

The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Great Storm on the Coast of Scotland and Loss of Life.

On the 21st August, the whole of the east coast of Scotland was visited by a severe gale from the south-east, which caused great destruction of property and loss of life.

On Friday night says a Scottish paper, about a thousand boats, each manned by five fishermen, left the various ports of the east coast of Scotland, betwixt Stonehaven and Fraserburg, for the herring fishery. When at the offing, at about an average distance of ten miles, and the nets down, the wind, which had continued during the day, at south and south-west, suddenly chopped out to the S.E. with rain. About twelve o'clock it blew a gale, the rain falling in torrents, and the night was so dark that none of the land lights could be seen. As soon as the gale came some of the fish-boats began to haul their nets, but the sea ran so high that most of the fleet had to run for the shore to save life. At Fraserburgh, the boats being leeward of Kinnaird's Head, which forms the entrance to the Moray Frith, were less exposed than the boats to the southward, and managed to get a landing without loss of life. But at Peterhead, which is the easternmost point of the coast, and altogether exposed to an easterly gale, seventy out of the four hundred boats that were fishing there are missing, and there is too much reason to fear that most, if not all of them, are wrecked or sunk. At daybreak on Saturday morning, the scene that presented itself along the shore between the Buchanens light-house and the entrance to the south harbour, was of the most appalling description. The whole coast for a mile and a half was strewn with wrecks, and the dead bodies of fishermen. Twenty-three corpses were carried into Peterhead before nine o'clock, and at the time the latest accounts left others were being constantly thrown ashore among the wreck on the sands or the rocks. Forty boats were wrecked within the circuit half a mile, and so sudden and awful was the catastrophe that no means of succouring or saving the distressed and perishing fishermen could be devised. How many boats may have foundered sea or going to pieces among the precipitous cliffs of Buchan no one at present can tell. One thing appears certain, that the lowest estimate of the loss of property by this gale exceeds that produced by any other hurricane hitherto recorded in the annals of the east coast of Scotland. It is calculated that along the coast not fewer than a hundred lives have been lost.

IRELAND.—TREASONABLE DOCUMENTS.—The folly of Smith O'Brien was never more apparent than in his retention, in a careless manner, of treasonable documents, deeply implicating many persons in his insurrectionary designs. A large portion of his correspondence was kept in a travelling bag, which he left at Cashel; and when arrested, O'Brien, in the Bridewell of Thurles, wrote a letter to his correspondent at Cashel, suggesting that the correspondence in question should be destroyed. Of course the letter fell into the hands of the authorities, and the disclosures thus arrived at are most important. On Mr. O'Brien's person was also found a letter from Chas. Gavin Duffy, of the *Notion*, relative to insurrectionary measures, and in what quarters assistance could be looked for; and in consequence of this, the trial of Mr. Duffy for felony will not be proceeded with, but he will be prosecuted for high treason. Rumour says that many of the letters found in Smith O'Brien's portmanteau, and promising him countenance and help from various influential priests and laymen, are forgeries. That such letters exist there is no doubt, but the denial of their authenticity may be made for a purpose.

RUSSIA.—The cholera appears to be spreading on all sides. Forty governments in Russia are at present visited by the disease. The number of deaths between the 25th July and the 2d of August amounted to 546.

In Moscow there were, on the 16th of July, 1906 cholera-patients on hand.

THE "COMIC BRADSHAW."—This is the title of a sixpenny brochure, by Mr. Angus B. Reach. Two extracts will show its quality.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY PORTER.
With muscular arm and strong
(Bedecked in my corduroys),
The box and the crate I lag along,
And the heavy portmanteau poise
In the king of the luggage van,
And my energy never flags.
As I shovel in mountains of trunks,
And oceans of carpets bags!
Then what though the Company says
That never—no matter what happens—
I'm to finger the cash of a gent,
Whom perchance I have helped with his traps
There's many a capital change
(When there's nobody dangerous by),
Just to whisper "I've looked to your things,"
And then pocket the tin on the sly.

So I jollily pass my days
Amid package, and bundle, and box,
Seeing always that "Glass—with care,"
Gets a double allowance of knocks.
And though train after train I may load,
Yet I wouldn't give sixpence to roam,
For when done with old baggage abroad,
I've a wife and young baggage at home.

Another Shocking Murder.—The New Brunswick of the 12th inst. gives the following account of another murder, which was committed at St. John:—

On Sunday afternoon last, between the hours of 4 and 5, it was discovered that a murder had been committed in a house in Portland, known as the Barracks. From the evidence which has been elicited, it appears that Wm. Andrews, a labourer, who was in a state of intoxication, struck his wife on the head with his fist, knocking her down, and in her fall her head struck a table, which caused her death soon after. A Coroner's Inquest was summoned yesterday. The Jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Wm. Andrews, who is now in custody in the common Gaol awaiting his trial for the offence.

LOOK OUT FOR THIEVES.—The Store of Messrs. James Wallace & Co. was broken into on Sunday night, and the iron safe forced, but fortunately, without reward, the burglars with the expected booty. The party that entered must have been in the dark, for the key of the safe was hanging on a nail close beside it. We are informed, that a large sum had been in the safe, a few nights previous to the robbery, and Mr. W. may esteem himself fortunate, that the robbers were the day after the fair. This is rather early in the season, for a commencement, and it will be as well for those interested in the protection of their property, to adopt such measures as prudence may suggest, to hinder, if possible, these depredations from becoming general. There cannot be a doubt, that there are a great lot of scamps about this city, at the present time, who will require to be looked after pretty sharp as the nights get longer.—*Times*.

Scene in Court.—Dangers of a Judgeship.—At our assizes, on Wednesday, a stalwart Irishman, of the name of Edward Coyle, pleaded guilty before Mr. Justice Cresswell to a charge of housebreaking, and requested his lordship to favour him with seven years' transportation. As the circumstances of the case, however, did not justify his lordship in extending to him his wished-for boon, he substituted instead a twelve month's imprisonment; upon hearing which, the would-be tourist growled in a tone transported with anger—"Thank ye, yer honour," and stooping down—before any one was aware of his intention—pulled off one of his iron-shod brogues,

and hurled it at his lordship's head. The formidable missile, which might have put an abrupt termination to his lordship's judicial labours, struck him somewhere on the breast, most fortunately, however, without inflicting any serious injury. After regaining his composure, of which the suddenness of the act had for a moment deprived him, his lordship is said to have observed, in a slightly disconcerted tone, to those around him, "This comes you see, of thwarting people's wishes!" The prisoner was immediately removed.—*Durham Advertiser*.

A Dinner in the Thames.—A young man named Coombs, having provided himself with some potent apparatus, on Thursday, undertook to light a fire and cook and eat a dinner in the water, the possibility of which seemed a matter of doubt to many spectators. Having moored a kind of floating tea-tray out in deep water, near the Chain Pier, Chelsea, he plunged into the stream, proceeded to light his fire and cook his dinner, which he did not with great gusto, to the astonishment of upwards of 3000 people. More than an hour had elapsed ere he had prepared and taken his coffee, after which he floated to the surface, amidst the plaudits of all assembled.

BEST PLAN OF A BARN.—It has been remarked that no building on the farm in the northern states is of more importance than the barn. Those who have had the charge of cattle during our long winters, can at once see that much time and hard labour could be saved by a judicious arrangement of stalls, and bays, granaries, &c., so that every creature could be fed easily as possible. One very important thing to be considered, is the best mode of preserving as well as collecting manure, so that it shall retain all its valuable properties in the spring and be easily got out. We like the plan of having a barn on the side of a hill, and so arranged that you may drive your team or cart load pretty near the ridge pole, and thus pitch most of your hay down, instead of up. Having your stalls near you, can continue to pitch the hay down, and if you have a cellar beneath, you can throw the manure down also, and thus make the attraction of gravitation perform much of the labour of transportation from the mow to the manure cart.—*American Jour of Agriculture*.

TALENT AND GENIUS.—Talent has feet and hands, and can walk whither it will and do what it will. Genius has wings, but cannot leave its clay. The first may be harnessed like a horse to a hackney coach, and driven heither and thither. The last has no muscle but its own inspiration, and if you try to drive it, will be like a log without power to move. It cannot obey even its own wish to march by the rule and square; and though it chance to spread its wings, must still pursue its zigzag and eccentric motion. Talent is sure to make a man rich. Genius may make a lucky hit and live in a palace, but is ten times more likely to starve in a garret. For the man of talent, how rich is his endowment—but heaven forbid to be a genius! Many feel this in the bitterness of their spirit. Franklin, it is often remarked, is the only man on record, who, possessing the latter gift, obeyed yet the dictates of common sense.

The Young. when they have left their youthful school, flatter themselves that they have escaped forever from tasks and tasking school teachers. Alas, they know not the world is a perpetual school of bitter tasks; and harder stripes—yea, of stripes that reach, even to the heart—and tasks whose letters are tears!

What a glorious world this would be, if all the inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd:—"Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I get; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; am glad of other men's good, and content with my farm."