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No. 29

Poetry.

The Minstrel's Song at Midnight.

SHE plies the needle till the lamp
Is waxing pale and dim;
She hears the watchman's heavy tramp,
And she must watch like him—
Her hands are dry her forehead damp,
Her dark eyes faintly swim.
Look on her work!—here blossom flowers,
The lily and the rose,
Bright as the germs of summer hours,
But not to die like those.
Here, faded as in Eden's bowers,
For ever they repose.

Once, maiden, thou wast fresh and fair,
As those sweet flowers of thine;
Now, shut from sunny light and air,
How canst thou choose but pine?
Neglected flows thy tattered hair,
Like the unloved vine.
Look on her work!—no common mind
Arranged that glowing group—
Will present the latest roses bind,
Sweet bells above them droop—
Ye almost see the sportive wind
Pursuing the graceful troop.

Look on her work!—but look the more
On her unweary'd hand,
And just beside the chamber-door
That doth the daughter part
From that dear mother, who before
Taught her this cunning art.

She sleeps—that mother, sick and pale—
She sleeps—and little deems
That she, who doth her features veil
All day, in glowing gleams
Of anxious hope, this hour, doth fail,
But not for happy dreams.
God bless her in her lone employ,
And fill those earnest eyes
With visions of the coming joy.
Waiting her sacrifice,
When they, who gave her this employ,
Pay her its stunted price.

Poor maiden! if the fair ones who
Are thy graceful brother's buy,
Only one-half they struggle knew,
And final pity.
No thinks some drops of pity's dew
Would give the poorest eye!
And is not here its full reward?
Thy gentle heart will prove;
Hark, ere must thy lot be hard,
But there is ONE above
Who sees, and will not disregard
Thy consecrated love. Dublin Mag.

The History of Hall Columbia.

In summer of 1793, a young man connected with the theatre at Philadelphia, as a singer, was about to receive a benefit on a certain Monday evening. On the Saturday afternoon previous he called on Joseph Hopkins, a friend of his, and of 38 years of age, whom he had gone to school when both were boys. The actor said he had but twenty boxes taken, and his "benefit" would be a loss unless he could get a patriotic song written to the "President's March," then a popular air. The poets of the theatrical corps had tried their hands, but were satisfied that no words could be made to suit that air. Hopkins promised to make the attempt.

At that time there was a great discussion in the country as to the policy of America joining either France or England in the war then waged between these two nations, and party spirit ran very high. Hopkins endeavored to write a song that should be independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents, and look exclusively for American honor and rights. He wrote "Hall Columbia." It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded in excess, and was continued during the evening, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in chorus. It was also sung at nights in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and has now become a National Song.

"Good-morning, Dennis. You have, at last, I perceive, displayed taste in the purchase of a hat." "True for you, sir; sure, it has a crown, any how." But look at them "brogues," sir; aren't they illegitimate? To this I answered, but observed that his coat seemed to fit him "too much." "Och! I wasn't nothing surprised in that; sure, I wasn't there when I was measured for it."

Miscellany.

CHASED BY A LION.

I had been for some months leading the wild, excited life of an African hunter, among the plains and forests that extended far back of Port Natal. It was the second expedition I had made, and though on my return from my first voyage I promised myself that nothing should ever tempt me to undertake similar hardships and perils, here I was, back again in less than five years after sailing toward home and the pleasures of civilized life. We had met with such ill-luck for several days, that we had absolutely no meat left in the camp; each of us had gone out in different ways in pursuit of something eatable, and we had reached that stage of necessity where one idea took a range that would have made us accept anything from an elephant to a rabbit, as a legitimate prey.

I had been riding for several hours, and was disconsolately turning my horse's head towards the camp, vexed to think I should be the one to go back empty handed, for the report of several rifles at intervals had warred me that my companions had met better success.

Just then I saw, some distance in advance, an immense buffalo feeding tranquilly upon the short grass, and evidently as unconscious and heedless of any danger as his ancestors might have been in the days when the foot of no European adventurer had trodden those desert wilds.

I took aim and fired, wounding the beast slightly in the left shoulder. The sting of the wound seemed to cause him more rage than pain. He began running about in a circle, tossing his head, prying the ground and blowing in the most outrageous manner.

I was seized with a desire to drive the creature into camp, and I spurred my horse toward him, brandishing my rifle, supposing that he would take flight without delay, and that I should be able to make him pursue the direction which I desired him to take.

Not a bit of it! The instant he caught sight of me he gave another bound that flung a cloud of dirt into the air, uttered a hollow flourish then before and darted toward me.

My faithful horse started on a mad gallop, and for a hundred yards the infuriated buffalo followed in a chase that had assumed a very different aspect from the one I had anticipated. We dashed through a thicket of bushes covered with sharp thorns, that cut my horse's sides and literally tore the clothes from my back, but there was nothing else for it.

When the animal was not more than eight feet behind, I turned suddenly upon the saddle and fired, sending another ball through his right ear and grazing his hip without wounding him more seriously than the first shot done.

But this time fear overcame his rage; he stopped short and showed symptoms of flight. I sprang from my horse, the admirably trained creature stopping motionless as a statue at my command, and reloading my rifle with all speed.

I took a more deliberate aim and fired again; this time my sight was surer; the ball passed through his lungs, and with a last bellow of pain the enormous creature fell in an instantly motionless heap. That cut my horse's sides, as I have said, during my second expedition, and not far from the place of the first encounter, so that I began really to be a little superstitious, and to think if a third arrived it was to be the end of those wild adventures which caused so much anxiety to the few who loved me.

The guides had told me when I rose in the morning that they had found the tracks of a lion, who had evidently been amusing himself during the night by promiscuously devouring our flocks as he considered prudent.

We had all been out in search of him. I lost my way, and when I found myself once more in a known latitude I overtook my servant, whose horse was lamed by a fall, and he told me that the lion had been discovered several miles down the river.

I left him to make the best of his way back to the camp, and dashed along the bank with all speed, anxious to arrive upon the scene of conflict before the forest night should have fallen.

When I reached the group I found that they were debating; I rode on in advance for perhaps a quarter of a mile. I began to fear that the beast had escaped us altogether, and was on the point of turning back to rejoin my companions when, at a sudden turn in the path, I caught sight of the object of our search.

The lion, the largest I had ever seen—boasted across the path, and plunged into a thicket not more than a hundred yards in advance of me.

I rode up and dismounted from my horse. Peering into the thicket I could dimly see his immense form crouched among the dried grass and weeds.

I fired, and he fell so instantaneously, without a single groan, that I supposed I had struck him to the very heart.

I reloaded my rifle, got on my horse, described a half circle, raised myself in my stirrups, and took a clear view of my victim. A single glance cost the blood in a torrent to my heart. "I had missed him."

There he lay crouched upon the ground; no sign of life except in the upturned ears that quivered slowly, and the terrible fire in his eyes fastened menacingly on me.

I was quite near him; in front of me was an immense ant hill; I counted the chances of being able to reach that elevation and spurred my horse closer to him to take a better aim.

Suddenly, with a frightful roar, the lion sprang up, made a bound forward; my horse leaped back and dashed off with the speed of the wind.

But just as he flew the infuriated beast followed still faster. But forward in the saddle, with my spear buried in my horse's flanks, I looked back. On dashed the lion, making two bounds to one of my faithful steed—a frightful chase, a repetition of which no man could defy.

Could I turn in my saddle and fire while my horse was galloping at such a fearful pace? Doubtful as was the chance—I might say it was a few more of those terrible leaps and the creature would be upon me.

To the aim was impossible. I was crutching forward on the horse's neck upon my left side my right hand held the rifle above my head in a last wild instinct of self-preservation.

Another sudden roar—a still wilder leap—and the lion passed, one paw striking my shoulder with such force that I nearly fell to the ground. But, as he sprang, my horse bounded to the left with a force which sent our pursuer rolling over upon the ground.

Before he could rise I had reached the hill, managed to dismount, and fired, with an aim which it seemed to me must have been directed by some good angel.

I broke the left paw of the brute, just at the point.

He darted aside and made for the thicket, tossing his tail the very air shook, and even my hand and courageous horse trembled in every limb, though through all his fright he obeyed my slightest word or signal.

At that moment the rest of the party rode up; they had followed me, and the sound of my rifle had warned them of my adventure.

I could not think of danger now; the hunter instinct was at its height. I could only remember that my prey might escape. The men surrounded the thicket. I rode wildly over the trampled bushes which he had taken to flight. I saw him again cowering for another spring, while he yelled with rage and pain.

I had snatched a gun from somebody's hand. I fired once more, and a deeper groan told with what success. Again the trusty bullet hissed out; the gigantic animal rolled over upon his back, there was a last groan, a fierce struggle, then he lay quite still.

When we came to examine the carcass we found that he was an old lion, very fat, and enormous size, his great yellow claws worn, broken, and reduced to four upon the forward paws.

As we rode back to camp, and I received the congratulations and praises of my companions, I felt no thrill of exultation—nothing but deep sense of thankfulness of having escaped that horrible peril. Even to this day, when I look at the glossy skin which lies in my library, and which my children regard with so much pride, I only wonder at the daring spirit which could have made me brave such hardships and dangers in that far-off land.

There are no well things in trifles in the biography of man. Drops make up the sea. Accords cover the earth with oaks and the ocean with waves. Sands make up the day in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain which is in all, and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit, but the staple to which all is fastened, and which is the conductor of all, is the throne of Deity.

A REVERENT RECAPITULATION.—To the vulgar the manners of William appear to have been at all times more graceful than those of his rank. Some years afterward, he was passing through a village in the neighborhood of Windsor, when a woman determined to get a sight of the king, thrust herself close to the windows of the royal carriage. Having satisfied her curiosity, she exclaimed, somewhat contemptuously, though perhaps not with the intention of being overheard—"Is that the king, why, my husband is a handsomer man than he." William stooped toward her and said, very seriously, "Good

woman, don't speak so loud; consider I'm a widower."

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

There was once a hermit who lived in the deep recesses of a forest. Some bitter grief had induced him, while he was still young, to seek seclusion from the world in this dreary solitude. He had built himself a small hut of wood, and with his goats and the wild fruits of the forest he barely managed to maintain existence.

He had thus passed many years, when one day, as he was thinking over the scenes of his past life, some doubts arose in his mind concerning the justice of God. He therefore resolved to forth once more into the world in order to gain further knowledge which might enlighten him.

The hermit arose and set out upon his travels. He had not proceeded far when he was accosted by a youth of a fair and gentle countenance, who, on being told of the hermit's object offered to accompany him on his journey, since his road lay in the same direction. That night they came to a stately and magnificent castle, where they were graciously received and hospitably entertained. The following morning they took leave of their kind host and proceeded on their journey.

"Ah!" said the hermit, "in this instance I must confess that justice seems to have been wisely dispensed, since the good things of the world could not have been better bestowed than on one so kind and benevolent as our good host. May God bless and prosper him to the end of his days."

They traveled on till nightfall, when they came to a miserable cottage, where they knocked and begged for shelter. It was a wretched hole; the roof was partly falling in, and cubes hung like draperies around the walls. This comfortable abode was occupied by a feeble, emaciated old man who was seated on a large oaken chest bound with bands of iron the key of which he wore around his neck.

"Why do you ask for shelter at a poor place like this?" said the miser, for such he was. "I have but little straw on which to rest my aching limbs, and a morsel of black bread and water is all that has passed my lips for many a day. Come not to me, then, for shelter and entertainment—this poor hut is unable to afford it."

"But no other human dwelling is near," urged the youth; "the wind howls wild and fierce, and heavy clouds are gathering over our heads threatening to discharge their fury upon us. Per my sake permit us to take shelter under your roof. This is all we ask."

The miser then reluctantly unfastened the door and admitted them. The old man spread some straw for his guests in the only corner the rain did not pour through the roof, and again seating himself on his chest, he remained awake all night that he might keep a watch over his unwelcome visitors.

At dawn of day the hermit and his companion arose to depart, but to the surprise and dismay of the hermit, on taking leave of the host the youth produced from under his cloak a golden goblet, which he had stolen from the castle, and presented to the miser, who received it with delighted eyes and a grim smile of satisfaction.

"Well," thought the hermit, "this is a strange youth; but I will not part from him just yet, for his wonder and curiosity were aroused by such an unaccountable proceeding. He must have some extraordinary wealth."

The next day was very hot, the travelers grew faint and weary, so they entered a poor though neat and pretty cottage, and asked for a drink of water. The inmates of the cottage consisted of a feeble old couple, their widowed daughter and a little grandson.

The daughter seemed worn by anxiety and fatigue; since, with all her industry and care she could scarcely earn enough to support them all, as her old parents were entirely dependent upon her. However, when she saw the strangers, she felt little for the golden goblet, and presented to the miser, the miser looked most comfortable and content.

At the approach of the hermit and his companion the young woman smilingly bade them welcome and invited them to share their fragrant evening repast. It merely consisted of bread, milk, and a few vegetables. After this simple meal they all knelt down while the old man pronounced a short, simple but fervent prayer for the blessing and assistance of the Almighty. The old couple and the child then retired to rest, but the daughter took down her spinning wheel and began working with great industry. The hermit and the youth then took leave of their poor but hospitable hostess.

The youth carried a torch which he had just lighted at the cottage fire. They had hardly proceeded a few steps, when the youth turned back and set fire to the straw thatched of the cottage. The wind being strong and

the thatch dry, the cottage was soon in flames, nothing being saved but the inmates. The hermit was horror-struck and afraid that he must not venture any remark on the conduct of his strange companion, but continued his journey in silence, ever and anon gazing at the youth with mingled feelings of awe and wonder. That same night they passed a hut in the mountains, from whence sounds of lamentation and bitter cry were heard. They entered and found a mother weeping over her only child, while the father was bending over him with a countenance in which was expressed the most intense grief. As the travelers entered, the parents of the child looked up and cried: "Oh, pray for us Holy Father, that our child may be spared." Thereupon the hermit knelt down to pray; but the youth took a cup and prepared a draught, which he administered to the sick child; and the child immediately expired. The remainder of that night they stayed at the hut, and the next morning the youth engaged the father as their guide over the mountains.

This time the hermit hesitated to go with his companion any farther but somehow an irresistible impulse urged him to follow the mysterious youth. They had traveled some way over the rocky paths of the mountains, when they came to a slight bridge of planks thrown over an abyss. On passing over this, the youth pushed his guide and buried him headlong into the yawning gulf.

"Wretch," cried the hermit, who could no longer control his feelings, and was springing toward him with uplifted arm; but just as he was on the point of seizing him, a bright angel enveloped the youth, and a dazzling radiance shone around him; for, lo! the archangel Michael rose on the cloud before him. Then the angel spoke, saying:

"Thou doubtest the justice of God, and thou hast seen it. The goblet which I took from the castle was poisoned, and therein will the miser find his due reward. The good people whose cottage I burned down will find a treasure which hath long buried under its foundation; and the child whom I poisoned would have grown up a murderer and a robber like his father, whom I threw into the abyss as a just reward for his iniquities."

The hermit who had fallen on his face now looked up, but the archangel had disappeared. Healed of all his doubts, the hermit returned to his silent retreat in the forest glades, where he passed the remainder of his days in humble meditation on the wonderful and mysterious ways of God.

A GOOD GUESS.—Colonel C., who was over head and ears in debt when stationed at the Tower was told by his servant that a person wanted to see him on particular business. Requiring a particular description of his visitor, the reply was, "A man of color." "Oh, say no more," said the Colonel: "I know what color—it is a dun."

TALKS OF HONOR.—The keeper of a Scotch alehouse having on his sign, after his name, "M. D. V. B. S.," a physician of the Royal Society asked him how he presumed to affix those letters to his name. "Why, sir," said Luncheon, "I have as good a right to 'em as you." "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" replied the doctor, "I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I was a drummer of the Royal Scotch Fusiliers."—(Lithographic Register, August 17th last.)

A SMOKE OF PASSION.—A Paris paper was quoted by the Post—states that "this morning, the 9th of September 1843, a shower of puppies fell from the heavens in up or about the parish of Saint Omer de Lillo." Punch has since ascertained that the said puppies, for bad behavior, were kicked out of the dog-star. Note of bears' grease may every day be ascertained from His Majesty's Household.

SIR, AND, MRS., said a soldier to Frederick the Great, when presenting him a request for the bearer of his regiment. "If you say so," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king signed, whistled, and signed.

When the news of the repulse at Manassas reached the camp meeting at Decatur, Ill., Rev. Henry Cus, who was preaching at the time the intelligence was received, remarked on closing his sermon: "Brethren, we had better adjourn this camp-meeting and go home and drill." (Lithographic Register, August 17th last.)

FOR STAY LINGERERS FROM LIVERPOOL.—5 B. R. L. (Lithographic Register, August 17th last.)

Lowest rates for goods: A. W. GODDARD & CO.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.



ADWY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY. IT CURES THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES.

ADWY'S READY RELIEF.

It is superior to all other Medicines at once. ITS FIRST INDICATION relieves the sufferer of PAIN, no matter from what cause it may originate, or where it may be seated.

It is the Head, Face, or Throat; It is the Neck, Spine, or Shoulder; It is the Arm, Breast, or Side; It is the Joint, Limb, or Member; It is the Nerve, Tooth, or Ear;

any other part of the body, its application to the parts where the pain exists will afford immediate relief.

ADWY'S READY RELIEF.

It is applied to the part or parts affected. It is a teaspoonful of ADWY'S READY RELIEF rubbed on the part, or a few minutes, the patient is cured and comforted.

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FROM THE STATES.

Boston, July 14.
The International Commercial Convention at Detroit yesterday adopted the report of the Committee in favor of the Niagara Ship Canal, divested of its military character.

The subject of a Reciprocity Treaty is now under discussion, on which Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, will give his views to-day.

A despatch from Quebec states that the Governor General had received important despatches from England, at that the Canadian Parliament would be summoned for an immediate Session.

The fire in New York yesterday destroyed in addition to Barnum's Museum, eighteen buildings, involving a loss of one million dollars, about one-half insured.

All abandoned property, in and around Norfolk and Portsmouth, has been turned over to the freedman's bureau.

Gold—143.

At the Commercial Convention yesterday, at Detroit, Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, announced that the Annexation of the British Provinces to the United States had no place in the minds of the people of the Provinces.

He said that any one who should go the hustings as an advocate for annexation would be treated as a fugitive from the loyalty and allegiance due from him as a British American.

A resolution recommending the negotiation as a Reciprocity Treaty received the unanimous vote of the Convention. The Convention then adjourned sine die.

A despatch from Quebec says "The Cabinet held a meeting yesterday and a proclamation was issued this morning for Parliament to meet on the 8th of August."

It is stated that Government does not intend to ask Parliament for money for fortifications.

Gold 142.

New York, 15th, p. m.—The Herald's Galveston correspondence says the rebel General Shelby, with 3000 followers, accompanied by ex-Governors Moore and Allen of Louisiana, and other rebel leaders, were on their way to Mexico. They had transportation and supplies for six months, and were well armed. They professed going to Mexico only as emigrants.

The Times' Mexican correspondence says it is officially announced that the Imperial Government never negotiated with Dr. Gwyn, and never contemplated making him Duke Governor, or Viceroy.

The President has issued a proclamation appointing Judge Wm. Marvin, Provisional Governor of Florida.

Gold 142.

July 17.
The steamship Hansa, with Southampton dates to the 5th arrived.

A vote of censure passed Parliament, after a very exciting discussion, against the Lord Chancellor in connection with recent bankruptcy court scandal.

The Lord Chancellor resigned, and his resignation was accepted by the Queen, to take place on the prorogation of Parliament.

J. T. Bell & Co., East India merchants, and C. J. Naamth & Co., in the same trade, have suspended with large liabilities.

Provisions dull.
Consols 90 1/2 a 90 3/4.
United States 5.20s 72 a 73 1/2.

Information received from prominent citizens of the Southern States gives assurance that the work of restoration is progressing much more smoothly than was anticipated, and that the unfriendly utterances of some of the editors are not indicative of the pacific spirit of the people.

Gold 142.

William Parks, Esq., was the honorary Vice-President of the Detroit Convention for New Brunswick. The Convention passed a resolution favoring a demerit system of measuring liquid in the different States. It also passed a resolution favoring the Niagara Ship Canal at the Government expense.

The following was also adopted:—"Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations in such a manner as to increase the resources of the Government for the payment of the National debt; to promote the independence and prosperity of the country; and effectually protect the labor and industry of the country against the conflicting policy of other powers."

The further business is detailed in our despatch. The Provincial delegates did not vote on the Reciprocity Treaty resolutions—Globe.

The World's Washington despatch of the 12th, says some very important statements were made in semi-official quarters to-day with regard to the policy of the Government on the Mexican question. The story comes in such a shape that it cannot well be discredited, and is to the effect:—

First.—That the Government will not permit another French, Austrian, or foreign soldier of any sort in the service of Maximilian to be landed on the Mexican coast without a firm and decided protest.

Second.—The Government having stationed in Texas an army of 100,000 men, will keep it there to act as a corps of observation, and to exercise such a physical and moral pressure as shall ultimately compel the withdrawal of Maximilian from Mexico.

From BRITISH COLUMBIA we have dated to 30th May; but general news is of small interest. The Queen's Birthday was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm both in Victoria and on the main land.

We cannot glean any thing definite as to

mining operations, although work had commenced in the Cariboo district with fair paying prospects.

The Collector at the port of Bella Coola, on the Northern Coast, Mr. Ogilvy, had been murdered by a man from whom he had seized three kegs of smuggled liquor. The murderer had not been arrested.

Mr. Carswell, an M. P. P. of Vancouver Island, with his wife and family went a few miles down the coast to spend a holiday.

When the steamer reached her destination, Mr. Carswell left his family behind, and proceeded a few miles inland to see a friend on business, and has not since been heard of, although the whole region has been secured by parties in search of him.

The Legislature of Vancouver was still in Session discussing local matters.

The Transatlantic Cable.

The Great Eastern, according to programme, steamed out of the River Mersey on the 24th June, and proceeded to the anchorage selected for her at the Nore, where she would remain until about the 8th of July to take in coal and stores, adjust her compasses and complete her arrangements for the paying out of the Atlantic cable.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE UNDERTAKING.

[From the London Post, June 28.]
The process of laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable is about to commence. There are several considerations touching the difficulties which have to be surmounted, and which it may be desirable to set in their proper light. One of the principal dangers by which the cable is said to be threatened is described as consisting in abrupt and extensive variations in the surface of the ocean's bed.

It is known that at some distance from the coast of Ireland there is a great increase in the depth of the Atlantic, and it was formerly believed that the steepness of the inclined plane stretching between the shallow water and the deep-sea beyond was much greater than it really appears to be. The slope is now believed, from soundings which have been made, to be very gradual, and to extend over a distance of nearly a hundred miles, with a gentle descent of less than a hundred and fifty feet in a mile.

But the conditions of things on that part of the earth's surface which is covered with water, is, we have every reason to believe, as different in its configuration from the portion which is covered with air, as the latter is from the surface of the moon, where there is apparently no atmosphere at all, or, at all events, not such an atmosphere as ours. Unless a submarine precipice were to abrupt the cable would have to hang from its summit perpendicularly, or be stretched across from one mountain top to another like the over-hung telegraph, it would, if cautiously paid out from the ship, easily accommodate itself to slopes of considerable steepness.

The bed of the ocean is generally soft, and when once the cable had accommodated itself to the configuration of the surface it would remain perfectly quiescent. There appear to be no currents at great depths, and the gravitation of the water would tend to maintain it in its position. The chief peril which the enterprise has to encounter is perhaps, after all, that of storms, which may deprive the crew of the Great Eastern of all command over their vessel. It is well calculated to impress even the proudest and most powerful with a consciousness of our impotence when we reflect that the success of so great and so useful a project—a project on which so much care has been bestowed and so much capital expended, and the moral and political consequences of which are so important and beneficial—depends chiefly upon the happy accident of uninterrupted fine weather during the few weeks that it is being executed. But all that could be done has been done, and the best season has been chosen for the voyage.

RETURN OF THE HON. MR. MCGEE.—Last night the Hon. Mr. McGee arrived in town by train from Portland, and was met at the station by a number of his friends, who conducted him to his house in Montmorency Place. The following address was then presented to him by the hands of Mr. Thomas McKenna:—

"Hon. Sir,—We, the undersigned, your fellow countrymen and constituents, greet you on your return from the land of your birth with a hearty 'Good night, farewell!'"

"We do so the more joyfully because of your efforts to secure for Canada the advantage of a larger and healthier immigration, and our appreciation of the firm and undaunted course pursued by you in enunciating on all occasions, and especially in your native country, and in the town of Wexford, a plain and truthful statement of the position of your countrymen on this side of the Atlantic."

"In conclusion, Hon. Sir, we beg to convey to you the assurance of our undiminished confidence in you as our true and able representative with the hope that the Almighty may be pleased to lengthen your days for the general benefit of this your adopted country, and of humanity at large."

The address was signed by about fifty of Mr. McGee's best known and most influential supporters.

Mr. McGee returned a reply, and in allusion to his Wexford address said he had thought a little plain speaking was never more needed in Ireland. He found his countrymen full of false notions. Their friends that wrote to them from Boston and New York conveyed the disagreeable portions of the life of an Irish immigrant, and only gave the fairer side. In this way an idea had come to exist in their imaginations which was not borne out by facts. Those who had criticised his speech most knew least about

the matter; for himself, he had had 12 years experience, and was able to form a just opinion. He felt so rejected to find himself once more under his own roof that he did not wish to think of anything controversial.

The Quebec News says:—"On Saturday tenders were received by the Royal Engineer Department from a number of provincial contractors for the construction of the fortifications at South Quebec. Among the number are some whose ability to perform satisfactorily the work to be done is undoubted. Mr. Brassey, one of the Grand Trunk Railway contractors, a partner of the firm of Peto, Brassey & Betts, is also a tenderer for the construction of the works."

The water in the river St. John between Fredericton and Woodstock is so low that the steamers are laid up—but the Railway from St. Andrews to Woodstock is in good running order and the trains run three times a week each way, with the addition of Express trains to meet the steamers to and from Boston. The fare is very low, and route pleasant.

The "Montreal Witness" is a large well filled sheet. To persons requiring a Canadian journal we can commend the Witness.

In consequence of the Steamer Queen's piston rod having broken she will not be on her usual route for a few days, this will be a serious inconvenience, unless another steamer is placed on the river at once.

Gen. Doyle, the Marquis and Marchioness of Drogheda, are the guests of the Lieut. Governor.

Steamship North American arrived—dates to the 7th. Lord Cranworth appointed new Lord Chancellor.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]
In regard to the influence which the Imperial Government promises to exercise on behalf of Confederation, we assume that it will not be of a kind to appear like dictation to the Maritime Provinces. The union of the colonies can only be brought about in a legitimate way when all of them come to see it to be their interest to be united. Undue pressure will call forth opposition, and very strong opposition too. Wealthy and strong Provinces like Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, moreover, are capable of giving trouble in a matter of that sort, if they are not dealt with as equals of the Western Provinces.

Our own view is, that they will gradually come to see that federation is an advantage, politically, commercially, socially, and every other way. But we think they should neither be snubbed nor resented because they don't see their way clear to jump at once into a partnership for life with a more populous community than themselves. And we are sure the Imperial Government, in what ever influence they may use, will be guided by a strict regard to what is due to Provinces to whom the rights of local self-government have been conceded.

A HAPPY MEETING.—A contemporary tells us of happy meeting at sea between Halifax and Boston, which is deserving of all commendation. It appears that Capt. Moodie of the R. M. S. Asia, when last in Boston, married one of the fair daughters of Columbia. This became known to Capt. Hockley, of the R. M. S. China on his arrival at this port. Accordingly on the occasion of these two splendid ships meeting at sea, the Asia from and the China for Boston, the latter bore up, dressed ship, setting the British and American ensigns side by side at the peak, and mustering the whole of his crew and passengers on deck. Capt. Hockley gave Capt. Moodie and his American bride a right royal English welcome in the shape of the three cheers. This graceful sailors' compliment—none but a son of the ocean could have contrived it—was accompanied by a salute from the signal guns of the China, and responded to by those of the Asia. And thus they met and parted.—[Halifax Reporter.]

CANADIAN WEALTH.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Quebec, says:—"All along my route I have seen evidences of the fifth in their mines which proof upon proof is at last beginning to establish in the Canadian mind; and I find that a strong tide of emigration is beginning to set in even from Yankee land. If every body here, including a good many shrewd Americans, is not in a conspiracy to humbug everybody else, the valley of the Chaudiere, and especially the Seigniorie of Rigaud and Vanderville, contains treasures of gold equal in all respects to those of California and Australia."

A meeting of the stock holders of the Commercial Bank was held on Monday for the election of Directors under the new law, which provides for five instead of thirteen, as heretofore. Five of the old directors, Messrs. Seely, M. Laughlin, Parks, Hery, and Vernon, were elected by a large majority.—[Courier.]

The Prince of Wales works like a Trojan, and makes to himself golden opinions from all sorts of people. He lays foundation stones, dines in public, opens hotels, and conducts himself exactly as the heir to the Crown ought to do. It is whispered, however, that the income granted by Parliament is found to be insufficient for the hospitalities of Marlborough House, and that the next Parliament will be called upon to consider whether the Prince should not have some £30,000 more added to his allowance.

A movement has been inaugurated in England by eminent men from the different religious denominations, for a more complete

showings in the vicinity of the village attractive.

Our old and highly respected contemporary "the St. John Courier," made its final bow on Saturday last; but will long live in the memory of its multitude of friends throughout the Province. It has closed its long, prosperous, and useful career, and its publishers retire with the best wishes of its contemporaries.

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and thorough exploration of Palestine. The meetings for this purpose are held in what is called the "Jerusalem Chamber," at Westminster Abbey. A great work in this direction, has already been accomplished within the present century, by scholars from various countries; but many things yet remain in doubt, which may be cleared up by a more careful and systematic survey, and the present enterprise will be watched with interest in all christian lands.

—Twenty-five thousand men are busily engaged in pushing forward the Pacific Railroad on the California side.

DIED.
At Hobeac, on the 5th inst., Mr. John Hanson, aged 64, leaving a large family to mourn their loss.

Ship News
PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

ARRIVED.
July 12, Schr. Emma, Brown, Calais, ballast, C. M. Gove.

13, Fanny, Melony, Hyannis, ballast.
17, Emma, Brown, Calais, Flour, Goodnow & Co.

Harriet, P. Britt, Poston, Flour, Master.
18, Charlie, Long, Boston, ballast.
Emma, Pemberton, J. Britt, Hyannis, ballast.

Brig Mary, McCulloch, Maitland, ballast, Master.
Schr. Esther, Bangor, Mds. Houlton & Co.

DEPARTED.
July 12, Schr. Flying Cloud, Carson, Bangor, Oats, J. W. Street & Son.

13, Harriet, Hunt, Hyannis, sleepers.
Ridondo, Tait, Boston, Boards.

Rise Rising Dawn, Robertson, Penarth Roads, Dials, Cudlip & Snider.
14, Hudson, Tinker, New York, Deals, &c., Kelly & Co.

Rambler, Young, Calais, Lumber, Kelly & Co.
15, Emma, Brown, Calais, Shingles, C. M. Gove.

18, Jane, Clark, Hyannis, sleepers.

Grammar School.
This School will be re-opened on Monday August 7th.

R. E. SMITH.

NOTICE.
THE Subscribers intend closing their business at once; all persons indebted them will please make immediate payment on or before July 18.

GODDARD & CO.

ALE-ALE.
The Subscriber has just received from Saint John, a supply of

Doherty's Superior Ale.
A further supply daily expected.

July 19.
R. F. FITZSIMONS.

NEW BRUNSWICK.
CHARLOTTE, N. S.
To the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, or any

Crestant within the said County, greeting: WHEREAS William Moore, administrator of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits of John Kirk, formerly of the Parish of Grandmanan, in the County of Charlotte, deceased, hath prayed that License may be granted to him to sell the Real Estate of the said deceased, for payment of debts. You are therefore required to cite the heirs and next of kin of the said deceased, and all others interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the Registrar's Office in Saint Andrews, on Friday the eighteenth day of August, next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the said License should not be granted.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this eighteenth day of July, A. D. 1865.
(Signed) JAMES W. CHANDLER, Judge of Probate.

GEO. D. STREET, Registrar of Probates.

For Sale or to Let.
THE PATENT STEAM BREWERY at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, which has been in active operation and has commanded a large and increasing trade for the last twelve years.

The Brewery, with Malt &c. attached, is fitted up with every modern improvement, on "Laid's" principle, and is complete in every respect, with excellent Collarage, Oscillating Steam Engine, Patent Self-heating Mashing Machine, Refrigerators, &c. &c., and is capable of turning out from 100 to 120 Barrels a Week.

For terms and further particulars apply to JOHN A. WAUNT, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Saint John, N. B., or to R. H. STEVENSON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, St. Andrews, July 19.

FESTIVAL AND FANCY FAIR.
The Ladies of All Saints Church, Saint Andrews, intend holding a

FESTIVAL AND FANCY FAIR, commencing Wednesday, 24 Aug., in the large building known as the Steam Mill, at the head of Steamboat Wharf, which will be handsomely fitted up for the occasion. With a view to the accommodation of strangers visiting the fair, a sumptuous Dinner will be served up each day during its continuance—there will also be a Refreshment Table provided. The building will be brilliantly illuminated each evening with

HUNDREDS OF FANCY LANTERNS.
The steamer Queen will run an Excursion from St. Stephen and St. George to St. Andrews, on Wednesday 2nd August, due notice of which will be given. There will also be an excursion by Rail from Woodstock.

J. H. WHITLOCK, Managing
DR. PARKER,
J. S. MAGEE, Committee

July 12, 1865.

NOTES

THE following persons Licenses to sell County, have paid their Licences, viz.

Turner, Wootter, Marshall, Small, Cyrus, Cheney, James, Lynette, James McGee, Jr., Wellington Gilmer, Henry Murphy, James McLeod, Timothy Hordan, James Bogue, Philip Brown, Ann Quinn, Martin Murphy, Michael Halsey, Ellen Davis, Edward Phelan, James McMaster, Mrs. Kearney, W. O. McMichael, James McNaley, John Shirland.

St. Andrews, July 1865.

Meeting
THE Courts of Oyer and Just delivery for the year at the Court House on the 1st day of August.

The Courts of Common Pleas, of the Peace, will sit on Tuesday the 1st day of August. At which time and place, all Constables of the County are required to be at publicly notified to give

July 12, 1865.

New Brunswick
SUMMER & FALL 1865

A Passenger will leave St. Andrews for New Brunswick every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Also an Express Train leaves St. Andrews for New Brunswick every Monday and Tuesday afternoon on the Atlantic Coast Railway.

A special Train will leave St. Andrews for New Brunswick every Friday afternoon on the Atlantic Coast Railway.

St. Andrews, July 1865.

JOHN
Harbour
Port of St. Andrews

Office—No. 150 W. Market Square. Capt. attention to vessels arriving and departing.

NOTICE
I hereby give notice that I have purchased the following property, viz. Young, Golder, for and Messrs. Mark V. Hall, of St. George, Milton, St. Stephen, County.

Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, 3rd July, 1865.

TODD, CLARK & WHOLESALE
ST. STEPHEN

Offer for sale Flour, Pork, Molasses, Sugar, and other Grocery goods at rates.

TODD, CLARK & WHOLESALE
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Offer for sale Flour, Pork, Molasses, Sugar, and other Grocery goods at rates.

125 HDS. VERMONT
74 Boxes Brown 50 " White
Also—Ex "Polish 2.8 Hds. } Strict
25 Tons 14 Hds. Choice Sugar

NEW SP
H. W. GOLD
New Dress Goods
New Prints
New Mantle Cloths
New Shawls
New Parasols
New Hosiery
New Gloves

Observe—No Hotel.

