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# The Standard.

## OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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### LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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### CURIOSITIES OF WORDS.

From French's new work on the English language, we take the following interesting paragraphs.

#### ORIGIN OF CHOOSE.

Sometimes a word springs up in a very curious way; there is one, not having, I suppose any great currency, except among school-boys; yet being no invention of theirs, but a genuine English word, though of somewhat late birth in the language, I mean to choose. It has a singular origin. The word, as I have mentioned already, a Turkish one, and signifies "interpreter." Such an interpreter or "chous" (written "chous" in Hakluyt, "chous" in Massinger,) being attached to the Turkish embassy in England, committed in the year 1609 an enormous fraud on the Turkish and Persian merchants resident in London. He succeeded in cheating them of a sum amounting to £4000—a sum very much greater at that day than at the present. From the vast dimensions of this fraud and the notoriety which attended it, any one who cheated or defrauded, was said to "choose," "chouse," or "chouse," to do, that is, as this "chous" had done.

#### "ITS" OF LATE INTRODUCTION.

Attention once called to the matter, one is surprised to discover how late introduction the word "its" proves to be into the language. Through the whole of our authorized Version of the Bible, "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished, as our rustics would now accomplish it, by "his" or "her." "Its" occurs, or else by "thereof" or "of it." "Its" occurs, I believe, only three times in all Shakespeare, and I doubt whether Milton has once admitted it into Paradise Lost, although, when that was composed, others freely allowed it. How soon all this was forgotten we have striking evidence in the fact that Dryden, when in one of his fault-finding moods with the great men of the preceding generation he is taking Ben Jonson to task for general inaccuracy in his English diction, among other counts of his indictment, quotes this line from *Caesar*:

"Though Heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,"

and proceeds, "*Heaven* is ill syntax with *his*;" while in fact up to within forty or fifty years of the time when Dryden began to write, no other syntax was known. Curious also is it to note that in the long controversy, which followed on the publication by Chatterton of the poems which he ascribed to a monk Rowley, living in the fifteenth century, no one appealed at the time to such lines as the following:

"Life and all its goods I scorn,"

as at once decisive of the fact that the poems were not of the age which they pretended. Warton who rejected, although with a certain amount of hesitation, the poems, and gives reasons, and many of them good ones, for this rejection, yet takes no notice of this little word, which betrays the forgery at once; although there needed nothing more than to point to it, for the disposing of the whole question.

#### ORIGIN OF SELFISH.

Again, new words are coined out of the necessity which men feel of filling up gaps in the language. Thoughtful men, comparing their own language with that of other nations, become conscious of deficiencies, of important matters unexpressed in their own, and with more or less success, proceed to supply the deficiency. For example, that too common sin, the undue love of self, with the positing of the interests of all others to our own, had for a long time no word to express it in English. One writer tried to supply the want by calling the man a "sunt," as one seeking "sua," or his own things, and the sin itself "suntism." "Philauty" had been more than once attempted by our scholars. The gap, however, was not really filled up, till some of the Puritan writers devised "selfish" and "selfishness," words which to us seem obvious enough, but which yet are not more than two hundred years old.

\*Thus Exod. xxviii. 17: "Of beaten work made he the candlestick: his shaft and his branch, his bowls, his knobs, and his flowers, were of the same;" cf. Mt. v. 15.  
†Rev. xxii. 2: "The tree of life, which yielded her fruit every month."

"There is no country in the world," says a contemporary, "where the people are so addicted to the medicine eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania—a disease of itself. The fact is, Nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would but study the laws of nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits, instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely, and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege."

### A Dying Mother's Love.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first. The parents watched over them, but only caught the disease which they themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way lived the family of a laborer, who was absent the whole week; only coming on Saturday nights to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse; and before night the plague-spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew that she must die, but she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children in the room, snatched the bed-clothes lest they should leave contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. O, think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and all she loved, to die! Her eldest son saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left him so strangely. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused, her heart yearned toward her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sight of her helpless babes; at length she turned from them. The children continued to say, "Good bye, mother." The sound sent a thrill of anguish to her heart, but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, and the repentant husband exclaimed:

"I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!"

"But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in.

"I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the quaker's rejoinder.

The following is a true copy of a sign up on an academy for teaching in one of the Western States:—

—Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. —Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls.

We have a span of horses, said an economic the other day, on our farm, that support themselves without any cost.

"Why, how is that?" exclaimed a listener.

"Why you see," remarked the questioned one, "one is a saw horse, the other a clothes horse."

Mr. W. W. Barnard, for some time surveyor for the province of New Brunswick, and lately cashier at St. John, N. B., has been appointed inspector of mails for Scotland. Salary is £300, rising by £20 to £500.

Contracts for thirty thousand hogs have been made in Indiana, to supply the allied army in the Crimea!

### SCRAPS.

Mrs. Partington on Marriage.—"If ever I'm married," said she, looking up from the book he was reading, and kicking the door too, energetically—"If ever I am married!"

"Don't speak of Marriage, Isaac, till you are old enough to understand the bonds that bind conjugal souls. People never speak of marriage with impunity. It is the first thing children think about now-a-days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads frizzled into spinnies, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their teens. Think of such ones getting married! Yet there's Mr. Spade, when heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetery, and got another, no more fit to be the head of a family, than I am to be the board of Mayor and Aldermen."

An Old Bible.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago. He describes it as follows:—

"The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment, of a most superior quality, of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best. The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity and beauty, in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable

beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue, and black ink, still in vivid colors; and no two of the capital letters of the book are precisely alike."

### LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH OFFICER, NOW A PRISONER IN RUSSIA.

The annexed is the copy of a letter received from Lieutenant John Chadwick, of the 17th Lancers. Lieutenant Chadwick, and Lieutenant Clowes, of Brougham, were the two officers made prisoners at the celebrated Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava, on the 17th of October last:—

"KAROF, April 2, 1855.

"I have deferred from day to day, and from week to week, writing to you, in the hope of having some definite news to give you as to what is likely to be done with me and the other officers, prisoners. All we know, however, is that we are to be sent to Riazan, about 100 versts from Moscow, where, I suppose, we shall remain until we are exchanged, which I sincerely hope will be this summer. We left Simferopol on the 20th January, and arrived here on the 15th of last month, so that you may imagine that we suffered some little inconvenience during that long march at such a time of the year. The distance was something over 700 versts (a verst is two thirds of an English mile). We have a little more than that distance yet to traverse, but the Governor General here has very kindly allowed us to remain a little to recruit ourselves, and until the weather gets a little better for travelling; besides which, we have been given to understand that the present Emperor has given an order that we are to travel along with post-horses, and not in the same manner as we came here, day by day, with English, French, and Turkish soldiers, prisoners, and Russian convicts on their way to Siberia. It would be quite useless for me to attempt to describe to you what we suffered on our journey here; I could not do it. Suffice it to tell you, that I was impious enough to wish often that I had met the same fate as my poor mare did at Balaklava. I am in company with Frampson, 50th Regt.; Lt. Duff, 23d; Lieut. Clowes, 8th Hussars; and a Mr. Carrow, who was master of the Calcutta transport, which was wrecked near Eupatoria on the 14th November. He poor fellow, a few days before he reached here, became idiotic, and is now in hospital. He is nearly well now, but weak. Of 12 men of the 17th Lancers who were taken prisoners on the same day that I was, five only are living. Corporal Hall and private Jenner, of Simferopol, the former having had his leg taken off, the latter his arm; private Wightman, left sick at Alexandrievsk on the way here; and private Marshall is here. Private M. Allister has gone on for his destination. The seven dead are privates Harrison, Ellis, Young, Kirk, Edge, Brown and Sharp. The two latter started quite well from Simferopol, but died on the journey. I wish you would write to Taylor, the riding-master at the depot, in order that he may cause their friends to be written to. I know nothing of course, about the state of affairs with regiments at home, but hope you will give me in your next letter all the news you can, bearing in mind, of course your letter will be read, and not reach me if it contains anything objectionable."

The following letters have been received from Captain Malafay, of the 92d Regiment who was taken prisoner on the 24th of March during the sortie made by the Russians in front of the Malakoff Tower:—

"Hospital of Sebastopol, March 31.

"I presented my letters of introduction yesterday to Prince Vasilchikoff, colonel of the Imperial Guard and aid-de-camp of the Emperor. My strength is recovering, as I am relieved from the difficulty of breathing, caused by a wound under the left arm. I took advantage of the time I was in the hospital to visit Captain Pierre, of the 2d Zouaves, made prisoner during the night of the 23d February. I had likewise the pleasure to afford relief to some of my poor wounded comrades. I shall endeavour to remain with one of them, an officer, whose wounds are mortal, until he shall have rendered his soul to God. Prince Zulfikine is likewise very humane. Having heard that Captain Fern, of the navy, had been kind to me, the Prince invited him to dinner. Those officers afterwards showed me the harbor of Sebastopol and the batteries which form the left of their defence. My position as prisoner does not permit me to say what I think of them, but I may repeat, what the French troops already know, that the defence of Sebastopol reflects the greatest honor on the Russians. The defenders of the town, on their part, feel the most profound respect for the brave allied armies. Prince Vasilchikoff has today allotted me an apartment, in which I am writing. It is likewise occupied by a British colonel and a captain, captured the same day that I was. I have already taken tea with them, and find them very agreeable."

shall mess with them, and we are to be supplied from General Osten Sacken's kitchen. You are however aware how little I regard my food, and I would willingly live on bread and water the remainder of my life, if I could but that sacrifice to recover my sabre—my poor sabre. I had carried it during 15 campaigns, and every soldier can conceive what pain I suffered on being deprived of it. General Zulfikine made several efforts to recover it, but ineffectually. The Russians have a great desire for all articles coming from France. Everybody wishes to exchange my money, and I was offered a valuable watch for mine which is old and out of repair."

"SEBASTOPOL, April 2.

"General Osten Sacken's aid-de-camp has brought me the St. Petersburg Journal printed in French. You can have no idea, my dear brother, with what avidity I read it. While reading the articles dated Paris I forgot I was a prisoner in the hands of the Russians. Prince Vasilchikoff hearing that I had not received my clothes, and fearing that I should suffer from cold, has sent me a magnificent cloak, which belonged to a French officer, no doubt dead. Since I have been here I have not received any letter either from France or the camp. My greatest anxiety is to learn whether my boldness on the 22d March did not compromise my company. I shall thank God if I alone have suffered. The English colonel with whom I am lodged is married and the father of four children. The captain plays draughts, a game with which I was not acquainted, but which I quickly learned. The game of chess is more interesting, and when I receive my chess-board we shall be the better able to pass the time."

"April 4.

"Baron Captain Krudener has just called to invite me to dine with him at 3 o'clock. I have omitted to describe to you how I pass my time. I rise at 8 o'clock, as late as possible, in order that the day may not appear too long. We then take tea, which is the Russian breakfast, and which they drink with a little bread. But as they know that the French and English are accustomed to something more substantial, they give us a dish of meat. We make a very comfortable dinner at 3 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock are again served out with some excellent white bread. We are offered a fourth repast at 10 o'clock, but we prefer to go to bed. I have already told you that our provisions are supplied from the kitchen of Baron Osten-Sacken, Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Sebastopol."

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF LIVE STOCK BY A RAILROAD TRAIN.—Night before last the train on the Central Ohio Railroad met with a series of accidents, which resulted in a greater loss to the owners of live stock along the line, than the owners of stock in the road. Through the politeness of Mr. W. D. Dalrymple, engineer on the train, we learn the following particulars:—Near Castle station the train ran through a large flock of sheep, killing some 25 or 30; and after proceeding but a short distance, ran through a drove of hogs and flock of geese, making considerable havoc among both. Shortly afterwards, when the train was nearing the town of Norwich, it ran over two cows, by which the engine and one passenger car were thrown off the track. Another engine was brought into requisition, and the train proceeded onward and reached this without further accident. The passengers escaped uninjured. [Ohio Statesman, June 9th.]

The Boston Mail has been sold out to a party of practical printers, who will carry on the paper hereafter. Timothy Bigelow, Esq. is to be the editor, and he is a young man of talent and facility in composition, and may make himself distinguished in the editorial fraternity y.—[Boston Cour.]

### AN INTERESTING POSITION.

A perfectly authenticated story is told of an officer residing in British Guiana, who amused himself in fishing, and hunting in a neighbouring river. One sultry day, tired with unsuccessful sport he threw his lines, and drew his canoe to the river's edge, for the purpose of refreshing himself in the water. Having done so, he stretched himself half-dressed, on the benches of his canoe, with his gun at his head loaded with shot, and in this position he fell asleep. Presently he was aroused from his slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking his foot. In a state of half torpor, natural to waking from a sound sleep, he cast his eyes downwards, and to his horror perceived the head and neck of a monstrous serpent, covering his foot with saliva, preparatory to commencing the process of swallowing him whole. The officer had faced death in many forms—on the ocean and in the battle-field—but never had he conceived of it in such terrible guise. For a moment and but a moment the officer was fascinated, and then without drawing his foot, he instinctively seized the gun lying beside him.

The reptile apparently disturbed, for it had

evidently mistaken the officer for a dead carcass, drew its head below the canoe. It rose again, moving backward and forward as if in search of the object it had lost. The officer with the muzzle of his gun within a yard or two of the serpent, fired lodging the contents in its head. The terrible blow, with a hiss, raised its heretofore unseen body in the air, and seemed determined to throw itself upon the officer and embrace him in its powerful coils. A fortunate stroke of the paddle sent the canoe into the stream and to a place of safety. Having procured assistance, the officer returned to the place of attack, and having killed the reptile, found it upwards of forty feet long and of proportionate thickness. —Harper's Magazine.

A Welsh clergyman applied to the Diocesan for a living. The Bishop promised him one; but as he was taking leave, he expressed a hope that his Lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir," said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

Suspect men and women who affect softness of manner, and untroubled evenness of temper, and education studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of discipline into which he that has no sinister motive cannot submit; to drill himself; the most successful knaves are sharp and smooth as a razor dipped in oil. They affect the innocence of the dove, to hide the cunning of the serpent.

WESTERN BLISS.—An Oregon widow thus writes her experience during her sojourn on the Pacific coast:—"I have indeed been most unfortunate; both of my arms are slightly slightly palsied, each of my legs have been broken, my health is generally bad. I had but four husbands in my time, but they all up and died; poor things; and I had four yokes of oxen, and the coarsest Indians stole and eat them."

NOT ABLE TO SUBSCRIBE.—There is a piece of quiet but telling sarcasm in the following:—"Get a paper to spare?" "Yes, Sir, here is one of our last. Would you like to subscribe; and take it regularly?" "I would; but I am too poor." He had just returned from the circus, which costs fifty cents; lost time from his farm, fifty cents; whisky, judging from the smell, at least fifty cents—making a dollar and a half actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it! This is what we call saving at a spite and wasting at the bargain-hole. [Am. paper.]

True joy is a sincere and sober emotion; and they are miserably out who talk laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.

"Never fall out a grey hair," said a gentleman to his daughter; "two generally come to its funeral." I don't care how many come to the funeral, if they only come dressed in black."

### The Present Age.

In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions!

In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and privileges secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. —Channing.

We must send some temperance agent to the Crimea. A letter from there contains the following:

"The men go to the trenches in high spirits now, as Mr. Tower and Mr. Egerton, the administrators of the Crimean army fund, have obtained permission from the authorities to give each man a pint of beer before he starts. On the morning of the 12th they sent up by rail 1100 gallons of beer and four nine gallon casks of port wine, to be distributed gratis among the men engaged in the trenches. I saw a party of 900 men of the 4th division march down on Saturday night to the batteries, and I really believe they could not have looked more cheery and pleasant had they been bound to Greenwell Fair."