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## Poetry.

### Britain to America.

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

You are our friends; we must not fight,  
Although our hearts are sad and sore,  
As savage Butler's ruthless spite  
Comes blighting from Columbia's shore.

It is not fear; we never fear—  
When in the right—a world in arms;  
But grief provokes Britannia's tear,  
And fills her bosom with alarms.

Their looks are cold, their speech is hot,  
And we are neither wood nor stone;  
Still, come what may, we battle not,  
With our big, brave, high worded son.

The magnet would forget its skill,  
Sun, noon, and stars forget their aid,  
When mother's children went to kill,  
Because some milk sore stood unpaid.

We will not fight, we dare not fight;  
Our love would paralyze our hand;  
We may be wrong—they may be right,  
But, right or wrong, as friends we stand.

I wish that I could, each thrust that I  
Would lessen man's estate of good,  
And high raise the wall we  
That hides the truth's brotherhood.

Each ship that sank—each fort that fell—  
Each splinter'd limb—each hero slain—  
Oppression's hateful ranks would swell,  
And add some links to cross the chain.

We will not fight—not woe, nor hence,  
I wish the tongue that says we can,  
Formal shame by yond defence,  
Were such a scandal upon man.

We own our foe, in fame and might,  
Is worthy of our best renown,  
But still we cannot, dare not fight,  
Nor fling our gaze of battle down.

The day may come when we must fight,  
With your young giant by our side,  
Should tyrants marshal all their might,  
To stop the truth's advancing tide.

We will not fight the strong and brave,  
But stand our strength, and wisely too,  
To cultivate across the wave  
A friendship peaceful, deep, and true.

Our Shakespeare tells, his Bryant ours,  
Dickens and Scott to both be true,  
And each may claim, as priceless dowers,  
Mill's logic and Longfellow's song.

We will not fight this passing year,  
Nor any year till time is grey;  
It is not shot or shell we fear,  
But God and Nature we obey.

We'll ask the sun to melt our ire,  
The wind to blow our wrath aside,  
The sea to drown each wild desire,  
And Heaven to be our mutual guide.

### Boynton's Lightning Saw.

Having seen some of these saws, and believing them to be an improvement on the old method of cutting, we copy the following description from the 'Scientific American':—

"The teeth of this saw are of even length, double pointed, cutting only with the oblique and projecting edges, and clearing simultaneously with the same. All the teeth being M shaped they are as easy for the unskilled operator to sharpen and keep in order as the old fashioned tooth. The two points of the tooth operate as one, preventing gouging out while cutting, and clearing by direct action beneath and over. These saws are gaining in public favor rapidly. A trial of a cross cut, operated by two men, is, in our presence, has repeatedly cut a beam of white oak, 12 by 64 inches, in four five to seven seconds, and with 8 to 10 strokes of the saw. The invention will, we think, greatly lessen the labor of a large class of the most industrious and hard working men to be found on this continent—the lumbermen—and its use will result in a saving of both wood and labor, in the cutting of wood work."

The Montreal Building Association, after paying their dividends, have a reserve equal to eight per cent.

The Imperial Parliament unanimously voted a dowry of £30,000 to the Prince of Wales and an annual allowance of £6,000.

An arrangement has been made between the North Shore Transportation Co and the Merchants line to run a line of projects between Montreal and Chicago.

### A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening after our return I said to the General, "There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear that it might be improper." The General drew himself up, and said in his emphatic manner, "Sir, you are incapable of asking an improper question." "I am, Sir, very kind; but if my inquiry is indiscreet I am sure you will allow it to pass unanswered." "I hear you, Sir," he replied. "Well then, General, did anything remarkable happen to you on the morning of the battle of Chippewa?" After a brief but impressive silence he said, "Yes, Sir; something did happen to me—something very remarkable. I will now for the third time in my life relate the story:

"The 4th day of July, 1814, was one of extreme heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a British force commanded by General Riall from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. We had driven the enemy down the river—twelve miles to Street's Creek, near Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our army occupying the west, while that of the enemy was encamped on the east side of the creek. After our tents had been pitched I observed a horse led by a man in peasant's dress, approaching my quarters. He brought a letter from a lady who occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec; that her children, servants, and a young lady friend were alone with her in the house; that General Riall had placed a sentinel before her door; and that she ventured, with great doubts of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her again from stragglers from our camp. I assured the messenger that the lady's request should be complied with. Early the next morning the same messenger, bearing a white flag, appeared with a note from the same lady, thanking me for the protection she had enjoyed, adding that, in acknowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I would, with such members of my staff as I chose to bring with me, accept the hospitalities of her house at a breakfast which had been prepared with considerable attention, and was quite ready. Acting upon an impulse which I have never been able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned with the messenger to the mansion already indicated. We must not forget at this point, who ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast awaited us, and where the young lady previously referred to was already seated by the coffee-urn. Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few minutes, retired, and the young lady immediately served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his bandanna (that being before the days of napkin), which he had left in his cap on a side table by the window, glancing through which he saw Indians approaching the house on one side, and red-coats approaching it on the other, with an evident purpose of surrounding it and using it. Springing from the table and closing the door, I saw our danger, and remembering Lord Chesterfield had said, 'Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to do well, and as we had to run, and my legs were longer than those of my companions, I soon outstripped them. As we made our escape we were fired at, but got across the bridge in safety.

"I felt so much shame and mortification at having so nearly fallen into a trap, that I could scarcely fix my mind upon the duties which now demanded my undivided attention. I knew that I had committed a great indiscretion in accepting that singular invitation, and that if any disaster resulted from it I richly deserved to lose both my commission and my character. I constantly found myself wondering whether the lady really intended to betray us, or whether we had been accidentally observed. The question would recur even amidst the excitement of battle. Fortunately my presence and services in the field were not required until General Porter and Ripley had been engaged at intervals for several hours; so that when my brigade, with Towson's artillery, were ordered to cross Street's Creek my nerves and confidence had become measurably quieted and restored. I need not describe the battle of Chippewa. That belongs to and is part of the history of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the close of the day we were masters of the position, and that our arms were in no way discarded. The British army had fallen back, leaving their wounded in our possession. The mansion which I had visited in the morning was the largest house near, and to that the wounded officers in both armies were carried for surgical treatment. As soon as I could leave the field I went over to look after my wounded. I found the English officers lying on the first-floor, and our own on the floor above. I saw in the lower room the young lady whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood.

She had been tending to the British wounded. On the second floor, just as I was turning into the room where our officers were, I met my hostess.

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to answer the question which I had been asking myself all day. She had intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture.

"Years afterward, in reflecting upon this incident, I was led to doubt whether I had not misconstrued her startled manner as I suddenly encountered her. That unexpected meeting would have occasioned embarrassment in either contingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of cultivation and refinement capable of such an act, that I am now, nearly half a century after the event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of that doubt.

"And now, Sir," added the General, "this is the third time in my life I have told this story. Do not remember to have been spoken to before on the subject for many years." He looked at me, and seemed to be considering with himself a few moments, and then said: "Remembering your intimacy with General Worth, I need not inquire how you came to a knowledge of my secret."

"Well, General," I replied, "I have kept the secret faithfully for more than forty years, always hoping to obtain your own version of what struck me as a most remarkable incident in your military life."—TRUDELLOW WEEK, in Harper's Magazine for March.

### (From the Scientific American.)

#### And there were Giants in those Days.

THE LARGEST INVENTOR YET—A MOST REMARKABLE FAMILY OF GIANTIC TURKS.

On Friday, January 27, the floor of our office trembled under the tread of the largest client that ever pressed his boards since Munn & Co. commenced business. Seating himself at our desk, on a chair (as much out of proportion to his bulk as an ordinary baby's chair would be to a common-sized man) this huge individual explained to us the nature of an invention for which he was desirous to secure a patent. Having transacted his business, and created a very unusual sensation among the numerous attaches of the office, he rose to depart. On his way out, our associate editor (who had just returned from a visit to the States) approached him, and succeeded in gaining from him the following statement, the publication of which, in our other columns, will, we are sure, ultimately result to that of the marvelous, a trace of which always remains, even in the most philosophical bosom.

The name of the individual referred to is Colonel Ruth Gosh, and he resides at present in Alconquin, Ill. He is a native of Turkey in Asia, and was born among the hills of Palestine. He is of fifteen—ten years and five daughters—said by a patriarch now 90 years old, living in the valley of Damascus, and by occupation a coffee planter. This venerable sire weighs, at the present time, 520 pounds avoirdupois, and his wife, aged 67, weighs 560 pounds.

The entire family are living, and not one of them weighs less than 300 pounds. The oldest son weighs 630 pounds, and the youngest, our huge client, outstripping them all, weighs 650 pounds. Not one of the family is less than 7 feet in height, and the Colonel is a strapping of only 7 feet 9 inches in his stockings. He is not an unduly fat man, is merely what would be called moderately portly, and is 33 years old.

He was a colonel in the Austrian army in 1859, and a colonel commanding in the Mexican army at the battle of Puebla, May 1862, in which the Mexicans were victorious. His father at one time resided in Leeds, Eng., but returned to Turkey in 1845.

The colonel states that there has never been any sickness in the family to speak of, and that all are so far as he knows—well and hearty. It was at Leipsic, Germany, that the colonel met his fate in the person of a fair "münchen," weighing 190 pounds, and 5 feet 9 inches in height, and the union has been blessed with two sons, who give promise of rivaling their father in stature.

The colonel is a finely-proportioned man, and walks with a firm and elastic step. He is as straight as an arrow, and has coal black eyes, hair, and mustache.

He is an actor by profession. He informs us that his last engagement was at Sima's Theatre, in Baltimore, and that he expects to play an engagement in New York during the present season.

Thompson is not going to do anything more in comic opera. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hog's head, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

I have lost my appetite, said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the fencer, to a friend, I hope, said the friend, whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood.

### Irish Humor.

Of the wit and humor of the Irish no one who sees them on their native soil can doubt. They are the only peasantry in Europe who can lay any claim to qualities that are usually reserved for the aristocracy. They have more of the mental attributes of Shakespeare's clown—the least natural of his wonderful creations—than any living mortals outside of Ireland. The English, Scotch, German, Italian, and even French peasants are the veriest chubs in comparison with the Irish, who say things and do things without effort or premeditation. Their ready wit and power of repartee are extraordinary, and improve as one journey toward the south. I have frequently heard scintillations from "gor-ous" and porters and cur-drivers that would have been applauded in the Academy, and have created envy in the most exclusive drawing rooms. They never lack for a word or a phrase, and have a verbal knack of getting out of quandary peculiarly their own, as respects both the knack and the quandy. It is a common saw over there that an Irishman has the privilege of speaking twice; and I can see the justice of it. He first makes a blunder, as if by design, and then renders the blunder bright by illustrating it with a joke.

I remember a colloquy like this in Sackville Street between an English tourist and a car-driver:

"I say, Pat, what are those figures up there?"

"An' shure, yer honor, thim's the twelve apostles."

"Twelve apostles, indeed! Why, there are only four."

"Oh now, ye wouldn't have thim all out at once, would ye? That's the post office, and the rest is inside, yer honor, sartin' letters."

Driving through County Wicklow, and commenting on what seemed to be the irregularity of the mile stones, my carman remarked:

"Porrab, an' they're not mile stones at all at all. This is a grave yard of the Miles family an' there was so many of thim, ye see, they hadn't maves for thim all, an' so they numbered thim, an' bor'd it thim wheriver they could find a good shopt. And his eye twinklingly inquired if the 'cote it were not good enough for a drink of a whisky at the first halting place."

Giving a bar maid a crown, at Limerick for a mug of ale, the price of which was but three pence, she smiled all over her face, and said:

"An' my yer worship never wait for for a pound until I give the change; and I wish ye wish luck that I know ye wouldn't be aither sick for a penny of it."

Amused by a strapping girl, who insisted on being a guide at the Gap of Dunloe, I gave her a shilling on condition that she would follow me to my father. Before I had gone an other mile she re-appeared, when I reminded her of her promise.

Will, she replied, I losht the skillin' that ye was so good-as to give a p'or gurl the likes of me; and I thought I'd come back to see if ye losht it just found it.

Of course I hand'd her another, with the words, 'You know, Nora, you are not telling the truth, but this time you must keep your word.'

An' will ye make a poor gurl who's losht her heart to ye confess in yer very face that she's run two miles over dese rough rocks to get another look at yer han'som' eyes?

A porter at a Galway hotel had with trouble prevented an American's trunk from going to Leix, instead of Queenstown, and the owner rewarded him with a sovereign. The shrewd fellow held the coin rapturously in his hand a few moments, and then said to the gentleman, 'Haven't ye a bit of shilver about ye? Ye wouldn't have me spendin' the likes of this beautiful gold to drink yer health wid? Give me a shillin' yer honor, an' I'll kape this to remember ye by.'

In the Valley of Glendalough a native, peering out from one of the ruins of the tiny St. Ev. Churches, accosted a noble with, 'Dinnis, did ye come here thinkin' they was sayin' mass this mornin'?'

I might have believed so, ye spalpeen, if I hadn't seen the devil lookin' out of the windy.

What makes your horse so slow? I asked one day in the Glen of Downs of my Celtic Jehu.

It's out of respect to the byautiful sanery, yer honor; he want's ye to see it all. An' thin he's an intelligent baste, an' appreciate good company, an' wants to kape the likes of ye in a loved old Ireland as long as he kin.

—From "Pictures of Ireland," in Harper's Magazine for March.

WOMEN LECTURERS.—Yet there remains many courteous and generous minds the old prejudice. A woman should not speak in public, they say. Go if you will, and enjoy listening if you can; but we will stay away, for we do not think it feminine. Yet the good friend who says this went with delight to hear Jenny Lind; and pays for him-self, Mrs. Fried and the two Misses Friend sixteen dollars; and incidental expenses, five dollars—a neat sum total of twenty-five dollars. He likes music, she is a sweet singer, it is 'comas it

faul' to hear a famous prima donna. Certainly the Easy Chair does not quarrel with those who like to hear music and sweet singers. But we were speaking of propriety. Now why is it not as unbecoming for a woman to sing upon a platform in a public hall as to speak upon the same platform? If she sings loudly, certainly she ought to be severely discouraged; and if she speaks softly, let her—we say it in a spirit of love—hold her tongue. But then, in the same spirit, we say the same thing to singers and orators who are not women. Is it proper and manly and becoming to his sex that a man should sing or speak who has no talent at singing or speaking? It is not this Easy Chair which asserts it.

But when the woman has a noble talent for song, exquisitely cultivated when Jenny Lind stands before us, with her hands resting one upon the other, and with her very soul sings, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—is it improper? Is it unbecoming? Why our good friend goes home a better man, because more believing; for that marvellous song—but suppose that instead of singing those words she had read other words from the Bible with such earnestness and conviction and power that they illuminated your duty would it be unbecoming or improper that she should do it? If what she says is evidently said for sensation—no man or woman will care to hear her. But there are women as intelligent, who think as much and feel as deeply, as the best men; and when one of them, feeling the influence of certain customs and laws in society as no man feels them, appears solemnly and eloquently to the judgement and conscience of society, it is peculiarly becoming, and especially feminine, duty that she does—Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine for March.

### Humors of the Scaffold.

An Irishman had been convicted of robbery at the Old Bailey sessions, for which he was brought up, with others, to receive judgment of death. The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court in the usual way to declare what he had to say in mitigation of sentence, should not be pressed upon him advanced to the front of the dock, with a scam stare and inquired,

"What was the question?"

"You have been convicted of robbery. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith, answered the prisoner, I have nothin' much to say, except that I don't think I am safe in yer hands."

The court laughed; a sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court led him back and demanded to know his age.

"Is my age ye mane?"

"What is your age?"

"I b'ave I'm pretty well as old as ever I'll be."

"Ain't the whole court was 'convulsed with laughter,' but the wretched man, whose mirth moving powers were quite involuntary, was doomed even at the scaffold to 'set the people in a roar.' In the presser on his iron was removed, and his arms crossed with cords.

This being done, he seated himself, and in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the efforts to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained silently on the bench while he had taken up his position.

"Come, at last urged the hangman, the time is arriv'd."

But the Irishman would not move.

"The officers are waiting for you, said the sheriff. Can anything be done for you before you quit this world?"

No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew surly.

"If you won't go, I must I must carry you," he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, for I'll not walk."

"Why not?" inquired a sheriff.

"I'd not be instrumntal to my own death, answered the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mane?" retorted the hapless man, "and in that I'll not walk to my destination."

"And in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off refusing to do anything which might be construed into his being a party to his own death."—Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.

A Gentleman was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady upon whom he had fallen, but found a serious obstacle in the person of her stern father, who at last very plainly intimated that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct my dear sir," returned the unfortunated young man, "we have been waiting to have you go to bed for ever an hour."

A colored woman who had been lately converted to a passion over the misdoings of one her neighbors' young girls. Her mistress remarked upon the impropriety of such conduct in the case of one so old as she in the church, and received this free response: "I have spent several religion, an' I've gaine to jine de church, but, Miss B., I'll scold dat sagger 'uss."