

The St. Andrews Standard.

Vol 33 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1866. No 32

3. Almanacks 1866.
J. LOCHARY & SON,
Publishers of the Old Farmers Almanack always
Andrews Nov. 30, 1865.

LAHAN & CO'S MAGAZINES.
Words are worth much and cost little.
BERT.

ENTS A MONTH; \$1.50 A YEAR.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

GOOD WORDS.
By Norman MacLeod, D. D.—One
of Her Majesty's Chaplains.

ENTS A MONTH; \$1.75 A YEAR.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.
EDITED BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.,
r of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," "Speaking
to the Heart," &c.

ENTS A MONTH; \$1.75 A YEAR.
ILLUSTRATED.

THE ARGOSY.
MAGAZINE FOR THE FRESH AND JOURNEY.

and the STANDARD'S monthly notices
are Periodicals.
Messrs. Strahan & Co. will send spec-
imens, and offer one of the most elegant
copies of "GOOD WORDS," or the "Sun-
day Magazine," or an additional copy to any
who will furnish a bookseller with FIVE
NUMBER'S NAMES.

TRIAL, 59 ST. PETER STREET.

olution of Partnership.
ICE is hereby given, that the partnership
previously existing between James Moran and
J. A. Moran, of St. George, in the County of
Duke, under the firm of James Moran & Son,
this day dissolved by mutual consent,
debts owing to the said partnership are to
be paid by the said James A. Moran, who is
authorized to settle all debts due to and owing
to said firm.

JAMES MORAN,
JAMES A. MORAN,
George, September 16, 1865. 41.

TO BE SOLD.
argain, if applied for immediately
it disposed of by the 15th of April, the
place will be let and possession given
on 1st May next.

THAT desirably situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
fice; has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
attached.

A L S O.—
Corner Town Lots, in good situations for
business purposes. Apply to subscriber.
Terms of payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

1b. Rubber,
Rubbers
AT THE
Albion House,
OHN S. MAGEE,
Has received an assortment of
Childrens, Misses,
Ladies,
Gent's,
Rubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balmoral Boots, a nice
lot for the present season, which with a
Childrens and Ladies Boots,
SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
WINTER DRY GOODS,
will sell CHEAP for Current Money
when Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED and now open for sale
at the very lowest PRICES:

Hats, Bonnets,
Silks, and Ribbons.
SHAWLS, MANTILLAS,
AND FANCY DRESS GOODS

Grey and White Cottons,
Irish, Stripes, and Regattas
Pintilles,
and CORSET CLOTHS
Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
nens, Shirt-fronts,
Collars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties,
Lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes:

Balance of Summer Stock daily expected
Steamer "Europa" and when received
I be sold at a very small advance on st.
D. BRADLEY.

FOR SALE.
Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
ler Garments for Boys & Girl
Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern can be used with ease.
Jan 23. JAS. MCKINNEY.

Poetry.

Lines on the "Noveltes" found in modern
"Ladies' Magazines."
Light reading for ladies, I'm sick of the sound;
One would think ladies' brains in an invalid state;
To judge by the tales in the Magazines found,
So exceedingly light is the reading of late.

If a little good sense in a story is found,
'Tis so largely diluted with sentiment fine;
So much loving nonsense is made to abound,
That the stiffest brained miss finds no room to re-
pique.

Stern duty and honor we thrust out of sight,
Or carefully dress in such harlequin guise;
That one who is honestly seeking for right,
In order to find it has need to be wise.

Among magazine writers there's two kinds of
style,
And a hero according to novellette rule;
Must be either a villain with principles vile,
Or what's just as well an impossible fool.

An "angel in ermine" must next fall in love,
With this type of humanity silly or base;
Wade through dangers unheard of below or
above.

Till marriage or death puts an end to the chase.
St. Andrews, Aug. 4, 1866.

Miscellany.

A "Moving Story."
The "local" of the Buffalo Commercial has
been moving. Hear him:
Yesterday was the 1st of May, and every-
body, except those who were so unfortunate
as to own their houses—thereby being liable
at any time to be sent to State Prison for the
taxes—moved.

We moved.
And it was the movingest sight we ever
saw.
Our folks commenced pulling up and tear-
ing down the traps a week ago.

Most of the "plunder" was thrown into a
heap and lumped off into loads, with a total
disregard of ordinary rules.

The paragon and five syrup vials were
packed in our new hat—one of Mackenzie's
latest and best.

The castor bottles were placed in our other
boots, it being so handy to carry them by the
loops. The stopper came out of the one con-
taining tomato catsup, and the top of the must-
ard concern was broken off.

That is the best seasoned pair of poots we
ever had.
The other family insisted on coming into
the house before we got out.

And so the things got mixed up some,
But we got all that belonged to us, at least.
The cartmen swore because the cookstove
was so heavy, and one said "if he'd
have it if we offered it to him."

Didn't offer it to him, but offered both of
them a drink out of a quarter barrel of ale,
nearly full, standing in the kitchen.

They took it—very kindly, but it made 'em
thirsty all the forenoon.

Guess the spirit must have got out of the
barrel on the road, for we couldn't squeeze
half a glass out last night.

Finally got moved.
Thought we'd have our supper before we
tacked the bedsteads and back room stove.

Better-half, with a patch of soot on her
nose, said supper was ready.
She was mad, because, when she asked us
to bring home a keg of soft soap, we proposed
an amendment, substituting a keg of powder
and a slow match.

We hate soft soap—have to use so much of
it every day in washing men and things.
Set down at the table and took a cup of tea
that was handed to us.

Thought it tasted strangely, and prospected
the bottom of the cup. Found the brimstone
ends of three broken matches.

Didn't drink any more tea.
Came near breaking one of our teeth on a
carpet tack in the butter, and thought we'd
had supper enough.

Commenced playing put up bedsteads. It's
fun, when you like it.
But people don't like it, mostly.
None of the blasted rails would fit. Got
the wrong ones into the wrong posts, and
couldn't screw them up.

Marked them all with a pencil before we
took them down, and thought we'd know how
they went together again; but somebody
wiped the marks all out.

And there we were.
Better-half suggested that one at our time
of life ought to have more patience, and gave
it as her opinion that we "couldn't screw the
bedsteads together."
Found we couldn't.
Finally got 'em up—four of 'em, and com-
pactly fitting the cords on.

Cords broke, and we had to tie them to-
gether.
The knots wouldn't slip around the pegs,
and we couldn't draw the rope tight.

More remarks from 'the children's' mother
on the subject of profanity.
Didn't pay any attention to her, and thus
succeeded in getting through with the job.

Then went down and harnessed the stove.
The legs all fell out when we tried to lift it
on to the zinc, but got it into position at last.

Two lengths and one elbow in the bureau
drawer, and the two lengths rolled up in the
parlor carpet.

Got a hatchet and a stick of wood and com-
menced pounding the pipe together.
Knocked a chunk out of one of our knuckles,
and got the elbow on wrong end up.

Had to take it all apart and change it—
Commenced pounding again, but couldn't make
it jibe.

Pounded more.
The more we pounded, the more it wouldn't
fit, and thought we'd give it up.

Expressed an opinion in relation to stove-
pipes in general, and this one in particular,
and made some allusions to the original in-
ventor of this kind of furniture.

Went to the rear grocery and got "weel
lager" felt refreshed, and resumed the attack
on the pipe.

Found out that what ailed us before was
that we hadn't pounded enough.
Remedied the defect, and the job was done.
Stove smoked beautifully.

Got wife to tie rags around three of our
fingers and one thumb, and thought we'd sit
down and have a smoke.

Found meerschaum after a while, and dis-
covered amber mouth-piece broken.

Got the tobacco can, but on ascertaining
that the salt cellar had been emptied into it,
made up our mind that we would just smoke.

We concluded we'd better go to bed, and
started to pick our way through the mass of
things piled up and scattered about.

Stumbled over the long rockers of a chair
and barked one shin. Returned no answer to
an interrogatory as to why we "didn't break
our neck"; repeated "Now I lay me," and
turned in.

Having a strong constitution, which enables
us to bear a good deal, and always paying
strict attention to our sleeping, didn't know
anything till morning.

Went down stairs and found wife getting
breakfast, with tears in her eyes.

"Told us she 'was deceived in the house,"
if she'd "know what it was, she would never
have moved into it," and that she'd never be
able to "settle" in it.

This settled us, and declining to partake of
the frugal morning meal which had been pro-
vided—we remembered the supper—we took
our departure, promising to call in the early
part of the ensuing week, when things had
been "put to rights."

And we mean to go.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]
The Prussian "Needle-Gun."

The first impression conveyed by an inspec-
tion of the now celebrated Prussian "needle-
gun" is, that a chumier, ruder weapon could
scarcely be contrived. The want of finish ap-
parent in every part—in the uncrowned bar-
rel, in the rough stock, in the ugly fittings, in
the want of balance and handiness of the
whole—is very striking to an eye educated by
the beautiful workman-ship of our English
gun-factories. This rudeness of appearance is
perhaps apt to interfere with a dispassionate
and accurate estimate of the general merits of
the arm; but we are satisfied that no estimate,
however passionate and just, could fail to be
unfavorable to its pretensions. The real im-
perfections of the arm are not those which ap-
pear merely on its surface; they are more
deeply seated, and belong to the system of the
piece.

The following description, however rough
and general, will perhaps convey some idea of
the breech-closing arrangement, and may
possess some interest at the present time.—
The barrel tapers slightly, externally, at the
breech-end; and is closed, when required, by
means of a hollow bolt, the front of which be-
ing cased out internally, to correspond with
the conical end of the barrel, forms a sort of
breech-cap. This bolt can be pushed forward
or drawn back at pleasure; its withdrawal
opens the end of the barrel for the reception
of the cartridge, and when it is pushed forward
again, the breech is closed. The arrange-
ment for clamping it in the latter position is
exactly that of the ordinary door-bolt. The
bolt, it has been said, is hollow, and through
it plays the long needle by which the ignition
of the cartridge is effected, and from which the
gun derives its name. The striking force and
action of the needle depend upon a spiral
spring within the bolt, which is released by
means of a trigger, the needle shooting for-
ward into a patch of detonating composition
in the centre of the cartridge. The ammu-
nition is as rude and defective as the arm.
The bullet is a small, rough nucleus of cast lead,
considerably lighter than our Enfield bullet,

It derives its ratory motion from a paper
mache "sabot," into which its lead end fits.—
In the hinder part of this "sabot" is placed the
detonating composition, and behind this again,
in a thin paper case which encloses the whole,
is the powder. The needle thus has to pass
through the powder before it strikes the de-
tonating composition.

The arm is well known to our War-Office
authorities, and trials which have been made
with it in this country have been very unsat-
isfactory. For anything like longrange shoot-
ing it is absolutely useless, while its shooting
qualities at shorter ranges are very much be-
low the standard which we have adopted. For
a breech-loader it is a slow arm, its rapidity
of fire being not quite one half that of the
Snider-Enfield, and little more than twice
that of a handy muzzle-loader. The escape of
gas at the breech, after the arm has been in
use for any time, is said to be excessive—so
great, in fact, that the Prussian soldiers pre-
fer to deliver their fire from the hip. The
needle and trigger arrangement require very
careful cleaning; and the employment of a
spring as a material element is very objection-
able. The needle itself is much exposed to
injury, and if bent or broken, the arm is ren-
dered useless. The ammunition is open to
numerous practical objections; among which
its susceptibility to injury from damp and other
causes is very prominent. In short, it is no
exaggeration to say that of the various breech-
loading rifles which have been submitted to the
Select Committee the Prussian needle gun,
even with some recent improvement, is one of
the most defective. Its defects, indeed, were
so conspicuous that it was thought unnecessary
to carry out with it any extensive experi-
ments. A committee of French officers, we
believe, came to a precisely similar conclusion.

And yet it is with this arm that the great bat-
tles in Bohemia have been fought and won,
and with which the overthrow within a few
days of one of the mightiest military nations
in the world has been in great part accomplish-
ed.

To us this should be a source, not of an-
xiety, but of satisfaction. We are not, as is
sometimes inaccurately represented, behind hand
in this matter. Neither France, nor Italy,
nor Austria, nor Russia, has taken any de-
cided steps towards arming her troops with a
breech-loading rifle; and Prussia is the only
nation of any importance in Europe whose
armies are so equipped. We, on the other
hand, are now actively engaged in the pro-
duction of an arm superior to the Prussian
needle-gun at all points, and one which the
efficiency in every respect has been laborious-
ly and conclusively established. The final re-
port of the Select Committee has, we under-
stand, been presented, and is even more satis-
factory than the preliminary reports on the
faith of which the partial conversion of En-
field rifles was commenced. It now only rests
with the authorities to determine at what rate
the conversion shall proceed. Our means of
production are practically unlimited, and we
trust that General Peel will inaugurate his
policy at the War Office by so applying these
means as to insure our army being furnished
throughout with the present year, with a
breech-loading rifle of present without its
equal as a military arm in Europe.

[From the London Telegraph]
Discovery of Chlorotom.

Our own great dead! We neglect even
our own great men! There is one alive now
whom all men honor, and love and bless; but
it might rain stars and garters, and pensions,
in this herald-riden island, before anything
worthy of glorious gift of humanity would be
conferred on Dr. James Simpson, of Edinburgh.
Science, humanity, and solid sterling worth,
are so curiously treated, and learn to be modest
while luck knavery and good courtiership
glitter with rewards, that he will probably not
thank us for bringing his name into light. We
shall be even asked by some "who is Dr. Simp-
son, of Edinburgh?" We answer that Dr.
Simpson is the man who gave the world the
grand, the blessed gift of chloroform. Come
with us, enquiring public, and a careless star-
scattering government man, to the operating
room of a London hospital! Do you know
what that room used to be in the year 1847?
A scene of agony and keen torture un-
speakable to which men were obliged to apprentice them-
selves, with sickness and fainting fits, ere they
could witness it unmoved. Battle wounds are
nothing; but to have a surgeon's knife slowly
searching in the home of life—to have his
scalp parting the living tissue—to feel the
saw rasping the bone, and forceps pinching
the nerve, and to be held down against the
agony till gently swoon—that was once the hor-
rible experience of the room. Shall we make
the picture complete with a sketch of those
cock-pits where the stump of the man of war's
man was plunged into hot pitch to stop the
bleeding, and when poor Jack had come to
again, the surgeon's knife was ready to cut and
shiver him under his own eyes? Or shall we
speak of the sight that Liston and Brodie have
seen a hundred times when some unhappy girl

accused with a cruel disease, has been carried
white and shaking into the theatre, and has
died in agony under the slash of the knife!—
All others than girls grew white, for genera-
tion after generation, at the sight of the awful
knife, so necessary and so cruel! Strong men
borne from the lattle, turned silent and pale,
for its dreadful gleam; brave hearts chose
death rather than the anguish of the operating
table. Yet for all the years of disease and
wounds, and lessons that had afflicted human-
ity, there was no resource in many a hopeless
case but the slow agony and the uncertain
gain.

What did Mr. James Simpson do? Why
—heaven bless him for his gentle work!—he
sat, and schemed, and read, and labored,
experientialized, and ended by putting himself
and his companion, Dr. Keith, under the study
table with the fumes of chloroform.

But their consciousness returned, the terrors
of the operating-room were gone.

Science, which gives so slowly, but with
both hands full, when she gives at all, has hon-
ored his humanity, with the dearest and most
boon that suffering mortality ever received.—
A sweet and subtle anodyne was found out,
which steals the feeling of the frame away, and
leaves the patient free. Go to the operating
room now and mark the glorious difference.—
The benign vapor is administered and the
knife does its work without a tremor or spas-
m; the sufferer wakes up and asks, "when will it
be?"

That deliverance from pain is the boon that
Simpson conferred on men and women who
suffer maladies that call for the knife and ligature;
and since God proclaimed the law that
pain and sorrow, misery and trouble should de-
part by man's patient work, as by man's fault
they came, there have been few nobler gifts be-
stowed on suffering mortals. Set up your
statue for our great dead physician, generous
people of France; and don't ask what we have
done for our great and good living doctor!—
You made him an associate of your Academy,
and sent him your Monthmoon prize; and King
Oscar of Sweden made him Knight of St.
Olaf.

We, who own him, who speak his language
who were the first to benefit by the splendid
scientific boon he bestowed on our hospitals;
and sick rooms, and on the couch where moth-
erhood fulfils, in exquisite anguish, the
woman's share of the primal curse—we hardly
know his name, and did our best some of us
to back his discoveries with sombre theories
that pain was impious to steal the agony from
the fainting mother, or stay the death-went on
the forehead of the weak victim who writhes
under the operating knife. We, compassion-
ate at last towards the deepening groans of
humanity, are only reminded of him by our
statue which was raised to Jenner; and
when we think of something worth giving him
who found out this divine boon for us—this
fair gift of chemistry—we remember that the
couriers, and the swells, and the diplomatic
fill the list of honors; so that we can merely
give the Scotch Doctor our barren thanks
while we are sound, and our blessings when
the surgeon gets hold of us, and the case of in-
struments comes out.

[The British Government have recently
made a tardy recognition of Dr. James Simp-
son's inimitable services of humanity by knigh-
tling him.]

A PAPER IN A FAMILY. We never saw a
newspaper that was not worth greatly more
than its cost in a family. It is to a great ex-
tent true of every collection of written matter,
book or newspaper, but more especially of the
latter, for it covers a much greater variety of
subjects, and is necessarily more condensed. It
is a well known fact that there is no royal
road to learning. The brain, full of know-
ledge whose activity sends light over our daily
pathway, has been acquired by hard and con-
stant study. Every book and every paper
which the careful or careless reader picks up
is filled with the results of laborious in-
vestigation. Take the single issue of a daily or
weekly paper, and see in its editorials, its in-
stantaneous articles, its reviews, its more drudgery
of daily facts, its quips and quiddities, its phil-
osophy and how much care and labor
must have been bestowed to furnish with the
regularity of one's meal. It makes no preten-
sions. It is furnished to every man for a frac-
tion of what his ice or any one of the simple
luxuries of his house-hold costs him, and yet it
is teeming with thoughts which are constant-
ly influencing his actions and forming the
opinions of his children, to govern their
after lives. Into the columns of the news-
paper come the untraced opinions of the great
thinkers and statesmen of the old world
and the new, and at a cost, compared with the
value of information acquired, utterly insignifi-
cant in amount. No man, no head of a fam-
ily especially, who would properly qualify his
children to pass respectably, or profitably and
with satisfaction to themselves through the
world, should ever deny to them the advan-
tage of a daily or at least a weekly newspa-
per.

DON'T DRIVE THE BOYS FROM HOME.—
Mothers who are disturbed by the noise and
untidiness of at home, must be careful, lest by
their reproaches they drive their children from
home in search of pleasure elsewhere. The
transcript gives a case in point:
"There are those balusters all fingers marks
again," said Mrs. Carr, as she made last
with a soft linen cloth to polish down the
shining oak again. "George," she said, with
a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided
wrench out of the basin of suds, if you go up
these stairs again before bedtime you shall be
punished."

"I should like to know where I am to go,"
said George, angrily. "I can't sit in the
kitchen, I am so in the way; and now you say
I can't go up to my own room. I know a
grand place where I can go," he added to him-
self: "boys are never told they are in the
way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll
go down to Niles' corner. I can smoke a
cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make
me awful sick the first time. They shall not
laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful house keeper virtually
drove her son from her door to hang about the
steps, and sit under the broad, inviting portico
of the village grog-shop. Do you think she
gained or lost?

A young couple had been married by a
Quaker, and after the ceremony he remark-
ed:
"Friend thou art at the end of thy troubles."
A few weeks after the young man came to
the good minister, boiling over with rage (his
wife was a regular vixen).
"I thought you told me I was at the end of
my troubles."
"So I did, my friend, but I did not say
which end."

ITEMS.
The Fenian prisoners confined in the jail
Toronto, Canada, were detected on Monday
in an attempt to make their escape. They
were subsequently properly secured.

We learn from the Farmer that Rev. Mr.
Huntington, D. D., of Boston, and recent-
ly elected Bishop of the Episcopal Church in
Maine, has signified his intention of accept-
ing the position to which he is elected.

The members of the 15th regiment, belong-
ing to Ararat, returned home last week. The
fifteenth was the last of the Maine regiments
in the service. It was mustered out at Char-
leston, S. C., July 4th.

"Forgive us our debts" is the prayer of
every selfish man; but he makes everybody
who owes him pay the uttermost farthing.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the pub-
lic for being eminent.

Land near St. Paul's churchyard in London
is worth \$5,000,000 per acre.

A dandy inquired at a fruit stand "Are
these peaches fit for a hog to eat?" "Try 'em
and see," said the apple woman.

A Dutch man carried two mugs to the milk-
man in place of one, as usual, and being asked
the meaning of it replied: "Dis vor te water, an' I
will mix ten zo as to zoote myzelt."

A grave Quaker once, went through a bad
street, was astonished to see his son emerge from
a den which no decent person frequents. The
graceless youth drew back hopping to escape
observation. "Nay, Isaac," said the sad, as-
tonished parent, "never be ashamed of coming
out of that sort of place; but be especially
careful never more to go into one."

"Do not take that egg. The hen will not
lay without you. Leave one egg in the nest."
said a mother to a child five years old. "Do
they keep the egg for a pattern, mother?"
asked the child.

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Be-
cause twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is
twenty-two.

Why does the fool who never laughs re-
mind you of the wisest men? Because he's
a Solomon.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of ago-
ny heavier for it never melts.

When is a carpenter like a circumstance?
When he alters cases.

A large share of happiness we manage to
enjoy in this life is what we get from making
other folks envy us.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its
cords are swept by kindness.

Douglas Jerrold calls woman's most dan-
gerous serpents that wind round man's necks, killing
the best resolutions.

It is corn bread, said the Irish waiter, "asn't
it corn bafy ye name?"

Mortified pride often takes the name and
guise of a broken heart.

No prosperity alone, but adversity smelts
out the pure metal of human greatness.

Original issues in Poor Condition.
Best copy available