

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N.B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1864.

No. 46

## MEDICAL ASSISTANCE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY.



## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY. STOPS THE MOST EXHAUSTING PAIN IN A FEW MINUTES. RAPIDLY CURES THE PATIENT.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Proves its superiority to all other medicines at once. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing pain in a few minutes.

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## Poetry.

### DO RIGHT.

Away, O soul, thy hours are fleeting,  
This life is rapidly completing,  
Time with its moments is melting,  
Soon comes the night;  
The tribulation, too, will come,  
According to thy deeds, thy doom—  
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,  
And tempests beat around thy head;  
Though life its greenest foliage shed,  
In sorrow's night;  
And though thy holy hopes and fears,  
Life buried beneath the gathering years—  
Do right, do right.

Paint not in all the weary strife,  
Though every day with toil be rife,  
Work is the element of life—  
"Action is light."  
For man is made to toil and strive,  
And only those who labor live—  
Do right, do right.

Life is but all a fleeting dream,  
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,  
A bubble on the passing stream,  
Soon lost to sight;  
For there's no work for every hour,  
In every passing word and power—  
Do right, do right.

Oh, life is full of solemn thought,  
And noble deeds—if nobly wrought,  
With fearful consequences fraught,  
And there is might—  
If gathered in each passing hour,  
That gives the soul its earthly power—  
Do right, do right.

## Miscellaneous.

### MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

THE STORY OF A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Heaven into his father, and ended with this line  
"Believe me, dearest Nerva, ever thine."  
—Old Song.

I am a bachelor, twenty-eight years old,  
and in possession of a snug little sum in the  
three per cents, besides a tolerable professional  
income for so young a man. My name  
is Sidney Curling, and my friend call me  
Sid.

The above candid and modest  
assertion is not made with any intention  
of advertising for a wife, as I consider that  
sort of a thing as absurd as being measured  
for a walking stick; and I may as well in-  
form the whole tribe of man-eating mam-  
mar, faded belles and dashing coquettes that  
I am emphatically not a marrying man.

"Disappointed!" I hear the fair reader ex-  
claim, suggestively. Yes, I am a disap-  
pointed man. How I fell into the web of  
Don Cupid, and how I unfortunately per-  
haps fortunately—fell out of it, it is the pur-  
pose of this veracious chronicle to relate.

Now, I pride myself on my supper at my  
chamber in the Temple, and my system is  
rather famous among bachelors. I can tell  
you, and used to be more so about three  
years ago, before so many fellows of my set  
got married and done for. At one of those  
suppers, about that period, my old college  
chum, Fred Masters, promised to introduce  
me to the finest woman in London. We had  
both received cards for Lady Devine's ball,  
and there the introduction was to take  
place. I was in a fever of expectation, and  
anxiously looked forward to my meeting  
with the belle of the season. The eventful  
day, big with fate, at length arrived; and  
after making the most elaborate of toilettes,  
I drove up to Lady Devine's in a handsome  
cab. I soon tumbled across Fred, amidst  
the crowd, and, when the quadrille was over,  
I was introduced to my lovely, fair and as  
feebly as a figure as ever nature had bestow-  
ed upon a human being.

She was really a very charming and ele-  
gant girl, and rejoiced in the aristocratic  
name of Peodorova—generally, however,  
called Peodor—de Horne. She smiled at  
my mentioning my name—such a smile! I  
displayed a set of teeth which I would defy  
any dentist of London or Paris to match, or  
any mother of pearl to surpass. We chatted  
pleasantly of the weather (of course) and  
various other equally delightful and interest-  
ing topics; and, after claiming her hand for  
the next disengaged waltz, I resigned her to the  
care of her chambermaid and aunt, Lady de  
Horne.

The hours flew by on rosy wings, and at  
length I found myself lying on my lonely  
couch in Brick Court, making minute calcu-  
lations as to the cost of married life, till I

fell asleep to dream of the incomparable Pe-  
doro de Horne.

I met her at several balls and parties dur-  
ing the season, and though I am an exqui-  
sitely sensitive fellow, and even now horri-  
bly nervous in the presence of chlorine and  
bright eyes, I managed to pay her a great  
deal of, I believe, very acceptable attention.  
In fact, I had so conducted myself toward  
her, that my former boon companions had  
contemptuously nicknamed me "The pilgrim  
of Love," and Jack Mallin had the coyness  
to say, in his peculiarly vulgar and offensive  
manner, that I was a "gone coon." By the  
way, that Jack Mallin is rather a low fellow.

But the climax happened towards the close  
of the season. Lady Horne was to give a  
grand ball, which was to be one of the great-  
est successes of the season. I was invited,  
and felt that my fate was to be decided that  
evening; and it was with a palpitating heart  
that I entered the brilliant saloon. Every-  
thing went as I could wish. Peodor was  
admitted even by the most envious, to be  
the belle of the ball. Indeed, she never  
looked more charming.

I had the honor of her hand for the first  
quadrille, and it seemed evident that the  
marked decision I paid her was not unrec-  
ognized. I had danced rather a fatiguing gal-  
lop with a Miss Howard, a pretty but insipid  
friend of Peodor's, and having resigned her,  
I hastened after a vain search for Peodor,  
from the ball room through an ante chamber  
into the conservatory. This conservatory was  
a spacious glass building, containing some  
choice exotics. As its existence was  
known to comparatively few of the guests, I  
did not fear interruption. It had been point-  
ed out to me on a previous visit, by Sir  
John de Horne, an enthusiastic admirer  
of flowers, and who had built the place  
himself.

I walked about near some tropical plants  
meditating upon my first conquest, when  
suddenly the fall of one of the flowers  
made me start violently. I hastily  
turned to see the cause of the accident, and  
what a sight met my astonished gaze! Be-  
hind an orange tree, strapped to a chair, and  
with her hands bound and her mouth gagged  
was Peodor! I could hardly believe my  
eyes.

A ruffian in the form of a gentleman, was  
coolly stripping her of her jewels, when he  
caught sight of me, and with an oath, at-  
tempted to rush past me; but I happened to  
be a pretty fair boxer, and I stepped  
aside sufficiently to give play to my arm,  
and then delivered a blow straight from the  
shoulder, which caught him full on the side  
of the head, and felled him as if he had been  
shot.

Perfectly certain that he would not move,  
I hastily liberated Miss de Horne from her  
thinks, and, at hurried request, hasten-  
ed into the ball room, to acquaint her  
uncle of the matter, while I attended to the  
perpetrator of the outrage.

You see, Peodor was—or rather "is"—  
a strong-minded person. She had too much  
sense to faint.

The thief rose suddenly, and, looking fur-  
tively round, made a sudden dash at me;  
but I closed with him, and though he was  
the taller man of the two, I managed to hold  
my own with him till Sir John de Horne,  
followed by half a dozen gentlemen and two  
footmen, came rushing into the conservatory.  
The footmen courageously seized the thief,  
struggled till one of the men, a sturdy fellow  
administered three or four blows, which ren-  
dered him powerless, or rather prudent.

Sir John, who was elderly and very irasci-  
ble, immediately burst forth—  
"You horrible scoundrel! You detestable  
ruffian! You utterly cheat! I—a—  
I never heard of such audacity in my life. In  
my own house—on such an occasion—  
You daring ruffian!"

The old gentleman's reprobation was abrup-  
tly terminated by the arrival of a policeman.  
The struggling thief was handcuffed, and  
walked off to Bow street.

It appeared afterward that he was a noto-  
rious member of the swell mob, and that he  
had picked the pocket of one of Lady de  
Horne's guests in the streets, a day or two  
previous to the ball. Among the plunder was  
the card of invitation, which he had pre-  
sented, and thus obtained admittance. This  
was the more easy, as, of course, neither La-  
dy or Sir John de Horne knew half the peo-  
ple whose names were down on their visit-  
ing list.

After securing several smelling bottles,  
cambric handkerchiefs, fans, lockets, etc., he  
had left the ball-room to carry on his depreda-  
tions in the other part of the house; and, hav-  
ing discovered the conservatory, and de-  
posited his plunder there "as a place of  
safety," was "hauling forth" to fresh  
spoil and pastures new, when he met  
Peodor at the door, who had retired there  
to escape the heat of the ball room—I will  
not say in search of me as I had been of her.  
He had been introduced to her in the early

part of the evening, by Sir John, who per-  
ceiving him shunning by himself, conceived  
him to be some guests not on intimate terms  
with the family, and thought he would do a  
great act of politeness by securing him so  
charming a partner as his niece. The rascal  
certainly had a prepossessing appearance,  
being tall and well formed, with bushy white  
hair and beard. According, when Peodor  
met him, with the greatest self-possession he  
offered her his arm, and led her to the most  
remote part of the conservatory; then, and  
denying unkindling his arm, he actually garroled  
and gagged her in her uncle's own house.  
He then bound her to a chair, hoping to re-  
lieve her of her jewelry, and makes his exit  
before her absence should be discovered. But  
he had reckoned, as we have seen, with-  
out his host, and my opportune arrival had  
changed the face of affairs. Of course, I was  
the lion of the evening, and my name in con-  
junction with that of Peodor, was on the  
lips of every one for the rest of the season.

I felt that I loved her, and that she re-  
turned my love, and yet I could not screw  
my courage to the attacking place, and pro-  
pose to her in propria persona.

No! I determined to write to her, and ex-  
plain my sentiments towards her, as I  
thought a refusal—not that I expected one  
for a moment—would be less painful to both  
parties, if given by letter instead of by word  
of mouth. Yet I am such a procrastinating  
fellow, that though I had fully made up my  
mind to adopt the above course, I put off  
writing the letter till one day I met Fred  
Masters, and he informed me that Peodor  
was about to leave town for the North, and  
that settled the point. I was hardly in a fit  
state to write a letter, for I had just  
pleaded in an important but somewhat pain-  
ful case, and my nerves were unstrung after  
the excitement, especially as the jury had  
not returned their verdict when I left, my  
junior being still in court to hear it.

Every day I was to be lost. I bid Fred  
adieu, turned to my chambers, instead of re-  
turning to the court, took down a quire of  
paper and sat down. An unfinished letter  
to my father, who is on her majesty's com-  
mission of the peace, and resides in rural  
dignity, at Sutton-cum-Piggessville in Cam-  
berland, lay on the table. I put that by my  
side intending to finish it when I had written  
the all important epistle to the lady of my  
love.

I had begun and torn up some twenty  
notes before I decided that one was worthy  
to be sent; but last I managed to be con-  
tented, and had nearly finished it, when the  
door opened, and my junior came rushing in,  
and announced that the jury, in spite of all  
my sequences, inspired by my love for her,  
had returned an adverse verdict. This to-  
tally unexpected news so disturbed my equi-  
nimity that I felt to nervous almost to hold  
my pen, and certainly ought not to have gone  
on with my letters. However, I motioned  
him to a seat, sat down, completed them,  
tremblingly folded them up, directed and  
sealed them, and begging them to excuse me  
for a moment, seized my hat, hurried off the  
post-office, determined to post them myself,  
to insure their safety.

I went back, and after a very wearisome  
(to me) consultation, went to the theatre,  
in order to prevent myself from pondering  
too much on the "possibility of rejection."  
The subject of the drama was "The required  
affection," which did not move matters.  
Then next day passed. No signal. I was a  
fever of anticipation. On the following  
morning I received two letters subscribed  
"Sidney Curling Esq, 11, Temple," and I  
feverishly tore open the envelope of the  
first, and read as follows:

"My Dear Sidney—Your father has begged  
me to say that he is terribly grieved to find  
that you have evidently become a victim to  
the disgraceful vice of intoxication. He re-  
ceived a letter from you yesterday, part of  
which must have been written when you  
were in a dreadful state. Oh, Sidney, there  
must be some mistake. Write to me my  
dear boy and explain it. Your father re-  
fuses to write to you; but if you will just run  
down, all may yet be well. Good bye, my  
boy. Do come."

Your affectionate mother,  
—MARY ANNE CURLING.

My eyes almost started out of my head as  
I read the words. They seemed imprinted  
on my brain in letters of flame.

I looked at the supercription of the other  
envelope. It was in a mudline hand. Im-  
pudently I tore it open, and two letters drop-  
ped out. The first was as follows:

"Sir—You have grossly insulted my  
niece Miss de Horne, and unless you send  
my return, an ample apology, you must be  
prepared to take the consequences of your  
act. Either you are a mean, contemptible  
scoundrel, or you are a wit. Miss de Horne  
distinctly objects to have any further com-  
munication with a person of either character,  
and I have only to add that my servants have

orders to thrust you into the street should  
you make your appearance at my door. I  
enclose your note, which my niece has begged  
me to return to you. I am, sir, your obe-  
dient servant,  
—SIDNEY CURLING, Esq.

I was dumfounded! With a trembling  
hand I picked up this precious letter, and to  
"My dear Miss De Horne—You cannot  
but have perceived that your charge of mind  
and person have affected me with a passion  
which I feel that time cannot destroy and  
which will cease only with my being. I love  
you passionately—madly; indeed, I am sure  
that did you know how solely I am yours  
you would pity me, and allow me to pay my  
address to you, even if you have no great af-  
fection for me. I have chosen to write to  
you in preference to Sir John, as a rejection  
from your own pen would be less painful to  
me than one through him. If words could  
express the extent of my love and admiration  
I should fill volumes; but alas! language is  
too weak to express my adoration—writing  
it is more than love. In return, then, for  
this devotion to your interest, which I am sure  
you have already perceived, I have only to  
add that, consistently with the love I have  
such good reason to know that you have me,  
I wish you to lend me a couple of hundred  
pounds for a month or two. The loan shall  
(believe me) be punctually returned as my  
want of it is only momentary. Meanwhile  
believe me yours, affectionately.

"SIDNEY CURLING."

Here, then, was the solution of my moth-  
er's note and Sir John's anger. I was so  
disturbed by the news brought by my junior  
that I must have sat down and put the wrong  
conclusions to the letters in my hurry, and  
I had no time to read them over as it was  
already nearly post time. Being so constant-  
ly in the habit of writing three or four letters  
at a time, it never occurred to me to read over  
the one to my father before concluding it, as I  
perfectly remember the point at which I  
had left off on the previous day.

If the affair had not been so serious, I  
should have been extremely inclined to laugh  
heartily at the ludicrous mistake I had made;  
but, by Jove, it was no laughing matter for  
me.

I did all I could under the circumstances.  
I telegraphed to Sutton-cum-Piggessville and  
got back my letter by return. I found that  
my surmise was correct, and that, after ac-  
quainting my father with the satisfactory  
conclusion of some legal business I had been  
conducting for him, I had burst forth into a  
string of complimentary adjectives, and  
wound up declaring my inviolable and un-  
terrible devotion. With many misgivings,  
I wrote an ample apology to Miss de Horne,  
enclosing both letters, and explaining the  
circumstances. On the following morning I  
received a note from Sir John, informing me  
that Miss de Horne accepted my apology,  
but had begged him to decline, in her name  
the honor of my name and hand, at the same  
time retracting the expressions in his former  
note.

I threw the letters into the fire, the only  
thing I have since heard about Miss Peodor  
de Horne is contained in the following an-  
nouncement cut from the Morning Post:

"On the 14th instant, at St. George's  
Hanover Square, by the Right Rev. the Bis-  
hop of Oxford assisted by the Rev. Cringe-  
well Parson, the Hon. AUGUSTUS WOOTTON,  
only son to the Right. Hon. Lord Mervin to  
PEACORNSA EMBLIA, only daughter to the  
late Sir Walter de Horne, Baronet of Waver-

An amusing scene occurred one day last  
week in a store not far from Summer street.  
Two gentlemen (?) passing a trimming store,  
chanced to see in the window a pair of ladies  
garters, which were made from patent leather  
and thinking to have a little sport, stepped  
into the store, but the lady in attendance  
completely turned the table on them.

Act 1st—Scene 1st.  
Enter two gentlemen.  
First gentleman—What is the price of  
those dog collars in the window my dear  
Lady—twenty-five cents a pair.

Second Gentleman—Good gracious! do  
you always sell them by the pair?  
Lady—Yes sir. When we sell them to  
puppies.

Tableau—Green curtain.—(Kenton Post.)  
His TALE FIRST—An Irish sergeant, bring-  
ing a maver at the head of the company, saw  
a dog running towards him with open mouth  
as if to snap. The sergeant having fixed  
his bayonet, ran it down the dog's throat and  
killed him. The owner coming up demand-  
ed of the "Son of Mars" why he could not  
as well have struck him with the butt end of  
his musket. "Arrah," says Pat, "and surely  
I would, if he had only run at me with his  
tail first."

The correspondent of the Montreal Gazette  
gives the following sketch of the delegate,  
at the Conference:

### THE NEW BRUNSWICKERS.

The speaking of the New Brunswick seven  
was left mainly to Mr. Secretary Tilley,  
the leader of that Government, Mr. Johnson,  
Attorney General, Mr. John H. Gray, Mr.  
Chandler, and Mr. Fisher. The Secretary  
was not a frequent speaker. He seldom rose  
except when financial questions were under  
discussion, and then he delivered himself  
like a master of the subject. Without hav-  
ing the extraordinary facility of statement  
which on such subjects distinguishes Mr.  
Galt, he was always clear, cogent and to  
the point. The unpardonable sin in Mr.  
Tilley's mind, would seem to be surplussage.  
There was not in all he said a sentence  
thrown away, or a syllable over much. He  
possessed above most of his colleagues that  
essential knowledge for a good party leader,  
the knowledge of where and when to stop.

Any ordinary man can open an argument;  
most men can keep one up, but Mr. Tilley  
always knows where his matter ends, and  
when that is out he never attempts to pro-  
long discussion for the mere sake of an ar-  
gumentative triumph. And the condensation  
of his style was not a bad index to tenacity  
of his character. To carry his point was his  
all in all, and it is but justice to him to  
be generally successful.

Mr. Chandler and Mr. Fisher, both law-  
yers and politicians of long standing, gave  
their attention chiefly to the legal and con-  
stitutional questions. Their age, experience  
and abilities were of the highest value to the  
Conference during these deliberations. It  
was pleasant to see especially in the person  
of Mr. Chandler, the devoted member of the  
Conference (except Sir John)—that year  
had not been able to attend the generous ar-  
rival of his blood, or to convert his former  
anxiety into skepticism of popular intelligence  
or popular capacity. The youngest member  
present could not have contended with great-  
er zeal for the privileges of the people than  
this veteran of Provincial politics, who has  
been so often held up to us as the beau ideal  
of an old Tory.

Mr. Gray, also of the New Brunswick bar,  
more than any of the eastern members, gave  
the listener, at the first tones of his voice,  
the idea of an oration. Of a fine manly pre-  
sence, with a voice of great flexibility and  
compass, and an ample flow of language, his  
whole manner was that of a finished public  
speaker. If he has a fault it is in a certain  
rich redundancy of expression which might  
well mislead the casual observer into the  
conclusion that his argumentation was less  
close and logical than it really is. This,  
however, would be an error and an injustice.  
There is nothing whatever inconsequential or  
inconsequence even in Mr. Gray's most dis-  
cursive flights. His panoply of shining  
words is never to be compared to—

"Saul's plate armor on the peasant boy,  
Remembering that not arming him."  
The same mind that supplies the armor, sup-  
plies the strong and sincere substance to es-  
tain it. Nor is it at all inconsistent, that, as  
in this case, splendour of diction, and solid-  
ness of judgement should be found going  
apart together. In short, for a bank pal-  
negotiations, his Province could not have a  
better representative than Mr. Tilley, or an  
Appellate Court than Mr. Chandler or Mr.  
Fisher, for a popular or Parliamentary au-  
dience they certainly could have found no  
more impressive spokesmen than Mr. Gray,  
Mr. Johnson, the Attorney General of this  
Province, has great dash and vigor, and  
would be apt to prove a difficult opponent at  
Nisi Prius.

First Shooting Country.—The Annapolis  
(Maine) Star says that village has been  
the scene of an unusual excitement of late owing  
to the numbers and boldness of the bears in the  
vicinity, about sixty-four having been  
seen within an area of about a mile from the  
public square during one week. The number  
actually killed during the time averaged  
about one each day. Very many have been  
pursued by men and boys with every con-  
ceivable kind of weapon, from a pitchfork to  
a six barrel fowling piece. Thirty-four of the  
specimens were seen in one day near the town.  
Mr. Twitwell, an experienced hunter, was  
terribly lacerated in a fierce encounter with  
a wounded bear weighing about 500 pounds.

FOREST LEAKS are excellent for building  
and masonry. Provide a large supply under  
cover, for use as wanted.

MALWARES—Continue to gather supplies  
of muck until sufficient is collected to absorb  
all liquids from the stables, yards, pens and  
sinks. Collect leaves for bedding and com-  
posting. Throw all refuse trimmings and  
other trimmings of trees, stumps, branches  
and other waste matter, into the manure col-  
lar or heap.

Ice Houses should be built near the dairy.



## FROM THE STATES.

**Boston, Nov. 4.**  
Great excitement exists at Oysterburg, N. Y. Armed men have been discovered on the islands above, and below the town, and many strangers were there yesterday and suddenly disappeared in the direction of the islands.

A rebel raid was feared.  
All business is suspended, and the citizens are arming for defence.

Five arrests have been made.  
Information of plots to destroy Northern cities comes to the Government from official sources in Canada.

"Tallahassee" was reported yesterday destroying vessels at the Delaware breakwater.  
No war news this morning. Heavy rain storms.

**Gold 234.**  
A new rebel pirate named the "Chickamauga" has destroyed ship "Shooting Star" from New York for Panama, Bark "Mark L. Potter" from Bangor for Montevideo, and the "E. L. Hall" from Cardenas for New York.

The "Chickamauga" is a new British vessel, which ran out of Wilmington 27th ult.

Another piratical steamer named the Olustee, which ran out of Wilmington on night of 30th ult., is committing depredations on American ships.

British schooner Antelope arrived here last evening with crews of following vessels destroyed by Olustee: Bark Empress Theresa from Rio Janeiro for Baltimore; schr. A. J. Bird from Rockland for Washington; and schr. E. J. Lewis from Portland for Philadelphia.

The Olustee is an iron screw steamer of 1100 tons and very fast.  
Reported that Major General Butler will assume military command with headquarters in New York, during the Presidential election.

Despatch from St. Louis states Gen. Price has again been defeated, and was retreating into Arkansas.

Very heavy rain has prevailed at Richmond and vicinity, preventing any movement.

**Gold—235.**

Steamers leaving for Europe to-day, take out two million in specie.

A political disturbance occurred last night by which several persons were slightly injured.

Similar disturbances have taken place in Washington, Pa., three persons were killed and a number wounded.

Blockade runner "Lady Sterling" captured off Wilmington, 28th Oct.

She has 980 bales of cotton on board; is 1000 tons burden. Engines 390 horse power; can make 17 knots.

She sailed from London last August. Cargo and vessel estimated at \$800,000.

**Gold—230.**

**Boston, Nov. 7.**

Steamship "America" from Southampton 20th arrived.

Malta's trial had commenced.

Several additional failures are announced but tone of money market was gradually strengthening.

Consols 88 1/2 at 88 1/2.

Breadstuffs quiet and steady. Wheat 6d higher per quarter.

Provisions quiet.

Richmond papers of 3rd announce the capture of Plymouth, N. C. by Federals.

A Nashville (Tenn.) dispatch reports Sherman had defeated Hood while the latter was attempting to cross Tennessee River.

Rebels have captured Federal gunboat "Undine" on Tennessee River.

Blockade runner "Lucy" with 414 bales of cotton and 25 tons tobacco, and "Anna" with 518 bales cotton and 30 tons tobacco and a quantity of turpentine, have been captured off Wilmington.

This makes 7 captured and 4 destroyed within 30 days.

**Gold—233.**

Three regiments of regulars have arrived in this city.

Information of an intended raid from Toronto and Hamilton upon Buffalo has caused great excitement along the Niagara River. Troops are moving, citizens arming, and preparations making for the threatened visit.

The Rebel advance is said to be at Fort Erie or Suspension Bridge.

Despatch from Chicago says large numbers of arrests have been made of persons implicated in the plot to burn cities and to inaugurate a rebellion in the Northern States.

Immense quantities of arms, ammunition, &c., &c., were found in the houses where the arrests were made.

**Gold 235.**

The London Daily News says:—

"The Laurel, which left Liverpool on the 9th, with Captain Semmes and a number of Confederate officers and seamen on board, will, it is expected, put into Madeira. A Union man of war went immediately in pursuit of her for the purpose of apprehending Capt. Semmes, who has been pronounced by the judicial authorities of the United States a prisoner of war."

Mr. Henry Latone, in a letter to the Times, says: "I must positively contradict the assertion that Captain Semmes was a passenger on the Laurel."

Complaints were made of the great difficulty in manning the English Navy and filling up the army. Among other causes the attraction of the American naval service to seamen is cited.

The Bazaar at Liverpool in aid of Southern prisoners of war, continued with great success.

A meeting has been held at Bradford, under the auspices of the Western Freed-

men's Aid Commission. W. E. Foster, M. P. presided. Levi Coffin, a delegate from the Commission, was of the speakers, and resolutions were adopted in favor of the formation of an auxiliary society, at Bradford. Lord Stanley, in addressing his constituents, at Lynn, referred to American affairs. He thought the North might succeed in over-running the whole Confederate territory, but their political difficulties would then begin. As to the effect of the war on England, he doubted if England, on the whole, had been a serious loser by it. She had, indeed, undergone the ordeal of a cotton famine, but new markets had been opened up and India had gained largely.

The London Observer says:—  
"At a meeting of the members of the German Legal Society on Friday, it was resolved that Muller's defence should be confided to Messrs. Pary, Metcalf, and Bealey. It is uncertain whether Mr. Bealey will be ready on the 24th. A great mass of additional oral and documentary evidence has been obtained within the last few days, and we are in a position to state that still more testimony will be forthcoming within the next few days."

### Destructive Fire at St. John.

From the "Morning News," of Monday last, we learn the following:—

"Yesterday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the building on the corner of Prince and Canterbury streets, occupied by the "Globe" and the "Telegraph" Printing Offices, and by Mr. John Curran as a Liquor Saloon, was in flames. The fire originated in the liquor establishment, on Canterbury street, and spread with great rapidity, passing up stairs to the "Globe" rooms and along the hall, shutting off all means of ingress and preventing the removal of any portion of the material. The "Telegraph" rooms were damaged more by water than by fire, and opportunity was afforded for removing a portion of the stock to a place of safety. The building was completely gutted. The fire, water and the falling in of the roof made sad havoc in the "Globe" room. Forms were knocked into "pi," cases were overturned and the contents scattered among the mass of burned debris on the floor. The stands were broken, and the stock of paper was rendered almost pulp. The only articles which escaped very serious injury were the press. The "Globe" establishment was, we believe, insured for a small amount. On the "Telegraph" office there was no insurance, but the injury in this case will be very serious, as there was only a partial disarrangement of the material. We sincerely sympathize with our contemporaries in the inconvenience to which this untoward occurrence will subject them, and we trust that the loss to our friends of the "Globe" will not be so serious as the appearance of things would seem to indicate. The "Globe" establishment will be temporarily in the upper part of the "Morning News" Building, and the paper will greet the public as usual this evening. The "Telegraph" has been transferred for the present to Mr. Day's office and will appear as usual. The contents of the liquor saloon were completely destroyed. The origin of the fire is as yet a mystery."

### A WEDDING IN THE POLICE OFFICE!

A marriage was duly solemnized in the Police office on Thursday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 5. We have heard of all kinds of events happening in all kinds of places, but it must be confessed that a wedding in a Police office is something beyond the ordinary run of events. James Gibbon, a seaman, and Miss Anne Calhoun were the high contracting parties, and the ceremony and agreements were duly sealed by Rev. Mr. Disbrow, the officiating clergyman. The wedding party consisted of a posse of policemen, one of whom acted as a sober witness to the marriage bonds. Our informant states that when the bridegroom was asked for something he said he had it "some-where," and made several ineffectual attempts to dialoqe it from his vest pocket. He then retired to some distance from the side of the bride and turned the pocket inside out, when the hidden treasure was discovered. The bride dropped it as she was retiring from the office, but it was afterwards found near the threshold by a policeman. There are all the facts of the case, which, consistently with and taste, we can publish.—[Telegraph.]

At the Regular communication of Albion Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, an interesting event occurred—the presentation of a Past-Master's Jewel to B. Lester Peters, Esq. The Jewel, which is massive and very handsome, was manufactured in England, from designs sent home. It is circular in shape—an outer circle of gold enclosing a centre of blue enamel, on which rests the Masonic star of five points (the pentangle of King Solomon), and on this, in gold, is the distinguishing jewel of a Past-Master—a square, from which is suspended a diagram representing the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. The ornamentation, hangings, etc. are all to match, and make up a costly and elegant present. On the back of the Jewel is the following inscription:—  
"Presented to Brother Past-Master B. L. Peters by the Members of Albion Lodge of Free-Masons, No. 400, on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of England, in acknowledgment of his services while Working Master of the Lodge, and as a mark of personal and fraternal regard."  
"A. L., 1864."

The Portland Advertiser describes a mysterious murder said to have taken place in Lowell. A young woman named Sarah Wise

went to Lawrence from Portland a month ago in search of employment. Her brother, not hearing from her for three weeks, went in search of her, and after a while found the shawl and clothing of an unknown woman lately found in the river, with her throat cut, to be those of his sister. Nothing else is known of the unfortunate girl, except that she was seen to ride away from the railroad station in a hack.

### MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

Commissions Signed by His Excellency the commander in chief:—  
Second Battalion Charlotte County Militia.  
Captain John Mann to be Major, 2 November 1864.

Our advices from St. Stephen are to the effect that Mr. W. T. Rose, who went to Boston with the local subscription lists, reports that everything is satisfactory, and that the subscribers will be required to pay ten per cent. in a few days, in order to prepare for immediate operations. A gentleman from St. Stephen, who lately visited this city, affirms that the road can and will be built in twelve months.—[Globe.]

## The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, NOV. 9, 1864.

AMERICAN NEWS.—The telegraphic news in another column is unusually interesting. Considerable excitement exists in the State of New York, from the apprehension of a "rebel raid." The Confederate steamer "Tallahassee" had captured and destroyed several vessels off the Delaware coast. Another C. S. Steamer, the "Chickamauga," had also destroyed some ships, and still another U. S. Steamer the "Olustee" was committing depredations on Federal merchant vessels, having burnt three. It is surprising that the two last mentioned steamers ran out of Wilmington between the 27th and 30th Oct., notwithstanding the blockade which is reported to be so strictly kept up by Federal gunboats. As a premonition of what may be expected after the Election, serious disturbances had occurred in New York and Washington—and Richmond still remains a "virgin city," the stronghold of Gen. Lee, and the Confederacy—with no hopes of the war being ended "on this line," whether Lincoln or McClellan are elected. The statements in the leading Republican and Democrat journals are so contradictory that it is hard to decide which is reliable. It is evident that there are some misgivings in the Republican ranks for the Boston Journal of Monday last says:—  
"If either Mr. Rice or Mr. Hooper are defeated to-morrow, it will be by the votes of ignorant and bigoted men—voters manufactured for the occasion—who have no property interests at stake, and no idea of the importance of the commercial interests involved in the election."

THE TELEGRAPH.—Those of our readers who desire to subscribe to a good St. John paper should send for specimen copies of the St. John TELEGRAPH. There are Daily, Tri-Weekly, and Weekly editions.—Subscription price, respectively, \$5, \$2.50 and \$1 per annum. The prospectus of the "Telegraph" for 1865, is unavoidably omitted this week, but will be published in our next issue. The paper was considerably enlarged in size last week, and is as entertaining as ever, and notwithstanding the building in which the office was kept was consumed by fire early on Sunday morning, the Telegraph Phoenix like, arose from the ashes, and was issued on Monday morning, containing the latest news by land, rail, steam and telegraph. This evidence of enterprise, with other attractions will secure it a larger circulation than it ever has had.

FIRE AT ST. JOHN.—From a paragraph in another column, it will be seen that two of our contemporaries, the "Evening Globe" and the "Morning Telegraph" have passed through a fiery ordeal, in the real sense of the word, the "Globe" office was completely destroyed except the Presses; the "Telegraph" escaped with a trifling loss, arising from the hurried removal of the printing material. Neither office was insured. The "Telegraph" notwithstanding the hurried removal and disarrangement was issued bright and early on Monday morning, and from it we learn that the "Globe" was to be issued on Monday evening. Such enterprise—such energy—and determined pluck, on the part of our contemporaries entitles them to the warmest sympathy of the public, in the shape of prompt payments and largely increased advertising and subscription patronage, which it is probable they will receive, and we trust will exceed their expectations. We can sympathize with them, having passed through a similar ordeal in the fall of 1856.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—During the storm on Friday last, the Pilot boat "John Conley" was out on a cruise, and the weather becoming very heavy, it was deemed necessary to run for a harbour for the night, while entering Head Harbour, Campo Bello, the jib owing to a sudden flaw jibbed, and we regret to add struck Mr. Obediah Clark, knocking him overboard. A boat was immediately lowered, but the sea ran so high, that it was impossible to render any assistance. We learn that Mr. Clark must have been stunned by the blow, as he made no exertions to save himself, and met a watery grave.

Mr. Clark was one of the oldest and most active pilots belonging to this Port, and much respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and family to lament the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father, the community a worthy citizen,—and the Masonic fraternity, a respected member.

Boston papers of Monday are filled with electioneering articles. The Journal says:—  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 6, 1864.

The metropolis is almost deserted, as nearly every one in public employ hailing from a State in any way doubtful has gone home to vote, while large delegations of secession sympathizers have gone to Pennsylvania and New York, where they will doubtless endeavor to persuade citizens.

The number of soldiers and civilians who have gone northward within the past few days to vote has been so large that extra trains have been delayed for hours.

Everything augurs the triumphant re-election of Abraham Lincoln by a large constitutional majority, although New York city will vote for McClellan, as Richmond doubtless would could it be polled.

The Richmond papers contain accounts of the recent elections, evidently fabricated for the use of politicians, and utterly false. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued a decision that goods, wares, merchandise or articles made for the United States from materials furnished by the United States are not to be taxed.

Advices from the Shenandoah Valley state that Early's army is being reorganized and will again take the offensive in a short time. A large number of conscripts from the South have been sent to reinforce him. Deserters say the rebel army in the Valley is larger now than it has been since the opening of the summer campaign.

The "Charlotte Advocate" is, on its feet again, after a temporary suspension arising from the dangerous illness of the operatives in the office, whom we are pleased to learn are now restored health. From the number of the 4th instant we learn that—  
"Mr. Buck, the talented Engineer whose abilities are deservedly noted by the Press of any locality where he is employed, was in town this week. A man of birth, talents, education, and of a truly honorable spirit—he is a general favorite."

That at the Railway meeting held last week \$5,100 over above the required \$100,000 were subscribed.

That a Mr. Goodwin, teacher of the Milltown Academy, is now editor of the re-negade Hay's paper—the Calais Herald, and there is none of the "vandalic abuse of England and everything English," which formerly contaminated that sheet.

The semi-annual examination of the Grammar School was held on Monday last; owing to business engagements we were prevented from being present but are informed the various classes acquitted themselves creditably evincing a marked improvement since the June examination, and maintaining the high standing which the school has held for several years.

The New York Express, an anti-administration, but clever and patriotic journal says with reference to the Presidential election:—  
"Mr. Lincoln seems to have lost loose a good many of his 'generals' for electioneering purposes in the North, such as—Joe Hooker, N. P. Banks, etc. The latter two a decided military failure, on the Red River, comes home to help re-elect Mr. Lincoln with such bombast, for which he is receiving \$16,000 a year."

EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO.—We are in possession of late Mexican dates. On the morning of the 3d inst., all the country within a radius of several leagues from the peak of Orizaba was shaken by a very violent earthquake which considerably damaged many towns. Puebla and Orizaba appear to have suffered most, not only in buildings destroyed, but in killed and wounded of their population. A letter from the former place, dated the day of the catastrophe, says that seventeen French soldiers and twenty-nine citizens were known to be the victims, a complete list of whom had not then been made.

In St. Stephen last week Elston the podiatrist performed the useless feat of walking four consecutive days and nights with but twenty minutes rest each day. He became delirious towards the close of his performance, which should deter him from and more undertakings.—[Courier.]

The Brazilian papers say that wealthy Southern planters are emigrating to that Country.

The mail from St. John did not arrive here this day, until nearly noon. The Western mail's late arrival at Calais caused the detention.

We had a call from our old classmate, IV. T. Wilmet, Esq., of Grand Falls, this week, being his first visit to St. Andrews. He looks hale and hearty.

## ITEMS.

—The betrothal of the Crown Prince of Russia with the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, has been officially announced at St. Petersburg.

—The Bangor Times says that Libby, owner of the Libby prison, Richmond was formerly a resident of Bangor and known in that city as a notorious scoundrel and "panel thief operator."

—Advices from Mexico to 15th state that a severe earthquake occurred on the 3rd, destroying a church and the Ecclesiastical Court Room at Elaxicala, and damaging other buildings. There were but few deaths. Damages were also sustained at San Nicolas Kabago and other places. A water-spout fell in the city of Monte Alto, flooding the streets and surrounding country.

It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, sings no songs, the cypress of Greece the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandelion, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ballroom belles, the loveliest of creatures in the world, are very flimsy—only more so!

It is rumored that Sir Alexander Milne will be appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in place of Vice Admiral Sir F. Gray, who is to have command in the Mediterranean.

—English papers announce the death of Mr. Wm. Tait, the original proprietor of Tait's Magazine. He died in Edinburgh, in the 72nd year of his age.

—Arrangements have been completed for the transport of troops to India by the overland route, instead of round the Cape of Good Hope. Five new transports are to be built specially for this service, three of them to be employed on the further, and two on the side of the Isthmus of Suez.

—The slate quarries near Bangor, Me. have been worked about twenty years, and are now producing a quality of slate superior to that from any other quarries, American or foreign. It is a little singular that the slate is all cut by Welshmen; Yankees are not patient enough to learn the process.

—Vice-Marshal Marshall, Esq. has been elected G. Commander of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templar.

—Government transports having been fired into on the Potomac, an expedition was sent down as far as Wycombe Inlet which destroyed all the residences known as harbors for guerillas and rebel sympathizers.

—War has been declared between Brazil and Uruguay. The Bank of Brazil has suspended cash payments, and several large banking firms have failed at Rio Janeiro.

The Richmond Examiner says a Gen. Duffie had arrived in Richmond and was sent to the Libby prison.

A Firm in Portland, Me., engaged in the lumbering business, paid their freight bill on the Grand Trunk R. R., for the month of October, recently, which amounted to \$4924. They made one sale yesterday, of lumber, amounting to \$11,000. We should judge that business in this line must be pretty good.

Gov. Seymour's Commissioners to investigate the action of the Government are in session at Willard's Hotel Washington.

—Boston papers contain an account of an attack upon the Battery at Belfast, Me. The Guard were fired upon, but no one hurt. The attacking party escaped. Their object was supposed to be the capture of the cutter lying in the harbor. Belfast has been put in a state of defence, by order of Gov. Cony.

—It is reported that Semmes had arrived at Havana in the English packet "Salent," under the name of Smith.

—A hog escaped from his owner at Pittsfield Mass., in June, and has since been running wild. He lives in a swamp and digs potatoes and kills sheep for a living. He killed four sheep in a single day, and \$5 is offered for his capture.

—A young woman named McCordle was found dead in her bed, at her residence on Wentworth Street, on Friday last. It is said that she was smothered to death.—[Telegraph.]

## DEATHS.

On the 8th inst., after a brief illness, Mr. William F. Cookson, Master-Shipbuilder, aged 33 years, leaving a wife, and two children and numerous relatives to lament their loss.

## Charlotte Co. Teacher's Institute.

THE Annual meeting of the above Institute will be held in the town of St. Andrews on Friday, the 25th inst., at the hour of 10 A. M. At the suggestion of the Teachers' Institute depends on the interest taken by the Teachers, it is desirable that all will show a greater zeal than heretofore. By request.  
St. Andrews, Nov. 8, 1864.—T. G.

## KEROSENE OIL.

JAMES W. STREET & SON, Nov. 7th, 1865.

## TOBACCO.

10 BOXES first quality Tobacco.  
J. W. STREET & SON, Nov. 7th, 1864.

## NOT.

THE Annual General Meeting of the County Agricultural Society will be held at the Agricultural Post Office on the Bay St. Andrews, on TUESDAY next, at 2 o'clock. P. Officers and the transaction may be presented. A full attendance is required. By order.  
St. Andrews, Oct. 31, 1864.

## DRY G.

H. W. GODD Have now on sale DRY G Special attention invited. The noted Siberia O heavy cloth for American Fur.

## London Pat.

To arrive per 1 HHS. Boiled and 1/2 Tons "Brandan" Paint. Oct. 26, 1864.

## CAI.

To the Ladies of St. Andrews. MRS. HAGEE, begs to inform her friends and Patrons for inspection her: val Flowers, Ribbons, Hats, & of the newest styles. Her don and Paris Fashion B make them up to order. Mantles made to order. Dresses made to order. Orders respectfully solicited.

## Fall and 1864.

Just opened at the Alt St. An A well selected stock of Goods, to which attention is called.

## Furs, Fur.

New and Fashionable.

## Fancy Dr.

In all the new varieties.

## WARPS. WA.

St. John manufacture—prime and reliable article.

## RIBBONS.

In all the new plaids at

## Flowers and M.

the most fashionable. Caps made to order at

## Mantles & M.

Shawls and Scarfs at the

## Berlin.

In Broad Street, St. H Good and Jackets at

## Boots, Shoes.

Of the best qualities at

## HOSIERY—H.

Balmoral knitting, P. burs in Black and Col

## GREY AND WE.

and Shirting Cottons, C and Welsh do. also 1w and Blue flannels in twil

## TWEEDS. T.

and Sealskin at the

## LET.

REMAINING in Andrews, 15th

## Archibald A. L.

Do. for Edward

## Conners Julia.

Crown Mary

## Crown Mary.

Esq. Henry J.

## Fenton Thomas.

Gupill Stillman

## Gitchel John.

Humphrey John

## Holmes Capt. Luke.

Hoch R.

## Jack Edward.

Kirk Francis

## Lauch John.

Leard Thomas

## Livingson Daniel.

Myers D. P.

## Miner Thomas M.

McCarroll Thomas

## McLachey Robert.

Persons calling for any of the above.

## G. F.

P. O., St. Andrews







