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Poetry.

A Heart's Petition.

Lie all night long upon my branch, O Dew,
And by thy sweet distilling
My barren stock up-filling,
Burst out in soft spring foliage fresh and new.

Rest all night long upon my heart, O Love,
God's love which is for ever,
Whereby each frail endeavour
Of man, is sanctified for heaven above.

The end draws near—light up my soul, O Faith,
Sure of the morning's breaking,
Sure of a blessed awaking,
Beyond the dim, blind porticoes of death.

O faith! O love! O Dew of sacred birth,
Ye are of God's free giving,
Man's human life out-living,
Yet solacing his darkest hours on earth.

SELECT TALES.

The Soft Tongue, and the Bones it Broke.

There was to be a grand affair at Aberffly—a musical contest; the singers of Machlyll were to compete with its singers, and very great was the excitement that prevailed. On the morning of the great day there was an influx of strangers; a special train had brought many an old townsman, and many who were jealous for the honour of Machlyll, to the quaint and romantic Aberffly, which was built on the sea-shore, in the centre of a beautiful bay.

Knots of visitors sprinkled the market-place and the rocks and the ruins of the castle and the shingly beach, on which the tide was making its own music, so dear to the true lover of the sea. The gay dresses and ribbons of the company shone in the sun like a broken-up rainbow; and the old-fashioned Welsh hats, of which there were many, heightened the interest of the scene.

Crossing the market-place, near the great clock in the centre, was a broad faced, merry faced, old Welshman, Owen Griffiths by name. He was everybody's friend, and more truly; the representative of the people of Aberffly than was the gentleman whom they sent to Parliament; for he was the champion of their rights in the total, and the sympathizer in their sorrows and joys individually.

Nobody liked to think what Aberffly would be without Owen Griffiths; nobody knew his age; everybody had always remembered him; he was as much an institution of the place as the sea, the rocks, or the old ruins. Such a smile was on his broad face that morning, as he nodded to one, gave a word to another, praised Wynny Watt's fowls, and told Mary Jones her fruit made his mouth water. As to the children, they sprang up wherever he was to be found as naturally as weeds grow by running water; and whether they got a shower of nuts, or a flourish of his stick and a threat, made with a contradicting laugh, that he would throw them all into the sea, it mattered not; they were round his legs, while he allowed it, thick as a threefold.

hall together, in good time, he said. He didn't say he wouldn't join you again?
Not to me, but he did to others; and he has not been near me since the practice.
Very good. Keep his place for him, and make no wonder of his coming back. It'll be all right, said Owen, going off on his expedition:
Sooner than a man of his side could have been expected to travel he was at the door of John Phillips, a shoemaker by trade, and noted for possessing the richest tenor voice in the whole district.

What, John! he cried, you at home, when all the band is going up yonder to the hall? I never thought, when my pony strap broke this morning, and I put it ready for your man to fetch and mend, that I should see you in the shop.
John looked rather forlornly about on the piles of sand-boots he had just been bringing to the stand by the door, and said nothing.
John, man! sure you don't know the time! exclaimed Mr. Griffiths, pulling out his watch. It's little more than three-quarters till you meet, and you not dressed up. Make haste, and give over the shop to Morgan, and come with me. I expect to hear you sing till you make my heart dance again.

No, indeed, Mr. Griffiths—no, indeed, sir, I'll not sing to-day, nor to-night, said John quickly, and a little thickly.

Why—what in all the Principality has got into your pipes, John? asked the old man, kindly.

Pipes?—oh, anything but good tunes is in my pipes, Mr. Griffiths. Will you please try a pair of sand-shoes? You spoke about a pair last week.

No, John, no; I'm not the man for such light work, when I think about it. But the singing, John—? you don't mean to say you are not going to join to-night? Why, I should miss you out of 'The March of the Men of Harlech' as good as a hundred of the best men, if I didn't bear your beautiful voice.

Indeed, Mr. Griffiths, and you are very good and kind and civil always, and I wish everybody would be like you, replied Phillips in a comfortable tone.

It is a cold, John? asked Mr. Griffiths.

No, indeed, sir; it was about a heat that I took, answered John, sufficiently mollified to smile a little at his joke.

Took a heat?—oh—what a little miff, I doubt—a little affront, would it be?

Not a miff's affront, Mr. Owen. Haven't I been labouring my best to do credit to the singing, and never kept from a practice? and was I to be told before everybody that I sang flat, and put them all out? cried John, red in the face, and greatly incensed.

Who put that on you, John? demanded Owen, calmly.

No other than him who knew best it was no laughing matter, and envy, and jealousy; Richard Hughes is the leader of us, who thinks his own cousin, Rice Hughes, is a better tenor; and let them put him first. I hope they'll be sorry for it.

So he said you sang flat, did he? asked Owen.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Griffiths, said John, rather staggered by Owen's hearing of the affront so quietly.

Well, I shouldn't have thought he'd have the courage to do it, seeing the value your voice is to them. I shall always respect Richard for it, John; he has shown himself a true friend; you have only one fault, and he has told you of it—you do sing flat!

John looked down demurringly at the sand-boots, and said nothing.

Come, come, put it by; get cool of this heat; go to the practice, and keep your voice so as to show them—

No, indeed, sir, no! interrupted John, very decidedly; for he had been rent into a flame by Mr. Griffiths' unexpected approval of the affront.

Well, man, well, take your own way, said Owen; we'll make no more to do about it; but the loss of your tenor will make the 'Men of Harlech' halt in their march. Well, which way do I go to find Morgan? Is he in the warehouse? I'll speak to him about the strap, for he'll do it, and it'll be better if I give him my directions.

Morgan's no man of mine, Mr. Griffiths, said the shoemaker, who looked still more vexed.

How long has that been? asked Owen, who knew the circumstances and all connecting it very well.

Since Tuesday, sir; he got notice from me then; yes, indeed.

Eh! but he was such a workman! said Owen.

Indeed he was; but he had an ugly temper, had he got hot when I found fault; and you know, Mr. Griffiths, I was the master, and knew my own business best.

Surely, surely; so he went, did he? Yes, indeed, and in a terrible passion, too! Very to do of him—regular work, good pay, large family!

Yes, indeed, very foolish, said John. I dare say you are sorry?

Yes, indeed; and I've no man yet, and if I would go to the singing, I couldn't leave the shop, said John.

You'll have him back?
I wouldn't trouble to him for it indeed, Mr. Griffiths; if he won't least a word from me, how can I work with him?

Very true; people shouldn't be so touchy; when they are wrong they ought to confess it, and not quarrel with those who tell them of it.

Yes, indeed, said Phillips, looking a little foolish as he turned over the boots and shoes. I'm sorry for his family. I'll go and speak to him if you like; may be he'll promise to be well tempered in time to come; I dare say he would be glad to come back. Shall I say you will overlook it if he does?

Yes, indeed, if you please, Mr. Griffiths, sir; and I'll be greatly obliged to you, for he knows the business, and he's as long as the day—and, indeed, I have a wonderful mix of him; but you won't make too much of that, will you, sir?

Leave me alone, John; I'm a prudent man, and you may trust me, said Owen, going off towards Morgan in his shed like heep in Vulcan Street.

He was not long away; he returned puffing up the street, for he had had warm work for a warm day and a stout man like him. All right, John, Morgan owns he was too quick. It's the fault with us all—a Welshman is half peeper; he says he will come back and say if you don't let him, and he'll be as the devil but he'll be in future.

You are a true friend, Mr. Griffiths, and I'm for ever obliged to you, said John, with a tear very near his eye.

Oh, don't mention it, John, don't mention it; I see him coming up the street—I told him to make haste. Good bye; I'm hurrying now to go to the practice. I hope the best for the tenor, but I never liked Robert Jones that way.

Mr. Griffiths! Mr. Griffiths! is it Robert Jones they've got? cried the shoemaker after him as he turned up the street.

Ay, I believe they will try for him; but as you got put before him I fancy he will be sulky sad refuse.

Will you be speaking to Richard Hughes now?

Oh yes in a little while.

Then you might say (with a little hesitation) I'll be there to-night.

What hinders you, then, from coming to the practice, when here is Morgan close by?

Yes, indeed; I'll come, said John, untying his apron.

I'll wait while you put on your coat, said Owen, calmly, leaning against the door; and they soon started together.

Do you think I sing flat, Mr. Griffiths—do you, indeed? asked John, as they walked along.

Yes, John, very flat.

I never could find it, said John, in some discontent.

Maybe you never tried, said Owen.

No, indeed, said John.

Very shyly the deserting tenor took round when he entered the hall, but no one noticed him; his seat was vacant, and he went up to it as if his coming was a matter of course; and all the singers, knowing his value were careful not to show surprise, or in any way give offence.

The practice passed, and the contest passed. Aberffly singers took the prize.

It was the March of the Men of Harlech that did it, said Owen; I never heard the like of it before.

Indeed, Mr. Griffiths, said the leader of the band, it was yourself that did it, for you brought us out to-night, and he never sang as he did, both morning and evening, before.

Well, Richard, said the kindly old man, I maybe did; and keep in mind what a strong thing a soft tongue is. There are no bones so hard as bones of contention, and I've broken more than one to day—only with a soft tongue.

THE LATE PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.—The N. Y. Herald, in alluding to the death of that great and good man Agassiz says:—Though not young, he was, until quite recently, full of hope and full of enterprise; but the death of his wife and other causes created a gulf which it will be difficult to bridge. The name of Agassiz is associated with some of the grandest triumphs of modern science. A foreigner by birth, he was an American by choice and by heart adoption; and in the future his name will be associated with American history.

Wide as was his knowledge of the book of nature he never found that that knowledge conflicted with the Book of Revelation.

A man, not accustomed to literary composition or letter writing having lost a new hat at a company meeting, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor:—"Mr. A—prevents his compliments to Mr. B— I have got a hat which is not his, if he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing ones?"

The young man who boasted he could marry any girl he pleased, found he couldn't.

Hints for Farmers.

This moderate weather ought to help farmers a little about their spring work, if they take advantage of it. Those who were unlucky enough to be caught at the first freezing weather, as many were, with turnips or cabbages in the ground, have an opportunity to get them out, and I hope without serious loss. Those who have no arrears of that sort have now a grand chance to get their summer manure worked over and carted into a compost heap in the field where they mean to use it next spring. To get more loam, peat, or leaves into the yard, or to some point near the yards where they can use it as they want it. To get a supply of wood cut and carted home to keep for the summer use. To mend up the wells and fences where they need it, and make them strong enough, so that they will not need overhauling again in the spring, when in a hurry about other work. To build new walls, or tear away old ones. To get stones off the new meadows. To wash and mend a d oil all the harnesses, repair the wagons and give them a coat of paint. To fix up such tools as show marks of last season's work. To patch up the old buildings, with a nail here and a hinge there, as they need it, and to do a scope of other things that are in too much hurry to attend to when plowing, planing, laying or harvesting, and that we cannot do as well when it is very cold, or when the snow is knee deep. Don't sit by the fire and smoke by daylight while such weather as this lasts. There will be weather by and by when that will be comfortable enough.

To the Trade.

Cut down your price and advertise freely, is the best advice that the mercantile men of the highest experience have to tender for the benefit of their trade in these hard times. They argue there is plenty of money in the country if it only could be got at. That the centres of capital are somewhat exhausted is no proof that there is no money in the country. On the contrary it may be a proof that there is a great deal of money scattered throughout the country. It may have been dispersed among the people by a multitude of great public improvements going on, who pay vast sums of money into the hands of the laboring classes. Large firms driving several large enterprises may have caused it to flow more freely than their business warranted, and thus brought embarrassment upon the banking institutions which supplied them. The moment that these firms who have been looked upon as mines of wealth—show any symptoms of distress the cry is raised that "there is no money, that we are on the brink of ruin, and that we shall have hard times." Remember, however, that you have goals on your shelves, that you can't afford to keep them there, that you will require to put forth unusual efforts to keep them before the public, and that the public expect great inducements in these times. Let our business men frankly accept the situation and govern themselves accordingly. Let them face their difficulties with that native force and energy and tact which eminently characterize them, and we are sure that the greater part of these difficulties will sensibly reduce, if they do not altogether disappear.

SLAVERY ON THE GOLD COAST.—

The Times correspondent at Cape Coast Castle says:—"It has scarcely begun in England, but in the English settlements on the Gold Coast slavery exists in a most heinous and revolting form, and is not only tolerated, but formally recognized and sanctioned by law. It is generally believed that where English rule prevails slavery cannot exist. Yet all the force and authority of English law is exerted to assist the slave owner in his claim to his human chattels. The slavery which exists here is termed 'domestic slavery.' The real meaning of this term is that the slave owner cannot export his slave. This is the one practical limitation placed upon his power. A slave can be bought and sold within the limits of this settlement almost as freely as a sheep or an ox. Even the deck of an English vessel does not afford protection to the fugitive slave. Elsewhere an English vessel is regarded as an inviolable asylum of the oppressed. Slaves are constantly dragged from English vessels under the warrant of an English Judge, to be consigned to hopeless slavery. On the 1st of this month a female slave was carried through the streets of Cape Coast bound hand and foot. Her piteous shrieks and cries attracted the attention of a high military official, who proceeded to ascertain what offence the woman had committed, and why she received such treatment. He found there was no charge against her, save that she had endeavored to escape from slavery, and that she was then being, under due legal process, carried back to her master. He had to stand back out of respect to the law, and a group of English officers who were near had to look on in silent shame while the unhappy woman was carried off, vainly entreating their assistance. It is to be hoped that Sir Garnet Wolsey during his administration will add to his laurels by putting an end to slavery where it has found refuge under British rule.

An English Noblemen's Perilous Escapade.

Rather a good anecdote is told of an inveterate English sportsman, the late Earl of Oxford, grandson of the famous Sir Robert Walpole. This nobleman had a weakness for doing everything that other people didn't do, and especially in connection with sporting. A streak with which his memory was identified long after he had passed away was his habit of driving a four-in-hand team of red deer stags, which he reduced to such perfect discipline, in his own park that he was at last tempted to make an excursion with them to Newmarket. The incident that befell him here excited no small degree of amusement among the then Prince of Wales' set, of which Lord Oxford was a habitué.

As the phaeton, with its strange team, approached Newmarket, the cry of a pack of full blooded stag hounds was suddenly heard in the rear. The hounds of the pack had been exercising his hounds in the neighborhood of the heath, and was astonished, on crossing the road, to see his dogs put their noses to the ground, and give tongue in full chorus as they set off in pursuit. The recent left by four stags was naturally breast high; nor was it long before the deep voiced music of the eager pack smote upon the sensitive ears of Lord Oxford's team. Fear prevailed over decision; in spite of all the efforts of the noble character, the stags dashed off at lightning speed, and whiled the light phaeton after them with the celerity of a whirlwind. In vain did the trained grooms on horseback take part in the headlong race. The stags rushed along the main street of the little town, and never stopped until they turned at full speed into the open portals of the Ram Inn. The hours were slumbered just in time to catch the foremost hounds; and this singular circumstance, as it is a contemporary writer, "although attended with no accident, thoroughly cooled his lordship's passion for deer driving."

A Western editor has put into practice a plan which will enable all papers to dispense with the usual fighting member of the staff. One morning, he was awaked upon by the biggest kind of a fellow armed with a terrific cudgel, with several and sundry protuberances sticking out all round, marvellously resembling Gold's derringers and bowies, who saluted with:—"Where's that scoundrel, the editor?" Our friend said:—"It is not about, but please take a seat and amuse yourself with a game, the will be in a few minutes," and hurried down stairs, at the foot which he met another man still more profane and fierce, who asked the same question in the same language. "Oh," said the raving editor, "go up stairs; you will find him in the paper." Accordingly he went. He was high pressure steam engine, letting off steam at every step. Our friend waited a minute, and such a crash as it all Pandemonium was let loose. What the result was, was never known, as our friend didn't wait.

It is again settled that if railway companies give free passes, they contract to carry the holders safely, and, if they don't do so, are as much liable to the wounded as if these had paid their way. Notice of non responsibility printed on the back of the ticket to the contrary notwithstanding. Henry Hest was a Free Passer on an Indiana railway, and having been most hospitably snatched, has, by the kind assistance of the U. S. Circuit Court, taken \$8,000 out of the Company. This is right, for of course a free pass implies some kind of consideration.

A man in North Adams, Mass., had, among other property, a fine pig, valued at about thirty dollars. This man owned a small sum to another party in town, who conceived the idea of collecting the bill in this wise: He got a third man to present the debtor with a small pig valued at about three dollars, and, as the law allows but one pig, under certain circumstances, the creditor attached the best pig and got his pay.

STRANGE DISCOVERY.—Some workmen, in lately making excavations in the Rue de Rennes, Paris, near the Pantheon, discovered an ancient tomb, and in the month of the skeleton was a Roman obolus buried with the body, according to custom, for the purpose of paying Charon for ferrying the deceased across the River Styx.

THE GREAT CLOCK OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The great clock in the House of Parliament, London, has been misbehaving itself. It has nearly one second in a month, and consequently has been stopped for cleaning. The average variation of this clock does not amount to a quarter of a second in the year.

"And still they tumble," is still the headline for some of the Western dry goods advertisements.