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Vol 36

## Poetry.

### Just before the Battle, Mother.

Just before the Battle, Mother,  
Johnny felt appalled  
What was ailing Johnny, Mother,  
Johnny couldn't tell,  
Johnny ran away, Mother,  
Braving captain's ire,  
Johnny can't abide, Mother,  
Hearing cannon's fire.  
Johnny came to me, Mother,  
Wasn't Johnny right?  
Tea with me was nice, Mother,  
Than a horrid fight.  
Let me marry Johnny, Mother,  
And we'll be the day,  
When just before the little Mother,  
Johnny ran away.

### A Seaside Sketch.

The sun sinks down a round red disk;  
And seen against it, tapering thin,  
(Relieved of all the cares of risk),  
The fishing-smacks come riding in.  
And heaving shoreward, sea grey gulls  
Come sailing up the Sound in flocks,  
Then clean their wings and seek their holes,  
And amid the rifled rocks.  
The soft wind plays round pool and prow,  
Too weak to climb the rocky cliff,  
Within whose deepening shadow now  
Lie bulky barge and tiny skiff.  
And over all the scene anon  
A denser darkness draws around,  
The village lights show one by one,  
And night comes hushing every sound.

**ERSON SALTS.**—Let him be thanked who makes medicine palatable; let him be thanked who tempts them to take curatives that otherwise they would throw to the dogs; though that point is doubtful. There is not a more useful phonic than Epsom salts, nor yet one more nauseous. Think of its nastiness being turned into sweet savor! According to the statement of a German chemist, if ordinary roasted and ground coffee be boiled up with the salt solution, all disagreeable taste is removed, and the mixture becomes actually pleasant. The proportions may be by weight, one coffee to three of salts, to ten of water. Boil, strain, bottle and drink quantum sufficit.

**THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.**—Mr. Bole's sum up, in his Pacific Railroad articles in the Atlantic Monthly, the novelties of nature in California:  
"With such suddenly developed yet securely held wealth as these few facts illustrate, the future of California looms before the visitor with proportions that astound and awe. Her nature is as boundless in its fecundity and variety, as it is in range and starting in its form. While Switzerland has only four mountains that reach as high as 13,000 feet, California has a hundred or two, and one, Mt. Whitney, that soars to 15,000, and is the highest peak of the Republic. She has a waterfall fifty times as high as Niagara. All climates are her own; a variety which her long stretch does not prevent, mountains and valleys introduce. Dead volcanoes and sanken rivers abound in her mountains; the largest animal of the continent makes his cover in her chaparral, the largest bird of the world floats over her plains for carrion; the oldest man has been dug out of her depths; she has lakes so thin that a sheet of paper will sink in their waters, and so voracious that they will eat up a man, horse, bridle and all in thirty days, so endowed in their fountains that they will supply the world's apothecaries with botany, sulphur and soda; she has mud volcanoes and the Yosemite Valley; she grows boots of 120 pounds; cabbage of 76, onions of 4, turnips of 26, and water-melons of 80 pounds, and a grape vine 15 inches thick, and bearing 6500 pounds in one season. Her men are the most enterprising and audacious; her women the most self-reliant and the most richly dressed; and her children the stouter, sturdiest and sauciest in the known world! Let us worship and move on!"

The Press penetrates every nook and corner of society; it searches out and apprehends the most obscure and the most unaccountable in the city and in the fields, in the place and in the cottage; it steals unawares upon the guilty, and rebukes the conscience; it is an officer of justice who does not need to seek out the criminal, for the criminal himself seeks out the officer, and takes him to his home as a friend and a companion.

Husband murder has become much more common in Europe, since the introduction of life insurance.

## Interesting Case.

### THE IMPROMPTU MARRIAGE.

For heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease this trifling which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously.  
Well, there, then, cried the laughing, black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westley spoke—There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you?  
You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you little wretch I cried Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its affectionate demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, as he resumed gravely, after a pause—The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters.  
Shake them off then, Charles, I interrupted the saucy girl, with a defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, I defy you to do it.  
I cannot, Susy, and you know it, replied the hapless lover, impatiently.  
That being the case, said Susy, take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so; it only makes them hurt you.  
The young man turned away, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally. Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.  
Oh! what a beautiful bird is on the lilac tree! cried Susy, suddenly. Do you come and see it!  
Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.  
Don't you think, Charles, said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face; don't you think you could manage it?

What, Susy? asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner. What?  
Drop a pinch of salt on his back? returned the provoking girl, with an air of indifference; for, for such, you know, you could easily catch it!  
His answer was to turn angrily away.  
His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stopped before her, and said:  
Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments toward me, you have always refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you better than my life; but I no longer will be your plaything.  
To-morrow you are going away, to be absent for months, and if you cannot, this very day throw aside your capriciousness, and give me an honest 'yes' for answer, I shall consider all my notice, and I will not see accordingly.

A love would that be? What would you do? asked Miss Susy, curiously.  
Begin by tearing your false and worthless fictions from my heart! cried Charles, furiously.  
It would be a curious piece of business, said Susy.  
I should and would succeed, said Charles, as you shall see, if you are a girl, cruel, heartless girl!  
But I don't wish, Charles, dear—I love deeply to have you love me, said Susy.  
Why, then, cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, why then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?  
Remember, I said I liked to be loved, replied Susy; I did not say anything about loving. But pray, how long did you say you had been waiting for me, in that little speech of yours?  
Three long years, replied Charles.  
Naturally and accurately quoted, Charles. But you know my cousin Rachel was only one year after five years courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the feelings in love point—there is no knowing what wonders time may effect.

If you are not in love now, you never will be, returned Charles sturdily; and I will have my answer now or never.  
Never, then, laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often avowed lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling any longer.  
Never be it, then! he cried; and seizing his hat he strode from the room.  
Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry, lost him? It smote her to the soul to think so. As she heard him open

the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair she raised the window sash, and leaning forward, whispered:  
Charles, Charles, you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good bye, won't you? Surely you are well friends?  
As she spoke the force ran from her bosom and throbbed to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.  
Susy spent the remainder of the day in tears. Early the next day in the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her health. As they reached the wharf and descended from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for a wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.  
The steamboat lay waiting and pulling seemingly impatient to be let loose. Susy's mother, had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of voice behind her—the very voice she had long round and starting feeling fell into the water.  
Another instant and Charles had thrown off his coat and calling out loudly, tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope! he sprang into the water. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam round the wheel but still he saw her not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at last discerned, far below the surface, what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.  
If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror fancied it beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted; scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless. Charles was so nearly exhausted that he had only presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this his last hope of support, seemed to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. Now life seemed now before him into his. He gathered all his energies, and fasted the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsook him. In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles' instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the proffered aid.

At last perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and that he would inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and that he probably sank to rise no more the captain judged it best to trust the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue. The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a boat reached Charles in time to save him also.  
Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat, which now moved off to make up for lost time.

And this when one hero regained his consciousness he found himself many miles from home. Of course his first anxious inquiry was for Susy, and when informed that she was recovering rapidly, his happiness seemed complete. He showed his contentment by falling into a deep, quiet sleep.  
About sunset a message came to him that Miss B— desired to see him. He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's stateroom, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her. She looked very pale and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.  
Charles, said she, without offering a word of thanks, I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?

I will go and see, said Charles, moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, Susy, do you not think that—  
That I am going to die? said she, anticipating him. No Charles, but I want to see a clergyman.  
Charles went and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

I thank you for coming to me, said she to the latter as he entered. I have a strange request to make of you. Would you object

to my presence, and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?  
If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.  
What did you say, Susy? said he. Did I hear aright?  
I believe so, said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. Does the self-meet your approval?  
It was heaven inspired, cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy—but a shade coming over his radiance face, he added gravely. But Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love not, your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less.  
Do not be concerned about that, dear Charles, replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears, be assured you have them both, and the first long, long before you had the last.

But Susy, you said only yesterday—  
Never mind what I said yesterday, interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But indeed, Charles, she added more softly, I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple I have is that I am not good enough for you.  
It is needless to say how the discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day he risked a life, saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out a most unexpected wedding trip.

## ELEPHANTS' SAGAICITY.

Those who have lived much in the jungle in Ceylon, and had constant opportunities of watching the habits of wild elephants, have witnessed instances of the submission of herds to their leaders, that suggest an inquiry of singular interest as to the means adopted by the latter to communicate with distinct orders which are observed with the most implicit obedience by their followers. The following narrative of an adventure in the great central forest toward the north was communicated by Major Skinner, who was engaged for some time in surveying and opening roads through the thickly wooded districts there, will serve better than any abstract description to convey an idea of the conduct of a herd on such occasions.

The case you refer to struck me as exhibiting something more than ordinary brute instinct, and approached nearer to reasoning powers than any other instance I can now remember. I cannot do justice to the scene, although it appeared to me at the time to be so remarkable that it left a deep impression in my mind.  
In the height of the dry season Neutra Kanna, you know the streams are all dried up, and the tanks nearly so. All animals are then sorely pressed for water, and they congregate in the vicinity of those tanks in which there may remain ever so little of the precious element.

During one of those seasons I was encamped on the bank of an embankment of a very small tank, the water in which was so dried that its surface could not have exceeded an area of 500 square yards. It was the only pool within many miles, and I knew that of necessity a very large herd of elephants, which had been in the neighborhood all day, must resort to it at night.  
On the lower side of the tank, and in a line with the embankment, was a thick forest, in which the elephants sheltered themselves during the day. On the upper side and all around the tank there was a considerable margin of open ground. It was one of those beautiful bright, clear, moonlight nights, when objects could be seen almost as distinct as by day, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to observe the movements of the herd, which had already manifested some uneasiness at our presence. The locality was very favorable for my purpose, and an enormous tree projecting over the tank afforded me a secure lodgment in its branches. Having ordered the fires of my camp to be extinguished at an early hour, and all my followers to retire to rest, I took up my post of observation on the overhanging bough; but I had to remain for upwards of two hours before anything was to be seen or heard of the elephants, although I knew they were within 500 yards of me. At length, about the distance of 100 yards from the water, an unusually large elephant issued from the dense cover, and advanced cautiously across the open ground to within 100 yards of the tank; where he stood perfectly motionless. So quiet had the elephants become (although they had been roaring and breaking the jungle throughout the day and evening) that not a movement was now to be heard. The huge vulture remained in his position, still as a rock, for a few minutes, and then made three successive stealthy advances between each, with ears bent forward to catch the slightest sound; and in this way he moved up to the water's edge. Still he did not venture to quench his thirst, for though his fore feet were partially in the tank and his

vast body was reflected clear in the water, he remained for some minutes listening in perfect stillness. Not a motion could be perceived in himself or his shadow. He returned cautiously and slowly to the position he had at first taken up on emerging from the forest. Here, in a little while he was joined by five others, which he again proceeded as cautiously, but less slowly than before, to within a few yards of the tank, and then posted his patrol. He then re-entered the forest and collected around him the whole herd, which must have amounted to between eighty and a hundred individuals—led them across the open ground with the most extraordinary composure and quietness, till he joined the advanced guard, when he left them for a moment and repeated his former reconnoissance at the edge of the tank; after which, having apparently satisfied himself that all was safe, he returned, and obviously gave the order to advance, for in a moment the whole herd rushed into the water.

When the poor animals had gained possession of the tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to enjoyment without restraint or apprehension of danger. Such a mass of animal life I had never before seen huddled together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as in drinking, when I tried how small a noise would apprise them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbors. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight like a herd of frightened deer, each of the smaller calves being apparently abandoned and carried along between two of the older ones.

**SNAKE POISON.**—The chief element of snake poison is formic acid. By digesting this with chromic acid, readily obtained from bichromate of potash, by the addition of sulphuric acid, the result is the production of carbonic acid and water. Hence dilute chromic acid may be safely employed as an antidote to snake poisons. It has been found that the poison infused by snake bites, may be successfully destroyed by applying carbonic acid to the wound. At the same time, ten drops of the acid, diluted with brandy and water, are to be administered at intervals, until the stupor and drowsiness, usually following the bite of a snake, are removed. The plan has been extensively adopted in Australia.

## JOKES AND FANCY.

**Pete,** is you into them sweetmeats again? No, marm, them sweetmeats is into me. Lye is the nature of the burning glass, which heat still in one place, stretch; changed often, does nothing.  
To do the thing properly in New York at a wedding, the bride must have eight bridesmaids, and a hundred dollar puddings besides the one she marries.  
I am going to the Post office, Bob; shall I inquire for you? Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but don't think you will find me at that place.  
Could anything be better than the negro's reply to a young lady he offered to lift over the gutter and who insisted that she was too heavy? Dear missus, said he, I's used to lifting barrels of sugar.

A rovely, according to be witty, thus accounted in the street: Madam, said a young man to a woman who was in a very large monkey. The monkey was discomfited, and slumped.  
A junior student at Cornell University, in rendering account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered as an item "Christy \$30." His father wrote back. I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins.  
An Alabama editor in puffing a grocery, kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her melons as blue as her own eyes, her pepper as hot as her own temper, and her vinegar as sour as her own disposition. I hope that she will catch a better husband."

A little five year old boy was being instructed in morals by his mother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly—by jingo—by thunder—by Jupiter," &c. were only mixed-up words, and but like letters than any other profanity. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane catch by the prefix "by."—The old lady gave up, and the boy is bewildered on morals.  
A man, on being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked the farmer if he would bring it to his home. "Certainly," replied the farmer; "with a sure."—Well," said the grateful man, "I will pay you for the barrel when it comes gone."

Was your earning like a watch, in a private pocket, and do you endeavor to show it, unless you are asked what'clock it is.

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Original issues in Poor Condition  
Best copy available

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Archbishop's clear majority in three hundred... Halifax, Sept. 10. Admiral Walsley sails for St. John on Monday...

FATAL ACCIDENT IN MAINE.—Silas Down of Perry, Me., was fatally burned on Wednesday last by accidentally falling into a furnace used for burning the waste of a saw mill.

THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—On Thursday of last week ground was broken for the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., with appropriate ceremonies.

TWENTY-SEVEN CENTS WORTH OF MARRIED LIFE.—In Virginia, where the law fixes the marriage fee at one dollar, there is a reminiscence of a couple who many years ago called on a parson and requested him to marry them.

Lieut. Governor Bolles intends to give a Ball at Quebec in honor of Prince Arthur: Ship News.

THE INSOLVENT ACT.—The new Act respecting Insolvency passed at the last Session of the Dominion Parliament, having for its object the assimilation of the various acts respecting bankruptcy and insolvency in the several Provinces, came into active operation on 1st instant.

THE STORM OF Wednesday last, did a fearful amount of damage to the Westward, and indeed the upper part of our own Province has also suffered to some extent.

THE BARGE GENIE, launched last week is beautifully modelled and thoroughly finished and adds another to Mr. Edgar's fame as a draftsman and builder.

Mr. Editor.—Having an interest in a vessel bound to Calais and wishing to ascertain whether she had arrived, I failed in obtaining a Calais paper, but a St. Stephen Courier was handed me.

NEW STORE. Notice of Removal. ALBION HOUSE. JOHN B. MAUER hereby gives public notice that he has removed his stock into the new and commodious store, in the end adjoining the Hay Stable and directly at the head of Market Wharf.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE IN SPAIN.—A Madrid letter states that there is great excitement in Spain over the recent execution of nine men near Barcelona, by Lt. Col. Corralis.

WHEAT.—Mr. Edward DeWolf of the Cove farm called at our office and left twelve samples of "Bald Eye Wheat."

THE ST. JOHN "Daily News" has been enlarged for the second time, since its being published daily. Its proprietors are up to the times, and the public will appreciate their enterprise.

SIR W. WALLACE'S GUN.—The Halifax Express says: We noticed to-day a gun standing on Duke Street, labelled "Sir William Wallace's Gun."

INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give PUBLIC NOTICE that they are now prepared to receive tenders for five further Sections of the line.

THE SECRET OF THAT DREADFUL ARCADE! A coal mine at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, has been reached at last. Every soul was dead!

AN ACCIDENT occurred on Friday last, which we are happy to learn will not prove as serious as was at first anticipated. Some young men obtained an old cannon, which they placed on the old steamboat wharf.

YELLOW FEVER.—The "Flying Cloud" from Trinidad at St. John, had three deaths from yellow fever. The vessel was fumigated at Trinidad, but the physician at Partridge Island, has detained the vessel in quarantine for some days.

MONTECALI.—The Montreal branch of promise case between Grange v. Manning, in which \$40,000 are involved.

EMPIRE HOTEL. CORNER OF KING AND WATER STREETS. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Open for Permanent and Transient Boarders. M. H. PATTEN, Proprietor.

FIRST FAL Per Steamships 34 CASE New F. Nov Opening, at the MANCH. Sep. 1899.

SUMMER RETREAT. The Subscriber has newly furnished a sumptuously situated house, corner of Queenward streets, for the reception of families.

THE HOUSE and premises opposite 1 Hotel, near the Railway Station at St. John. The building is adapted for a hotel, with parlors, kitchen and boiler, and also a good store.

SPECIAL NOTICE. The Subscriber being about to re-arrange this plan, is under the necessity of payment of all notes and balances due to himself or the life firm of Gibe and Co.

KENNEDY'S Hotel is situated in the most part of the Town, and within a few minutes of the Landing.

ICE TO FISHERMEN, and other vessels. The following sections of an Act passed by the Legislature, in relation to the occupation of Fisheries, contains...

NOTICE. Mr. L. P. Poirer having departed the late of Mr. Poirer, in the County of St. John, is requested to present the enclosed within three months, and docketed to said estate as required by law.

THE "WATERBURY" 78 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

EMPIRE HOTEL. CORNER OF KING AND WATER STREETS. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



