



er's California Vinegar
...Vegetable preparation,
...the native herbs found
...of the Sierra Nevada
...are extracted therefrom
...of Alcohol. The question
...asked, "What is the cause
...of the success of WATERBURY'S
...is, that they remove
...case, and the patient recov-
...They are the great blood-
...giving principle, a perfect
...regulator of the system,
...the history of the world has
...in compounds possessing
...of every disease man is
...are a gentle Purgative as
...relieving Congestion of In-
...Liver and Visceral Organs,
...etc.

McDONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York,
Druggists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
...erect, and remain long
...their bones are not de-
...dered by any other means,
...a steady beyond reason,
...onsands proclaim WATERBURY'S
...a wonderful invigorant to
...the sinking system.

...mittent, and Intermittent
...are so prevalent in the
...reat rivers throughout the
...specially those of the Mis-
...sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
...Kansas, Red, Colorado, Bre-
...Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
...oke, James, and many others,
...tributaries, throughout our
...during the Summer and Au-
...tumn, so during seasons of
...dryness, are invariably
...extensive derangements of
...liver, and other abdominal
...treatment, a purgative,
...full influence upon these
...is essentially necessary,
...for the purpose equal
...WATERBURY'S Bitters, as
...which the bowels are
...again stimulated, the
...liver, and generally restor-
...functions of the digestive

...Indigestion, Headache,
...sindlers, Coughs, Tightness
...ziness, Sour Eructations of
...Taste in the Mouth, Bil-
...of the Heart, Indur-
...Pain in the region of
...a hundred other painful
...the offspring of Dyspepsia,
...prove a better guarantee of
...a lengthy advertisement.
...King's Evil, White Swell-
...Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
...inflammations, Indolent
...Mercurial Affections, Old
...of the Skin, Sore Eyes
...as, as in all other cases,
...WATERBURY'S Bitters
...great curative powers in
...and intractable cases.
...anatory and Chronic
...Heat, Bilious, Remittent
...Fever, Diseases of the
...Kidneys, and Rheumatism,
...equal. Such Diseases are
...of Blood.

Diseases.—Persons en-
...and Minerals, such as
...sappers, Gold-busters, and
...advance in life, are subject
...the Bowels. To guard
...a dose of WATERBURY'S
...occasionally.

...Eruptions, Tetter,
...Itches, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
...runcles, Ringworms, Scalds,
...Erysipelas, Itch, Scars,
...of the Skin, Humors and
...skin of whatever name or
...ally dug up and carried out
...a short time by the use of

and other Worms, Irk-
...of so many thousands, are
...and removed. No sys-
...no vermifuge, no an-
...the system from worms.

e Complaints, in young or
...single, at the day of, of wom-
...of life, those Female Bil-
...decided an indisputable
...soon perceptible.

In all cases of jaundice, re-
...liver is not doing its work,
...ble treatment is to promote
...the bile and favor its re-
...purpose. See WATERBURY'S

e Vitiated Blood when
...impurities bursting through
...imples, Eruptions, or Sores;
...you find it obstructed and
...vane, cleanse when it is
...will tell you when. Keep
...and the health of the system.

McDONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York,
Druggists and Dealers.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Poetry.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

We laid my love, my darling,
One little year ago,
Where earliest violets blossom,
And latest violets blow.
With bitter tears we laid her
Low in her narrow bed,
And heaped the sunny garden turf
Above her quiet head.

Here break and blush the mornings—
The dews of twilight weep—
And all about her threshold
The noiseless grasses creep;
The rain beats at her sealed door,
The winds with joyous stir
Shake her dim lattice bars in vain—
They cannot waken her!

Fair is her narrow dwelling!
The very silence seems
To breathe faint, fine melodies
We only hear in dreams!
The noiseless grasses creep;
The rain beats at her sealed door,
The winds with joyous stir
Shake her dim lattice bars in vain—
They cannot waken her!

The roses all about her
In lover's crimson break,
The sweet climatic gathers
New sweetness for her sake!
The lilies clothed more white
From her pale dust arise—
The pansies wear the gold of her hair
And the blue of her hidden eyes!

O restless flitting sunbeams,
O plaintive wind and rain
That beat at her grave lattice bars,
She will not wake again!
Fold up your white hands softly,
O lilies in the sun!
For ever and for ever
Her gentle tasks are done!

AFTER CULTIVATION.—If your land is not pro-
ductive of many weeds, nothing need be done to
the potatoes till they approach the time to be-
sow, when you should sow a cultivator between
the rows, and as close to them as possible, twice
in a row. You now take a horse hoe, with ad-
justable mould boards to suit the width of the
row, and run it twice between each row, hilling
up the potatoes just enough to cover all the
weeds among them, and if the work be well
done no further cultivation is necessary.—I ad-
vise first running a cultivator between the hills
to loosen the soil, so that the horse hoe shall
do its work well.

"I don't see how you can be working like
a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her
husband having declared that he had been thus
working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've
been drawing a conveyance all day anyhow."

A RIVAL TO TOM THUMB.—A rival gen-
eral to Tom Thumb is now at Calcutta.
He is a Hindustani Brahmin from Cuttack,
himself only three feet in height, and declares
himself to be 36 years old, while not look-
ing more than eight years of age. The
little fellow is well proportioned and hand-
some, and appears quite satisfied with him-
self. He is employed at Cuttack, says the
Times of India, as "mounted orderly" to a
Lieut. The smallest pony in the world
also is now in the possession of the young
Maharajah of Patiala. According to the
description in a Lahore journal, the tiny
animal comes from Nepal, and though it
stands only eight inches high, it is the per-
fect miniature of a well-bred horse.

James Parton's wife having presented
him with a daughter, the people and the
papers are puzzled as to the relation be-
tween her and her father. Mr. Parton
married his first wife's daughter. As he
was the father of his wife, he must be the
grandfather of his daughter. The mother
being the daughter of her husband, should
also be the grandmother of her own child.
Things are mixed. Bless the baby.

In the United States, where a whiskey
shop, a blacksmith shop, a grocery and two
or three residences constitute many a city,
it is strange to read that the English are
only now talking of elevating the great
port of Liverpool to civic dignity. Yet
such is the fact; Liverpool is only a bor-
ough.

A BURNING TOMB.

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S TALE.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just
before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the
following is a brief narration of a fearful
adventure which happened to me upon that
sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an
early hour on the morning following my
arrival in Salzn (at the foot of the extinct
volcano), praying for fair weather, good
luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit af-
ter summit, on your way to the great and
awful centre of all, you find the danger,
dreadfulness, and desolation gradually in-
crease to the most terrible sublimity—till
at last, when you do finally stand on the
highest point in this unliving world of
chaos, you instinctively pray Heaven, with
an icy shudder shivering through your
miserable frame, to restore you to the life
you seem to have left forever behind you.

Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any
mind the awful scene of desolation that sur-
rounded me when at last I stood more than
four thousand feet above the level of the
sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla.
Six mortal hours—three on horseback and
three on foot—have I been clambering up-
ward from the world below; and now, a-
mong the very clouds that rolled and swept
around me, I stood in a world of lava moun-
tains, ice, and snow—the lava black as mid-
night, the snow of blinding whiteness—
and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a
shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living
thing excepting myself and guide! Far as
the eye could reach, when the moving
clouds permitted me to see, was a succes-
sion of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned
peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound
streams, into whose inanimate solitudes no
human foot had ever penetrated—a world
without plant or life—the very desolation
of desolation—filled with yawning chasms
and dreadful abysses.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me
to protect me from the freezing cold, and
cautiously using my pointed stick to try
every foot of ground before me, I now be-
gan to move about, over blocks, and heaps,
and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms
and pitfalls, and patches of snow and ice,
my faithful guide keeping near, and often
warning me to be careful of my steps. In
this manner I at length ascended a ridge
of considerable elevation, stumbling my
way to the top, and now and then displac-
ing fragments of lava that rolled crushing
down behind me. As yet I had seen no
signs of the mouth of the crater, which
eighty years before had vomited forth its
terrible and desolating streams of melted
black sand; but on reaching the summit of
this ridge, I looked down into a sort of ba-
sin, open at the lower side, and having
some three or four deep seams or chasms
in the centre, into which the melting snow
and ice, on its sides, were running in small
streams. A peculiar and not very agree-
able odor came up with a thin, smoky wa-
ve, and I fancied I could hear a distant
sound, something between a gurgle and a
rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater?"
I said, turning to the guide.
The fellow was as pale as death, and
every feature expressed surprise allied to
fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly de-
manded. "Have you never seen this spot
before?"
"I have seen this place before, master,"
he replied, "but never anything like this.
When I was here last, there was no hollow
here, but only a level plain of snow and
ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely
interested. "What then, do you infer—
that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"
"I fear so, master. What else can have
caused this change? You see there is heat
below, which has melted the thick glacier;
and only a few streaks of ice now remain
above the upper part of the sides, while all
the centre is gone."

"And the ground has a slight feeling of
warmth, too," I rejoined, as I bent down and
laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave, master," returned the fel-
low, hurriedly looking around with an ex-
pression of alarm. "I do not like to re-
main here. We may be destroyed at any
moment. Let us hasten down and report
what we have seen."

"Stay," said I, feeling strangely interest-
ed and fascinated by the mysterious novelty.
"I do not think there is any immediate dan-
ger, for the snow and ice, as plain to be
seen, have melted slowly, and before I go
away, never to return, I should like to ven-
ture into this basin and look down into one
of those chasms."

"On, no, master," replied the guide, with
nervous anxiety, "do not do it. It might
cost you your life!"

"At least, I will risk it, if you will agree
to wait for me," said I, fully determined
on the venture, even though I were to go
without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered; "but re-
member, master, you will go down against
my advice!"

The crater or hollow was about fifty feet
in depth, with gently sloping sides; and
using my pointed stick with the greatest
care, I forthwith began the descent, often
stepping to try the temperature of the lava
with my hand, and finding it grow gradu-
ally warmer as I proceeded, though not
sufficiently so as to excite my alarm. In
a short time I reached the bottom, and
stood on the verge of one of the seams or
chasms which opened far down into the
heart of the mountain. It was about four
feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted
strongly the peculiar odor before men-
tioned. A small trickling stream, from melt-
ing layer of ice above, was running into it,
but I could only see that it was lost in the
deep darkness below, from which came up
a kind of hissing, boiling, gurgling sound,
with something like a rumbling shock at
slight intervals and gentle puffs of heated
air.

Giving no heed to my guide's earnest
solicitation, I now resolved to sound if pos-
sible, the depth of the chasm before me,
and then proceeded to inspect the others;
and for this purpose I broke off from a
larger one a small block of lava, and, ad-
vancing to the very edge of the chasm, I
dropped it down, and listened to the hol-
low reverberations, as it went bounding
from side to side, long after it was lost to
the eye. The depth was so immense, that
I heard it for more than a minute, and then
the sound seemed rather to die out from
distance than to cease because of the stone
having reached its destination. It was an
awful depth, and fearfully impressed me
with the terrible; and as I drew back with
a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed
and reared upward, followed by a steam-
like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound as if
a cannon had been discharged far down in
the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of
nature fairly startled me into a desire for
flight; and I had already turned for the
purpose, when suddenly there came a sort
of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking,
heaving and rolling under me, began to
crumble off into the dread abyss. I was
thrown down, and, on my hands and knees,
praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling
over it and upward, to save myself from a
most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling
together, caught my feet and legs between
them, and without actually crushing them
held them as if in a vise. Then came
another crash and crumble, the lava slid
away from behind me, and I was left upon
the very verge of the awful gulf, now
widened to some fifteen or twenty feet,
down which I looked with horror strained
eyes, only to see darkness and death be-
low, and breathe the almost suffocating
vapors that rushed up from that seemingly
bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful moment!
What pen or tongue can portray them?
There, a helpless but conscious prisoner,
suspended over the mouth of a black and
heated abyss, to be hurled downward by
the next great throes of trembling nature!

"Help, help, help!—for the love of
heaven, help!" I screamed, in the very
agony of a wild despair.

I looked up and around to catch a glimpse
of my guide, but he was gone, and I had
nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven;
and I prayed, as I never prayed before, for
forgiveness of my sins, that they might not
follow me to judgment. It might be a
minute—might be an hour—that I should
have to undergo a living death; but, be the
time long or short, I felt there was no es-
cape from a doom that even now makes me
grow pale and shudder when I think of it.
Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath
me, a black and horrible abyss—around me,
sickening vapors that made my brain grow
dizzy. Rambling and hissing sounds
warned me that another convulsion might
occur at any moment, and another would
be the end of me. Home and friends I
would never see again, and my tomb would
be the volcanic Hecla. I strove with the
madness of desperation, to disengage my
imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have

attempted to move a mountain. There I
was, fixed and fastened for the terrible
death I was awaiting. Oh! mercy, what
a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking
around, I beheld with feelings I never can
describe, my faithful guide hastening down
the rugged side of the crater to my relief.
He had fled in terror at the first alarming
demonstration, but had nobly returned to
save me, if possible, by risking his life for
mine.

"Warned you, master," he said, as he
came up panting, his eyes half starting
from his head, and his whole countenance
expressing mingled terror and pity.

"You did—you did!" I cried, "but oh! I
forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master; and
I will save you if I can—save you, or per-
ish with you."
Instantly he set at work with his iron-
pointed stick to break the lava around my
limbs, but had scarcely made any progress,
when again the earth trembled, and the
blocks parted, one of them rolling down in-
to the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow
sound. I sprang forward—I seized the
hand of my guide—we both struggled hard,
and the next moment we had both fallen,
locked in each other's arms upon the solid
earth above. I was free, but still upon
the verge of the pit, and at any moment
we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up
up, and run for your life!"
I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry
of hope and fear, and half supported by my
faithful companion, hurried up the sloping
sides of the crater. As we reached the
ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy
explosion; and looking back, I beheld with
horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had
so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, I
turned and fled over the rough ground as
fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We
reached our horses in safety, and hurrying
down the mountain gave the alarm to the
villagers, who joined us in our flight across
the country until a safe distance was gain-
ed. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide,
rewarding him as a man grateful for the
preservation of his life might be supposed
to do.

A few days later, when the long silent
Hecla was again convulsing the island, and
sending forth its mighty tongues of fire,
and streams of lava, I was far away from
the sublime and awful scene, thanking heav-
en I was alive to tell the story of my won-
derful escape from a burning tomb.

A SHORT MISCONCEPTION.—A gentleman
while taking a drive, had the misfortune to
have his carriage smashed, and himself and
his coachman thrown violently to the
ground, by his horse taking fright and run-
ning away. The gentleman, however, was
being that of his wig. On picking himself
up, he found his servant in a much worse
condition, holding his forehead in one hand
with the blood trickling through his fingers,
and his master's wig in the other hand,
which he was surveying with the most in-
dignant alarm and horror. "Well, John,"
said his master, "are you much hurt?"
"Hurt! Do you not see the top of my head?"
cried John, who being new to his place, did
not know that his master wore a wig, and
imagined that it was his own scalp he held
in his hand.

An amusing story is told of a young Pa-
risian artist, who had painted the portrait
of a duchess, with which her friends were
not satisfied, declaring that it was totally
unlike her. The painter, however, was
convinced that he had succeeded admirably,
and proposed that the question of resem-
blance or no resemblance be left to a little
dog belonging to the duchess, which was
agreed to. Accordingly the picture was
sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and
a large party assembled to witness the test.
The dog was called in, and no sooner did
he see the portrait than he sprang upon it,
licked it all over, and showed every demon-
stration of the greatest joy. The triumph
of the painter was complete, and all present
insisted that the picture had been retouch-
ed during the night, which was actually so—
the painter having rubbed it over with a
thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was
sharper than the critic's eyes.

A GOOD SISTER DOWRY.—Aunt Towzer
was very much astonished on reading that
the Russian army had set down before
Kars. "Such prostration!" exclaimed
the good old lady. "It's shameful to be
sitting down when they ought to be up and
doing. What d'ye say?" They'll carry the
city with their arms? Don't tell me. I
don't believe a word of it."

Most people probably have observed that
every man is, in a sense, three different

men. In the first place he is the man he
thinks himself to be; in the second place
he is the man other persons think him to
be; and finally he is the man that he real-
ly is.

Trial of a Horrible Murderer.

French Justice and French Sympathy.

The trial of Victor Moryaux for the mur-
der of his daughter, has afforded Parisian
society a few hours special excitement.
The court, we are told, was crammed with
lakes, duchesses, countesses, novel writers,
actors, actresses, and other representatives
of the select classes. The ladies were con-
spicuous by the elegance of their toilettes
and the usual accessories of a fashionable
gathering, and during the mid-day adjourn-
ment refreshments were handed round to
the distinguished persons present by order
of the judge. The prisoner whose trial
was thus honored is described as young,
and of a sympathetic countenance, wintered
that may be, and it is certain that the au-
dience and the jury were favorably impres-
sioned by his demeanor, for though there was
no doubt as to the crime charged against
him, he received the benefit of "extenuat-
ing circumstances," and instead of making
his final appearance on the scaffold at La
Roquette, he will spend the remainder of
his days as a convict, at the cost of the
State. It is difficult to understand why the
prisoner received so much sympathy, ex-
cept that it is alleged he had a bad wife, for
the murder was as cruel as it was delib-
erate, and was subsequently followed up by
an attempt to murder the wife also. The
story is as follows: Moryaux was a wheel-
wright by trade of indifferent character,
and in January last was living apart from
his wife, who resided with her father at
Bagneux, a village on the outskirts of Paris.
On the evening of the 9th, he went to Bag-
neux, and taking charge of his child, a girl
of six years of age, he threw her into a well
and coolly stood all night listening to her
groans. At daylight he walked off to es-
cape detection. The groans were heard by
others, and the child was recovered, but she
died shortly afterwards. On the 16th of
February, Moryaux again appeared at Bag-
neux, and made a fierce assault on his wife
who escaped by leaping out of the bedroom
window. Once more Moryaux eluded the
police, and was not arrested until the 9th
of March, when he was taken into custody
in Paris. We should have thought there
was little in such a crime to excite sym-
pathy, or to justify the recommendation to
mercy which the jury attached to their ver-
dict; but it is not always easy to explain
the vagaries of popular opinion in such mat-
ters, and still more difficult would it be to
account for the brilliant scene which the
Palace of Justice presented during the
trial.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To undertake to reason a girl out of love
is as absurd as would be the attempt to ex-
tinguish Vesuvius with a glass of water.

Said a canny Scotch trader once: "Hon-
esty is the best policy, for I have tried both."
My word in the matter, for I have tried both."

A lady died in Brunswick, Me., a few
days since, who has been sick for twenty-
one years, and most of the time confined
to her bed.

Little Daisy's mamma was trying to ex-
plain to her the meaning of smile. "Oh,
yes! I know," said the child, "it is the
whisper of a laugh."

A poor poet, desiring a compliment, ask-
ed Curran (referring to his published poem
of that name): "Have you read my 'Des-
cent into Hell?'" "No; I should like to
see it," replied the wit.

A thick headed squire being worsted by
the Rev. Sydney Smith in an argument,
took his revenge by saying, "If I had a son
who was an idiot, I would make him a par-
son." "Very probably," said Sydney, "but
I see your father had a different opinion."

Alexander II does not seem to have done
his great work of emancipation as thorowly
as he might. In the thirty-seven gov-
ernments of Russia where the law for the
abolition of serfdom has been in force since
1861, there are still 5,997,834 serfs.

Boston is to have no fireworks on the
Fourth of July, and no balloon, as has been
usual. Perhaps the money is to be spent
after a more sensible fashion. Firing away
\$4,000 or \$5,000 with only a temporary
bad smell left behind, is not perhaps the
most rational method of exhibiting patri-
otism.