

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

8 VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM. - Cic.

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Vol 35

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEB. 5, 1863.

No 6

Porty.

Selected for the Standard.

THANK GOD I AM A BRITON!

The Nelson's name hath fled
Like a flame along the deep,
Where the old hero died,
In their ocean glory sleep!
No!—where oppression raves,
Still that flag the battle waves,
And Britannia rules the waves—
As of yore!

For freedom long she led,
And her treasure wildly cast;
Till slavery bowed its head,
As her Victor pennant passed;
And the chains of Africa fell at her decree!
While the shouts of millions broke
From oppressions shattered yoke,
As Britannia bravely spoke—
Ye are free!

The vain ambitious care
Shall find his schemes are o'er,
When our gallant fleet of war
Sleeps in power from sea and shore,
And Sebastopol's wide towers really flame,
When the conduct he hath sought
Shall teach him as it ought,
That disgrace and deadly blight,
Stains his name.

Hath not he coming blow
No flag as yet unfurled,
When truth shall overthrow
The despots of the world,
And the voice of one no longer bold
The fate of nations, as its price
Or passions may decide?
For Thee, O God, to guide,
Do we wait.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Standard.

St. Andrews, Jan. 27, 1863.

Sir,—Permit me to acquaint the public through the columns of your journal, of what seems to be a neglect on the part of the official whose duty it is to see properly after such duties, I refer to the small amount of Auction Duties, which were paid into the County Treasurer during the past year. According to the official statement published in the Standard, signed by the Co. Treasurer, the amount is \$370! and that sum was paid by one person, whose sales I believe have been the least of any Auctioneer in the County, so that the total value of all the goods sold at public auction during the past year, and liable to the duty of 1 per cent, is \$200,000! There is certainly a mistake somewhere, whether the fault is chargeable to the Auctioneers, or the official whose duty it is to collect the tax, or not, I cannot determine; but at all events I think that the interests of the public demand that there should be an investigation into affairs of this kind, and see that all who are liable to pay auction duties, should be made to do so, and that no partiality be shown to one more than another. Hoping that these few remarks may be productive of a change for the better in the future.

I am, yours,
A. W. SMITH, CIVIS.

Mr. Editor—

We who are living here sixty-five miles above high water mark, feeling that we are getting to be a people of some importance in this frozen region, desire to cultivate an acquaintance with you gent-men of the warmer southern region.

Believing Mr. Editor, that you are aware that there is such a place as Canterbury, having seen a passing notice in your paper of trains arriving and departing when our depot was the terminus of the N. E. & C. Railroad, and since the trains pass by us to Richmond, we have sought for darkness. A gleam of consolation (vide "St. Croix Courier" of 24th inst.) has shone upon us, and has awakened our sleeping energies, which bids us say to the world come here and trade with us; for be it known, we are a trading people. By reference to the above notice of the "Courier," the outside world will get a knowledge of our staple products, and by your kind permission I will give you a state of our markets from time to time, believing it to be the only means of making ourselves and our great resources known over this vast Dominion.

The weather for the past week has been very cold with us, and as the weather works wonderful changes in people, so it does in the state of our markets, consequently Stocks & Mercantile in heavy demand, Oats are light, Butter is dull, Tea is strong, Tobacco (the last easily imported) is a shade better, Rum is getting low, Kites are shaking, Cord wood is what it always was, Logs drag heavy, Singles

are flat, but Sleepers alone are waking up, Labour is cheap with it, the barbers will shave you for once, heavy ship timber will find a quick sale when the wind comes!

The Reporter of the "Courier" is fond of poking fun at us; surely he cannot mean what he says—that one of our largest merchants buys annually 5,000 sleepers, worth at the port of shipment about \$150 per 1,000; think of that amount of business, and say it is not time that Canterbury should receive a place of nearly one column and a half in a paper—The smallest trader we have in our midst, exports yearly from 20,000 to 30,000, but perhaps the "Courier" reporter got his information after spending the Sabbath evening so profitably in the camp back of Skiff Lake; the yarn that were spun might have wound round his head, and kept the jolly songs floating on his brain, or perhaps after faring so sumptuously at the Canterbury Hotel, the contents of "the molasses loaf and frying pan," may have injured his digestion, or the sight of the camp owl might have musing his nerves. I would recommend him to get a dose of Shepherd's Cavalry Condition Powders as it is a much better remedy for pulls or wind on the stomach, than a newspaper article.

By giving place to the above you would much oblige

A SHANGAILEER.

St. George, Jan. 27, 1863.

Mr. Editor—

Hearing that a great (?) production complimentary of the St. George Minstrel Troupe, would appear in the St. Croix Courier, I was very much disappointed on perusal of the last issue of that periodical to find, instead of the anticipated communication, a summary by the Editor stating, that his informants whom he considers reliable persons, represent some parts of our last performance as being incorrect, and winds up with a list of advice, upon which I shall make a few remarks when his correspondents are disposed of.

While we complain of the Editor of the Courier on his judgment, good taste and composition, adapted to a refined and intelligent people, in insisting to publish the articles referred to, as I presume they are not only such childish and scurrilous and silly productions, that they would be a stigma to the columns of any respectable paper, we have every reason to regret that he did not comply with their request, as by so doing he has deprived the people of this community of the pleasure of gratifying childish vanity, by a perusal of the outbursts of infant folly.

Just as Dr. Living-ton and other commentators, who are among the admirers of the present century, are again springing into existence, we find a world of Literati, emerging from near by seven years literary obscurity, and one of the Courier's informants, who while attending a political meeting, about the time of the frustration of his literary aspirations, arose to address the audience, and when he saw no ladies in the "August assemblage, he as would be naturally supposed, faint d. Medical aid was thought necessary, and the doctor gave as his opinion that it was a clud on his brain since his birth, and that Esculapius himself were he living, could not remove it," since which time he has been lost to the literary world, rusting in a corner, and addressing dumb pages and empty chairs, in steno-graphic tones, with a vain, and childish view, of at no very distant day, attaining to eminence as an orator, writer and reader, but just as he fancied he has attained to that eminence, and attempts his debut as a commentator and moralist, through the columns of the Courier, actuated by a jealous spirit, simply because the Minstrels thought so little of his "revisions" in the Antediluvian, that they would not give one of their smallest comendums in exchange for his "Joy Green" or "DeWitt's," he finds to his vexation, mortification and chagrin that the Editor discovers, no doubt, very readily from the tenor of his letter to elevate himself and the Antediluvians at the expense of his and their contemporaries, that the cloud on his brain since his birth, which was so fully portrayed in the "Monarch bank Mob Meeting," and again so recently and emphatically established, as to leave no doubt as to the correctness of the assertion and prevailing opinion, in his Essay in private, on "Making More," has never been removed, but still remains, and no doubt out of sympathy with his defects and wounded pride, tries to please the poor little fellow, not by publishing his own production, but by advising with us.

Certainly I consider the Editor of the Courier has done his duty. Knight of the quill defects and defects as an orator, writer and reader, and one which he ought never to forget; but certainly he has not given publicity to his production, crushed the hope of ye, the dreams of future greatness, as well as deprived us of receiving from the lips of this commentator, critic & expositor, that which must have elevated him to the highest pinnacle of fame as a writer and orator, or else have lashed him into insupportable and asiduity for ever—his "Essay on Hygiene."

Since this sanctimonious scribble has taken its own course to circulate so unparingly our

last performance, and go so far as to assert that some parts of it were indecent, does not induce me to lose sight of common courtesy and show a want of gentlemanly feeling by retaining complimentary of the Antediluvians; therefore returning evil for evil, but would state that the language on the part of the minstrel in the stump speech on Mormonism about which all the fuss is made, will be considered by all sensible—yes and over scrupulously delicate persons too, quite refined when compared with the expression by the Antediluvian in the character—"Wayward," when they were rehearsing their engagement for the week—A call on Monday. To-day, what on Tuesday Mr. "DeWitt's?" Please analyze that expression and then inform the Courier which of the two is the most indecent when inquired into, and distasteful to the feelings and tastes of a refined audience. I have never entertained anything but kindly feelings towards the Antediluvians, and always spoke in the highest terms of their Concert, and now have no desire to do otherwise, unless the scribbler and his Concert Party, who have spoken against, and are now the only parties in this village exclaiming against, and effacing not only to injure the character and standing of the members of the Minstrel Troupe, but who are evidently working to prevent the formation of the Cornet Band, wish it; at which time I wish him and them distinctly to understand that they shall be dealt with without respect to persons, in the style of fiction he and so richly merit, and in words and language adapted to the parties and subject. Not wishing to take up too much of your valuable paper in reply to these scribbles, I would just advise the fair one to cease writing newspaper articles on this question as we have too much respect for the opposite sex to keep a newspaper discussion, and think it would be much more becoming; certainly more beneficial and consistent for her to attend to her domestic duties, than to allow herself to become mixed up in men's affairs.

If there are any who conscientiously think or consider any of the remarks in the "stump speech" offensive or unbecoming, we have to inform them that no offence was intended, and would refer them to the following paragraph, which we consider very apropos. "It is better to pass a dozen included insults without recognition, than to take offence at a single intemperate neglect or reflection." While thanking the Editor of the "Courier" for his fatherly advice, I would remind him of the fact, that we are not children, and that our first consideration is, when before an audience, whether refined or adulterated, to endeavor to utter a sentence and every if possible, but certainly not to "bore" the audience. He says "we will withhold these letters for the present as it may be the young man connected with the troupe did not intend to offend the good taste of the audience." Certainly dear Standard we do not feel under any obligations to the "Courier" for withholding these letters, when he endeavors to undertake to counsel us. If the "Courier" prefers, I will send the Stump Speech and the particulars of the Antediluvian Concert, to be examined by him, and his opinion given at his earliest convenience through the columns of his or your paper, when he will be in a better position to judge on this subject, which is the most reliable his correspondent or yours. "But it would be well for him in future," and to endorse too cordially the articles of a writer, it matters not how reliable he may consider them, until after careful enquiry and examination he has found their assertions and statements to be insupportable.

Thanking you dear Standard for your kindness in allowing me this space, I shall content myself with the foregoing for this time, but if found necessary, I trust you will extend the privilege, and grant me further space in your paper.

I am, kind Sir,
ONE OF THE MINSTRELS.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues which follow the light touches of frost, a mounted traveller was quietly pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lovely forest in the western part of the State of New York.

He had ridden three miles since leaving a farm habitation, and he had yet to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream, and on reaching the water he perceived his thirsty beast to drink.

At that moment a man stepped out from a cluster of bushes into the road or horse path, and the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated fastidious or wicked design. He was of medium size, evenly proportioned, with intelligent features, and a certain air of gentility—certainly not one of those broad brimmed and shaggy haired sportsmen, nor a professional hunter.

All this the mounted traveller carefully no-

ticed before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together pleasant salutations were exchanged.

Fine weather for travelling, sir, remarked the man with the gun.

And for hunting also, I should suppose, smiled the other on the horse.

Yes, there is game enough, returned the other, but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, for I have no means of taking it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you can spare five minutes or so, I would like you to see the bear; it is only just beyond these bushes, some two hundred yards from here.

I will not only look at it, replied the traveller, dismounting and fastening his horse, but if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going your way.

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, and so forth; and learned, in reply, that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was travelling, partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase.

Well, here we are! exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way, into the more open wood; here we are, and I'll show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle.

He stepped back eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the gun to his eye, and pointed the muzzle at the head of the traveller. There was a flash, and a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, with his face covered with blood.

It might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveller fell the rifle slipped from his hands and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he raised his victim, and hurriedly robbed him of his pocket book, a gold watch chain, some curious seals, a diamond breast pin, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up the rifle, plunged manly through the bushes into the road, mounted the traveller's horse and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must not suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837, there lived in the city of New York a banker and millionaire, whose name shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned out of sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed that the latter suddenly turned pale and began to tremble.

My dear sir, he said in his usual tone of off-hand sympathy, what is the matter? Are you ill?

A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause any alarm, replied the other hurriedly.

It was perhaps a week after this that one night the great banker was sitting by the fire in his library, when the servant came in and presented him a letter.

He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by his iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

James, he said, who gave you this letter? A man, sir, as said he'd wait for an answer, Very well; show him in.

There was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "come in" in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man wearing on sixty, of tough appearance and attire. He wore an old grey thick overcoat, buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress saturated with rain.

Take a seat, said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

No thank you, I'll stand, was the gruff reply. You got my letter, and of course you know my business, he added.

You allude to this, I suppose, replied the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much perturbation.

Yes.

I do not understand it. You must have made a mistake.

No, no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago, the tenth day of October next, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, about the middle of the day, and I'll give you my name as you know it in plain before morning. I have laid my plans and get everything sure, and if you go to playing innocent and refuse my terms I

will take care to see you die (stretching limp)—The banker in spite of himself, turned pale, blundered and struggled to a seat.

I can't give it would ruin me.

Just as you say, rejoined the other moving towards the door; you know what will follow if I go this way.

He argued, urged and implored for mercy at less fearful cost—in vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to the terms.—He stepped good to meet the stranger, with the required sum on the following night in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the Sheriff was sent to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar and just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of a ruined banker's accomplished daughter.

In the midst of his disgrace and tribulation Stephen Edwards encountered the man who had turned pale and became so agitated in his presence a short time before.

I rather think you do not know me, sir, said the gentleman with a formal bow.

Your face seems somewhat familiar, but I cannot name you, returned Stephen Edwards.

Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was a talking to you on business, and you observed that I turned deadly pale and became agitated.

Ah, yes—I remember you now.—Let me tell you why I was affected.—My eye had just chanced on a curious seal which had once belonged to a merchant named Philip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of this state some twenty years ago, and on looking at your features closely, I know you to be the villain who committed the foul deed.

Merciful God! exclaimed the cowering banker with a blanched face and a quaking form.

Yes, I know you, pursued the other, and a week after I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that of course?

But gasped the trembling wretch, did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?

Yes, and with that very money, and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank which broke it and forced you into ruin.

And what would you do now that I am really? inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob. I am Philip Sidney! Behold where the ball struck and glanced! and took off his hat and showed it.

God be praised! exclaimed the other—God be praised that you are still living, and unable to restrain his emotion he burst into tears.—Oh sir, he continued, you have taken a load from my soul. Though poverty, beggary, disgrace are staring me in the face, I am not guilty of murder, and am more happy than I have been in twenty years with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my family.

I forgive you, returned the other extending his hand—I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already, and as God has seen proper to preserve us both and bring us together let us hope, for our future salvation, to endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessing we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want, and for the rest, I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account in another world.

Philip Sidney kept his word, and with a start in the world, and an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectably fortune much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

Is not truth, indeed, stranger than fiction?

—One district in New York paid \$7,636, 153 5/11 in annual revenue last year. If instead of being the most productive district in the country, it were only an average, the receipts would have been paid, more than half the national debt, besides defraying current expenses.

At Monroe, who lately promulgated the theory that a man ought live to the age of two hundred years, has with singular inconsistency died at the age of seventy-four years.

All the members of the Minnesota State Senate are married men, and there is but one bachelor in the House of Representatives.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

London, Jan. 30. This is a speech of great power in opposition to the law...

London, Jan. 31. Dispatches were received covering an account of the sailing on the side of Mount Vesuvius...

Kingston, Jan. 31. A fire here last night destroyed three buildings on King street...

San Francisco, Jan. 31st. Victoria, Vancouver's Island, telegraphic dispatch says that a public meeting was held on the 29th...

New York, Feb. 1. The N. Y. Herald's special Washington despatch contains the following which produced a considerable sensation here after business hours...

The Tribune's special on the same subject says: All negotiations for a settlement of the Alabama claims...

London, Feb. 2. Letters from Killybegs say that the clergy of that town who refused to say masses for the souls of Allen Larkin and Gould...

A Baltimore despatch of Jan. 28, says: Dr. A. G. Moore was shot by Mrs. Edward A. Pollard about one week to day...

New York, Feb. 4. Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister at London, has signified his intention to resign his post...

The St. Paul Pioneer says that the capital invested in newspapers in Minnesota amounts to \$100,000, and St. Paul represents \$175,000 of this.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Standard. Sir.—I dislike appearing in print, but really do not know of any other means of directing attention to what is generally believed to be an unnecessary and odious local tax...

MAN FROZEN.—We are informed that a young man, a Teacher of a School at Didgegash, was found yesterday morning lying on a road leading from the St. John road frozen to death...

The death of that eminent divine Rev. I. W. D. Gray, D. D., is recorded in St. John papers. Dr. Gray was Rector of Trinity Parish, St. John, for upwards of 25 years...

The weather for the past few days has been very cold; indeed the winter so far, has been the coldest for many years, making heavy drafts on the coal bin and wood pile...

LECTURE.—We are instructed to state that a Lecture will be delivered at the R. C. School House, on Monday evening next at the 10th inst. Subject: "The prospects and duties of our Young Men."

DEMOCRAT'S YOUNG AMERICA, is a small monthly work of 48 pages, with well executed illustrations, and carefully written stories for children, containing instruction on such subjects as are adapted to their capacity...

A Washington letter writer describes the British Ambassador: The new British Minister, Mr. Edward Thornton, is perhaps sixty years of age, rather bilious complexion, bright hazel eyes...

OUR SCHOOLS are well attended this winter. The Grammar and Catholic Schools are very large—the first has 62 and the second 59. This may be owing to the fact that the Parish School is without a teacher...

being commenced immediately after the surveys are made. The Woodstock branch Railway is so near completion that when a mile of sleepers and plates are laid, to connect with the N. B. & C. Railway, the Locomotive can run from the Town of Woodstock direct to St. Andrews...

It appears to be the general opinion, that the publication of official debates in the Legislature are unnecessary, and that the reports given by the newspapers are sufficient.

The general feeling in the United States is adverse to annexation by purchase. The State Constabulary in Massachusetts is in process of abolition by the Legislature.

The world's greatest want at the present time is men and women who shall quietly do their whole duty and not tell anybody of it. It seems that they are having a severe drought in Vermont. At Burlington water is selling at \$1.50 a barrel.

The weather this month, though not so severe as in December, has been steady and cold. On Sunday the mercury stood at 25° below zero, and 23° below on Wednesday morning at Lowell.

There are on the docket of the S. J. Court, now in session at Bangor, eighty applications for divorce. It is to be hoped that the parties will all eventually find their "solitudes" and be made happy.

The birth of Burns was celebrated by a company of sixty Scotchmen at the Parker House, Boston.

It is calculated that by waste in the reduction of ores the aggregate loss to the United States last year was \$250,000,000.

A London paper advertises a "good hot dinner for 4-1/2d." and adds that at 1 o'clock a hot joint may be partaken of 6d. Dinner tickets can be had at 4s. and 6d. per dozen.

The General Manager of the Great Western Railway Canada, has issued a circular to the employees of the company, asking contributions to the fund being raised in Canada for the relief of our fishermen.

The Presbyterian Church is threatened with disruption on the subject of this denomination hold that it is essential, not only to use these instruments, but even to sing modern hymns.

Massachusetts educates her children at a cost of one dollar per annum for every child within her limits.

The Hudson's Bay Company used to have dividends of sixty or seventy per cent, but now has to be content with four.

The debt of India, £100,000,000, bears an average interest of four and a half per cent and is three times what it was twenty years ago.

During the year 1867 the University of Dublin lost its Chancellor (Lord Rose), its Vice-Chancellor (Lord Chancellor Blackburn) and its Provost (the Rev. Dr. Macdonnell).

In some parts of Canada the deer have become very tame and are often near the abodes of civilization. A Kingston paper attributes their tractability to the recent warthogs.

Only three of the crew and one woman were saved from the bark Wappello of Bath, wrecked on the coast of Wales.

Capt Robert C. Denham, of Richmond, has recently invented a reef in a sail on a fore and aft schooner. By its application, the main sail, the largest and most unmanageable sail in use, is reefed and converted into a manageable shape and stowed sail in about five minutes.

GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.—Probably the greatest fire that ever occurred in Chicago broke out on Tuesday evening in a boot and shoe establishment on Lake street, which destroyed property estimated at \$4,000,000.

The loss on the book establishment of Griggs & Co. was about one million. We do not get very full particulars of the disaster as yet.

DR. WESTER'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is truly a balsam. It contains the balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of far and pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, colds, and consumption disappear rapidly under its balsamic influence.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—I said to Albert I could hardly believe that our child (the Princess Royal) was travelling with us, it put me so in mind of myself when I was the "little grinnacee."

"Perley" telegraphs that a call upon the Secretary of War for information concerning the purchase of vessels during the war, will, if responded to, make some strange disclosures about certain New York politicians and a lady exhibitor of second hand clothing.

ARRIVED. On the 28th ult., by the Rev. R. Verker, Mr. James McDonald to Ann McElwee, both of this Town.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. ARRIVED. Feb 3 Schr. Delta, Fuller, Red Bench, Flour Warren Barclay.

DEPARTED. Feb. 5, Schr. Empress McGee, Eastport Express.

AUCTION SALE.

On Thursday the 6th and Saturday the 8th inst. will be offered for sale by the Subscriber, the following Goods: BLANKETS of a most excellent quality, Flannels, white, grey, red, and fancy striped and plaid.

JOHN BRADLEY, S. H. WHITLOCK, Auctioneer. British House, St. Andrews, Feb. 5, 1868.

AUCTIONEERS.

In the County of Charlotte, are hereby notified, that unless they pay the Auction Tax \$8, on or before the 15th instant they will be prosecuted for the penalty \$50.

PARISH SCHOOL IN THIS TOWN IMMEDIATELY.

The income of the school will consist of Tuition fee, Provincial allowance, and rent of Lands, the latter equal to about Ninety dollars per annum.

PARISH SCHOOL HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 5, 1868. DICKENS'S READINGS! Mr. Wm. H. WRIGHT'S Imitations of Dickens!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL AND THE TRIAL FROM FIFTEEN.

IN CLOSE IMITATION of the style and manner in which Mr. Dickens himself reads them. To render the resemblance more complete the Stage will be fitted up with Paraphernalia in every respect similar to that used by the distinguished originator of this new and popular entertainment.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 27, 1868. A Postal Convention having been concluded with the United States Post Office, under the authority of which the territorial transit rate on Letters sent through the United States has been reduced, the Postage on a Letter forwarded between the United Kingdom and New Brunswick, via the United States, will in future be reduced to seven pence sterling fourteen cents currency per half ounce.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

FREDERICTON 31st Jan., 1868. STAMPS FOR BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND PROMISSORY NOTES.

Will be for sale at the following Post Offices: Andover, Munster Sutton; Ban Vert, Newport; Bathurst, Newcastle; Beauséjour, Ouellet; Campbellton, Richbuck; Carleton Place, Sackville; Carleton Place, Salisbury; Chatham, Shediac; Dalhousie, Sheffield; Dorchester, St. Andrews; Fredericton, St. George; Gagetown, St. John; Grand Falls, St. Martin; Harvey, St. Stephen; Hopewell Cape, Sussex Vale; Hillsboro, Woodstock.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The following was adopted as one of the Standing Rules of the House in the Session of 1862: "That no Bill of a private nature shall be received by the House after the fourteenth day from the opening of the Session, both inclusive; and that the Clerk of this House do, one month previous to the meeting of the Legislature, cause fifty copies of this Rule to be sent to each of the Clerks of the Peace in the several Counties, for distribution, and cause the same to be inserted in the Royal Gazette, and two Newpapers in each County where Newspapers are published."

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Just received per Black, Brown, Black, Blue, and Black and coloured. A few will be sold at very low prices.

NEW.

Just received per Black, Brown, Black, Blue, and Black and coloured. A few will be sold at very low prices.

NEW.

Just received per Black, Brown, Black, Blue, and Black and coloured. A few will be sold at very low prices.

NEW.

Just received per Black, Brown, Black, Blue, and Black and coloured. A few will be sold at very low prices.

CUSTOMS DEP.

AUTHORIZED ACCOUNT VOICES UNTIL further notice R. S. M. C. M. M.

DEPARTMENT ORDER.

CUSTOMS DEP. NOTICE is hereby given Governor General, please, under the authority of the Act in that behalf, be imported with payment of Customs duty, according to the Act.

NOTICE.

An application will be made in this Province at its passage of an Act declaring under the lease of 43, 11th Victoria, shall be used and benefit of the Town lands referred to in and 7 for the benefit of the Inhabitants of the County of Kent.

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