

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 28

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 14, 1860.

Vol 36



## GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday, 25th day of June, 1860.

PRESENT:  
His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and the Report of the Honorable the Board of Trade, His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulation under the provisions of the 8th and 34th Sections of the Act 31 Vic. Chap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs."

On, from and after the first day of July next, the Port of Three Rivers, in the Province of Quebec, now an Out Port under the Survey of the Port of Quebec, shall be a Port of Entry and a Warehousing Port for all the purposes of the Act above referred to.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk of Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday, 25th day of June, 1860.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

WHEREAS by Section 55, Chap. 6, 31st Victoria, the Governor in Council is authorized to make regulations respecting Warehousing Ports and Bonding Warehouses;

His Excellency in Council on the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under the authority of the said Act, has been pleased to make the following Regulation:

That in each of the Ports of Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, and the Province of Ontario, in Montreal and Quebec, in the Province of Quebec, in St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and in Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, each person obtaining or having the right and privilege of using any store or building, as a Bonding Warehouse shall, for such privilege, pay to the Collector of Customs, on the first day of September in each year, the sum of forty dollars; and if the same shall remain unpaid for the term of one month thereafter, then the privilege of using such store or building as a Bonding Warehouse shall be cancelled.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk of Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Thursday, 24th day of June, 1860.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the authority given in the 58th section of the Act 31 Vic. Chap. 12, intitled: "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that CAUSE BARRON, hereafter chargeable, as an un-named article, in the existing Tariff of Canada Tolls, with the rates fixed for the sixth class, shall be and the same is hereby placed in the fifth class thereof, and made chargeable with the Tolls of that class.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk of Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Wednesday, 30th day of June, 1860.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Minister of Customs, and under and in virtue of the 8th section of the Act, 31 Victoria, Chap. 6, intitled: "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Ports of Entry, under the Survey of the respective Ports hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:

The Ports of Poughkeepsie, Wallace and Joggins, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Amherst.

The Ports of Adirondack Harbour and Rathford's River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Parry.

The Port of Little Bras d'Or to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of North Sydney.

The Ports of Tatamagouche and Merrimack to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Miramichi.

The Ports of Beaver River, Pubnico, and Tuxbury, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Yarmouth.

The Ports of Clementsport and Thorne's Cove, to be Out Ports under the Survey of the Port of Annapolis.

The Port of Harbour Au Bouche and Little River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Antigonish.

The Port of St. Peter's, and the Port of Richmond, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Aroostook.

The Ports of Grand Bras d'Or and St. Ann's, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Baddeck.

Port William to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Bridgewater.

The Ports of Canada Cross, French Cross, Harbourville, and Horton, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Cornwallis.

The Port of Tangier, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Miramichi.

The Ports of Bear River, Sandy Cove, Westport, and Freeport, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Digby.

The Port of Margaree, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Woodville.

The Ports of Five Islands and Trevo, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Lunenburg.

The Port of Wilmot to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Margaree.

The Port of La Tour, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Miramichi.

The Ports of Cape Canis, Gualborough, Isaac Harbor, and St. Mary's River, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Miramichi.

The Port of La Tour, to be an Out Port, under the Survey of the Port of Miramichi.

The Ports of Langun, Louisbourg, Malin A. Dues, Glace Bay, Cow Bay and Caledonia, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Sydney.

The Ports of Acadia, Bellevue Cove and Gilbert's Cove, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Weymouth.

The Ports of Cheverie, Hantsport, Walton, and Maitland, to be Out Ports, under the Survey of the Port of Windsor.

WM. H. LEE,  
Clerk of Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

Friday, 25th day of June, 1860.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

MR. SECRET, THE BACHELOR.

BY REG. SIGMA.

Our little plain little story leads us on an April morning to a very cosy dwelling. The coffee pot stands by the chimney fire, in the comfortable warmth of which the old house cat sleeps beside the hearth.

The old house cat, with the point of its scissored paws, and through the pines the trees and shrubs of the garden look in, as if they want to see how their friend, the gardener, is tending.

Perhaps they promise him an opulent blossoming in the spring, and a rich harvest in the autumn. For he who sits there smoking his pipe, and listening to his wife reading, is Thomas, the gardener; who, like the tree and plant, rests from his labors in the winter.

They are an old couple, who dwell there, and we learn the story of their lives from a friend of theirs who also has become old. It is as follows:

In the same house with the lodging of the gardener, lived an old bachelor named Secret, whom the whole city loved. He was a peculiar man, and deserved his name, indeed, for he loved in secret to spread joy and happiness.

Why this man, with his kind, loving nature, never married, and made of some maiden the happiest of wives, nobody could explain. He had a reason, but that, too, he kept secret.

He said to himself:

"It is painful to lose something which we possess, and to which we are wedded in great love. If I took a wife, and was made happy with children, how soon might a dark visitor look at the door of my happiness!—and when I had recovered from my terror, and looked up, the dark visitor would have disappeared, and with him, my wife or my child! Therefore I will remain alone. But indeed, somebody the human heart must have, to whom it can give pleasure; and the heart of man is much softer than woman will believe. I too, will love and give pleasure to some, but in secret."

The old gardener had died, and when May was awaking the flowers, the new gardener, Thomas, appeared. He was a young, vigorous man, with red cheeks and open sunny countenance.

"It makes a man feel young again," said Secret to himself, "only to look at that fellow! He always sings at his work, and the garden rejoices already. It blooms much richer than in former years. One would think that all the little flower seeds, below in the ground, becoming tired of seeing the old gardener, had heard of the new one and said to each other: 'We must get up and look at him.' Therefore, not a grain remains behind, and the garden blooms better than ever. I shall observe my young friend, and see if he suits my secret."

He did observe, and found that the young man was "brave through and through, even to the living of his soul," as he very peculiarly expressed himself. Thus a year passed by, in the course of which Thomas from time received presents, without knowing from whom.

One evening, it was about the festival of St. John the Baptist, Mr. Secret came home late from a long excursion. The full moon shone and the night was mild, when, according to his custom, he went through the little garden gate. When he came out from behind the hedge he saw Thomas standing by the fence, and, on the other side, in a neighbor's garden, a young girl. Secret knew her well. She was Caroline, the daughter of his washer-woman, who was a servant in a neighbouring house. The two thought themselves unobserved, and the delighted Secret heard their tender love talk, which was a little saddened, indeed, because they would have to wait so long before they could be happy in the possession of each other; for they well knew that with empty dishes even love languishes.

"Let us trust in God," said Thomas.

"And in Secret!" added the bachelor in a soft voice, while the young couple wished each other a very long good night.

The next morning the old gentleman is the first awake in the house. He writes and seals, and puts a parcel in the pocket of his brown coat. He takes his hat and cane, and after a short walk knocks at the door of an old university friend, the notary Hillmann, who is also a gladsome bachelor, but for other reasons than his friend Secret. He thinks himself so ugly that every girl is frightened at the sight of him, not to speak of marriage.

Indeed, he has never been handsome, but it is by no means so bad as he, with the help of his mirror, believes. At the door of this stranger of all notaries, Mr. Secret knocks, and obeying a harsh "come in," seats himself in the client's chair, at the writing desk, to the great astonishment of Hillmann.

"Listen, old friend; I come to tell you that I am deceased!"

The notary thinks his friend deranged.—Speechless with astonishment, he looks at the man before him, and with so comical an expression on his face that Secret laughs aloud, and only after some time is able to continue:

I am, then, deceased, and have deposited my will with you, which you must publish tomorrow, or the day after, to the person mentioned in it. Here is the will, sealed with seven seals, each representing a witness, as your annoying code of laws prescribes. You will add your name and seal. This note will tell you the name of the testator."

But, interrupted the notary, "how can you pass for deceased? Your name?"

"Does not stand in the testament," replied Secret. "It is a feigned name."

"My friend, don't be offended, but the idea is very peculiar! Why not give the sum directly to the person?"

"Myself? No! But I might do it through a third person. However, you know that I like to do things secretly, and the most secret is such a will. I trust in your silence, not because you are my friend, but because you are a sworn notary."

"You will always be a funny fellow," answered the notary. "However, the matter is unobjectionable, and as it is a favor to you, so let it be."

The next day Caroline was truly terrified when the notary summoned her to his office; a fright was repeated in a higher degree when the testament was published which provided her with a nice little sum for her dower, on condition that the next New Year she would be married to Thomas, the gardener. The will was signed: "From a cousin who loves you."

In vain Caroline's mother thought of all her relations. Cousins she had, but they were poor; and, as she knew, not yet dead. She told the occurrence to Mr. Secret, who rejoiced very much, but could give her no explanation. He said that "the world was large, and one might not know in what secret corner the cousins were hidden."

He had the greatest pleasure at the wedding which was celebrated at the next New Year. Then, however, he became faithful to his general principles, for in his own person he presented the happy couple to their return from church with a richly bound Bible.

One morning he departed, without sickness. Suddenly he had been called "The dark visitor," whom he so much feared, must have approached him in his most friendly form, and spoken softly to him, for a peaceful smile was spread over the old bachelor's features. Among the papers of his deceased friend, the notary, Hillmann, found a second will, this time, signed with his true name. It appointed Thomas, the gardener, as heir to his little fortune.

A long time has passed since the death of Secret, and often has the New Year greeted the world. Thomas and his wife have grown old. But, as they always have done since the day of their marriage, so to-day they read from the Bible that their friend presented them on their wedding day, and bless the founder of their happy household, Mr. Secret, the Bachelor.

The Heart of an Artist.

The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Everyone who knows anything about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable, and highly endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her debut was a splendid one, in spite of the jealousy of her colleagues. However, she was hissed at as passionately by the snakes of the side scenes as she was received with applause by the lions of the parterre. Miss Amalie Steininger was one of the most enraged of these snakes, a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. Nevertheless, Miss Amalie had her knights, who still always wore her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knighthood she succeeded in putting her rival to flight.

Some years later Miss Sontag sang at one of the first theaters of Berlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Fugard, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongues of the

enthusiasts and the pens of the journalists talked only about her, and there was no garden in and around Berlin that had not been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always surrounded by people of the first families; and some nights the people took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That was indeed enthusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was driving in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard the Viennese national song by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Viennese girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nauneri," was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one.

"Who is that woman you lead there?" continued Sontag.

"Oh, that's my poor blind mother, madam," replied the child.

"And the name of your poor blind mother?" she asked.

"Amalie Steininger," said the girl.

"Amalie Steininger!" repeated Henriette Sontag with the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amalie Steininger," said the child.

"My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell everything we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that poured in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the celebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a colleague who has lost her sight. Here is my purse," she continued, "and please let it not be the only one gliding into the hands of this poor child."

In a moment the little girl had her hands full of gold and silver, and thought that heaven had sent an angel to relieve her poor, unfortunate mother.

"Where does your mother live, my child?" asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the little girl.

"Behind the Konigsmaue," replied the child No. 19.

"Nauneri, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to await me this afternoon," said the singer. "I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her who the young, beautiful lady was.

And! the good child did not understand her mother's tears. Henriette Sontag kept her word. She visited Amalie in the course of the day, in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amalie how badly she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned oculist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her. Henriette sang the popular "Iphigenie," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this artist. Henriette Sontag took care of her to the end of her life, and gave the little girl (who is now a celebrated actress, and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the singer) a very good education.

STUFFING SMALL BIRDS.

Take out the entrails; open a passage to the brain, which should be scooped out through the mouth; introduce into the cavities of the skull and the whole body some of a mixture of salt, alum, and pepper, putting some through the gullet and whole length of the neck; then hang the bird in a cool airy place—first by the feet, that the body may be impregnated by the salts, and afterward by a thread through the under mandible of the bill, till it appears to be sweet; then hang it in the sun or near a fire. After it is well dried, clean out what remains loose of the mixture, and fill the cavity of the body with wool, oakum, or any soft substance, taking care to retain as near as possible the exact form of the bird in life.

WHAT RAILROADS DO FOR REAL ESTATE.

A computation, made with great care by General John S. Shultz, of Manchester, N. J., and presented by him during the past winter to the Legislature of that State, of an evidence of the influence of railroads on the development of the country, shows that the value of improved and unimproved lands on the line of the Raritan and Delaware Bay road, between Manchester and Long Branch (a distance of about twenty five miles), during the five years immediately succeeding the completion of said

road, \$10,195,500, on \$6,825,500, an aggregate increase of one hundred and forty-nine per cent., or twenty-nine per cent. per annum.

The progress indicated may appear almost incredible to persons unfamiliar with the past and present status of the locality alluded to, but we believe it to be rather understated than otherwise. One would think that with such evidence before them the members of the Legislature could not refuse to grant charters for the various new line petitioned for at each re-convening session.

That they do refuse is, in the opinion of rough-spoken men, proof positive that Camden and Amboy money has greater influence than consideration for the public welfare.

There are hundreds of thousands of acres of land in Southern Jersey lying idle and unimproved merely for lack of transit.—[Health and Home.

Not LARGE ENOUGH FOR BOTH.—Every one knows the anecdote of Frederick, King of Prussia, who observed one of his pages take a pinch of snuff from his box.

The King did not interrupt him, but asked him, a little time afterward, if he liked that snuff box? The page made no answer; but, on the question being repeated, said that he thought it very handsome. "Well, then, pray take it," said his majesty; "it is much too small for us both."

THE ex-President of the Royal Astronomical Society of England startled his readers by drawing the conclusion, in a new essay, that the length of our day has been certainly increasing; that "the length of a day may be expected ultimately to become a year." However, one's nerves become steady again when the estimate of the increase proves to be an increase of six seconds in the course of a million years. As Mr. Pritchard justly remarks the day will not be lengthened into a year "in our time."

ITEMS.

Last year two Germans bought eighty acres of land in Tennessee and have wholly paid for it by this year's crop of strawberries on four acres.

A New Yorker at the Falmouth Hotel, in Portland, refused to use the milk because it was yellow! He knew what milk was, he said, and wanted some nice, dark blue, such as he got at home.

A joker just arrived in California writes back: "The distance from Cleveland to San Francisco by the Pacific Railroad is equal to 211 gallons of euchre, 173 drinks, and 117 cigars."

Over six hundred ladies of Rockford, Ill., have petitioned the city authorities not to grant liquor licenses.

Matches are to be made by a new process. Sodium is to be used instead of phosphorus. It ignites as easily, and is free from offensive odors.

A New York organ firm is filling an order for an instrument to go to Yokohama. It will be the first organ ever heard in Japan.

He is a good man who follows his own instructions. I can easily teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Inviolable fidelity, good-humor, and comeliness of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

The Pope wants his niece to become a nun. She says she would rather become a wife.

The English Post Office authorities have determined to reduce newspaper postage to half penny.

The Californian complaint against the Chinese is that they bring with them their customs, their manners, their idleness and their vices, and they do not give them up.

One of the Bourbon family named Prince Henri, was married lately, at Paris, to a Miss Payne, an American heiress. He is a candidate for the Spanish throne.

A valuable bed of bloodstone has just been discovered by Professor Shepherd, one mile from St. Mary, St. Ignace county, Mo., on lands owned by M. A. Gilbert. There is only one other place in the United States (a small deposit in Ohio) where it has been found.

An ivory tusk, six feet three inches long and 22½ inches in circumference, has recently been exhibited in Montana. It was found buried in the sand, twenty-two feet below the surface.

Burleigh, writing to the Boston Journal from England, says that visitors to Shakspeare's house are constantly watched, especially if they come from America. Not some part of the house or timber disappear.