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Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1856.

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CAMPBELL FISH FAIR, Held at WELSHPOOL, Oct. 15, 1856.

It was the largest ever yet exhibited on the island, and all the articles, with very few exceptions, were of a very superior quality. There were 45 samples of smoked herrings, 7 samples of Yarmouth Bloaters, 3 of dried codfish, 15 of dried pollock, 6 of dried hake, 9 of dried haddock. Of Pickled Fish there were of River Herrings 22 samples (barrels); Pickled Codfish 11 samples, Pickled Haddock 18 samples (barrels), and Mackerel 20 samples (barrels). The Judges of all kinds of Fish were Messrs. Alfred Todd and Robert Parker, who awarded the Prizes as follows on

SMOKED HERRINGS.

H. F. Batson, £2 17 6; Stephen Mitchell 2 15 0; C. C. Flagg, 2 12 6; Nehemiah Mitchell, 2 10 0; Simon Dismore, 2 7 6; Peter Dismore, 2 5 0; Lowell Kelly 2 2 6; William Gibling, 2 0 0; George Batey, 1 17 6; Arthur Flagg, 1 15 0; Arthur Batson, 1 12 6; Edward Lank, 1 10 0; Andrew Parker, 4 7 6; C. W. Sumner, 1 5 0; Jas. M. Parker, 1 2 6; Price O'Flagg, 1 0 0; Joseph Mulholland, 17 6; William Flagg, 15 0; Thaddeus Stimpson, 12 6; Malachi Parker, 10 0.

YARMOUTH BLOATERS.

Alexr. Calder, 1 5 0; Thomas M'Keel, 15 0.

FINNIN HADDOCK.

Daniel K. Mitchell, 1 5 0.
DRIED CODFISH.
Nehemiah Mitchell, 2 0 0; Hebbard Mitchell, 1 0 0.

DRIED HAKE.

James Savage, 5 0 0; Robert Moses, 1 0 0; Daniel Hilliard, 15 0.

DRIED POLLOCK.

Alex. Tinker, 2 0 0; Nath. Phinney, 1 17 6; George Tinker, 1 12 6; William Tinker, 1 10 0; Ezra Mitchell, 1 5 0; John A. Hancy, 1 0 0; James Brown, 7 6; Robert Moses, 15 0; Walter Calder, 12 6; John Phinney, 10 0.

DRIED HADDOCK.

Ezra Mitchell, 17 6; John Phinney, 15 0; Walter Calder, 12 6; James Savage, 15 0.

PICKLED FISH. QUODDY HERRINGS
Ezra Mitchell, 2 0 0; William Tinker, 1 15 0; William Batson, 1 10 0; Walter Calder, 17 6; George Tinker, 1 5 0; Thomas M'Keel, 12 6; John Calder, 10 0; John Calder, jr. 17 6; Thomas Parker, 15 0; Daniel Hilliard, 12 6.

PICKLED CODFISH.

Nathaniel Phinney, 1 10 0; John Phinney, 1 5 0; William Tinker, 1 0 0; James Savage, 15 0; John Calder, 10 0.

PICKLED HADDOCK.

Alexr. Tinker, 1 5 0; George Tinker, 12 6; James Savage, 1 0 0; Jeremiah Brown, 17 6; Nathaniel Phinney, 15 0.

MACKEREL.

Joseph Patch, 1 15 0; George Tinker, 1 12 6; William Tinker, 1 10 0; Alex. Calder, 17 6; Thomas K. Parker, 15 0; Benj. Batey, 1 0 0; Jeremiah Brown, 15 0; Robert Moses, 10 0.

NETS

Manufactured by Females on the Island, from the Cotton Warp; 19 Competitors, exhibiting one fashion each: 10 Prizes. Judge of Nets, Mr. Thaddeus Stimpson.

Mrs. Ezra Mitchell, 14 0; Edith Calder, 6 6; Mrs. Abigail Calder, 11 0; Hannah Savage, 8 0; Jane A. Calder, 7 6; Mrs. Julia Gifford, 7 0; Lucy Savage, 6 6; Penelope Calder, 5 6; Mary E. Calder, 4 6; Dolly Phinney, 3 6.

REGATTA, ON THE 16th:

Four classes of SAILING BOATS. The 1st class comprising Boats of 21 feet keel, 4 competitors, and 3 prizes.

T. Stimpson's Adm. Owen, £2 15 0; C. C. Flagg's Lady Owen, 2 0 0; Joseph Patch's Jack Robinson, 1 5 0; F. Batson's Flying Cloud, 1 0 0.

2d Class, from 18 to 20 feet keel: 18 Competitors and 10 Prizes.
Arthur Batson's Arctic, 2 10 0; Thomas K. Parker's Ready Laid, 2 5 0; Malachi Parker's Shagbark, 2 0 0; William Batson's Roamer, 1 15 0; Price O'Flagg's Belle, 1 10 0; David Davidson's Lone Star, 1 5 0; Nehemiah Mitchell's Nancy, 1 2 6; Hebbard Mitchell's Jenny Lind, 1 0 0; Hugh Simpson's Dread Nought, 17 6; Joseph Mulholland's Kate Hayes, 15 0.

3d Class, 9 Competitors, 5 Prizes.
Jas. Simpson's Becks of Day, 2 0 0; Alexander Tinker's Fly, 1 12 6; Robt. Moses's Carmelita, 1 5 0; Edward Parker's Dale, 1 2 6; John O'Flagg's Romp, 15 0.

4th Class, 3 Competitors, 2 Prizes.
Alfred Bayne's Gannet, 4 10 0; George Tinker's Wasp, 12 6.

ROWING BOATS, 1 Competitor, 3 Prizes.
Thos. Parker's Blueshoe, 2 0 0; Alfred

Brown's Black Snake, 1 5 0; Capt. Robinson's L'Dame Blanche, 15 0.

The Judges of Boats were, Capt. Robinson, R.N. and Mr. Arthur Flagg.
The Course for the Sailing Boats, was from Welshpool round a boat moored on Coffin's ledge, thence round Mark Island, and back to the Red Store Wharf, a distance of eight miles, being sailed by them in 59 minutes.

(From the Westminster Times, Oct. 16.)

RAILWAY PROGRESS!

Last Monday afternoon we had the satisfaction of examining the Railroad from Humphrey's Mill to Cook's Brook, a distance of five miles, besides passing over the line three times at a very respectable speed, in the tender attached to the locomotive.

In order that parties at a distance may understand our remarks, we shall endeavor to be as explicit as possible in stating the position and progress of the work. The contracts are let in three sections—No. 1 being at the Shediac end, and containing the Seadock Bridge which is of itself a very heavy undertaking, and although about 400 men are employed in this section, and the works are rapidly progressing, yet their nature prevents any great appearance to those not thoroughly acquainted with such operations.

Section No. 2, on which about 350 men are employed, contains that portion of the line over which we passed, and only a part of the track is laid as a permanent way, but by completing this for the present and erecting a temporary bridge over Harris's mill stream, the remainder of the work is very much facilitated—the location of this part of the line differs materially from that laid down by the former Contractors, and nothing less than five dangerous curves are to be removed, and the line made nearly straight, by a deflection to the North side in two separate places. The Road Bed has been widened 5 feet the whole distance, (or from 15 to 20 feet wide.) Three miles of new track has been laid, and the remainder all lifted and relaid, and many of the sleepers which were faulty and badly selected have been replaced by a superior quality and better selection.

A considerable proportion of this line has been entirely graded, and a depth of two feet of excellent gravel is now being put on as ballast throughout the entire section. The culverts wherever they have been necessary are of the most solid substantial mason work, being of the best description of stone and laid in cement. The laying of Rails towards Shediac is being proceeded with as fast as possible, and the engines on both sections are in constant operation driving the ballast waggons. The clearings on both sides of the line are widened considerably, say 150 feet in the whole—the stumps all cut close to the surface, and the brush &c. burnt up so as to avoid future mischief being done.

On the part of Mr. Wm. Stevens the Contractor we should say the whole work appears to be done in a style which will bear examination and reflect credit on him as a practical man, and by his unremitting attention to the work himself, together with the experience he has had in this way, we feel confident the public will have reason to be satisfied that their funds are not misapplied.

Mr. Brookfield's section No. 3, comprises the end of the line from Humphrey's Mill to the Town, and although the distance is but short, yet the very heavy nature of the work prevents any great show being made, though we have personally observed that men are here at work both night and day. There are seven bridges in course of construction, besides heavy cuttings and embankments as well as pile driving, &c., all of which are tedious operations, and require a great deal of care and experience; but we may remark that here also there appears to be good progress making, as we understand there are about 230 men at work, which are quite as many as can be profitably employed, although indeed we may say that the Contractors on the whole line are using every diligence to have the work prosecuted with the least possible delay. As far as Mr. Light is concerned, if we may be allowed to offer an opinion, we would say that he is a thoroughly competent Engineer, most unflinchingly competent (both night and day) to every portion of the work, and fully understands the most minute details connected with every department, added to which he is most gentlemanly and courteous to all who have intercourse with him. And in truth we may say there are no drones about his department. We had almost omitted to mention that it is not yet quite two months since active operations were commenced on sections 2 and 3; in fact the first cart was only delivered on the 13th of August.

A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.—Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no gayer when and where it

may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blossoming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude that agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—[Douglass Jerrold.]

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.—During the hallucinations by taking the Indian hemp, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gualter related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language, what it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author—the sensations produced. He says that his "sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors—green, red, blue, yellow sounds reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a foot-stool, a word pronounced loud, vibrated and shook me like 'peals of thunder'; my own voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak for fear of shattering the walls around me, or making me burst like an explosive shell; more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with a harmonious, silvery sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of a harmonica or Aeolian harp; I swam or floated in an ocean of sound." Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after.

We should like to know what is really meant by the words "poetic" and "exaggerated," used in the above article; for if "the Kingdom of God be within us," can any one tell where limits are to be placed to that kingdom, or that the perceptions of the ear of Mr. Gualter must of necessity be either false, or at least "exaggerated" in description.—[Ed. St. And. Standard.]

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE ROYAL BLUEBEARD.—Mr. Froude, in his recently published "History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," draws a portrait of Henry VIII., which will astonish those who have formed an estimate of him from popular histories: Nature had been prodigal to him for her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Henry IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unflinching vigor by a temperate habit and by a constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigor of purpose. In addition to this he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the Archbishopric of Canterbury; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of 12 years of years, for he was no more when he

became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed and, perhaps, an unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

The Image of his Father.

On the birth of the seventh son, all the women came rushing to see the infant, and congratulate the happy parents upon the event. Our friend anticipated the visit, and instead of having the child prepared for it, made the servant bring in a little lap-dog, and dress it up in swaddling clothes, and covering up its face, he laid it in the place the real child should have occupied.

The ladies were introduced to the apartment, and gently approaching the bed, the coverings were turned down, and a portion of the face of the pretended new comer was exposed.

"Bless my soul!" said one of the ladies, "what a remarkable child."
"So very interesting!" said the second.
"And so good natured!" observed the third, as she commenced toying with it.
"And how very like his father!" remarked the fourth.

They were all struck with the observation and exclaimed:

"The very image of his father!"
The flattered parent rushed out of the room convulsed with laughter, leaving the women to discover their mistake.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A few Sundays since a young and interesting country girl, plainly, but neatly dressed, was standing amongst a group of anxious and agitated people on the steam packet Quay, evidently awaiting the London boat which it was expected would bring home a portion of the troops returning from the Crimea. As the boat approached the Quay, the young woman of whom we speak recognized him for whom she evidently was anxiously and impatiently awaiting, and in a few minutes was recognised in return. Kind and fond greetings passed between them, the young woman waved a heartfelt welcome, and her husband acknowledged her salutations. When the boat touched the Quay, she rushed on board, and eagerly making her way to the place where he stood, she reached out her hands to bid him welcome again to home and friends, when the poor fellow faltered for a moment to repress his emotions, turned away from her and burst into tears—both his arms had been shot away. The poor woman hid her face in her handkerchief, and retired to the side of the boat, where she could indulge in her grief without observation, and many of the spectators who happened to witness the scene were almost as deeply affected for the moment.—[Cork Examiner.]

FUN IN BITS.

A correspondent wants to know if a joke is good for anything after it is "cracked." Wanted, a stick to measure a narrow escape.

A man tried the other day to purchase a hen that would lay a brick.

The fellow who is courting Miss Demeanor, thinks very seriously of breaking off the engagement. "What is the matter with you, Jack?" "Why, there is a new girl come out with twenty thousand a year, and I went and engaged myself to Fanny, who has only fifteen thousand a year."

An old lady in Springfield says she won't allow her geese to take a swim 'till she has placed life preservers on them.

An eminent artist is about getting a 'pun-dram' of a law suit. It opens with the year one, and closes with doomsday.

A contemporary writer remarks that marriage directs a man to vegetable markets, botanical physicians, milliner's shops, paragon, summer complaint, and night bells.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAN.—"John," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day."
"Do ye never tak' a wee drap yoursel' sir?" inquired John.

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Vorra true," quoth John; "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No John, I cannot tell you that."

"Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John with an air of triumph.

The Scotch parson looked as if he fully acknowledged the corn, and vanished. John was never catechised after that bout by his worthy pastor.

OUR ENJOYMENTS.—Mr. Ruskin in the new volume of his "Modern Painters," says: "All real and wholesome enjoyments, possible to man since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are, possi-

ble to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare, and spade, to read, to think to hope, to pray,—these are the things to make man happy; they always had the power of doing these,—they never will have power to do more."

SOLD AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper in a small town in Massachusetts one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "selling at half price!" Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered his establishment, and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price.

"Fifty cents a piece," politely replied the shopkeeper.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen." The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a three dollar bill.

"Beg pardon, ma'am. But I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents a piece; that is—ah—six dollars per dozen."

"To be sure, sir, I understood as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price; half of six is three; that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day sir."

NATURE'S SAFETY VALVES.

BEWARE OF IGNORANT ENGINEERS.

Infinite mischief has been done, is done daily, by a class of practitioners who may, with truth, be called medical tinkers. These gentlemen are content to patch up the diseased frame, instead of renovating the system. Their aim is to suppress rather than to eradicate. Professor Holloway belongs to a different school. His cures are not superficial and temporary, but complete and permanent. His theory of external disease is founded on reason and analogy. Abscesses, ulcers, and running sores he looks upon as safety valves, opened by nature, to permit the escape of morbid matter. To suppress the discharge without removing the cause, he would compare about as rational as to tie down the valve of a steam-boiler, while steam was rapidly generating within. As the careful engineer puts out the fire in the furnace, so Holloway quenches the inflammatory principle which induces suppuration, before he attempts to close the orifice through which the discharge takes place. Hence the extraordinary cures of sore legs, open wounds, abscesses, sore breasts, and ulcers of all kinds, accomplished by his Ointment and Pills. These exterior afflictions are the indexes of internal corruption, and the effect of the pills is to disinfest and purify the animal fluid in which that corruption exists. The poison carried by the blood, reveals to the surface, is met and neutralized by the Ointment, and thus the disease is quenched at its source, and at the same time it is developed, and at the same time it is the result is that no relapse occurs, for the poisonous elements being annihilated, there is nothing left, either in the regresses of the system or in the outward integuments, which can rekindle inflammation. The disease is dead, past all resurrection. To film over a virulent ulcer, without destroying its cause, is to throw back inflammation upon the vital organs. The only name that can be given to such treatment is professional homicide. Holloway utterly ignores all skin-disease practice, the cures wrought by his remedies are thorough and fundamental.—[New York Mercury.]

ANecdotes of Mrs. Burns.—A gay young English gentleman one day visited Mr. Burns, and after he had seen the bed-room in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family bible, with the names and birth-days of himself, his wife and children, written on the blank leaf by his own hand and some trifles of a like nature, he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to give him some relic of the poet, which he might carry with him as a wonder, to show in his native land. "Indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell you the truth, I have none left." "Oh, you must surely have something," said the persevering Saxon—"any thing at all do, any little scrap of his hand writing—the least thing you please—all I want is just a relic of the poet; any thing, you know, will do for a relic. Some further altercation ensued, the lady re-asserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewing his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile—"Deed, Sir, unless ye tak' mysel', then, I dinna see how ye are to get what you want for really I am the only relic o' him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.