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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1860.

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## Legislative Proceedings.

**FREDERICTON Feb. 27.**  
The House resolved into Committee of the whole to consider Mr. Mitchell's Bill relating to providing for the payment of Grand Jurors, Mr. McLeod in the Chair.

The hon. Post Master General was in favor of reporting progress. The hon. Provincial Secretary had made up his mind, and would vote against the Bill, as the duties of Grand Jurors were not at all onerous, and if paid generally, it would amount to an enormous tax upon the treasury. Here a discussion took place upon the principle of direct taxation generally, arising out of a few remarks from Mr. Smith, to the effect that he would oppose direct taxation in every shape as long as the country was in its present condition.

Mr. Gilmer rose and defended the system of direct taxation in a manner which reflects great credit upon him as a consistent progressive. I wish we had many legislators possessed of the same practical views as those of Mr. Gilmer; he showed that the present system of raising revenues was far from equitable as by the present system poor people were being taxed, and owing to its complicated nature he was not conscious of it, and showed that the poor man now paid nearly as much into the Treasury as the rich one and argued at length in favor of the direct taxation system, and conclusively showed that there was ample room for improvement in the present system of taxation, and concluded by saying that he was not in favor of paying Grand Jurors.

Mr. Chandler was of opinion that the Grand Jury might be dispensed with, and a crown officer take their place; considering the present position of the Province he would not vote for paying Grand Jurors. Mr. Wilton also opposed the Bill; he was not in favor of paying them out of the Province chest; if the County of Northumberland wished to try the experiment at her own expense, he had no objection.

**Feb. 28.**  
Lawrence gave notice of motion for address for details of statement of monies paid out of proceeds of sale of Debentures issued under 19 Vic. Cap. 16, an act to provide for construction of Railways as well as out of profits on sale of bills drawn against proceeds of said Debentures from 31st Oct 1858 to 1st March, 1859—1st stating to whom paid—2d, amount paid and date—3d, for what service paid or on what account. They submitted estimates. Ordinary revenue estimated at £157,350. Expenditure, £155,577. Expenditures of this year over last year, £12,500 to meet deficiency of interest on Railway expenditure, £3,500 on grand bye roads, £2,000 towards addition to Lunatic Asylum, £1000 towards Hospital in St. John. Education, £1000. Mineral resources, examination, £500. There remained on 1st November, £30,000 sterling, and £30,000 currency, credit with Bank of New Brunswick to meet debt due the Savings Bank deposits. The excess of Revenue of last year more than meets the deficiency of 1859, and all demands on Treasury for 1859. House adjourned at 5.30.

**Feb. 29.**  
Mr. Wilton gave notice of an address for a detailed statement of the expense of the public Printing of all description from Feb 1859 to Feb 1860.

Mr. McPherson gave notice of his intention to move on Friday, a resolution that the House would not go into further consideration of Supply until the Government laid on the table a detailed statement of the expenditure from Nov. 1st, 1859, to March 1st, 1860.

The Victoria Suspension Bridge Company Bill was again committed, and elicited much discussion. Some members expressed great fear that the Bridge would interfere with the navigation of the harbour and river. Progress was reported.

Mr. Tapley moved leave to bring in Orange Incorporation Bill. Mr. Smith suggested that the question on sustaining the Bill should be taken on the motion for leave; others demurred. The Bill was brought in without division.

Mr. Williston asked the Provincial Secretary whether the Government had remonstrated or intended to remonstrate with the British Government against the repeal of duty on Foreign lumber. The Secretary replied that the Government had no official information on the subject.

Messrs. Smith, Allen and Kerr were appointed a select Committee on the Law of Marriage and Divorce.

Progress was reported on Mr. Williston's Bill relating to Insolvent Confined Debtors. The object of the Bill is to give the Justices power, in cases where they would grant weekly support to a confined debtor, to discharge him.

The Victoria Suspension Bridge Bill has been referred to a select Committee.

## AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

Years ago, when I was a youngster, I became an assistant of Dr. B., the superintendent of a public insane asylum. As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable, and had the freedom of the high walled garden, while others, being dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms. Sometimes one of last named gentlemen would get loose, a fact which he usually announced by breaking things generally, upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot at which he was "elevating the ancient Henry," and advancing upon with a steadfast gaze, would march him off to his room. We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and strong as an ostrich. He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back docilely when any of us made our appearance.

The asylum had a saloon in the centre, with a door at each end; one of the doors requiring filing once upon a time, a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones, and quietly possessed himself of long, sharp chisel. When the carpenter looked around the madman gave a grin and poked the chisel at him; whereupon the man of chips scuttled out and locked the door; then while the enemy was battering away at it, he rushed around and locked the door at the other end.

Having thus caged Jones he gave the alarm; and I, supposing it was an ordinary case which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush for me, and I innocently belted. The doctor was sent for. He came reconnoitering through the key hole, and ascertaining the enemy was at the other end of the room, he opened the door, and saw at once that he could do nothing with the maniac.

Here was apparently a dilemma—a crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrollable, and armed with a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and to starve him out would be a tedious affair. The doctor did not hesitate long.

"Alfred," said he, "go down into the surgery and fill the largest syringe with hartshorn, and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down, and brought back a quart syringe filled with hartshorn, diluted—for I did not want to kill the man. Then the doctor, carpenter, and myself formed an array of invasion. We tipped open the door and entered in the following battle array. I being the shortest of the three, marched first, holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our pop gun flashed in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on his shoulder like a piece of flying artillery. Finally, in the rear, in the safest place, like all the great generals, came Dr. B. The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall on a chair, eyeing us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced towards him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked, and the handle looked very long. When we got within a few feet of him, he jumped up and sprang towards me. "Whizz! splatter! splash!"—went the hartshorn flask into his countenance—down he went like a dog that would have knocked down a battalion, and while he was catching his breath we caught him. [Recollections of a Physician.]

**HENRY CLAY AND OSSIAN E. DODGE AT AN EVENING PARTY.**—On the company being seated at the table, Mr. Clay poured out two glasses of wine, and passing them to Mr. Dodge, remarked in tones sufficiently loud for all to hear—

"Mr. Dodge, let us pledge ourselves in a glass of old wine."

Without touching the glass, Mr. Dodge replied—

"Excuse me Mr. Clay; I am a strict teetotaler, and with your permission I will pledge you in what is far more emblematic of the purity of true friendship a glass of pure water."

Mr. Clay slowly replaced the glass of wine upon the table, scanned with the eagle eyes the features of his guests and discovering no expression but that of unbounded respect reached across the corner of the table grasped the hand of his honest friend, and exclaimed—

"Mr. Dodge, I honor your principles!" and then laughingly added—"but I can't say that I admire your taste!"

Mr. Dodge, with his usual promptness of retort, replied—"But is it not the doctrine that our orators are daily teaching us, Mr. Clay, to throw aside taste for principles?" Amid the shouts of laughter that followed Mr. Clay exclaimed—"Hansomely turned! Charley's move the wine from the table!"

**SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23, 5 P. M.**—A concurrent resolution passed both Houses of the Legislature yesterday, appointing a joint committee to receive proposals for the permanent removal of the State capital from Sacramento to San Francisco or Oakland.

## Poetry.

### The Volunteers' Song.

Up and arm you, one and all!  
Arm to guard our native shore:  
Sons of freedom, hear the call—  
Arm you as in days of yore!

Hearken not to them that say,  
"Is not France our true ally?  
Never war will come our way;  
Lay then, lay the rifle by."

Hearken not, but grasp your arms;  
They are walls and bulwarks strong:  
Let us have no vain alarms,  
Tempting France to do us wrong.

Up to guard your country!—arm you;  
Find a rifle every man:  
If they say, "We will not harm you,"  
Make it, "Neither will nor can!"  
—Blackwood's Magazine.

### DAILY WORK.

Who lags for dread of daily work,  
And his appointed task would shirk,  
Commits a folly and a crime;  
A soulless slave—  
A paltry knave—

A eulog upon the wheels of Time,  
With work to do and store of health,  
The man's unworthiness to free,  
Who will not give,  
That he may live,  
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! Let us work! We only ask  
Reward proportioned to our task:  
We have no quarrel with the great;  
No feud with rank—  
With mill or bank—  
No envy of a lord's estate.

If we can earn sufficient store  
To satisfy our daily need,  
Aid we can retain,  
For the poor and pained,  
A fraction, we are rich, indeed.

No dread of toil here we nor ours;  
We know our worth, and wield our power;  
The more we work the more we win;  
Success to Trade!  
Success to Spade!

And to the Corn that's coming in!  
And joy to him, who, o'er his task,  
Remembers toil is God's own plan;  
Who working, thinks—  
And never sinks—  
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,  
Eager for contentment and health;  
And labors when his sickle is done,  
To read his book  
By chimney nook,  
Or stool at setting of the sun.

Who toils as every man should toil  
For fair reward, erect and free;  
These are the men—  
The best of men—  
These are the men we mean to be!

**THE STEAMER HUNGARIAN**—says the Boston Transcript—was the finest boat of the Canadian Steam Company, and her loss will be particularly disastrous to that line. We hear from Portland that her cargo was one of the most valuable she ever brought, as it included the spring goods of the large merchants of Canada. Its estimated value was upwards of a million dollars.

The usual crew of the steamer consisted of upwards of a hundred persons, besides the principal officers. She had accommodation for about 150 passengers of the first class, and twice that number in the steerage. It is not probable she had anything like a full complement of passengers at this season. It is thought probable that not less than four members of the Canadian Parliament were on board, namely, Hon. W. H. Merritt, Messrs. Dawson, McKellar and Talbot.

The company has six other steamers, the North British, Anglo Saxon, Bohemian, North American, Nova Scotia and Canadian.

This is the fourteenth Atlantic steamer that has been lost since 1810. Ten have been wrecked, and four—the President, Pacific, Tempest and city of Glasgow—were never heard from after they sailed.

A despatch from Halifax dated 7 o'clock Monday evening says:—

"Not another word from the Hungarian. The cutter Daring had not arrived at the spot. Divers had gone in the schooner Ogray. A hat box marked Wm. Bouthenhouse, Sackville, washed ashore at 8 o'clock."

P. S. We understood last evening that a couple of boats belonging to the Hungarian, had been picked up, one apparently had been torn away from the davits.

**The price of Two Potatoes in 1805.**  
The following anecdote of the first Napoleon is related in a letter from a Correspondent, who was a considerable time in the French Military service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking *incognito* through the camp, and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group, not far off, a Grenadier of the Guard who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roasted potato above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshal, ask the owner of them if he will sell one. In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A Grenadier stepped forward and said, "they are mine."

"Will you sell me one," enquired Berthier. "I have only five said the Grenadier, and that is hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier. "I don't want your gold," said the Grenadier. "I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with empty stomachs."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the back ground.

"Let us see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the Grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," answered the Grenadier. "I have not enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon, come, I am hungry, and have not eaten anything to-day.

"I will you I have not enough for myself," repeated the Grenadier, besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I then?" enquired Napoleon. "Bah!" said the Grenadier, the little corporal as they call you, am I right.

"Well, since you know me," said Napoleon, will you sell me a potato.

"No," said the Grenadier, but if you will have me come and dine with you when we go back to Paris, you may supper with me to-night."

"Done," said Napoleon, on the word of a little corporal—on the word of an Emperor.

"Well and good," said the Grenadier, our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are two large ones, the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, the rogue is a good soldier I'll wager.

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the palace of the Tuilleries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a Grenadier was without trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the Emperor. "Tell him to come in," said his Majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor, "do you remember once having suppered with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh! is that you; yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor, "and as you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the Grenadier presented arms, and said a Grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lackeys; your Majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain—and trusting to your word I have come hither.

"True, true," said Emperor,—lay a cover near me, lay aside your arms, *mon ami*, and draw up to the table.

Dinner over, the Grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor presented arms and said, "a mere private ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor."

"I understand you," said Napoleon,—"I name you Cavalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my Company of Guards." "I thank you heartily," returned the soldier; "I've *l'Espérance*," he shouted, and then withdrew.

The steamer Pacific arrived this morning, with Oregon dates to the 19 inst., and British Columbia dates to the 24th.

A party had been despatched by the citizens of Portland, Oregon to explore and report concerning the Simele Karmen gold mines. The accounts from these mines continued to be of an exciting character.

The British ship, *sea Nymph* arrived at Vancouver's on the 24th, with a large number of passengers, after a voyage of 330 days from England.

## POULTRY.

It would be well to make some preparations for the accommodations of poultry. Many kinds will soon begin to lay. Early fresh eggs will certainly bring the highest price. A close observer says: "Beginners in keeping poultry are prone to suppose that the nest of a setting hen should be made as dry and hot as possible." This is wrong. A hen left to herself, seeks a cool, sheltered place, but on the ground, where it is rather damp and moist than dry. But in damp houses, where poultry is kept in the house, as at the present season, the floor should be of gravel, or some substitute such as the rubbish from an old building, broken bricks and old mortar. This floor should be spread with fresh straw every morning. This can be raked off, and used for all the manure made by the fowls. This tends to keep them healthy by keeping them clean. A flat box that will hold a quantity of ashes, into which has been thrown a handful of flour of sulphur, should be provided for the fowls, whether they are kept in the house or not. This will enable them to keep themselves free from lice. Cleanliness is the great necessity with fowls; they may be fed ever so well, but if not afforded facilities for keeping themselves clean they will not thrive.

Regular and moderate feeding is considered better than leaving them all the food they can eat constantly within their reach. "Give them what they will run after at regular times," is a maxim of the best poultry breeders, and is this we call. Record that six fowls well kept will afford more satisfaction and better returns than two-dozen shifting for themselves, without room and without care.—Michigan Farmer.

A very benevolent lady once asked a newly arrived neighbor why she did not attend church and was told in reply, that she could not afford to dress well enough. "Never mind," said the friend, "I'll lend you one of my dresses, only mind and be careful about kneeling upon it—I don't want it spoiled." She thankfully took the dress, and wore it once or twice, till she learned that the owner had advertised her neighbors of her own generosity, adding that guessed the woman was more pious in a borrowed dress than she would be in one of her own; in fact she expected she would spoil it kneeling on it so much. The dress was returned and the woman said at home.

Soon after another lady called and implored her to attend the female prayer meeting, when she was told the reason her neighbor could not go, and also of the fasting of the other lady. "Well," said she, "I'll lend you one of my dresses, and you needn't fear spoiling it; and I won't say a word about it." So she took the dress, and went to the meeting. Soon, when a sister commenced praying, she looked round, hesitated whether she should kneel or not, when her dress owner—who had her eye upon her—cried out, "Never mind the dress, kneel right down, don't hurt it; and besides, you know I told you I wouldn't say a word about it and I won't."

A wag speaking of the ease with which names are obtained to petitions, made a bet of the oysters, that in an hour he could get fifty names to a petition asking the legislature to hang all the energy men in the city, every signer of which should be a church member. He got up the petition, and inserted in large letters, CAPITAL PENITENT, MEXIC." The big letters took; down went the names. The bet was won by the wag and we tasted the oysters.

The Halifax Journal draws the following picture of that state of affairs in that City.—It is doleful enough:—

Our streets are at present in a most filthy condition. Mud ankle deep; heaps of ashes are met with every here and there; dead cats and rats in profusion, and loafers in abundance; and on evenings, non-ones' dem-me, with a two-penny torch-light or an old half-penny clay, inserted between their ivories, surrounded by moving bundles of crumpled, obstruct the side walks to the annoyance of all well disposed and peaceably pedestrians.

An old lady who was not much accustomed to attending church finally went one Sunday last week. During prayer-time while the old lady was on her knees, her old cat, who had followed her unnoticed, came purring around her; when she broke out, "Why, noosy—what! You can't meet in? Why-ee! I spoke out in meetin'! Why-ee-ee! I spoke agin! Why-ee-ee-ee! I keep speakin all the time."

The errors of the press are sometimes very annoying—at other times so irresistibly laughable that one is almost glad that they occur, for the sake of the hearty laugh they occasion. Of this latter kind is the announcement L. M. Staff has been appointed Receiver of Public Monkeys in Cherokee Co.