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[Vol 32]

## Poetry.

### NATURE'S WORSHIP.

The harp at Nature's advent strung,  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven  
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,  
As kneels the human knee,  
Their white locks bowing to the sand—  
The priesthood of the sea!

They poured their glittering treasures forth,  
Their gifts of pearls they bring,  
And all the listening hills of earth  
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar-curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,  
Or low with sounds of pain;  
The thunder organs of the cloud,  
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed  
The twilight forest grieves,  
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost  
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of the starry march,  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

### MY CONFESSION.

—OR—  
How I Made a Fool of Myself.

As I sat alone at breakfast I was somewhat surprised on receiving a most courteous and pressing invitation from my Uncle Jeremy to spend a short time with himself and family at his seat in Warwickshire, previous to my leaving England. The old gentleman and my father had been estranged from each other for many years, through some light family quarrel so that I had not seen my Uncle Jeremy, save on one occasion, since my boyhood.

In consequence of my father's death, I had been summoned from America, where I had been pushing my fortune, with success for a considerable time; and now, having settled my affairs, I was preparing to recross the Atlantic when my uncle's letter reached me.

My mother and an elder brother, with whom she now resided, were the only near relatives I had in London. Fred had long since settled down in the world with a good and kind wife; and well knowing that my mother would be sure to receive every attention under his roof, I cared little to remain in England a homeless bachelor, while anything in the shape of marriage was still further from my rambling thoughts. Of course my brother was extremely obliging, would do anything he could to serve me, and expressed himself open at any moment to stake a handsome wager that he could introduce me to at least half a dozen angelic creatures, the possession of any one of whom would prove a fortune in herself; but to all these generous offers I turned a deaf ear. Liberty was sweet, and I felt in no hurry to sacrifice it on the altar of Hymen. Not that I was a wild young gentleman, who did not care for the comforts and attractions of home, but I didn't wish to have the onus of a household thrust upon me so long as I felt happy and contented alone.

Six-and-twenty and alone! ha, ha! No one to bother and worry you—no shopping—no mid-summer and Christmas bills to meet. Short recreation and long friends—free as the air—capital! I rose from my chair, put my back to the mantle-piece, lit a cigar, and smoked away for a couple of minutes most furiously; then I consulted my watch, rang the bell, ordered a hansom, resolving to see my brother Fred before I accepted or declined my uncle's invitation.

Here is an unexpected epistle I received at my hotel this morning, Fred, and I want your advice upon it, said I, on entering his office.

What are you going to get married, after all? he asked.

Are you going to drown yourself, sir? said I. No, thank you, replied Fred, laughing. Well, then, said I, don't ask nonsensical questions. Uncle Jeremy has sent me a very polite invitation to spend a week or two with him in Warwickshire before I leave England, and I thought I would just run down and ask you what I should do in the matter.

Why, accept it, of course, said Fred. Well, but does it not seem strange? I asked; for I always thought that he and our father were never on very good terms.

No—they were not for many years, replied Fred; but matters were put right between them some time ago by Uncle Jeremy's apologizing, and otherwise behaving like a gentleman.

You never told me of that, Fred, said I. No, because I thought you would come to know all about it in due time. But I see here, Tom, continued my brother, returning the letter, he even offers his friendship, should you ever settle in England; and that should be something worth having, I can tell you.

Yes, doubtless it would, said I; but I've got a balance at my banker's, and can manage very well over the water. Besides, I don't think I should like to remain in England now that I've got so used to the Yankee fashions.

Boh, all bosh, Tom; you'd become an Englishman again in no time, rejoined Fred, smiling. Perhaps so, said I; but I doubt it. However, I'll follow your advice, and telegraph to Uncle Jeremy, saying I will be at Marston Hall to-morrow.

But won't you dine with us this evening? asked Fred. Oh, certainly, said I; at six, as usual? Yes, at six, he replied.

And we did dine at six, and a jolly evening we had; but, strange to say, not the least allusion was made to my intended visit to Uncle Jeremy's until I broached the subject myself by asking my brother if he thought I should enjoy the excursion, and what sort of people I might expect to meet there.

Well, not many of any sort, he replied; for I don't think they keep much company; but you will have a kind host and hostess, and their daughter Agnes (who will, I suppose, have to do duty), as your companion-in-chief.

Daughter Agnes! I exclaimed; why she was a mere child when I left England.

Quite true, Tom, continued my brother; but she's a woman now, and if I dare hazard an opinion, a very fine one, too. Then, glancing mischievously across the table, he added, but of course we take you to be proof against even feminine perfection itself.

At any rate, Fred, I observed, rather snappishly, I'm-proof against any assault from that quarter.

All right, Tom; only don't make a fool of yourself, that's all, said my brother.

No fear of that, I replied, now almost wishing I had declined the invitation.

Nothing more was said on the subject during the evening; and when I took leave of my brother and his family I immediately determined not to afford my fair cousin the least reason to suppose that I had come to Marston Hall with the intention of falling in love with her.

On my arrival at the railway station, where my uncle had promised to join me, I was disappointed at not finding him, and was about to hire a conveyance to carry me to my destination, when up dashed a park-phaeton, driven by a remarkably handsome young lady. She drew up hastily, and beckoned me toward her.

Mr. Lawson, I presume, said the lady. Yes, that is my name, I replied, bowing.

She at once introduced herself in the most unaffected manner, excused the absence of her father on account of indisposition, hoped I had enjoyed my journey, was very glad I had come, because they saw so little company, and in fact behaved herself just as though we had been long familiar to each other.

At length, after seeing my luggage all right, I took my seat, and then asked in the politest manner for permission to take the reins.

Oh no, thank you, cousin, she replied, with a provoking smile playing about her well-formed mouth. I am rather fond of driving; besides, you do not know the way as well as I do, and these ponies are apt to become restive sometimes; so I think I had better keep my post till we get home.

I merely bowed in acquiescence, though I did not exactly like her little speech; and the next moment we were going at a terrible speed along a broad, winding path, which led through an extensive park, beyond which, on a slight eminence, stood Marston Hall.

See, there's our house through the trees, right in front of us! It stands on a lonely spot, does it not? asked my fair companion.

Very secluded, I replied laconically, remembering the determination I had made about falling in love.

Well, we shall be there in a few minutes, said she; and I rejoice to think that, however fatiguing our drive may prove, you will not have exhausted yourself with conversation.

Hang it, thought I, this is downright impertinence! though I almost deserve it. By Jove! she takes things very coolly. However, I smiled, and said that I had been trying to take a flying glance at the splendid scenery.

She gave a low, short, merry laugh, as she replied; That's exactly what I've been doing, for want of other occupation; but at this speed one cannot observe much.

There you are right, said I; and if we were in any other place, we should certainly be fined for furious driving.

By the way, are you fond of riding? asked my cousin, abruptly.

Well—yes, said I, with some hesitation; but I am not a bold horseman.

I am sorry to hear that, she continued, with evident interest, for it's an exercise of which I am passionately fond. I delight in a good tight run across the country; for nothing raises my spirits so much. But see, papa is looking at us through the dining-room window, and John is waiting to take charge of the ponies; so you must be ready to alight at the instant I stop.

In another minute my eccentric, not to say incomprehensible cousin did stop, and I alighted as quickly as possible, but not without nearly losing my balance, and wondering what could be the meaning of such unseemly haste.

Throwing the reins to the servant, my cousin followed me, but with such agility that I scarcely noticed the places which fell upon me from her laughing blue eyes, but stood before the entrance to the fine old mansion, expecting to have the pleasure of giving her my hand.

Why did you not permit me to assist you? I asked. Simply because I made up my mind some time ago never to give any gentleman more trouble than I could help, she replied, with a peculiar smile.

As she finished speaking the door opened, and Uncle Jeremy, his venerable physiognomy beaming with kindness and good humor, came forward to meet us, giving me a hearty welcome to Marston Hall. Feeling, however, dissatisfied with my cousin, I took the earliest opportunity of retiring to my room, as much to collect my scattered thoughts as to dress for dinner.

She's a strange, unaccountable girl, thought I, surveying the neat and elegant chamber which had been prepared for my reception; but I am as to-morrow at finding her so masculine and unattractive in her manners and behaviour. Why, upon my conscience, she deports herself more like a young fox-hunter than a gentleman's daughter.

Then I stood gazing at the beautiful view before me, stretching far away as the eye could reach, and finally dismissing my cousin from my thoughts, with the consoling reflection that the chances were very remote of my ever falling in love with one who appeared to delight more in manly sports than womanly duties.

Soon after dinner my uncle related the cause of his long estrangement from my father and the manner in which they became reconciled, concluding with an expression of sincere regret that the misunderstanding had not been assigned to oblivion long before; and however much I felt inclined to find fault with the odd ways of my cousin, I could not help admiring my uncle's candor and good feeling. In fact, I dismissed the subject from my mind, and did not reread the conviction that, like most other family jars, there had been faults on both sides.

I had now been a guest at Marston Hall nearly three weeks, during which time I had made myself familiar with the surrounding country, invariably joining my cousin in her long riffs, drives, and wild, out-of-the-way rambles, and, strange to say, the first few days sufficed to make us tolerably good friends. For I soon discovered that she by no means answered my first description, but, on the contrary, possessed many good qualities, which, as I am of all my bachelor prejudice, I could not help approving, though I could never find courage enough to indicate such approval in words, until I so far forgot myself as to express my surprise, in a bantering tone, that so accomplished and delightful a companion had not a host of bachelors sighing at her feet.

Sir, she exclaimed, in a voice and with a glance that made me decidedly uncomfortable, I do not like trifling. It is wrong and foolish in our sex, but in yours it is simply undeniable. Flirting is not and never can be love. I might, indeed, have many admirers, like other young ladies of my acquaintance, but I do not want them.

No, cousin, when I acknowledge an admirer, the feeling must be mutual.

—If I have offended you, my dear cousin, said I, surely you will not refuse your forgiveness? You have not offended me, she replied; only I wish you to understand that I feel strongly and think deeply on the subject of your remarks, and therefore cannot suffer the

advances of lovers whom I can neither respect for their wisdom, nor esteem for their goodness. Then, in a light, satirical tone, she added: But, in truth, I do not think I shall accept any offer, however tempting, for a long time yet. I love my own way, cousin. I like liberty and independence. In short, I am such an odd, queer person, so very unaccountable in my conversation with young gentlemen, that I verily believe sometimes that I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure, of dying an old maid.

On hearing this confession I laughed outright.

Of course you may laugh, said I, and so may I, but that won't increase my prospects of marriage, she added, smilingly.

Indeed Fred was right, thought I; she really is a splendid girl. I felt my love of bachelorhood growing less. Now if she were only tender, delicate, and sympathizing at home instead of being so partial to horses, I would almost forswear my determination not to make a fool of myself. But why I should I give way to such nonsense? I'll think no more about her.

Hallo! cousin, have you fallen into a brown study, admiring the colour of your nag? said my companion with one of her short merry laughs.

No—that is—I was just absent for the moment, I stammered out.

Doubtless present in spirit with some fair but distant object, she observed, again laughing louder and more merry than before.

This thrust roused me thoroughly, and perceiving that my companion was bent upon trying to get me into an ill humor with myself, I resolved to tell a fib, and nip her project in the bud.

No, you are quite mistaken, cousin, said I, very gravely; for I was just then thinking of the advisability of returning to London.

Well, then, I beg to inform you, in the plainest possible terms, that you are extremely unkind in allowing such an idea to enter your mind, she replied, in a half-offended and half-playful tone; and then, as if desirous of avoiding pursuing the subject further, she continued: But come, we shall never get back to the Hall at this pace. Here is a nice little run right before us. Don't be afraid of the fence; it isn't much, and your horse has gone over it often. And away she went at a flying gallop.

I followed as she cried: Keep well up, cousin—I've improved wonderfully. I did keep as well up as I could; but, on leaping the fence, my horse stumbled, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay insensible on the ground, but I do know that the accident proved a serious one.

Many hours elapsed before I recovered consciousness, and on opening my eyes I found myself in—Marston Hall, feeling very weak, with an indistinct recollection on my brain of a long but painful dream. As I lay gazing at the various objects around me I could scarcely believe that I was under my uncle's roof, there seemed to be a deathlike stillness reigning over the whole household. I listened for some time, but could not hear the least indication of either life or motion, and was beginning to get weary of my oppressive loneliness, when a slight rattling noise near the door of the apartment arrested my attention. Then I imagined I could hear the subdued accents of a low, sweet voice, and in another moment the door opened slowly, and my Cousin Agnes stood before me, fairer and lovelier than I have ever seen her before, her handsome features now saddened with an expression of deepest sympathy, her whole manner so changed, that I looked upon her as some sweet ministering angel. I made an attempt to speak, but she raised her hand, and motioned me to keep silent.

You have been ill, cousin, very ill, she said in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper, and now you must keep perfectly quiet. Tomorrow, perhaps, you will be much better, and then you can speak to me, but not now. I have been anxiously waiting until you awakened that you might take some refreshment which I have prepared for you; but I must beg your promise not to think about anything until you feel quite well again.

I motioned obedience, and with a faint and grateful smile she withdrew as noiselessly as she came.

Many a long day and weary night elapsed before I recovered from the dreadful shock my system had received. Many times I listened eagerly, during my long illness, for my kind and lovely nurse, and every time she came I seemed to acquire fresh strength and energy to bear the bodily pain I was compelled to suffer.

At length I found myself sufficiently strong to read and walk within doors, and the recollection of the happy days I passed as a willing invalid at Marston Hall repays me now a hundred fold for my sufferings.

Well, I regained my wonted health at last, but I do not desire to return to London. In short there was something that would keep flashing through my mind, making my heart beat quicker than usual, especially when I thought of being with my cousin.

I became dull, listless, and almost, a change which my Cousin Agnes was not long in observing, and calling me to task for; but instead of giving

ing a rational explanation of the cause of my moodiness, I told her if she would join me in a ramble through the park the following day, I would then and there make a very important confession.

Confession! she echoed. Nay, I don't want to be made acquainted with your wicked doings; but, if it is anything that annoys you, and I can help you to get rid of it—

My cousin is not one of wickedness—

—said I, eagerly interrupting her; and you can, if you will, help me out of the trouble.

Very well then, said she, smiling; provided you do not ask me to do anything repugnant to my conscience, I promise you my help. But, cousin, she added, speaking very deliberately, why delay your statement until tomorrow? There is no time like the present especially for penitent people; so if you will graciously reveal what it is that weighs upon your mind, I will listen to it with most exemplary patience.

I looked at her a moment and then replied: No cousin, not now. It is not a trifling matter I wish to speak of, but one that involves the happiness of two lives.

Indeed! she exclaimed in a slightly altered tone, while I could detect a sudden flush on her low half-averted cheek.

Courage! I whispered to myself. Now is the time to ascertain my fate. Then, seizing her hand with passionate tenderness, I said, Cousin Agnes—dearest Agnes—you will not deny me the pleasure of calling you by that sweet name? Nay, turn not from me, I continued, as she made a desperate effort to release her hand, until I have told you how deeply, fondly truly I have loved you, how, day after day, I have seen your goodness and worth. Oh! do not then plunge me into utter despair by rejecting the offer I now make of my love, my devotion—of the most precious gift man can give to woman, and which even you have already taken from me—my heart.

I paused but my companion did not speak. I gazed intently into her innocent eyes, and there I read her verdict. I was made happy for the remainder of my existence.

But said my beloved Agnes, speaking very solemnly, and looking quite distressed, I thought you had better consider your words: for I am afraid—

Afraid—of what dearest? I asked interrupting her.

That you have—

Good gracious! tell me, I again exclaimed, what have I done?

—Made a fool of yourself! she replied with a merry twinkle in her eye.

I saw through the mystery in a moment. Fred's wife had informed my cousin of the conversation which took place between Fred and myself on the evening previous to my coming to Marston Hall. So I laughed, and Agnes laughed, and then we both laughed together, until the joke had been heartily appreciated on both sides.

And now it only remains for me to add that I did not leave England; that shortly after I had put the question to my Cousin Agnes—brother Fred and his family were summoned to Marston Hall, where a very happy wedding took place; and when my brother had reminded me of what I had done in the way of making a fool of myself, I told him I did not care so long as I felt convinced that I had shown nothing but sound sense in wooing, winning and wedding my odd but good and loving Cousin Agnes.

A COLORED HUSBAND.—Even the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white savans of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside of the porch of an A 1 meeting house, the sexton, colored, approached respectfully, and said: Will you have a seat, Sah? Happy to show you to one, Sah. Plenty seats this morning, Sah.

No thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?

That, Sah, is the Rev Dr. —

Fine preacher, isn't he?

Well, Sah, peoples has different notion 'bout preachers.

But he seems quite animated?

Yes, Sah; consider ble animated. And appears to have talent?

Well, Sah, as I said afore, peoples has such different notions 'bout preachers. Duh's some dat thinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a fair man, Sah—a fair man but not of de prima facie class. He's a good man, Sah, a well meaning man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, Sah. —Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for June.

The war between San Salvador and Honduras is ended. San Miguel has been captured by the allied rebel forces of Honduras.

The Sons of the British members of the Joint High Commission met and giving a ball in Washington.



TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Belleville, May 17.  
Miss Mapperson with her batch of 150 juvenile emigrants, arrived here on the midnight express, and were at once taken to Marchmont. The boys will be distributed on farms in this and the adjoining counties, and the girls, about 50 in number, will be adopted as domestics in private families.

Versailles, May 21.  
The Versailles forces entered Paris at four o'clock this afternoon. The entrance was effected simultaneously at the gate of St. Cloud and the gate of Montrouge.

The insurgents have abandoned the ramparts.

A circular from Thiers confirms the report of the entrance into Paris. It says: "The Gate of St. Cloud having been battered down, the Douai rushed in, Generals Ladmirault and Cluseret, are preparing to follow."

Douai's men held their position in St. Cloud Gate, where they cut the telegraph wire communicating with the other portions of the "entree."

At Antwerp two regiments entered and proceeded beyond the limit of circular railway, meeting with feeble resistance.

Gen. Cisey reports that Malakoff and Fort Montargis have been abandoned by the insurgents, and will soon be occupied by his command.

Ottawa, May 20.  
Dr. Smallwood and Dawson had an interview with Minister of Marine and Fisheries with a view to extend system of weather reports and storm signals, now in use in the United States, to Canada and Maritime Provinces. Measures will be taken at once to adopt it, and lighthouses will be used as stations. The cost will not exceed \$4,000 per annum.

Fencing is making preparations to start 12 parties with provisions and equipment to convenient points on route of Pacific survey. There will be over three hundred men engaged on the expedition.

St. John is expected to arrive here on Tuesday.

New York, May 20.  
The English members of the High Commission expect to sail for home next Wednesday.

The Treaty is still under consideration by the Senate in secret session.

The improvement of the Tribune correspondent for telegraphing the treaty in advance of its authorized publication, is generally disapproved by the press.

Gold 117 7/8.

The Washington Treaty.

Washington, May 21.  
If a correspondent can indulge conjectures about the treaty of Washington, which is supposed to be under consideration by the Senate in executive session, without putting his personal liberty in jeopardy, I will express my belief that the treaty will be ratified without more than eight negative votes. It is also reasonable to think that the friends of Gen. Schenck in the Senate will endeavor to accomplish this result on, if not before, Tuesday night, so that the General can take it with him when he sails on Wednesday. But neither Mr. Davis or Mr. Casserly have as yet publicly stated that they have spoken on the treaty, so it may not be possible to arrive at a final vote until Wednesday or Thursday.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION LAW.—Here is the way they compel the people to educate their children in the States, where the schools are unsectarian. The Legislature of Michigan has enacted a stringent compulsory Education Law. It provides that every parent, guardian, or other person in the State, having control and charge of children between the ages of 8 and 14 years, shall be required to send them to a public school for a period of at least 12 weeks in each school year, at least six weeks of which shall be consecutive. Children may be excused from such attendance by the Board of the School District in which the parents or guardians reside, upon their being shown that the child's bodily or mental condition has been such as to prevent its attendance at school or application to study for the period required, or that the child is taught in a private school, or at home, in such branches as are usually taught in primary schools, or has already acquired the ordinary branches of elementary taught in the public school.

The Postal Cards have proved a success in Great Britain, the circulation amounting to a million a week. In the United States they are popular for a similar system; and there is no reason why Canada should not after a time enjoy equal privileges with their friends at home—that of sending a letter throughout the Dominion for one cent. True, there is some little drawback in the fact that the epistles must be open; but for trade circulars and general business communications this is no objection, and even for private subjects there is no greater objection to it than telegraphing when the messages are read at each end of the wire.

SMALL POX.—Two new cases of small pox were reported yesterday, one on Brussels street and one on Patrick street. The number of cases now in the city is said to be nine. It was rumored that the disease had made its appearance in Mrs. McParland's Boarding House on Britain street, but a visit from Dr. Travis to the premises seemed it to be incorrect. [Daily News.]

PROPOSED CLUB HOUSE.—We learn that it is in contemplation to start a Club House in St. John similar to those existing in other large cities. The names of some of our most influential merchants are mentioned as moving in the matter. [Ibid.]

Miss Angela Georgiana Burdett Coutts, the London banker, has accepted a peerage with the title of Baroness Coutts.

A number of roughs joined a spring picnic party from Quincy, Ill., drew water, and nine of their number were seriously poisoned, five of whom are not expected to live.

The surviving parties on the Inter Oceanic Railway are to start in about a fortnight.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co.

Are our sole agents in that city, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, MAY 24, 1871.

Business and Improvements.

While noticing the many business and improvements at the South End, in our issue of the 10th, we omitted to notice that a large freight house is in course of erection on the new Steamboat Landing, for the accommodation of the large and increasing freight passing over the Railway.

A large amount of work is being daily carried on at the Railway Depot. In addition to the Machine Shop, where repairs is done to the Locomotives, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Armstrong, the efficient Locomotive Superintendent, we may mention that the Engine "Shamrock" was recently rebuilt and is now running over the road. A new car shop is in course of erection and ere many weeks elapse will be ready for occupation. This department will be under the direction of Mr. Ferguson, the painter of the "Monitor cars" now running on the E. & N. A. Railway and extensions.

A new branch of business has been started near Mr. Kennedy's premises, by Mr. James Rowland, termed a "wool polling" establishment, where some thousands of Sheep and Lamb skins may be seen in preparation to have the wool removed from them, washed and assorted for market.

Coming further up Water Street among other improvements we notice that Capt. S. Maloney is building a large L. to his dwelling for dormitories, dining room and kitchen.

Messrs. Odell & Turner's addition to their establishment will be soon ready for use, when it is said they intend to add a new branch to their large and increasing trade.

Messrs. Robinson & Glentworth, wholesale Flour and Provision Store next above, has lately been enlarged, and a new extension from the Railway built to their wharf, where sleepers and other lumber is shipped without extra handling or expense of truckage. We understand that this enterprise is being extensively engaged in a Wholesale Flour, Provision and grocery business, as well as shipping longland short lumber. We find on reference to the Customs returns that they have shipped since the season opened 250,000 Sleepers, 2000 poles and cargo of long lumber.

Mr. Donahue's new building on Frederic Street is progressing, and will be quite an addition to the block on which it stands. Mr. O'Neil has repaired and painted the old Waver Property on the corner next above Mr. Donahue's, and it is now ready for a tenant.

Mr. Streets Store on Water Street, has been newly painted, giving it a light and pleasing appearance.

The Railroad Hotel, kept by Mr. Clark, has been newly painted and papered, and we learn its proprietor is doing a good business. In connection with the Hotel is a large Livery Stable where horses and carriages may be had, for pleasure or business, with or without drivers. There is a Coach also belonging to the establishment which plies to the Steamers and Cars on their arrival and departure. This comprises most of the recent improvements at the Southern end of the Town, where the principal shipping business is done.

The new establishment started by Mr. W.D. Hart, for the purpose of preparing and canning Lobsters for the European market, is also worthy of notice. Mr. Hart has already expended a large sum of money in erecting workshops; he has something like eighteen hands at work, three of whom are can makers, and who use up a large quantity of sheets of tin; and his expenses daily amount to a considerable sum as he has none other than competent men in his establishment. There will ere long, be employment for girls in the business; at present it is only in its commencement, with all its complex operations, is for the first time laid open and explained for the benefit of general readers. While the author, Colonel Thorpe, has treated the subject comprehensively and accurately, he has also indulged himself in his happiest vein of humor; and his interesting and valuable contribution is abundantly illustrated with truthful and well executed engravings.

"Along the Florida Reef," by Dr. J. B. Holder, is still described, with its entertaining and instructive description, supplemented by numerous illustrations. The concluding paper of this series will be published in the July number; with numerous other interesting articles, among them valuable historical contributions.

President Corcoran has raised a forced loan of \$30,000 at Panama in a rather novel manner. He invited a number of the wealthiest native citizens to a meeting—ostensibly to discuss the best means of placing the Government in funds. Once met, he placed soldiers at the doors of the Cabildo, with orders to allow no one out of the building. He then informed the gentleman present that circumstances over which he had no control compelled him to adopt this extreme step, and to retain them all under guard until they made up \$30,000. This was of course expressed at this demand, and some suggested a unanimous refusal to pay a cent.

best qualified officers in the Dominion. We give the opinion as it was privately expressed to us by an Officer and gentleman who stands justly at the head of his profession.

RETURNED.—The Hon. B. R. Stevenson, Sur. Genl. and R. Robinson, Esq., M.P.P., returned from their Legislative duties last week.

We are happy to report that Mr. A. D. Stevenson, who has been seriously ill for some weeks is recovering, but is still confined to his room.

SMALL POX.—Several vessels from Europe, the West Indies and the Southern States, which have arrived in the United States and British Provinces have had one or more cases of Small Pox on board. The Boston Board of Aldermen have taken the precaution to order that all vessels from any port in Europe, the Western, Madeira, Canary, or Cape de Verde Islands, the Mediterranean, West Coast of Africa, or around Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, Bahama or Bermuda Islands or South America, must lie at Quarantine, until they receive written permission of the Port Physician, for which they will have to pay the usual fee.

[From the "St. Croix Courier," May 4.]

"A Meeting of the sporting gentlemen of St. Stephen was held in Vaughan's Hall on Monday evening last for the purpose of forming a Base Ball Club. Necessary preliminaries were satisfactorily adjusted, and the following officers were appointed: His Hon. Judge Stevens, President; Rev. J. E. Hopper, (Baptist Church), First Vice Pres.; James Mitchell, Esq., Second Vice Pres.; William Vaughan, Esq., Treas.; James G. Stevens, Jr., Esq., Sec.; Geo. P. Miller, Esq., Cap. of the Field; and Moses A. McFarlane, Cameron H. Moore, M. McGowan and L. Street, Committee of Management. The Club will meet to-night (Thursday) in Vaughan's Hall at 8-12 p.m."

[From the "Standard," May 10.]

"A Base Ball Club has been established at St. Stephen, with Judge Stevens as President, the Rev. Mr. Hopper as First Vice President, and other gentlemen of position. They evidently regard the development of the physical system as tending to promote morality and order."

[From the "St. Croix Courier," May 18.]

"The St. Andrews 'Standard' informs its large circle of readers that a base ball club has been formed in St. Stephen, and in the most unwarrantable manner, uses the names of some of our most respectable citizens in connection with same. The 'Standard' is just as untruthful in this instance as it was last winter when it stated that teams were travelling on the ice between St. Stephen and the Ledge. When will our venerable contemporary cease misrepresenting our town and people? Base Ball indeed! Base insinuation!"

[We leave it to the Public to judge who was guilty of untruthfulness. We unfortunately copied the information from the "Courier" of the 4th in our issue of the 10th. BASE indeed must be that member of the "Courier's Staff," who uttered an untruth, which was copied by other journals besides our own, and then endeavored to foist his baiting on innocent parties. "Base insinuation" truly. Better for him to stick to his text, and practice what he enforces, or better still, renew his application"—indefinitely.

We understand that the report circulated that Mr. Gough was offered the office of Provincial Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, is a sheer piece of humbug, something similar to the report that he was offered a seat in the Legislative Council. It is not unlikely that Mr. Gough himself participates to some extent in these canards. Governments are made and unmade and projected changes foreshadowed over a quiet rubber of whist, &c., &c. When Mr. Gough takes office it will be as leader of a new Government at some future time.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The June number of Harper's Magazine, commencing the Forty-third Volume, opens with a brilliant poem by Mr. William Allen Butler, the author of "Notings to Wear." The poem is entitled "General Average," and effectively portrays two characters not uncommon in mercantile life—those of a Yankee merchant, Principles, and a Jew, of the firm of Moses & Brodier, in "Second-hand Square" and shows that even in cunning a Jew may receive a lesson from a shrewd Gentile. The illustrations are as characteristic as the poem itself, and the latter is likely to be as popular as "Notings to Wear," which was originally published in Harper's Weekly, fourteen years ago.

In this number the New York Custom-house, with all its complex operations, is for the first time laid open and explained for the benefit of general readers. While the author, Colonel Thorpe, has treated the subject comprehensively and accurately, he has also indulged himself in his happiest vein of humor; and his interesting and valuable contribution is abundantly illustrated with truthful and well executed engravings.

"Along the Florida Reef," by Dr. J. B. Holder, is still described, with its entertaining and instructive description, supplemented by numerous illustrations. The concluding paper of this series will be published in the July number; with numerous other interesting articles, among them valuable historical contributions.

President Corcoran has raised a forced loan of \$30,000 at Panama in a rather novel manner. He invited a number of the wealthiest native citizens to a meeting—ostensibly to discuss the best means of placing the Government in funds. Once met, he placed soldiers at the doors of the Cabildo, with orders to allow no one out of the building. He then informed the gentleman present that circumstances over which he had no control compelled him to adopt this extreme step, and to retain them all under guard until they made up \$30,000. This was of course expressed at this demand, and some suggested a unanimous refusal to pay a cent.

but by evening Corcoran held promissory notes for the amount required, and the lenders returned to their homes. President Corcoran intends with this money to purchase arms and artillery in the United States, and the Governor of Panama, Senor Losa, has gone to New York to buy them.

Private letters from Buenos Ayres received in New York say the deaths average 700 per day. When the disease broke out, there were 200,000 people in the city, and of these 120,000 had fled to the country, where they were camped in tents, or lodging as best they could in the huts and houses of the poor farmers. The rainy season had just set in and the suffering was very great among the fugitives. Among the prominent natives who have died are, D. Francisco Lopez Tones, editor of the Discussion, who had previously seen his father, sister and cousin die, and Dr. Jose Bayne Perez, who fell a sacrifice in his zeal in behalf of the sick. The necessity for pecuniary relief is very great, as many of those who have died were heads of families, and hundreds, if not thousands, have been left in destitute circumstances.

There is some opposition at Washington to the provision of the treaty referring to the San Juan question to the Emperor of Germany. The recent report of his indisposition, he being an old man, suggests that in the event of his death Frederick William would succeed to the throne and thus take the place of his father as arbitrator. Should the question not be settled during the present Emperor's lifetime, this arrangement of the Joint High Commission is considered unfortunate in view of the fact that the Prince married Victoria Adelaide, daughter of the Queen of England.

News from Paris.

The monotonous news from the scene of the French fratricidal strife, only broken up by occasional announcements of skirmishing and acts of lawlessness on the part of the insurgents within the walls of Paris, styling themselves Communists, has at last been broken by intelligence of a very exciting character. It is of no less moment than the entry of Paris by the Government forces, under command of Gen. Douai. The despatches affirm that the entrance was effected at two points simultaneously—the gate of St. Cloud and the gate of Montrouge, in the southerly portion of the city. That this news is substantially reliable seems in every respect probable, a despatch from official sources at Versailles confirming the first reports. The final struggle within the walls may be a desperate one, but once within the city there seems little room for doubt that the Versailles forces will soon have matters entirely within their own control. If this success of the Government troops will hasten the cessation of hostilities, and bring order out of this anarchy—the news will be good news indeed, and will be hailed with delight by every one. This is the opinion of the leading men.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTH DAY.—The Battery fired a Salute at noon, from Tipperara. The display of hunting was by no means profuse.

The "Union Advocate" of Newcastle, has commenced to abuse Mr. Hutchinson and glorify Mr. Mitchell—all of which goes to prove that the latter intends to resign his seat in the Senate at an early day, and try to enter the Lower House. The fact is, he is without influence in the Parliament, and his name as a member of the Government is nearly run—His only chance is in the Commons. So says the "Evening Globe," and in the classic language of one of the members of the Legislature, we add "ditto."

THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS.—Earl de Grey and his co-commissioners intended to have sailed for England on the 24th, but as there is little prospect of the Senate getting through its consideration of the Treaty for a fortnight they will be unable to get away, although Earl de Grey is extremely anxious to get home that he may defend his course before Parliament, where a strong opposition to the provisions of the Treaty has sprung up.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE for June.—Ballou's Magazine for June has appeared with a list of contents which tempt the most indifferent of literary epicures. There are some twenty six articles, some of them illustrated. The principal story is "The Old Clerk's Secret," written by Levi Bardsley, Esq., a late special agent of a Washington department, and who has produced a thrilling story, full of incident and plot of Washington life. The following is a list of the other articles:—The new King and Queen of Spain, Madrid and its People, Scenes of the Revolution, Neuchatel, Switzerland; The Wounded Indian, The Harlem Bridge, Odessa, Russia; A Leap in the Dark, The Coquette, Tired, The Flower of the Family; and several others, with humorous illustrations. Terms \$1.50 per year. Address Thomas & Talbot, 63 Congress Street, Boston.

The question to reduce the Ocean postage to one penny, as on land in Great Britain—was lately the subject of debate in the British Parliament. Although there was a strong party and many sound arguments in favor of it, the Gladstone ministry opposed and defeated it.

The election in Nova Scotia it is said, resulted in favor of the Government—the opposition however has been increased very considerably.

The Rev. J. R. Strang died at Macnaquack on Sunday morning, 14th instant. For some time previous to his death his health had been failing. A widow and four children mourn their loss. [Farmer.]

DIED.

On Saturday, the 20th instant, after a tedious illness, ANNE, the beloved wife of ALFRED T. PAUL, Esquire, Sheriff of Charlotte, and youngest daughter of the late Peter Clinch Esq., in the 55th year of her age. [Funeral this day (Wednesday) at 4 p.m.]

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

May 17, schr Live Oak, Fuller, Red Beach, Plaster, R Ross.

19, Matilda, Simson, St Stephen, Molasses &c, J R Bradford and others.

Live Oak, Fuller, Calais, 50 tons plaster, R Ross.

20, Clara, Clark, Boston, balst, R Ross.

CLEARED.

May 17, schr Harriet, Sherchan, Portsmouth 2,000 sleepers, R Ross.

Sagu, May 2.—Fr's Bachelier, Carlow, loading for Baltimore.

Pooleland, May 22, old.—Brig Florence, Waycott, St. Andrews.

New York, May 22, arrd.—schr Evelyn, St. George. Cleared.—18th, Ben Bolt, St. George, Eugene, for St. Stephen.

Executors Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of Robert T. Fitzsimons, late of St. Andrews, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

SETH WHITLOCK, Executor.

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED, a Second Class Teacher, for the Roman Catholic School, St. Andrews. One qualified and who can come well recommended may apply to Rev. R. VERIKER, St. Andrews, May 24, 1871.

Sugar & Molasses.

Ex "Rapid" from Barbados via St. John: 20 Hums Muscovado Molasses, 8 Choice do Sugar. May 23. J. W. STREET.

Spring Importation.

MAY 1 1871.

Ex the "Yasa" from Liverpool, and "Choice" from London, via St. John.

50 Cases Old Tom, Glen, over & pint flasks, 60 do best Scotch & Irish Whiskey &c, 20 Cr. Casks best Scotch and Irish Malt Whiskey.

3 Hbds. Alloupe's best Dranght Ale, 25 Bbls do Bottled do, 12 cases "Guinness" Extra Stout Porter, 70 Bbls Bridges' London Brown Stout Porter and Pale Ale.

8 Hbds Brander Bros' best Linned Oil, 30 Cwts do do best White and coloured Paints, 1 cask best Putty.

6 Hbds Best Pale Sherry, 12 qr. casks and Marsale Wine, 20 Hbds "J DeKuyper & Son's" best, 200 cases Pale Geneva.

To arrive from Charante and Delfshaven, 40 Hbds "Martell, Hennessy, and V. G. Co" Brandy, 600 Cases do do, 40 Hbds "J H Henke's", 25 qr. casks Best Pale Geneva, 300 cases 4 o. p. O. L. Proof.

St. Andrews. J. W. STREET.

CONGOU TEA.

Ex "Trojan" from London. 60 Chests & Half Chests good Congou Tea. April 29, 1871. J. W. STREET.

New Brunswick, &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, or any Constable within the said County, Greeting: WHEREAS Douglas Wetmore, Administrator of the Estate of Abraham J. Wetmore deceased, hath by his Petition bearing date the twenty fourth day of April instant, represented that the personal estate of the deceased which has come to his hands, is deficient for the payment of debts owing by the said Estate, and hath prayed that Licence may be granted to him to sell such part of the Real Estate of the said deceased, as may be required for that purpose.

You are therefore required to cite the Heirs at Law of the said Abraham J. Wetmore, and all there interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probates to be held at the Office of the Registrar of Probates at Saint Andrews, in the said County, on Friday the Nineteenth day of May next, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the consideration of the said Petition, and the granting (if deemed advisable) of such Licence.

(—) Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 25th day of April 1871. S. H. WHITLOCK, GEO. D. STREET, Registrar Probates, Judge of Probates, Charlotte County.







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