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THE STANDARD.

EMIGRANT BUILDINGS.—By the British American Act, all Emigrant buildings passed into the hands of the Dominion Government, the latter however having no further occasion for their use, exercise no ownership over them. It therefore devolves upon the Justices in Session, to take such steps as will protect the property on Hartwood Island, from destruction. The Provincial Government for many years paid a keep of \$100 per annum for taking charge of the buildings. There is now really no Quarantine establishment for this County, and it is a matter for serious consideration of the Justices, to memorialize the proper authorities at Ottawa, on what may at any hour, in case of small pox, or malignant typhus, find us completely unprepared. Such a course would at all events be prudent.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for April has reached us, from the publishers Messrs John Douglass & Son, Montreal. It contains seven original well written papers, and a variety of selected and interesting articles. The frontispiece (original) is a well executed illustration "The Pet Lamb."

The opening paper is written by a native of this town, Mr. Thomas Storrow-Brown, entitled "1837 and my connection with it." Mr. Brown states that he was born in St. Andrews and went to Montreal in 1837. He enters fully into the origin of what is familiarly known as the "Canadian Rebellion," in 1837, and treats the subject from an independent standpoint. We remember his writing a lengthy letter to the former editor of the "Standard" our late respected father, on the situation, and explaining his views very fully, to which a long editorial was published in reply. There are still some persons here who remember Mr. Brown, who was born in the house, at present owned by our Postmaster, but then the property of Mr. Brown's father. In a future number we will give extracts from the article.

We are indebted to B. R. Stevenson, M. P. P., for copies of the Surveyor General's and Chief Superintendents of Schools Reports for 1868.

From the Children's Picture Magazine.

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dozy,
Sit upon Grandma's knee,
Sings while I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kittens—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie Stent
Pulled pussy-cat out,
When Johnnie Green let her fall in.

Of timid Miss Mullit,
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Bobbie who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,

As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cozy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

Ink from Elder.

According to a German journal an excellent permanent black may be made from the common elder. The bruised berries are placed in an earthen vessel and kept in a warm place for three days, and then pressed out and filtered.

The filtered juice is such an intense color that it takes 200 parts of water to reduce it to the shade of dark red wine. Add to 125 parts of this filtered juice, one ounce of sulphate of iron and the same quantity of pyrogallous acid, and an ink is prepared which, when first used, has the color violet, but when dry is indigo black. This ink is superior in some respects to that prepared with galls. It does not become thick so soon; it flows easier from the pen without gumming, and in writing the letters do not run into one another.

When is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

For the Standard.
"Null a vitæ pars, reque publicis neque privati in rebus, vacat officio potest; in eoque coloris sita vitæ est honestas omnis, et in negligentiâ turpitudine."
Cic. de Off. 1. 2.

If we consider only the moral and social duties of man to be here referred to, we can discover nothing in this sentiment which could grate harshly on the most sectarian ear, or prove discordant to the rigid followers of creeds the most opposite; nothing which to the cold rationalist or the christian philosopher would not be harmony. Its catholicity must be at once recognized as too apparent, its broad liberality too manifest to admit of a partial reception only. Observation and experience alike convince us that there is no attainable position so isolated as to be free from every connection with the duties of life; none practically exempt from even all the little inconveniences and restraints consequent upon the relations which obtain between man and his fellow; none independent of all the concessions, of all the respect, exacted by civilized society, the observance of which in well regulated society is ever attended with pleasure. It would be futile to hope to pass through this life into indifference to its "fluctuations and its vast concerns," without any regard to the many observances which our social relations so imperatively require, and which are so highly conducive, we may even say necessary, to the harmony and the well-being of society. The absolute monarch whom we might suppose to be farthest removed from these influences, least hampered by these conventionalities, least knowing it to be his duty to consult the interests of his subjects, find at times the necessity of feeling the public pulse before producing some contemplated change in affairs and of conforming to the result of his investigation.

The moral duties, which attach to the different conditions and stages of life, are as varied as these conditions and these periods themselves; but, however peculiar the duties of any one position may be, however restricted to the time of life, there is in every stage of change a connection which preserves the relation of the whole; and, although a wide difference may appear to subsist between the higher and the lower walks of society, yet does this very relation still exist; since it is evident that the same principles may govern his upward course through both, and it is equally manifest that he can accomplish this by gradations only.

Almost numberless illustrations of the truth of the first statement of the thesis might be adduced; as, perhaps, one of the best which are afforded, and we have but to glance at the "map of busy life" spread out before us, and note the positive evidence which it contains, or we need scan the actions and events of but a single day of our lives, observing well the influences which give to them a tone.

This brings us to the second division of our subject, and having once admitted the truth of the first, the second, as a conclusion from it, compels our conviction of its justice, and challenges our admiration, of which it is none the less worthy because wanting the charm of novelty; however true, however common, it is still a well-deserving of our active sympathy. There is no character that, when fully understood and properly appreciated, excites more just admiration or inspires more well-grounded respect than the man who follows undeviatingly the line of duty. Did we wish to offer to the memory of a departed one a tribute of respect which should throw most lasting honor on his name, we would say of him, that "in his relations he was most strenuous in the exercise of his duty, ever walking in that path by which it led." Did we wish to speak in terms of highest eulogy of one still engaged in the busy affairs of life, we would say, "there is a man in whose every act may be seen the reflex of a mind guided by the promptings of duty alone."

How could the most despicable be described in terms more forcible than—a recreant in duty to his God, to his fellow, and to himself? May we ever find the path of duty straight before, and have strength to follow, even though we at times may incur by so doing the jeers and ironies, rather than the smiles and praise of the world; remembering the old poetic adage,

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

A Royal Tomb.

The mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria within sight of Windsor Castle, for the remains of her husband, has cost about \$1,000,000. The whole amount has been expended by the Queen out of her private fortune. The exterior is of marble of all colors kinds. The building consists of a central octagon, including a cross which surmounts it, is 83 feet, the height inside being 70 feet. The interior decorations are exceedingly elaborate in colors and designs, with gilding, painting and sculpture in profusion. A massive sarcophagus of light

polished Aberdeen granite, resting on a slab of polished black marble in the centre of the octagon, contains the Prince's remains. There is a kneeling angel in bronze at each corner. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus is a recumbent figure of Prince Consort in white marble, the work of Baron Marchetti. The dome above has a ceiling of blue, spangled with golden stars.

The ribs of the dome are supported with golden angel. In each of the side recesses a statue and sculpture adorn the walls with inscriptions and trophies. In the recess opposite to the painting of the Resurrection, above, in the ceiling, a fresco of the Ascension. The ribs of the dome are supported, also, in each of the other recesses. The general result is said to be, exceedingly impressive. Every thing that affluence could dictate, wealth procure and art achieve has been done. The entrance to the mausoleum faces east, and is reached by a flight of black marble steps, leading to a porch supported by granite columns, with a ceiling decorated with Venetian mosaics. The floor of the entrance, as well as of the entire structure, is formed of variegated marble, polished, and inlaid in panels of various designs.

Webster and Choate.

The following story of Webster and Choate has never been in print, and the writer would not repeat it here if he felt that by so doing he would render himself liable to the charge of seeking to derogate anything from that public respect in which these two great men are universally held. But the story is somewhat characteristic of both of them, and therein lies its interest. The intimacy of Webster and Choate is well known. There can scarcely be a doubt that they loved each other. While the former was Secretary of State the latter was in the Senate from Massachusetts. At some point during this period Choate is reported to have found himself short of money, and being away from home, it is said to know how to relieve himself. He sat in his seat in the old Senate chamber, with a contrived brow, plying with both hands those long black locks of his, as his habit was, in a vain effort to conjure up some way of meeting his engagements, when an idea struck him. "I will go to Webster," he said to himself; and seizing his hat he made his way rapidly to Fourteenth Street. The great man sat at home, and received him with unusual cordiality.

"But what is the matter with you, Choate?" he asked (the latter had on that woe-begone expression which everybody remembers): "are you sick?"

Choate took a chair, and began to run his fingers through his hair, in a state of doubt as to how he should approach the subject of his visit. "Not exactly sick, Mr. Webster; but I am short of money, and have come up to see if you could lend me five hundred dollars."

Webster leaned back in his chair, and with eyes dilated, and the faintest possible gleam of humor in his face looked at Choate. "Choate, I am just five hundred short myself," he said. (Choate's chin dropped.) "But look here, Brother Choate," continued Mr. Webster; "I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll make a note, Sir, say at sixty days, for one thousand dollars, payable in Boston. You shall sign it, and I'll endorse it, and by the time it comes round we will be at home to provide for it."

Choate looked up with astonishment. He could see how easily the note might be made, but how the money was coming out of the note was not so clear, and he said so to Mr. Webster.

"Leave that to me," the latter replied. Suffice it to say, the note was made; Choate went back to the senate to await the results of his friend's financial experiment; and his great friend placing the note in his vest pocket, doctored that well remembered broad rimmed black felt hat which he wore on those times, and directed his steps toward Corcoran's.

Entering the banking house, with head erect and shoulders well set back, "Mr. Corcoran," he said in the measured and majestic tones that inspired so much awe, he asked of the clerk at the counter,

"Yes, Sir," he replied, deferentially. "Please say to him that Mr. Webster would like to see him for a moment."

Corcoran appeared with alacrity from his private room, and the usual salutations were exchanged.

Mr. Corcoran, my brother Choate is a little short of money, and has made a note for a thousand dollars (which I have very cheerfully indorsed for him), payable in Boston in sixty days. Would you discount it for him.

"Certainly," replied Corcoran, with the greatest pleasure; "and turning to the clerk he said 'Give Mr. Webster the proceeds of the note after deducting the interest.'"

The clerk made his figures, and bringing out a small bag of gold emptied it upon the counter. He counted out a sufficient sum to satisfy the proceeds of the note; and Mr. Webster, putting it into his pantaloons pocket, called a lack and went immediately to the

Capitol. Walking into the Senate chamber he found Choate, with his head in hands in the most distraught frame of mind. Going directly up to him he gave him a smart slap upon the shoulder:

"Tee got it, Choate."
"The d—l you have!" he replied.
The great man sat down beside him, and they divided the money as nearly equally as they could; and thus Choate's mind obtained relief.

There is a sequel to the story, but that—perhaps—hereafter.

A contested case under the seventy second chapter of the Massachusetts General Statutes having occurred in Boston, Mr. L— was asked, as he was making his way out the crowded court room, "Is that the putative father of the child?"

"No," was L—'s reply, "the disputative."
"I am passionate," said Mr. Fletcher, "but my passion is no sower on than it is off."
"Yes," rejoined the servant, "but then it's no sower off than it's on again!"

Individual Economy.

If there are the most urgent state reasons why there should be inaugurated from this time a careful system of public economy—why scarcely any one will be inclined to deny—there are equally urgent demands for individual retrenchment. It is surprising that out of so many whose income amounts to from \$2,000 to \$5,000 per annum, so little money is laid by for emergencies, although that is the very class that should save money above all others.

The necessity for individual economy is even greater at this time than during the war. There was then a fictitious and unreliable state of affairs; an apparent ease in money matters and greater opportunities for money-making; a recklessness and spirit of extravagance that do not prevail now. It is now that the enormous expenses of our civil war are felt by every individual, for the tax must be paid by individuals, after all. The tax that is now put upon the citizen, the hard times that are almost certain to prevail the present winter and perhaps for a still longer period; a common desire to return to that smooth prosperity which, in the end, is about evenly balanced; to all; these and many other influences should induce every one to make everything go as far as possible for the present.

One of the most efficacious means of arriving at the desired object is the keeping of regular account. This account is the simplest in the world, and needs only to state the amounts received and from what source, and the amounts paid out and for what purpose. But the account should be a strict one and never neglected. Every penny should be put down, and the work will be found light, will soon become habit, and will be both satisfactory and profitable. Let every man and woman who reads this article try the experiment.

The Value of Time.

When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said, that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw that critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolutions. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moment, and while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the force of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crises come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may bicker but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

The Worst of It.

"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a poor little boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow, and saw he was very poorly dressed. In his hand he held a large basket full of ripe raspberries.

I told him I should like some, and taking the basket from him, stepped into the house. He did not follow me.

"Why don't you come in and see if I mean

sure your berries right?" said I. "How do you know but I may cheat you, and take more than I agreed for?"

The boy looked up at me and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it!" I said. What do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think that would be the worst for you?"

Let us think of this when we are tempted in any way to cheat another. How often do we hear persons pity one who has lost his property stolen from him. Yet, though a man lose all and keep honest, he is rich indeed compared with the man who has robbed him.—[Winning Words.]

A GOOD STORY.—The English Independent tells a story to the effect that the late Rev. William Thrope of Bristol, who was so stout that on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

I say, exclaimed a little little minx of thirteen, do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant? Gracious goodness, no; I never heard of such a thing! Well, ma, it's rocket.

See here, said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was driven up a tree by a dog. If you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples.

Who's there? said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stop here a little night." "Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there, by all means, was the benevolent reply.

A Boston paper tells a story of an old lady in that town who got exceedingly angry at a horse car driver because he would not drive up to the sidewalk and take her and her husband aboard.

"I'm going to a porkhouse to buy pork on credit," first he bargained for a lot of hogs; next, the clerk seeming willing to trust, he bought a hog's head; then, growing bold he said "I believe I will take that ham." "No you won't," replied the clerk, "you are head a bad ear in debt now."

There is three fold death in a slanderer's tongue; it kills him who slanders, him who is slandered, and him who receives the slander.

Husband, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

It is easier to make others happy than to be so ourselves.

CUTTING FODDER.—A rambling but animated debate followed on the propriety of cutting hay—several doctors who regularly attend the Club arguing from the teeth, throats, stomachs, entrails of cows and horses, that it does no good, but harm rather to cut and cook their food. On the other hand, the farmers declared that no lecturing or physiology could induce them to break up their feed cutters, when they found, by actual and frequent trial that fifteen pounds cut are equal to twenty fed long.

A USEFUL CEMENT.—A cement for closing up cracks in the stove plates, stove doors, etc. is prepared by mixing fine pulverized iron such as can be procured at the drugists, with liquid water glass, to a thick paste, and then coating the cracks with it. The hotter the fire then becomes the more does the cement melt and combine with its metallic ingredients and more completely will crack become closed.

CONUNDRUMS.—What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

Why are blushes like little girls? Because they become women.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young man overheard thus: "Well I like Charley, but he is a little girlish, he has not got the least bit of a beard." "I say Charley has got a beard, but slaves it off." "No, he hasn't either, any more than I have." "I say has, too and I know it, for it picked me up." "That's how she knew."

John, I wish it was as much the custom to sell wives as it is to sell horses. Why? "P. to? I'd cheat somebody shockingly before sight."