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CHEEK.

Upon the world's vast lolling field,
Amid its cares and strife,
Where men their tongues do bravely wield,
To sponge the bread of life;
If any fall—and some do fall—
To win the bread they seek,
Be sure it is the coward pale,
And not brave Joe with "cheek."

Place at meals needs to be filled,
Of all the men to seek,
Tis surely won, however skilled,
By Joe who has the "cheek."
He gains the place, and none may fear
His fitness will be small,
Deficiencies will ne'er appear,
His "cheek" conceals them all.

The Ladies—bless their gentle hearts,
For him have special smiles,
And tho' by him they suffer smart,
He all their tears beguiles.
They thought he was so very good,
And then at times so meek,
It seems they never understood,
He did it all by "cheek."

The Earl of "Cheek"—he is the chap
Whose praises now I sing,
Though he may give Miss E. a smack,
She thinks him quite "the thing."
Let others praise this modest man,
Whose soul is mild and meek,
But Joe shall ever lead the van,
That lauds the Earl of "Cheek."

Interesting Case.

A Night in the Calcutta Hotel.

James McCarthy arrived in the metropolis of Bengal almost direct from Cork. With all the implicit credulity of his country, he had believed every story which had been palmed upon him during the voyage; and, though he was somewhat staggered by the bold assertion of one of his brother cadets, that the race of Anthropophagi (described by Shakespeare as carrying their heads under their arms) actually existed in India, yet as he had been taught devoutly to rely on the fact that St. Patrick floated over from Holyhead (so called, says the tradition, from this miracle,) to Park Gate, seated on his own cranium, why, after all, the thing might not be impossible.

As to the race of the original serpent which tempted Eve still existing in many parts of the East, there was evidently nothing unlikely in that; while rivers of gum springing from forest-trees, colonies of monkeys who sang songs, played at cricket, and got drunk upon coconut milk, were objects he daily expected to meet with, being not a jot more improbable than one of his own native legends, or even those sporting anecdotes which he not only related as facts, but was ready to fight any man who dared to doubt them.

He had, on his father's domain in Galway, that he called a "rough-bred nigger," that had jumped a wall six feet high, cowed and dashed, and sprang a dyke fifty feet wide, during a Rock-rochan steppe-chase. He pulled the little doctor's nose because he doubted that the McCarthy had an attendant "baneshee" attached to their family; and called out the skipper because he insisted on being three lights in the cuddy.

Of the terror-inspiring objects of human nature in general Mac felt no dread; but the threat of his Satanic Majesty clothed in an earthly form, could at any time nearly throw him into fits. Brave, open-hearted, and generous, he was passionate, superstitious, and credulous. He came, he believed to a land of horrors, solely with the idea of picking fruit from the pagoda tree. He had about as much idea of Asia as an Indian of my acquaintance had of Europe, who once asked me if I knew "Miss East India Company?" adding gravely, "Miss Company must be very old lady now!"

McCarthy having no friends in Calcutta, on landing took up his abode at the hotel. There are now several hotels; but at the time I write of there was but that one, which was almost deserted, so great was the hospitality formerly displayed by the British residents in India. One or two other passengers went to the same house, preparatory to delivering their letters of introduction. By and by the evening looked so fine that he proposed to two ladies, who were of the party, to take a stroll through the town.

"Put on your bonnets, girls, and sure we'll be after looking about us. Faith, an it's a mighty fine place this Calcutta,—it's almost as grand as Cork; only, you see, they've nothing like Cove in these parts."

The young ladies consented, and the trio were about to rally forth, when, lo! the master of the house stopped them at the door, and with a look of horror assured them that if they persisted in going out during the heat of the day, they would

probably be struck down by a "coup de soleil."

"Tint the devil me ever such a country I ever heard of, but I'm to it," ejaculated Mac as he turned back.

As he was going up stairs, it was his fate to meet a snake-charmer, carrying several of those reptiles with him.

"Ye blackguard of the world," shouted the enraged Irishman, "is it to kill and murder us entirely you come here with yere bastos of the devil? By the power that played before Moses, if you don't make yourself scarce, it's my mother's son that'll bate your four bones to powder!"

Now this was an idle threat—perhaps the only one McCarthy ever offered; for he would just as soon have thrown himself into a well as have approached the juggler, who was not a little surprised to find the exhibition of his powers thus strenuously rejected. Like a true Indian he only saluted, and with the servile humility of his enslaved race, he mildly and gently retired. The sight of the snakes had made poor Mac nervous.

After a late dinner, one or two old Indians present called out for their hookahs. Their "hookahs" brought them up, unperceived by James McCarthy, who happened to be deeply engaged in conversation; and, having placed the bottoms of water-cups, close to Mac's chair, gave the snake (the tube of a hookah is so called) into their masters' hands.

At the first puff McCarthy started up. The bubble-bubble noise of the smoke passing through the water seemed to his ears like the sound of a rattle-snake; and, as they came directly from the back of his chair, the unfortunate Irishman sprang bolt upright, and looked round with horror. Presently he perceived the tube twisted round the arm of one of the old residents.

"Oh! milley mythers," cried he, pointing to the apparently dreadful object, "what is that?" "This?" returned the other coolly; "this is my snake!"

Tunder and "buns!" screamed the Patlander, making a rush for the door, "what do you mane by bringing the baste here, you could black-guard!"

It was now the turn of the other to feel astonished. An explanation, however, at length took place; and, though McCarthy wanted sadly to fight the civilian for having made him expose himself, yet at length they became friends, and poor Mac, in the true spirit of Hybernian friendship, got gloriously drunk with him, and in this state was let to bed.

It was past midnight. It might have been one or two o'clock in the morning, when our friend was awoke by a most extraordinary noise in one corner of his vast bedchamber. The tones of his late organs still rose through his brain, and to a certain degree confused his senses; but in spite of this, McCarthy felt assured that strange and unearthly noises proceeded ever and anon from the aforesaid corner of the room. He attempted to sleep the idea, and even endeavored to go to sleep; but, alas! the mysterious noises again arose, and, in spite of semi-intoxication,—in spite of his desire to look upon the sounds as unreal, poor James was recalled by them to perfect recollection. He raised his head slightly from his pillow, and distinctly heard the same noises repeated. He started bolt upright. It was delusion; it was no mistake, for alarms had perfectly sobered him. The same sounds met his ear. James McCarthy defied all the world; he, however, excluded his Satanic Majesty from the list of those whom he thus braved. Before any human power, however overwhelming, he would have scorned to fly. It was, he justly considered, no dishonor to retreat from an attack of Beelzebub; so he jumped out of bed, and made for the door.

The dreadful sounds still continued. Mac trembled like an aspen-leaf. The demon was evidently approaching his victim. James could bear no more. For one instant he uncovered himself, and suddenly hurled the pillow towards the spot whence the noise apparently proceeded.

An instant only elapsed. A fluttering of wings was heard; the imp (or whatever it might be) suddenly seemed to change its form, or rather throwing off its disguise, seemed once more to resume its devilish attributes, and spreading its wings actually flew across the bed of poor McCarthy, dropping them in the face of the unfortunate Irishman.

Words would be too weak to express the feelings of poor James. He was actually for an instant paralysed; but suddenly recovering his senses, he sprang out, and preferring death itself, he raised the window, which for the moment he forgot was two stories high, and boldly jumped out!

"Tunder and buns! what is the maning of this same?" demanded Mac, as he looked round, and saw every one laughing at him. "Sure I thought I was on the second floor! Ah! this, till me, has the house sank in the night?"

"Not a bit," replied his friend; "if you had happened to have looked out of window before you went to bed, you would have perceived that there is a flat roof to the lower apartments, which forms a terrace to the second. So, why or wherefore,

you choose to hang out of your window in your present improper condition, and wake all the house by your cries, in preference to dressing yourself, and coming down the steps like a steady man, I can't conceive. Poor Miss H— is in fits. Mrs. L— is in such a state that she has sent for the doctor; and it is feared she will meet with an accident (being in such delicate health) before he arrives. Old Chambers has got a fit of the gout from the sudden alarm, and several persons have run off to call the guard; and all this because you chose to get tipsy, swing yourself out of the window, and then roar like a bull, and disturb the whole neighborhood."

"Arrah, thin, hush my fine fellow jist for a bit of a minute, and I tell ye all about it. Sure the devil's there above!"

"The what?"

"Thin may O'Donoghue and his fairies punish me, but it's three. You're a cute man; sure I'll make ye sensible entirely," and he led his friend away, and told him all about the horrors he had heard and felt.

Having put on the dressing-gown of his friend—for he feared to venture alone into his own chamber, he summoned up the landlord and one or two others, to whom he again related the way in which his Satanic Majesty had visited him during the night; first, in the shape of a snake, and then in the form of an eagle. His hearers trembled, and looked at each other; but, as it was now daylight, they could not well refuse to accompany McCarthy to his room, which they accordingly entered. No vestige, however, of the devilish visitor remained. One or two fancied they detected the smell of sulphur; but others declared this was mere fancy. Every corner was searched; nothing was visible. At length somebody proposed to look under the bed. No sooner did that person approach than a hissing noise proceeded from the spot. The whole group started back in dismay. Their cry of terror brought more persons to their assistance, and amongst others a native, armed with a long bamboo. He was requested to poke it under the bed, in order to disturb the devil from his snug hiding-place. He did so. The hissing increased. The women actually shrieked with terror, and the men trembled themselves close together. A noise of wings was heard. McCarthy, who was pale with fright, looked appealingly to the company, and crossed himself. The native gave a still more violent thrust, when, lo! out flew, not Beelzebub, but a goose!—a poor, harmless goose, that by accident had got into the bedroom of the now-enraged Irishman.

With the discovery of the cause of Mac's alarm, a general laugh arose at the unhappy man's mistake; and those who had fully shared his terrors a few moments before, were now the most forward to ridicule him.

McCarthy vainly endeavored to hush the matter up. He called out two of his best friends for talking of a goose in his presence; insulted a young lady to whom he was engaged, because she laughed when she heard the story; threatened and fumed about it for at least two years, at the end of which time, finding it impossible to fight the whole world, our hero suddenly turned round, joined in the joke, and ever afterwards consented to be called "Goose McCarthy."

A Real Romance.

About 1790 a wanderer who had lost his way asked a night's shelter at the cottage of a small farmer and shopkeeper in the village of Bolal, Shropshire, England. Strangers were unusual there, and from a suspicion of his bona fides, hospitality was refused. The wanderer pressed his demand, and prayed that he might stay till morning, even if they would give him no more than a chair in the stone-floored lower room. The grumbling boon last granted, and the next morning the family and their forced guest made acquaintance with one another.

The strangers enjoyment of the society of the Papa and Mamma Hoggins was enhanced by the presence of their daughter Sarah, who in the full bloom of rustic beauty, chained the soldier's heart. Mr. Jones' eyes, and, through his eyes, his heart. And now the adventure of an hour, connected with intricate roads and coming right, was destined to effect the wanderer's future life. Now from that village, from those fields where Sarah milked the cows, from that dairy where her white arms persuaded cream into butter, Mr. Jones could not stir. He had stated to inquirers that his particular function was that of an undertaker; a vocation which might account for the tender melancholy which weighed on him; or that name might have darkly hinted to Sarah that he was ready to undertake every office, however unaccustomed, in which she played a part. The presence of Mr. Jones in the village in a short time became a fixed idea. The inhabitants looked upon him with a respectful fear. As weeks went on he made occasional absence from Bolal, always short, and confined to two or three days; and on his return he seemed to abound with money.

The natives of Salop are not dull. They

put the money and the absence together, and they whispered the result to one another. They felt sure Jones was a highwayman. After a while Mr. Crell—so may as well drop the alias—became the avowed tutor of Sarah Hoggins; but the predatory notion still hung to her mother's mind, and she steadily set her face against the connection. The father's logic was simple, and ultimately prevailed: "Why he has plenty of money,"—He showed his easy circumstances, indeed, by taking land and by buying a site on which he erected the largest house in the neighborhood, now called Burleigh Villa. It stands amongst fields, facing the Wrekin, some miles distant from that landmark. They were married. A daughter was born to them and died. She was buried in the little churchyard, but her grave is not forgotten.

News at length reached Mr. Crell, then become Lord Burleigh, which induced him to travel to London. His wife accompanied him. Although he had been at great pains to have his wife educated and taught accomplishments, tradition still describes her as ignorant of her rank; and, therefore, she felt surprised at the reception which they met with at the great house of nobles and commoners on their road. They arrived at Stamford. They drove up to the Burleigh House, and then was put the question whether Sarah would like to be mistress there. The denouement followed. The son of Sarah Hoggins succeeded in 1804 to the title of Marquis of Exeter. He died in 1867, and the grandson of Sarah Hoggins is now the owner of the Marquisate and of fair Burleigh.

The Earthquake.

Details of the Terrible Shock at Lone Pine, California.

From the Boston Post.

Despatches have been received at San Francisco from the volcanic district in Inyo county, four hundred miles south of the earthquake district. Shocks still continue, though with decreased violence. It is remarkable that only a slight shock was felt in central and northern California. Cerro Gordo was badly damaged, having several buildings damaged and one man killed. Lone Pine appears to have been directly over the centre of the disturbance. Among the killed at the latter place was Mr. Grey, aged 42, a native of Texas. The remainder were all Spanish-Americans. The first shock is described as resembling a park of artillery fired directly beneath the town, Col. Whipple, who was in the second story of the Adelee House, states that he was just in time to jump from the window to the doorway when the house appeared to pierce beneath him. He was buried among the ruins, but succeeded in extricating himself from the debris, having received several severe but not dangerous wounds. The scene beggared description; nearly the whole population was buried beneath the ruins. Cries for help and screams of pain from the wounded beneath the ruins filled the air, while those who escaped were calling for aid to rescue fathers and mothers, wives and children. The first shock was followed in quick succession by three others. Over 300 distinct shocks were felt between half past two and sunrise. In fact the earth was in a constant tremble over three hours. A chasm was opened extending thirty five miles down the valley, ranging from three inches to forty feet in width. Rocks were torn from their places and rolled down into the valley. At Spanaca, Col. Fregalio, of the smelting works, was killed, and great desolation prevails among the inhabitants of Lone Pine. A despatch from Visalia, says that several shocks were felt in that city, and came from the southeast. Persons anticipate finding immense chasms in the mountains east of us as soon as the snow disappears enough to permit an investigation. There are rumors of a volcano in active operation, seen from the summit of Green Flood Mountain, sixty miles south of Visalia. The rumor is considered at least dubious. The Indians in that vicinity have all left, fearing a recurrence of the general convulsion of nature, which, according to tradition, occurred in that region some hundreds of years ago, and created what is known as the Owens River valley, but which was before a chain of mountains. The action affected by the earthquake was sparsely inhabited, mainly by people engaged in working silver bearing lead mines.

ADDITIONAL ADVICES

from Inyo county place the number of killed by the earthquake, on Tuesday, at thirty or sides one hundred wounded. In the desert country, stretching from Owens lake to the Mexican line, and innumerable craters not long extinct, besides several volcanoes, and it is supposed that some of the old volcanoes may be in eruption again. A gentleman from Independence asserts that smoke and ashes from the volcano were distinctly seen southwards from that place, and word had been brought there that lava was seen flowing down the mountain, but the report was not authenticated. The shocks continued, decreasing in

force, up to Thursday morning, when over a thousand had been counted, and at Tibbets's Rancho, fifteen miles above Independence, forty acres of ground sank seven feet below the surface of the surrounding country. Big Owens lake has risen four feet since the first shock, and Owens river ran over its bank, depositing shoals of fish on the shore. Afterwards it receded. For three or four miles through Lone Pine the earth cracked and one side remained stationary, while the other sank seven or eight feet, leaving a wall of earth extending over three miles in length where formerly there was a level plain. Innumerable cracks were made throughout the valley. The Kuen and Owens rivers turned and ran up stream several minutes, leaving their beds dry, and finally returned with largely increased volume. There has been no parallel to this earthquake since 1812, when the missions of San Juan, Capistrano, La Purisima, in Southern California, were destroyed. The earthquake is a matter of common conversation throughout California, but creates no apprehension outside of the district affected.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF.—Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabouts, you can figure you up to a dot. You have 160 bones and muscles; your heart is five inches in diameter; it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,772, 400 per year. At each beat but a little over two ounces of blood is thrust out of it; and each day it throws out and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain about a gallon of air, and you inhale about 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, suppose them to be spread out, 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are in it it weighs eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000, 000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweat-glands, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body of 201,165 feet, or a little ditch for the drainage of the body almost forty miles long.

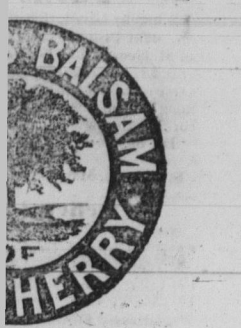
BURIED ALIVE.—An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in, filled nearly to the top. Pat looked curiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his hat and coat, hung them over a window, crawled into some bushes and awaited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the bottom of the excavation, they were at the bottom of the well. Just as the citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh which soon followed. [Exchange.]

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—There is a place in Oregon called the Smoky Valley, where the people have a very curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettles, coffee pots and whatever else they need, and cook at the boiling spring. The water seems a great deal hotter than common boiling water, and all they need to do is to hang their kettles in for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight saucepan, and lowered into the boiling food for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, and with a thin rim on the outside over it. Meat is cooked here, and beans, which are miner's great luxury. It takes but a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should chance to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," food would be gone beyond recovery.

The trustees of the London Peabody fund have let out 500 houses; with planted grounds attached, at Brixton, to small families, in accordance with the directions of the immortal American philanthropist who furnished the funds. And what glorious monuments to his blessed memory are these.

A Pennsylvania paper, is speaking of a songstress, says: She bats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest tone in her voice, but it was about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian.

It is said that if you take two letters from money there will be but one left. We have heard of a man who took money from letters and there wasn't one left.



REMEDY FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. HERRYMAN'S REMEDY FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

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