



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION,

and all other pulmonary complaints.

It is the only remedy that has been found to cure consumption.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

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Vol 37

Porty

For the Standard.
Appointments and Disappointments.

Disappointment's word
We have oftentimes heard,
We are doomed to meet sometime or
other;
But it seems rather hard,
When we play our best card,
Instead of a trump it is 'Cutter.

An appointment we're told,
Is about to be sold,
To skip it each one tries his best;
There are fifty in chase,
Only one gets the place,
Disappointment belongs to the rest.

To a young lady fair,
We our passion declare,
It hopes she our suit won't refuse;
She will sit with a smile,
Weeds another meanwhile,
Leaving us to go home with the blame.

Now, I think the best plan,
Is for every young man,
Ere he makes too secure of his bliss;
To bear this in mind,
He will frequently find,
Appointments bear prefix of—D's.

A. J. M.

A Song of Harvest Home.

Hail to the merry autumn days, when yellow corn
fields shine
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the
monarch's wine!
Hail to the merry harvest time, the gayest of the
year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing
and good cheer!

'Tis pleasant on a fine spring morn, to see the bud
expand;
'Tis pleasant in the summer time, to view the teem-
ing land;
'Tis pleasant on a winter's night, to crouch around
the blaze;

But what are joys like these, my boys, to autumn's
merry days!
Then hail to merry autumn days, when yellow
corn-fields shine
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the
monarch's wine!
And hail to merry harvest time, the gayest of the
year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing
and good cheer!

—Charles Dickens.

Miscellany

Psalmansar, the Literary Forger.

Psalmansar died in 1761, some years before
the Chatterton. In some respects he was yet
more remarkable; with less genius, doubtless,
without even talent or real literary aptitude,
he displayed a fertility of invention hardly to
be surpassed. Psalmansar, to speak correct-
ly, was not a fabricator of autographs; he
was more and less than that—the inventor of a
language, of a chronology—what do I say?
—of a nation. But his life was yet more
wonderful than his inventions. It is all a ro-
mance. This romance he has written; we
possess his autobiography, yet we do not know
his name! Out of regard for his family he
has sought to conceal it, and he has carried
his secret with him; we shall never know who
he was, nor even when he was. It is sup-
posed, however, that he was born in the south
of France, in Languedoc or Provence. His
family was poor, his father established at
distance, in Germany. George had been
brought up with the Jesuits, then with the Do-
minicans; having finished his theological
course, he was received as preceptor in several
families. But he had indolent and adventur-
ous tastes. He was not slow to adopt the
role of religious impostor, no doubt in order
to profit by his theological studies. We find
him borrowing, begging, traversing Provence,
on his way to Rome; replying to Germany;
playing the part sometimes of a converted
Huguenot, sometimes of an Irish student, or
agent of a pignum. He ran many rakes,
came near being shot as a spy, fell into the
clutches of misery, and behaved himself covered
with scars and vermin. From adventure to
adventure, from knavery to knavery, George
arrived at the grand fraud of his life. Find-
ing himself in a Protestant country, he gave
himself out as a Jesuit from the island of
Formosa, taken to Europe, he said, by Dutch
merchants. Formosa was very little known;
the young impostor recalled, as well as pos-

sible, such accounts of Japan as he had heard
among the Jesuits; then, upon this slight can-
vas, he began to embroider a whole world of
fabry. He fabricated a so-called language of
Formosa, an alphabet for writing it, a gram-
mar to explain the rules. He made a new
division of the year into twenty months. He
invented a new religion, with a book of pray-
ers, and went so far as to worship the rising
and setting sun, with all sorts of forms and
nummeries. Finally, he accustomed himself
to eat raw meat. The idea of doubling the
veracity of a man who ate raw meat, and who
veraciously in characters which no one
knew! Meanwhile Psalmansar (such was
the name he had adopted on becoming Japa-
nese, and which he retained to the end of his
life) had met another rogue, who conceived
the plan of profiting by him. This person,
named Innes, was chaplain of a Scotch regi-
ment then in garrison at Sluis, in Holland. It
was here that Psalmansar made his acquaint-
ance, and that they became intimate. It is
probable that Innes at first had been himself
deceived by the false Japanese, and it is certain
that he soon discovered the fraud; however,
he did not abandon his designs on that ac-
count.

Innes took up Psalmansar, thought him
English, carried him to England, showed him
to the Bishop of London, baptized him with
much ceremony, and, altogether, managed so
well that he ended by obtaining from the
Bishop, as a reward for services rendered to reli-
gion, a living in the country of Essex. Psalm-
ansar, under such patronage, could not fail
to develop his happy gifts and ingenious
knaveries. He hastened to translate the Eng-
lish catechism into the Formosan language,
and had the pleasure of beholding the Bishop
of London award a precious pension to this
work. It was submitted to persons who saw
in it nothing out of the way. To whom could
it occur to suspect a young man of twenty of
so colossal an imposture? Not that there
were not, here and there, weak points in the
system of the Formosa.

It is impossible to be so warned of every-
thing; he had forgotten to give names to the
letters of his alphabet, which caused him some
embarrassment. He had believed that the
Japanese, whom he had taken for his model,
Oriental impostor, which he had asserted, rather
carelessly, that the inhabitants of Formosa
sacrificed their thousand male infants every
year; and when it was represented to him
that, at this rate, the island would long before
have been depopulated, he had no other
answer than an obstinate perseverance in his
deception; he had early formed the resolu-
tion never to retract. Psalmansar, however,
understand what he owed to the public, and
he crowded all his frauds by a new and gigan-
tic one. "An Historical and Geographical De-
scription of the Island of Formosa, with an
Explanation of the Religion, Customs, and
Manners of the Inhabitants. By George
Psalmansar, a Native of that Island." The
work appeared at London, in the English
language, in 1761, and was soon translated
into French and German. In the French it
passed through three or four editions. It was
adorned by the famous alphabet, a map of the
island, plates representing divinities of the
country, costumes, religious ceremonies, edi-
fices, and vessels. [From Literary Forgers,
in Harper's Magazine for October.

Plain Charles Dickens.

An amusing story is told of Charles Dickens
by a friend, who, upwards of a score of years
ago, was taking a walk with him in the coun-
try. The conversation between the two, dur-
ing the walk, turned upon Christian names,
and the friend said, among other things, that
he was curious in English history, art, litera-
ture, science, and theology, that the greater
number of persons who had distinguished them-
selves, had only a single Christian name.
"In literature," said he, "there were John
Gower, Geoffrey Chaucer, William Shakes-
peare, Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon, John
Milton, Samuel Butler, Andrew Marvell, John
Dryden, Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison,
Richard Steele, Lawrence Sterne, Henry
Fielding, Samuel Richardson, Samuel John-
son, Oliver Goldsmith, William Cowper,
George Crabbe, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore,
William Goldwin."

Here he was interrupted by Dickens with
the remark, "And you mean to wind up this
catalogue of single name worthies with Clas
Dickens?" The friend confessed that he
thought that that way tended. "I suspected
so," said he, "but you must not include my name."
Here he paused, planted himself right before
his companion, waved his hand in a mock-
heroic manner, and in a deep, hoarse voice,
like the aside of the "first villain" in a melo-
drama, he said, "Know, then, that I was christened Charles John Hougham,
which three names are to be found on the parish
register." It was as he had said; but,
long ere he became a writer, he disused two
of them, and instead of Charles John Hough-
am Dickens, signed plain Charles Dickens for
all time.

The Strasbourg Cathedral and Clock.

One of the most lamentable results of the
siege of Strasbourg, leaving out of view the
loss of human life, is the injury which the bom-
bardment has inflicted on the noble cathedral,
and, we may add, upon its wonderful astrono-
mical clock. The vast cathedral, which, per-
haps more than any other one thing, has made
the name of Strasbourg celebrated, is consid-
ered one of the finest gothic buildings in Europe.
It was founded A. D. 594. The choir was
built by Charlemagne, probably about A. D.
800, though it was not completed until 1439.
The material of which the cathedral is built is
a brown stone, obtained from a quarry at
Wasselonne, in the valley of Couronne, a few
miles from Strasbourg. The architect of the
existing edifice was Erwin von Steinbach, of
Baden. One John Huell, of Cologne, was
the architect of the puerile tower. We state
these facts because they never before been put
in print. Its spire is the loftiest in the world.
Its height, 466 feet, surpasses St. Peter's,
and is about equal to that of the Great Pyra-
mid. The greater part of the entire structure
was destroyed by lightning in 1007; and the
restored edifice was begun in 1015 and com-
pleted in 1439. The cathedral is in every
part richly decorated with sculptures, and the
western front, rising to a height of 230 feet,
is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of
statues, ornamental carvings, and bas-reliefs.
It has a circular window 48 feet in diameter.
The Prussian heavy artillery has made, it is
said, a ruin of part of the vast building.

The astronomical clock, the product of a
German clockmaker, in about the year 1439,
is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill,
and has no counterpart. It performs not only
the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits
the days and months, and the years, the
process of the seasons, the signs of the zodiac,
and the names and movements of the heavenly
bodies. At each quarter hour an angel comes
out and strikes one stroke on a bell; at
every hour another angel comes out and
strikes twice, and at 12, meridian, a figure of
Christ appears accompanied by the twelve
apostles, all pass around a central point,
and pass in out of sight by another door; the
stroke of twelve being given, a cock flaps his
wings and crows. The clock is enormous in
size, like everything else connected with cathe-
dral, and is invisible from the outside
street—the spectator passing through the nave
of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from
fire and violence before the present year,
having been out of repair and motionless since
the revolution of 1798, until the year 1852,
when it was repaired by a watchmaker of
Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since.
It is to be hoped that this ingenious piece of
mechanism has not been irreparably injured by
the present bombardment.

The loss of Strasbourg library—a vast col-
lection of eight hundred thousand volumes, in-
cluding many collections of rare and curious
manuscripts—is total and irreparable.
It can never be replaced by any collection
hereafter made. It was the slow result of a
thousand years; and its destruction by fire,
caused by the Prussian hot shot, is like the
burning of the Alexandrian library in this,
that of a great number of the works destroyed
no duplicates can never be obtained.

THE MARE IS MINE NOW.—An old gen-
tleman had an only son, and concluded to put
all his property into his hands on condition
that his son would maintain him. As they
had but one horse, the father rode and the son
walked to the just's office to get the busi-
ness done. The writings were drawn and ex-
ecuted, and the son put the deeds in his pocket.
The old gentleman then walked out of the
room, and was in the act of mounting—
when John steps up, takes the bundle out of
his hands and rides off, saying—"Father, the
mare is mine now," and left the poor old man
to trudge home alone.

Next day the father, who kept his sorrow
to himself, was sitting before a blazing fire,
when he called his son, and said—"Johnny, I
have been thinking of some property which
was omitted in the deed yesterday, and I don't
know whether it is best to give it to you now,
or wait till I have done with it."

Oh, said the son, the deeds have not been
sent away to the register, and it is best that
the business should be done together.

Well, then, said the father, get the papers.
The son hastened to the old bureau and
brought them to him. The father asked if
they were all.

Yes, said John.

Then the father tucked them under the
foreside, and turning round, said—"Johnny
the mare is mine now!"

An inebriated individual fell down a flight
of stairs headlong, and a bystander, thinking
him seriously injured, ran to pick him up, but
the man mysteriously staggered to his feet, and
in response to the proffered aid roared out,
"Now you jess lemme 'lons. Wan' no slob-
berin' aroun' me. I allus come down stairs
that way."

Fitting Down Sills Under Water.

It frequently happens that sills have to be
fitted down to the bottom of the water, for the
erection of mills, flumes, dams, bridges, and
other structures, in situations where the water
cannot be turned aside, or kept out without
great expense, for coffer dams, pumping, &c.
The following method of obtaining an exact
outline or profile of the bottom in all such sit-
uations, we have practiced for many years
with invariable success:

The first requisite is a level surface on the
water under which the sill is to be placed.
To obtain this it is sometimes necessary to ob-
struct the surface current sufficiently to back
and deepen the water as far as the sill extends,
now fasten up a row of stakes along the in-
terior bed of the sill, and nail a wide, thin
board upon the edge to these stakes the entire
length, the lower edge at the surface of the
water (water line). An exact outline of the
bottom, or bed of the sill, is transferred to, and
marked upon the board by the following pro-
cess: Fix two pieces of wood in the form of
a T square, the tongue piece longer than the
depth of the water, and marked with feet and
inches, like a ten foot pole, the T-head about
two feet long, and three or four inches wide,
with a mortise through the middle in which
the tongue piece can slide freely up or down,
and at the same time be kept plumb. Place
the T-head on the edge of the board, and slip
the tongue piece down through the mortise to
the bottom, and try the depth along the whole
bed, until the deepest spot is found. Here
cut a notch, or make a hole in the tongue at
the surface of the water, to hold a pencil, and
let one man hold the T-head with one hand,
and the tongue with the other, moving both
hands carefully along the board towards the
end, feeling the bottom as he advances, while
another man holds the pencil in the hole,
marking all the rises and inequalities of the
bottom upon the board, taking care to mark
only when the tongue piece touches the bot-
tom. When thus marked to one end, con-
tinue again at the same low place, and mark
to the other end; and the outline of the bot-
tom will be transferred to the board, with the
relative level of either end or any part indi-
cated by the distance of the pencil mark from
the lower edge of the board, which is the wa-
ter line or true level.

The marked boards may now be taken
down, and the position above the pencil mark
drawn away, when the other portion left will
be a pattern by which to fit the under side of
a sill to the rock or bottom. It is sometimes
better to take the pencil line some inches above
the water line at the lowest part, and where
the bottom is very uneven it is best to mark
the sill by the pattern, so that the slight in-
equalities will be cut out of the stick, which
will not affect its strength, and where low spots
in the bottom occur, short pieces should be
spiked on to fill out the pattern. By this plan
such timbers can be fitted to a rock, or other
bottom, under water, nearly as accurately as
if dry, and with very little more expense.

This method of setting down a mud sill
under water, and the method of taking levels
as far as we are aware, our own inventions—
Practical American Millwright and Miller.

The Pence of Dresden.

On the 25th of December, 1745, the pence
of Dresden was signed. The demands of
Saxony, Maria Theresa of Austria, and G. O.
II. of England became parties to the treaty.
The next day Frederick attended sermon in
the Protestant Church. Monday morning his
army, by slow marches, commenced its return
to Brandenburg. Frederick, highly elated by
the wonderful and almost miraculous change
in his affairs, entered his carriage in company
with his two brothers, and drove rapidly to
ward Berlin. The next day, at two o'clock
in the afternoon, they reached the heart of
Britz, five miles out from the city. Here the
king found an immense concourse of the citi-
zens, who had come on horse-back and in car-
riages to escort him to his palace. Frederick
sat in an open phaeton, accompanied by the
prince of Prussia and prince Henry. The
throne was so great that the horses could only
proceed at the slowest pace. The air resounded
with shouts of "Long live Frederick the
Great." The king was especially gracious
saying to those who eagerly crowded around
his carriage wheels:
"Do not press each other, my children.
Take care of yourselves that the horses may
not trample upon you, and that no accident
may happen."

It was remarked that the whole behavior of
the king upon this occasion exhibited the ut-
most mildness, gentleness, and affability. He
seemed to be influenced by the most tender re-
gard for the welfare of the people.

Upon reaching the palace he stood for a
moment upon the grand stairway, and survey-
ing the thronging thousands, took off his hat
and saluted them. This gave rise to a burst
of applause louder and heartier than Ber-
lin had ever heard before. The king disap-

peared within the palace. Where the poor
neglected queen was at this time we are not
informed. There are no indications that he
gave her even a thought.

At six o'clock in the evening the whole city
was illuminated. Frederick entered his car-
riage, and attended by his two brothers, the
prince of Prussia and prince Henry, rode out
to make the circuit of the streets. But the
king had received information that one of his
former preceptors, M. Dahan, lay at the point
of death. He ordered his carriage to be at
once driven to the residence of the dying man.

The house of M. Dahan was situated in a
court, blazing with the glow of thousands of
lamps.
"It was an alluring sight," says M. Bid-
dell, "to see a dying man in the midst of a
brilliant illumination, surrounded by princes,
and visited by a triumphant monarch, who, in
the midst of the incessant clamor of exulta-
tion, sought only to alleviate the sick man's
pangs, participating in his distress, and re-
flecting upon the vanity of all human gran-
dor."

The king having taken a tender adieu of
M. Dahan, who died the next morning, tra-
versed the brilliant streets of the rejoicing city,
and returned to the palace about ten that even-
ing.

Frederick now entered upon a period of ten
years of peace.—[From "Frederick the
Great" in Harper's Magazine for October.

A Tale with a Moral.

An old maid sat in an old arm chair, and
her cheeks and gray hair, as years con-
tinued down older her wrinkled face, she was sad-
dened to think she was fast of her race.
A race that in olden times lost by, was proud-
est of all the noblest and, she thought, of one
who had loved her dear, and had made her an
offer with heart sincere. And she thought of the
answer she gave him with scorn, because he was
lowly not knightly born. And she wept to think
she alone was left of parents and friends she
was now bereft. The mind ever busy on matters so
deep, in the midst of these thoughts she fell fast
asleep. Then she dreamed of herself a wayward
child, off child was she for being so wild, when
with pony and bound in childish glee, she would
scamper along over meadow and heath. She dream-
ed of herself as old woman, and of one who would
gladly have called her his own. And she dream-
ed that this one she had scorned in her youth, was
standing beside her picture of truth, saying, I
never can be happy in this life, unless you con-
sent to be my own wife. And she dreamed as she
looked in his manly face, that she fell in his arms
in a fond embrace, to think she had grinded her
heart's desire, but said to relate, she fell into the fire.
Then hurriedly passed around the room; and
instead of her lover, she found all gloom.

MORAL.—This moral young ladies is offered to
you: Don't turn up your nose at an offering and
true. Accept him at once, and then with his aid,
You will make a good wife, and not die an old
maid.

WONDERFUL RESULTS FROM ADVERTIS-
ING.—A poor but honest couple in Florida
had their only child, a boy of several summers.
Personal search proving useless, they adver-
tised for him in the daily paper. That very
afternoon an alligator crawled out of a swamp
and died on the front doorstep. In his sto-
mach he contained a handful of red hair, some
bone buttons, a glass shoy, a brass barrelled
pistol, a Sunday school book, and one pair of
chick pants. The advertisement did it—at
least so the editor says. It's of no use for
any alligator that has committed a crime, to
deny the power of a free press! The editor
says he will fetch them right up out of the
bottom of the Pacific Ocean if it is necessary.

CURIOUS.—The first weeping willow in
England was planted by Pope, the poet. Har-
vey received a present of some figs from Tur-
key, and observing a twig in the basket ready
to bud, he planted it in his garden and it soon
became a fine tree. From this stock all the
weeping willows in England and America origi-
nated.

Hall's Journal of Health says: "If a man
will give himself sleep enough, and will eat
enough nutritious food at proper intervals, and
will spend two or three hours in the open air
every day, he may study, and work and write,
until he is as grey as a thousand rats, and will
be still young in mental vigor and cheerfulness."

An editor in Michigan, who promised a yearly
subscription for the largest melon left at his office,
has been perfectly overwhelmed with specimens
of this variety of the pumpkin tribe. His office,
house and barn have been filled with melons,
and he said enough "fruit" to pay off all his old
debts.

ON THE FACE OF IT.—Pretty tocher—
Now Susie Wells, can you tell me what it
means by a miracle? Susie: Yes, mother—
Mother says if you don't marry the new per-
son, 'twill be a miracle.

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