

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1864.

(\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.)

Vol 31

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1864.

No 51

THE MORNING NEWS FOR 1865!

THE Publishers of the Morning News being determined to greatly extend the already large circulation of their paper, and to make it as acceptable to the public in price as it has hitherto been in interest, have decided to supply

The Weekly Edition for ONE DOLLAR

A YEAR to single subscribers, as well as to Clubs.

Desiring, also, of compensating the get-up of Clubs in some degree for their trouble, they have determined to offer premiums in accordance with the following terms—

To any person sending us a Club of TEN subscribers, with \$10, we shall give an extra copy of the paper to himself.

To any person sending us a Club of FIFTEEN subscribers, with \$15, we shall supply a copy of the Tri-Weekly News for one year.

To any person sending us a Club of TWENTY subscribers, with \$20, we shall send the Tri-Weekly News and the "Canadian Farmer" a first class agricultural paper, for one year from first January.

To any person sending us a Club of FIFTY subscribers, with \$50, we shall send the "Illustrated London News" for one year, and a copy of Worcester's large Dictionary, splendidly bound. To the person sending us the LARGEST CLUB (not less than 100 subscribers with \$100) we shall give a premium of \$15.

[Persons who prefer the "Colonial Farmer" newspaper of this Province to the "Canadian Farmer" can have it instead.]

To any person sending us ONE DOLLAR we shall send the WEEKLY NEWS for ONE YEAR.

The Publishers of the News in offering these inducements, desire to say that were it not for their large and still increasing advertising patronage, (being unsurpassed by any journal in the Maritime Provinces), and for their large subscription list, they could not possibly place the price of their weekly paper at so low a figure. They would also have it understood that the

WEEKLY NEWS is not now excelled

either in cheapness, or in the quantity of matter which it contains by any journal in the Maritime Provinces.

During the year 1865 the News will be kept fully up to the mark in point of excellence. It will contain articles on the leading topics of the day, papers on different subjects from leading writers in the Province, correspondence from various sections of the Colonies, a carefully prepared digest of news from all parts of the world, choice original and selected literary matter, a correct list of the St. John prices current, and intelligence of every kind that can be regarded as useful, interesting or instructive.

THE Tri-Weekly News

is furnished at the low price of \$2.50 per annum payable in advance.

The Publishers respectfully solicit for the News the assistance of any one desirous of circulating a newspaper whose news is progressive, whose aim is to preserve the rights of the people intact, and whose liberties inviolate, and whose desire is to furnish correct and reliable information on all questions.

Communications on all subjects to be addressed to the "Editor of the News."

Specimen copies of either Tri-Weekly or Weekly Edition sent on application.

WILLIS, DAVIS & SMITH, Publishers.

St. John, N. B. Dec. 8, 1864.

A late letter from Cuba contains an account of the carrying off of a boy eight years old by a cutthroat. Several children, coming upon the fish on the beach, attacked it with sticks and stones. So soon, however, as it had got to the water's edge it threw one of its long arms upon the arm of the boy nearest to it, and to his playfellows' horror, began to drag him into the sea. The poor child struggled to get loose and screamed agonizingly, and some of the larger boys rushed to his aid, but too late. His body was almost instantly dragged out of sight.

The "Nouvelles," a matrimonial paper is soon to be established in Paris. The exclusive object of the journal is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers, and every day several columns of "Proposals" and "Wants" will be published, with the hope of securing those who desire to carry on their courtship through the columns of a public print.

Poetry.

What Time has Taken and Gone.

What time has taken?—Stairs that shone
On the early years of earth.
And the ancient hills they looked upon
Where a thousand streams had birth.
Forests that were the young world's dower,
With their long unending trees,
And the halls of wealth and the throats of power
He hath taken more than these.
He hath taken away the heart of youth
And its gladness, which hath been
Like the summer sunshine over our path,
Making the desert green.
He shines of our early hope and love,
And the flower of every time.
The wise, the beautiful, the brave,
That has taken from us, Time!

Miscellany.

THE WIFE TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow, a young pretty, rich widow when Dr. Charles Strahan made her acquaintance. She was poor, but very handsome, and Dr. Strahan was rich, and at her death, two years after, became a rich man, put on her widow's weeds, and pocketed her husband's gold at the same time.

Madame Morton said that poor old Mr. Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he married her; but how should Madame Morton know? Of one thing, however, I can give my friends reliable information. Mrs. Morton had not been a widow one year yet she received with pleasure very decided attention from Dr. Strahan.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was? Well, I studied medicine, and I had the title of M. D. conferred upon him, which he took pleasure in attaching to his name with great flourish. But it is a fact that he never had a single woman patient in as many years. He was of prepossessing appearance, a ready talker on any subject, and was, in fact, first rate company. He played the flute and sang—a good dancer, and an excellent partner at whist; besides, he had some literary reputation. He wrote poetry and two columns sketches for the weekly "Lettelier," and last, though not least, he dressed in good taste, and in the height of fashion; how he did it no one knew, but it was no one's business.

But I must be allowed to correct one rumor which had gained considerable prevalence, to the effect that he supported himself by his literary labors;—an ordinary scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but little over a year, when Dr. Strahan, despite all that gossipers could say, married the widow and her fortune. The fact was, he wanted a rich wife—as to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again, and she could divine no readier way to accomplish this purpose than by marrying. When anybody spoke to the doctor about her being a shrew, he merely remarked that he should take pleasure in taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happily together, for it was in the height of the season, and between Cape May, Saratoga, and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other scarce three hours out of the twenty-four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season over they returned to their quiet home—the place of all others to study a wife or a husband. There is no unnatural excitement, no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdo, no prodigal Mr. B. to please, but the "other half."

After a season of long continued gaiety, there necessarily follows a season of extreme dullness, and when one is dull, one is easily displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Strahan were greatly displeased.

It was their third day at home upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it commenced neither could clearly tell. It is only known that Strahan expressed a desire to dine upon roast beef, and she would have a roast turkey and oyster sauce. He'd have beef or nothing. She'd have turkey, and thus the way of the Strahans commenced. One ordered the butler to have a fowl, and the other gave strict injunctions to have beef while Mrs. S. visited her friends, and parroted of turkey.

After supper, Dr. S. gave a wine suppet in the room which he dignified by the name of study, a sort of valet's store, in which he kept his library, writing desk and spittoon. Here also were two gas cases, one of them contained a giant's skeleton hung on wires, the other was an Egyptian mummy.

The walls were hung with curiosities;—among them was a cane from a tree which hung over Washington's grave, a snuff box from the wood of the charter oak, a chip from the United States frigate Constitution, miner-

als, shells, and fossils of all kinds, specimen cases of corn, enormous sized fruits and vegetables, cases of dried insects and picked reptiles. Stuffed birds were perched about the apartment and voluptuous French lithographs and portraits of distinguished persons were hung promiscuously on the walls; a long reading table, arm chairs, a mommoth bell, metal pestle and mortar, completed the furniture of the study.

During the same evening, Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor. Wine held its volaries in bondage—longer than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired hours before her liege lord came to his chamber, and when he did come he found the door locked, himself without, and her within. In vain he called her; she would not hear, and he was compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which he did, muttering to himself:

"I'll tame her yet."
He laid all night forming a plan to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk into the study; and there they renewed their fierce quarrel, during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for her money. To which the doctor replied by calling her a low vulgar woman, who was only too glad to marry a professional gentleman and author, to enable her to enter society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell-cord, and ordered the servant, who answered it to bring her carriage to the door.

Where are you going? demanded the doctor.

To ride, sir, replied the amiable Mrs. Strahan. I'll go with you, if you please.

But I do not go.

Then I choose to go.

Very well, then, you go alone. I cannot go with you.

You cannot go unless I accompany you, madam.

Cannot?

Well, yes, I will see.

The doctor walked out of the room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and left the house.

She did not sit down, and burst into a flood of tears, but waited patiently for the servant to return whom she had sent for the carriage. When he returned, she told him through the keyhole, to return the horses to the stable, and place the ladder against the study window. The ladder was placed according to directions, and a turkey, with oysters and pastry were brought up to her. The ladder was then removed, and everything made ready for the appearance of her husband.

Near the middle of the afternoon the doctor returned home, stepped softly through the hall, towards the door, peeped through the keyhole, expecting to see a striking picture of humility and contrition.

Judge of his surprise, then, when he saw Mrs. S. sitting before his reading table, on his right hand his bull-mastiff, on which she was resting his mammoth specimen apples, sweet potatoes, and her turkey. Near her stood his water bath in which she was cooking oysters, and she occasionally stirred them with his spatula; on the table stood one of the bottles of wine which had been left from the previous night's revelry, which the lady, for want of a campaign opener, and deprived of his neck with a wedge wood pestle, and using a four ounce graduate for a wine glass; she had cut up campaign baskets for firewood with an Indian tomahawk.

On the left hand stood the doctor's writing desk which she had broken open, and scattering on the desk were tender missives of his earlier love flames, manuscript pages of tales and sketches unpolished or unpaid tailor's bills, while the lady sat reading first a sweet love-letter, then an ode on Napoleon, and so on, throwing them, page after page, into the fire. Thus the husband's brainwork and wooden curiosities were made to cook the dinner.

The doctor looked silently on, as long as he could; then, taking the key from his pocket he unlocked the door, and—it was bolted in the inside.

Mrs. S. he shouted.

Well, sir?

Open the door.

I am very busy just now, and can't be disturbed.

Open the door immediately.

I am busy, I tell you.

I'll burst the door in, if you do not instantly open it.

Do as you please sir but your mummy and giant's skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and don't break them.

The doctor was foiled. For a few moments he stopped and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollecting the ladder, he hastened through the hall out of doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died away on the stairs, before his wife had re-

moved both cases from the door, drew the bolt, and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters and manuscript into the fire, remove the wine and establish, lock the door upon the outside, and put the key in her pocket.

Meanwhile the doctor was raising the ladder to the window, and by the time he had got it placed snugly against half its length, his wife and favorite mammoth were watching him from a lower window.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in; the servant jumped out of the lower window and pulled down the ladder. The doctor saw that the bird had flown, and he rushed back to the window just as the ladder reached the ground.

Put that ladder back again, shouted the doctor.

Let it be where it is, shouted the wife from the window.

Put it up instantly, or I'll discharge you, bellowed the upper one.

Do as I told you, blockhead, shouted the doctor.

Come into the house, John, said the lady coolly.

Put up that ladder, you villain, persisted the worthy M. D.

John, do as I order you, complacently commanded Mrs. S.

And John went into the house, leaving the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody in the vicinity, including his wife and servants.

All night the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before his wife retired, she put her lips to the keyhole, and whispered:

What is your access in taming a shrew?

No answer.

Doctor.

Madame?

Would you like some breakfast?

I am not particular.

There is cold turkey left, if you would like it, sir.

The doctor declined no reply, and the lady again left him alone.

During the afternoon she again called at the doctor.

Doctor.

Well, dear? very humbly.

Would you like some dinner?

I should.

Will cold turkey do you.

Anything my dear.

If I let you out, will you promise never to let me up again?

I will.

And never object to my eating turkey when I wish it?

Yes.

And never attempt to tame a shrew again?

Never.

Then—may—come—out.

And the lady forthwith unlocked and threw open the door.

To this day Dr. Strahan has never attempted to dictate his wife what she shall eat, or when she may ride, and has never been heard to boast again of "taming a shrew."

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE

It seems occurred among the Yankees during Grant's grand reconnaissance. One brigade of Yankees, lately arrived in the army of the James, and unacquainted with localities, became separated by the Boynton plank road. They wandered around for some time in the hopes of meeting with their comrades. Suddenly, however, they came out upon a railroad—the Southside railroad, of course—the very road they were looking for. They set to work upon it in a trice, and enthusiastically tore up about a mile and a half of it. Suddenly they heard the sound of the whistle of the train. They wait for it eagerly, ready to pounce on the unwary passengers and satiate themselves with plunder; but the engineer sees danger ahead, and stops the locomotive with a shriek. The Yankees had torn up a mile and a half of Grant's new railroad, just laid down from the vicinity of Petersburg to City Point.

A remark of Thackeray's, when in this country, illustrates the superior growth of our oysters rather forcibly. He was accustomed to those of England and France, but knew nothing of the monsters we raise here. While dining with some literary friend in New York, he chose oysters, and when asked in what style, he said raw, he liked so much to swallow them. The waiter brought a plate of splendid fellows which were in size about like a man's hand. The great satirist was undismayed, lifted one into his mouth—a perceptible effort, and down it went! Then came a pause—"Ah, yes, swallow 'em," said he. "Egad, I'd as soon think of swallowing a raw baby."

HARD ON THE BACHELOR.—A prominent politician on the Kennebec, who has never been so fortunate to secure a partner for his bed and board, was badly hit a day or two since by a young married lady who is a neighbor of his.

In a conversation between the bachelor

and a friend, upon soap stone stones the bachelor remarked, that some persons had an opinion of soap stone, that many persons carried heated soap stone to bed with them to keep their feet warm.

Yes, said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, but some gentlemen have an improvement on that—which you know nothing about.

Bachelor dropped the subject.

A QUEER STORY.

We are informed that a gentleman from Saint George, called at the Saint Stephen Bank on Saturday last and drew out a considerable amount of money in gold, and started for home. On the way he overtook an old woman, joggling along through the mud, and asked her to get in and ride a piece of the road, which she did. They had not gone far when the gentleman's hat was blown off his head by a gust of wind. He stopped his horse and asked the old lady to hold his horse while he got out and recovered it. This she declined to do, but said she would get out and get it for him. In getting out of the carriage her foot tripped and she fell forward on her face. In falling, her clothes flew up and disclosed a pair of breeches, and a belt around her waist with a pistol and dirk knife hung thereto. Seeing which the gentleman thinking discretion the better part of valor, put the whip to his horse, and left the hat and woman on the road where they fell, and John Gilpin like, never drew rein till he had put several good long miles between him and the woman with breeches on. What became of her deponent saith not. The question is, who could it be? Was it really a man or a woman? Might it not be a Confederate spy in disguise, prowling round? Had it been Damon who had made such a discovery, he would have made money by it.—[Calais Advertiser.]

Grammar class, stand up and recite.—

Tom, parse girls.

Pupil, "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and doubtful number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule, and governed by—circumstances."

THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPER PRESS.—A

N. Y. newspaper correspondent writes:—The coming year is likely to witness a revolution in the new paper business here, as regards prices, etc. The venerable Journal of Commerce notifies its patrons that its rates of subscription henceforth will be \$15 per annum. This is a big jump up, but not more so than is actually necessitated by the high price of all kinds of printing materials, manual labor, editorial services, etc. Two of the other morning papers, it is said, will increase their price from four to six cents each. Of the weeklies, two will probably advance their prices, and the remainder give up the ghost.

HIGH PRICES.—The New York Economist says:—"If the present high prices were thoroughly sifted, it would be found that very many perhaps almost a majority of the articles of human consumption, are held at advances for which there is no just basis whatever. The farmer demands sixty cents for his butter, because gold is high, as he says. What is gold to him? He buys very little, and consumes little which he does not himself produce. It is generally understood that prices are higher, and dealers in every article of human necessity whatever, mark up their prices to the highest figure they think the public will bear."

A TRIPLE SUICIDE.—The porter's lodge a house in the Rue de Faubourg du Temple, at Paris, being found closed at a much later hour than usual recently, the inhabitants forced an entrance, and found the three inmates—father, mother and daughter—all lying dead on the bed, having been suffocated by the fumes of charcoal from a large brazier which was still burning. On the table lay a paper, on which was written, "We prefer death to dishonor." It appears that the unhappy man, having lost all his property some five years since, became conceivably of the house in question, but ill-fortune pursued the family, and, being unable to meet a bill of exchange about to fall due, they resolved to destroy themselves.

—When vegetables are old and tough they may be rendered digestible by being pulped or pressed through a collender, or libers, or stringy parts, are thus either cut out, or rendered easy of digestion.

—The first British Minister to the new Empire of Mexico has been appointed. The honor of representing Her Majesty at the court of the new Emperor has been conferred on the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, lately Minister at the Court of Athens.

The times are likely to be better.