

AD STORE,

of Water Street.)  
Andrews.  
respectfully announces to the  
of St. Andrews and vicinity,  
OPENED A STORE at the  
ly, where he will keep for  
sale a Stock of

LOUR,

VISIONS, AND

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together with

ARDWARE,

usually found in such an  
travellers to business  
prices, to merit a share of public

MAILS.

Mail arrangements at the Post  
Andrews, as follows:  
ARRIVE.  
nd West, daily by train, Sunday  
P. M.  
-From St. George, daily at 6 P. M.  
From Chamcook and Boacoe,  
Monday, 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.  
in, Sunday excepted, 8:30 A. M.  
-To St. George, daily, 7 A. M.  
Chamcook and Boacoe, 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  
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ERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE  
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Machines.  
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r's, where the public are invited to  
test for themselves.

JAMES STOOP,  
Agent.

XCHANGE HOTEL,

King Street.  
Stephen N. B  
J. NEILL, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

old by Public Auction on the Mar-  
ure, on SATURDAY, the fifteenth  
JUNE next, at eleven o'clock,  
of Land on the Western Commons  
rs, ground known as the Cricket Lot.  
By order of the Sessions,  
S. H. WHITELOCK,  
Auctioneer,  
May 15, 1872.

Original issues in

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Best copy available

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[32 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 3, 1872.

Vol 39

**BANK OF  
British North America.**  
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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 fresher dew-drops  
All your weariness alloy—  
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 such low vigils 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 perfumes  
Is so sad, there seems to be  
In your form but music's echo—  
Living but all gladness free,  
Music from far charity.

Still I wis above your sadness  
Of a song to drown its moan—  
No 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 depth is welling;  
Now at last my hope is fed  
Beauty unto fragrance wed.

Now—but no, I'll hold the measure,  
Least to careless gaze I show  
All your story, quickened vision!  
'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 electricity 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 Professor 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 impossible to move anything but comparatively delicate instruments or machinery by its method. Professor Doremus next explained the various applications of electricity to heat for purposes of exploding torpedoes, blasts and mines, and even for assisting in surgical operations by heating the platinum knife, which, when used, of course cauterizes the wound; also the application of the galvanic 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 application 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, frugal and industrious the people that tilled the fertile 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 sympathetic 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 society, how profound is the attention! All lands dwindle before the historic reality of Ireland, which they hear described, and what nation today 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 intensely peculiar—one of the master races of the world! My fathers, your fathers, were the spiritual children of Saint Patrick. It is our faith that has maintained our nationality. Often all has perished but that; but while that remains Irish nationality is indestructible. Of all nations the most Christian at its first conversion, the most Christian still. For what were the three chief characteristics of the founder 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 today!"

Not the sanctity of the temple restrains the applause. That eager multitude, hard-working men and women, of little education, sit, or unconsciously 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 Christian minister standing before a Christian altar. Yet they are spoken with a feeling which seems the more sincere when he adds, "I preach no rebellion, nor do I preach 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 not 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, far, from the hills 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 dispute more than he can prove, all lift the argument 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 influences succumb to the weaker? If, as the orator declares, it is his Church which has maintained the nationality of Ireland, how has it maintained 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 absolute. 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 ruins," 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 monasteries? What constitutes a state, O fervent patriot? 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 Magazine 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 successful teacher, full of faith, courage and energy, who can run a school, lead a prayer meeting, break a cold, 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 here 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 advised to try the effects of one of his compositions upon the folks at home without confessing its authorship. 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, recovered 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 important 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 heavy "walking-beam" and heavy iron connecting 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 clatter scarcely louder than a sewing-machine or a spinning-jenny. The absence of the cylinder and piston which all engines will enjoy will everywhere be hailed by workmen, owner and passenger as a great boon, accompanied as they ever must be with the eternal clatter and jar which attends to their action. All this is done away with and in its stead is the silent working of a well-oiled shaft within its circular 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 stowage left for additional freight in steamboats must be of vast importance and value. And it will be that vast benefits will be enjoyed whenever 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 all confidence in their invention, and have been very large expensers secured patents not only in the United States but also in England, France, Prussia and Russia, in all which countries, if they are not disappointed in the success of their machines, they are bound to gather in a rich harvest of profits.

**A NEGRO IN DETROIT.**—James Ryan, was recently 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 nor nuffin to do, an' I've been in jail, an' I spees if you kinme go'd's 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 clyt it, 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 prison.

**A WISE OLD GENTLEMAN.**—A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from his business gave the following sage advice to his son and successor:

"Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love making."

**Agriculture in California.**

In California the rains begin late in October. The grass is green all winter; plowing begins on the first of December; wheat, barley, 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 Valley, 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 harvested as late as December. In the southern counties, and in the San Joaquin Valley especially, 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 fall, 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 hurried, 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 exposure. 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 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.

**Talk Up Your Town.**

Talk up and work up your town, and your own townsmen and business. Give encouragement 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 too upon ourselves, and we cannot discourage any movement 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 calculated to bring about just such a condition as we denounce. If you see a needed improvement 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 work. Don't stop because some poor summy out of whom has withered all public spirit and love of advancement, moans out his sepulchral wail, "I won't pay." Slow to your five lives that it will pay, and leave the mummy in his embalméd 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 attached the Heugalt-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 fifty-dollar's worth of beef, but he scratched six dollars' worth of trousers from a local reporter who endeavored to stir him up with a troublesome to make him roar. On the third day the tiger broke loose, and the entire force of compositors descended the staircase with judicious success. The editor was alarmed to find his pen through the composing room out, 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 water, tiger was shot the editor had to slide down the water, spout because he was afraid to descend by the route by which he came.

**TAKEN DOWN.**—Captain Jenkins, 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 he was 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 precise phraseology of his response—Editor's Drawer, in "Harper's Magazine for July."

**A DETROIT MAN.**—One sent a generous bundle of cast-off clothing to the burnt out victims in Wisconsin, and 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 lashed so when I shod 'em to her that I thought she would have a convulsion fit. She wants to know if there lives a man who breathes a man who has legs bigger than that she said it there was he order to be taken up for vagrancy, fur havin' no visible means of support; I couldn't get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em for 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 QUANT OLD GENTLEMAN.**—An active, stirring disposition, had a man to work in his garden, who was quite the r. "Jones," said he, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," 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 the last evening at the post office. I ain't proud, dear Jane, but I have got a bill under my arm, and I can't luff as I used to, as Heaven is my judge. Yours, truly, Henry."

The dear 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 augurs.  
A SERRV level. Drink, that lowers man to the level of the beast.

**ANOMALY OF DEBTS.**—The more you contract them the less they contract.