaps.

No, Sir! them red-skinned pirates  
Mean blood, and a good deal more;  
And when you are least expecting the trap,  
They're just outside of your door,  
With a torch and a knife an arrow,  
And a whoop of demonic mirth—  
And away they slide by the glaring light  
Of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I ain't much fun for an Injun;  
And when there's a joke worth while  
Played off on the smoking varmint,  
I can't keep back a smile—  
No more than I can a bullet,  
When I see them prowl'n' about  
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf,  
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chestnut Gulch"  
I'd been huntin' for 'n' a week;  
And of all the luck I ever had,  
That was about the poorest streak.  
I was feelin' lone and tired,  
As I lay back on the ground,  
But nigh'ly quick, you bet! I was roused  
By a most uncanny sound.

By cause I soon discovered;  
For the great Pacific line  
Run close along, and that was the cause  
I felt you, the sight was fine!  
On lookin' down on the track,  
An Injun with stout lasso  
Fastened around the waist, I saw,  
Was watchin' the line too.

I jist laid low for music,  
For I knew there'd be a tune,  
With the injun's shriek, and the Injun's  
Whoop, and the Injun's whoop.  
Like a thunder storm in June,  
"Oh, on like the wind it came!  
Firm stood that cussed 'Red'  
And when he got within easy range,  
His lasso caught it head!

"Sold! sold!" cried I, while the Injun  
And the carz went out of sight;  
But never shall I till my dying day  
Forget his look of fright.  
I hadn't no love for an Injun,  
But I ain't no paid him  
For he jist jessed to the Spirit Land  
And a whole no grin.

—[Harper's Magazine.]

## THE GHOST OF THE MANOR.

The property which I recently inherited, is a tract of land situated about fifty miles from Albany, in the direction, and but a short distance from Sharon Springs. The land was a grant from Queen Anne to my grandfather, who at the time, was about fifty years of age.

In time this property became the most profitable in New York State, for my grandfather spent a fortune upon it. He built a house equal to a palace. It stands in the centre of the grounds, and covers a space of one hundred feet square. Three stories high, with a very small room up in the attic, which had but one large pane of glass, cut oval shape, and placed just above the main entrance. A terrace embraces the front of the house, six steps leading from it bring you to the ground, which is covered with the finest specimen of turf to be found in any part of the continent of America.

To the right, and some forty or fifty rods from this magnificent mansion, which is called the "Manor," is a small plot of ground, consecrated as a place of burial for the family. A very elegant tomb was erected. Several feet below the ground is a passage running from this tomb to the house, connecting with the wine vaults by a large, heavy iron door. There are three iron doors—the one I have just mentioned, one just in the middle of the passage, and the other leading to the tomb.

The furniture of the dwelling is the same which my grandfather placed there when he first made it his residence, so you can form some idea of what antique style it must be.

Adjoining our land is another tract, belonging to a gentleman named Campbell, who at one time was the bosom friend of my grandfather; but a quarrel arose a challenge was sent—accepted—a duel was fought, and my ancestor fell by his opponent's bullet.

My father then became heir to the estate. He was married, and there I was born.

When I reached the age of ten years my father

put the place in the hands of an honest old couple, and he came to England, where we have lived ever since. My visit last winter is the first that has been made to the dear old home since we abandoned it, or at least, retired for a time from it, some twenty years ago.

Since the time of the duel up to last winter, the different generations of both families have entertained the strongest hatred for each other.

The present owner of the adjoining property is a grandnephew of the one who fought with my grandfather. He is a gentleman of about forty years of age; his wife a very elegant lady of thirty five. They have five lovely children. An accident to the elder daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, brought us together again, and we have become just as firm friends as ever our ancestors were.

It was in this wise:—  
One day in November, 1869, while I was visiting at the Manor, Ella Campbell was out riding on horseback, unattended. The report of a gun near the roadside frightened the animal so she was falling; he became unmanageable, and made a bold rush for the lake, which lay just before him. Fortunately at that hour I, with some friends, had resolved to have a sail on the waters of this lake.

We had just loosened our boat from the shore, when the sound of a horse's hoofs attracted our attention, and the next moment we saw that the life of a lady would be launched into eternity without we would prevent it. My companions started up the bank, hoping to stop the impetuosity of the animal's course, while I stood by the side of the lake, with the firm determination that should the horse carry his rider into the water I would plunge in and rescue her, if possible.

Seconds seemed hours while thus I stood. I could see the horse come nearer, nearer. At last he stood abreast with me. I called to the lady, whose face was as white as marble, to take her foot from the stirrup. At that moment the horse gave the fatal leap. The saddle turned, and the fainting beautiful one fell into my arms!

On the instant I recognized her as the daughter of my enemy and neighbor, Judge Campbell; for I had noticed her at the little church of the village which we both attended. We immediately conveyed her to my house, while one of my party hurried to the residence of Judge Campbell, to announce to him the accident which had befallen his daughter.

Mrs. Campbell was taken into the parlor, which was a room on the first floor, and to the right of the front door. She was the first of that family who had ever entered our house since the lamentable quarrel in which the old gentleman lost his life; and strange as it may appear, the instant she crossed the threshold of the parlor-door the portrait of my grandfather, hanging over the mantel, fell with a heavy crash on the floor.

Half an hour later, Judge Campbell and his wife stood by the side of their daughter. There we shook hands, and entered a pleasant friendship. After the accident I have just mentioned, I often called at their house, and sometimes Judge Campbell and his wife would come over and spend the evening at the Manor.

One evening I'll never remember. A heavy snow had fallen during the day, but towards evening it cleared off, and promised a pleasant evening. The Judge and Mrs. Campbell came over to have a chat with me. They sat until ten o'clock when they arose to leave. To our great surprise, in opening the front door, we saw the snow falling so thick that it was almost impossible for any one to venture out. I insisted upon their staying with me for the night, or at least to remain until there would be a cessation of the fall. The Judge declared he must go, as there was no one in his house but the children and the servants, and he could not think of being absent for the night; but at the same time he begged his wife to stay. At last she consented to remain.

We had the Judge good night, and after watching him out of the grounds, returned to the parlor. I immediately rang for the housemaid, and requested her to put my grandnephew's room in order for my guest, telling her not to sit up and act as waiting maid for the lady.

I knew that it would occupy some time to get the room in readiness; so I attempted to entertain Mrs. Campbell by reading from a novel of which we had been discussing. The servant however, announced the room prepared earlier than I had expected, and I discontinued my reading that Mrs. Campbell might retire; but she had become so interested in the book that she requested me to read on for some time longer, so it was near twelve o'clock before we concluded to betake ourselves to our apartments.

Before retiring however I proposed to the lady to take a glass of champagne with me, as I considered she needed it after sitting up so late. The wine was all in the dining room on the other side of the house. I was about to ring for the footman, not thinking all the servants had retired, when we both dis-

tinctly heavy, regular stepping in the hall coming towards the staircase leading to the chambers on the upper story.

The house is so old that time has worn large crevices around the doors; and the crevice of the parlor-door Mrs. Campbell drew my notice to a light, which I saw as plainly as she said she did. Supposing it was one of the servants going up to bed, I hurried to the door by time, as I supposed, to detain him, intending to send him for the wine. What was my surprise to find the hall, in which I had distinctly seen light but a moment before, as dark and silent as the grave.

Mrs. Campbell, seeing my disappointed and half bewildered look, taking up the candle—proposed we should go to dining room ourselves. I acted as pilot, going ahead of her about three feet. When about half way down the hall, I felt something catch hold of my coat sleeve and dimly drew me from the direction we were taking. At the same time I heard Mrs. Campbell scream out "Don't!" as the candle fell from her hands to the floor.

We were then in complete darkness. While I was feeling in my pockets for a match I required of her who she speaking to. She replied that something or some one drew the candle from her hands.

Perceiving another light from the parlor, I conducted her to the room that had been prepared for her, and made no further attempt to procure the wine.

We found it a maid sitting up waiting. To our inquiries if she had heard anything strange, or had seen anyone, she said, "No, except maid's servants, and that startled me. The room the lady was to occupy in the house, my grandnephew had always used as a study."

Leaving my guest for the night, I went to the servants rooms, and made the coachman get up and start with me for a search about the house. We made a thorough investigation of every room, closet and corner that we could think of, except the attic with the one pane of glass of which I have spoken.

Having seen nothing indoors unusual, I next went out on the terrace. The snow had stopped falling, and the moon was shining clear and bright. Thinking I might find some footprints in the snow, I stationed the servant at a few yards from the house, and told him to keep a close look out till I returned. I then commenced and walked around the house, carefully examining the snow, but there was not a foot-print to be seen.

Returning to the coachman, I required of him if he had seen anything. He replied, "Yes, that at the exact hour of eleven at the attic I saw a man very distinctly coming to the window and look out all the time I was gone, and that he had a large cloak wrapped around him."

I took the servant with me, and went up to this little room; but all we could discover was some old broken furniture, and waste papers. While we stood in the room the candle, which was held by the coachman, was blown out. We felt that there was something more than natural, cause for this quivering of the candle, but without making any remark I proceeded to search my pocket for a match—While doing so I walked to the window, and upon looking out I saw a figure go straight from the front door down to the tomb and enter it. This sight, I must admit, added to my confusion, for I knew that the tomb was securely fastened.

After such excitement as I had just gone through, I could hardly have kept my feet, while I retained my senses I would have taken all I had given. Going to the library for that purpose, I sent the servant to the dining room for some wine. I sat at the desk writing; when I finished I threw down the pen, and looking around, Oh dear! there stood my grandnephew with his arms folded, and his cloak around him. He was looking at what I had written. Just then the man came in with the wine, and the figure of my ancestor vanished from view.

I poured out a glass of the wine, without mentioning anything to the servant about my strange visitor during his absence, and drank it. While replenishing the glass, I sent the servant again to the dining room for another wine glass, intending to send it to Mrs. Campbell. He had not been gone over five minutes, when the house resounded with a most unearthly scream. I picked up the candle and rushed to the dining room. There sat the coachman as pale as death, and the candle he had held in his hand lying on the floor. He told me that, just as he started for the glass clock, the figure he had seen in the attic appeared again before him, and prevented him from moving a step forward at the same time knocking the candlestick clean out of his hand.

It was then three o'clock in the morning. I sent the affrighted coachman to his room—and I left for my own apartment likewise. I got to bed as quick as I could, feeling quite overcome by the excitement of the previous few hours, and soon fell asleep, wondering if my ancestor could have entered his hall for this family down to his grave, while him, and if his spirit could be troubled by

cause this lady, the wife of one of the descendants of the man who sent him to a premature grave, was sitting beneath his roof. A question I suppose which will never be solved, except, perhaps, in this way. The next morning Mrs. Campbell returned home, and never entered since; nor have I heard anything more of the ghost.

But ere laying down my pen, I may as well observe, that I have been married for some months—that I am residing in London with my beloved wife—and that her christian name is Ella.

**CUSTOM-HOUSE SMUGGLERS.**—Very young infants and small children are used as instruments for smuggling. On one occasion an immigrant family, man and wife and two nearly grown-up daughters, presented themselves. They were very affable and easy in their manners, and without much trouble to them, were pronounced "all right"; and while the proper proceedings were in progress for their registration one of the officers saw a handsome little boy standing aloof, and struck by his attractive appearance, and not knowing to whom he belonged, he spoke to the child, and attempted to "skylark" with him. The officer was surprised to find the child could not lend his body; on examination it was found that his clothing was quilted with valuable articles of silk manufacture and silver spoons. The little fellow belonged to the family the members of which had just been pronounced "all right."

A gentlemanly looking but poorly clad passenger, from his intelligent expression of face and agreeable manners, was treated with marked attention. The officers were so easily satisfied that he was honest that they took no special notice of a small "lap-cloth," much worn, which was hanging on his arm. A detective, at the time "off duty," noticed a carriage waiting for some person, and asked the driver for whom it was intended, and John pointed to the passenger who was approaching with the lap-cloth, as usual, on his arm. There was something apparently inconsistent in having a carriage for such a man. A suspicion being excited, the officer seized the lap-cloth. On a critical search it was found to be lined or padded with Brussels lace, that sold at public auction for eleven thousand dollars.

The fool smuggler is illustrated by a man, said to be from the western part of the State of New York, who got a diamond worth sixteen thousand dollars safely through without paying the duty. This gem he sold for its full value, and subsequently "drugged" his smartness. The fact came to the knowledge of the Government, and the proceeds of the sale were confiscated.

As smugglers, women are more successful than men. The complications of their dress favor the business. The modern "chignon" was for a time a most excellent depository for smuggled goods. A woman I remember who was so successful that she was constantly crossing the ocean for the purpose, and in a few years acquired a handsome competency. It is a strange metamorphosis that these adventures a metamorphosis when caught in their work. Some years since a very pretty woman, remarkable for a full bust, broad hips, and pensive person generally, presented herself for examination. She was very polite and affable, and came very near escaping detection. But the female detective then employed at Castle Garden no sooner put her eyes on the "beauty" of the "subject" under inspection, than she invited the "party" to a private interview. It was needless what a change was soon effected. Suffice it to say that the apparently well fed and portly dame of a few moments before, stripped of innumerable dry-goods, stepped into public gaze reduced to a wonderfully thin and rather skeletonized individual. As there is no penalty for smuggling on the person except forfeiture, she went sorrowfully away. Our laws are even more merciful than this; for all goods thus seized can be redeemed, though confiscated, by the payment of an honest-made appraisement. —[From "The New York Custom-House," in Harper's Magazine.]

**AN ENORMOUS CABLE.**—An account of the largest rope in the world as described in one of the daily papers of Birmingham, England—the place of its manufacture will prove interesting to the American reader. According to the details given the rope is 11,000 yards long, measured six and one-fourth inches in circumference, and weighs over sixty tons. Made of patent charcoal wire, laid round a hemp centre, the rope consists of six strands, with ten wires in each strand. Each wire measures 12,150 yards, so that the entire length of the wire reaches the enormous total of more than four hundred and twelve miles. To this is to be added the length of yarn used for the centre, namely, twenty-seven threads, each thread measuring 16,660 yards, and giving a total length of about two hundred and thirty miles. Adding together the wire and yarn, there is a grand total of six hundred and thirty-five miles of material, and going to make up a monster wire and hemp rope a foot under six miles long.

## France, Past and Present.

The apparent daily disintegration of a nation is the saddest of spectacles; and as yet there is no sign of any man nor of any power to control the anarchy. To many thoughtful Germans, of course, the events of to-day seem on a sure revenge; and seldom has the whiplash of time turned so swiftly. Our fellow citizen, Dr. Lieber, for instance, who, as a little child, was dismissed from school in Berlin in the year 1806, after the great defeat of Jena, "because the French were coming," has read, with the rest of us, in these latter days, the amazing story of the surrender of the nephew of the conqueror of Jena to the Prussian king upon French soil, of the coronation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in Louis the Fourteenth's palace in Versailles, and of the victorious entry of the Germans into Paris. Is this, then, the "grand nation," whose troops at Fontenoy gallantly begged the enemy to fire first? Is this the people of whom Thackeray said that well educated Frenchmen do not believe that the English have ever beaten them, and that a gentleman in Paris was once ready to call him to the field of honor because he said that the English had whipped the French in Spain? And if you have a friend who was educated in France among the French, not among the English-French and French-English in Paris, ask him what the satiric histories say about the French fighting. Thackeray said, again, that he had read a French history which calls the battle of Salambra a French victory.

So glorious was France in its own fancy! Who does not recall it? Who has not seen upon his travels that amazing sign of superiority in the gay city? Who has not been asked of his own country by his French master as if it were a land of ice and barbarians? There was a certain Frenchman whom the "Fanny Club" members, who could not believe that the Club would ever return to its own savage land. "But you are in France! But you have seen Paris! And you will go back over the sea to America! Just Heaven, how in-credible is man! The travels and explorations of the worthy Parisian had extended to Rome; and Rome was well enough because it was in France; but the traveller was evidently uncomfortable until he was again in Paris. "In Paris, indeed," he said with exultation, "in Paris, indeed, in Paris a man of the world is at home!" And is anything more touching than a Parisian in London? How perfectly are the familiar irrational gifts and qualities of the French people in the gay city? It is a man of gloom and dignity and of a noble spirit. The "man of the world" accedes to his neighbors, but their language is foreign and their aspect is forbidding; and at length the luckiest visiting caricature of a Briton holds up his hand and shakes a solemn warning: "Christ Sunday!" "No Sunday!" and the French speculator is left to imagine that suicide immediately follows. But "Fanny" gave the counter game during the Great Exhibition, when it represented a party of Frenchmen, with shaved round heads and long moustaches, and hands tucked in pig-tails, standing confounded before a wash stand, and speculatively saying to the other, "What is that machine?"

And this is the nation which he lived itself a year ago to be the strongest in the world! "Why can't you see it now my lady Wogan's chapel, and knock about the museum with a sexton's spade? Here's a fine revolution as we had the trick to see it." Yes, and I thought a year ago we all thought it to be the greatest of military honors. Are our estimates of other nations as foolishly wrong? The story is as fruitful for the moralist as for the military critic; and the duldest student may begin to wonder whether the strength of the strong battalions which compel victory is in the numbers or in the spirit. Where lies the difference between Thermopylae and Sedan?—Editor's "Fanny Club," in Harper's Magazine for June.

A New York paper says: There is a story going around about a New Orleans printer who declined to go out and drink when asked, but placed the money he would have spent had he gone out with the boys in a savings bank, and how in five years it had amounted to an amount of money. But he did not have a wife. We tried that once for a year, quitting smoking, and having money that would have been used in a five can drawer. One day we wanted to go out with the boys, and I went for the money; and it was gone, and in its place was some row dress patterns, and some things else looked calm enough, but we began to smoke again.

The "Mountain Home, of Ala," has the following about typographical vagaries:—In Professor Phelps' book, entitled "The Still Hour," occurs the following sentence: "The stillness of the hour is stillness of a dead calm at sea." Imagine the reverend author's horror when he found, at several intervals, copies had been printed, that "still" was made by the type set to read "clan."



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TELEGRAPH NEWS.

London, June 8. Earl De Gray resumed his seat in the House of Lords to day, and was warmly felicitated upon the conclusion of the treaty.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone declared that existing laws were ample to enable the Government to fulfill the conditions of the treaty of Washington.

The Ottawa Times denies authoritatively that the Canadian Government or the Premier is committed to the treaty of Washington.

Speech of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Davis in his speech at Augusta, Georgia, the other day, said: "If it is a crime to feel proud of my sire—to glory in his devotion to the cause of the right—to remember with exultation his services in defence of liberty, then my friends, it is also a crime to oppose a despotic centralization of power, and uphold the right of a state to withdraw from a voluntary compact entered into only for the preservation of his freedom from them all."

Forbear for a season, and a day will come when all will yet be well. I may not, nor may you see if you live to see it, but it is sure coming. He who reigns above and lives, all ways will see that justice is done. He will not allow the wicked to always remain in power, nor the righteous to be oppressed. We can wait until that day comes, and in the meantime be quiet. 'Tis an old and wise saying that a good biting dog never barks much. If we wait patiently, a sense of justice will yet return to the people of the United States, or an opportunity will come when our rights can be gained, and not only our rights—the rights of the South—but the rights of all the people; the rights which were fought for and obtained at the point of the sword in the first revolution.

International Trade.

The proposed conference between the Executive Council and the National Board of Trade of the United States and the Executive Council of the Dominion Board of Trade, which, on invitation of the former, has been fixed to take place at Boston, on the 21st June instant, is an event of very considerable importance. Ever since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty there has been a large party in the United States, of far-seeing practical commercial men, who have earnestly desired closer relations with Canada.

Canada has prospered wonderfully since the abrogation of the former Treaty. That a different result was looked for by some of the politicians among our neighbors there is no doubt. The abrogation of the Treaty was unquestionably the result more of political than commercial motives. It was intended as a punishment to the people of Canada for their want of sympathy with their immediate neighbors during the civil war.

Victor Hugo is said to be in Holland. The Belgian Chamber of Representatives has rejected the resolution of regret for the expulsion of Victor Hugo. The ministers in their

speeches before the House, severely condemned the complicity of intellectual malefactors with the crimes of the Commune.

GOVERNMENT NOTICES.—The Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to accept the resignation of the Hon. George Melville as a member of the Legislative Council of this Province. The Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to accept the resignation of the Hon. Thomas R. Jones, as President and member of the Executive Council of this Province.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—The Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—John James Fraser, Esq., to be a member of the Legislative Council of this Province. The Hon. John James Fraser and Joseph L. Moore, Esq., to be members of the Executive Council of this Province.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co. 37 Park Row, New York. Are our sole agents in that city, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JUNE 7, 1871.

It is gratifying to learn that the reign of terror has at length terminated in Paris. The slaughter and destruction within a few weeks have been frightful. Some of the finest buildings and works of art have been burned or demolished, and it is said nearly a third part of the beautiful city has been laid in ashes or in ruins.

THE RAILWAY TRAINS, it affords us much pleasure to state, arrive with great regularity as to time, and bring large quantities of lumber as well as a considerable number of passengers.

NEW FIRM.—It will be seen in our advertising columns, that Geo. D. Street, Esq., and the Hon. B. R. Stevenson, have entered into a professional copartnership as Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors, &c.

ROBERT WALTON, Esq., formerly a merchant of this Town, but for the last twenty-three years a resident of New York, is on a short visit to his relatives here. Mr. Walton's many friends were much pleased to see him once more in his native town.

LUMBER BURNED.—The fires which have raged in the woods for the past ten days have done much damage. We regret to learn that Mr. D. H. Budge, of Canterbury, had upwards of 300,000 ft. of logs destroyed by fire a few days ago, a serious loss to him at the present time.

Western Extension Railway.

We learn that the public spirited and indefatigable Directors and Engineer of this international line, purpose having a formal opening from St. John to Bangor early in October—the 11th, has been named as the day which is to unite New Brunswick with the States in the iron bands of Railway machinery. It is probable that many of the leading citizens on both sides of the Line will unite in the ceremony, and seal their friendship and interest in libations of "rosy wine," and "banquets of toasts and speeches."

We regret to state that Mr. John Ingram was prostrated by an attack of heart disease yesterday afternoon. He appeared in his usual health, and while attending to business was suddenly struck down. We learn that he is still in a critical state.

CENTENNIAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The Rev. Geo. J. Caie, of St. John, it is said, will be present at the celebration of the Centennial of Sir Walter Scott, at Edinburgh, and will be the honored guest of the Marquis of Lorne.

NEW PAPER.—We are in receipt of the first number of "The Sun," a paper just started at Truro, Nova Scotia. It is a large well filled sheet, respectfully edited, and will prove a valuable aid in developing the resources, and advocating the interests of the old and rich County in which it is published. It is independent in politics. The editor and proprietor, Mr. W. B. Alley, was as-

sociate editor of the "Eastern Chronicle," but we believe did not endorse all the editorial views of that journal. It is plain that Mr. Alley is outspoken and fearless in giving expression to his political opinions.

It gives us much pleasure to state, that Mr. A. D. Stevenson has so far recovered as to be able to leave his room, but has not ventured outside the house. His health, however, is gradually improving.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for June has several articles of interest. A new serial tale, entitled "The Challengers," is commenced. "The Legends of the Micmacs" are continued. "The Newfoundland Seal Fishery" is a graphic description of an exciting and dangerous trade.

Part II. of the magazine for 1871 will commence with the next or July number, and new subscribers are invited to begin with it. They may either remit a year's subscription, \$1.50, or half a year's subscription, 75 cents; or, if they will remit a year's subscription at once, the price will be only one dollar per annum, each, or half a dollar for the half year.

GOOD HEALTH for June has the usual table of interesting and instructive contents. The present number opens with a paper on "The Nerves, then follows—Means of Preserving Health; The Forms of Insanity; Consumption—Diagnoses of Bronchi; Notes of a Health Trip to the Pacific; Transport of Cattle by Railways; Thoughts on Health; Chemistry in the Kitchen; Progress of Medical Science; Sea-Bathing; Our Position; Too much Civilization an Evil in Boston as well as in Paris; Progress of Music, &c.; Miscellany.

A NEW REMEDY FOR CANCER.

The Boston correspondent of the "Globe" says:—It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that a decoction of the common red clover drunk as tea and used as a wash has been found to possess remarkable curative properties, especially in cancers. The extract of the clover blossom spread on lines or soot thinly there, is also said to be an excellent remedy for cancerous ulcers, or in fact ulcers of any kind, and deep, ragged, and otherwise badly conditioned burns. It is said to possess a peculiarly soothing property, proves an efficacious detergent, and promotes healthy granulation. It is certainly a simple remedy, easily obtained and prepared and well worth a trial.

REVELATIONS OF A ROBBER.

When McCarron the sacrilegious robber and house-breaker was recently sentenced in this city to imprisonment for what is virtually the term of his natural life, it was well known that many of his deprecations had never been brought to light, and that a considerable amount of property stolen from the Chapel and private residences was still concealed by the sullen offender. Since his commitment to the penitentiary McCarron made friends with a sailor convicted for striking his captain and serving out a term of imprisonment. To this sailor he acknowledged the robbery of the Chapel and with a slight show of penitence gave him a map of the ground where the articles were concealed, at the foot of College Hill, a short distance to the right of the railway track. On the discharge of the sailor he came to Frederick with his map, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. McDevitt, and they together proceeded to the locality indicated and with very little difficulty discovered the identical spot, finding all the missing articles stolen from the Chapel, portion of a silver service belonging to Mr. A. T. Coburn, and various other bits of plunder carefully and securely hidden out of sight. A reward of \$20 sent the sailor on his way rejoicing. It is rumored this is not the only valuable secret with which he has been entrusted by Mr. McCarron, and that he has similar revelations to make in different parts of the Province. [Fredericton Reporter.]

A TERRIFIC STORM ON THE HUDSON.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y., May 30.—To day the thermometer indicated 95 in the shade, and to night reports come in of terrific storms on the upper Hudson, between this place and Kingston. At Roundout the road was flooded, trees blown down and windows smashed by hail. At Esopus a large new ice house was struck by lightning and completely destroyed. It was filled with ice, and the loss is heavy.

The lightning is reported to have been of the most fearful character. At Hyde Park also the storm was severe. Hail stones were picked up measuring four and a half inches in circumference. Three miles from here hail stones of a large size were scooped up with shovels. Birds were killed, and whole acres of rye were entirely destroyed. At Pleasant Valley, Millbrook and Pine Plains the storm was of the severest character. Shower

after shower followed in quick succession, and grain and fruit in the above sections are very seriously damaged. The storm seemed to travel from west to east, between Poughkeepsie and Hudson but reaching neither of these places.

THE FLYING SQUADRON—H. M. R. S. "Cadmus" and "Volage" advance ships of the Flying Squadron, have arrived at Halifax from Bermuda. The other ships immediately expected are: the iron, armor-plated ship "Invincible," 3,774 tons, 600 horse power, 14 guns; the frigate "Narcissus," 2,665 tons, 400 horse-power, 35 guns, flag ship, Rear Admiral F. Beauchamp P. Seymour; and the corvette "Pylades," 1,278 tons, 250 horse-power, 17 guns. The "Volage" is an iron corvette, cased with wood, 2,322 tons, 600 horse-power, and carries 8 guns of heavy calibre; and the "Cadmus" is a wooden corvette, of 1,466 tons, 400 horse-power, and carries 16 guns. The squadron will remain at Halifax ten days, to coal and re-victual and then proceed to Bahia. [News.]

The "City of St. John" towed the hull of the new tug boat from St. George to St. John, where she will receive her outfit and machinery, returning to her duties on the Magalloway.

DEATH OF THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.—On Sunday morning Mr. A. T. Coburn, for many years Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Assembly, died at his residence in Fredericton, after a few days illness, of inflammation of the lungs, in his 71st year. He was a gentleman much respected by all who knew him and discharged his official duties in a most satisfactory manner.

The St. Stephen "Times" office has been removed to Calais, where it is to be published on Fridays. Is it true that "coming events cast their shadows before?" The "Times" we believe, opposed the "Bridge annexation."

DELEGATIONS.—We learn from the "Daily News," that the Government at its session last week appointed the Hon. Provincial Secretary, the Hon. Surveyor General, and W. Wedderburn, Esq. M. P. P., to proceed to Ottawa to press upon the Dominion Government the claims of this Province to better terms.

The Hon. Attorney General, and Messrs. Moore and Frazer, were also appointed a delegation to proceed to Halifax and Charlottetown, to confer with the Governments of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island as to what action shall be taken with regard to those articles of the Washington Treaty which relate to the Fisheries. Both delegations are to leave on their missions at an early day—and we trust they will be successful.

The mercantile Communists from latest advices, appear to have determined the destruction not alone of Paris, but of the principal cities of England. A leading insurgent boasted that the burning of Paris would be considered insignificant when the London docks, with all their wealth, are consumed, as a lesson to the middle classes of Europe. It is also reported that London, Liverpool, and Bristol will be the next scenes of operations. Papers have been discovered which show that their nefarious orders were issued from London. It has likewise been ascertained that the chiefs of the International Club and several Englishmen were among the insurgents. They will learn to their cost that their villainous and bloodthirsty operations cannot be carried on in England as they have been in Paris.

It is estimated that the number of men who bore arms in the late insurrection in France and who have not been identified or arrested, at 50,000. The police are in constant danger at their hands. We learn from the "Globe" that a telegram received at St. John, states that the brig, "Lizzie Billings," bound from Matanzas to Boston, parted cable off No Man's Land on the 2nd inst., was driven ashore and bilged.—She sailed from Matanzas on the 19th of May, she was strongly built, and is only six years old,—is owned by Abram Young, Esq., of St. George, and was commanded by Capt. Young.

Mr. J. Harry Frink, Station Master on the Intercolonial Railway at Sackville, died on Saturday morning at half past 6 o'clock, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Frink some few years ago was an operator in the Electric Telegraph Office in this city, but the state of his health was such as to cause him to return to his home at New Haven, Connecticut, where he was treated for excess and spinal complaint, and so far recovered as to admit of his returning to this Province, where he became Telegraph operator at Sackville, and on the opening of the railway was appointed Station Master. He was still a young man—37 years of age—but was possessed of a strong mind and abilities that would have fitted him for positions of usefulness. [Daily News.]

The Irish Marquis of Westmeath, who died on the 5th of May, at the age of 86 years, was at one time a captain in the Coldstream Guard, and served in the Egyptian campaign of 1801. By his death the Marquisette of Westmeath becomes extinct, but a distant cousin, head of the Roman Catholic branch, becomes Earl of Westmeath. The deceased was a high Tory in politics, and was three times

married, separating after a few years from his first two wives.

Mr. Hiram Reed, a very reliable man, informs the Maine Farmer that his Jackson potatoes were so far run out that the buds and potatoes were very nearly alike, as to size. When they were in blossom, he clipped off the blossoms on part of the piece; and the first year's clipping increased the yield fifty per cent; and the second year brought them back to the original yield and quality.

For some reason, satisfactory to themselves we suppose, the people of Kent-dall's mills observed Sunday as Memorial Day. An operation was d-livered.

A brakeman by the name of Carnes on the freight train between Waterville and Bangor had his arm badly crushed while shacking cars at Newport.

Several miles of the new continuous rail have been laid on the Maine Central between Detroit and Pittsfield, and more iron is ready for laying.

Ship News

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

ARRIVED.

- June 2, Odessa, Murdoch, Portland, flour. Salim, Holmes, Boston, ballast. Esther, Maloney, Port mouth, ballast. Harriet, Sheehan, Portmouth, do. 3 R H Dexter, D xter, Bangor, salt, Express Co. 5 Live Oak, Fuller, Calais, plaster. Lacon, Kilpatrick, Mdze, for Houston. 7 Mary Ellen, Britt, New York, flour—J W Street.

CLEARED.

- May 30, Dañy, Bannock, Portmouth, 2,000 sleepers, R Ross. Clara, Clark, Newburyport, 3,100 sleepers, R Ross. June 3 Eliza Frances, Hunt, Boston, 3,000 sleepers, Robinson & Glenn. 5 Helen McLeod, Cagswell, Boston, 85 M boards and plank, H Bull. 6 Utica, Maloney, New York, 30M scantling 70 M spruce plank, D H Bulgo. Eather, Maloney, Portmouth, 2,405 sleepers, Robinson & Glenn. Lacon, Kilpatrick, St. George, ballast.



Light-House Service.

TENDERS will be received at this Department at Ottawa, up to noon of WEDNESDAY, the 21st June next, for the construction of LIGHT-HOUSES at the undermentioned places in the Province of New Brunswick, viz:—Southern White Island Bay of Fundy Cassin's Point, near Shediac Harbour, Westmorland County.

Whitcheap, Bliss Harbour, Charlotte County. Shippegan Gully, Gloucester County. Alawick, Northumberland County.

Also for the construction of Dwelling Houses for Light-keepers on Fox and Portage Islands, Miramichi Bay.

Plans and Specifications of all the required Works may be seen on and after the 1st June, next, at the Office of the Agents of this Department, at St. John, where Forms of Tender can also be had on application.

Plans, etc. for Wolfe Island and Whitehead, may be seen at the Office of the Collector of Customs, at St. Andrews; for Cassin's Point, at the Office of the Collector of Customs, Shediac; and for the other works at the Office of the Collector of Customs, Newcastle, N. B.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender. Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, 29th May, 1871. P. MITCHELL, Minister Marine and Fisheries. June 7 11

Copartnership.

The Subscribers have this day entered into a Professional Copartnership, under the style and firm of

Street & Stevenson. GEO. D. STREET. B. R. STEVENSON. St. Andrews, June 1, 1871.

STREET & STEVENSON,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors &c.

OFFICES—WATER STREET, ST. ANDREWS.

Pleasure Yacht.

The Subscriber has recently refitted and painted his pleasure sloop "Evelyn," and is prepared to let her for sailing and fishing parties. Her cabin is large, and she is well found in sails, rigging and every appliance required. The owner, who is the eldest branch pilot belonging to the port, will be in charge. Apply to May 31.—vi CAPT. JAS. CLARK.

County Court.

THE County Court of the County of Charlotte, will sit at St. Andrews, on Tuesday the 13th day of June next, at 12 o'clock, noon. At which time and place all officers of the Law and other persons required to be at this Court, are publicly notified to give their attendance. ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte. May 31, 1871.

REFERRED... list of goods... free of duty... liquid or a solid... may 31.

ALL persons... St. Andrews... the same duty... said Estate... adie payment... Saint Andre...

WANTED... for the... Andrews... well recom...

Sug... Ex "Rapid" 20 Hn 8 " May 23...

Spr... Ex the "Va" from 50 Cases O 60 do Jea 20 Qr. Chick 3 Hlds } 25 Bble } 12 cases } 70 Bble Br ter au 8 Hds B 30 Cwt. colour 1 cask bes 6 Hlds 12 qr. cask 20 Hlds 15 qr. cask 200 cases To arriv 40 Hds of 600 Cases 40 Hlds 55 qr. cask 200 cases St. And

60 C... April 29... New B... To the S... any C... WHER... bath by... fourth day... personal ce... to his hand... owing to... Licence m... part of the... may be reg... You are... Law of the... thers intere... of Probate... Country, or... next, at E... considerin... ing (if des... L. S... S. H. WH... Regis... Cha

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Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy availa



