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LUNG COMPLAINTS.

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is the most reliable preparation ever introduced.
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Vol 33

Poetry.

Britain to America.

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

You are our friends: we must not fight,
Although our hearts are sad and sore,
As ravage Butler's ruthless spite
Comes blighting from Columbia's shore.

It is not fear: we never fear—
When in the right—a world in arms;
But grief provokes Britannia's tear
And fills her bosom with alarms.

Their looks are cold, their speech is hot,
And we are neither wood nor stones;
Still, come what may, we battle not
With our big, brave, high worded sons.

The magnet would forget its skill,
Sun, noon, and stars forget their aid,
When mother's children went to kill
Because some milk sore stood unpaid.

We will not fight, we dare not fight;
Our love would paralyze our hand;
We may be wrong—they may be right,
But, right or wrong, as friends we stand.

I shall not shrink, each thrust that slays,
Would lessen man's estate of good,
And high the wall we raise
That hides the future's ruth.

Each ship that sinks—each fort that fell—
Each splintered limb—each hero slain—
Oppression's hateful ranks would swell
And add some links to cross the chain.

We will not fight—not now, nor hence,
Till the tongue that says we can,
Till the hand that holds our sword
Is as a scabbard upon man.

We own our fate, in time and night,
Is worthy of our best renown,
But still we cannot dare not fight,
Nor fling our gage of battle down.

The day may come when we must fight,
With your young giant by our side,
Should tyrants march all their night
To stop the truth's advancing tide.

We will not fight the strong and brave,
But stand our strength, and wisely too,
To cultivate across the wave
A friendship peaceful, deep, and true.

Our Shakespeare, their Bryant ours,
Dickens and Scott to both are ours,
And each may claim, as precious dowers,
Mill's logic and Longfellow's song.

We will not fight this passing year,
Nor any year till time is grey;
It is not shot or shell we fear,
But God and Nature we obey.

We'll ask the sun to melt our ire,
The wind to blow our wrath aside,
The sea to drown each wild desire,
And Heaven to be our mutual guide.

Boynton's Lightning Saw.

Having seen some of these saws, and be-
lieving them to be an improvement on the old
method of cutting, we copy the following
description from the "Scientific American":

"The teeth of this saw are of even length,
double pointed, cutting only with the outside
and projecting edges, and clearing
simultaneously with the same. All the teeth
being in line, they are as easy for the un-
skilled laborer to sharpen and keep in order
as the old fashioned tooth. The two points of
the tooth operate as one, preventing gouging
out while cutting, and clearing by direct ac-
tion beneath and over. These saws are
gaining in public favor rapidly. A trial of
a cross cut, operated by two men, is, in
our presence, has repeatedly cut a beam of
white oak, 12 by 64 inches, in 10 to 15
seconds, and with from 8 to 10 strokes of
the saw. The invention will, we think,
greatly lessen the labor of a large class of
the most industrious and hard working men to
be found on this continent—the lumbermen—and
its use will result in a saving of both wood and
labor, in the cutting of good wood."

The Montreal Building Association, after
paying their dividends, have a reserve equal
to eight per cent.

The Imperial Parliament unanimously
voted a dowry of £30,000 to the Prince of Wales
and an annual allowance of £6,000.

An arrangement has been made between
the North Shore Transportation Co. and the
Merchants line to run a line of projects be-
tween Montreal and Chicago.

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening after supper I said to the Gen-
eral, "There is one question I have often wished
to ask you, but have been restrained by the fear
that it might be improper." The General drew
himself up, and said in his emphatic manner, "Sir,
you are incapable of asking an improper ques-
tion." "I said, 'You are very kind; but if my
inquiry is indiscreet I am sure you will allow it to
pass unanswered.'" "I hear you, Sir," he replied.
"Well then, General, did anything remarkable
happen to you on the morning of the battle of
Chippewa?" After a brief but impressive silence
he said, "Yes, Sir; something did happen to me
—something very remarkable. I will now for the
third time in my life relate the story."

"The 4th day of July, 1811, was one of extreme
heat. On that day my brigade skirmished with a
British force commanded by General Riall from an
early hour in the morning till late in the after-
noon. We had driven the enemy down the
riverbank: twelve miles to Street's Creek, near
Chippewa, where we encamped for the night, our
army occupying the west, while that of the enemy
was encamped on the east side of the creek. After
our tents had been pitched I observed a horse be-
ing a man in peasant's dress, approaching my
managers. He brought a letter from a lady who
occupied a large mansion on the opposite side of
the creek, informing me that she was the wife of a
member of Parliament, who was then at Quebec;
that her children, servants, and a young lady
friend were alone with her in the house; that
General Riall had placed a sentinel before her
door; and that she ventured, with great doubts
of the propriety of the request, to ask that I would
place a sentinel upon the bridge to protect her
again from the enemy's camp. I assured the
messenger that the lady's request should be com-
plied with. Early the next morning the same
messenger, bearing a white flag, appeared with
a note from the same lady, thanking me for the
protection she had enjoyed, adding that, in ac-
knowledgment of my civilities, she begged that I
would, with such members of my staff as I chose
to bring with me, accept the hospitality of her
house at a breakfast which had been prepared
with considerable attention, and was quite ready.
Acting upon an impulse which I have never been
able to analyze or comprehend, I called two of my
aids, Lieutenants Worth and Watts, and returned
with the messenger to the mansion already indi-
cated. We met one hostess at the door, who
ushered us into the dining-room, where breakfast
awaited us, and where the young lady previously
referred to was already seated by the coffee-man.
Our hostess, asking to be excused for a few min-
utes, retired, and the young lady immediately
served our coffee. Before we had broken our fast
Lieutenant Watts rose from the table to get his
bandanna (that being before the days of napkins),
which he had left in his cap on a side table by the
window, glancing through which he saw Indians
approaching the house on one side, and red-coats
approaching it on the other, with an evident pur-
pose of surrounding it and us, and instantly ex-
claimed, 'General, we are betrayed!' Springing
from the table and clearing the house, I saw our
danger, and remembering Lord Chatterfield had
said, 'Whatever it is proper to do, it is proper to
do well, and as we had to run, and my legs were
longer than those of my companions, I soon out-
stripped them. As we made our escape we were
old at, but got across the bridge in safety."

"I felt some shame and mortification at hav-
ing so nearly fallen into a trap, that I could scarce-
ly fix my mind upon the duties which now de-
manded my undivided attention. I knew that I
had committed a great indiscretion in accepting
that singular invitation, and that if any disaster
resulted from it I richly deserved to lose both my
commission and my character. I constantly found
myself wondering whether the lady really intend-
ed to betray us, or whether we had been accident-
ally observed. The question would recur every
moment amidst the excitement of battle. Fortunately my
presence and services in the field were not re-
quired until General Porter and Ripley had been
engaged at intervals for several hours; so that
when my brigade, with Towson's artillery, were
ordered to cross Street's Creek my nerves and
confidence had become measurably quieted and
restored. I need not describe the battle of Chi-
ppewa. That belongs to and is part of the history
of our country. It is sufficient to say that at the
close of the day we were masters of the position,
and that our arms were in no way discredited.
The British army had fallen back, leaving their
wounded in our possession. The mansion which I
had visited in the morning was the largest house
near, and to that the wounded officers in both
armies were carried for surgical treatment. As
soon as I could leave the field I went over to look
after my wounded. I found the English officers
lying on the first-floor, and our own on the floor
above. I saw in the lower room the young lady
whom I had met in the morning at the breakfast
table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood.

She had been tending to the British wounded.
On the second floor, just as I was turning into the
room where our officers were, I met my hostess.

"One glance at her was quite sufficient to an-
swer the question which I had been asking my-
self all day. She had intended to betray me,
and nothing but the accident of my old rising for
his handkerchief saved us from capture."

"Years afterward, in reflecting upon this in-
cident, I was led to doubt whether I had not mis-
construed her startled manner as I suddenly en-
countered her. That unexpected meeting would
have occasioned embarrassment in either con-
tingency; and it is so difficult to believe a lady of
cultivation and refinement capable of such an act,
that I am now, nearly half a century after the
event, disposed to give my hostess the benefit of
that doubt."

"And now, Sir," added the General, "this is
the third time in my life I have told this story. I
do not remember to have been spoken to before on
the subject for many years." He looked at me,
and seemed to be considering with himself a few
moments, and then said: "Remembering your in-
quiry with General Worth, I need not inquire
how you came to a knowledge of our secret."

"Well, General," I replied, "I have kept the
secret faithfully for more than forty years, always
hoping to obtain my own version of what struck
me as a most remarkable incident in your military
life."—TITMELAND WEEK, in Harper's Magazine
for March.

(From the Scientific American.)

And there were Giants in those Days.

THE LARGEST INVENTOR YET—A MOST RE-
MARKABLE FAMILY OF GIANTIC TURKS.

On Friday, January 27, the floor of our office
trembled under the tread of the largest client that
ever pressed its boards since Minn & Co. com-
menced business. Seating himself at our desk, on
a chair (as much out of proportion to his bulk as
an ordinary baby's chair would be to a common-
sized man) this huge individual explained to us
the nature of an invention for which he was dis-
posed to secure a patent. Having transacted his
business, and created a very unusual sensation
among the numerous attaches of the office, he rose
to depart. On his way out, our associate editor
approached him, and succeeded in gain-
ing from him the following statement, the publica-
tion of which, in our other columns, will, we are
satisfied, minister to that of the marvelous, a trace
of which always remains, even in the most philosophic
bosom.

The name of the individual referred to is Col-
onel Ruth Gordon, and he resides at present in
Algonquin, Ill. He is a native of Turkey in Asia,
and was born among the hills of Palestine. He is
the fifteenth, and last child (the baby) of a family
of fifteen—ten sons and five daughters—sired by a
patriarch now 90 years old, living in the valley
of Damascus, and by occupation a coffee planter.
This venerable sire weighs, at the present time,
520 pounds avoirdupois, and his wife, aged 67,
weighs 560 pounds.

The entire family are living, and not one of
them weighs less than 300 pounds. The oldest
son weighs 630 pounds, and the youngest, our
huge client, outstripping them all, weighs 650
pounds. Not one of the family is less than 7 feet
in height, and the Colonel is a striking 7 feet
6 inches in his stockings. He is not an un-
derfatly portly, and is 33 years old.

He was a colonel in the Austrian army in 1859,
and a colonel commanding in the Mexican army
at the battle of Puebla, May 30, 1862, in which
the Mexicans were victorious. His father at one
time resided in Leeds, Eng., but returned to Tur-
key in 1845.

The Colonel states that there has never been
any sickness in the family to speak of, and that all
are so far as he knows—well and hearty. It was
at Leipzig, Germany, that the Colonel met his fate
in the person of a fair "munchkin," weighing 190
pounds, and 5 feet 9 inches in height, and the union
has been blessed with two sons. Who give promise
of rivaling their father in stature.

The Colonel is a finely-proportioned man, and
walks with a firm and elastic step. He is as
straight as an arrow, and has coal black eyes, hair,
and mustache.

He is an actor by profession. He informs us
that his last engagement was at Simm's Theatre,
in Baltimore, and that he expects to play an en-
gagement in New York during the present season.

Thompson is not going to do anything more
in comedies. He recently asked of his wife
the difference between his head and a hog's head,
and she said there was none. He says that is
not the right answer.

I have lost my appetite, said a gigantic fel-
low, who was an eminent performer on the
frencher, to a friend, I hope, said the friend,
who I had met in the morning at the breakfast
table, her white dress all sprinkled with blood.

Irish Humor.

Of the wit and humor of the Irish, no one
who sees them on their native soil can doubt.
They are the only peasantry in Europe who
can lay any claim to qualities that are usual-
ly reserved for the aristocracy. They have more of
the mental attributes of Shakespeare's clown—
the best natural of his wonderful creations—
than any living mortals outside of education.
The English, Scotch, German, Italian, and
even French peasants are the veriest clods in
comparison with the Irish, who say bright and
sharp things without effort or premeditation.
Their ready wit and power of repartee are
extraordinary, and improve as one journey-
toward the south. I have frequently heard
acclamations from "gor-ous" and porters and
car-drivers that would have been applauded in
the Academy, and have created envy in the
most exclusive drawing rooms. They never
lack for a word or phrase, and have a verbal
knack of getting out of quandary peculiarly
their own, as respects both the knack and the
quandary. It is a common saw over there that
an Irishman has the privilege of speaking
twice; and I can see the justice of it. He
first makes a blunder, as if by design, and
then renders the blunder bright by illumi-
nating it with a joke.

I remember a colloquy like this in Sackville
Street between an English tourist and a car-
driver:

I say Pat, what are those figures up there?
An' shure, yer honor, thim's the twelve
apostles.

Twelve apostles, indeed! Why, there are
only four.

O' h now, ye wouldn't have thim all out at
once, would ye? That's the post office, and
the rest is inside, yer honor, sorrin' letters.

Dividing through County Wicklow, and com-
menting on what seemed to be the irregu-
larity of the mile stones, my carman remarked:

Be porrah, an' they're not mile stones at all
at all. This is a grave yard of the Miles family,
an' there was so many of thim, ye see, they
hadn't na-ees for thim all, an' so they num-
bered thim, an' thim d' thim wherever they
could find a good spot. And his eye twink-
lingly inquired if the "cote-it" were not good
enough for a drink of whiskey at the first halt-
ing place.

Giving a bar maid a crown, at Limerick for a
mug of ale, the price of which was but three-
pence, she smiled all over her face, and said:
An' my yer worship never wait for for a
pound until I give the change; and I
wish yer ash luck that I know ye wouldn't be
atther askin' for a penny of it.

Amused by a strapping girl, who insisted
on sitting as guide at the Gap of Dunloe, I
gave her a shilling on condition that she would
follow me no farther. Before I had gone an
other mile she re-appeared, when I remind-
ed her of her promise.

Will, she replied, I losht the shillin', that ye
so good-as to give a poor gurl the like o' me;
and I thought I'd come back to see if
ye hadn't found it.

Of course I hand d' her another, with the
words, 'You know, Nora, ye are not telling
the truth, but this time you must keep your
word.'

An' will ye make a poor gurl who's losht
her heart to ye confess in yer verry face that
she's run two miles over dese rough rocks to
get another look at yer han'som' eyes?

A porter at a Galway hotel had with trouble
presented an American trunk from going to
his life instead of Queenstown, and the own-
er rewarded him with a sovereign. The shrewd
fellow held the coin rapturously in his hand
all day in the Glen of Downs of my Celtic
Jehu.

It's out of respect to the byvalut sanery,
yer honor; he want's ye to see it all. An
thin he's an intelligent baste, an' appreciates
good company, an' wants to kepe the likes o' ye
in a loved old Ireland as long as he kin.

From "Pictures of Ireland," in Harper's
Magazine for March.

WOMEN LECTURERS.—Yet there remains in
many courteous and generous minds the old
prejudice. A woman should not speak in pub-
lic, they say. Go if you will, and enjoy lis-
tening if you can; but we will stay away, for
we do not think it feminine. Yet the good
friend who says this went with delight to hear
Jenny Lind, and pats for him—Mrs. Fried-
man's friend sixteen dollars; gloves
and incidental expenses, five dollars—a neat
sum total of twenty-five dollars. He likes
music, she is a sweet singer, it is 'come out
of the East'.

fact' to hear a famous prima donna. Certain-
ly the Easy Chair does not quarrel with those
who like to hear music and sweet singers. But
we were speaking of propriety. Now why is
it not as unfeminine for a woman to sing upon
a platform in a public hall as to speak upon
the same platform? If she sings badly, cer-
tainly she ought to be severely discouraged;
and if she speaks badly, let her—we say it in
a spirit of love—hold her tongue. But then,
in the same spirit, we say the same thing to
singers and orators who are not women. Is
it proper and manly and becoming to his sex
that a man should sing or speak who has no
talent for singing or speaking? It is not this
Easy Chair which asserts it.

But when the woman has a noble talent for
song, exquisitely cultivated when Jenny Lind
stands before us, with her hands resting one
upon the other, and with her very soul
sings, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—is
it improper? Is it unfeminine? Why our
good friend goes home a better man, because
more believing; for that marvellous song—
But suppose that instead of singing those
words she had read other words from the Bible
with such earnestness and conviction and power
that they illuminated your duty would it be
unfeminine or improper that she should do
it? If what she says is evidently said for
edification—no man or woman will care to hear
her. But there are women as intelligent, who
think as much and feel as deeply, as the best
men; and when one of them, feeling the in-
fluence of certain customs and laws in society
as no man feels them, appears solemnly and elo-
quently to the judgement and conscience of
society, it is peculiarly becoming, and especially
feminine, duty that she do so—Easy Chair,
Harper's Magazine for March.

Humors of the Seafoild.

An Irishman had been convicted of robbery
at the Old Bailey sessions, for which he was
brought up, with others, to receive judgment
of death. The prisoner, on being called on by
the officer of the court in the usual way to de-
clare what he had to say in answer to the charge,
should not be passed upon him advanced to the
front of the dock, with a vacant stare and
inquired,

"What was the question?"
"You have been convicted of robbery. What
have you to say why sentence of death should
not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith, answered the prisoner, I have noth-
ing much to say, except that I don't think I
am safe in yer hands."

The court laughed; sentence was passed,
and the prisoner was about to retire, when the
officer of the court led him back and de-
manded to know his age.

"Is it my age ye want?"
"Is it my age?"
"I have I'm pretty well as old as ever I'll
be."

A man the whole court was "convulsed with
laughter," but the wretched man, whose mirth
induced powers were quite involuntary, was
moved even at the scaffold to "set the people
in a roar." In the press-room his iron words
removed, and his arms crossed with cords.

This being done, he seated himself, and in
the midst of the calls of Jack Ketch and of the
deafening shouts of the people, in the procession
to the scaffold, he remained silently on the
bench where he had taken up his position.

"Come, at last," urged the hangman, "the time
is arrived."

But the Irishman would not move.
"The officers are waiting for you, said the
sheriff. "Can anything be done for you before
you quit this world?"

No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew
surly.

"If you won't go, I must I must carry you,"
he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, for I'll
not walk."

"Why not?" inquired a sheriff.

"I'd not be instrumt to my own death,
answered the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mean?" retorted the hapless man.
"I mean that I'll not walk to my death."
And in this determination he persisted, and
was carried to the scaffold, where he was
turned off refusing to do anything which might
be construed into "his being a party to his own
death."—Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for
March.

A Gentleman was endeavoring to enjoy an
evening in the company of a young lady upon
whom he gazed, but found a serious obstacle
in the person of her stern father, who at length
very plainly intimated that the hour for retir-
ing had arrived. "I think you are correct my
dear sir," returned the unshaken young man.
"We have been waiting to have you go to bed
for over an hour."

A colored woman who had been lately con-
verted into a passion over the misdoings of
one her neighbors' young sons. Her mistress
remained upon the propriety of such conduct
in the case of one about to be in the church, and
received this free response: "I have spent
several years in the same way, and I have spent
lost, Miss B—, I'll send dat sinner 'tuss' 'tuss'."

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