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Vol 42

Poetry.

IN AUTUMN.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
The goal is won and the toil is done,
And now you may don your best,
Your robe of purple and scarlet,
Your tassels and plumes of gold,
The misty sheen of your veil of green
And your mantle's crimson fold.

O earth, so glad and so fruitful?
O nature, so brave and so true!
I would that we were as wise as ye.
In the work we have to do!

We labor and waste, we strive not,
Or scatter our seed in vain—
For the story field must be wrought to yield
Its treasure of golden grain.

Put on your beautiful garments,
O falling earth, and rest!
Faint heart of mine! to that call divine
Be all thy powers addressed;
Bowing beside all waters,
Faithful in that which is least,
Constant and still, do the Master's will
Till the time of toil has ceased.

Then the peace that shall come and the
gladness!
The service that shall be rest!
And the plaudits won of that world, "Well
done!"
And the Master's "Come, ye blest!"
O earth! in your sweet fruition
Rejoice and be glad! but this
The joy of a seed that has reached its goal,
Is a deeper, holier bliss.

LETTER FROM ROME.

ROME, Oct. 12, 1874.

Editor Standard:—As I promised to write to you, you will see by this that I am in the great City of Rome, the city of the Caesars and the Popes. We have been travelling on the Continent since early in September. Arrived in Paris, and visited all the sights to be seen, the little fairs of the late war, together with the ruins of the city, the "Colonne," it must have been something dreadful, no palaces in ruins. Still the people have built up a great deal of new, little, remains to tell the tale of more beautiful times. From Paris we went on to Switzerland, through the great tunnel under the Alps—eight miles long. The scenery is very grand, many picturesque little mountain villages here and there, the mountainsides covered with vineyards and cornfields. From there on to Turin, where the King of Italy was staying. Society was very gay; spent a week here, and saw all that was to be seen, many works of art. Thence on to Milan, where we visited the great picture galleries full of works by the great masters; we also visited the great Cathedral, built entirely of white marble, polished. It is one of the grandest churches in the world; it has on its outside seven thousand statues, great and small, and five hundred in the inside; it has jewels shown to the public worth three millions of francs. From Milan to Florence—a fine city, rich in works of art, fine buildings and beautifully situated. We proceeded on to delightful Venice, so often spoken of by many of our great writers. Venice is full of grand old marble palaces, built on piles, which speak of the splendor of past days; many were the seat of a once noble family now passed away. Here we have the grand Palace of the Doge's of Venice, full of paintings and statues by the old masters, pictures of value, and original sculptures by Venetian artists. There still stands the house of Shylock, the Jew in Shakespeare's play, and the house of the fair Desdemona; all are pointed out to travellers. Venice has no roads, they go all by Gondola's; it is very pleasant to travel about by these and listen to the Gondoliers sing.

Well, from here we go on to the eternal City of Rome, full of its historic ruins and noble churches, of which there are 365, and a perfect army of Priests. The Pope has shut himself up in the Vatican since 1870. All the grand services have been discontinued since the Italian army has occupied Rome. We have been here for over a week and have visited many of the noted old piles of ruins of which there are hundreds, showing Rome's one greatness. The Italian Government are doing a great deal of good here, draining the city and other improvements. The scenery is very beautiful through the large tracts full of vineyards and cornfields. We leave here to-morrow and go to Naples, where we will remain for a week or so, thence back to Rome, and on to Pisa, Geneva, and home to London, via Marseilles and Paris.

With all that art can do to beautify a country, and in all my wanderings, I have not seen a place I like better than dear old St. Andrews in spring and summer; we have there as fine scenery as man would wish. The Italian Lakes

are not to be compared, in my idea, in beauty to yours. Poor old St. Andrews, how I wish that fate bid me no longer roam, and let me once more visit my dear old home, its friendly people, friends of my youth, those whom I know so well. But the time has not yet come for me to fully settle down.

Mrs. James, I am glad to say, is enjoying the best of health, and never mentions St. Andrews but with a wish to return to that dear old spot. I close this hurriedly written letter with the compliments of Mrs. James and myself to our many friends in St. Andrews.

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. JAMES.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was in the outskirts of a Canadian city in a detached building that I was going to pass the night. The house was surrounded by a sort of garden, and to the rear there was a large field through which might be reached the more distant suburbs of the city. I had passed a very pleasant evening with my entertainer and his family, and had retired to my room at about midnight. It was summer, and the night was dark enough to prevent the ground being seen with any clearness. Taking a book I lay down on my bed and turned over the leaves; while doing so I became conscious of voices in the garden. I listened and became more satisfied of the presence of some persons in the vicinity of the house. I put out my light and went to the window and soon became positive of two men speaking in hushed whispers beneath my window, which was in the second story. Listening more attentively I could distinguish some of the words, and gathered from them that an attack was meditated on the house, and murder was intended as a punishment on my friend for his interference in certain political agitations which were at the time causing considerable uneasiness in the community.

The servants occupied bed-rooms in the basement, but it was possible to effect an entrance into the house by the gallery on the first flat. This plan was discussed by the two men, but one of them was evidently acquainted with one of the servants, and he made known his presence by gently rapping against the window-pane.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls.
"It's me, Susan; open the door."
"What do you want?"
"Open the door and I will tell you."
After some further conversation I could hear the door opened, and my bedroom being above the kitchen, although one flat intervened, I could hear pretty distinctly what was said by the conspirators. The servants had left their bedroom, and were sitting in the kitchen.

"In the first place," began one of the men, "we want some supper."

This was procured, and the rattle of knives and forks alone disturbed the silence until Susan asked,
"Now that you are in, what do you want?"
"You will not wait long to see that, Bill, have you got your knife ready?"
"My God!" cried out Susan, "are you going to commit murder?"

"You keep quiet or I'll soon make you," said one of the villains.
But Susan was now really terrified and attempted to reach the door. The men were too quick and the two servants were soon gagged and bound. They, however, continued to struggle, till the one who was called Bill, put a stop to that by drawing his knife across her throat, and afterwards treating the other unfortunate girl in the same manner. I distinctly heard the dripping of the blood on the kitchen floor. The ruffians had evidently made sure work, for in a short time not the slightest movement was discernible.

The reader may imagine the agony which I was then enduring, but this agony was intensified to an almost inconceivable height when I found myself incapable of motion; although not tied or bound, I was incapable of moving a single limb or of uttering a word. If I had been reduced to almost a state of syncope my hearing powers were greatly increased. Not a movement or a breathing of the two men down stairs escaped me, and I soon became aware of their creeping slowly up stairs. They passed my room door, one remarking that I was a stranger. The murderers entered the bedroom where Mr. — and his wife were sleeping; they took handkerchiefs steeped in chloroform and soon their victims were in a state of insensibility. An artery was opened in each, and death by bleeding slowly but surely followed. A son and a daughter were then visited and met with the same fate, and the murderers then took their departure; long after which I could hear the dripping of blood from the four corpses in the different bedrooms. The dawn of day began now to break the sky, and I could

distinguish articles in the room. I found that I had regained the use of my limbs, but I was still suffering from the agony of mind; the dripping of blood continued, and as I listened to it more intently, methought it came from the window. I looked around me—I was lying on my bed, my lamp still burning at my side, and my book fallen from my hand. It was but a dream of terror, whose illusion of the whispering had been caused by the wind in the trees, and of the dropping of the blood by the patter of the rain against the window panes.

Fortune knocks at every man's door some time in his life, if he will but open and receive it. Many stand idly waiting for luck to touch their craft, and not even beckon to it. They expect some great event to transpire, whereby they will be made heirs of great wealth and fame. They scorn the humble and lowly path of the honest laborer. They seek it through recklessness and half planned speculations without exertion on their part. They do not deserve it. No wonder so many who aspire to success and fame fail; they do not put forth the right kind of metal. Every man can acquire a competency; he has only to put on courage and energy and "work while the day light lasts," and his labors will certainly be crowned with success. The great secret of all success is "Muck."

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel in Des Moines, Iowa, where pretty high bills were charged. In the morning the landlord made out the amount of damages and presented it to Pat. After he glanced over it the latter looked the landlord in the face and exclaimed: "Ye put me in mind of a snipe." "Why?" asked the landlord. "Because ye're very high all bill."

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton. I have run in a moment to inquire if a bill of mine have been paid. It is too incredible for me to believe, for with all your practical ideas of life, I cannot think you would carry your peculiar notions to such a length as this?"

"Pray what have I been doing now, Mrs. Ellis?" said Mrs. Morton, as she quietly arose and offered her visitor a chair. Your words and looks are ominous. Have I committed such a breach of propriety that Madam Grundy has found it necessary to haul her thunder of excommunication against me? Come, silence my suspense quickly, and with a pleasant smile the lady awaited her visitor's revelation.

"Why, I am told that you've actually apprenticed Belle, to a publisher in order that she may become a compositor. Every one was talking about it last evening at Mrs. Wilson's party, and although it is a great pity that so beautiful a girl should be so well fitted to adorn, and immure within the walls of dingy, old publishing house, simply because her mother chooses to sacrifice her child to that Moloch of her's—work. As for me, I can not think you are so blind to your only daughter's interests."

"Yes, it is true," said Mrs. Morton, glancing up a moment from her work, for her fingers were ever busy, with something. "But I see nothing in this to create such a profound sensation. Belle is not lost to society; she will have many hours for recreation, and will thus be enabled to meet any responsible demand society may make upon her."

"No doubt she will. It is possible Mrs. Morton, you do not know that you are effectually banishing your daughter from society. For, of course, much as I deplore such a state of affairs, 'our set' could never recognize a humble type setter as one of themselves. This is all wrong, I admit, but public opinion regulates these matters, and one must drift with the current you know. Belle has just graduated with the highest honors, and with her lovely manners, and fresh young face, might command the most eligible match in the city. It is absolutely cruel to sacrifice the sweet girl in this way."

"Well, Mrs. Ellis I take up the gambler's society has thrown down, and I shall less perform what I conceive to be my duty, though I am never again recognized by one of those with whom I am accustomed to associate. Out upon these aristocratic notions about work! Imported from lands where despotism grinds with its iron heel the laborer and his offspring. What business have Canadians harboring such ideas? It is my aim to make of Belle an independent, self-reliant woman. As to marriage, I am not at all concerned about that. The man who would scorn her hand because that hand is able to earn its fair possessor's support, I would scorn to receive into my family. It is my desire that she may grow up a noble, useful woman, fitted to reign a very queen in the hearts of husband and children, should heaven bestow such priceless gifts upon her. At the same time, I want her character to be as symmetrical that should she never meet one who appreciates her, she may cheerfully fill up this great void in her life by devoting herself to some noble pursuit, as well as their sons. In it, and not in legislation, may be found the solution to the vexed question which is now agitating our sex all over the land, and breaking out in discontented murmurings everywhere."

"Oh, it is all very well for people to work whose necessities require it," said Mrs. Ellis, "but Belle is your only child and will inherit your large fortune. What need has she to work?"

"Because she will be happier if she is usefully employed. Besides the wheel of fortune is a revolving one, and though to-day we may be rolling in luxury, to-morrow may find us crushed beneath the Juggernaut of misfortune. Listen while I briefly relate the story of my early womanhood. I would I might write as with a pen of fire upon the brain of every mother in the land! Oh, I cannot tell you what an interest I feel in the young girls growing up around me. My heart yearns to urge them to make a specialty of whatever the ineffable prompt them most to do, and then concentrate every effort upon that one pursuit until they excel in it. But to my story: I was the daughter of wealthy parents, the youngest of several years, and of course a great pet. Of an extremely delicate organization, my kind and indulgent mother shielded me from every hardship, and I grew into womanhood a novice in the art of housekeeping. From a child I was passionately fond of reading, and at school excelled in all my studies. Pleased with the progress I had made and proud of my attainments parents and teachers urged me forward, stimulating my ambition with words of encouragement until at the immature age of 18 I graduated the most brilliant girl in Madison B.—a celebrated school and carrying off amid the plaudits of friends and acquaintances, the honors of my class. But, alas! I was superficial in many things, for while it had been easy for me to commit my lessons I found it equally difficult to forget them. Keenly did I feel this defect, and in order to perfect myself, I wished, after leaving school to teach, but so bitterly did my parents oppose this that I yielded to their wishes, and returned home. I plunged into a round of gayety and amusement, and from this whirl of excitement I engaged the bride of one whom my friends did not look upon with favor. The young man was an employee in a wholesale house in the city of N. He was poor, but possessed of a well-cultivated mind. Unfortunately, however, he had no chosen trade or avocation. Idleness had made me a dreamy visionary being, and there was a charm about beginning life in poverty. What he so delighted to do this that I loved so fondly, and in practice also, where there are four strong hands to perform the labor, but close application to the desk, and breathing the unwholesome city air, had seriously impaired my husband's health.

We married at a time when neither was strong enough to battle with the stern realities of life. Dependence upon the salary of a clerk or book-keeper in a large city is very precarious for a family. It was a year of unprecedented hard times, necessitating great economy in business. Hundreds lost their situations, and my husband among the rest. Ah! then began that vain search for employment. For every vacancy there was a score of applicants and you invariably received the answer—"Persons of experience wanted." Oh! I can never forget that weary tramp, tramp up and down the streets jostled by a crowd as cold and heartless as the very stones under one's feet. I envied even the servant girls; but alas! the mysteries of the cuisine were as Greek to me, and I dared not apply for so menial a situation as theirs. My poor husband was in wretched health; and almost frenzied at the thought of the misery and degradation he had brought upon me. For his sake I hid my aching heart behind a smiling face. One night after he had retired, in putting up his coat, a vital drop fell from his pocket. Picking it up, I found it labelled "Laudatum," and then I knew that he was beset with the terrible temptation to take his own life. Flinging the vile drug into the street, I sunk on my knees, and "O my God! lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil," was the prayer that went up from my agonized heart. How desolate I felt! In the midst of a great city, friendless, worn, high penitence, and worst of all, haunted with the dreadful fear that my husband would commit suicide. From the time we were separated in the morning until we met again at

night I lived in a state of absolute torture. At length, despairing of finding anything in the city to do, we turned our faces countryward, feeling that our slender stock of money would last longer, than in town. After many weeks of painful anxiety, my husband found a situation in a small village, with just salary enough to keep the wolf from the door. How I longed to do something to better our condition; but, alas! what could I do? I might have had a fine music class in the village, but while I played and sang very well, I was not proficient enough in music to teach it successfully. Oh, how I wished I had given the time to it I had spent on French and Latin. Many an hour of hard study had I given to these branches, and of what practical advantage had they been to me? I never met any French people with whom I could converse, and had never been able to secure a class in either language, while all the while my knowledge was becoming rusty by non-use. It is painful to recall to this period of my life; I was so unhappy. I expected every day to be the last my husband would be able to attend to business. Finally, driven to desperation by our misfortune, I resolved to do something in the attempt. Attached to the house we occupied was a large lot for gardening purposes, and I made up my mind that out of that lot of earth I would dig our fortunes out, at least a living. With my own hand I made horticultural and floriculture a study and busied up her knowledge of chemistry. I was hard work and small profits the first year; but having once put my hand to the plow, I never turned back. Our table was abundantly supplied with fresh vegetables and fruits, and what was better, my step had grown elastic, my eye bright, and my cheeks rounded with health. My husband now found many a spare moment from his business to assist me, and in doing so found himself growing strong and well again. Oh, how happy we were? Surely there is a dignity in labor unknown to ease? How proud I felt when I received the returns from my first shipment of vegetables to the nearest market. I counted it over, and every item seemed to possess a value that I had never attached to money in the old days when at their lavish it so freely on me. Then I would have thought nothing of spending such a pretty sum upon the trimmings of a single dress, now every penny was hoarded with miserly care, for we had resolved upon a home of our own. Well, to be brief, each year I attempted something more—first a poultry yard, then the raising of bees and so on—until, before we were hardly aware of it, our home was paid for, and we were in easy circumstances.

I had carefully concealed every trace of our adversity from my parents. I think I would have died rather than go home a beggar. Now that the dawn of prosperity had set in, I wrote, asking them to come and see the little sickle-haired girl that like a sunbeam danced through our home. They came. Father, accustomed to his broad acres, was astonished at the prospect of my small plot of ground. He declared I was the best farmer he knew of and should have greater scope for my powers. He bought a fine large tract of land adjoining our grounds, that happened to be for sale just then and made me a deed for it. This is the origin of the country-seat you visited last summer and admired so much. Belle is a fine horticulturist and an accomplished housekeeper. Should she ever be thrown upon her own resources in the country, she could make a living, and I wish her to be equally as independent in town. We came to town to superintend her education. She thinks her forte is journalism, and desires, in addition to this, to become a practical printer. And now can you wonder, Mrs. Ellis after my experience, that I am trying to have her avoid the errors that well nigh made my young life a failure?

"No indeed, Mrs. Morton, and I honor you for it. I have been greatly benefited by the narrative of your early troubles, and I think you will see the result of it in the future training of my daughters."

Private information received in the city yesterday from our sister city across the bay represents an uncertain feeling regarding the stability of one or two large houses in the lumber trade. This trade has been notoriously overdone, just as our Nova Scotia shipbuilders are overdoing the production of new vessels, and the operators are beginning in the former case, to feel the pressure. Some day, and not far distant, either our shipbuilders will feel the shoe pinch as they have felt it in years gone by, though for the last four or five years ships have been coming money. A wise man foresees the evil, but the simple pass on, as we say—Halifax Colonist.

There is a prospect of suffering and destitution in Metapet, owing to the failure of the crops.

Dr. Williams' California Vinegar
is a Vegetable Preparation,
of the Sierra Nevada
Bitter, the medicinal pro-
perties of which are ex-
tracted from the roots
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of success of Vinegar Bitter
is, that they remove
the cause of disease, and
the patient recovers."
They are the great blood-
giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
the history of the world has
a compounded possessing
properties of Vinegar Bitter
of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
flammation of Visceral Organs,
etc.

enjoy good health, let
an Bitters as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,
and on Clifton St., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
and remain long
of their bones are not
dental poison or other means,
wasted beyond repair.

Thousands proclaim VINEGAR
a wonderful invigorant that
the shivering system.

mittent, and Intermit-
tent, which are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Ohio, Colorado, Bra-
zil, Alabama, Mobile,
Alabama, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
luring the Summer and Au-
tumn, so during seasons of
and depression, are invariably
extensive derangements of
Liver, and other abdominal
r treatment, a purgative,
and influence upon these
is essential, and necessary,
for the purpose of equal-
izing the VINEGAR Bitters, as
it removes the dark-colored
rich which the bowels are
sense time stimulating the
Liver, and generally restor-
ing the functions of the digestive

or Indigestion, Headache,
sickness, Coughs, Tightness
of the Chest, Sour Eructations
of Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
iousness, Pains in the region of
the stomach, and a hundred other painful
the offspring of Dyspepsia,
proves a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement.

King's Evil, White Swell,
Erysipelas, Swollen Neck,
Inflammation, Infection,
Mercurial Affections, Old
Sores of the Skin, Scars, Eruptions,
as in all other constitu-
tions. VINEGAR Bitters
is great curative powers in
all and intractable cases.

Disorders, Eruptions, Tetters,
itching, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Ringworms, Scalds,
Erysipelas, Itch, Scours,
of the Skin, Humors and
Skin of whatever name or
kind, daily dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of

and other Worms, humors
of so many thousands, are
cured and removed. No sys-
tem, no vermifuge, no anthel-
mintic system from worms.

Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of woman-
hood, these Bitters Bit-
ter decided an influence that
soon perceptible.

In all cases of jaundice, rest
or liver is not doing its work,
this treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
sulting purpose as VINEGAR Bitter.

McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,
and on Clifton St., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

BURNING OF SCHOOL HOUSES.

Almost every week we have to record the destruction of some School House by fire. Last week the School House in St. Mary's was among the number, although a sufficient cause is assigned, and the St. Croix Courier reports the burning of a fine new School House at Beaver Harbour, which it says is the second instance of the kind that has happened in the County within the last two or three weeks. In almost every instance the fires have been placed to the account of incendiarism, but in no case does it appear that the perpetrators of these outrages upon the public have been discovered, nor is it apparent that any well devised system has been inaugurated to carry out the investigation as might possibly lead to the apprehension of some of the parties guilty of these abominable acts. When it is considered how frequently within the last year or two the destruction of School Houses has taken place by fire, which cannot be accounted for in any other way than the act of an incendiary, one is almost ready to imagine that instead of their originating from local dissatisfaction or personal hatred or malice on account of somebody or something, that a combination of some sort has been formed through means of which every public School House that it is possible to reach is destined to disappear. Of course we do not suppose that such is the case, or that any person would lend themselves to work out such wickedness, but it is nevertheless a fact that within the time mentioned above more School Houses have been burned than in any five years preceding.—*Farmer.*

SERIOUS DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.—Intelligence received at Boston from Kingston, Jamaica, states that there has been enormous damage all over the Island by the hurricanes of Oct. 31st, and 1st and 2d November. They swept the parishes of St. Thomas, East Kingston, St. David's, St. Anne, Manchester, Clarendon, Portland and Trelawny. The sugar canes were beat down, the river rose six feet higher than ever known, the coffee and pimento crops were seriously injured, and the weather even afterwards caused general alarm.

ENORMOUS LAND SLIDES HAVE OCCURRED.—The roads and river courses are blocked by huge trees. Iron bridges are bent, and cattle and horses have been swept out to sea.

STEAMER SNAPPED IN TWO.—Strict inquiry will, it is to be hoped, be made by the Board of Trade into the loss of the paddle-wheel steamer *Mary*, which was built on the Clyde this year, and which suddenly snapped in two amidships when in the Bay of Biscay on Wednesday week, and instantly foundered, the sea at the time not being particularly high. Happily by the arrival of the brig *Egyptian* at Falmouth it is found that the catastrophe was not so terrible as it had been apprehended. Out of 19 on board the *Mary*, 17 escaped in the two boats and an extemporised raft; three died of exhaustion in the boat, and 14 are known to be safe—viz., seven at Falmouth and seven at Gibraltar; and it would seem by what the men at Falmouth state that the captain Mr. Modzod, is of latter number. He was previously reported drowned. The two men first arrived gave a terrible account of their sufferings. The boat although unsinkable, was full of water, and could not be emptied. The men being engineers had on very light clothing, and they were utterly without provisions and water. The survivors last landed were picked of the raft by the brigantine *Zopherna*, off Liverpool for Baltimore, and thence transferred to the *Egyptian*. All the crews participating in the rescue behaved most kindly to the survivors.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

THE END OF A VULGAR JEST.—A strange incident is reported from Lyons. On Oct. 6 two young people were married in that town. Within a few hours of the ceremony they became insensible, and have remained so ever since. The Lyonsese doctors have exhausted their science in this case, and the luckless pair, though alive yet, are evidently sinking from mere starvation. There can be no question but that some narcotic of the most violent class has been given them, probably as a joke. A young man, apprenticed to a chemist, has been arrested on suspicion. But it is believed that several of the marriage guests has bore part in the affair, which was meant as a vulgar jest only.

The Harriet Lane, a once well known United States steam revenue cutter, transformed into a trim sailing vessel, is taking cotton at Galveston for Providence R. I. She appeared in Galveston harbor in the fall of 1862, after the city had been abandoned by the Confederates. On the first January, 1863, the rebel General Magruder retook Galveston, after a fierce and bloody fight, and captured the Union garrison, the *Harriet Lane* and other vessels. Her first lieutenant received his death wound in a hand-to-hand encounter with a Confederate officer, and was recognized in his dying moments by his father, a Confederate staff officer, who had not seen or heard of him for many months. One of the crew armed with a cutlass, rushed at one of the boarders, a Texas ranger, who lowered his shot gun, and, as each was about to strike, they recognized each other as brothers long separated. The leaders in the fight are dead, and the vessel on whose deck they struggled so fiercely now returns to Galveston after eleven years absence, on a peaceful commercial mission.

A German paper mentions a case which

is going on at Moscow which causes a great sensation throughout Russia. The Abbess Mitrofanina is charged with forging the veil she mixed in the first society in the capital. By means partly of imperial munificence and contributions from all quarters, and partly of forged bills, she established factories, dairies, &c., several of which are in full activity.

The Standard

SAINT ANDREWS, NOV. 18, 1874.

OUR SCHOOLS.—During the past week, the Trustees of Schools have placed in the Female Department of the Advanced School, of which Miss Mary Dixon is teacher, new regulation desks and seats. We are pleased to notice, that they have also had some thirty elm trees planted on William and Carleton Streets at the sides of the school building, and the play grounds have been graded and gravelled. The building has an air of comfort and neatness, highly commendable to the Trustees, and shows the wisdom of the ratepayers in selecting the proper men for that office.

The Trustees of School District No. 6, at Chancok, in this Parish, have purchased ground and contracted for the erection of a School House 36x26. Messrs. W. P. & J. Craig, of Woodstock, are the contractors; they brought the material with them and commenced raising the frame on Monday last. It is to be ready for plastering in about three weeks, and probably the school may be opened after the Christmas holidays, should a competent teacher be engaged.

Provincial Industries.

Another new industry has sprung up in King's County, where Messrs. E. Roach & Co. have established a

GLUE MANUFACTORY.

which is in operation. The glue is reported to be of excellent quality, and is sold at rates so low as to ensure a ready sale. We trust its proprietors will meet with that encouragement which their enterprise and public spirit entitle them to. It is a wise policy to encourage domestic industry, where the articles are as good and sold as low or perhaps lower than those imported. It keeps the circulating medium in the country, gives employment and develops the resources of the Province.

BOOT AND SHOE FACTORIES

are another industry which deserves more general encouragement; they also give employment to the people of the country and use its products, and from the large quantities manufactured, should be equal to the demand.

A PAPER MANUFACTORY

has also during the present season, been put in operation near St. John, and furnishes a very good quality of printing and other papers. There are various other factories in operation, all of which should be supported in preference to imported articles of a like description. By adopting this policy the country is enriched, while the other impoverishes it. Besides it is injurious to the interests of a country or town to send to a foreign state or out of the place for articles which can be manufactured or executed in their country encourage domestic manufactures, they will then make the Province richer, while by adopting the other course, they will aid in making it poorer.

TEA MEETING.—Extensive preparations have been made to render the Tea Meeting in Gore's Hall, to-morrow evening, attractive, pleasant, and may we not add profitable. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church always get up first rate entertainments, there will be an abundance of good things, and with dialogues, vocal and instrumental music, a pleasant evening may be passed.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.—About three o'clock on Friday morning last, the premises of Wm. Whitlock, Esq., were entered by thieves. They failed in boring holes at the office window, to wrench the bolt off, and afterwards effected an entrance to the store by removing the window over the door; after rummaging the store they passed into the house, and regaling themselves upon sweet meats, opened the doors, and went up stairs to where the inmates were sleeping. Mr. Polleys, the book keeper, whose room door was partly open, heard the robbers moving noiselessly to each door, and heard them say, "he's fast asleep," when opposite Mr. Whitlock's bed room. He rose cautiously, opened a drawer where his revolver was, and moved towards the door, when he saw the light of a match for a second below, and ran down the stairs, but the villains had heard him, and made their exit by the back door. He ran to the street but could not hear or see anyone. A more daring and barefaced attempt at robbery was never made in St. Andrews. The premises are situated on Water Street, in one of the most public parts of the town; the robbers must have been daring fellows to run such a risk. Had they not made their exit so rapidly, it is probable that one of them at least would have "differed the dust."

The store of J. R. Bradford, Esq., was entered a few nights before by cutting the sash of the back window, and the till rifled of small change. In both cases the robbers left burnt matches from the windows to the doors. The same parties we learn have been operating in the town of St. George.

THE WEATHER still continues very mild, no snow and little frost. A light rain fell last night, and the air this morning was more like early in September than the latter end of November.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for November, is a very interesting number; among the articles is a sketch of Capt. Thos. G. Anderson, who was born at Sorel, in Nov. 1779. In 1783 when the Continental Army was reduced, his father, Capt. S. Anderson was placed on half pay. The family afterwards removed to Cornwall, U. C., where the father received a grant of 1,200 acres. The sketch given of the present Capt. Anderson, now in his 95th year, is so full of adventure, that we intend publishing it. A portrait of the old gentleman is given as a frontispiece. Published by J. Dougall & Son, Montreal. Price \$1.50 a year.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ADVANCE, Mr. D. G. Smith's new paper, published in Chatham, Miramichi, has been received. It looks well, is of large size, and commences with a good share of advertisements. It claims to be independent in politics, and will approve or condemn according to the judgment of its editor. The articles are creditable to its editor, who has had some valuable experience. The *Advance* has our own best wishes, and we believe it will be a success.

The second number of the *St. Lawrence Advance* fully sustains the opinion that it will prove a good newspaper.

Mysterious Tragedy at Sea.

An occurrence of a singularly tragic character was reported at Greenock, on Saturday (says the *Glasgow Herald*), by Captain Kidd, of the ship *Alabama*, which arrived at the Tail of the Bank from Pensacola with a cargo of timber. While the *Alabama* was on her homeward voyage, on the 20th September, and while off the island of Cuba, Havana bearing south by east, distant about 35 miles, the attention of the captain was directed to a small open boat which was observed drifting about, apparently with no one on board. A small sprit sail was set upon the craft, and an awning was spread fore and aft, but the sail was seen to be loose, and flapping about. The ship was at once steered towards the boat, and, on closely approaching it, the body of a man was seen lying across the beams. Captain Kidd at once ordered the ship to be hauled on the wind, and the second officer (Mr. Proctor) and a boat's crew had one of the *Alabama's* boats launched, and picked up the little craft. On going alongside, the occupant was found to be quite dead, and the body was becoming rapidly decomposed. A considerable quantity of water, deeply dyed with blood, was observed in the bottom of the boat, and on the seats and sides clots of blood and quantities of human hair were found adhering. The boat was brought alongside the *Alabama*, and on the body of deceased being examined it was found that he had been stabbed on the left side, below the breast, the wound being about four inches long. Several severe injuries were also observed on the head, and they had evidently been inflicted by some hard blunt substance. The body was stretched at full length in the boat, and underneath the head were placed several pieces of carpet, which appeared to have been originally used in the boat for sitting upon. On the person of deceased was found six dollars in Havana paper currency, but no document or papers were found which could lead to his identification. Inside the boat were found two sheath knives stained all over with blood, two pairs of shoes, a hand lantern with one of the glass sides broken, a walking-stick made of iron tree wood, but minus the head, a sponge, &c. Deceased, who was a handsome and powerfully built man, aged about 30 years, was dressed in a dungaree jumper and canvas pants. From the appearance of the body it was conjectured that the unfortunate man had not been dead more than 48 hours. The boat was about 16 feet keel, and on the stern was painted "F. B. B. 1063." From the rig, outfit, and general appearance of the craft, it is believed to have belonged to a licensed boatman of Havana. Of course to account for its presence in mid-ocean, and how its solitary occupant met his death, is impossible, but taking into account the circumstance of two blood-stained knives being found on board, together with two pairs of shoes, &c., the supposition is that two persons at least must have originally occupied the craft when it left the shore. Both sides of the boat had been partially washed with the sponge, but a quantity of human hair clotted with blood was found sticking to other portions of it, and evidences other than the appearance of the body of the deceased favour the supposition that a struggle between two persons had taken place on board. Captain Kidd is of opinion that the man found dead may have been a native Spanish boatman, and that, having been hired by a passenger who wished to be conveyed to some point on the island of Cuba, the two had quarrelled during the passage—the boatman having perhaps attempted to rob the passenger—when a struggle ensued. The hair of the man found on the boat was intact, and the colour of that found adhering to the sides of the boat was different from his. It is therefore surmised that during the fight a portion of the hair of the second man may have been torn out, and that eventually he had been overcome and thrown overboard, but not before he had inflicted fatal injuries upon the man found in the boat. Finding himself so severely wounded, deceased ap-

pears to have tied a handkerchief round his body over the wound, in order, if possible, to staunch the blood which flowed; but finding himself becoming exhausted, he had collected the bits of carpet, and placing them under his head had lain down to die. Both knives were lying apart from their sheaths. One of the weapons was a long sharp-edged stiletto, while the other was a knife commonly used by seafaring men, and appeared to be of English manufacture. The body of deceased, after being carefully examined, was weighted with iron and consigned to the deep, but Captain Kidd brought the boat and the various articles found on board to Greenock.

A SIMPLE PLAN OF VENTILATION.—The following simple method for ventilating ordinary sleeping and dwelling rooms is recommended by Mr. Hinton in his "Physiology for Practical Use": A piece of wood, three inches high and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draft in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars pendular currents of air, not felt as draft, will enter and leave the room.

A new potato, known as the white queen (*reine blanche*) is being cultivated in France. In good soil, from ten to fifteen tubercles are formed, many of which attain or exceed the weight of 22 pounds. The flavor is said to be good. Planted in February or March, it becomes ripe in July.

EFFECT OF AMMONIA FUMES ON FLOWERS.—Professor Gabba has been examining the effects of ammonia on the color of flowers. It is well known that the smoke of tobacco will, when applied in sufficient quantity, change the tint of flowers; but Professor Gabba experiments by pouring a little ammonia liquor into a saucer and inverting a funnel over it. Placing the flowers in the tube of the latter, he finds that blue, violet, and purple colored blossoms become of a fine green; carmine and crimson become black; white, yellow; while pale colored flowers such as red and white are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will return in a few hours. Professor Gabba also found that asters acquire a pleasing odor when submitted to the fumes of ammonia.

THE MOST EMINENT AMERICAN.—The most eminent living American is William Cullen Bryant, of New York city, poet, author, editor, and publisher. Born in 1794, in Massachusetts, he is now in the 81st year of his age, still active and vigorous both in body and mind. His first volume of poems was published in 1808, in his fourteenth year, and from that time to the present, a period of 66 years, he has been a constant contributor to the literature of the world. For the past 48 years he has been editor and proprietor of the New York *Evening Post* newspaper. On the recent occasion of his 80th birthday, November 4, 1874, he was waited upon by a number of our most prominent citizens, and heartily congratulated for his continued health and long and useful life. He spoke, in reply, of the remarkable changes that had taken place in the political affairs of the world during his lifetime. What marvelous discoveries have been made, too, in the world of Science during the same period!

MURDER NEAR FORT KENT.—In August last, says the *North Star*, a young man by the name of Bolier, belonging in Canada, came from Winn, where he had been at work. He had with him three hundred dollars, and was going home to his parents. He went to Fort Kent on his way home, and crossed the St. John river, intending to go by the way of Little Falls. One Silber Oullette, also a Canadian, crossed the river with him, and the two arrived in Canada. Young Bolier's father not hearing from his son, came through in search of him, which resulted in finding his body two miles above Little Falls, on the Province side, with his head badly broken in with a club, and his money gone. A good many, in passing a bridge where he was found, had seen the blood on the bridge, but nothing was thought of it, as no one was known to be missing, but as soon as it was known that the young man was missing, search was made and the body found. It is supposed that Oullette knew that Bolier had money, killed him, and dragged him into the woods.

BAD WATER.—A distinguished medical authority warns the drinkers of water of wells near dwellings to beware of the typhoid poison sure to be found sooner or later in these reservoirs, if any of the house drainage can percolate to them. Whole some, untainted water is always free from all color and odor. To test it thoroughly, place in a few grains of lump sugar, and expose it, stoppered, to sunlight, in a window. If, even after an exposure of eight or ten days, the water becomes turbid, be sure that it has been contaminated by seepage of some kind. If it remains perfectly clear, it is pure and safe.

LEPINE.—A rumor from Fort Garry, is that the rescue of Lepine will be attempted, and that a strong guard from the garrison will be placed over the jail. What a pity it is that his commander Riel, is not under lock and key with him. Of the two he is the greater criminal.

The American Cattle which arrived in Liverpool last week by the steamer *Euro-pean* were offered for sale at the Stanley Cattle Market, Old Swan, and realized from £17 to £22 each. The cattle are large and bony, and weighed from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds each. Though not sufficiently good for the best butchers' meat, they would yield large profits to the grazier. The Liverpool butchers are anxious to encourage the trade, and it is contemplated to run a steamer to Galway, which would be saving on a voyage from four to five days. From 5,000 to 6,000 are daily offered for sale in the Chicago market, and they are weighed in one scale fifty at a time.—*Canadian News.*

NEW MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—Cam-pello Bello.—Joseph W. Alden, Jas. B. Alden, and James P. Keenan, of Cambridge, Mass., and Benj. Dickenson and John Donovan, of Boston, Mass., have filed in the office of the Provincial Secretary, of this Province, a Memorandum of Association for the incorporation of a Company, for the purpose of improving the land and resources of the Island of Campo Bello, and the manufacture of all kinds of lumber thereon, with such other things as are incident to the attainment of these objects, with a capital of one million of dollars, to be divided into one thousand shares of one thousand dollars each; and that the operations of the Company shall be carried on in the said Island of Campo Bello.

[The Association have purchased all the ungranted land from the heirs of the late Admiral Owen, and we understand that Mr. Dickenson will reside on the island.]—*Ed. Standard.*

—It is announced that it is the intention of the Lords of the Admiralty to reward all the blue jackets employed during the late Ashantee war with 30 days' pay, being the same mode of compensation as that adopted toward their brethren in the sister service. Payment cannot be made for some time, owing to the way the men are scattered all over the world.

BALLOON'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.—The December number of *Balloon's* charming magazine is issued, and contains a large variety of stories and poems. There are Christmas tales and verses, rich and evocative of interesting incidents, a thrilling sea yarn, a wild adventure, and some of the best domestic tales that ever appeared in print. But here is a table of contents, so judge for yourself: "A Christmas Greeting," "The Mistletoe," "Winter Birds," "Fashion," "Newfoundland Dog," "A Brilliant Announcement for 1875," "Mr. Blink's Christmas Presents" (Humorous Pictures). Published by Thomas & Talbot, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$1.60 per year, including postage and premium.

SMALL POX AT THE NORTH.—The *St. Lawrence Advance* says that a man named Hache, whose brother recently fell victim to small pox in Montreal, died at Pokenouch, Gloucester County, on Saturday week. On learning of his brother's death, he had proceeded to Montreal, and brought home two trunks containing the clothing and other property of the deceased. On his way home he was taken sick, and soon after his arrival died. Later information confirms the report that Hache's death was caused by small pox, and his widow is now ill with the disease.

WRECK OF THE DELTA.—Advices received at New York, state that the details of the loss of the steamship *Delta*, from London, show that her engines were out of order when she sailed from port; that she met rough weather, and on the 5th inst. struck on a sand bank near Cape Chat, remaining till the night of the 6th, when a heavy gale drove her further into the sand staving her bows and filling her engine room with water. On the 7th inst. her passengers were with some difficulty landed safely, and after driving 100 miles reached a railway station and arrived at Montreal on the 13th. The wreck was caused by the light of a large being mistaken for Cape Chat light. Tugs have been sent to save the freight and baggage.

IMMIGRANTS.—One hundred and twenty immigrants arrived at the sheds, Toronto, on the 11th inst., of whom 30 were children sent by Miss Rye, 10 Russian Menonites, and the balance English and Irish farm laborers.

STRONG GUARD OVER LEPINE.—A rumor having been circulated that the rescue of Lepine will be attempted, a strong guard from the garrison will be placed over the jail.

T. H. Rand, Esq., Chief Superintendent of Schools, is visiting the Schools in the northern section of the Province.

Telegraphic News.

OTTAWA, Nov. 16. Dr. Tupper arrived here to-day. He intends visiting Toronto this week.

Ingersoll police station was burned yesterday morning, and an intoxicated man named Amour, was burned to death.

Hudson, a bookkeeper for Dale & Co., Montreal, has absconded with \$4000 of the firm's money.

The express robbers have not yet been captured.

LONDON, Nov. 16. The Times sides with Gladstone in his controversy with Archbishop Manning, saying that the important point as to what is lawful, can, according to the Archbishop, only be decided by the Pope.

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