

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

VARIS BUNEDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 46

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOV. 13, 1871

Vol 38

"Words and their Uses."

BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

RESPECTED WIFE:—From these few lines, my whereabouts the'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to the serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words with them, are figments of a reckless
mockery!

For instance: as I left the cars, an imp with smut-
ty face,
Said "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "ex-
cept with inward grace!"

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked
this young Turk:
"Hi Daddy! What is 'inward grace'? How does
the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggest-
ed gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable
inn?"

His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon for-
get—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You
bet!"

"Nay, nay; I shall not bet," said I, "for that would
be a sin—"

Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take
me to an inn?
The vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folk about
in!

They why pervertance? Said he, perversely,
"Now yer shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech
is mild;
"But thine—I strive to say it—with falsehood is
defiled.

These ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of
guile."
"See here! my lively moke," said he, "you sling
on too much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years
and more," said I,
"And when thee says 'slinging on style,' the tells a
willful lie!"

At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in
his bonnet,"
And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was
"on it!"

"On what?" "Till thee explain thyself, I cannot
tell," I said,
He swore that something was "too thin" moreover
it was "played;"

But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity,
By threats, profanely emphasized, to "put a lead
on me!"

"No son of Belial," said I, "th' miracle can do so."
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses too,
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his
design—

Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite
off mine!

These knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our
ouzoet,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular
effect;

For when he slapped my broad briff off and asked,
"How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip
and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny
broke loose,
And said I'd "smatched him bald headed," and
like-wise "cooked his goose;"

Although I solemnly affirm I did not pull his
hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no
poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy!" although I've
seen nigh three score year;
And said that I was lightning when I got up on
my ear!

And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear,
dressed in drab,
"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one in-
consequential blab!

They can conceive that, by this time, I was
somewhat perplexed;
Yes, the placid spirit in me has seldom been
so vexed;

I tarried there no longer, for plain spoken
men—like me—
With such perversers of our tongue can have
no unity.

The horse car follows cant be lumbogged
much. They have been obliged to drop the
extra cent on their fares. But they are
now getting square on the traveling commu-
nity by charging a whole fare for umbrellas and
carpet bags. There was some talk of charging
for tooth pins, but the idea was abandoned far
far it would bring the coppers into disre-
pute.

Interesting Case.

THE UNFINISHED WILL.

BY A NEW YORK LAWYER.

Clara Edwell's face was the sunniest, the
fairest, the pleasantest one I had seen for many
a day; and when she called upon me for ad-
vice one morning, in reference to a somewhat
delicate affair, as she modestly termed the
object of her business, I became instantly inter-
ested in her.

I think you know Mr. Miles Graspall? she
enquired, at first.
I told her I did. I had known this per-
son, and my wife, for nearly forty years, and was
his legal adviser.

Then I need only add, she continued, that
he is my guardian. An honest, but miserly
and penurious man, crotchety and willful in
his way, and determined, in any plan he un-
dertakes, to carry his point, without regard to
the fancy or pleasure of others.

Well, I replied, he is rich; he has no fam-
ily; he has passed the average of years of
life considerably, and will make you his heir,
miss, very likely. I have heard him speak of
you often.

I knew you had served him in a profession-
al way, replied the young lady, and this is
why I call upon you to-day, in preference
to consulting another.

In what manner may I be able to serve
you, then? I enquired.

My case is simply this, she said. I have
known Mr. Calder five years. I am eighteen
and have been engaged to this man over a
year. He is in very worthy, industrious,
fairly talented, honorable and good—but he is
a poor clerk, and is without present prop-
erty.

My old guardian never liked him, never coun-
tenanced him. He has always opposed our
growing and now matured acquaintance, and
has a plan for my marriage with a creature
of his own—a distant relative, I think,
towards whom I entertain an unconquerable
aversion.

Then you are not altogether on friendly
terms, I should say, with your guardian.

O yes, always. He works very quietly,
you see sir. He does not talk much, as you
are aware. But he keeps up a terrible think-
ing. Whenever he does allude to my affair,
he repeats the words I have heard him pro-
nounce a hundred times:—"You're a good
girl, Cally. I've educated you; taken care of
you since your early orphanage; and I
will provide abundantly for you if you marry
aggravally to my wishes. If not, it's
well, what do you propose, miss?"

I propose not to marry the man he has as-
signed me to, said the young lady, sharply.
Why sir, he's old enough to be my father—
And I will only marry the man I love, any
way.

So far I applaud your decision, if, as you
assert, the object of your affection is worth-
y.

In every way she insisted, earnestly. But
his means are limited to a moderate salary,
and his prospect for advancement is not very
promising. Meanwhile my old guardian an-
noys me constantly with the presence of his
disagreeable back-for friend, whom he makes
his guest at home from one month's end to
another. I'm tired of this persecution. How
shall I rid myself of this trouble-some suitor?

I smiled at Clara's earnest simplicity, and
replied that if it were a case of legal difficul-
ties simply, I could find some way to assist
her. As it was, I really did not see that a
lawyer could aid her.

But you are my guardian's legal adviser
she persisted.

So I am, miss.

You advise him in all his business affairs,
do you not?

Yes. But in this kind of affair I could not
assume to dictate to him. And if I did, I
know him too well to believe that he would
not follow out his own notions to the end, in
spite of any suggestions I could offer.

You hint that I may be my guardian's heir,
I never thought of this, nor do I care about it.

And Mr. Calder? I ventured. Has he no
eye to your probable future fortune, or duty?

Not the least thought in that direction ever
suggested itself to him, I honestly believe as-
replied.

And your guardian knows nothing of your
engagement?

No sir. Why he wont allow Henry to ap-
proach me at all. He forbids him to visit
the house even.

Patience is all I can recommend, then, I
said, quietly. Watch and wait. Your guar-
dian may relent.

Miss Clara left me unconsoled, but evident-
ly resolved not to be sacrificed to what she
dreaded her old guardian's unreasonable self-
interest.

A roomy, comfortable apartment in a large,
old fashioned house.

Upon one side, a cheerful fire glowed from
a cheerful grate, and in front of its warming
genial warmth there stood an ample light

lacked chair, in which, sitting bolt upright,
could be seen the form of an old man, whose
gaze was fixed apparently upon the fluting
flame, as if he were in deep meditation.

The aged man sat before that grate,
at evening a thousand times before, in this
some chair, in the fixed attitude of contempla-
tion or sulky rittence; and the ancient at-
tendant he employed as man of all work had
seen his crumpled master there, the last
thing before he replenished the fire at night,
for years and years.

It was part of his ill paid old servant's un-
derstood duty that on these occasions he did
not disturb the reveries of his irate employer,
and so did not discover that Miles Graspall
was dead!

The flames of the fresh fuel rose slowly, and
burned low. The fire settled down, and a
heap of mouldering ashes only remained.

Philip mounted to his cheerless attic, and
slept soundly, as was his wont, till next morn-
ing; while Miles Graspall remained before
the grate, cold and dark, sleeping the sleep
that knows no waking, in this life.

Upon the small table which stood at the
right of his chair near the fireplace, there lay
a sheet of paper, on which were written, in
the peculiar but well known hand of the rich
old guardian of Clara Edwell, the commence-
ment of the usual declarations of a will, which
had evidently been undertaken by the old man
at a previous date, and which he had that
evening either been contemplating or making
additions to, the last paragraph of which ran
thus:—

"I further give and bequeath unto Clara
Edwell, my well esteemed ward and adopted
daughter, only child of my sister Clara, the
sum of twenty five thousand dollars in cash, as
a wedding gift, whenever said Clara decides
to marry."

And these were the concluding words of
the instrument, which had plainly been pre-
pared, so far, with care and forethought, by
the hand of the man who, a few hours later,
death in the very midst of his intention—
whatever they were—and who now sat in his
old chair, an unconscious victim of paralysis!

Philip rose at his customary early hour in
the morning, and repaired to the ancient sit-
ting room to put things in order there; when
to his surprise, he suddenly discovered that
his wily old master had forgotten to go to bed
the night previous, inasmuch as he found
Miles Graspall sitting there he had left him
with clasped hands, and elbows resting on the
chair arms, still gazing earnestly and fixedly
into the now cold and blacked grate.

Philip knew what the consequence would
be—or thought he knew—should he disturb
his employer's cogitations. He was disturb-
edly paid to perform certain menial duties,
and he was forbidden to ask questions.

It was not a little strange that the old gen-
tleman should have remained up all night;
but perhaps he had, thought Philip. He
might have just come down stairs, and was
silly sitting for the fire to be re-kindled.

Philip's eyesight was none of the best any
way. So he hesitated about clearing the ash-
tray, removed the cover, when he looked askance
at Miles, and he suddenly felt that something
was wrong there.

The servant placed his hand, for the first
time in his life, upon the blanched, cold fore-
head of his master, and exclaimed "Dead!"

And ten minutes afterwards the rigid corpse
was surrounded by the alarmed household,
for most among whom came the beautiful
Clara, in whose profound grief loud sobs and
lamentations there was no disguise.

But all was over with Miles Graspall. He
occupied the old easy chair for the last time,
and he had written in the last words he would
ever write in this world.

I was most unexpectedly summoned to my
patron's house on that fatal morning, and the
first thing that arrested my attention on en-
tering the room—where all remained yet undis-
turbed—was the document that lay on the table
beside the dead man, whose handwriting I
was so familiar with.

After consulting with the young lady brief-
ly, physicians were called in; but it was ap-
parent that deceased had died from paralysis,
and the mournful ceremonies of his funeral
succeeded the events narrated.

Within a fortnight this anti-lioned will
which I took charge of, was examined, and
was subsequently offered for probate.

The beque to contained in the document
were unquestionably written in the proper
handwriting of the deceased, and embraced the
disposal of most of his estate, in form, though
the signature was wanting to the paper.

But Miles had no direct heirs, and there
was none to contest the will. The clause
which gave to Clara Edwell twenty five thou-
sand dollars—whenever she decides to marry—
was no doubt intended to have been con-
pleted, by Miles, with the name of the man his
guardian had for years insisted she should
marry.

But this name was not there; and, in ac-
cordance with the written letter of the will,
Miss Clara did "decide to marry" within
the next six months, and duly received her
twenty five thousand dollars, upon becoming,
as she did the following winter, the happy wife
of Henry Calder, accountant.

Extract from an American Paper.

From information lately received, we consider
that there are few better opportunities for specu-
lation than those which the little town of St. An-
drews, in the province of New Brunswick, now
presents.

The Dominion of Canada being established, the
Canadians, if they are the quick-sighted and en-
terprising people we believe them to be, will soon
become aware of the advantages to be derived
from the Scaport's they have become possessed of
on the north western coast of the Bay of Fundy,

two of which, St. John and St. Andrews, and pos-
sibly more, are NEVER CLOSED BY ICE. They
will not be slow in discovering the benefits which
will accrue from forming depots and establishing
agencies for the sale of their great staple produce
and manufactures; and, as the most desirable
part of that coast is not very extensive, it being
little over fifty miles from St. John to St. An-
drews, they will select such ports as afford the
great facilities for communication with the in-
terior, and especially where they can most easily
and cheaply obtain wharves, stores, houses and
land, &c.

Now, without detracting from the numerous ad-
vantages which the commercial capital of the pro-
vince, St. John, will afford, when connected by
railway, &c., we would venture to assert that St.
Andrews has very many and great claims for their
consideration, as a central business port, which
MUST EVENTUALLY PREVAIL.

In the first place, it is already the ocean ter-
minus of a Rail Road extending into the interior
towards Quebec, ninety miles, the head of which
road can be united with the present Grand-
Trunk Line, about eighty miles below Quebec, by a line
only two hundred and eight miles in extent, as es-
timated by a survey made.

The town of St. Andrews is beautifully laid out
on the almost level end of an undulating tract of
land, similar in extent to that on which New York
is built, bounded on the west by the deep and
broad river St. Croix, and on the south and east
by the inner Bay of Passamaquoddy, which forms
its outer Harbor, of about equal extent to that of
the latter city, completely protected from winds,
waves and logs of the Bay of Fundy, by a double
range of large islands, convenient for fishing trade,
and abounding in valuable copper ore, leaving
four entrances to the Harbor, two of which are
large enough for ships of any size, the main pas-
sage being two miles wide, and of great depth.

Often during the summer, when a strong southerly
breeze and thick fog prevail outside, the inner
bay and St. Andrews experience sunshine and
comparative calm.

St. Andrews has an inner Harbor, about a mile
by half-a-mile in extent, formed by an island ap-
proaching the mainland at each extremity, which
Harbor is capable for a moderate sum, of being
made an excellent Dock. In this Harbor all the
small craft are now loaded, and even vessels of
eight hundred and a thousand tons; were it con-
verted into a Dock, ships of any size could be
loaded about at the wharves. But there are abun-
dant facilities for building wharves into the outer
Harbor and river, where ships of war of nearly
four thousand tons have lately swung at anchor
close to the shore, during heavy gales, without
danger.

As the river St. Croix, a short distance above
the parish line, contracts into a small tidal
river or rather creek, FOUR OR FIVE MILES
IN EXTENT, ALMOST DRY AT LOW WATER, AND
CLOSED UP BY ICE IN WINTER, there can be no
fear of any other town in the neighborhood inter-
fering with ST. ANDREWS as a SEAPORT, al-
though possibly possessing many other equal ad-
vantages.

St. Andrews is universally allowed to possess
the most healthy and agreeable climate in the
Province of New Brunswick, it is within about
three hours and a half steaming by boat direct
from St. John, and fourteen hours from Portland,
Maine. It is the capital of a large and populous
county, and from the hills in its rear may be seen
the several towns, St. Stephen, St. George, St.
David, Calais, Esport, Lubec, Robinson, Welsh-
pool, and numerous other settlements and villages.
The coast of Nova Scotia around Digby, and the
distant Atlantic, bound the sea view.

Owing to the want of capital, want of unani-
mity and enterprise in the inhabitants, arising
from causes which we Americans can not under-
stand, and with which we have no business, real
and leasehold property can now be obtained at
St. Andrews for a very moderate price. Let us
go-ahead Yankees be first in the field, and secure
what will very shortly be of inestimable value to
our northern friends, and handsome profits may be
realized.

Get your smoked glass ready for the next
eclipse which is to be a total obscuring of the
sun as it will be in the United States. It will
come off in June 1854.

The printers art—the regenerator of all the
wot d—except the printer.

Plants in Bedrooms.

Dr. J. H. Hanford, in "The Household," says
that the idea that plants throw off nitrogen in the
night to an extent to prove injurious, in any ma-
terial degree, may have had its origin in the vagar-
ies and speculations of some medical theorists,
utterly forgetful of an over-ruling Providence who
makes no blunders of this kind. These plants have
their labor to perform, so to speak, and we need
not trouble ourselves about that, but simply regard
all as right.

While the breathing of every living creature,
the combustion of fuel, etc., are constantly des-
troying the oxygen of the air, leaving an excess
of nitrogen, the other element of air, (the two
gases, oxygen and nitrogen, making pure air.)
some means of restoring these relations would
seem necessary. This is done by the vegetable
creation, the leaves of plants, like lungs, absorb-
ing this gas, and throwing off the oxygen or re-
storing the purity of the air.

The animal creation and combustion thus fur-
nish carbon in the form of carbonic acid gas to
the vegetable, while the vegetable creation kind-
ly returns to us the oxygen in a gaseous form, and
the carbon in a solid, in the form of food; an ar-
rangement with which we need not quarrel. This
work is constantly going on, illustrative of the
wisdom and the goodness of the Great Father.

It is a matter of little importance whether this is
in vast creation, on a grand scale, or in our sleep-
ing rooms. It may be remarked that it would be
possible to fill our rooms with various articles to an
extent to leave too little room for air, and thus
deprive ourselves of this necessity of life. We
can scarcely have too much of it, as it is our life
to a greater extent than any suppose. But even
if there might be some of the evils referred to, it
does not follow that these rooms should be so
closed at night as to exclude all of the outward
air or prevent the escape of a large amount of
carbonic gas, or supposed excess of nitrogen from
the plants. The breathing will leave such an
excess, even with no plants in the room, which
should be allowed to escape.

Such sleepers have more occasion to fear this
deadly gas, constantly produced by breathing,
than the "night air," so foolishly dreaded.

In short, while our sleeping rooms are so often
too small, it may be advisable to have our plants
in some other room, with open doors, that they
may aid in purifying the air. We may rest as-
sured that they will do us far more good than harm;
that this law of compensation is in active opera-
tion all around us, and is merely another term for
the goodness of the Creator.

Condition of Chicago.

It is estimated, upon what may be regarded as
good authority, that the fire covered over 2,000
acres in the heart of the city; over twenty thou-
sand buildings were destroyed, and ninety-three
thousand persons dispossessed of their homes;
sixty thousand buildings are left standing, fifty
thousand people have left the city and two hun-
dred and eighty thousand remain! Five grain ele-
vators were burned, when one million six hundred
thousand bushels of grain; eleven elevators re-
main unharmed, containing five million bushels of
grain. One half the entire pork product was
burned, with the same portion of flour. Eighty
thousand tons of coal were consumed, and about
the same amount is on hand. Fifty million feet of
lumber were burned, and two hundred and forty
million feet remained unharmed—nearly one quar-
ter enough to rebuild the waste places.

The stock of leather was reduced one quarter,
the value of that burned being about \$95,000.
The greater portion of the stocks of groceries, dry
goods, and boots and shoes were burned up, with
more than one half the ready made clothing, but
the quantities destroyed were scarcely equal to
three weeks' supply, and are being rapidly re-
placed. About ten per cent of the currency was
burned. A careful average of these larger items
with smaller ones shows that the city has suffered
a loss of not less than twenty nor more than thirty
five per cent on her total assets, real and personal.
The terrible personal experiences published in
the Eastern papers are stated, almost without
exception, to be fabrications. The banks are all
in full operation.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer's" Deutsch poet
is shocked at the rude small boy of the Dav-
idson fountain:

"Der Small Boy stands on der fountain,
Und he don't get any close,
Und der young gish dey all push and say,
"Vat he means by such conduct as does?"

A prominent journalist in New York who is
perfectly bald has offered a reward of \$1,000
for a tale that will make his hair stand on end.

The following toast is going the rounds—
Here's to the Three A's—Age, Age, Mar-
riage, and Dotage.

A Texas paper publishes marriage notices
under the head of "Lost."



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