



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR  
CONSUMPTION,

which is the cause of  
many deaths, and is  
the only reliable medicine  
for the cure of all  
COMPLAINTS.

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Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S., L. L. D.

Professor Huxley was born in the year 1825. Many writers, no doubt, looking at the enormous amount of work he has done, have "inferred" his age to be much greater, but we have our information from an intimate personal friend, and cannot be mistaken. He studied medicine, and entered the naval service as surgeon, and accompanied Captain Stanley's expedition to the Eastern Archipelago, and during the voyage made observations on the natural history of the sea, devoting special attention to the muds.

On his return to England he was appointed and succeeded Dr. Edward Forbes, as Professor of Paleontology at the Government School of Mines, in London; he has also been Professor of Anatomy in the Royal School of Surgery, and of Physiology in the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Our distinguished American author, Dr. E. L. Youmans, defines Professor Huxley's position in the world of science as that of "a philosophical biologist," and as such he ranks among the very first in England or in the world. Although Dr. Huxley is profoundly learned in natural history, he has also found time for general literary culture, and is fond of poetry, fiction, and fine writing. It is this wide culture that gives him such power in his controversial writings. He seems to like nothing better than a regular set to with some members of the old-school scientists, and he has sometimes been accused of exhibiting a pugnacious and acrimonious spirit. At one of the meetings of the British Association he kept a famous fight with Professor Owen, and on another occasion Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, blandly asked him in the presence of a large audience: "Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth to the world that he believes himself to be descended from a monkey?" Professor Huxley rose and replied in his quiet manner, "It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science from the beginning has been a conflict with old prejudices. The true origin of man is not a question of likes or dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by strict scientific investigation. But, as the learned bishop is curious to know my state of feeling upon the subject, I have no hesitation in saying that, were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English church, who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, I would certainly choose the monkey!" The reply was received with a storm of applause, and Huxley was afterwards known as "the man who had extinguished 'Soapy Sam,'" as the English sometimes irreverently called the Bishop of Oxford.

Professor Huxley is a very industrious man. In addition to the writing of valuable books, such as "Man's place in Nature," "The Origin of Species," and the like, he delivers elaborate lectures to the students of the School of Mines, and special courses of evening lectures for working men. Some of his popular lectures have been published under the title of "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews," and they are models of what such discourses should be—clear, concise, and scientifically accurate. Professor Huxley is married to an accomplished woman, whom he met on one of his journeys to Australia. Around his own hearth and in the bosom of his family he is said to be full of humor and cheerful fun. His little boy remarked one day in the presence of a visitor who was staying with the family, "I always know when papa is chaffing by the curl of his nose."

Mrs. Huxley is married and translates German fairy tales for her children, of whom there are seven, and Professor Huxley amuses the home circle by reading something from Wendell Holmes' poems, of whose works he is very fond, or by relating droll stories. A happier domestic circle could not easily be formed.

It is to be hoped that the learned Professor will some day visit this country, and afford us an opportunity of hearing him lecture upon the value of scientific education, and upon other topics around which he has thrown such a charm by the elegance of his language, and the accuracy of his knowledge.—[Scientific American.]

California is losing her worldly indifference to small things, and calling quality for pennies to make change and save the pieces.

The Aurora island, one of the New Hebrides, has disappeared beneath the waters of the South Pacific, with all its inhabitants; and no mortal knows the date of the catastrophe. It was a fertile island, thirty miles long and five broad.

Ship captains have discovered a new kind of sea biscuit which will keep a dozen and it takes a man three days to eat one.

Our Herring Fisheries.

BY REV. MR. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

Very wonderful is that great harvest of the sea which is annually reaped around these shores—a harvest which needs no tillage of the husbandman, the fruits of which are gathered without either sowing seed or paying rent. First comes the spring seal-fishery in which some half million seals are captured. This is succeeded by the summer cod-fishery, lasting till the beginning of October, and yielding not less than sixty millions of cod annually, allowing an average of sixty fish to each quintal of dried cod. Then comes the herring-fishery, beginning in October, and in some localities lasting throughout the winter. The herring-fishery of Newfoundland is yet in its infancy. In 1867, the total export of herring was 149,776 barrels; in 1869, owing to a failure in the Labrador fishery, the total only reached 89,835 barrels, the value, at three dollars a barrel, being \$242,805.

This year, I fear, owing to another most disastrous failure on Labrador, the export of herring will be considerably less than that of last year. Compare this return with that of Britain, where the great bulk of the herring is taken on the shores of Scotland and the adjacent islands. In 1862 no less than 832,001 barrels were cured in Britain, besides an immense quantity used in a fresh condition. The Newfoundland herring-fishery might be increased to almost any extent—the shoals of herring that periodically visit our shores being enormous.

At present the chief seats of the herring-fishery, in addition to Labrador, are Fortune Bay, St. George's Bay, Bay of Islands and Bonney Bay. The Labrador herring enjoy a world-wide reputation, and the herring taken in Bay of Islands are equally fine. This locality, which seems destined one day to be the Amsterdam of Newfoundland, has a winter herring fishery, which lasts from December till April. The bay is frozen over, holes are cut in the ice, and the herring taken in nets. From fifty to a hundred vessels had here during the winter for the Canadian and American markets. From Fortune Bay large quantities of herring are exported to a frozen state, and sold fresh in the markets of Boston and New York. Hitherto little attention has been paid to the cure of herring, and in consequence, the reputation of Newfoundland herring has suffered in foreign markets. It is urgent need of a system of inspection and branding by Government officials, such as prevails in Scotland, and has worked so advantageously. We also require an importation of skilled curers from the North of Scotland to impart to our people a knowledge of the art of curing the herring.

BERRING FAMILY.

The family of the herring is rather extensive—the most prominent members being the common herring, the sprat, the pilchard, the white bait and the anchovy. The pilchard is the sardine of commerce; but its place is often usurped by the sprat, and thousands of the boxes of that fish are annually made up and sold as sardines. In France this practice is extensively followed,—75,000 barrels of sprats being annually taken on the coast of Brittany, of which large quantities are done up in oil as sardines. It is now generally admitted among the best naturalists that the sprat are the young of the herring. However this may be, not less than 13,000 boats on the coast of Brittany are engaged in the sardine trade, capturing sprats, young pilchards and young herring for curing as sardines. According to Mitchell, a sum of \$80,000 is annually expended on cod and mackerel roe for bait in this fishery. From Newfoundland 964 barrels of cod roe were exported last year, the whole of which was forwarded to France for the sardine fisheries. In this country it is worth three dollars per barrel.

LABRADOR BLOATERS.

The herring of Newfoundland is nearly all pickled for exportation. Were there a ready means of communication established between Bay of Islands, Bonney Bay, Labrador and the United States and Canada, one would fancy that a splendid trade might be established by curing the fine herring of these localities as "bloaters" and "rods." The "bloaters" are very slightly cured, and are slightly smoked, being prepared for immediate sale and speedy consumption. The name "bloater" is derived from the herring beginning to swell or bloat during the process of curing. (Small logs of oak are burned to produce the smoke, and the fish are all put on "spits" which are run through the gills. Treated in this way, the Bay of Islands and Labrador herring would be a most delicious article. I think, however, I have given you enough about herring for one article, and may, perhaps, return to the subject.

ADVENT OF THE MACKEREL.

Some forty years ago, old fishermen say, the mackerel were as plentiful around our shores as the cod now are. All at once, however, they disappeared; but, strange to say, they have this year made their appearance in considerable quantities, especially off the north-

ern coasts, and for the first time in forty years, are sold fresh in the streets of St. John. They bring a high price—twenty cents each—and a barrel, pickled, is sold for \$10. The quality is excellent. We are in hopes that the wealth of our seas is about to be increased by the advent of this splendid fish. The mackerel is known to be a wandering, unsteady fish, and is supposed to be migratory, though individuals are always found in the British seas; so that, like the herring, it will probably prove to be a native of the seas where it is taken. The mackerel are found along the whole European coast, as well as the coasts of North America, and are caught as far south as the Canary Isles. In England they are taken chiefly by means of the seine net, though a great number are captured by means of well-baited lines. Any kind of bait almost will do for the mackerel hooks—a bit of red cloth, a slice of one of their own kind, or any clear, shiny substance.—[From New Dominion Monthly for January, 1871.]

MICHAEL AND THE WOLF.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Last December, I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilna district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer, whom I had formerly known at Königsberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensk. We sat late over a very primitive supper, and my host (who is a keen sportsman) was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength, which had lately haunted the neighborhood, and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village like a score of voices all shrieking at once broke in upon our chat.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, rushing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running hither and thither wildly, women screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was rushing past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again?" gasped the fellow, who could hardly speak; "up yonder—woman devoured—run for the watchman!" and away he flew. The next moment my comrade and I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which, we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not forget. The fatal glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of a fire kindled over night, in vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim-bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, spasms of bitter sorrow, the stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the background, the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the surrounding blackness like giant skeletons; while, in the centre of the group, half buried in the trampled and blood besmeared snow, lay a motionless, shapeless "something," from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every eye is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word was spoken; and in that dead pause of expectation, I have leisure to remark the face of a peasant, who stands opposite me. He is a young man of twenty five or six, though his broad chest and powerful limbs, as well as the magnificent brown beard that waves over the bosom of his sheepskin frock, might make him appear much older. His face is coarse and weather beaten enough; but there is something in that broad low forehead, and square ruthless jaw, and small, deep set, glittering eye that tells you at a glance, that whatever danger might confront him, that man would be very hard to turn. While I am looking at him, he suddenly steps forward and speaks: "It's time finish this," says he in a tone which there is no mistaking. "Who will come with me into the forest, and make an end of that brute, once for all?"

This summons does not remain long unanswered. There is no braver man living than the Russian peasant, when his naturally sluggish blood is fairly up. Three men instantly volunteer to join him; while my German friend and I hasten to follow their example. Our preparations were soon made, and about two in the morning, under the full splendor of the winter moonlight, we set forth on the trail of the destroyer. There but one gun among the six of us, the rest being armed with clubs and hatchets, but the German has likewise a short knife which has done him service before now.

Tramp, tramp as it has been for miles with out sight or sound of our lurking enemy; and the Russians, unused to such severe marching begin to fall behind. The German, myself, and one of the peasants at length find ourselves alone, and halt, in order to give the other three time to come up. Already their steps are heard crunching over the snow, and a few moments later, the dark figures come gliding towards us through the flying shadow; but to our astonishment, instead of three men, only two make their appearance. Our leader is still missing.

"Where is Michael?" asks the German. The men look at each other without answering, and every face reflects the same look of dismay; for we all know what going astray in a Russian forest in winter really means. In the dead hush that follows, we suddenly hear a distant cry—not the deep, hoarse shout of a hunter calling to his mates, but the shrill agonized cry of a man in the extremest need, the cry of the climber who feels his hold relaxing, of the swimmer who feels his limbs failing him. The next moment we were all fleeing in the direction of the sound.

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch us up, had been brought to a halt by the bursting of his shoe strap, and must stoop to adjust it. But there is one watching him, who fully appreciates that defenceless posture. Poor Michael does not hear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the gleam of that fierce yellow eye; but he cannot fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as a huge grayish mass shoots from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs. Yet even to this deadly peril the fellow does not loose heart. One momenta grace is all he needs, while the assailant's teeth fail to pierce his sheep skin frock; and that moment suffices. The wolf's head was under his left arm-pit, in an instant his powerful arm is around its neck, jamming the beast's throat in iron clasp between his side and elbow; while with his right hand he seizes its forepaw, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment for a wild cry for help. And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him—it is a tug of sheer strength now. The wolf erect on his hind legs strains every nerve to tear himself free, once free, one straggling grip of Michael's throat will pay for all. Held on, as you love your life, through your joints crackle, and sinews start, and your head swim dizzily, hold on still, tighter, tighter, tighter! And so amid the tomb like shadows of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the death grapple proceed. That iron pressure is beginning to tell at last—the fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the huge jaws writhe convulsively, and from their eaves the hot blood and foam spurt over Michael's face. But how long can that hold be maintained? Are not straining muscles already yielding? The sufficed fingers already relaxing their clutch? And the five stomach comrades who would rush to the rescue if they but knew—where are they? One last despairing cry for aid, which the echoes of the lonely forest give back as if in mockery—sudden, then everything swims around him, shadows dance before his eyes, a rushing, roaring sound sweeps past him, there is a dull crash close to his ear, and he falls exhausted to the earth.

"Was for ein theil!" says the German admiringly, tearing his reeking knife from the throat of the monster, whose skull is literally shivered by the formidable hatchets. When we lifted Michael, we found him, to our astonishment, completely unwounded, tho' utterly spent with his super-human exertions. His first act on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself devoutly, and murmuring a few words of prayer, he staggered up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and bending over it, said, with a taunting grin, "Now bra, ja rigel, ich li?" ("We li, brother, I've won, haven't I?") We rewarded the brave fellow as he deserved; but in the hope of obtaining him a further reward from the government, we tho't it best to publish the whole story in one of the local Russian papers, whence it soon after found its way into the journals of the metro-polis, exciting thereby an interest in behalf of the hero, which is now (I am glad to learn) likely to bear abundant fruit.

such parts as Captain Macbeth. Like Rachel, and many other celebrated women, she contrived it is hard to say how, to educate herself so that she could hold her own in conversation in any society; and such was her natural grace that she excelled in the character of Millant and Lady Towney, in which the well-bred air of good society was essential. Frank, kindly and impulsive, she had a wit at will to give piquancy to the expression of every independent turn of mind. She never scrupled to avow that she preferred the company of men to that of women, "who talked," she said, "of nothing but silks and scandal."

The men returned the compliment by being very fond of her company. "Forgive her one female error," said Murphy, "and it might be fairly said of her that she was adorned with every virtue—a truly modest person, when it is considered that Peg was not more chaste, and certainly not less mercenary, than Horace's Barine, to whom, indeed, she was likened in some pointed but very harmless verses by one of her many lovers, Sir Hanbury Williams."

"By Jove," she exclaimed as she ran into the green room one night from the stage, when she had left the house cheering her exit as Sir Henry Wildair, "they are in such delight I believe one-half of them fancy I am a man." "Madams!" rejoined Quin, "the other half, then, have the best reason for not knowing to the contrary."

But when Garrick first fell under her fascination these frailties had not been developed. She was not in the bloom of her beauty—no and charming that was, we can see from Hogarth's exquisite portrait in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection, which forms one of the chief attractions of the portrait exhibition now at South Kensington—and though artists of wealth and rank surrounded her, genius and youth had more charms for her than gold or fine living.

Garrick was deeply smitten by her, and he seemed at one time to have thought her worthy of an honorable love. For one season he kept house together with her and Macklin, and they were united by his friends, Johnston and Headley, among the number. It was thought he would marry her, but Peg's aberration—her "one female error"—grew too serious.

She was, in truth, an insatiable egotist. It was the old story of Lesli and Catullus—her heart was touched and hers was not. It cost him a good many struggles to break his chains, but he broke them at last, and left me finally, in 1743, to the rakes and fools who were out, bidding him for her favors.

He was worthy of a mate; and he was to find one before long, for in March, 1746, the lady came to England, who was to replace his feverish passion for the wayward Wellington by a devotion which grew stronger and deeper with every year of his life. This was the fair Eva Maria Veigel, which latter name she had changed for its French equivalent, Violette. She was then twenty one, a dancer and had come from Vienna with recommendations from Empress Theresa, who was said to have found her too beautiful to be allowed to remain within reach of the Emperor Frederick I.

Opening of the Railway from Amherst to St. John.

Our correspondent at Moncton writes as follows about the railway opening:— The Railway from Amherst to St. John was formally opened for freight and passenger traffic on Wednesday 4th inst. The event was celebrated by a free excursion from Amherst to Moncton, and a supper at the latter place provided by the contractors, Messrs. Grant, Sutherland & Co.

The day was everything that could be desired, very fine, cool and bracing. About one hundred and thirty persons availed themselves of the privilege to enjoy a free ride over the rails, many of whom, probably, had upon that occasion their first ride in a Rail Car. Most of the passengers belonged to Amherst. There was fair sprinkling of ladies present, and their bright eyes looked love to eyes that spake again.

Arrived at Moncton nearly one hundred special invited guests sat down to dinner, among whom were the Railway officials and many of the leading business men of Amherst. The tables were supplied with every delicacy. Mr. Grant, of Grant, Sutherland & Co., presided, supported on the right by Hon. Harry Dekey of Nova Scotia, and on the left by Hon. Judge Bestford. After ample justice had been done to the good things J. A. Grant, Esq., of Halifax, proposed "Our most gracious Queen," drunk with all the honors. This toast was responded to by Hon. Harry Dekey of Nova Scotia, who spoke in eulogistic terms, of our beloved Sovereign and said that he would propose another toast previous to taking his seat. He expressed gratification that the people of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were now able to shake hands with an iron grip. The people of these two Provinces could now be able to become more intimately acquainted, the spoke of the great convenience of Railways to a community and the immense advantages accruing to a country therefrom, and closed by proposing "Success to the Intercolonial Railway."—[News.]

Peg Wellington.

THE FAMOUS COQUETTE AND HER RELATIONS WITH GARRICK, AS DESCRIBED BY THE LATTER'S BIOGRAPHER.

At Drury Lane, Garrick found himself associated with his old friend Macklin, who was deputy manager, and with that smiling and dangerously beauty, Peg Wellington, under whose spell he seemed to have fallen as early as 1740. As an actress, she was admirable for the life, the nature and the grace with which she threw into all she did, set off by a fine person and a face which, as her portrait show, though habitually pensive in its expression, was capable of kindling into passion, or beaming with the sudden and fitful light of feeling and fancy.

She had literally been picked out of the streets of Dublin as a child crying half-penny ballads, and trained by a rope dancer, Mrs. Violine, as one of a filippon company, in











