

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12, 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.]

No. 5

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1858.

[Vol. 25]

SERVANT GIRLS vs. HAIR OIL.

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends "put up," are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncrasy of servant girls, to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a courtly way had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist, at one time, and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, but that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, finding that the hair oil cruse was empty, they took the bottle which had contained it, and straightway they went to the drug store. There was a whizzed conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as the contents:

Of Lac. (Asafetida)—milk of asafetida, which for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this 1 oz.

Of liquor Potasse—a fluid highly celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds—4 oz.

Halum of Fir, the stickiest and gummiest article known—1 oz.

Honey—1 oz.

Alcohol—to make ingredients fluid, 1 pint.

This was well "shuk," and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil.

The next day Sunday Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, travelled down in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room of joining theirs, where from a couple of pines of glass over the door they could see everything that went on.

After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large, red-headed one—"Misther Dave has some more oil, and my hair's as shiny as powder; let's have a regular fix up with all the ficks away."

This was acceded to, and they all went to oil up their locks, being lavish with the fluid, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:

"Wheres what, what smells so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the perfume," interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Perfume, inlute," says the red-head—"that's not perfume—it's the rare bad smell."

"Mebby," says dumpy, "it's the Patch Chewly. I've heard people say that Patch Chewly smells dreadful at first; a person must get used till the smell before they like it. Sure, it's a perfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough oiling, they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious what is it? Bless my soul Mr. G. I shall faint! Oh! my dear there must be an unclean animal in the room?" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff at the Patch Chewly when they entered the house. The master of the house wore puzzled, confounded, ignorant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time, there was not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there, were thinking of rapidly backing out, as the three girls who were "oiled" were waiting on them. Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of honey and fir, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught and through the influence of potash at the roots, the whole mass of front hair came off the side of red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of her hair with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock, to ornament with feathers in Indian style. About ten o'clock that night they might be seen wrapping up their lost Patch Chewly locks in pieces of paper.

The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles have been sacred from touch as the tomb at Palestine.

CALIFORNIA.

Questions briefly answered.

We find the following rich production in the *Amador Sentinel*. The editor says the letter was picked up in the street, and is published verbatim.

Murderer's Bar, Cal., Sept. 1857.

Dear Sir,—Your epistle, making inquiries about this extra country of gold, and other things, came to hand, and I hasten to reply to all your enquiries, for the benefit of yourself and all others interested, and in order clearly to answer all your queries, I will put them down and the answers according to the order:—

1st. What are the agricultural resources of the mountain districts?

Abundant—all the hills produce shrubs, some weeds, and lots of red earth.

2d. How are the seasons divided?

Nearly balanced—one-half all day without a cloud, the other half all rain without sunshine.

3d. What are the natural products of the mountains?

Grizzlies, Californian lions, coyotes, r. t. s, fleas, lice, red diggers, soap plants, and some gold.

4th. What are the vegetable products of the same?

Pines, scrub oaks, bed rock, centipides, tarantulas, rattlesnakes, and wild cats.

5th. What kind of society have you in the mines?

All sorts except temperance societies.

6th. What class form the aristocracy?

Gambler and Mexican women.

7th. What are the middling class?

Leafers.

8th. What the lower order?

The hard laborer.

9th. What is the state of morals in the mining districts?

No such state in California.

10th. How are the facilities for education?

Splendid—boys at four learn to chew and smoke tobacco, at six drink whiskey and swear, at eight play at cards and deal monte, at ten take to the highway, and at twelve and fourteen graduate from the limbs of some tree with the elevated degree of H—A—L.

11th. E—R. Splendid facilities for early education in all the useful accomplishments of California.

12th. What are the opportunities for religious worship?

Good, to the best of my recollection. I attended religious worship in the mines—

The meeting was under a pine tree, and the preacher took for his text, "What came ye out to see?" and while repeating it, an old 49 miner, in hard luck, came by with a pack on his back, unshaved and hard up. Aged the preacher exclaimed, "What came ye out to see?" "The gold, in course, you darned old skeeticks," said the old forty-niner. With that the congregation, consisting of myself, two dogs, and a root digger, vanquished the ranch, and left the preacher alone in his glory. Half an hour afterward, I saw the preacher betting his Bible at deal monte. Good country, I should think, for the gospel.

13th. What are the prospects for females?

Gloriously splendid, magnificently great, transcendently good. I know a young lady who came out here in '49, and she was married four times within the year; her first husband was shot for cheating at monte; the second was killed in a row; the third hung for horse stealing, and—the crowd are now going to hang the fourth; and six men are running to the house to engage the lady (stop a moment), the fourth is now hanging, and the six men are fighting with bowie knives for the widow. Glorious country this, for women.

14th. What are the prospects for a man of family in the mines?

First rate prospects of having none on his hands in a short time.

15th. What kind of business pays well?

All kinds, if you can get the money; credit a man, and ten to one he will lick you if you don't him. Very good country for business; very good indeed!

16th. What branches of business are mostly followed?

Drinking whiskey and loafing.

17th. Are the people who have settled permanently, satisfied?

Perfectly satisfied, that if they were back where they came from, they never would be such fools as to leave.

18th. How are the laws regarded and enforced?

According to circumstances. If the people want a show, they hang some poor devil on suspicion, for an example, and demonstrate to all the world, "and the rest of mankind," that all law emanates from the people. It is generally enforced with a rope over a limb.

19th. Is a man generally safe travelling through the country?

Yes, if he does not meet with men with no other visible means of support but a bowie knife and revolver.

19th. How is the gold generally found?

Either in the earth or men's pockets.

20th. Is it very abundant?

Just as it happens, in both cases.

21st. Can the mines ever be exhausted?

Can't say—the mines have exhausted a great many men.

22nd. How are streams worked?

By companies who dam the rivers, and then dam the country.

23d. What is gold bearing quartz—and now is gold obtained from it?

Quartz is a white "horridious," running in ledges, as hard as the conscience of old Sweeps, and the gold as hard to extract as money from the pocket of old Jenkink. It is worked by companies, and steam performs the labor of breaking the quartz, and generally the owners.

24th. Of what people does the population consist?

A "right smart sprinkle" from all countries: besides Yankees and Spanish cattle.

25th. Which are considered the best mining localities at the mines?

"Murderer's Bar," "Mad Cannon," "Hard Scrabble," "Hangtown," "Whiskey Diggings," "Poor Man's Creek," "Hit or Miss," "Devil's Gate," and "Hell's Own."

26th. Do the miners generally become rich?

Yes, in a horn.

27th. What kind of property had an emigrant better bring with him to California?

Gold and silver by all means, and more the better.

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is a nut

For every man's digestion;

When the shell is fairly cracked,

Pop! goes the question.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush—

Smile all they can, sir—

'Till, from out their pouting lips,

Pop! goes the answer.

Cap'd fans the holy flame—

Rankest kind of arson—

When it gains a certain height,

Pop! goes the passion.

Quite through the chimney—

Made of ray coals—

In a sunny dry goods line,

Pop! go the dollars.

When a year has shown its fall,

Round the corner, only see,

Out upon the dumpy world,

Pop! goes a bag.

Mother gives it catnip tea,

Father gives it brandy,

And adown its gastric tube,

Pop! goes the candy.

Maiden lés her husband scold,

She must be the whipper,

And, above the youngster's heels,

Pop! goes the slipper.

Bachelor, who lives next door,

Stands it for a season,

But, before the year is out,

Pop! goes his reason.

Maiden lady, up the stairs,

Stamps each moment faster,

'Till, from the ceiling underneath,

Pop! goes the plaster.

Dirty, ragged little boy,

'Neath the window lingers;

Thumb applied to his nose,

Pop! go the fingers.

All around the neighborhood

Such antics are enacted;

And, while mamma is scolding him,

Pop! goes distracted.

Office Rules.

The following Printing Office Rules should be carefully observed by visitors:

1. Enter quietly.
2. Be short.
3. Transact your business.
4. Don't touch anything.
5. Say nothing unnecessary.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the workman.
10. Hands off the papers.
11. Eyes off the manuscript and copy.

If you always observe these rules when you go into a Printing office, you will greatly oblige the printers.

We have at last discovered the reason gentlemen of the present day stoops so; it is on account of their being constantly bent upon pleasure. We hope they will not be straitened by circumstances.

Boots that Wouldn't Come Off.

To be in a "strapped" condition is undoubtedly to be in a bad "phix." The strap thus understood refers to a peculiar condition of the pocket of one's pantaloons, and not to the legs thereof, as in this instance of being strapped. Most of our readers are aware that an old fashion of fastening one's legs on by straps to his pantaloons, passing under his feet, is about to be revived. This fashion is not now so absurd as it used to be, for Linton of the Amphitheatre, having inaugurated the new style of walking with the feet up, it becomes a necessity that people so walking should have suspenders on that end of their pantaloons which is uppermost, to keep them from slipping down. So straps in this wise are wise. We don't say that the party who was in the "melancholy predicament" was in the habit of walking feet uppermost; but we do say that on the occasion in question he was inclined to "feet up for the ground," and not exactly knowing which end he was standing on. These are holiday times.

He has a wife—or, a wife has him, and she tells us the story. He came home in the small hours, and found his way to his apartment, his wife's apartment, and began to make preparations for retiring, by striking his foot into a bootjack with the design of removing his foot—no, leaving his boot immovable and removing his foot from it—his right caped spouse watching the operation and his eccentric movements about the room with indignant regards. With some ado he succeeded in inserting his foot into the bootjack, and made a desperate pull. The effort was utterly abortive, and with the same result it was several times repeated. He became desperate, jerked and pulled himself into a fever of excitement, and finally turned to his wife with:

"See here—hic! old lady, I'm—hic—coming to bed with my boots on—hic. I am, certain—hic!—see if I don't—hic!—old lady!"

"You're coming to bed with your boots on are you, Mr. —? You are," screamed the elegant lady, who had been anxiously awaiting his coming, thinking something serious had happened to her absent lord, and found that he was only seriously inebriated, and that her anxiety for his safety had been wasted. "You are coming to bed with your boots on, are you. You are intoxicated sir! You have been off on a spree, sir! Take off your boots, sir. You can't come into this bed with them on sir!"

"I'm coming to bed with my boots on—hic, maintain. I must. I can't get them off and I must lay d-down, hic! They won't come off, was the explanation of the afflicted husband.

You are tight, you are drunk, sir. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for coming home in that condition, and the wife arose to see if she couldn't do something to relieve the embarrassed circumstances of her lord. A glance placed her unclouded faculties in possession of the facts in the case, and she pointed out the course to be pursued with:

Mr. —, you'd better unbutton either your suspenders or your straps, or you'll never get your boots off, sir. At this Mr. — with the amiable philosophy of a tipsy man, got very angry, but finally found himself reduced to the humiliating necessity of taking his wife's advice. He had purchased and worn for the first time that day a pair of the new fangled strapped pantaloons!

Sword Blades.

It is stated that all the sword blades made for the English army are the work of four men, three of whom are brothers. There is a secret in the mode of manufacture, known only by these four, and which they jealously guard. They select their own assistants and have the right to discharge them at pleasure, when they do not like them. One of the brothers, at Enfield, makes eighteen blades per day, and his average weekly earnings are about \$50.—[Exchange.]

We very much doubt this statement, and we insert the paragraph hoping for some further information on the subject. We know that there is a large sword manufactory at Enfield, but we were not aware that a monopoly existed.

Murder Trial in Portland, Me.

In the trial of Abram Cox, and Peter Williams for the murder of the Officers of the Brig. Albatross Cooper, before the United States Circuit Court in Portland, the Jury on Wednesday last, brought in a verdict of "Guilty." It will be recollected by those who heard of the case at the time when the prisoners were brought to Portland, that the only other witness of the fact of the murder, besides the two prisoners, died on the passage to that Port, and in consequence the whole of the evidence against the prisoners has been their own confessions. The Counsel for the defence has moved for a new trial, on the ground that the evidence is inadmissible.

Abundant Harvests.

The crops of breadstuffs and provisions are large all over the world, and it is believed by those competent of judging, far in excess of the world's requirements. In this state of things no advance of prices can be looked for, and if the prospects for the next season open favorably, prices will be lower next spring than now, and the Western farmers who attempt to hold their stocks over will be disappointed.—[Boston Traveller.]

LEGAL.—Judge Peters was one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H—, a well known practitioner, who has a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face, was pleading before him on an important case, and the Judge not heeding the lawyer, was playing with a little dog which had come up by his side on the platform, in the course of his remarks the lawyer stated the law applying to one of the important points of his case, the Judge stopped playing with the dog, and lifting up his head, said:

"Why, Mr. H—, I didn't know there was any such law."

To which H—, while looking particularly serious, and his face beginning to twitch, immediately replied, "I didn't suppose Your Honor did."

The whole audience was convulsed with suppressed laughter, considering it a palpable hit.

The marriage of the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, which is announced to take place on the 25th inst., will be celebrated with unrivalled splendour. Many royal and distinguished visitors will be present at the ceremony, and Her Majesty will give some brilliant entertainments on this auspicious event. For the information of our fair readers, we subjoin the list of young ladies selected by the Queen as bridesmaids:—Lady Susan Clinton, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle; Lady Cecilia Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Emma Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Louisa Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercon; Lady Victoria Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; Lady Cecilia Molyneux, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Sefton; and Lady Constance Villers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.

It is stated that the Lord Mayor of Dublin has received an invitation from Her Majesty to be present at the coronation of the marriage between the Princess Royal and the Prince of Prussia.

FIRE IN PRINCESS STREET.—Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. Dunn, Cabinet Maker, &c., in Princess Street. The flames were discovered in the upper story, and fortunately were confined to that part of the building. The Engine of No. 6 Company, being on the spot almost simultaneously with the first alarm of fire, poured on the devouring element a stream of water sufficient to daunt the fiercest flame, and with the assistance which at that hour of the day was promptly at hand, the fire was speedily subdued before very great damage had been done.—[Leader.]

ANARCHY IN MEXICO.—The Romish hierarchy, appear to be now, as they have been all along, the Chief Engineers of the whole movement, which has for its grand object the annihilation of Comofort, for the unpardonable sin of secularizing the ecclesiastical estates, a measure with which he initiated his administration, and which will be long remembered as the distinguishing act of his public policy.—[Boston Traveller.]

General Walker is a modest man—very. He has stated the amount to which he has been damaged by the two arrests at San Juan del Sud and Punta Arenas; and that amount is \$140,000. Now, we cannot but think that, in the event of the little filibuster being allowed that amount of damages, he will make a good thing of his two seasons, as all precedent shows that he is not very apt to disburse any large proportion of his funds for the relief of the poor and suffering, who may be connected with him. So we must estimate General Walker's private damage at \$140,000, and think it a high price for the individual.

A curious lawsuit is going on just now in Berlin. A rich banker of that city, who is ill of the small pox, has had two actions brought against him, one by his barber, and the other by his upholsterer, who claim damages, because he communicated the malady to them. They demand compensation for the doctor's expenses, and the time they have lost. According to the Prussian law, the banker was bound to hang up outside his door a notice with the words, "There is a person here ill of the small pox."