



ARBITERS
er's California Vinegar
ruly Vegetable preparation,
in the native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada
California, the medicinal
are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
sked, "What is the cause
of success of Vinegar Bitters
is, that they remove
and, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood-
giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
the history of the world has
a compounded possessing
politics of Vinegar Bitters
lack of every disease man is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion of In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
see.

enjoy good health, let
an ARBITERS as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants
EDDONALD & CO.,
1 Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston St., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
reactions, and remain long
d their bones are not de-
deral poison or other means,
wasted beyond repair.
ousands proclaim Vinegar Bitters
a wonderful Invigorant that
the sinking system,
militant, and Intermit-
tents are so prevalent in the
west rivers throughout the
especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
va, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
Alabama, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
during the Summer and Au-
tumn, as during seasons of
and dryness, are invariably
extensive derangements of
Liver, and other abdominal
r treatment, a purgative,
rful influence upon these
is essentially necessary,
artic for the purpose equal
as the VINEGAR BITTERS,
ly remove the dark-colored
with which the bowels are
same time stimulating the
Liver, and generally restor-
functions of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,
coughs, Tightness
ziness, Sour Eructations
ad Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
itation of the Heart, Inflam-
mation, Pain in the region of
the stomach, and a host of
the offerings of Dyspepsia,
prove a better guarantee of
a lengthy advertisement.
King's Evil, White Swell-
ing, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
Inflammation, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
and in all other constitu-
tional diseases, VINEGAR BITTERS
is a great curative power in
its use and intractable cases.
maternal and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
at Fevers, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
ted Blood.

Disorders. Persons en-
sured, and Minerals, such as
setters, Gold-beaters, and
advances in life, are subject
to the Bowels. To guard
a dose of VINEGAR BITTERS
is essential.
Isaacs, Eruptions, Tetters,
itching, Spots, Pimples, Fur-
uncles, Ringworms, Scalds,
Erysipelas, Itch, Scabies,
of the Skin, Humors and
Skin of whatever name or
ally dug up and carried out
a short time by the use of
and other Worms, such
of so many thousands, are
eyed and removed. No sys-
tem, no vermifuge, no anthel-
minic system from worms

Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of wom-
anhood, these Tonic Bit-
ters, decided an influence that
soon perceptible.
In all cases of jaundice, rest-
liver is not doing its work,
able treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
sult purpose is VINEGAR BITTERS

vitiated Blood when
impurities bursting through
mplex, Eruptions, or Sores;
you find it obstructed and
veins; cleanse it when it is
agitated by them. Keep
and the health of the system

EDDONALD & CO.,
1 Agents, San Francisco, California,
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E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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Poetry.

The following sublime and pathetic poem was discovered a few years back among the remains of our great Epic Poet, and has been published in the last Oxford edition of his works.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak; yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to thee.

O merciful one,
When men are farthest, then Thou art most
near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness
shin,
Thy Chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimm'd that I may see,
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have sought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me
throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing new,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now, my lyre!
I feel the strings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unceasing fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

AN INCIDENT OF MY WEDDING TOVE.

I have always been opposed to the postpone-
ment of weddings for any length of time on ac-
count of a death. What can soften the anguish
of a family bereavement like the assumption of
new and tender ties? Or what can restore im-
paired strength like change of scene? The
counsel of a judicious mother saved me need-
less suffering; and it was not many weeks af-
ter the first great sorrow of our lives that I left
home on my wedding tour.

During our journey my husband left the car-
riage in which we were seated, to smoke for a
half hour, as he said, in an adjoining carriage.
He had scarcely gone out when a lady, who
had been occupying a seat nearly opposite ours,
arose and came toward me. I had particularly
noticed her neat attire and youthful appear-
ance, and wondered to see her travelling alone.
She wore a plain gray poplin dress, trimmed
with black braid, with a tunic and a straw bon-
net with wide pink ribbon strings and pink
rosebuds for the inside trimming. Her gray
lorgnette was thrown back. She came to-
ward me hesitatingly, resting her little gloved
hand on the back of the seat, and looked at me
with a bewildered yet an earnest expression,
which at once interested me.

"May I sit by you a few minutes?" she asked,
timidly, and in a very low voice.

"Certainly," I replied, making room for her
by taking up a book that lay on the seat.

After a moment's silence she said:
"Indeed, I ought to ask your forgiveness for
coming to you; but I have been trying for a
long time to make up my mind to speak, and
madam, you look as if you would listen to me."

I looked her full in the face, moved by the
tone of deep feeling unmistakable in the words
she uttered. She was evidently very young,
and extremely prepossessing in appearance, if
not pretty. Her features were regular and
very delicate; her complexion was fair and
pale; her low forehead was banded with masses
of soft brown hair. Her eyes were large and
dark gray, shaded with very long lashes; they
had, I thought, a singular attraction; a tender
shyness was in their depths, and I saw that
they were suffused with moisture. My sym-
pathies were stirred as I looked.

"What can I do for you?"

She hesitated, and I could see that she trem-
bled.

"I shall be glad to assist you," I continued,
and made a movement as if to draw out my
purse.

She started and colored painfully as she pre-
vented me.

"Not that, madam!" she said. "I do not
want that kind of help. But I do want advice.
I want to know what I ought to do. Oh, mad-
am! I am in great—in very great distress!"

"You have lost a friend?" I asked, tears wel-
ling into my own eyes as I thought the same
affliction might have visited us both.

"No, ma'am—that is, if you mean by death!"
she faltered, with a kind of dry, gasping sob, as
if her heart were aching with grief. I may have
lost my best friend—at least—oh, forgive me!
How I wish I could be certain what to do!"

She covered her face, and burst into passion-
ate tears. I soothed her gently, and after a
short time she was able to tell me her story.

She was, though young, older in wedded life
than myself, for she had been married a little
less than a year. Her husband was a merchant.
She had left him a few weeks before to pay a
visit to her mother, who lived on a farm in
Kent.

"Oh, madam, I was so happy there! I cannot
tell you how happy! It was my first visit. And
to be at home once more, with my dear mother
and young sisters and my brothers! And all
so lovely at this pleasant season! Was I wrong
to be so happy?"

"Nay?" I replied.

"I wrote," she continued, "to tell my hus-
band what a delightful visit I was enjoying at
home. I wrote many times, and got no answer.
At last he sent me this!"

She drew out a folded paper from her bag
and handed it to me, bidding me read it. As I
did so, she turned away, concealing her face;
but I knew that she was weeping.

It was a brief letter, but written in a manner
showing the hand of a man of education. But
every line was barbed with refined cruelty! He
expressed satisfaction in hearing that Emily—
so he called her—was so very happy, as she de-
scribed herself. It was certainly natural that
she should enjoy the society of her nearest
kindred; and he did not blame, nor regret it.

On the contrary, he was very glad of it; and he
proposed to her to extend indefinitely the visit
she was enjoying so very much. Indeed, he
really thought it would be by far the best thing
for her to remain with her mother and family,
and not to return to him at all. He would send
her money whenever she wanted it. He urged
her to stay with her relatives, and seemed to
have made up his mind to insist upon a separa-
tion.

The poor young wife looked eagerly in my
face as I handed her back her letter.

"What do you think of it?" she asked, in a
quivering voice.

"It is not a kind letter," I began.

"Oh, but my husband was always kind to me—
always!" she cried quickly.

"And he loved you?"

"He seemed to love me. Why else did he
want me to marry him?" she asked innocently.

"True. And you loved—you love him?"

She clasped her hands, and her eyes filled
again. There was no need of an answer in
words.

"What ought I to do?" she asked, searching
my face with anxious scrutiny. "Must I obey
him? What was the best thing to do after re-
ceiving such a letter?"

"What did your friends advise?"

"Why, they wanted me to stay with them."

"What was your first impulse? What did
your own heart prompt you to do?" I said.

"To go to my husband at once!" was her en-
phatic reply. "So I came away directly. I did
not wait an hour to think of it; though they
all said I should not come."

"You did right!" I exclaimed. "Just right!"

"Did I. Oh, I am so glad you think so!" and
in her enthusiasm she seized my hand, press-
ing it closely in both hers. "But they all re-
proached me for coming after a man who had
shown he did not care for me and wanted to
get rid of me. After I came into the train I
began to think perhaps they were right and my
husband did not want me; and after he had
written to desire me to stay away from him he
might think me forward and indelicate in com-
ing back directly. Do you think, madam, what
I have done can be thought too forward?"

"Too forward!" I echoed. "My dear child!"

"I felt myself quite the master already—my
dear child, it is not a lover you are going to re-
claim! It is your husband! Who has a better
right to go to him, or he to him?"

"So I thought—so I think!" the young crea-
ture said, her face suffused with a blush which
I thought infinitely becoming. "But—but—"

"But what, child? Surely nobody could think
of blaming you!"

She looked down, and her face was pale again.
At length she said, with a return of timid hesi-
tation:

"My husband is very much my superior. He
has had a splendid education, has been at col-
lege, and has mingled in excellent society. I
never could talk with him on many subjects,
for I have had only plain schooling, and I never
was much in society. He may have found that
I could not make him happy, and he may real-
ly wish to cast me off."

"It is not possible," I cried, catching her
hand, and restraining with difficulty the im-
pulse I felt to clasp her in my arms. "No man
could wish to lose such a sweet little wife who
loves him as you do. No, dear. If your hus-
band is a man of education, he will prize you
all the more, knowing how rare such women
are. Besides, you can educate yourself to his
level."

"Can I?" she asked, her eyes dilating.

"Certainly. I have often heard of wives ac-
quiring a noble education after marriage. But
you must apply yourself, and study—study
hard."

"I will. Oh, I will," she exclaimed. I will
study with all my might, be sure of that."

"And you must seek guidance and assistance,"
I went on, solemnly, "from One who never fails
to listen to prayer. Are you in the habit of
praying?"

She dropped her face, and I saw tears glisten
on her crimson cheeks.

"I have not prayed as I ought," she answered.

"But I will—I will—from this time forward."

"Then you may be sure of success," I said
encouragingly.

Some minutes passed while the train stop-
ped at a station. After we had started again
she said:

"I thank you, madam, so much! But for
what you have said to me I think I should
have got off here, and taken the return train to
my mother. I felt afraid my husband
would not welcome me."

"He is living—you said—"

"In Leeds. And I am doubtful now what to
do when I get there. I have an aunt living
near. Had I not better go to her house and
stop all night, or send word to my hus-
band and wait for his answer? What
would you advise me to do?"

She was trembling, and her rapid
changes of color showed suppressed excite-
ment. I considered a moment. Then I
gave my advice, in consideration of her agita-
tion, that she should go first to the house
of her aunt.

"You will be rested in a short time," I
added, "and can then decide for yourself
what to do next. Do not send word to your
husband; but if you are strong enough, go
to him as soon as you are rested. Go be-
fore you send him any word."

She made up her mind to this; and, after a
little further conversation, I inquired her
name, and wrote it in my memorandum
book, handing for my own card. I asked
her to write to me, for I felt anxious to
know the result.

We arrived at Leeds long before dusk,
and, as we were going on, I requested my
husband to attend the young stranger to
night, and parted from her with feelings of
warm good-will.

On the third day afterward I received a
letter from her. She had stopped first at
her aunt's house. But her impatience
would not let her rest. She walked to her
husband's place of business. He was sent-
ed at his desk writing, when the slight
figure of his wife appeared in the door-
way.

As he turned to see who it was she sprang
forward, threw her arms around his neck,
and exclaimed, sobbing:

"Oh George! are you not glad to see me?
How could you think I could stay away
from you?"

That was all the reproach she made; and
it was sufficient. The husband was all
penitence in a moment for his absurd jeal-
ousy and his cruel letter.

The young wife's letter to me expressed
so much gratitude that I verily believe she
thought me the author of her happiness.

I have sometimes imagined she might
have fallen into the hands of a proud or a
"strong-minded" woman, who would have
deemed it due to the dignity of her sex that
she should obey to the letter the unkind
mandate she had received, and who would
have urged that a husband so unfeeling was
not worth leaving kindred for. But the true
wife's loving heart pointed out the sim-
plest and the best way. I always took to
myself some credit for my sensible coun-
sel—"the word spoken in season."

An interesting novelty in literature is to
be a novel by Princess Alice of Hesse en-
titled "The Paths of Life," which Messrs. Por-
ter & Coates, New York announce for early
publication in their International Series.

Will not some of our own enterprising pub-
lishers give us a Canadian copyright edi-
tion of the work?

Prehistoric Remains in Illinois and Arizona.

Archaeological students, says "Frank
Leslie," will doubtless be much gratified
with the opening of two new fields for in-
vestigation—one in Southern Arizona, the
other in Illinois. About a year ago the
construction of irrigating canals was com-
menced in the Pueblo Viejo Valley, lying
on the south of the Gila River. While
thus at work, surveyors very unexpectedly
came upon a chain of cities in ruins, in
some instances the walls being above the
surface. An examination of the countless
tumuli in the vicinity revealed large quan-
tities of pottery, household utensils, and
human bones, but no weapons of war.

Some of the hammers or axes were of a
quality stone harder than any now in use,
while of the clay vessels many showed the
clearest evidences of Roman style of decora-
tion. Pottery of ebony hue externally,
but brown when held to the light,

were scattered about. From the quantity
of human bones and the mass of charcoal
lying close to them, it is possible either
that the cities were destroyed by fire, or
that the places in question had been de-
voted to the purpose of cremation. Some
consider these remains as representing a
semi-civilized tribe conquered by Montezuma;

while others claim that Mexico never
produced specimens of pottery similar to
those of this place. The second field is a
high table-land on Rock River, Illinois,
some six miles from Rockford city. Ex-
cavations were made in a great mound, and
at a depth of five feet a tablet of Niagara
sper was found, with traced and bevelled
edges, and a series of concentric carvings
that probably were designed to perpetuate
some event. Six of the figures correspond
perfectly with Libyan characters, letters of
the oldest African nations. Fourteen dis-
tinct figures may be traced on the tablet,
including those of a well-formed fish, a lizard
and two serpents. As in Arizona, a
quantity of bones and small pieces of rock
exhibiting perfect flintmarks were found
near the tablet. This is the most recent
examination of the work of the Mound-
builders in the West; and as further ex-
cavations are to be made, many theories
concerning the early settlement of Wiscon-
sin, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Mississippi, and
West Virginia may be established thereby.

There need be no hesitation in accepting
the facts above stated by "Frank Leslie,"
but as to the startling inferences that the
decorations are Roman and the figures Lib-
yan, we take the liberty of suspending
our belief until the objects are examined
by some competent authority in archaeol-
ogy and ancient writing.

MIKE WALSH had been recommended to
Simpson as a fit man to assist in taking
care of horses and cows; so Mike was hired,
and placed in charge of this department.

One morning, after Mike had been a month
at the place, Simpson, who had made ready
to start off with his milk cart, said to him:

"Mike, you give the cows some oatmeal
this morning; and be sure you give my
best milk an extra quantity." "The best
milk, is it, sir?" "Yes; you know the old
cow that gives the most milk?" "Bedad,
I think I do, sir." "Well, you give her
four quarts of the mash." "All right, sir.
I'll do that same." On the evening of that
day Simpson had occasion to go to the old
wooden pump in the yard. He tried the
handle, but it wouldn't work. The pump
seemed to be entirely choked up. Finally
he discovered that all the upper part was
caked with something very heavily resem-
bling oatmeal mash. He called his man,

"Mike," said he, "what is the matter with
this pump?" "The pump, is it, sir?"
"Yes. How came this oatmeal mash in
here?" "Sure, sir, I put it in myself."

"You stupid blockhead, why did you do
that?" "It was yerself that told me, sir."

"—I told you to put it here?" "Indadee
ye did, sir." "Why, you thickheaded rascal,
what do you mean?" "Don't be in a
passion, master. Did you not tell me to
give your best milk an extra quantity of
the mash? And where in the world, I'd
like to know, is the crater that gives so
much milk to your cans as does this old
pump?"

It is stated that Mrs. Ross Church (Miss
Florence Murray), the novelist, is coming
to America to give some public readings.

In the course of researches for the His-
torical MSS. Commission, Mr. A. J. Hor-
wood, discovered a common-place Book of
John Milton, in the possession of Sir F. Gre-
ham of Netherby, who has given permission
for its publication. It will be edited by
Mr. Horwood, and accompanied by fac-sim-
iles of some of the most important pages.

The Canadian government has erected a
splendid steam tug whistle on lake Enay-
Bay of Fundy, that in calm weather can be
heard seventy miles.

Serpents.

The famous Cobra di Capello, or Hooded
Snake, is the most deadly of its venomous
fraternity, and thus far no antidote has been
discovered for its poisonous bite—the vic-
tim seldom living for an hour after receiv-
ing the wound. It has received its pecu-
liar name from its power of so inflating the
head as to cause it to assume the form of a
hood; and on the back of the head is a mark
resembling spectacles, hence it is sometimes
called the "spectacled snake." The Cobra
seems to be endowed with strong musical
proclivities; and so long as a "charmer"
will play on his instrument, the snake will
keep time by a graceful motion of the head,
rising full half his length from the ground,
and following the music with gentle curves,
like the undulation of the swan's neck.

Whenever a house becomes infested with
these dangerous reptiles, it is only neces-
sary to send for one of the native musicians,
who, by playing on his flageolet, charms
them from their hiding-places, and being
on the lookout, readily destroys them.

Perhaps these musical snakes were known
in Palestine, when the royal Psalmist, al-
luding to the deaf adder, said, "which hears
not the voice of the charmer, charm he
never so wisely."

The snakes that are carried about by jug-
glers for exhibition do not have the fangs
extracted, and great caution is needed,
when the music ceases, to prevent fatal ac-
cidents, as the reptiles are then wrought up
to a sort of frenzy, that renders them dan-
gerous in the extreme.

On one occasion a snake charmer was
exhibiting in a bazaar, when, seeing a great
man approaching, he stopped the music
suddenly, to get out of the way; and before
he could secure the Cobras, one that had
been dined upon sprang at the throat of a
young man, inflicting a wound of which the
poor fellow died in forty minutes. But
though so dangerous to others, their mas-
ters they will not harm. I have seen a
"charmer" stand with four or five of these
venomous reptiles wrapped about his bare
back and arms, and allowing them to touch
his nose; the tip of his tongue, and even
the pupils of his eyes, with their vibrating
tongues. He talked and played on his lute
by turns, and all the time he kept up a sort
of droning motion of his body, that the
dumb pets seemed perfectly to understand.

Near Balmoral Castle, Queen Victoria's
summer home in the highlands of Scotland,
is a Presbyterian Church, where she is ac-
customed to attend worship, when residing
at the Castle. A zealous and wealthy Epis-
copalian lately proposed to build a church
at his own expense, for the accommodation
of his sect in the neighborhood. But the
head of the Church of England, the Queen,
had the good sense to see that there was
no need for this, and that it would harm
the cause of religion, and at her request he
gave up the project. What a pity we have
not more such Queens in Christendom!

In the days when a "but an' a ben" were
the common allotment of a well-to-do class
of cottagers in Scotland, and clay floors
were "no that scarce," Johnnie A., then
a boy, now a much respected elder of the
Free Church of C., Perthshire, was
sent on an errand for an invalid lady, to
the Apothecary's Hall in the same town.

Johnnie delivered his message; and when
the article was to be charged, or what
does not clearly appear; at any rate, the
druggist had occasion to inquire if "Lazio
was 'on the board'"—meaning the "pari-
ol board"—when Johnnie, naively re-
plied, "I dinna ken whether she's on the
board or no, but she's got a deal floor."

MAGGIE LISTON, a Newhaven fishwife,
was going home one night a little under
the influence of an extra glass. At the
head of the Whale Drive, she was met by
Dr. Johnston, the minister, who said to
her jocularly, "What, Maggie! I
think the road is over narrow for you!"
"Hoot, sir," replied Maggie, alluding to
her empty creel, "how can I gang steady
without my ballast?"

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" thundered
Judge Shell, to witness. "Can't help it,
Judge," answered the youth. "Ever since
I got a kick from a mule, that knocked my
teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal."

LAWYER.—"How do you identify this
handkerchief?" Witness.—"By its general
appearance, and the fact also that I have
others like it." Counsel (certainly)—"That's
no proof, for I have got one just like it in
my pocket." Witness (innocently)—"I
don't doubt that, as I had more than one of
the same sort stolen."

The students of St. Andrew's Univer-
sity, Scotland, are talking of choosing Mr.
Darwin for their next rector. Mr. Huxley
lost the last election by only three votes.