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No. 22]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1860.

Vol 27

Scenes in the Life of a Showman.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A Showman meets with strange sites.—He sees human nature as she is, unmasked and without no close on, and he must be stoopier nor a dead kab boss, if he duzent stock his Branes with several kin's of nollage.

The undesigned wont Boste. I'm a American sinner. I go in for the fastfallin, snag-bit & full-mand skinner United States which runs herself, she duz, & and whose decks I was in as good's ather man, & freckly more so if he conducts himself strale. To use a Shakspearian frase, I'm native & to the mannere born, & don't want to put on airs simply becaws I've met with great success in the show perfeshun (which I've bin into goin on twenty-2 years) My worthy projnytors was unable to give me a cuspal eddycashon, & all I nose I picked up.

As I saled, as I saled, to kots from Capting R. Kidd, the seller-brated pirat. But thank Hev'n my sirc and dress gave me a good name, & I put with feelins of prid & pleasure to the fact, that son of our family was ever in Congress or on the New York perlice, or Arms hous Guvner.

The ensonin, sons in my chucked karer is respectfully submitted:

WIMIN'S RITES.

I pitch my tent in a small town in Injany one day last season, & while I was standing at the dore taking nunnies, a deppression of ladies came up & sed they was members of the Bankumvill Female moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Association, and they axed me if the cood go in without payin.

Not exactly, said I, but you can pay with out goin in.

Dew you know who we air? sed one of the wimin—a tall & ferous lookin critter with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm.

Dew you know who we air Sur.

My impresshon is, sed I from a karsery vew, that you air females.

We air Sur, sed the ferous woman,—we belong to Society which believes in razin her proper speer,—which believes she is indowed with much intellect & manly tytyty & thichin & spakins & votin for herself.

—which will resist henneth & forever the intermeddles of proud & dominicrin man.

Durin her discourse, the excentric female grabl me by the coat-kollar & was swingin her umbreller willy over my hed.

I hope marm, sez I startin back, that your intensions is honorable? I sue a lone man heart in a strange place, Besides, I've a wife to hum.

Yes, eride the female, & shes a slave!—Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tytyty & thichin & spakins & votin for herself? Doth she ever think of these here things.

Not bein a natral born fool, said I by this time a little riled, I kin safely say that she dothnot.

O what!—what! screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, O what is the price that woman pays for her sperance!

I don't know marm, sez I; the price to my show is 15 cents per individoual.

& can't our Society go in free? asked the female.

Not if I knew it, said I.

Crooll, crooll man! she eride, & bust into tears.

Wout you let my darter in? said another of the excentric wimin, takin me aloek shuntly by the hand. O, please let my darter in,—shes a sweet gushin child of nature.

Let her gush roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tagnal noncents: let her gush! Whereupon they all sprung with the simulantions oobarsashun that I was a Beest.

My female friends sed I, bet you leave, I've a few remarks to remark: was them wall. The female woman is I of the greatest insti-tuoshuns of which this land kin boote. Its responsible to git along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I shoold scarcely be wimin in my unparallelled show on this very horsephishin occashunn.

She good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman? I eride, my fellyns worked up to a hi pettic pitch, you air a angel when you behave yourself: but when you take off your proper apparal & (mettyfociously speaking) git into pantyloons—when you deart your fresides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites nosh-uns go round like roarin lions seekin whom you may devour sumbuddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil, & air an euafatic noosance. My female friends, I continued, as they was indignantly deparatin, w wall what A. Ward has sed.

A large number of vessels are fitting out at Yarmouth, N. S., for the fisheries.

Importance of Agriculture.

Agriculture has been amply styled "the nursing mother of all the arts." It is the basis, the soul of our national prosperity.—Commerce and manufactures conduce, in a great measure, to wealth; but the cultivation of the soil ever has been, and ever will continue to be, the fountain-head of the streams, of a country's resources.

There can be no strength in state, and no moral health among the people when the tillage of the land is neglected. We can date the decay of power and virtue of many nations from the decline of their agricultural industry. In Rome, for instance, when the wise policy of fostering agriculture was pursued, a healthful spirit prevailed the whole state. Then the laws were impartially administered, and justice done to all. Then labor was accounted honorable, and statesmen, and generals, and philosophers cultivated their farms with their own hands. It was then that from among the tillers of the soil arose a Regulus, a Cincinnatus, and an invincible soldiery. It was then that the "sevenhilled city" breathed defiance to her enemies, and caused nation after nation to yield to the resistless power of her legions, until the Roman eagle waved over the known world.

But when the largeness of corn were bestowed upon an idle populace, when agriculture was neglected, and war laid waste the fertile fields of Italy, then Roman virtue and Roman vigor fled. Soon intrigue, vice and venality took firm hold in the state, until finally the "pale mother of empires" was abandoned to her enemies, and palaces of the Cæsars echoed the tread of the victorious barbarian. History abounds in examples illustrative of the important fact, that the enduring greatness of a nation is mainly founded upon its agriculture, and rulers will do well to increase the prosperity of those who swing the scythe and hold the plow.

That country which does not possess within itself the means of affording subsistence to its own inhabitants, is, if we may trust the voice of experience, destined to sink to early ruin. National power based upon commerce alone, unsupported by a flourishing industry, which ministers to human wants and gratifications, must fall to the ground.—Merely commercial states, dependent upon contingencies for their very life-blood, and imbued with that spirit of speculation which tends to enervate the body and corrupt the mind, contain within their own bosoms the seeds of dissolution. Phœnicia, Carthage, Genoa, Venice, and Holland, of sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all bear witness to this fact. There is much truth in these verses of Goldsmith:—

"Trade's proud empire hates to swift decay, As ocean waves the faded laurel sweep; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

To her unsurpassed agriculture, England is most indebted for her support in the midst of those tremendous pressures which so often have threatened to crush her. It is the unparalleled cultivation of her soil that has enabled the British people, placed upon a rock-bound island, to excel the world in every article of fabric, to maintain an unrivalled navy, and plant their power in every quarter of the globe. Firm are the foundations of the strength of that nation, which in time of peace is nourished from the resources of its own industry, and in war can rely upon the strong arms and undaunted hearts of its yeomanry, to sustain its rights in the din of strife or in the roar of battle.

Never Just with Sacred Things.

Not long since I heard a Christian gentleman, while urging the impropriety of young men's entering even the vestibule of a church with lighted cigars, make use of this language: "These are a sort of burning and shining lights that I never wish to see in the courts of God's house."

Shortly afterwards I heard a minister, in a sermon on the Power of Christian Influence announce as his text the words of our blessed SAVIOUR concerning John the Baptist: "He was a burning and a shining light; and though the sermon was unusually solemn and impressive, moving me frequently during its delivery even to tears, yet as from time to time the Minister would repeat the words of the text, the ludicrous application I had so recently heard made of it would force itself upon my mind, making it difficult often utterly impossible, for me to bind myself down to the solemn sense in which the text was used by Him who "spoke as never man spake;" and by the effort required to do so, much of the beauty and harmony of the discourse was lost.

Such is doubtless often the effect of coupling some thoughtless jest with words of Scripture, and the result can be only evil. This practice is a criminal trifling with things sacred, and by implication at least, a daring impiety towards the Divine Being itself.—Let every approach to it be avoided, and whenever we take upon our lips the words of

Scripture let it be with reverence towards their Author, and fervent gratitude for the priceless boon granted us in this fountain of infinite wisdom and truth. Such emotions will nip in the bud any rising inclination to jest with God's word, and fit us alike to enjoy and profit by its sacred teachings.

From the Royal Gazette Extra

The following Despatch is published by direction of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor for the information of the Members of the Legislature and the Public:—

Downing Street, 19th April, 1860.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Despatch, No 31, of the 22nd March last, enclosing a Joint Address from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, praying that the Province of New Brunswick may be honored by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the Prince's intended visit to British North America.

I have laid this Address before the Queen and Her Majesty was pleased to receive very graciously the expressions of loyalty and attachment which it contains.

The Queen has commanded me to instruct you to assure the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, that it will afford the Prince of Wales great satisfaction to include New Brunswick in the tour which His Royal Highness is about to make through British North America, and that it was from the first intended that his visit should embrace all the Provinces of British North America.

I have, &c.

(Signed) NEWCASTLE. His Excellency The Hon. J. H. T. MAN-NERS-SUTTON, New Brunswick.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—It is a common remark with discerning travelers, who are either musical professors or amateurs, that no people possess so many musical instruments as the people of America. You can scarcely pass a house, in city, town, or village, without hearing the sound of the piano; the churches are supplied with organs; the farmer's cottage boasts its melodeon; the mechanic has his flute or violin; the apprentice has his accordion, or jews-harp; and yet, melancholy confession though it be, we are not possessed of music corresponding to all this show, or rather to all this noise. In other words, it may be said that we have "great cry, and little music." If ours were a nation measuring its progress by centuries, this might be alleged to our disadvantage. As it is, considering the youth of our prosperous republic; young not only in years, but young in high educational progress, with no leisure for the beautiful, with scarce time enough for the necessary; with forests to fell, rivers to bridge, rails to lay, ditches to dig, steamers to build, precious mineral wealth to search for, the products of all climates to cultivate and distribute; cities and towns to plan, and settle; new religious and political institutions to establish; inventions of every sort to study and apply; no miracle that we have not perfected ourselves in the highest arts.

Let us not, however, undervalue their importance, nor, like the Roman soldier, hardy by birth, poor by education, rough from choice, cast away, as valueless, the pearls Fortune throws in our path, while we board with eager thirst the leather bag which contained them.

Not to speak of Painting, of Sculpture, or Architecture; of Poetry, and of kindred art of every name; as regards music we need not fear. Musical enthusiasm is already ours, it only requires a proper direction. The very number of musical instruments among us is an earnest of what the future is destined to witness of progress in this exalting art, this divine science.

Of the grand structure which is now rising, the organ is a corner-stone. every piano a noble slab, each smaller instrument a brick; nay, even the apprentice's jews-harp a nail; all destined to take their place in the monument which is to honor American musical taste. Of this monument the foundations are broad, the several parts far separated, and the present aspect, as consists with this particular stage of erection, necessarily unsightly, but in the words of the song, "wait a little longer." Time will show whether musical apprentices and journeymen appreciate the craft they have adopted; and time will repay their faithful toil; and the work once completed, its fair proportions will attest their genius and their skill.

A QUAKER.—had his broad-brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a quagmire-looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him:—

"Art thou a profane lad?"

The youngster replied that he sometimes

did a little in that line. "Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thou may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents' worth."

POLICEMEN TURNING OUT TO BE PLUNDERERS.—Fourteen of the Police of the City of Boston have undergone examination upon a charge of being concerned in a series of burglaries in that City. It resulted in seven being discharged from the force, three suspended, and four exonerated. The following we clip from the Atlas & Bee:—

"The examination of those under arrest was commenced in the Mayor's private room before the Mayor, the Committee on Police, consisting of Aldermen Atkins, Amory, and Crane, Judge Wells of the Police Court, Mr. Coburn, Chief of Police, and Mr. Ham his deputy. The session extended from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Some of the scenes are reported as extraordinary. Accusations and recriminations were made and exchanged, leading to a supposition that the hall has not yet been told or hinted at even in rumors.—

There was a good deal of rough talk and no little shoulder hitting, in a verbal way. We regret that the sitting was a closed one, since much that was said would no doubt have been richly relished by the public.—

Perhaps, however, that it is quite as well. Men, when in the heat and tumult of passion, often give expression to what they would not do in cooler moments, and which they never fail to regret. The mode of investigation was somewhat after this style: Each officer was conducted to the room, informed of the charge against him, and allowed to make his own statement in relation to it. He was then confronted with Mr. Hutchins, and the latter allowed to interrogate him. These were followed by questions from the official investigators in chief. Many of the charges extended back several years, and related to pilfering from stores, or participation indirectly in such petty robberies. Some denied the charges entirely; others confessed to sundry iniquities. From these it appears that they have entered the stores of Messrs. John K. Rogers; Broadhead & Co. on Tremont street; Jackman & Merrill, Dock Square; Bean and Clayton; Merriam; Henry Atkins & Son, South Market street; Bates and Goldthwait; Coburn, on Court street; Lyman Tucker; Hopkins, &c., and took therefrom little articles, such as tea, cigars, sugar, boots, rum, &c.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long-lived. Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription:—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun."—This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30.—An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200.—Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

Now, I will not stop to suggest the cure for all these evils. I might say that the best cure for nervous species or nightmare horrors, is to get a light, or to look at something familiar and real; and the best cure for sceptic doubts is to look at the Bible itself.

BEAUTIFUL.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cusp by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back

in Alpine torrents. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our possession forever.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The Reciprocity Treaty will probably be brought to the attention of the House next week. It is said that the President and Secretary of the Treasury, together with a number of the members of Congress, are opposed to it. While it is charged that Canada has violated the spirit of the treaty, no complaint is made of the other British colonies, who are, equally with Canada, parties to the arrangement.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.—New York, May 18. The transfer clerk of the Pacific Mail Company is reported missing, and a default of the amount of \$50,000.

It gives us great pain to record the sudden death of the Hon. Hugh Bell, who departed this life a few minutes after 12 o'clock, noon, yesterday. This sad event took place in the Supreme Court Room, whither the lamented gentleman had been subpoenaed to give evidence in a case under trial, Barron v. Connor. Mr. Bell was in the enjoyment of his usual good health down to the very moment when the Angel of Death breathed upon him, when he passed away without a struggle or a groan.—[Halifax Chron., 17th inst.]

We announced a few days ago the receipt of a neatly printed volume entitled "Poems and Lyrics," by Wm. Murdoch, and have since scanned it more attentively.

The Author of these Poems is a native of Scotland, and has been a resident of this city for some years past. Although in humble circumstances, and obliged to toil with his hands for the support of his body, Mr. Murdoch has yet contrived to make good use of his brains, as the volume before us abundantly proves. His verses breathe the true spirit of poetry, and we trust will bespeak for the author that patronage of which he has proved himself so deserving. Like all true poets, Mr. Murdoch seems to retain a lively attachment to his fatherland. The "Verses suggested by the recollection of a Scotland Spring," and kindred pieces, are sweet and touching. His patriotism also finds vent in more heroic strains, while love and friendship possess a due share of the Poet's regards.—Politics, too, are handled with freedom that shows the Author to have been observant of local events during the period of his sojourn among us. In the "Two Owls" in imitation of Burns' "Two Dogs," he gives us a specimen of his ability to handle such subjects, cleverly hitting the Government for obviating the claims of a countryman of his own, who has done good service in assisting to introduce reform measures into the Province.—[New Brunswick.]

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

If you do not keep pride out of your soul and your out of pride, God will keep your soul out of heaven.—Dyer.

Sins are like circles in the water, when a stone is thrown into it; one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart murder was not far off.—P. Henry.

As even a watery mirror cannot wash from the countenance the speck, which reveals, if merely looked into, so a self-survey in the clearest sermon will neither erase the blemishes from your character, nor expell the sin-plague from your soul.

A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for a note from another lady, inquiring the way best remedy. The friend had just recovered to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—

"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

He that will not flee from the occasions and allurements of sin, though they may seem over so pleasant to the eye, or sweet to the taste shall find them in the end to be more sharp than vinegar, more bitter than wormwood, more deadly than poison.—B. ooks.

Advices from Peru state that the cities of Lima and Callao were badly damaged by an earthquake on the 22d of April. In the former city 257 buildings were damaged, involving a loss of a million dollars. The water-place near Lima, called Chorillo, was entirely destroyed. Many people were killed, and a very large number seriously injured.

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ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased and fitted the large and commodious HOUSE, at WATER AND FREDERICK STREETS, AS A

HOTEL.

The House will be opened for the reception of transient and permanent boarders on the 14th inst., and neither trouble or expense will be spared to render the establishment second to none in the town.

Meals furnished at any hour, and every attention paid to travellers.

The House is a short distance from the Steamboat Landing, and within a few minutes walk of the Railway Station.

A. KENNEDY.

St. Andrews, Feb. 28, 1859.

Just Received,

75 B. 20 Bags Yellow Corn Meal,

For sale by SLASON & RAINSFORD.

KEROSENE OIL.

For sale at the Union Store. This splendid

coal oil, gives a more brilliant light than any other, and is cheaper.

J. R. BRADFORD.

Feb. 2, 1860.

Goods in Store

10 Bbls Clear and Extra Mess Pork,

80 do superfine extra flour

12 do double extra do

9 Boxes saleratus

3 do W. L. Coffee 1 lb papers

2 do Tobacco

2 Chests London Congou

1 do Souchong

1 Box Colong

3 Bags Black Pepper

3 Bbls. Boiled and Raw Oil

12 Casks Whiting

12 Boxes Window Glass Assorted

5 do Woodstock Pipes

3 do T. D's

Candles, Soap, Starch &c.

In Bond.

12 Hbls. "Martell & Co." best Pale &

4 Or Casks "Best Brandy, Vin. 1857.

7 Hbls. "Best Pale Geneve.

6 Pipes "Best Pale Geneve.

3 Or Casks best Old Port Wine.

1 Hbl. "Old Sherry.

2 Or Casks "Old Sherry.

2 Puncheons best Mal Whiskey, &c. &c.

St. Andrews, March 28, 1859.

To let.

A SMALL Dwelling House and Barn with

Four Town Lots, apply to

may 4, '59. J. W. STREET

Notice.

THE Annual meeting of the shareholders in

the Union Store, will be held at the resi-

dence of the undersigned, at the Bay Side, on

Saturday 21st inst. at 2 o'clock p. m.

J. R. BRADFORD, Agent.

may 10, '59. 29119

TIMES

FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON.

A Capital, 250,000 Sterling.

THE Directors of this Company are men of the

first standing—and many of them of great

wealth. It has agencies in Great Britain, and Ire-

land, France, Holland, Germany, Prussia, Canada,

New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

This agency insures all descriptions of property

the lowest rates.

Claims paid promptly, without any deduction

whatever. Claims paid without reference to Law

don.

W. WHITLOCK,

Agent for St. Andrews.

BLACK SMITH WORK.

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to his

friends and the public generally that he has

commenced business in the Blacksmith line, in the

shop, at the head of E. & J. Wilson's Wharf,

where he will attend to all orders in his line, such

as Ship, Mill, and Agricultural work, together

with Horse-shoeing and general jobbing, and hopes

by attention to receive a share of patronage.

JOHN SHOOK

St. Andrews, Jan. 25, 1859.

House for sale.

THAT commodious House and Premises, at

present occupied by Wellington Hatch, Esq.,

corner of King and Park Streets. Possession given

1st May next. For terms, &c., apply at the stan-

dard Office.

E. WILLARD.

Sep. 7, 1859.

CARD.

DR. GIVE respectfully informs his friends

in the community, that he has removed to his

new residence near the Court House.

The shop will be continued, as at present, until

May next. Office hours in the same, from 9 A.M.

to 5 P.M. St. Andrews, Oct. 12, 1859.

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.

DIMENSION Timber, Scantling, Stud-

ding, Planks, Boards, Laths, and

Pickets, Furnishable to order, and at short no-

tice in this town. Apply to

JAMES BOLTON

Scrofula, or King's Evil.

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the

blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated,

weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it

permeates the whole body, and may burst out

in disease on any part of it. No organ is free

from its attacks, nor is there one which it may

not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously

caused by mercurial disease, low living, dis-

ordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth,

and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and,

above all, by the venereal infection. What-

ever be its origin, it is hereditary in the con-

stitution, descending "from parents to children

unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed,

it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I

will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon

their children."

Its effects commence by depuration from the

blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in

the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed

tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the

surface, eruptions or sores. This foul cor-

ruption, which gorges in the blood, depresses

the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitu-

tions not only suffer from scrofula, but com-

plaints, but they have far less power to with-

stand the attacks of other diseases; conse-

quently, vast numbers perish by disorders

which, although not scrofulous in their nature,

are still rendered fatal by this taint in the

system. Most of the consumption which de-

climates the human family has its origin directly

in this scrofulous contamination; and many

destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain,

and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or

are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous;

their persons are invaded by this lurking in-

fection, and their health is undermined by it.

To cleanse it from the system we must renovate

the blood by an alterative medicine, and in-

tervigate it by healthy food and exercise.

Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical

skill of our times can devise for this every-

where prevailing and fatal disease. It is com-

bined from the most active remedies that have

been discovered for the expurgation of this foul

disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the

system from its destructive consequences.

Hence it should be employed for the cure of

not only scrofula, but also those other affec-

tions which arise from it, such as Eruptions

and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Erys-

ipelas, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches,

Itch, and all the eruptions of the skin, and

all the diseases of the blood, and the cure of

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AMOS P. TAPLEY,

DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

No. 34 MILK STREET,

opposite Post Office, BOSTON.

Feb. 31, 1860.

FOR SALE.

A light RIDING WAGON, in good order.

Apply to C. E. O. HATHAWAY.

TO LET.

THAT superior stand for business

situated on the South Side of

the Market Square within ten feet from

the Railroad, and now occupied by

Mr. George McCulloch. Possession given on the

1st day of May for further particulars enquire

of the owner, JAMES BOYD.

St. Andrews, March 20, 1860.

AMOS P. TAPLEY.

HAS REMOVED TO

84 Milk Street,

(opposite Pearl Street), where he will keep a full

assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

at the lowest prices for cash or approved credit.

In particular, made solely and expressly for

him—

ESTES' THICK BOOTS, fully warranted; double

and Tap Sides; 14 to 17 inch legs.

FRENCH'S wide and full Custom-made Cal-

Kip, and Grain Boots.

FRENCH'S heavy Grain Fishermen's Boots.

HUNT'S fine Cal Boots.

Also, Women's, Misses' and Children's (Shoes,

of all kinds, adapted to New England trade.

All orders will have prompt attention.

LETTERS

REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE, St.

Andrews, 1st April, 1860. —

Byrnes, Matthew. McCrum William.

Beasley, Susan. McCarthy James.

Boden, Eliza. McFarlan Catherine.

Byrnes, G. Neale M. Elizabeth.

Connell, Patrick. Platt Mary Ann.

Greenlaw, Stephen. Richard on Mr. J.

Graham, David. Stevenson Andrew.

Hammond, Robert. Straehan Wm.

McFarlan, Daniel. Sibley Ben.

McDonald, William. Thompson Hugh.

McComick, Andrew. Taylor Joseph.

McDonald James. Wright Joseph Ann.

McDonald Duncan. Wright Rebecca.

McDonald Charles. West Thomas.

McDonald Murdoch. Withers Mrs. E.

McDonald Mrs. Donald. Withers Mrs. E.

Persons calling for any of the above

will please say "advertised."

G. F. CAMPBELL, P. M.

Boston and Saint John Steamers!

FIRST TRIP THIS SEASON!

'Eastern City' & 'Admiral'

STEAMERS "EASTERN

CITY," will leave Bos-

ton on the 9th March for

St. John, returning on THURSDAY MORNING,

22d March, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Steamer "ADMIRAL" leaves Boston 3d

April, for St. John, returning on Monday morn-

ing 9th April, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

W. WHITLOCK, AGENT.

St. Andrews, March 8th, 1860.

B. R. STEVENSON,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor.

Office—Green's building, opposite Post Office.

St. Andrews, July 13, 1859.

PROVISIONS

and Groceries.

No. 1 King Street.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces, that

he has retired the shop next the Allion

House on King Street, where he keeps for sale—

Provisions, Groceries, and Liquors, of the best

quality, and at the lowest prices.

He begs to return his thanks for the patronage

bestowed on him, and hopes to receive a continu-

ance of the same at his present place of business,

where he will be happy to wait on his customers.

Remember No. 1 King Street.

October 12. R. T. FITZSIMONS.

DR. PARKER,

Has removed his residence, to Mr. Williamson's

house, at the corner of Queen & Edward Streets,

near the Bank.

Office in the same place. [Jan 17]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having

been restored to health in a few weeks, by a

very simple remedy, after having suffered sever-

al years with a severe Lung Affection, and that