The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC. [12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

No 26.] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1861. Vol 28

A Slave Auction described Russell.

It appears from Mr. Russel's latest received letters, that while he was sojourning at the Southern Con edracy, he thought it would be instructive to attend for the first time a slave auction. What he saw and felt is thus vividly described :—

"The crowd was small. Three or four idle men in rough, homespun makeshif uniforms leant against the iron rails enclosing a small pond of foul green looking water, surrounded by a brick work which decorates the space in front of the Exchange Hotel.—The speaker was listening with a lack lustre eye to the address. Some three or four others, in a sort of vehicle which might either be a hearse or a piano van had also drawn up for the benefit of the address. Five or six men in long black coats and high hats, some whittling sticks, and chewing tobacco and discharging streams and discolored saliva completed the croup. "N i-n-e h-hundred and fifty dollors. Only nine h hundred and fifty dollars offered for him,' exclaimed the man in the tone of injured dignity, remonstrance, and surpsise which can be insinuated by all true auctioners into the dryest numercial statements. 'Will no one make any advance on nine hundred and fifty dollars?'—A man near me opened his mouth spat and said, 'I twenty-five.' Only nine hun-nerd and seventy-five dollars offerred for him.—Why that's radaklous; only nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. Will no one advance,' &c.

Beside the orator auctioneer stood a stout young man of five-and-twenty years of age, with a bundle in his hand. He was a muscular fellow, broad shouldered, narrow flanked, but rather small in stature; he had on a broad, greasy, old wide awake, a blue jacket, a course cotton shirt, loose and rather ragged trousers and broken shoes. The expression of his face was heavy and sad but it was by no means disagreeable, in spite of his thick lips, broad nostrils and high cheek bones. On his head was wool instead of hair, his whiskers were little flaculent black tufts, and his skin was as dark as that of the late Mr. Dyce Sombre or of Sir Jung Bahadoor himself. I am neither sentimentarist nor black republican, nor negro worshipper but I confess the sight caused a strange thrill through my heart. I tried in vain to make myself familiar with the fact that I could oor the sum of $975 become absolutely the owner of that mass of blood, bones, sinews, flesh and brains, as of the horse which stood by my side. I have seen slave markets in the East, but somehow or other, the Orientalism of the scene cast a colouring over the nature of the sales there which deprived them of the disagreeable harshness and manner-of fact character of the transaction before me. For the the Turk, or Smyrniote, or Egyptian, to buy and sell slaves seemed rather suited to their eternal fitness of things than otherwise. The Turbaned, shawled, loose trousered, pipe-smoking merchants, speaking in unknown, looked as if they were engaged in a legitimate business. One knew that their slaves would not be condemned to any very harb labor, and that they would be in some sort the inmates of the family and members of it. Here it grated on my ear to listen to the familiar tones of the English tongue as the medium of which the transfers was effected, and it was painful to see decent looking men in European garb engaged in the work before me. The negro was sold to one of the bystanders, and walked off, with his bundle, God knows where. 'Niggers is cheap' was the only remark of the bystanders. Another auctioneer, a fat, flabby, perspiring, puffy man, was trying to sell a negro girl who stood beside him. She was dressed pretty much like a London servant girl of the lower order out of place, except that her shoes were shreds of leather patches and her bonnet would have scarce passed muster in the New Cot. She, too, had a little bundle in her hand, and looked out at the buyers from a pair of large sad eyes. 'Niggers were chap; still here was this young woman going for an upset price of $710, but no one would bid, and the auctioneer, after vain attempts to raise the price and excite competion, said "Not sold to-day, Sally; you may get down. She stepped down from the box and walked off down the main street without further notice, while the auctioneer sauntered away in another direction.

AN UNPLEASAT MEETING.—One of our men (William Whitfield), who had gone the previous evening to the bay, suddenly found himself close to a bear, which had advanced within twenty feet of him and here stood.—Considering it imprudent to attempt to retreat, he prepared to act on the defensive only, brought the gun to his shoulder, and fearlessly waited the exceptod attack, when another bear appeared in sight, and came up at a brisk pace within about forty yards of him and halted. In this position the three stood for several minutes, when to his inexpressible delight, he was relived from his uninyable situation by their turning round and walking off to seaward, he then made all possible haste to the ship, rejoicing at his narrw escape.—[Dr. Armstrong's North-West Passage.

Henry Ward Beecher in England.

The following extract from one of Henry Ward Beecher's recent sermons is in striking contrast with the absurdities of the New York Press :—

"If you look into the conflict of nations you shall find that they have gone up or down according as they were on the right or wrong side, and that the element has always been predominant. And in our time, if you will look abroad in the world, you will find that in the conflicts of the last three hundred years, the things that have been victorious have represented, as nearly as in the imperfect state of the world they could, the moral elements.

Which is the strongest throne on the globe to-day? Why, the English unquestionably; partly because a noble, virtuous, and illustrious woman sits upon it, QUEEN VICTORIA. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood and she is fit to sit in empire.—That is one reason why the English throne is the strongest. But is not the only reason. It is strongest also because it is so many legged. It stands on thirty millions of people. It represents the interest of the masses of its subjects. Another reason why England is the strongest nation; because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the Fourth of July, we love to fan ourselves with eulogies; but we are not to be compared to Old England. I know her surly faults; I know her stubborn conceit; I know how many things are mischievous among her poor common people, among her operatives of the factory, and among her serfs, of the mine; but taking her up one side and down the other there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as Old England. If you do not like to hear it, I like to say it! And the strongest power on the globe to-day is that kingdom. It is the strongest kingdom, and the one that is least liable to be shaken down England? she has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years from the time of *Armada* to they present day, in the prophecies of men Every few years she has been about to be overthrown by sea; she has been about to be stripped of her resources in India and other parts of the globe. Nations have allaince againt her; the armies and fleet of the civilized world have gone about her; her interests, political and pecuniary, have been repeadly and violently and violently assailed and yet she has stood, as she has stood, as she now stands, mistress of the seas and the strongest power on earth because she has represented the moral element

A Shaker Village.

[A correspondent writing Concord, N. H., sends the following interesting account of the Canterbury Shakers]

Twelve miles from Concord, in the township of Canterbury, is situated the Shakers' village. These peculiar people have here a settlement of about three hundred persons their buildings is painted buff, and are large and commodious. They reside in 'families,' each numbering from fifty to a hundred souls. The lower family, is called the church family, from the fact of the church being there situated. Then there the centre family and the north family. In winter they have no public worship, but the members of each family have devotions in their respective houses. Their farms consist of some 4000 acres, in a high state of cultivation, while their outbuildings are not equalled by those of any farms in the world.—One barn we entered was two hundred feet in length, with cellar underneath for manure. Each cow had its name placed in a conspicuous position. The barn or stable was so clean that a lady with the finest silk dress would not be in the least soiled. The house we were in was painted yellow, furniture and all, and oilcloth took the place of carpet on the floor.

The men wear blue cloth coats claret colored pants, and drab vests, the latter garment coming down almost to their knees.—The women are dressed it white caps, with their hair pushed back from their foreheads dark dresses fitting closely to their persons with high white collars coming up to their chins. The groups present quite an unique appearance. They are most excellent livers—the dinner we sat down to would beat a good many served up in New York. They have a very good, though somewhat singular rule, posted up, which many families might profit from, viz: "nothing must be left on the plate." They hold their property in common, each one having a share in it.—Celibacy is strictly adhered to as the means of living a pure life; indeed so strict are they, that man and wife stopping there over night are oblidged to sleep in different appartments. Frederika Bremer, on her visit to America paid these people a visit, and we had the pleasure of reading some of her writing, which she had inscribed on the blank leaf of one of her works, which she dedicated to the shakers.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, June 20.

Africa rrrived to-day with £70,000 in specie

Cotton closed dull; flour declined one shiling; Wheat six pence; and Corn one penny.

Pork declined.

Consols 86⅞.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Gregory's motion to recognize Southern Confederancy, was indefinitely postponed.

The Syrian Question is settled. A Christian Government has been appointed.

Garibaldi seriously ill.

Funds depressed at London and Paris on account of Count Cavor's death.

FROM THE STATES.

BOSTON, June 18.

Three companies of the Ohio troops while proceeding in the train of cars from Alexandria to Vienna were fired upon by a masked battery of rebels. Eleven were killed and wounded.

A special despatch says the battery was captured.

Gov. Jackson of Missouri has fled and the Capitol it is occupied by Federal troops.

It appears to be confirmed that the rebels were retiring from Manasses and concentrating near Richmond.

Columns of Generals Patterson and McLellan are advancing, probably to form a junction with the view to attack Richmond.

One hundred thousand Federal troops are now under arms in Washington and Virginia.

Flour steady—Superfine State flour $4 50 a $4 60.

Extra State Flour $4 70 a $4 80.

BOSTON, June 19.

A large force of Rebels in Missouri have been defeated by General Lyons at the head of the Missouri Union Men, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded.

Governor Jackson viewed the battle from a distant hill and fled to parts unknown.

Union men throughout Missouri are rejoicing.

The American flag was hoisted on the State Capitol at Jefferson.

The Secretary of War, Cameron in a speech last night to the Saint Andrews Scotch Associatin in Washington said that the Government before the snows of winter would have half a million of soldiers in the field, and that President Lincoln would take no step backward until war was no longer necessary.

Boston, Juue 20.

Skirmishes frequent.

General Lyon is effectually scattering the secessionists in Missouri.

Picket guards sight each other at Fairfax Court House. Indicates of a collision tonight.

Ten regimenis more ordered from Massachusets.

Steomer Alliauce captured 11 vessels on the Potomac supplying the enemy. She burnt two, sunk four, and took the remainder to Washington.

Five regiments (each one thousand strong) a day ordered to report at Washington for week.

A Laughable Love Story.

This experience of real life is from a correspondent in Illinois, and is quite as good as anything we have recently read :

"Your correspondent has an intimate friend Joe F———, who was until recently cashier of———Bank in the good old State of Tennessee. Now to say that Joe was handsome accomplished, and withal very entertaining would be but to express the opinion entertained of him by nine-tenths of the fair sex with whom he came in contact. He was, to use a Western expression, a "regular *heart smasher* among the women;" and it may not be improper to state just here, that no one had a more exalted opinion of his capabilities in that line than the aforesaid Joe himself. As he and your correspondent were on the most intimate terms immaginable, and accustomed in the "halycon days of boyhood," to unfold to each other all our plans and purposes of the future—not even omitting the matter of the heart. I was not at all surprised, about a year since, to receive a letter from him, in which after referring to our past friendship and the confidence with which he had always consulted me on any important subject, he assured me that he now wanted my advice on a matter which very nearly concerned himself, and which perhaps was involved his future happiness and destiny.' I, of course, felt concerned for my friend at this; but was somewhat relieved after reading the following: 'And now my dear S———, without giving you time to anything horrible, I will frankly tell you that I am in love. Perhaps you will say 'Well what if you are? that is nothing new.'

But just wait until I get through. You see if it was a common love-scrape, such as we used to have when we were boys, I could get along with it well enough. But this time it is a litttle complicated—a kind of *double* affair. Come now S———, don't think that I am a fool but the fact is, Fanny L——— is the prettiest little creature in the world. Young beautiful and affectionate, she is everything that I can ask; and in short, I love her as I never loved before But then, alas! she is poor. Poverty is her misfortune. Were I rich this would not weigh a feather, but then you know, I am not The other, Mary W———, is beautiful, gay, accomplished, and wealthy. The former I love; the latter I esteem and admire. I think I may say, without being liable to the charge of vanity, that neither of them are indifferent toward me, but that an offer of marriage on my part would be readily accepted by either! Now S———, what shall I do? Marry the girl I really love and remaim poor devil all my days; or, by forming an alliance with the other, at once acquire wealth and position? Answer me.'—I did answer him In my letter—which, pardon me, I do not mean to copy here—I expatiated largely upon the blessings of "wedded life," "connubial bliss," "loving hearts,' and all the "sugar and honey" expressions I could remember; and closed by conjuring him, as he valued his happiness by all means, to murry the one he loved; and as for the beautiful, accomplished and wealthy Mary W——, I would come in due time and marry her myself. I heard nothing more from my love perplexed friend for about six months, when he wrote me as follows:

"'DEAR S———: I courted them both (the rich one first,) and couldn't get either of them! Good-bye! I am going to Kansas.'"

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.—"Ah, Pat Pat, said a school mistress to a thick-headed urchin, in whose muddy brain she was attemping to beat the the alphabet—"I'm afraid you'll never learn anything. Now, what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure, an, I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat,

"Though you might have remembered that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it,"

"Och, ma'am, I mind it well; but sure I thought it was a speck.

Well, now remember Pat, its I."

"You, ma'am?"

No! no! not U but I."

"Not I but you ma'am—how's that?"

"Not U, but I, blockhead!"

"Och, yis, faith; now I have it ma'am.—You mean to say that not I blockhead."

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagoguess bursting with rage.

"Just as you please," quietly responded Pat, "fool or blockhead—it's no matter so long as yer free to own it!"

I met her at sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes, that danced with young delight, were of the same dear hue, and always when the sun goes down, I shall think of the girl in the gingham gown.

To starve ourselves as a cure for disease is to afflict with two evils instead of one.—The disease tormtery us on one side, and the remedy on the other.

A miller in giving a certificate to the "proprietor of Mr. Harrison's pills," for destroying virmin, ostounds us with the assertioen, "I was full of rats a fortnight since and now I don't think I have one."

HOW MUCH CORN TO THE HILL.—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator states that he experimented with corn last year to determine the number of stalks for a hill.—He planted rows with two, three, four and five kernels, and found no difference in the yield. That with two stalks was the heaviest and ripened the best.

BARLEY FOR SHEEP.—A correspondent of the London Mark Lane express thinks that his experience warrants him is asserting that barley fed to sheep is a preventive of the rot—a disease weich, owing to the cold wet weather last fall, has been very fatal in England the past winter.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.—A gentlemen in England professes to have discovered a remedy for the patatoe disease. It is simply bending down the haulms of the patatoes, as soon as they have reached their full growth, say about the 1st of July. He has made the experiment, and thus so treated were hntirily free, while others in the same field were seriously injured by the disease The eason assignhd is as follows.

A microscopic Fungus is first deposited upon the leaves and the haulm, where it multiplies by millions; as soon as the rain decends, these parasitical plants are washed downwards to the tubes, which they immediately attack, and the potatoes are thereby completely destroyed. By turning down the haulams over the vacant spaces, the fungi are washed by the rain from the plain on to the naked soil, where, wanting nutrition, they perish, and the tubets are protected from thir destructive effects.

LIFE OF THE EASTERN AFRICAN

HE rises with the dawn from his couch of cowhide, and comforts him self with his pipe. When the sun becomes sufficiently powerful he removes the reed screed from the entrance of his hut and issues forth to bask in the morning beams. The villages are populous, laud the houses touching one another, enable the occupants, when squatting outside and front the central square, to chatter and ejaculate without moving. About seven a. m. the boys driver the herds to pasture; at eight a. m the African takes his breakfast of ujsh, or holsos porridge; pombe, African beer when procurable, he drinks incessantly, and after breakfast, pipe in hand, he repairs to the iwnaza—the village 'public' or club.—There he talks, smokes, sleeps, or plays, nominally at 'head 'tails,' as far as a flat stone or the bottom of a broken pot will enable him, and nearer the coast at a kind of 'tables,' with counters and cups hollowed in a solid plank. He gaibmes at these games to the extent of loosing all his property, and he will even stake his aged mother against the equivalent of an old lady in these lands—a cow or a pair of goats. As a more serious occupation he whittles or mends a pipe-stick, or attends to his own or his companion's toilent until about one, when he dresses himself to the great meal of the day, which has been cooked by his own woman, but which he often prefers, being eminenely gregarious, to eat at the Iwanza. This Iwanza is such a characteristic feature in the East-Africa villages, that among the Muyamwezi even the damsels have an Iwanza of their own, were they received their young friends and smoke their pipes without parental interference. Food—including fish or flesh—is apparently abundant, and is the all-in-all of these hungry barbarians,—their thought by day and their dream by night.—After food, of which they eat much, or pombe, of which they drink more, they pass the afternoon in a soothing torpidity. As the hours of darkness draw nigh, the village doors are carefully closed, and, after milking cows, each pasant retiers to his hut or passes his time squatting round the fire with his friends in the Iwaza.—[Lake Regions of Central Africa.

ICELAND FROM THE SEA.—The north-West division of Iceland consifts of one huge peninsula, spread out ugon the sea like a homan hand, the fingers just reathing over the Arctic circle; while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty and even forty miles. Anything more grand mysterious than the appearence of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive. Each might have served separate entrance to some poet's hell, so drear and fatal seemed the vista on's eye just caught receding between the endless ranks of precipe and pyramid.—[High Latitudes.

DIFFICULTIES.—Difficulties are clearly God's own intervention, to try our tempers, and prove the metal that is in us. Without them, life would be neither a struggle nor a trial, and man would run his race, leaving no marks to distinguish his course from that of of other men. Difficulties, which are the plea of the timid and lagard, the excuse of the idle, and the shoal on which the multitude wreck their richer argosies, are the support of the bold and the spur of the persevering. The earnest, manly spirit looks upon the difficulties that hinder the coward and sluggard, as opportunities for distinction.

An apprentice boy who had been misbehaveing, one day came in for a chastisement, during which his master exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, "You know best, sir; I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

The remains of Charlemagne at Paris were inspected the other day, and found to be in an excellent state of preservation. Photograps were taken of the wrappers that enclosed them—silks that bore the appearances of having been made in the tenth century.

ginal issues in Poor Condition
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