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JAS. S. CARNEY,  
AGENT, St. Andrews.

### HOLIDAY.

The earth is nothing but flowers and grass;  
The sky is a light, and the wave its glass;  
I will make a part of the shadowless whole,  
And be a body without a soul.

I leave the troublesome creature bound  
By hopes and fears that hedge it round;  
So may I look, for a single day,  
To live untroubled the life of May;

To spring into bloom from the clover root;  
To feel the sap in the young leaf shoot;  
To live my honey, to spread my wing;  
To work or idle with any thing;

To slide with the fly on the water's face,  
And swim with the fish that follows chase;  
To feel myself once more at one  
With all the life that is under the sun!

But what is sighing about the spot?  
What sound of wind where wind is not?  
Poor wretch! pursued by all thy cares,  
Hast stolen after me unawares?

Go, get thee back, kind soul, I pray!  
Sud or merry another day,  
I ask for only these few short hours  
To grow in the light like grass and flowers.

But still the poor soul, all undone,  
Sighs and shivers beneath the sun;  
I can not bear that piteous pain—  
The homeless creature must come again.

Alas! the time when I could live  
As free from thought as the open sky  
Is never for me, henceforth, I trow;  
Soul, we must comfort each other now!

Harpers Magazine.

THE ALDINE for July is a capital number,  
both as regards its Art and its Literature. It  
opens with a full-page illustration, printed in  
tints, and entitled "Catch Him!" It repre-  
sents two children, the elder of whom, a girl,  
is holding her little brother up to a rosebush,  
on which a butterfly is about to alight. This  
is one of Mr. John S. Davis's studies of child  
life, and a very excellent one, too. "Moon-  
light on the Shenandoah" is the title of the  
first of a series of five illustrations drawn by  
Mr. J. D. Woodward, whose themes are the  
scenery of the Old Dominion, which is chi-  
fely selected in this instance from the region around  
Harpers Ferry and the Shenandoah. They  
are picturesque and beautiful. Mrs. Eliza  
Grout's transports us back to Old New  
York, in her spirited sketch of "Hill Gate  
Ferry," which is one of the most characteris-  
tic local drawings ever contributed to THE  
ALDINE. "A Dainty Bit," after Otto Meyer,  
is delicious enough to provoke an appetite and  
a lover of Old Europe's are the "Morning  
Bath," by H. Werner, and "You Naughty  
Children," by A. Gohl. There is a noble  
portrait of "The Countess Potemkine," a fine  
architectural view of "The Frauenkirche,  
Nuremberg," a woodland scene entitled  
"The Onset," by C. Kroner, and a winter  
picture of a bittern, as we suppose, standing  
alone in a desolate marsh upon which the  
moon is just rising. This, which is after Dahl,  
is a most poetic and impressive realization of  
"Solitude." The Literature of THE ALDINE  
is always as excellent as, and generally more  
varied than the literature of any other  
American magazine. There are in the present  
number four good stories: "Sugaring Off," a  
study of New England life, by Mrs. H. G.  
Rice, whose name is new to us; "Return in  
Peace," a study of old home life in the State  
of New York, by Lucy Ellen Giersey; "The  
Comet," by Hermann Chaffin; and "The  
Turkish Slipper," by Martmann. The  
more solid articles are a readable editorial  
on "The Old Dominion," another on "The  
Frauenkirche, Nuremberg," and "A Life's  
Romance," a brief memoir of the Countess  
Potemkine. The poems are "The Song in the

Dark," by Mary E. Bradley; and "Sepastiano  
at Supper," by Margaret J. Preston. Music,  
Art, and Literature are intelligently and  
independently discussed. Subscription price  
\$5 00, including Chromos "Village Belle"  
and "Crossing the Moor." James Sutton &  
Co., Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

### A Second-Clad Passage.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH BY CHAS. DICKENS.

The following extract from the second volume  
of *Forster's Life of Charles Dickens*, just published  
in England, is taken from a hitherto unpublished  
sketch in which the famous Mrs. Gamp is the  
principal speaker. The piece was written in sup-  
port of the theatrical guild of literature and art,  
but remained unpublished because Dickens, Mr.  
Forster tells us, was disappointed in the illustra-  
tions. Mrs. Gamp is supposed to be on her way  
to Manchester with the perruquier to the com-  
pany:—

The number of the cab had a seven in it, I  
think, and I ought to know—and if this should  
meet his eye (which it was a black one, new done,  
that he saw with; the other was tied up), I give  
him warning that he'd better take that umbrella  
and patten to the Hackney-coach Office before he  
repents it. He was a young man in the week  
with sleeves to it and strings behind, and needn't  
flatter himself with a supposition of escape, as I  
gave this description of him to the police the mo-  
ment I found he had drove off with my property;  
and if he thinks there ain't laws enough he's much  
mistook—I tell him that.

I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in  
the railway office that morning, with my bundle  
on my arm and one patten in my hand, you might  
have knocked me down with a feather, far less  
portmanteaus which was lumping against me, con-  
tinual and severe all round. I drove about like  
a brute animal and almost worried into fits, when  
a gentleman (George Crikshank) with a large  
shirt-collar and a book nose, and an eye like one  
of Mr. Sweddelpipe's hawks, and long locks of hair,  
and whiskers that I wouldn't like no lady as I was  
engaged to meet suddenly turning round a corner,  
for any sum of money you could offer me, says,  
laughing, "Hallo, Mrs. Gamp, what are you up  
to?" I didn't know him from a man (except by  
his clothes); but I say faintly, "If you're a Chris-  
tian man, show me where to get a second-clad  
ticket for Manchester, and have me put in a car-  
riage, or I shall drop!" Which he kindly did, in  
a cheerful kind of a way, skipping about in the  
strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds  
of actions, and looking and winking at me from  
under the brim of his hat (which was a good deal  
turned up) to that extent, that I should have  
thought he meant something but for being so flur-  
ried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was  
put in a carriage along with a middle-aged (Mr.  
Wilson, the landresser)—the politest as ever I  
see—in a shepherd's plaid suit with a long gold  
watch-chain hanging round his neck, and his hands  
trembling through nervousness worse than a spasm  
leaf.

"I'm werry appy ma'am," he says—the politest  
voice as ever I heard—"to go down with a lady be-  
longing to our party."

"Our party, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am," he says, "I'm Mr. Wilson. I'm  
going down with the wigs."

Mrs. Harris, when he said he was a going down  
with the wigs, such was my state of confusion and  
worry that I thought he must be connected with  
the Government in some way or another, but di-  
rectly moment he explains himself, he says:—  
"There's not a theatre in London worth men-  
tioning that I don't attend punctually. There's  
five-and-twenty wigs in these boxes, ma'am," he  
says, pointing towards a heap of luggage, "as was  
worn at the Queen's fancy ball. There's a black  
wig, ma'am," he says, "as was worn by Garrick;  
there's a red one, ma'am," he says, "as was worn  
at the Queen's fancy ball. There's a black wig,  
ma'am," he says, "as was worn by Garrick; there's a  
red one, ma'am," he says, "as was worn by Kean;  
there's a brown one, ma'am," he says, "as was worn  
by Kemble; there's a yellow one, ma'am," he says,  
"as was made for Cooke; there's a gray one,  
ma'am," he says, "as I measured Mr. Young for  
myself; and there's a white one, ma'am, that Mr.  
Macready went mad in. There's a flaxen one as  
was got up expressly for Jenny Lind the night  
she came out at the Italian Opera. It was very  
much applauded was that wig, ma'am, through the  
evening. It was a great reception. The audience  
broke the moment they see it."

"Are you in Mr. Sweddelpipe's line, sir?"

"Which is that, ma'am?" he says—the softest  
and gentlest voice I ever heard, I do declare—  
Mrs. Harris!

"Haidressing," I says.

"Yes, ma'am," he replies, "I have that honor.  
Do you see this, ma'am?" he says, holding up  
his right hand.

"I never see such a trembling," I says to him.  
And I never did!

"All along of Her Majesty's costume ball, ma'am,"  
he says. "The excitement did it. Two hundred  
and fifty-seven ladies of the first rank and fashions  
had their heads got up on that occasions by this  
hand, and my other one. I was at it eight and  
forty hours on my feet, ma'am, without rest. It was  
a powder piece at Liverpool. Have I not the pleas-  
ure, he says, looking at me curious, 'of addressing  
Mrs. Gamp?"

"Gamp I am, sir," I replies, "both by name and  
nature."

Would you like to see your beograffer's (C.D.'s)  
moustache and whiskers, ma'am? he says. I've  
got 'em in this box.

"Drat my beograffer, sir!" I says; he has given  
me no region to wish to know anything about him.

Oh, Missus Gamp, I ask your pardon, I never  
see such a polite man, Mrs. Harris. Praps, he  
says, if you're not of the party you don't know who  
assisted you into this carriage?

No, sir, I says; I don't indeed.

Why, ma'am, he says, whispering, that was  
George (the great George) ma'am.

What George, sir? I don't know no George,  
says I.

The great George, ma'am, says he; the Crook-  
shanks.

If you believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head,  
and see the very man a making pictures of me on  
his thumb nail, at the window! While another of  
'em—a tall, thin, melancholly gent. (John Leech)  
with dark hair and a large vice—looks over his  
shoulder, with his head 'o' one side as if he under-  
stood the subject, and cooly says, 'I've draw'd her  
several times—in Punch,' he says too. The wet-  
wadious wretch!

Which I never touches, Mr. Wilson, I remark  
out loud—I couldn't have helped it, Mrs. Harris,  
if you had took my life for it! which I never  
touches, Mr. Wilson, on account of the lemon!

Ha! says Mr. Wilson. There he is!

I only see a fat gentleman (Mark Lemon) with  
curly black hair and a merry face, a standing on  
the platform rubbing his two hands over one  
another, as if he was washing of 'em, and shaking  
his head and shoulders very much; and I was a  
wondering what Mr. Wilson meant, when he says,  
"There's Douglage, Mrs. Gamp," he says, "There's  
him as wrote the life of Mrs. Caudle!"

Mrs. Harris, won't I see that little willian (Doug-  
las Jerrold) boldly before me, give me such a  
term that I was all in a tremble. If I hadn't lost  
my umbrella in a cab, I must have done him an  
injury with it. Oh, the bragging little traitor!

Right among the ladies, Mrs. Harris; looking his  
wickiest, and deucefullest of eyes while he was a  
talking to 'em; laughing at his own jokes as loud  
as you please; holding his hat in one hand to cool  
himself, and tossing back his iron-gray mop of the  
head of hair with the other, as if it was so much  
shavings—there, Mrs. Harris, I see him, getting  
encouragement from the pretty deuced crea-  
tures, which never know'd that sweet saint Mr.  
C., as I did, and being treated with as much con-  
fidence as if he'd never violated none of the do-  
mestic ties, and never showed up nothing!

Oh, the aggravation of that Douglage! Mrs. Harris,  
if I hadn't apologized to Mr. Wilson, and put a  
little bottle to my lips which was in my pocket for  
the journey, and which it is very indeed I have  
about me, I could not have a barest thought of  
him—there, Mrs. Harris! I could not! I must  
have tore him, or have give way and fainted.

While the bell was a ringing, and the luggage  
of the hamperons in great confusion—all a lit-  
terly indeed—was landed up, Mr. Wilson de-  
means hisself polite than ever. That, he says,  
Mrs. Gamp, a pointing to a officer looking gen-  
tleman (Dudley Costello), that a lady with a little  
basket was taking care on, is another of our party.

He's a author too—continually going up the wal-  
ley of the Muses, Mrs. Gamp. There, he says,  
alluding to a fine looking, portly gentleman (Frank  
Stone) with a face like a amiable full moon, and a  
short bald head, with a pleasant smile, is two  
more of our artists, Mrs. G., well knowned at the  
Royal Academy, as sure as stones is stones, and  
eggs is eggs.

This resolute gent. (Augustus Egg)  
he says, a coming along here as is apparently go-  
ing to take the railways by storm—him with his  
tight legs (J. F.), and his wicket very much but-  
toned, and his mouth very much shut, and his  
coat a flying open, and his heels a giving it to the  
platform, is a cricket and beograffer, and our  
principal tragedian. But who, says I, when the  
bell had left off, and the train had begun to move,  
who, Mr. Wilson, is the wild gent in the perspira-  
tion, that's been a tearing up and down all his arm  
time with a great box of papers under his arm  
(C.D.), a talking to everybody very indistinct, and  
exciting of himself dreadful? Why? says Mr.  
Wilson, with a smile. Because, sir, I says, he's  
being left behind. Good God! cried Mr. Wilson,  
turning pale, and putting out his head, it is your  
beograffer—the Manager—and he has got the  
money Mrs. Gamp. However, some one chucked  
him into the train and we went off. At the first  
shock of the whistle, Mrs. Harris, I turned white,  
for I had took notice of some of them dear crea-

tures as was the cause of my being in company, and  
I know'd the danger that—but Mr. Wilson, which  
is a married man, put his hands on mine, and says,  
Mrs. Gamp, calm yourself; it's only the fogin'.

### Wit Made Easy.

By particular request we again publish the  
following dialogue:—

A. Here comes B., the liveliest yet most  
tiresome of word catchers. I wonder whether  
he'll have wit enough to hear good news of  
his mistress. Well B., my dear fellow, I  
hope I see you well.

B. I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise  
you have lost your eye-sight.

A. Good! Well, how do you do?  
B. How? Why, as other people do  
you would not have me eccentric, would  
you?

A. Nonsense. I mean how do you find your-  
self?

B. Find myself. Where's the necessity of  
finding myself? I have not been lost.

A. Incurable dog! Come, now, to be  
serious.

(B. comes closer to A. and looks very  
seriously.)

A. Well, what now?

B. I am come to be serious.

A. Come, now, non sense, if; leave off this.  
(Laying his hand on his arm)

B. (Looking down at his arm) I can't  
leave off this. It would look very absurd to  
go without a sleeve.

A. Ah, ah! You make me laugh in spite  
of myself. How's Jackson?

B. The deuce! How's Jackson? Well, I  
never should have thought that. How can  
I have Jackson? "Sarnane and arms." I  
suppose, of some rich uncle? I have seen him  
gazzetted.

A. Good by.

B. (Detaining him) "Good by!" What a  
sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtu-  
ous man of the name of By! Good by! To  
think of Ashton standing at the corner of the  
street, doing aloud on the integrity of a Mr.  
By!

A. Ludicrous enough. I can't help laugh-  
ing, I confess. But laughing does not always  
imply merriment. You do not delight us,  
Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us;  
and tickling may give pain.

B. Don't see it. It is a You need not  
take everything that is given you.

A. You'll want a straightforward answer  
some day, and then—

B. You'd describe a circle about me, before  
you give it. Well, that's your affair, not  
mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's  
all.

A. It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B. I can't see why it is greater nonsense  
than any other pronoun.

A. (In despair) Well, it's no use, I see.

B. Excuse me; it is of the very greatest  
use. I don't know a part of speech more  
useful. It performs all the greatest offices of  
nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency  
of a mystery! of the world. It rains. It is fine  
weather. It freezes. It thaws. It (which is  
a very odd) is one o'clock. It has been a very  
frequent observation. It goes. Here it  
goes. How goes it?—(which, by the way,  
is a translation from the Latin, it is: For-  
go; is that good? it, he, or it go—

In short—

A. In short, if I wanted a dissertation  
on it, now's the time for it. But I don't;  
a good by (Going)—I saw Miss M.—last  
night.

B. The—you did! Where was it?

A. (To himself) Now I have him, and will  
revenge myself. Where was it, eh? Oh, you  
must know a great deal more about it than I  
do.

B. Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me, I'm on  
thorns.

A. On thorns! very odd thorns. I never  
saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B. Come, now, to be serious.

A. (Comes close to B., and looks tragic)

B. He, he! very fair, egad. But to tell  
me where was she. How did she look? Who  
was with her?

A. Oh, oh! How was with her, was he?  
Well, I wanted to know his name, I could not  
tell who the devil he was—but I say, Jack,  
who's Hoo?

B. Good! He, he!—fair but now, my  
dear Will, for—sake, you know how in-  
terested I am.

A. The duc you are! I always took you  
for a disinterested fellow. I always said of  
Jack B. Jack's apt to overdo his credit for  
wit; but a more honest, disinterested fellow, I  
never met with.

B. Now, my dear Will, consider, I ac-  
knowledge I have been tiresome, I confess it  
is a bad habit, this word catching; but con-  
sider my love.

A. (Falls into an attitude of musing)

B. Well.

A. Don't interrupt me. I am considering  
your love.

B. I repeat; I am truly sorry. What  
shall I do. (Laying his hand on his heart)  
I'll give up this cursed habit.

A. You will? Upon honour?

B. Upon my honour.

A. On the spot?

B. Now, this instant. Now end for ever?

A. Strip away, then.

B. Strip! For what?

A. You said you'd give up that cursed  
habit.

B. Now, say dear A., for the love of  
everything that is sacred, for the love of your  
love.

A. Well, you promise me sincerely?

B. Heart and soul!

A. Come B., I now see you can give up a  
jest, and are really in love; and your mis-  
tress, I will undertake to say, will not be  
sorry to be convinced of both. Women like  
to begin with merriment well enough, but  
they think ill of a man who cannot come to a  
grave conclusion—Wishing Cap Papers," by  
Leigh Hunt.

### Milk as a Remedy.

Considerable has been lately said in medi-  
cal journals concerning the value of milk as a  
remedial agent in certain diseases. An inter-  
esting article upon this subject lately appeared  
in the London Milk Journal, in which it is  
stated on the authority of Dr. Benja. Clark,  
that in the East India warm milk is used to  
a great extent as a specific for diarrhoea. A  
pint every four hours will check the most vi-  
olent diarrhoea, stomach ache, incipient cholera  
and dysentery. The milk should never be  
boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agree-  
ably warm, but not too hot to drink. Milk  
which has been boiled is unfit for use. This  
writer gives several instances in arresting  
this disease, among which is the following:—  
The writer says, "It has never failed in  
curing from six to twelve hours, and I have  
fired it, I should think fifty times, and I have  
given it to a dying man who has been sub-  
ject to dysentery eight months, latterly accom-  
panied by one continual diarrhoea, and it acted on  
him like charm. In two days his diarrhoea  
was gone, in three weeks he became a hale,  
fat man, and now nothing that may hereafter  
occur will ever shake his faith in hot milk."

A writer also communicates to the Medical  
Times and Gazette, a statement of the value  
of milk in twenty six cases of typhoid fever,  
in every one of which its great value was ap-  
parent. It checks diarrhoea, and nourishes  
and cools the body. People suffering from  
dysentery, require food quite as much as those in  
health, and much more so in certain diseases  
where there is rapid waste of the system—  
Frequently all ordinary food in certain dis-  
eases is rejected by the stomach, and even  
loathed by the patient; but nature, ever be-  
nificent, has furnished a food that in all dis-  
eases is beneficial—in some directly curative.  
Such is food is milk.

The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr.  
Alexander Yule, after giving particular obser-  
vations upon the points above mentioned, viz.,  
its action in checking diarrhoea, its nourishing  
properties, and its action in cooling the body,  
says, "We believe that milk nourishes in fe-  
ver, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes  
the hysterics, and in fine, is the sine qua  
non in typhoid." We have also lately tested  
the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learnt  
that it is now recommended by the medical  
faculty in all cases of this often very distress-  
ing children's disease. Give all the milk the  
patient will take, even during the period of  
greatest fever; it keeps up the strength of the  
patient, acts well upon the stomach, and is  
every way a blessed thing in this sickness—  
Parents remember it, and do not fear to give  
it if your dear ones are afflicted with this dis-  
ease.

JOSEPH BRIDGES says:—The duck is a foul.  
They are built something like a hen, and are an  
up and down flat footed job.

They don't kackle like a hen, nor koo like a  
rooster, nor holler like a pekok, nor skream  
like a goose, nor tuck like the turkey; but  
they quack like a root doktor, and their bill  
resembles a veterinary surgeon's.

They have a woveenful, and kan flete on  
water as natural as a soap bubble.

Wild duck are very good shooting, and are  
good to miss also, unless you understand the  
biz.

You should aim about three foot ahead of  
them, and let them fly up to the shot.

I have shot at them all day, and got nothing  
but a tail feather now and then, but this satis-  
fied me, for I am krazy for all kinds of sport,  
you know.

There are some kinds of Cox that are hard  
to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot one  
whole afternoon, some three years ago, at  
some decry dux, and never got none of  
them. I have never told of this before, and I  
hope no one will repeat it—this is confiden-  
tial.

A lad arrested for theft, when taken before  
the magistrate and asked what his occupation  
was, blankly answered, "Stealing."—"Your  
candor astonishes me, I said the judge—I  
thought it would, replied the lad, seeing  
how many big bags there are in the same  
business as is ashamed to own it?"

## CAPS

ARIETY.

Dolly Varden, Duke  
ties to numerous to-  
rich Shakspeare Paper  
fect fit and durability.  
of Gents. Furnishing.

es in Jute and Linen,  
small wares, Ladies,  
IS & SHOES, worked

OTTOMANS.

Colored, plain, striped  
in bleached and un-  
dies' White Cottons,  
it Profits and quick  
it be sold at the lowest

the corner of Water  
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n the elegant "Datis"  
as been so celebrated  
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ES BRADLEY,  
St. Andrews.

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0th Nov., 1872,  
MAX HUPWELL,  
soner District No. 1.

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e following Non-Res-  
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three months from  
old according to law:—  
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LD CAMPBELL,  
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rom London,  
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ines are now on sale  
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for sale his Property at  
lands a splendid view  
the Islands and sur-  
face is pleasantly situ-  
e of the Bay, the Saints  
it, rendering it a most  
and farm, in a plea-  
six miles of the town  
m contains 100 Acres,  
cultivation; cuts 20  
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on the premises are a  
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figures, apply at the

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