

AD STORE,

ad of Water Street.)  
Andrews.  
respectfully announces to the  
of St. Andrews and vicinity,  
PENED A STORE at the  
ry, where he will keep for  
ale a Stock of

LOUR,

ISIONS, AND

oceries.

together with

ARDWARE,

usually found in such an  
and trusts by attention to business  
prices, to merit a share of public

gent for the "Travellers Accident  
nce Co." of Hartford, Conn. is ready  
life and accident.  
a LUMBER YARD, from which  
lumber for building and other pur-  
also transact business as an Auc-  
W. R. MORRIS.  
Oct. 4, 1871.

E MAILS.

Mail arrangements at the Post  
Andrews, as follows:

ARRIVE.

nd West, daily by train, Sunday  
P. M.  
-To St. George, daily, at 6 P. M.  
From Chamcook and Boabec, Mon-  
day, Wednesday and Friday,  
at 6 P. M.  
-From Grand Manan, Campo  
Bello, Indian Island, Lord's Cove  
and Fairhaven, on Tuesday and  
Friday,  
at 8:30 A. M.  
Side-Thursday and Saturday at  
10 A. M.  
DEPART.

ain, Sunday excepted, 8:30 A. M.  
-To St. George, daily, 7 A. M.  
Chamcook and Boabec, Monday,  
Wednesday and Friday, 7 A. M.  
-To Grand Manan, Campo Bello,  
Indian Island, Lord's Cove and  
Fairhaven, Wednesday and Sat-  
urday at 8:30 A. M.  
Side-Thursday and Saturday at  
10:30 A. M.  
papers to be forwarded by Train  
by 8 A. M.  
usual hours during the day, the  
open for delivery 1 hour and 30 m.  
after the arrival of the Train.

GEO. F. CAMPBELL,  
Post Master.

Andrews,  
1872. Feb 7 St

ING MACHINES.

ERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE  
e original Weed Sewing  
Machines.

reted Machines are now on sale a  
r's, where the public are invited to  
est for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,  
Agent.

XCHANGE HOTEL,  
King Street.

Stephen N. B  
J. NEILL, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

old by Public Auction on the Mar-  
gure, on SATURDAY, the 15th of  
JUNE next, at eleven o'clock,  
of Land on the Western Common-  
we, ground known as the Cricket Lot.  
By order of the Sessions,  
S. H. WHITLOCK,  
Auctioneer.  
May 15, 1872.

Original issues in Poor Condition  
Best copy available

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH. E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic [25 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 27 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 3, 1872. Vol 39

BANK OF  
British North America.  
Head Office—London, England.  
CAPITAL  
One Million Pounds Sterling,  
(£5,000,000.)  
Five per cent Interest ALLOWED  
ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.  
Drafts issued on St. John New York, Boston,  
Portland, also in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,  
Great Britain and Ireland, France, Australia,  
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Open in St. ANDREWS  
Every Day from 10 a. m., till 3 p. m.  
JAS. S. LOCKIE,  
MANAGER, St. Stephen.

Poetry.  
TO A CRUSHED VIOLET.  
Timid violet, sadly shrinking  
From the help that I essay,  
Fain would I with freshest dew-drops  
All your weariness away—  
Yet I give you what I may.  
Must you always droop your eyelids  
O'er the love-light treasured deep?  
Nay—around you spread its halo;  
Do not look low vigil keep;  
Hiding eyes unused to weep.  
Yet your presence is so fragrant,  
Making all my chamber sweet,  
I have not the heart to murmur  
That my glance you will not meet,  
Earnestly though I entreat.  
Bending thus and shedding perfume  
Is so sad, there seems to be  
In your form but music's echo—  
Music from all gladness free,  
Living but for charity.  
Still I wis above your sadness  
Of a song to drown its moan—  
His of tender love in waiting:  
Will not love, deep love alone  
For the lost joy you have known?  
Yes, I think my love has saved you:  
Lifted, darling, is your head!  
Light from gracious depths is welling;  
Now at last my hope is fed  
Beauty unto fragrance wed.  
Now—but no, I'll hold the measure,  
Lest to careless gaze I show  
All your story, quickened violet!  
'Tis enough for me to know  
Love's sweet secret singing low.  
—[Mary B. D. dgo.]

Electricity.  
Professor Doremus, in the last of his course of  
scientific lectures before the Young Men's Christian  
Association, New York, discoursed on electric-  
ity and its applications. In opening, he said  
that Oersted, of Copenhagen, was the first to  
make known the fact that electric currents have a  
marked influence upon the magnetic needle. This  
discovery led to a multitude of other discoveries,  
chief among which is the telegraph. The Profes-  
sor here explained the minute details of operating  
the telegraph, and, in speaking of the rapidity  
with which the electric current moves, stated that  
recently a message was sent from Cambridge,  
Mass., to San Francisco and back in less than  
three quarters of a minute, excepting the time  
necessary to repeat it at the various stations. A  
prince visits us, and almost the very moment he  
lands on our soil, his family are acquainted with  
the fact by electricity. Another prince lies on  
his deathbed, and day by day, hour by hour, the  
whole civilized world is informed of his condition,  
and made to sympathize as one common family.  
It has been claimed recently that electricity  
will one day supersede the steam engine, but he  
could not think so, as it seems thus far utterly in-  
capable to move anything but comparatively deli-  
cate instruments or machinery by its method. Pro-  
fessor Doremus next explained the various appli-  
cations of electricity to heat for purposes of ex-  
ploding torpedoes, blasts and mines, and even for  
assisting in surgical operations by heating the  
platinum knife, which, when used, of course cau-  
terizes the wound; also the application of the gal-  
vanic battery to the human system in cases of  
paralysis and poison. The Professor had seen a  
person, whose arm was rendered utterly useless by  
the disease just mentioned, perfectly cured in from  
five to six weeks by the use of the battery. In  
conclusion, the speaker remarked that the great-

est, most glorious field for this agency—its appli-  
cation to the human system to restore life, or, in  
other words, as a resuscitator—was as yet wholly  
unexplored; but he trusted that we should, before  
many years, find a solution of this problem.

The Sentiment of Irish Nationality.  
There is no spectacle more interesting than that  
of the Irish throng hanging upon the words of an  
Irish orator as he tells the old tale. They are all  
sure that Ireland was once the calm seat of a lofty  
civilization, the chosen land of religion, the mother  
of arts and learning. Soft and fair were the fields  
of their native land: stately and beautiful the  
temples that a pure faith builded; peaceful, fru-  
gal and industrious the people that tilled the fer-  
tile soil, and whose voices filled the air with the  
sound of prayers and of hymns of adoration.  
As the impassioned orator proceeds, the picture  
becomes more vivid and alluring. The sym-  
pathetic crowd behold with fascination. If the  
speaker be a priest, still more a friar in the garb  
of his order, most of all, if he be a Dominican or  
a Franciscan, whose ministry first combined in  
theory the virtues of the cloister with those of so-  
ciety, how profound is the attention! All lands  
dimble before the historic reality of Ireland,  
which they hear described, and what nation to-  
day rivals that ideal nation which was old when  
Rome was new—the nation to which they belong!  
"It is my land," fervently exclaims the orator,  
"my native land! I am born of that race, so in-  
tensely peculiar—one of the master races of the  
world! My fathers, your fathers, were the spiri-  
tual children of Saint Patrick. It is our faith that  
has maintained our nationality. Often all has per-  
ished but that; but while that remains Irish na-  
tionality is indestructible. Of all nations the most  
Christian at its first conversion, the most Christian  
still. For what were the three chief characteris-  
tics of the former? of our religion but poverty,  
chastity, and obedience? These were the vows  
of the monastic orders. By these the Christian  
character was most fully developed. And these  
are the characteristics of my countrymen to-day!"

Not the sanctity of the temple restrains the ap-  
plause. That eager multitude, hard-working men  
and women, of little education, sit, or uncon-  
sciously rise as they listen, and revenge themselves upon  
the cruelty of fate by delight in that illimitable  
fancy. Yet the orator has few charms, and little  
real eloquence. His voice, indeed, is full and  
manly, but it has little music, nor is his action  
graceful, nor is his oration lit with imagination.  
But he certainly gives you a fresh impression of  
the intensity of the Irish national feeling. "The  
Danish invaders found as they landed on Irish soil  
what wish every other invader had found—a  
grave!" They are startling words from an  
Irishman to Irishmen; but they are strange  
to hear from one calling himself a Chris-  
tian minister standing before a Christian altar.  
Yet they are spoken with a feeling which seems  
the more sincere when he adds, "I preach no re-  
bellion, nor do I pretend to hate Englishmen,  
among whom I have true and beloved friends."  
That remark showed how purely a sentiment  
the Irish nationality has become. It has ceased to  
be a cause. For the raids which they  
make are of small proportions and upon a distant  
soil, and the headquarters from which banners are  
flung to the breeze are far, very far, from the hill  
of Tara. The splendors of a civilization all traces  
of which have perished, the docile innocence of a  
primitive people which the ardent imagination can  
readily picture, a universal goodness and power  
and supremacy and happiness which nobody can  
disprove more than he can prove, all lift the ar-  
gument into the realm of twilight and shadows and  
romance. If there were a great civilization here,  
did it not perish in conflict with a greater? In  
the course of history do the more powerful in-  
fluences succumb to the weaker? If, as the orator  
declares, it is his Church which has main-  
tained the nationality of Ireland, how has it main-  
tained it? Has it made the people intelligent and  
prosperous? Has it freed them from superstition,  
and broken all spiritual shackles? Has it taught  
them the arts of industry, and preached peace and  
good-will? It has been wickedly persecuted, no  
student will deny; but did it never persecute?  
The power of its priesthood has been almost ab-  
solute. But responsibility is commensurate with  
power. How has it discharged that responsibility  
in elevating its people?

These are the questions that follow in the mind  
of many a hearer the sad words of the orator.  
"The greatness of my country is seen in her ru-  
ins," he says, with a feeling to which the sensitive  
heart of the audience thrills in response. But  
what are those ruins? Are they buildings  
only? Are they only the round towers, the  
cromlechs, and the mossy stones of fallen monas-  
teries? What constitutes a state, O fervent fra-  
ter? And what is that which, while it remains,  
may smile at all other ruins? If you ask us to  
see Ireland in its ruins, we may look and discover  
warmth of feeling, generosity, genius, the qual-

ties of a historic race; but we shall look for them  
elsewhere than on the hill of the Druids or among  
the foundations of Armagh.—[Harper's Maga-  
zine for July.]

A CHARACTER.—A young lady from New  
Hampshire presented the following testimonial to a  
school board out West:  
Hon. — My Dear Sir:—Miss —, a New  
Hampshire lady, and a very accomplished and suc-  
cessful teacher, full of faith, courage and energy,  
who can run a school, lead a prayer meeting,  
break a colt, fight a grizzly or shine in a drawing-  
room, wants to try her hand at her profession in  
your far-off State of Nevada, and teach the young  
idea there how to shoot something besides Indians  
and sage hens. I know her well and can vouch  
that she is everything that a woman ought to be,  
to wit: plucky, clever, amiable and good.  
(Signed)

A GOOD PLAN.—A would-be author was ad-  
vised to try the effects of one of his compositions  
upon the folks at home without confessing its au-  
thorship. His mother fell asleep, his sister groaned,  
his brother asked him to hold up as they had quite  
enough of that shower of words without wit, and  
at last his wife tapped him upon the shoulder with  
the sweetest possible "won't that do?" He then  
saw "how it was himself," buried his portfolio, re-  
covered his digestion, and has been a happy man  
ever since. What a blessed relief to editors and the  
rest of mankind would more of our literary  
aspirants try this prescription.

A Revolution in Steam Engines.

A Bangor correspondent of a Boston paper  
describes a rotary steam engine that has been  
invented by Schwartz & Leach as a most im-  
portant invention. The work of a 20-horse  
power engine that used to work with seventy-  
five pounds of steam is done by this one with  
twenty-five pounds of steam and half the fuel.  
The writer adds:  
The great desideratum of a rotary steam  
engine seems at last attained, and if so the  
results which will flow from it are of course  
incalculable. In steamboats the large and  
noisy "walking-beam" and heavy iron con-  
necting with it all go by the board. The large  
cylinders and pistons whose workings send a  
jar to the remotest parts of the boat now give  
away to the quiet working of a "wheel within  
a wheel," with a noise and chatter scarcely  
louder than a sewing-machine or a spinning-  
jenny. The absence of the cylinder and pis-  
ton which all engines will enjoy will every-  
where be hailed by workmen and owner and  
passenger as a great boon, accompanied as  
they ever must be with the eternal clatter and  
jar which attends to their motion. All this is  
done away with and in its stead is the silent  
working of a well-oiled shaft within its cir-  
cular cylinder, with noise and jar hardly  
enough to be felt by the near bystander.  
Then comes the saving of fuel, not more,  
but perhaps much less than one half of the  
former amount being all that will be required.  
Not only thus will great expense be saved in  
the purchase of coal, but the room and stow-  
age left for additional freight in steamboats  
will be of vast importance and value. And  
it will be that vast benefits will be enjoyed  
when ever steam power is applied, whether in  
the steamboat or railroad, factory or machine  
shop, or in any of the minor uses where the  
power is invoked.

The inventors have had all confidence in their  
invention, and have been very large ex-  
pense secured patents not only in the United  
States but also in England, France, Prussia  
and Russia, in all which countries, it they are  
not disappointed in the success of their en-  
gines, they are bound to gather in a rich har-  
vest of profits.  
A Negro in Detroit, James Ryan, was re-  
cently brought before a police justice on a  
charge of vagrancy.  
You see how it is, judge, said he. I can't  
neither read nor write; I ain't got no home  
nuffin to do, an' I've been in jail, an' I  
spec if you kenne go dis time, I don't whistle  
no mo' in dis yere town.  
What is your profession? asked the judge.  
I's a whistler, Sir; and he began to pucker  
for a melody when the court observed that it  
would hear no music today. This hurt the  
feelings of the warbler; a great sorrow began  
to spread itself over his countenance, and a  
profuse leakage commenced at the eyes.  
There, that will do, remarked the court. I  
do not cly et to your weeping if you wish to,  
but I do remonstrate against your making  
such extensive preparations for it.  
James was fined \$10, but lacking \$9 87 of  
that sum, was ruthlessly incarcerated in pri-  
son.

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about  
it, on retiring from his business gave the fol-  
lowing sage advice to his son and successor:  
"Common sense, my son, is valuable in all  
kinds of business—except loss making."

Agriculture in California.

In California the rains begin late in Octo-  
ber. The grass is green all winter; plowing  
begins on the first of December; wheat, bar-  
ley, oats, and other crops are sowed as soon as  
the land can be made fit; and sowing and  
planting are continued as late as March.—  
Thus the husbandman has three or four  
months to put in his crops. Trees are also  
transplanted in this season. South of San  
Francisco, and in the great San Joaquin Val-  
ley, frost is rarely known, roses bloom all the  
winter through, the flower garden is constantly  
full of flowers, and many shade trees, like the  
acacias, the pepper-tree, and the live-oaks,  
keep their foliage green the year round. Corn  
is planted from March to May, and har-  
vested as late as December. In the southern  
counties, and in the San Joaquin Valley es-  
pecially, many farmers take two crops from  
the same field—wheat or barley for the first,  
and corn for the second; and I have seen  
fields which yielded, in a good season, ninety  
bushels of corn for a second crop. Wheat and  
barley sown for hay, and cut before the heads  
all, in April or May. Where this is done it  
is usual to plant corn on the same ground  
when the hay crop is cut. Thus the farmer  
gets two valuable crops from the same field.  
The harvest season for wheat, barley, and oats  
is in the latter part of May and in June.

After the middle of April the rains cease,  
and the whole harvest season is absolutely  
without rain. Thus the farmer is not hur-  
ried, and the harvest proceeds with none of  
that haste and anxiety about the weather  
which trouble the Eastern farmers. The small  
grains are usually gathered by a machine called  
a "header," which clips off only the heads  
of the grain stalk. Wheat, oats, and barley  
are threshed on the field, put into bags, and  
left either on the field or along the railroad,  
for weeks often, in the open air, and until the  
crop is sold and shipped. The grain does not  
sweat, nor is it liable to injury from this ex-  
posure. Hay, too, is baled or stacked on the  
field and left there until it is wanted. Potatoes  
are often left in the ground long after  
they are fit for digging. Thus it is evident  
the farmer has, in the long, dry California  
summer, an immense advantage over his  
Eastern competitor. He needs fewer hands,  
he is not hurried, and he requires no costly  
granaries or barns to contain the products of  
his fields.

Nor does he need to put away much food  
for his cattle. A quarter of an acre of beets,  
replanted as they are used, will support a cow  
during the whole year. Work-horses receive  
barley and hay, but sheep are never fed; mar-  
ket cattle fatten in the pastures, and horses  
not at work get no food except what they pick  
up in the fields, in winter as well as summer.  
The alfalfa, or Cullian clover, which is now  
beginning to be largely sown, does well to feed  
pigs, to cows, and even to plow-horses, and  
beats enormous crops. On low ground, or  
where it can be irrigated, as much as twenty  
tons have been taken from an acre; it is not  
cut from December to April, but yields from  
six to eight cuttings in the year. Cattle and  
horses are more easily kept in good condition  
in California than elsewhere in the United  
States, and the farmer needs no such substan-  
tial stables as in the Eastern States.

Fruit trees bear much earlier than in the  
East. The peach bears a peck in the second  
year from planting the pit; the apple gives a  
crop at five years, and begins to bear at three;  
the currant is unknown; and such perishable  
fruits as plums and cherries keep far longer  
than with us. I have eaten cherries and  
strawberries in Colorado which had been  
brought from Sacramento—a four days' jour-  
ney—and they were in perfect order. The  
growth of fruit and other trees is extraordi-  
nary. The eucalyptus, a fine Australian ex-  
tensive shade tree, has made twenty feet in a  
year. I have seen one, eight years from a  
small cutting, which was seventy-five feet  
high and two and a half feet in diameter at  
the base; the apricot becomes almost a forest  
tree in size; and, in the southern parts of the  
State it is the custom to make fences of sticks  
of willow, sycamore, or cotton-wood, cut to the  
length of eight feet, and stuck into the ground  
in December. These strike root at once, and  
grow so rapidly that in the second year  
the farmer cuts his fire-wood from these liv-  
ing fences.

Moreover, the variety of fruits cultivated in  
the farmer's orchard, especially in Southern  
California, is much greater than with us. I  
have seen, commonly, in orchards, the apple,  
pear, peach, cherry, quince, plum, nectarine,  
pomogranate—a most lovely tree or tall shrub  
when in bloom; the fig, which bears two crops  
a year, the orange, lemon, almond, olive, Eng-  
lish walnut, and apricot; and you may see  
strawberries, wherever care is bestowed upon  
them, in every month of the year. Fruit trees  
are all free from disease, though the "pear slug"  
begins to be troublesome in some places; and  
the finest varieties of fruit known in the East  
grow freely here.—Charles Nordhoff, in Har-  
per's Magazine for July.

ANOMALY of debts.

The more you contract  
them the less they contract.

Talk Up Your Town.

Talk up and work up your town, and your  
own townsmen and business. Give encourage-  
ment to every useful and creditable enterprise  
in your midst; for as certain effects follow  
cause, so certain will every enterprise of merit  
repay every citizen. We cannot live unto  
ourselves, and we cannot discourage any move-  
ment in behalf of a place without inflicting  
upon ourselves a personal injury. Denouncing  
the place where we reside as "old foggy," "one  
horse," or with any such slang terms, is cal-  
culated to bring about just such a condition as  
we denounce. If you see a needed improve-  
ment for the town, demand it and talk it up  
vigorously until the community is imbued with  
the idea; until a storm of public sentiment  
compels the town. Don't stop because some  
poor scummy out of whom has withered all  
public spirit and love of advancement, moans  
out his sepulchral whine, "I won't pay." Show  
to your five fellows that it will pay, and leave  
the mummy to his embalmment and swaddled  
dust and stupidity, and, by and by, you will  
see the result of your courage and talk in  
universal improvement, increased facilities in  
business, and a broad, liberal, generous public  
spirit, that vivifies and makes pleasant and  
beautiful everywhere it enters.

How a PRINTER GOT HIS PAY.—A circus

company in Iowa owed an editor a bill for  
advertising and refused to pay it. Thereupon  
the editor called upon the sheriff, who attach-  
ed the Heught-tiger and brought him around  
to the newspaper office in his cage. He was  
placed in the composing room, and during the  
first two days he not only consumed fifteen  
dollars' worth of trowsers from a local reporter  
who endeavored to stir him up with a troum-  
pander to make him roar. On the third day  
the tiger broke loose, and the entire force of  
compositors descended the staircase with ju-  
dicious suddenness. The editor was alarmed  
to find his seat through the composing room  
cut off, and that the latch upon the sanctum  
door was broken. So he climbed out of the  
window and sought safety upon the roof.  
The paper was not issued for a week, and  
even after the tiger was shot the editor had to  
slide down the waterspout because he was  
afraid to descend by the route by which he  
came.

TAKEN DOWN.—Captain Judkins, for

many years commodore of the Cunard line of  
steamers, had a certain way occasionally of  
expressing himself in reply to what he deemed  
pointless questions from passengers. In  
fact, a dove like sweetness of manner was not  
the commodore's best point.

On one of his latest voyages he had among  
the passengers Bishop Littlejohn and wife, of  
Long Island. Mrs. Littlejohn one day, being  
near the commodore, asked him if it was not  
going to rain.

"Ask the cook," was his bluff reply.  
"I beg pardon," said Mrs. Littlejohn, "am  
I not speaking to the cook?"  
History has not informed us as to the pre-  
cise phraseology of his response.—Editor's  
Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.

A Detroit man, who sent a generous bun-  
dle of cast-off clothing to the burnt out victims  
in Wisconsin, has received from one of the  
sufferers, the following: "The community man  
give me amongst other things what he called a  
pair of pants, and I would make me pants sure  
to wear em. I found your name and where  
you live on one of the packets. My wife luffed  
so when I shude 'em to her that I tho she  
would have a connipson fit. She wants to  
know if there lives a man who has legs bigger  
than that she sed it there was  
he order to be taken up for vagrancy, fur  
havin' no visible means of su;port I couldn't  
get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em fur  
gun cases. If you have another pair to spare,  
my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by  
the side of the fire place to keep the tongs in."

A quaint old gentleman, of an active, stir-  
ring disposition, had a man to work in his gar-  
den; who was quite the reverse. "Jones,"  
said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Cer-  
tainly," said Jones. "Then said the old man,  
"you must have met him, for you never could  
overtake him."

The following pathetic note was picked up  
on a Danbury, Conn. street: "Dear Jane—  
I hope you ain't mad because I didn't half at  
you when you left at me last evening at the  
post office. I ain't proud, dear Jane, but I  
have got a bit under my arm, and I can't laff  
as I used to, as Heaven is my judge. Yours,  
truly, Henry."

The dead departed. Venison.

The end of all arguments. You're another.

The letter of the law must be X; it expresses a  
quantity that is unknown.

The first lores upon record. The Roman au-  
gurs.

A SPRINT level. Drink, that lowers man to  
the level of the beast.