

THE  
ST. ANDREWS STANDARD,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
AT SAINT ANDREWS,  
NEW BRUNSWICK.

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# The Standard.

## NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume G. SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1890. Number 41

Legal notices by individuals who have no ac-  
count with the Office to be paid for in advance.  
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AGENTS.  
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St. Stephen, Mr. W. Campbell, Salt Water  
St. David, J. M. Allister Esq., Milltown  
St. David, J. M. Allister Esq., Dennis Mills  
St. David, J. M. Allister Esq., Toner Hill  
St. Patrick, Mr. David Turner, Rock  
St. George, Mr. W. Brand, Lower Falls  
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St. John, Jas. C. Esq., W. Co.  
St. John, Joseph Reid Esq., W. Co.  
St. John, Mr. F. Beverley, W. Co.

**Curious Calculation.**—Presenting at one view the number of books, chapters verses, words and letters, contained in the Old Testament, with other information connected with the Sacred Writings:—Books, 39—chapter 929—verses 23,314—words 592,439—letters 2,728,100. The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29—the middle verse would be 2d Chron. xxix. 17. The word Jehovah occurs 6,855 times—And 35,543 times. The shortest verse is I Chron. i. 25. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Extra contains all the letters in the alphabet—the nineteenth of 2d Kings and 39th chapter of Isaiah, are nearly alike, in substance fully.

**DESCRIPTION OF ICE BY A MOOR.**  
An ambassador of the Emperor of Morocco, at the Hague, desirous of giving his master some idea of the amusement of skating, wrote to him, that during a certain season, all the rivers of the Netherlands were covered with a kind of cake, which looked like sugar candy, and was capable of bearing carriages and horses; that at such times, multitudes of men and women took infinite pleasure in running so swiftly as an ostrich upon these cakes, with the help of a couple of very smooth irons fastened to their feet. The Emperor looked upon this account of the ambassador as incredible.

A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty years' labour. A neighboring storekeeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceeded as follows:—During the last thirty years that you have been on the farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire—*Journal of Humidity.*

**HIGH TONED BEGGING.**—"You isn't got any cold wittles here today, is you?" asked a ragged little urchin, the other day, of a house-keeper.

"Yes—here are some pieces of bread, and some cold fried liver." "I don't like liver—common folks eats liver. I want you to give me something slick, cause mammy's gowin to gin a party to night, and its suspected the company'll be numerous and fashionable."

**TAKING A TRIP TO NEW YORK.**  
A dog belonging to a gentleman at Ovestry was lost at Liverpool some time ago. Its master offered a reward for its recovery, without success. Some time after he received a letter from a friend in New York (who knew the dog well in England) that the dog had arrived at his house, immediately recognized him, and had become exceedingly comfortable in the society of his old master's friend.

**GINGER.** The ginger plant is a native of the East Indies, and rises in round stalks, about four feet high; it withers about the close of the year; and the roots, which are the only valuable part, are then dug up, scraped, and dried with great care and packed in bags for exportation. It is raised in the West Indies.

**A COUSIN.**—There is nothing like a cousin; it is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister; and courting a lady in the face of a stranger, requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear family cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, with her bewitching freedoms, and removing frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk that will get entangled, and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and then the long tete-tetes, which are nobody's business, and the long letter on which nobody pays the postage; no, there is nothing like a cousin, a young, gay, and beautiful witch of a cousin.

If this should meet the eye of Emma D—, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many years—it is at least expected, if she be not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will without a moment's further delay—send back the key of the tea-caddy."

**FORGIVENESS.**—The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions;—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptation of presenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

**BAD MEMORY.**—A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir," "Well what is it?" "I know him very well by sight, but not me if I can remember his name."

A young school miss, whose teacher had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied, "No, no." The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when for that first time, learned that no meant yes!

"There is music in my sole," as the nice young man said to his noisy new boot.

"Master aint I smart?" said an urchin, shewing a great horse drawn on his slate.

"Yes but here's a smarter," said pedagogue with a whack.

**Criminals not According to Law.**—All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty; all young men who have married old women; all old men who have got young wives; all those who have helped to make the national debt what it is.

The Arch Young Wag Finn is a very constant visitor at Quincey Hall, where he is, as he ever has been, a great favourite with the fair. He is full of jokes puns, and bon mots. Indeed, as the comely

rogue approaches to the years of discretion, his punning propensity, seems to grow upon him most astonishingly. While admiring some ingenious specimens of a young lady's skill one morning, his eyes assumed their restless pun-twinkle and then he forthwith quieted them by perpetrating the following: Why are you (addressing the daughter of Eve) like a *churn-dasher*? Well wiss said the invertebrate juvenile punster, it is because you make the *butter fly*! (butterfly.)

Why are you pouring water into my hat, said a countryman to a young wag; oh I like to hear it, it sounds so *rural*.

### Poetry.

#### OH BLAME HER NOT.

Oh blame her not, her love was deep,  
And if her heart was lightly won,  
Her memory will the vigil keep,  
And let her be the only one.

In vain would we control the heart,  
The farthest river seeks the sea—  
And thus though they be far apart,  
Her fancy is longer free.

If joyless in the busy dance,  
And careless of the flatterer's tone,  
Remember, that indifferent glance  
Is but the wish to be alone.

There is no cure within the crowd,  
It but renews the deep regret;  
For there where the false-hearted vowed,  
She remained true to the end.

And though but one that promise heard,  
And though that promise be forgot;  
The faithful maiden kept her word,  
Oh blame her not! Oh blame her not!

#### A BRIDAL SONG.

The golden gates of sleep unbar,  
Where strength and beauty met together,  
Kindle their image like a star  
In a sea of glassy weather.  
Night with all thy stars look down,  
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,  
Never smiled the inconstant moon  
On a pair so true.  
Let eyes not see their own delight;  
Haste, swift hour, and thy flight  
O'er renew.

Woman, is trained so early to concealment of feeling, that she slips on an outward appearance of peace, as easily as a glove.

**Phrenology.** A young lady who still adheres to the custom of braiding the hair, requested a phrenologist to examine her cranium, and report to her the result. He did so, and communicated his discoveries in the following laconic terms: "Miss, I find the bump of *upbraid-ing*, the most prominent of any one on your head."

In a neighboring village, a few days since, a fellow was tried for stealing a wood saw, the culprit said he only took it for a *joke*.—The justice asked how far he carried it, and was answered, about 2 miles. This was carrying a *joke too far*, said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

My dear, what shall we have for dinner to-day? One of your smiles my love, replied the husband; I can dine on that any day. But I can't, said Mrs. —. Then take this, said he, giving her a kiss as he departed to his office. He returned to his dinner; this steak is excellent said he, what did you pay for it. What you gave me this morning, said she. You did, said he; then you shall have market money from me whenever you require it.

The following is a defence made by a Dutchman on an indictment for bigamy.

"You say," said the judge, "that the parson who married you to the first wife, authorised you to take sixteen. What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Hans, "that I should haf four petter, four vorse, four richer, four poorer—and in my coundry four dimes four always makes sixteen."

Fun, is fun; but opening oysters with my razor is no fun at all.

**MRS. SIDDONS.**—As an instance of the great power which this unequalled actress held over the minds of her auditory, we need only mention the following circumstance:—when she performed the part of *Agness* in *Fatal Curiosity*, and when during the scene where *Agness* goes up to *Wilmot*, and produces the jewels of their unknown son, giving a remote hint at the idea of murdering him, she threw such an expression into her countenance as made the flesh of every spectator creep. A Mr. Crabbe Robinson, a gentleman of literature who was sitting in the pit declared afterwards, that from this moment his respiration grew difficult, and in a second he lost all command of himself, when the murder scene approached, he laughed aloud, and there was a general cry in the pit that *the process of rejection* was even begun and he had received some harsh treatment, when a humane woman interposed, who saw and explained his real condition. He was in strong hysterics.—*Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

Other things being equal a woman of the highest mental endowments will always be the best house-keeper, for domestic economy is a science that brings into action the qualities of mind as well as the graces of the heart. A quick perception, judgment, discrimination and order, are high attributes of mind, and are all in daily exercise in the well ordering of a family. If a sensible woman, an intellectual woman, a woman of genius, is not a good housewife, it is not because she is either or all of them, but because there is some deficiency in her character or some omission of duty, that should make her very humble, instead of her indulging in any secret self complacency, on account of a certain superiority which only aggravates her fault.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

One of the Texas papers says that there is no water in the vicinity of Austin nearer than two miles and they are obliged to swim their horses across the river to get at it.

**ANOMALIES.** It is said that more than half of the Inniskillen dragoons are Englishmen and that more than half of the Scots Greys are Irishmen.

The Spanish Government by a formal decree has prohibited the Methodist Missionaries from exercising their function in any part of the kingdom.

**SNUFFERS.**—A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle,

were placed a pair of plated snuff-boxes and their stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. What conveniences you invent in Europe! said the Brazilian to his guest; before I received this pretty present, I used after taking off the candle-snuff, to throw it about the floor, or, perchance, on the bench where I was sitting, or even on my clothes—but now mark the difference. So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuff-box, and closed them with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator!

A tall Johnathan, from Vermont, was patrolling the streets of Boston, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm and gazing at the signs when one which was labelled, General Finding Store, attracted his attention. He entered, chewing at his ginger bread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, he exclaimed—"I do swear! you must be darn'd lucky chaps to find all these here things—I 'spose you ha'n't found my rumbereller nor nothin', are you."

The duke of —, while entertaining a party at one of his seats in the country, lately, wished to show to M. — a superb barometer, which he had brought from London, and for which he had paid a large sum. The servant, who presented it to him, was so awkward that he let it fall whereby the instrument was broken to atoms. Mr. — expected a storm of anger, but the goodnatured duke, laughing heartily, exclaimed, "What think you my friend? We shall certainly have rain; for upon my word, I never in all my life saw the barometer so low!"

**A War caused by a change of Wind.**—I inquired of the chief cause of the present war in which he was engaged. He replied, that the enemy had set fire to some land for the purpose of burning off the brush and fern, preparatory to planting, as is invariably the custom of the people; that unfortunately a change of wind took place which caused the fire to turn in a contrary direction, whereby a wai tapu, or sacred place had been destroyed, and every thing within had been destroyed. It was admitted the fire was accidental, but the laws of the New Zealanders must be enforced; and continued the chief pointing to the decapitated heads "yonder is part payment."

**MORAL BEAUTY.**—What is the beauty of nature, but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world!

### TIN PLATE & SHEET IRON MANUFACTORY.

**WILLIAM GIBB** would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and its vicinity, that he has purchased the entire Stock of Tin Ware, Tools &c. belonging to the late Mr. N. Ames, and intends carrying on the same business in all its branches.

W. G. would further beg to intimate that having been instructed in his business by the first Establishment of the kind in this Province, (that of Mr. E. Stephen,) he trusts that his promptness in executing all orders that may be given to him, will also the decided superiority of his work to give every satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

Plumber Work done for Houses and Ships.  
St. Andrews Sept. 14 1839—37am.