

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
HAMMONTON TRACT OF
AND IN NEW JERSEY

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 30, 1867.

1825 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 34

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 30, 1867.

No 44

Poetry.

FOR MATTIE'S ALBUM.

Yes, loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still,
But, oh! it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again.—MOORE.

I pray it ne'er may be your lot,
Dear Mat, to love and be loved not;
For, cousin, I can tell you true—
And you will find 'tis true—

When love hath lit her tender glance,
A woman's life is all a trance;
A woman's life is all a fancy dance,
I think so; Mat, don't you?

And yet, when Cupid finds the chance
To eye you cunningly askance,
Your heart must bleed beneath his lance,
And then good-bye to you!

But ten to one the happy man
For whom the cherub works his plan
Will laugh and leave you—if he can!
You'll find I tell you true.

But if it happens that he can't—
If Cupid should strike him askant,
His earnest prayer of course you'll grant,
And then be Mrs.—who?

But wait! good faith, as I suppose,
Are in the sea; and if you choose
To catch a whale, you might as well know
Now, here's a health to you!

May life for you be long and glad,
And may your heart be seldom sad,
And, Cousin Mat, I'll only add,
My best love, and adieu!

The following "jeu d'esprit" is so ap-
plicable, that we transfer it to our columns:—

DIVISION OF LABOR.
A person, of too free a life,
Was yet renowned for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
Between his living and his teaching.
The flock at last rebellious grew:
"My friends," he said, "the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can sort things do;
But I can preach and you can practice."

Miscellany.

THE LAW OF LABEL AND THE RIGHTS OF
THE PRESS.—In a libel suit brought against
Hennett of the N. Y. Herald, Judge Barnard
of the Supreme Court of New York declared
that to hold that the proprietor of a newspaper
can be sued by every one who may imagine
he has been damaged by a publication common
to a court would be to prevent its usefulness
as a journal. To hold that such an action would
be would offer and hold out a premium for
individuals to commence suits for that which
they might think damaging, but which no one
else would. The object of a journal is infor-
mation; that can only be obtained by publish-
ing such items of fact as may be of general in-
terest, or such public proceedings as may have
transpired before a body having authority to act.

THE PITTSFORD SWINDLER.—Hampshire,
the confidence man, was at the house of a
Catholic priest at Chatham when last arrested,
and had succeeded in victimizing the priest
with a forged draft of \$500, pretending that
somebody deceased had left a legacy of \$150
to the church, and this draft was to pay it.
The priest was just paying him the \$50 change
when the officers arrived and took charge of
the swindler. He was four years ago in the
penitentiary for a similar offense.

DEATH OF A CITIZEN.—Mr. Seth W. Fowle
died at his residence in West Chester park on
Saturday evening. His illness has been of
long continuance, but it is only within a few
days that his case was regarded as hopeless.
He was widely known as a druggist, largely
interested in several leading proprietary medi-
cines which have become identified with his
name. His extensive business brought him
during the past forty years into relations with
a large number of our citizens, and his uniform
courtesy and honorable dealing gained for him
the good will and respect of his fellow citizens.
—Boston Post.

FATE AND TRIFLES.—Oh what seems a
trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some situa-
tions turns the scale of life and rules the
most important actions.

LOVE, THE AVENGER.

I had only returned from Australia a few
days when I fell in, by one of those coinci-
dences which people won't believe in novels,
and which so often occur in real life, with a
man whom I had not met for ten years, and
whom I had lost all trace of.

He was Philip Chasemore, a surgeon, whose
life and abilities had been devoted to the ob-
scure well-doing of a country practice, although
his abilities were worthy of a more brilliant
sphere of action. And I specially wished to
see him, because he had been the intimate col-
lege friend and companion of a man who was
the admiration of most of the men in the uni-
versity during my time, their admiration being
equally equalled by their perplexity; for the man
in question, Gerald Stanceel—"Firework
Gerald," as he was surnamed from his erratic
genius—was a person very unique in his way.

With the most brilliant abilities and some
of the best qualities, he united to these others
proportionally bad. Generous, courteous, high
spirited, free of money, time and interest on
his friends, and the life and soul of every
circle wherein he chose to exhibit his real wit
and humor, he would change in a second from
the frank brilliant boy to a companion to an
enemy fierce and passionate of a revengeful
southern. The blaze in his dark eyes, and
the white pallor of fury which overspread his
face, might be excused by a harmless speech at
any moment, and his physical strength render-
ed him a most dangerous antagonist. No
wonder, then, that with all their admiration of
his good qualities, men felt insecure as on
a volcano's edge when in Gerald Stanceel's so-
ciety.

His intellect was of the highest order. How
often have I heard the brilliant epigrams and
the lucid arguments flow in an unbroken stream
from his lips when he was really warm to his
work and nothing crossed his temper. The
lore of Greece and Rome was as familiar and
dear to him, as all his fondness for modern
life and pursuits, so the latest odds had the
grip on the things of the day were to his
companions. The power of concentration, ar-
gument, and fluent diction which he possessed
—and he had little or none of the wordy
crudity of youth—marked him out for distinc-
tion.

So thought we all, and so, of course, did his
father, a grand specimen of the English squire,
who supported his head of years like a boy,
and carried his white beard as gallantly as a
soldier of the old guard. He was the owner
of the grey Stanceel Court, which stood sur-
rounded by its beaches in the midst of a fair
domain of three thousand acres, every tenant
on which was prepared to tell any man who
doubted that the young squire would be the
best "member for the county" in Parliament.

When he and I quitted the university simul-
taneously, an advantageous offer in Australia
caused us to separate. I heard nothing of
"Firework Gerald" for ten years. I had been
thinking of him but a few hours back, for I
landed at the place where ten years previous-
ly he had wished me good by, and the first
man I lit on in London was one better able
than most to tell me of Gerald's career.

And you have never heard? said Chasemore,
sadly, gravely. Why, his name was in most
of the newspapers.

Likely enough, but in the bush, newspapers
were few and far between.
It's a long story, said Chasemore. Die with
me, and I'll tell you about it. I'm all
alone, for my wife and children are at the sea
side.

A few hours afterwards I found myself an
inmate of a house which showed that its
owner had a good London practice.

The cloth removed, my host pushed over the
claret, and driving his chair to the fire, relapsed
into silence; his cheery conversation ended,
silence remained unbroken.
Ah, he said, suddenly, I never feel so thank-
ful for my own domestic happiness—I wish
my Laura had been at home for you to make
her acquaintance—as when I put together
all the link folk forgotten, of poor Stanceel's
story.

He rose and went to a drawer, took some-
thing out, and brought it to me. It was a
leathern case, in which was a gold hunting
watch, with one cover dentured in by a heavy
bow. I looked at the crest and saw it was the
Stanceel falcon.

There, said Chasemore, there is my sole
relic of poor Gerald. He gave it to me just
before he died.

Died! I said, in utter bewilderment. Do
you mean that Gerald's dead?

Dead. Eight years ago.

I was thunderstruck, I had so keen a re-
membrance of the man, who spoke of. His
athletic form and splendid health were the
envy of us all. He came of a long-lived and
sound stock as could be found in England, and
eight years ago he was in the very first prime
of mature manhood.

Ah, said Chasemore, as if he guessed my
thoughts, no disease carried off Gerald; he was
killed. I'll tell you all the story.

You know the generous offer the old squire

made me to reside as the salaried physician
of the family at the Court till I could find a
practice to suit me. To a young fellow fresh
from college and hall, with a brain new diploma,
the attractions of a handsome salary, perfect
kindness, and equality with an ancient fami-
ly, and ended by every wish for Mr. Gerald
Stanceel's happiness.

When Gerald returned blushed with success,
(for he was returned by a majority), his moth-
er met him, and loving tearfully broke the
news to him. He listened to her, and then
rushed into the old hall, where I was pacing
up and down, sorely ill at ease. His face was
flushed, crimson, and his eyes glittering as you
have seen them once or twice when he was
in a fury. He seized my arm like a vice, and
his lips working showed how the fierce
wrath within choked his words.

You heard the news, Chasemore, he said at
last. You know he's robbed me Lucy!—
Smooth-tongued, lying, treacherous cur!—
Curse him he's taken advantage of my mis-
erable weakness and blighted my life.

How, Gerald, said I the servants?—
I had no need to say more, the pride of race
was more potent ever than love or hate. He
bit his lip till it bled, and his anguished face
settled into stern calm.

You are right, he murmured, but if I live
I'll be revenged. Ah, and his voice broke,
my lost love! my lost love!

After this he grew calm, and never spoke
of the matter. Days, weeks and months pas-
sed on, and though Lord Desserton's name
brought the mad fury into his eyes and a burst
of curses from his lips, his fits of rage never
turned against his false betrothed. To him
she was a victim merely, he never blamed
her in the slightest degree his voice softened
and his eyes filled with tears to Lucy. But
all his anger was reserved for Desserton.

You know what his anger was, and can easily
guess its intensity when roused by such wrong.
Two years rolled away. Gerald devoted
himself to his parliamentary work. At the
end of that time he asked me, in the Summer
to take a walking tour. We went, therefore
amid the glorious scenery the good living and
the novelty of life, we enjoyed ourselves
much.

One day as we were walking towards a
small town, a carriage passed. Gerald started
turned pale, and gasped out one word—Lucy!
What carriage was that? said I to an Eng-
lish squire passing.

His lordship, said the man civilly but
sternly, that I'd be revenged. You can do no
good. (You know me and might guess that,
therefore.)

I said nothing and we reached our inn. All
night long in the next room I heard my com-
panion's restless steps, and in the morning he
looked haggard with watching and care, but
over his face there brooded that grim and
savage look which boded the worst.

He ate nothing and after breakfast asked
the way to Desserton Hall. It lay three
miles off, and seeing he was bent on going, I
decided on accompanying him.

We went on for some two miles, until we
crossed a railway. By the side of this
ran a road marked "Private."

His private path, said I, mechanically.
Yes, said Gerald with a ferocious glare in
his eyes that made me shudder, therefore let
us go.

Hardly had we crossed and entered on the
road, when coming towards us from a little
copse on the other side, we saw two women
they advanced from some distance, and to
reach us would cross the line.

Mercurial heaven! said Gerald, with a quick
glance, Lucy!

I looked, and recognized Lady Desserton,
her companion a nurse carrying a crowing,
laughing baby. Stanceel's eye fell on it like
that of a famished wolf; the hungry glare in
them was horrible, and the convulsion of his
features was dreadful.

His child, he muttered, the future viscount
—their heir.

Yes, said I, and her child, Gerald too.

The gallop of a horse was heard behind us.
I looked back and saw Lord Desserton.

Stanceel looked round and started, while the
red flash darkened his face with passion.

Do you see the dog? said he quite furiously.
Now's the time—now!

He turned. I seized his arm, dreading
some sort of violence, when the shrill whistle
of the steam engine rang out. I looked and
saw the express coming at a tremendous speed,
while a shriek from Lucy drew my attention
to what was indeed a terrible sight.

The nurse had slipped on the rails, and the
child had rolled in front of the advancing train.
While the unhappy mother made the air re-
volve with her screams, suddenly her eyes fell
on my companion. Stretching out her hand

went suddenly abroad, accompanied by Mrs.
Chetwynd.

The old squire's first intimation of the news
was a letter well and craftily written by Mrs.
Chetwynd. It dwelt much on the inoppo-
sibility of temper, etc., of her daughter's posi-
tion, and ended by every wish for Mr. Gerald
Stanceel's happiness.

When Gerald returned blushed with success,
(for he was returned by a majority), his moth-
er met him, and loving tearfully broke the
news to him. He listened to her, and then
rushed into the old hall, where I was pacing
up and down, sorely ill at ease. His face was
flushed, crimson, and his eyes glittering as you
have seen them once or twice when he was
in a fury. He seized my arm like a vice, and
his lips working showed how the fierce
wrath within choked his words.

You heard the news, Chasemore, he said at
last. You know he's robbed me Lucy!—
Smooth-tongued, lying, treacherous cur!—
Curse him he's taken advantage of my mis-
erable weakness and blighted my life.

How, Gerald, said I the servants?—
I had no need to say more, the pride of race
was more potent ever than love or hate. He
bit his lip till it bled, and his anguished face
settled into stern calm.

You are right, he murmured, but if I live
I'll be revenged. Ah, and his voice broke,
my lost love! my lost love!

After this he grew calm, and never spoke
of the matter. Days, weeks and months pas-
sed on, and though Lord Desserton's name
brought the mad fury into his eyes and a burst
of curses from his lips, his fits of rage never
turned against his false betrothed. To him
she was a victim merely, he never blamed
her in the slightest degree his voice softened
and his eyes filled with tears to Lucy. But
all his anger was reserved for Desserton.

You know what his anger was, and can easily
guess its intensity when roused by such wrong.
Two years rolled away. Gerald devoted
himself to his parliamentary work. At the
end of that time he asked me, in the Summer
to take a walking tour. We went, therefore
amid the glorious scenery the good living and
the novelty of life, we enjoyed ourselves
much.

One day as we were walking towards a
small town, a carriage passed. Gerald started
turned pale, and gasped out one word—Lucy!
What carriage was that? said I to an Eng-
lish squire passing.

His lordship, said the man civilly but
sternly, that I'd be revenged. You can do no
good. (You know me and might guess that,
therefore.)

I said nothing and we reached our inn. All
night long in the next room I heard my com-
panion's restless steps, and in the morning he
looked haggard with watching and care, but
over his face there brooded that grim and
savage look which boded the worst.

He ate nothing and after breakfast asked
the way to Desserton Hall. It lay three
miles off, and seeing he was bent on going, I
decided on accompanying him.

We went on for some two miles, until we
crossed a railway. By the side of this
ran a road marked "Private."

His private path, said I, mechanically.
Yes, said Gerald with a ferocious glare in
his eyes that made me shudder, therefore let
us go.

Hardly had we crossed and entered on the
road, when coming towards us from a little
copse on the other side, we saw two women
they advanced from some distance, and to
reach us would cross the line.

Mercurial heaven! said Gerald, with a quick
glance, Lucy!

I looked, and recognized Lady Desserton,
her companion a nurse carrying a crowing,
laughing baby. Stanceel's eye fell on it like
that of a famished wolf; the hungry glare in
them was horrible, and the convulsion of his
features was dreadful.

His child, he muttered, the future viscount
—their heir.

Yes, said I, and her child, Gerald too.

The gallop of a horse was heard behind us.
I looked back and saw Lord Desserton.

Stanceel looked round and started, while the
red flash darkened his face with passion.

Do you see the dog? said he quite furiously.
Now's the time—now!

He turned. I seized his arm, dreading
some sort of violence, when the shrill whistle
of the steam engine rang out. I looked and
saw the express coming at a tremendous speed,
while a shriek from Lucy drew my attention
to what was indeed a terrible sight.

The nurse had slipped on the rails, and the
child had rolled in front of the advancing train.
While the unhappy mother made the air re-
volve with her screams, suddenly her eyes fell
on my companion. Stretching out her hand

she shrieked, "Save him Gerald, save him!" and
then fell fainting into her husband's arms,
who had reached the spot.

Gerald paused a second, and then, with a
glance at Lucy, sprang on the line. He seized
the baby, tossed it to the nurse, and turned,
but the express was on him like a flash, it
passed, and Gerald Stanceel lay motionless be-
tween the rails.

Desserton, his face blanched to the lips,
hurried over, as did some laborers near. I,
half frantic pushed to our poor friend, and a
 cursory examination showed me how fatal his
injuries—arms and ribs broken, by the blow
of the engine buffer, and internal wounds, he
only lived a hour from the time he was struck
down. He was sensible, and we carried him
into a cottage near, and there in a strange
group we stayed.

By and by the white face grew for a second
flushed, the eyes opened, the lips quivered.—
And Lucy Desserton burst into bitter tears.
The child? gasped Stanceel, half-inarticu-
lately.

You have saved him—you whom I have so
wondered, she sobbed out.
I, he said, with a look of happiness on his
bleeding face—I, Phil; you hear her? That's
my revenge.

JOB A PRINTER.—At a printer's festival
in Minnesota, Judge Goodrich made a speech
in which he referred the invention of printing
to a higher antiquity than is usually ascribed to
it. He undertook to prove that the patri-
arch Job knew all about it, by quoting from
the following passage: "Oh, that my words
were not written! Oh, that they were printed
in a book, that they were given with an iron
pen, with lead, in a rock forever!"

Thence considered this undoubted evi-
dence that Job understood the art of writing
engraving, stereotyping, and lithography.—
He mentions them in their regular order, as
they have been discovered.

This probably the origin of the term "Job
Printing."

A GREAT EXODUS FROM RESTI- GOUCHE.

A correspondent of the "Morning Journal"
of the 25th inst., says—
During the past week upward of 150 indi-
viduals left Restigouche for various parts of
the States, but chiefly for California. They
have been induced to leave that they may push
their fortunes in some distant and fairy land.—
Not one of them has been compelled to leave
for want of employment, nor want of plenty to
sustain nature. Nor will any one say who has
done himself the justice to visit our Country,
and who has gazed on our beautiful scenery,
and inhaled our sublimar air, that they have
been forced to seek a more healthy climate
for that is not to be found in the length and
breadth of America. Some who have gone
have left large farms behind them, and some
comfortable houses. Some have also gone
with several hundred pounds, which they gath-
ered in the place which they almost despise.
It seems as if some infatuation had seized the
people for the moment. Several respectable
persons, who have been in California for some
years advised the people against going, but all
in vain. We are passing through an awful
just now go other people have done before us.

We are convinced that those who remain will
soon settle down thankful for the privi-
leges which they enjoy. Americans who have been
here wonder why all the people are not inde-
pendent. Their very prisons of our soil, fish-
ing, lumbering, and our fresh air, is a sufficient
proof against our people leaving us.—[Morning
Journal.]

ITEMS.

No time, it is said, is so popular, yet so hard
to catch, as for time.

A silver chain around a dog's neck will not
prevent his barking or biting.

He who takes the child by the hand takes
the mother by the heart.

When is Echo like a visiting acquaintance?
When she returns your call.

A Dairyman's D-dition.—Flattery is the
milk of human kindness turned into butter.

He who stumbles twice over the same stone
deserves a broken shin.

It is a good thing that follows his own in-
struction.

He who would stop every man's mouth should
have a great deal of mud.

A sharp old gentleman travelling out West
got a seat beside his wife in a car, and car.

"Please watch that woman while he is out
into another car as she had left."

Punishing a naughty boy, by shutting him
in the C. L. where, he moans "P. P. T. is key."

IMPORTANT.—We have bills to pay at once, which require cash. Will persons indebted for advertising, please pay us without further solicitation.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, OCT. 30, 1867.

THE NEW PARISH CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS is to be consecrated on Thursday (to-morrow) at half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The Bishop of Maine is to preach the Consecration sermon. Service will be held in the evening at 7 o'clock. The Bishop of Fredericton will preach, and administer the rite of confirmation. Collections will be made at both services, in aid of the building fund. A large number of the clergy it is said, will be present. The new church is admitted to be one of the handsomest in the Diocese.

The new tenor Bell of 800 lbs weight, has been hung, its sound is both loud and sweet. We understand that it is contemplated to add two other bells during next year, St. Andrews will then have "climes." In a future issue we intend giving a description of the Church.

We are informed, (in addition to the "Couriers" and "Journals" affirmation of the fact), that C. F. Clinch, Esq., of this town, has sold his Steam Saw Mill at Barber Dam to F. H. Todd and other mercantile men at St. Stephen. This, to some extent, will be a loss to the trade of St. Andrews, as Mr. Clinch transported all his lumber to this Port for shipment; now it will be brought reasonably enough to St. Stephen, and there shipped exempt from Export duty as other lumber is, according to letters which are now in our possession, one of which dated St. Stephen, Oct. 28, is signed by the writer, and intended for publication, but received too late to-day for insertion. The writer handles the subject without gloves, giving names, &c., and avers, as he states from authority,—"that the Ledge Harbor is acknowledged an American Port." He also states from inquiries made at the Custom House, St. Stephen, "that no duties had been paid in upon lumber shipped which came over the Branch Railway, that no duties could be collected under the present regulations." He then explains how the duty is evaded, and calls upon the Government to put a stop to such illegal proceedings. As the subject is an important one, and the Province will lose a considerable amount of Revenue, should the statements advanced by our correspondent be substantiated, the matter will no doubt be brought before the Legislature at the approaching Session, and in the interim the attention of the Government will be directed to the subject. The remark of a prominent man at the time the exemption act was repealed, was significant, viz: "We will find a way to evade the export duty, and not commit ourselves."

On looking over our United States papers, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the people of that country are facing issues, which to a great extent involve their liberties; we may not see things as they do, but we think the position of one party who is antagonistic to old and tried friends of the Commonwealth, will lead to perilling the rights and liberties of the people; the reign of the party allied to, appears to be one of tyranny, and as the ballot box is the remedy, it is probable that ere long, it will proclaim in trumpet tones, that corruption and tyranny will be consigned to oblivion.

From Montreal and St. John papers we learn that a most disastrous growth of office seekers has taken place this year. The heads of departments have been beset on every occasion they presented themselves in public, and have been buttonholed and annoyed beyond measure. This may be, perhaps, owing to the frequent elections, and the imaginary claims of these office seekers who supported the successful candidates, and whose patriotic and union sentiments were more selfish than loyal; personal aggrandizement appears to have been their ruling passion, and their persistent applications may be the means of depriving the really worthy and qualified from obtaining situations which they merit. Each Province it is to be hoped will hereafter select a few from its local population.

A fire at St. John last week destroyed the large Livery Stables of Stockford & Robertson, with several sleighs, robes, a large quantity of hay and one of the horses. Several other buildings on Kings Square and Sydney Street were also destroyed.

DEMOBILIST'S MAGAZINE for November is received, with its large Fashion Plates and Patterns. The literary department is well sustained; several lively and entertaining stories are commenced in the number before us. It must be a useful work to those who have the management of households, as it furnishes valuable suggestions on household affairs generally, dress making, and useful receipts for making and cooking several dishes &c. Price \$3 per annum, with a premium to each subscriber.

The St. Croix "Courier" has been enlarged, and rejoices in a large and increasing advertising and subscription patronage. We are happy to record our contemporary's success, and trust that his enterprise may be as amply rewarded as it deserves to be. The "Courier" is not only a good family paper, but an excellent medium for advertising. Its proprietors have our best wishes; their motto may be summed up in Pope's couplet, "Despair of nothing that you would attain, Unwearied diligence your point will gain."

If diligence and enterprise will command success, then the point of having a large business with a competency, will be the "Courier's."

A new Presbyterian Church has been erected in Woodstock, and is being rapidly completed. This pleases what an energetic and popular young Clergyman can do, with even a small number of adherents of the church. The Rev. T. W. Wilkins is Missionary at Woodstock.

The last Excursion for the season by Railway from Woodstock Road Station to St. Stephen, will take place on the 6th November.

Reports from Mexico of the 27th inst., state that another Revolution has been commenced at the village of Baezales. It appears impossible for the Mexicans to remain quiet for any length of time. It is said that the State of Guanajuato had also declared against the Central Government, and that Gen. L. Gutzman was at the head of the movement. The elections so far had gone against Juarez by a large majority.

The news from Great Britain by Cable, states that the Fenian trials were commenced, and that a Fenian vessel had been captured by one of H. M. Gunboats. The "Times" comments on the National honor exhibited by the government and people of the United States in resolving to pay the National Debt and interest in gold.

Capt. Osburn's Battery underwent inspection on Thursday last, by the Adjutant General and Major Jago. The Company went through the exercises with precision, the men acquitting themselves well.

Thursday the 23rd of November has been appointed a Day of National Thanksgiving by President of the United States.

SHIPWRECKS.—Reports from Labrador, state that 27 Fishing Vessels, and 40 lives have been lost this fall.

A swindler styled "Colonel Graham" who represented himself as Maximilian's Secretary, has duped Gen. Doyle, Gov. Dundas, and others out of large sums, only "borrowing" the amounts.

From late Scotch papers received, we notice that two destructive fires took place in Edinburgh this month, involving loss of much property and some lives.

We understand that our townsman Mr. Andrew Elliot has received an appointment at Ottawa, and will leave here to-morrow by steamer for his future residence. Mr. Elliot will carry with him the best wishes of his old friends, for his success.

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL, of Augusta, Maine, formerly of New York City, by the urgent requests of some of the afflicted in this locality will shortly make a professional visit to Calais Me., and his engagements at home prevent him from staying long; a few of the testimonials, showing his success, will be published in advance of his arrival, so that those similarly afflicted may more easily be guided as to what their course should be. He can be consulted at the St. Croix Exchange, Calais Me. from Tuesday, November 5th, until Friday Eve., Nov. 15th, and at the Eastern Hotel, Machias Me., from Monday, Nov. 18 until Saturday Eve., Nov. 23d, 1867. (From the Maine Farmer, Augusta, May 16, '67)

From Wm. R. Smith, Esq., Cashier of the First National Bank, Augusta, Me.

Dr. Lighthill—Dear Sir:—Some few years since, my son, Geo. R. Smith, was placed under your care, for treatment, for a growing deafness, which threatened the gradual and entire loss of hearing. Whenever he was attacked with a slight cold his hearing would become imperfect, and at times quite alarming. Renewed attacks continued to increase the difficulty, and always left him in a worse condition. I take great pleasure in saying, that your treatment entirely relieved him; he has since had no return of the difficulty, and I think his hearing is entirely restored. I am happy to give this unsolicited testimony to your skill and success, so far as my son is concerned, who, I have no doubt, but for your

treatment, would have been entirely deprived of his hearing.

Respectfully yours, Wm. R. Smith.

Augusta, May 10, 1867.

ICE.—The Montreal Gazette draws attention to the fact that Mr. Tudor, the great Boston ice merchant, is about to ship his annual consignment of ice to Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, a distance of fully six thousand miles via the Cape of Good Hope. Ice is also shipped from New England to almost every island in the West Indies, as well as to the principal ports of the Southern States and South America, and in most of these localities is quoted in commercial circulars with the regularity of those other articles of prime necessity, pork, beef and flour. Why could not this trade be engaged in by Canadians? It is peculiarly adapted to this country, and with our cheap ships and cheap labor, a business might be built up very speedily, which would be largely remunerative.

And no place on the continent is better adapted for the business than St. Andrews, with its magnificent lakes adjoining the Railway, and in close proximity to the Harbor. Who will make a move at once?—Ed. Std.

Our advertising columns record the fact, that large and well selected Stocks of Goods suitable for the season, have been received by merchants in this place which are offered at moderate prices.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 24. The official returns of the Bank of England shows that the amount of bullion decreased 475,000 pounds during the week ending to-day.

In consequence of indications of a secret movement in the city of Cork, the authorities are keeping a sharp watch upon the Fenians, and the police patrols have been doubled.

The Government has refused the application of parties implicated in the outrage at Manchester. Despatches from Florence say it was known in that City early last night that General Garibaldi had crossed Italy and succeeded in reaching Poligno, in the province of Umbria, and that his arrival there was discovered and he was forbidden by the Italian authorities from proceeding any further. Since then nothing has been made public as to his movements or whereabouts.

Gold 142½. New York, Oct. 25.

Additional advices received from Hoofrom, Rome, acknowledge that the Garibaldians have not retired from the territory of the Church; but represent that the Pontifical troops have recently had skirmishes with remnants of the insurgent bands, in which they have been uniformly successful.

Gen. Garibaldi has again been heard from without regarding the prohibition of the Italian authorities. He left Poligno and pushed on towards the South.

At last accounts he had arrived at Rieti, a town in the southern district of Umbria, not far from the Papal frontier, and within 42 miles of the city of Rome.

Gen. Mino Dixie has accepted a position in the new Cabinet as Minister of Marine.

Gold 141½. London, Oct. 25.

The Fenian trials are in progress at Manchester. The trial of Grove was completed to-day. The jury found a verdict of not guilty.

The trial of the Fenians now imprisoned at Dublin begins Monday. Gen. Fenian has declined the services of counsel and will defend himself. It is reported that a man hailing from Danganen has turned State's evidence.

The semi official press are almost unanimously of the opinion that Italian affairs are worse than when the Emperor Napoleon planned the French expedition in the interest of the Pope.

London, Oct. 26. The news from Italy is startling. Despatches received to-day state that Gen. Garibaldi was marching on Rome. His command was divided into two columns, which were taking different directions.

The column under Garibaldi had arrived at Monte Rotondo, only five miles from and in sight of the Holy City. The Papal troops were retreating slowly before the victorious march of the insurgents, but contesting the ground as they retreated.

London, Oct. 26. It is reported in Ireland that a Fenian craft has been captured by a British gunboat off the northern coast of Ireland.

Paris, Oct. 26. The Monitor in an official article says the fleet at Toulon has an official received positive order to sail for Civita Vecchia.

London, Oct. 28. The French fleet of iron clad war vessels destined for service in the Roman waters left Toulon under an Imperial order at six o'clock this morning.

The troops which were designated to operate in defence of the Holy See on the occasion of the first Garibaldi alarm, and which have been encamped near the town, are again in motion, and are to embark and sail for the Papal territory immediately.

Gen. Garibaldi is now at the head of 4000 men.

Quebec, Oct. 28. The ringleaders concerned in the late demonstration of the ship carpenter's strike were arrested to-day.

Toronto, Oct. 28. The run on the Banks which has been go-

ing on here for a few days past has now virtually ceased. There was but little demand for gold to-day.

New York, 29.

Gold 141½.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.—The Intelligencer says:—"A number of these new men [elected to the Local Legislatures] are young men, and their future advancement and success depends almost entirely on themselves. If they are true to their constituents and true to themselves; if they develop and improve the talents of which they have already given promise, their success in the future is guaranteed; if, on the contrary, they subside into mere political hacks, forgetting the interests of the country and neglectful of the important duties which will in due time devolve upon them, then, indeed, will their career be short. Economy in public affairs is now the cry, retrenchment the watchword, and they must be acted upon so far as compatible with the interests of the Province."

HORRIBLE DEATH.—The "Globe" gives the particulars of the death of a mill-man named Joseph Gahan (of Truro, N. S.), in Sutton's mill, Grand Bay, on Thursday, 24th inst. The deceased, while attempting to stop a gang of saws, preparatory to filing, was thrown back on the circular saw and literally cut to pieces.

FINNEN HADDIES.—Mr. J. W. Finlay, well known to many of our citizens as a clever literature, has turned his attention to the cure of Finnen Haddies on the Island of Campobello. Mr. Finlay's products advertised recently, and they are for sale by Mr. Robertson and Jardine & Co., Prince Wm. Street. The Campobello haddies are equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind yet offered in this market—a statement which we can make after personally testing their qualities. Mr. Finlay finds extensive demand for his haddies in Montreal, Toronto and other cities of the upper Provinces. This is an entirely new branch of business for the Islanders. Formerly, all the Finnen Haddies supplied to St. John were furnished from Digby or by a Mr. Morrison, and this supply was always uncertain and irregular. No apprehension on this head need be felt now.—[Telegraph.]

—Jas. Johnson, Esq., was presented by the members of York Division at their meeting held on the 18th inst., with an Address on his leaving for Ottawa.

A STARTLING TRUTH.—Hundreds die annually, from neglected coughs and colds, when by the use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry their lives could be preserved to a green old age.

Friday was a field day with the garrison; and the 22nd made the first trial of their breech loaders. The result was highly satisfactory, and if the Snider Enfields can be depended upon for such rapid firing as was made with it, it must prove a highly efficient weapon.—[Farmer.]

ITEMS.

—In a broker's office at Montreal on Monday, a man went in, stabled the boy in attendance, and stole \$35,000 in greenbacks.

One Parsons, a discharged American soldier has been arrested on suspicion of having broken into E. P. Barnard & Co's store, St. Stephen, on Wednesday night, and robbing it of \$120 in U. S. Currency.

The Pembroke burglars arrested in St. John have after a preliminary examination before the Calais City Court, been committed to take their trial at the next Session of the S. J. Court, and were sent to Machias to await it.

Some street foot-pads in Pittsburgh, last week, snatched a box from a gentleman and made off with it. Their victim happened to be a naturalist, and the box was full of rattlesnakes. Fancy the opening!

The Border states that about 14 miles of the N. B. & N. S. railroad are ready for the rails, and that the work is proceeding rapidly. A cargo of railway iron for this road arrived at Dorchester on Thursday morning, by the light "Mary Jane Wilber" from England.—[Journal.]

Twelve distilleries were seized in New York on Saturday.

Ohio boasts of nine women who hold the position of editor or assistant editor. What do they want of the ballot?

Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, Bay-side, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. B. Franklin Ratray, Mr. Albert Garrison, of West Isles, to Miss Florine Johnson.

Died.

At St. Patrick, on the 29th inst., Margaret, widow of the late Angus McKaskle, aged 85 years; sensible of her approaching end, she died in peace.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 23 Mailla, Stinson, St. Stephen, Sundries A. D. Stevenson & others.

CLEARED.

Oct. 22, Schr. Harriet, Britt, Bangor, Shingles, Stevens & Co.

23, Albert, Thomas, Boston, Boards, &c. C. F. Clinch.

24 Bge. Gladstone, Brown, Quenstown, Deals C. F. Clinch.

25, Schr. Jane, Clark, Boston, Sleepers, A. Watson.

FALL ARRANGEMENT, 1867.

New Brunswick & Canada Railway and St. Stephen Branch Railway.

TRAINS leave St. Andrews for Richmond Station every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 a.m., and St. Stephens for Richmond Station every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 30 a.m.

Returning will leave Richmond for St. Andrews every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9 00 a.m., and for St. Stephens every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 9 30 a.m.

An Express Train will leave St. Andrews every Saturday at 10 30 p.m. Returning will leave Richmond and Houlton Stations every Monday at 2 30 a.m., in time for Boat to Boston same day.

AGENTS.

D. J. SEELY, Water Street, St. John; G. W. VANWORT, Woodstock.

HENRY OSBURN, St. Andrews, Oct. 25, 1867. MANAGER.

APPLES.

APPLES. The Subscriber has just received per steamer from Boston,

12 Bbls. Prime Apples, which he will sell Cheap for Cash.

St. Andrews, Oct. 23rd. W. McLEAN.

ALBION HOUSE.

Hark, Stop! Read.

Important and True.

JOHN S. MAGEE, ALBION HOUSE, has received his FALL & WINTER Stock of Dry Goods; the following departments are complete with the newest and most

FASHIONABLE GOODS, of their kind; and being purchased when markets were at lowest point, can be sold cheap.

White Goods Department:

Bleached Sheetings, Bleached Long Cloth, White Cotton at 10 cents per yard, Do do 12 do do do 14 do do do 16 do do do 18 do do do 20 do do do 22 do do do 24 do do do 26 do do do 28 do do do 30 do do do 32 do do do 34 do do do 36 do do do 38 do do do 40 do do do 42 do do do 44 do do do 46 do do do 48 do do do 50 do do do 52 do do do 54 do do do 56 do do do 58 do do do 60 do do do 62 do do do 64 do do do 66 do do do 68 do do do 70 do do do 72 do do do 74 do do do 76 do do do 78 do do do 80 do do do 82 do do do 84 do do do 86 do do do 88 do do do 90 do do do 92 do do do 94 do do do 96 do do do 98 do do do 100 do do do 102 do do do 104 do do do 106 do do do 108 do do do 110 do do do 112 do do do 114 do do do 116 do do do 118 do do do 120 do do do 122 do do do 124 do do do 126 do do do 128 do do do 130 do do do 132 do do do 134 do do do 136 do do do 138 do do do 140 do do do 142 do do do 144 do do do 146 do do do 148 do do do 150 do do do 152 do do do 154 do do do 156 do do do 158 do do do 160 do do do 162 do do do 164 do do do 166 do do do 168 do do do 170 do do do 172 do do do 174 do do do 176 do do do 178 do do do 180 do do do 182 do do do 184 do do do 186 do do do 188 do do do 190 do do do 192 do do do 194 do do do 196 do do do 198 do do do 200 do do do 202 do do do 204 do do do 206 do do do 208 do do do 210 do do do 212 do do do 214 do do do 216 do do do 218 do do do 220 do do do 222 do do do 224 do do do 226 do do do 228 do do do 230 do do do 232 do do do 234 do do do 236 do do do 238 do do do 240 do do do 242 do do do 244 do do do 246 do do do 248 do do do 250 do do do 252 do do do 254 do do do 256 do do do 258 do do do 260 do do do 262 do do do 264 do do do 266 do do do 268 do do do 270 do do do 272 do do do 274 do do do 276 do do do 278 do do do 280 do do do 282 do do do 284 do do do 286 do do do 288 do do do 290 do do do 292 do do do 294 do do do 296 do do do 298 do do do 300 do do do 302 do do do 304 do do do 306 do do do 308 do do do 310 do do do 312 do do do 314 do do do 316 do do do 318 do do do 320 do do do 322 do do do 324 do do do 326 do do do 328 do do do 330 do do do 332 do do do 334 do do do 336 do do do 338 do do do 340 do do do 342 do do do 344 do do do 346 do do do 348 do do do 350 do do do 352 do do do 354 do do do 356 do do do 358 do do do 360 do do do 362 do do do 364 do do do 366 do do do 368 do do do 370 do do do 372 do do do 374 do do do 376 do do do 378 do do do 380 do do do 382 do do do 384 do do do 386 do do do 388 do do do 390 do do do 392 do do do 394 do do do 396 do do do 398 do do do 400 do do do 402 do do do 404 do do do 406 do do do 408 do do do 410 do do do 412 do do do 414 do do do 416 do do do 418 do do do 420 do do do 422 do do do 424 do do do 426 do do do 428 do do do 430 do do do 432 do do do 434 do do do 436 do do do 438 do do do 440 do do do 442 do do do 444 do do do 446 do do do 448 do do do 450 do do do 452 do do do 454 do do do 456 do do do 458 do do do 460 do do do 462 do do do 464 do do do 466 do do do 468 do do do 470 do do do 472 do do do 474 do do do 476 do do do 478 do do do 480 do do do 482 do do do 484 do do do 486 do do do 488 do do do 490 do do do 492 do do do 494 do do do 496 do do do 498 do do do 500 do do do 502 do do do 504 do do do 506 do do do 508 do do do 510 do do do 512 do do do 514 do do do 516 do do do 518 do do do 520 do do do 522 do do do 524 do do do 526 do do do 528 do do do 530 do do do 532 do do do 534 do do do 536 do do do 538 do do do 540 do do do 542 do do do 544 do do do 546 do do do 548 do do do 550 do do do 552 do do do 554 do do do 556 do do do 558 do do do 560 do do do 562 do do do 564 do do do 566 do do do 568 do do do 570 do do do 572 do do do 574 do do do 576 do do do 578 do do do 580 do do do 582 do do do 584 do do do 586 do do do 588 do do do 590 do do do 592 do do do 594 do do do 596 do do do 598 do do do 600 do do do 602 do do do 604 do do do 606 do do do 608 do do do 610 do do do 612 do do do 614 do do do 616 do do do 618 do do do 620 do do do 622 do do do 624 do do do 626 do do do 628 do do do 630 do do do 632 do do do 634 do do do 636 do do do 638 do do do 640 do do do 642 do do do 644 do do do 646 do do do 648 do do do 650 do do do 652 do do do 654 do do do 656 do do do 658 do do do 660 do do do 662 do do do 664 do do do 666 do do do 668 do do do 670 do do do 672 do do do 674 do do do 676 do do do 678 do do do 680 do do do 682 do do do 684 do do do 686 do do do 688 do do do 690 do do do 692 do do do 694 do do do 696 do do do 698 do do do 700 do do do 702 do do do 704 do do do 706 do do do 708 do do do 710 do do do 712 do do do 714 do do do 716 do do do 718 do do do 720 do do do 722 do do do 724 do do do 726 do do do 728 do do do 730 do do do 732 do do do 734 do do do 736 do do do 738 do do do 740 do do do 742 do do do 744 do do do 746 do do do 748 do do do 750 do do do 752 do do do 754 do do do 756 do do do 758 do do do 760 do do do 762 do do do 764 do do do 766 do do do 768 do do do 770 do do do 772 do do do 774 do do do 776 do do do 778 do do do 780 do do do 782 do do do 784 do do do 786 do do do 788 do do do 790 do do do 792 do do do 794 do do do 796 do do do 798 do do do 800 do do do 802 do do do 804 do do do 806 do do do 808 do do do 810 do do do 812 do do do 814 do do do 816 do do do 818 do do do 820 do do do 822 do do do 824 do do do 826 do do do 828 do do do 830 do do do 832 do do do 834 do do do 836 do do do 838 do do do 840 do do do 842 do do do 844 do do do 846 do do do 848 do do do 850 do do do 852 do do do 854 do do do 856 do do do 858 do do do 860 do do do 862 do do do 864 do do do 866 do do do 868 do do do 870 do do do 872 do do do 874 do do do 876 do do do 878 do do do 880 do do do 882 do do do 884 do do do 886 do do do 888 do do do 890 do do do 892 do do do 894 do do do 896 do do do 898 do do do 900 do do do 902 do do do 904 do do do 906 do do do 908 do do do 910 do do do 912 do do do 914 do do do 916 do do do 918 do do do 920 do do do 922 do do do 924 do do do 926 do do do 928 do do do 930 do do do 932 do do do 934 do do do 936 do do do 938 do do do 940 do do do 942 do do do 944 do do do 946 do do do 948 do do do 950 do do do 952 do do do 954 do do do 956 do do do 958 do do do 960 do do do 962 do do do 964 do do do 966 do do do 968 do do do 970 do do do 972 do do do 974 do do do 976 do do do 978 do do do 980 do do do 982 do do do 984 do do do 986 do do do 988 do do do 990 do do do 992 do do do 994 do do do 996 do do do 998 do do do 1000 do do do 1002 do do do 1004 do do do 1006 do do do 1008 do do do 1010 do do do 1012 do do do 1014 do do do 1016 do do do 1018 do do do 1020 do do do 1022 do do do 1024 do do do 1026 do do do 1028 do do do 1030 do do do 1032 do do do 1034 do do do 1036 do do do 1038 do do do 1040 do do do 1042 do do do 1044 do do do 1046 do do do 1048 do do do 1050 do do do 1052 do do do 1054 do do do 1056 do do do 1058 do do do 1060 do do do 1062 do do do 1064 do do do 1066 do do do 1068 do do do 1070 do do do 1072 do do do 1074 do do do 1076 do do do 1078 do do do 1080 do do do 1082 do do do 1084 do do do 1086 do do do 1088 do do do 1090 do do do 1092 do do do 1094 do do do 1096 do do do 1098 do do do 1100 do do do 1102 do do do 1104 do do do 1106 do do do 1108 do do do 1110 do do do 1112 do do do 1114 do do do 1116 do do do 1118 do do do 1120 do do do 1122 do do do 1124 do do do 1126 do do do 1128 do do do 1130 do do do 1132 do do do 1134 do do do 1136 do do do 1138 do do do 1140 do do do 1142 do do do 1144 do do do 1146 do do do 1148 do do do 1150 do do do 1152 do do do 1154 do do do 1156 do do do 1158 do do do 1160 do do do 1162 do do do 1164 do do do 1166 do do do 1168 do do do 1170 do do do 1172 do do do 1174 do do do 1176 do do do 1178 do do do 1180 do do do 1182 do do do 1184 do do do 1186 do do do 1188 do do do 1190 do do do 1192 do do do 1194 do do do 1196 do do do 1198 do do do 1200 do do do 1202 do do do 1204 do do do 1206 do do do 1208 do do do 1210 do do do 1212 do do do 1214 do do do 1216 do do do 1218 do do do 1220 do do do 1222 do do do 1224 do do do 1226 do do do 1228 do do do 1230 do do do 1232 do do do 1234 do do do 1236 do do do 1238 do do do 1240 do do do 1242 do do do 1244 do do do 1246 do do do 1248 do do do 1250 do do do 1252 do do do 1254 do do

