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## Poetry.

### Just before the Battle, Mother.

Just before the Battle, Mother,  
Johnny felt awfully  
What was ailing Johnny, Mother,  
Johnny couldn't tell.  
Johnny ran away, Mother,  
Braving captain's ire,  
Johnny can't abide, Mother,  
Hearing cannons fire.  
Johnny came to me, Mother,  
Wasn't Johnny right?  
Tea with me was nice, Mother,  
Than a horrid fight.  
Let me marry Johnny, Mother,  
And we'll bless the day,  
When, just before the Battle, Mother,  
Johnny ran away.

### A Seaside Sketch.

The sun sinks down a round red disk;  
And seen against it, tapering thin,  
(Relieved of all the cares of risk.)  
The fishing-smacks come riding in.  
And hoisting shoreward, sea gulls  
Come sailing up the sound in flocks,  
Then clean their wings and seek their holes,  
And amid the rifled rocks.  
The soft wind plays round pool and prow,  
Too weak to climb the rocky cliff,  
Within whose deepening shadow now  
Lie bulky barge and tiny skiff.  
And over all the scene anon  
A denser darkness draws around,  
The village lights show every one,  
And night comes hushing every sound.

ERSON SALT—Let him be thanked who makes  
medicine palatable: he may lengthen men's lives  
by tempting them to take curatives that otherwise  
they would throw to the dogs; though that point  
is doubtful. There is not a more useful phre-  
tic than Epsom salts, nor yet one more nauseous.  
Think of its nastiness being turned into sweet  
savor! According to the statement of a German  
chemist, if ordinary roasted and ground coffee  
be boiled up with the salt solution, all disagreeable  
taste is removed, and the mixture becomes actual-  
ly pleasant. The proportions may be by weight,  
one of coffee to three of salts, to ten of water. Boil,  
strain, bottle and drink quantum sufficit.

THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.—Mr.  
Boles thus sums up, in his Pacific Railroad ar-  
ticles in the Atlantic Monthly, the novelties  
of nature in California:  
"With such suddenly developed yet secure-  
ly held wealth as these few facts illustrate, the  
future of California looms before the visitor  
with proportions that astound and awe. Her  
nature is as boundless in its fecundity and vari-  
ety, as it is strange and startling in its forms.  
While Switzerland has only four mountains,  
that reach as high as 13,000 feet, California  
has a hundred or two, and one, Mt. Whitney,  
that soars to 15,000, and is the highest peak  
of the Republic. She has a waterfall fifteen  
times as high as Niagara. All climates are  
her own; a variety which her long stretch  
does not prevent, mountains and valleys intro-  
duce. Dead volcanoes and smoldering rivers  
abound in her mountains; the largest animal  
of the continent makes his cover in her chap-  
arral, the largest bird of the world floats over  
her plains for carrion; the oldest man has  
been dug out of her depths; she has lakes so  
thin that a sheet of paper will sink in their  
waters, and so voracious that they will eat up  
a man, horse, bridle and all in thirty days,  
so endowed in their fountains that they will  
supply the world's apothecaries with botan-  
ical and soda; she has mud volcanoes  
and the Yosemite Valley; she grows boots of  
120 pounds; catfishes of 75, onions of 4,  
turnips of 20, and water-melons of 80 pounds,  
and a grape vine 15 inches thick, and bearing  
6500 pounds in one season. Her men are  
the most enterprising and audacious; her wo-  
men the most self-reliant and the most richly  
dressed; and her children the stoutest, star-  
diest and sauciest in the known world! Let  
us worship and move on!"

The Press penetrates every nook and  
corner of society; it searches out and apprehends  
the most minute and the most unusual in the  
city and in the fields, in the palace and in the  
cottage; it steals unawares upon the guilty,  
and rebukes the conscience; it is an officer of  
justice who does not need to seek out the crim-  
inal, for the criminal himself seeks out the of-  
ficer, and takes him to his home as a friend  
and a companion.

Husband murder has become much more  
common in Europe, since the introduction of  
life insurance.

## Interesting Tale.

### THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if  
you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease  
this trifling which is but cruel playing with  
my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it  
deserves, soberly and seriously.  
Well, there, then! cried the laughing, black  
eyed girl to whom Charles Westley spoke—  
There, then, is that grave enough? See, the  
corners of my mouth are duly turned down,  
and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a  
patient who has caught sight of the dentist's  
instruments. Do I suit you?

You suit me anyhow, and you know it well,  
you little witch! cried Charles, gazing with  
a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its  
affectionate demureness. But he was not to  
be driven from his point, as he resumed grave-  
ly, after a pause—The time has come, Susy,  
when I feel I have a right to demand an ex-  
plicit answer to my suit. You have trifled  
with my earnest feelings long enough. I have  
grown restless under my fetters.

Shake them off then, Charles! interrupted  
the saucy girl, with a defiant toss of her head,  
which plainly said, I defy you to do it.  
I cannot, Susy, and you know it, replied  
the hapless lover, impatiently.  
That being the case, said Susy, take my  
advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull  
and jerk so; it only makes them hurt you.

The young man turned away, and walked  
silently up and down the room, evidently fret-  
ting and luming internally. Susy, meantime,  
looked out of the window and yawned. Char-  
les continued his moody walk.

Oh! what a beautiful bird is on the lilac  
tree! cried Susy, suddenly. Do you come  
and see it.

Charles mechanically approached the win-  
dow and looked out.  
Don't you think, Charles, said Susy, laying  
her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly  
in his face; don't you think you could manage  
to catch it?

What, Susy? asked Charles, all his tender-  
ness awakened by her manner. What?  
Drop a pinch of salt on its back? returned  
the provoking girl, with an air of affec-  
tionate simplicity; for then, you know, you could easily  
catch it!

His answer was to turn angrily away.  
His walk this time was longer than before,  
and his cogitations were more earnest; for he  
did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless de-  
vices to allure his notice. At last he stopped  
before her, and said:

Susy, for three long years I have been your  
suitor, without either confession of love or  
promise of marriage on your part. Often as  
I have demanded to know your sentiments to-  
ward me, you have always refused me an an-  
swer. This state of things must cease. I love  
you better than my life; but I no longer will  
be your plaything. To-morrow you are going  
away, to be absent for months, and if you can-  
not, this very day throw aside your coquetry,  
and give me an honest 'yes' for answer, I shall  
consider all my wishes fulfilled, and I shall  
never again have received a 'no,' and not  
accordingly.

A love would that be? What would you  
do? asked Miss Susy, curiously.  
Begin by tearing your false and worthless  
images from my heart! cried Charles, furiously.

It would be a curious piece of business,  
Charles; and you would not succeed either,  
said Susy.

I should and would! succeeded, said Charles,  
as you shall see, if you are a girl, cruel, heartless  
girl!

But I don't wish, Charles, dear—I love  
dearly to have you love me, said Susy.  
Why, then, cried the foolish youth, quite  
won over again, why then, dearest Susy, will  
you not consent?

Remember, I said I liked to be loved, re-  
plied Susy; I did not say anything about lov-  
ing. But pray, how long did you say you  
had been courting me, in that little speech of  
yours?

Three long years, replied Charles.  
Neatly and accurately quoted, Charles.—  
But you know my cousin Rachel was only won  
after five years' courtship. You don't suppose  
I am going to rate myself any cheaper than  
she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tri-  
fing subject for two years; perhaps by that  
time I may be able to work myself up to the  
falling-in-love point—there is no knowing what  
wonders time may effect.

If you are not in love now, you never will  
be, returned Charles sturdily; and I will have  
my answer now or never.

Never, then, laughed Susy. But she had  
gone a step farther. Her often severely tried  
lover was now too much in earnest to bear her  
trifling any longer.

Never be it, then! he cried; and seizing  
his hat he strode from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with  
dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible  
love of coquetry, lost him? It smote her to  
the soul to think so. As she heard him open

the front door, impelled by a feeling of des-  
pair, she raised the window sash, and, lean-  
ing forward, whispered:

Charles, Charles! you will be at the boat  
tomorrow to bid me good bye, won't you?  
As she spoke she tore a rose from her bosom  
and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm,  
but he brushed it away as though it had been  
poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the remainder of the day in tears.  
Early the next day in the bustle of departure  
began. Susy was going to accompany her  
widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her  
health. As they reached the wharf and de-  
scended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made  
themselves busy searching for a wished-for  
face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay waiting and pulling seem-  
ingly impatient to be let loose. Susy's moth-  
er and I by the servant man who accompanied  
them, had already crossed the gangway which  
lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy  
was reluctantly following, when the sound of  
voice behind her—the very voice she had longed  
to hear—startled her. She turned to look  
round and smiling footed into the water.

Another instant and Charles had thrown off  
his coat and calling out loudly, tell the captain  
not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me  
a rope! he sprang into the water. But of her  
whom he was risking his life to save, he was  
unaware.

Judging that the current of the river might  
have carried her a little forward, he swam  
around the wheel but still he saw her not, and  
despair seized his heart as he conjectured that  
she might be under the boat. He strained  
his eyes to see below the water, and at last  
discerned, far below the surface, what seem-  
ed the end of a floating garment lodged be-  
tween the wheel and the rounded bottom of  
the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl,  
the least movement of the wheel must inevi-  
tably crush her, and Charles, in his terror  
fancied it beginning to turn. He dived and  
clutched at the garment, but missed it. He  
rose panting and almost exhausted; scarcely  
waiting to get breath, he again plunged below.  
This time his efforts were rewarded with suc-  
cess, at least so far that he was able to bring  
Susy's form to the surface of the water; but  
she seemed totally lifeless. Charles was now  
so nearly exhausted that he had only presence  
of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to  
him while he kept himself afloat by holding on  
to the wheel.

But this his last hope of support, seemed to  
fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now  
really beginning to turn slowly round. By a  
desperate effort he struck his foot against one  
of the paddles so as to push himself as far  
from the danger as possible. As he did so  
something touched his head, and his hand grasp-  
ed a rope. Now life seemed now infused into  
him. He gathered all his energies, and fast-  
ened the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness  
then entirely forsook him. In the meantime  
the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles  
instructions to the captain, had watched his  
struggles and exertions with breathless inter-  
est.

The friendly rope had been flung to him  
again, and again, but in the excitement of his  
feelings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been  
incapable of availing himself of the proffered  
aid.

At last perceiving that he was quite ex-  
hausted, and that he would inevitably sink, he  
held on the wheel, and then, probably sunk to  
rest no more the captain judged it best to  
raise the moving off, so that a small boat could  
be sent to the rescue. The result of this haz-  
ardous experiment was successful. Susy was  
raised by means of the rope, and a boat reach-  
ed Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the  
steamboat, which now moved off to make up  
for lost time.

And thus when our hero regained his con-  
sciousness he found himself many miles from  
home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was  
for Susy, and when informed that she was re-  
covering rapidly, his happiness seemed com-  
plete. He showed his contentment by falling  
into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that  
Miss B— desired to see him. He found  
her lying on a sofa in the captain's stateroom,  
which had been given up to her. Her mother  
was sitting beside her. She looked very pale  
and somewhat suffering, but she held out her  
hand to him very gratefully, while the tears  
stood in her eyes.

Charles, said she, without offering a word  
of thanks, I want to see a clergyman. Is there  
one on board?

I will go and see, said Charles, moving to  
the door; but a dreadful thought striking him,  
he turned, exclaiming, Susy, do you not think  
that I am going to die? said she, anticipat-  
ing him. No, Charles, but I want to see a  
clergyman.

Charles went and soon returned, accom-  
panied by a minister.

I thank you for coming to me, said she to  
the latter as he entered. I have a strange  
request to make of you. Would you objec-

sir, in the presence, and with the consent of  
my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?  
If the minister was astonished at this re-  
quest, Charles was infinitely more so.

What did you say, Susy? said he. Did I  
hear aright?  
I believe so, said Susy, smiling at his eager  
amazement. Does the old man meet your ap-  
proval?

It was heaven inspired, cried the poor fel-  
low, frantic with joy—but a shade coming  
over his radiant face, he added gravely. But  
Susy, have you considered? Remember, I  
want your love not, your gratitude. I will be  
satisfied with nothing less.

Do not be concerned about that, dear Char-  
ley, replied Susy, gazing at him very tender-  
ly through her tears, be assured you have them  
both, and the first long, long before you had  
the last.

But Susy, you said only yesterday —  
Never mind what I said yesterday, inter-  
rupted Susy, with some of her old spirit break-  
ing out. Just mind what I say to-day. If I  
was a fool once, is that any reason I must be  
one always? But indeed, Charles, she added  
more softly, I have always meant to be your  
wife—the only scruple I have is that I am  
not good enough for you.

It is needless to say how the discussion end-  
ed. The reader has already divined that  
Charles continued his journey; and thus in the  
course of one eventful day he risked a life,  
saw a life, made an impromptu marriage,  
and set out a most unexpected wedding trip.

### ELEPHANTS' SAGAICITY.

Those who have lived much in the jungle  
in Ceylon, and had constant opportunities of  
watching the habits of wild elephants, have  
noticed instances of the submission of herds  
to their leaders, that suggest an inquiry of sin-  
gular interest as to the means adopted by the  
latter to communicate with distinctness orders  
which are observed with the most implicit  
obedience by their followers. The following  
narrative of an adventure in the great central  
forest toward the north was communicated by  
Major Skinner, who was engaged for some  
time in surveying and opening roads through  
the thickly wooded districts there, to serve  
better than any abstract description to convey  
an idea of the conduct of a herd on such oc-  
casions.

"The case you refer to struck me as exhib-  
iting something more than ordinary brute in-  
stinct, and approached nearer to reasoning  
powers than any other instance I can now re-  
member. I cannot do justice to the scene, al-  
though it appeared to me at the time to be so  
remarkable that it left a deep impression in  
my mind.

In the height of the dry season Nuvera Ka-  
lawa, you know the streams are all dried up,  
and the tanks nearly so. All animals are then  
sorely pressed for water, and they congregate  
in the vicinity of those tanks in which there  
may remain ever so little of the precious ele-  
ment.

During one of those seasons I was encamp-  
ed on the bank of an embankment of a very  
small tank, the water in which was so dried  
that its surface could not have exceeded an  
area of 500 square yards. It was the only  
pool within many miles, and I knew that of  
necessity a very large herd of elephants, which  
had been in the neighborhood all day, must  
resort to it at night.

On the lower side of the tank, and in a line  
with the embankment, was a thick forest, in  
which the elephants sheltered themselves dur-  
ing the day. On the upper side and all around  
the tank there was a considerable margin of  
open ground. It was one of those beautiful  
bright, clear, moonlight nights, when objects  
could be seen as distinct as by day, and I  
determined to avail myself of the opportu-  
nity to observe the movements of the herd,  
which had already manifested some uneasiness  
at our presence. The locality was very  
favorable for my purpose, and an enormous  
tree projecting over the tank afforded me a  
secure lodgment in its branches. Having  
ordered the fires of my camp to be extinguished  
at an early hour, and all my followers to  
retire to rest, I took up my post of observation  
on the overhanging bough; but I had to re-  
main for upwards of two hours before anything  
was to be seen or heard of the elephants, al-  
though I knew they were within 500 yards of  
me. At length, about the distance of 300  
yards from the water, an unusually large ele-  
phant issued from the dense cover, and ad-  
vanced cautiously across the open ground to  
within 100 yards of the tank; where he stood  
perfectly motionless. So quiet he remained  
placidly became (although they had been roar-  
ing and breaking the jungle throughout the  
day and evening) that not a movement was  
now to be heard. The huge virolette remained  
in this position, still as a rock, for a few min-  
utes, and then made three successive stealthy  
advances of several yards (halting for some  
minutes between each, with ears bent forward  
to catch the slightest sound,) and in this way  
he moved up to the water's edge. Still he  
did not venture to quench his thirst, for though  
his fore feet were partially in the tank and his

vast body was reflected clear in the water, he  
remained for some minutes listening in perfect  
stillness. Not a motion could be perceived in  
himself or his shadow. He returned cautiously  
and slowly to the position he had at first  
taken up on emerging from the forest. Here,  
in a little while he was joined by five others,  
with which he again proceeded as cautiously,  
but less slowly than before, to within a few  
yards of the tank, and then posted his patrol.

He then re-entered the forest, and collected  
around him the whole herd, which must have  
amounted to between eighty and a hundred in-  
dividuals—led them across the open ground  
with the most extraordinary composure and  
quietness, till he joined the advanced guard,  
when he left them for a moment and repeated  
his former re-entrance at the edge of the  
tank; after which, having apparently satisfied  
himself that all was safe, he returned, and ob-  
viously gave the order to advance, for in a  
moment the whole herd rushed into the water.

"When the poor animals had gained pos-  
session of the tank (the leader being the last  
to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves  
to enjoyment without restraint or apprehen-  
sion of danger. Such a mass of animal life I  
had never before seen huddled together in so  
narrow a space. It seemed to me as though  
they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I  
watched them with great interest until they  
had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as  
in drinking, when I tried how small a noise  
would apprise them of the proximity of un-  
welcome neighbors. I had but to break a  
little twig, and the solid mass instantly took  
to flight like a herd of frightened deer, each of  
the smaller calves being apparently alighted and  
carried along between two of the older ones."

Snake Poison.—The chief element of  
snake poison is formic acid. By digesting  
this with chromic acid, readily obtained from  
bichromate of potash, by the addition of sul-  
phuric acid, the result is the production of car-  
bonic acid and water. Hence dilute chromic  
acid may be safely employed as an antidote to  
snake poisons. It has been found that the  
poison infused by snake bites, may be success-  
fully destroyed by applying carbonic acid to  
the wound. At the same time, ten drops of  
the acid, diluted with brandy and water, are to  
be administered at intervals, until the stupor  
and drowsiness, usually following the bite of a  
snake, are removed. The plan has been ex-  
tensively adopted in Australia.

JOKES AND FANCY.  
Pete, is you into them sweetmeats again?  
No, marm, them sweetmeats is into me.  
There is the nature of the burning glass,  
which kept still in one place, fresh; changed  
often, down nothing.

To do the thing properly in New York at a  
wedding, the bride must have eight brides-  
maids, and a hundred dollar poodle besides the  
one she marries.

I am going to the Post office, Bob; shall  
I inquire for you? Well, yes, if you have a  
mild to, but don't think you will find me at  
that place.

Could anything be better than the negro's  
reply to a young lady he offered to lift over  
the gutter, and who insisted that she was too  
heavy? Dear missus, said he, I's used to  
lifting barrels of sugar.

A rovely, according to be witty, thus accost-  
ed a young man, who was inquiring of a woman  
where he could see the elephant? No, but if  
I had a looking glass, I could show you a very  
large monkey. The rovely was discomfited,  
and slumped.

A junior student at Cornell University, in  
rendering account to his father of his last  
term's expenses, entered as an item "Chari-  
ty \$30." His father wrote back, I fear that  
charity covers a multitude of sins.

An Alabama editor in puffing a grocery,  
kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as  
red as her own cheeks, her melons as blue as  
her own eyes, her pepper as hot as her own tem-  
per, and her tangerines as sour as her own dis-  
position." Hope that she will catch a better  
one for a husband.

A little five year old boy was being instruc-  
ted in morals by his mother. The old lady  
told him that all such terms as "by golly—"  
"by jingo—by thunder—by Jupiter," &c., were  
only mixed-up words, and but little better than  
any other profanity. In fact, she said, he  
could tell a profane cash by the prefix "by"—  
almost all such were outlaws. Well, then, ma-  
ther, said the little hopeful, "where's a big  
outlaw in the newspaper?"—By Telegraph.—  
The old lady gave it up, and the boy is a  
wildered on morals.

A man, on being told by a generous farmer  
that he would give him a barrel of cider, as-  
sed the farmer if he would bring it to his home.  
"Certainly," replied the farmer; "with a  
sure." "Well," said the grateful man, "W  
w! you pay me for the barrel when it is  
gone."

W ar your earning like a watch, in a pri-  
vate pocket, and do a d d d d d d d d d d d d d  
unlike you are asked what clock it is.