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*Exaristumendum est opus hunc.*—Cic.

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## DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, has spent the greater part of his life in traveling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America, and spent three years among the Indians of our Western country. It was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health and life depend upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and discolored; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name. Our strength is exhausted, our health is weakened, and if future is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become thick and clogged, and thus our light of life will be forever blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from a Plant and Roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased men. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists nature in throwing out the floor parts corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passages to the lungs and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and gentle strength to the kidneys; this encourages them to draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out beautifully by urinary or water passage, and which could not be discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic and accomplishes the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach but become united with the blood for they find way to every part, and completely route out and cleanse the system from all impurity and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's pills have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain, anguish, and whose feeble frame has been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever and who have been brought, as it were within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this good and wonderful medicine Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight and the flush of youth will be again returned, and the prospect of a long and happy life will be bright and clear.

CAUTION.—Beware of a counterfeit sign. A. R. Moore, All genuine have the name of A. J. WHITE & Co. on each box. Also the signature of A. J. White & Co. all other are spurious.

A. J. WHITE & CO.,  
Sole Proprietors.

50 Leonard Street, New York.  
Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.

Agents wanted in every town, village and hamlet in the land. Parties desiring the agency will address as above for terms.

Price 25 cents per box, five boxes will be sent on receipt of \$1 postage paid.

## A Sad Tale of Delhi.

A few days ago there arrived in our camp, guided as an Afghan, one of the many unhappy victims of the late atrocities. The young wife of a warrant officer, gentle and fair, had taken refuge, with her three children, in the cellar of a house, to which she and one of her aunts had fled for safety. On the first outbreak of the mutiny the husbands of both were absent from Delhi. Of her babes, the eldest was only four years old; and she told how patient they lay till night, stifling their sobs in her bosom; and how, when morning came, she heard footsteps of men in riot around and above her, and the tramp of feet on the staircase leading to her hiding place. A postern door led her out on the strand, and here she was met by two Mahometan soldiers, who stripped her of all she had. She hoped then they would allow her to flee with her children; but she was told that she must go before the King. They dragged her back through the walls of the college garden under the walls of the palace. Within was tumult and a scene of demoniac orgies from which even imagination recoils. A flash close enough to scorch her, a sharp blow, and she fell to the earth, holding in her arms a dying infant, pierced through by the same bullet which had ploughed through her own side.

Pain with loss of blood she long lay there; at last in baby tones she well knew, she heard her little ones murmur, "We will come and die with mamma," and their tiny hands tenderly nursed her drooping head, as she had often before nursed theirs; but as they crept around her, a savage seized her eldest born, the little throat hardly needed so sharp a sword: one blow and the babbling voice was hushed forever.

There was one yet left here. Uncomplainingly she had pressed closer to the bleeding mother's bosom, who glazing eyes were riveted on this, her last. Again the stroke descended: not fatal yet. For six long hours "water" water! fainter and fainter yet, till the little mutilated face was hushed at last. A moulvie had watched her, and when night closed in, and all was quiet once more in that noisy place, he came like the good Samaritan and poured oil on her wounds, and laid her on a bed, and carried her to his home. The women of his house tended her, and fed and clothed her as one of themselves. Slowly strength came again, and the stream of life flowed on, not at all bitter, for she hoped that though her children had been taken from her her husband might still be living, and she hopes on, and refuses to believe she is utterly bereft. She tells of panics in the city—the discouragement of the Sepoys at their uniform ill success. At length the women of the house obtained leave to go to a tomb and pray; and veiled as a Moslem she passed the gates in their company. She had been able to communicate with some of our Afghan allies many of whom were freely to and from the city. It was planned that at dark one of these should come to the mosque and guide her to our camp. Twice she was nearly discovered by patrols, but in early morning they found themselves outside of one of our pickets. At first she was taken for a spy, but soon overcame all difficulties, and was received by the one lady of our force—a refugee like herself.—Letter from India.

## Mothers.

By the quiet fireside of home the true mother is sowing as in vases of earth the seeds of plants that shall sometime give to heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit be a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering and ever expanding souls of children to her maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form as it were, the underlying strain of that education which peoples heaven with that celestial being, and gives to the white brow next to the grace of God its crown of glory.

A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia for stealing a chicken. The fact conclusively proved.

"Well, Toby," said his honor, "what have you got to say for yourself?"  
"Nuffin but dis," replied Toby, "I was crazy when I stole that pullet, coz I might hab stole de big rooster and never done it. Dat shows conclusively to my mind dat I was labouring under de 'deficient trimmings.'"

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each nuzzled the other end—"My children," (this weasels) said Redrump the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

## The Schoolmaster.

A board of School Commissioners, numbering a consequential village in Maryland, being in want of teacher, advertised in the newspapers for a well disposed, moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey.

After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw-bone Yankee made his appearance with a knife and a pine stick in one hand, and a Cape Cod protection, alias a cake of gingerbread in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid.

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requirements for a public school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin," said one of the committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of his stick.

"Well, let us hear some of your Latin," said the Chairman.

"Quimby hic squ shicum, et puknium flingum," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Triumph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish that Latin? Who's to audit?"

"Josephus!" replied Slick, "he said in his life of Governor Hancock, 'Sic transit Gloria Monday morning—Honeckibus quadrat demontaster.'"

"That's good," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "here was never peter Latin."

"Now, sir," said the Chairman, "I suppose you understand Geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the district of Columbia."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer, we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us know how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends on the quality!" replied Slick, snapping his knife.

"Well suppose it be a good corp land?"

"Why it depends on the number of hills."

"Say five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a fellow how many grains to the hills?"

"Five."

"Then according to Euclid, it would be 72 feet, horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray, sir, where are you from?"

"Taunton, down in the Bay State, and I can do anything."

"No doubt, but there is one thing you cannot do—you can not humbug us. You can go."

## The Freshman's Themo.

H—, a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and dry waggon than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the brain-couder currency of others as legitimate tender. One Monday morning he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A. smelt a rat, and as H. finished and sat down in the pride of conscious innocence, asked: "Is that original, H—?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtfully.

"Why yes sir," replied H—, with the imperturbable gravity and pasteboard countenance he always wore, "it had original over it in the paper I took it from."

"Are you the mate of this ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.

"No sir; I'm the man that cooks the mate."

"You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig," True, sir, replied the servant; "an empty barn requires no thatch."

## A Mouse in a Child's Stomach.

A few days ago, a child named Tomlinson, of Green Lane, Sulcoats, N. Y., died after a lingering illness. It appeared that in May last, the child passed a full grown mouse, minus its head. The mouse had run down the child's throat, while playing in a field near Stone Ferry, where its parents then resided. After that time the child continued ailing more or less until its death, the immediate cause of which was supposed to have been diarrhoea.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor.

"True," replied he, "but a difficult task."

## The Discovery of Van Dieman's Land.

Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Mary. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa, who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Mary's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Mary most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skillful in his business, but who had no pockets and no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to his heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight, which he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Mary should become Mrs. Tasman he knew very well was a thing not to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman however, could not be easily dismissed from dawning after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land—somewhere near the South Pole, and Van Dieman determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back, it would not matter; but at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Dieman, therefore, fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it. Off the young fellow went, in the year 1642, and like an enamoured swain, as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love—"Van Dieman's Land,"—and sent Miss Van Dieman's Christian name—Mary—to a small adjoining island, close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Dieman's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the 18th of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moondare's (Murder's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Traveling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it, in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland—Staten Island; but the extreme northern point of it—a fine, bold headland, jutting out into the sea—he entitled Cape Maria; for he had gone out, resolved, not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank and fortune. Governor Van Dieman got a famous son in law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the comfortable married couple—Abel and Maria.

Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained undiscovered until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Capt. Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

OBEDIENT ORDERS LITERALLY.—In one of his visits to England, Mrs. Matthews narrates, Sir John Stevenson had taken private apartments for himself and servant—an unadulterated native of the verdant Isle. Being much engaged on some musical compositions preparing for the press, he took the precaution, one day, of denying himself, and thus delivered orders to that effect:—"Now, Patrick, remember I'm going to be particularly occupied for the next two hours, and I won't be at home, mind, if the Bishop of London calls." "Very well, your honor, I'll take care," replied the obedient servant, as he closed the door. "Sir John now sat down to his piano-forte, and was soon immersed in the interest of his occupation, when, in about ten minutes, he had reason to congratulate himself upon having provided against intrusion, for a loud knock at the street door proclaimed the usual routine of idlers. What, then, was his surprise and mortification when he saw his room door thus open, and Pat, with his usual smile of welcome, ushering in three gentlemen. After the simple fellow had placed chairs for his visitors, with a view to prove to his master that he had not infringed the particular order he had received from him, with much significance of look,

and force of emphasis, he said, "Plaze, Sir John, the Bishop of London hasnt call'd yet!"

GOOD BACKERS.—A long-bearded customer entered a spiritual bookstore in New-York last week, and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out west," where he represented that he could sell them, as he was assured by the "invisibles." The enterprising bookseller was, of course, delighted with this prospect of sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long-bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely on credit. "Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant. "Perfectly." "What evidence of your capability can you furnish?" "I have the best of backers—men whose names you know well." The merchant's countenance brightened. "Very well," said he; "let us see your papers." Thereupon the customer presented the following document: "To whom it may concern: We, the undersigned, having been acquainted spiritually with Mr. — of —, Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount. GEORGE WASHINGTON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, HENRY CLAY, THOMAS PAINE, JOHN MILLER, and others. Through JAMES E. —, medium." The bookseller remarked that the backers were good, if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer thereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor—telling him that he did not believe his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy that was within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

## Tea Drinking.

If the question be narrowed down to "tea or no tea," we advocate the weed. The world will be the healthier and happier by the moderate use of any of the China teas, in their purity, than without them. The immoderate use of cold water is prejudicial to health, whether as a drink or lavement, and so is the immoderate use of bread and butter. It is the argument of a fanatic to say, that because the excessive use of anything is injurious, it should, therefore, be discarded altogether.

Chemistry decides that the essential elements of coffee and tea are identical, and are nutritious.

Tea is a stimulant, and so is any other nutritive article. That which imparts no stimulus is not fit for food. An ordinary meal stimulates the pulse to a greater activity by five or ten per cent.

Tea, being used warm, and at meal time, promotes digestion by its warmth, as any other warm drink would do.

Any cold drink, even water, taken at meal time, arrests the progress of digestion, until it is raised to a heat of about a hundred degrees, and if that great heat too long protracted, convulsions follow, and sometimes death—as has happened to children many times by eating a couple of hard boiled eggs hastily, or upon an empty stomach, or, indeed, eating much of any indigestible article.

Thus it is, that, so far as the use of tea at meals banishes the use of cold water at meals, it is a safeguard.

CUSTOMS IN PARIA WITH REGARD TO THE DYING.—In some parts of the coast of Paria, when a person was considered near end, his nearest relatives bore him to the woods and laid him in a hammock suspended to the trees. There they danced round him till the evening, and having left within his reach sufficient food to sustain him for four days, they repaired to their habitations. If he recovered and returned home he was received with much ceremony and rejoicing; if he died of his malady or of famine, nothing more was thought of him.—Voyages of the *Companions of Columbus*.

An honest Jonathan from the interior, on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night by hearing the cry of "Ost! buy any oysters!" in the multitudinous tones of a vendor of the lacinated shell-fish, who was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him and he asked his room-mate what it meant.

"It's only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettily.

"Oysters?" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

"Tongue—a little horse that always runs away with women."