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No 2 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 12, 1870. Vol 37

Poetry.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

BY H. MARTYNE.

Amid the dazzle and the glare
Of this world's fleeting show,
How many stout hearts sink beneath
A weight of battled woe?
Heroes Whose names are scarcely breathed
Beyond home's humble hearth,
Who live unknown wrecked of die,
The brave souls of the earth!

Yet in the hidden vales of life
Are battles fought and won,
Glorious though seeking not the blaze
Of fames too partial sun;
There oft are fortune's stern scowls met,
Griefs uncomplaining borne,
With only God and hope to chêer
Lone hearts with sorrow worn.

There have I seen strong men grow pale
Beneath the gripe of want,
And Disease's famished phantom form
The lowly dwelling haunt;
And death the parents' fond hopes crush
Relentless, one by one,
While from the gloom the sufferers looked,
And breathed, "Heaven's will be done!"

God knows—wealth's favorites ne'er can know—
The fortitude sublime
That nerves the poor man's soul to keep
Unstained by vice and crime
When the partner of his wretchedness,
The children of his heart,
In looks of misery bid the tears
Of helpless sorrow start.

In the blest land that knows no change,
No danger, or distress,
Where titles, riches, sounding names
Sink into nothingness.
The tattered garb of Lazarus,
A vain world held in scorn,
Shall shine a robe of glory
On the Resurrection Morn!

Miscellany.

From the Canada Year Book for 1870.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

No mines of gold silver, lead, zinc, tin, or other metals not hereunder mentioned, are now being worked in New Brunswick.

Iron is being raised and smelted to a limited extent at Woodstock. There are no other iron mines worked, though available ores occur at other points.

Copper—With the exception of a mine at Adam's Island, in Charlotte County, owned and worked by an English Company "The Casco Bay Mining Company,"—who still employ about thirty men, all the New Brunswick copper mines have been, for the present abandoned.

Manganese is being profitably worked at the "Markhamville Manganese Mines," in Upham, Kings County. Thirty men are employed, and the number is to be increased. In 1867 8, the trade returns show that New Brunswick exported 861 tons, valued at $19,019.

Plumbago has been removed from two localities. From the first, at Portland, Saint John, 2 000 barrels, of 300lbs each, have been taken. From the second at the Falls, Suspension Bridge, St John, called "The Split rock Plumbago Mine,"—Mr A. Garrit director,—some twenty-five barrels a day are taken out.

Coal is now mined in two localities only, the Albert Mine, near Hillsborough; and the mines about Newcastle creek, Grand Lake.—It is doubtful whether the Albert coal is coal at all. Better to call it Albertine.

Salt is being manufactured on a limited scale from brine springs near Sussex. The product might be much increased by judicious management.

Lime is burned to a considerable extent at the narrows of the St. John, at the Green Point Quarries, &c.; on a limited scale at many other points.

Plaster is quarried and calcined for exportation at Hillsborough.

Almost all the above information has been furnished by Professor W Bailey, of Fredericton.

The following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church, in Hertfordshire some time back: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

Longevity.

In churchyards and cemeteries of of civilized people there is *not*, and never could have been, any considerable error as to age recorded. Every individual, not being a savage or idiotic, cherishes his birthday and remembers his age For this reason, tombstone age records acquire a statistic value. They lead us to form our own conclusions as to the number of those chances whereby the normal threescore years and ten of man's appointed age are curtailed by accident or disease.

Tombstone records confirm what the personal observation of each of us must have suggested, that of all who die, comparatively few die of old age Doctors, moreover, will tell us that even when old age is said to be the cause of death, this is seldom literally true.—Old age may be compared to a waning fire, that, if let alone, will of itself burn out, but which rarely is let alone. Something happens to the waning life fire, something stirs it rudely or incautiously, and lo! out it goes—Even old Parr himself, though dying at the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifty-two, cannot be said to have died from the wearing out of the animal machine. The celebrated Harvey who dissected him found no symptoms of decay. It was Parr's misfortune (if I must call it so) to have been taken by the Earl of Arundel to the Court of Charles the First, where he ate and drank luxuriously, perhaps for the first time in his life. The change of diet was more than his constitution could stand. Old Parr was killed by kindness. There is in the library of the British Museum a book published in the year 1635, by one Taylor. The title of this book is "The Old Old, the Very Old Man," and it refers to old Thomas Parr. In this volume we have a full account of Parr's coming to London. It seems that old Parr was one of three celebrated human curiosities at the Court of Charles I.; one of the two remaining being a giant, the other a dwarf. This will be gathered from a versified preface to the volume, and of which the first four lines are subjoined:—

"Of subjects (my dread liege), 'tis manifest,
You have the oldest, the greatest, and the least,
That for an old, a great, and a little man,
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can."

Notwithstanding Old Parr's great age, I know not why his name should lord it over other names of men his seniors. Even in British history we week with a more remarkable example of longevity: take, for instance, Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died January 28, in the year 1588, aged two hundred and seven Born in the reign of Richard II., Carn lived in the reigns of twelve kings and queens namely, Richard II., Henry IV., V., VI., Edward IV and V., Richard III., Henry VII VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth Even admitting that some sort of error has crept into Mr. Carn's annals, I can lay my finger upon one other English patriarch at least older than old Parr,—Henry Jenkins. There can be no reasonable doubt as to this worthy's age, seeing that incidents remembered by him fix it. According to his own account, when about eleven or twelve years old, he was sent to Northallerton, in the North Riding, with a horse-load of arrows, to be used in the battle of Flodden Field, September 9, 1513. From Northallerton, he states they were sent on to the field of battle by a bigger boy, all the men being employed in getting in the harvest. Once, Jenkins was subpœnaed as witness on a trial at the Yorkshire assizes to prove a contested right of way, when he swore to near one hundred and fifty years' memory. The Judge cautioned him to beware what he swore, because there were two men in the court, each above eighty, who had both sworn they knew of no such right of way. "Those men," replied Jenkins, "are boys to me" Upon which the Judge asked those men how old they took Jenkins to be. They answered that they knew him very well, but not his age, for that he was a very old man when they were boys.

Several other occasions are recorded when Jenkins mentioned particulars that would fix his age within narrow limits, hence there seems no reason to doubt the credibility of his tale. He seems to have been frequently called upon to give evidence in parochial matters, more especially with regard to ages before the establishment of parochial registers, these not having come into use till the 30th of Henry VIII. On one occasion when he testified to one hundred and twenty years' memory, which will give some idea of his then age, the summoning officer, coming to serve old Jenkins with a subpœna, found him thatching.—Being asked how he lived he said by thatching and salmon fishing. The law officers wishing to test his accuracy or his veracity, cross-questioned him as to incidents of previous life. He had been butler to Lord Conyers, of Hornby Castle, he said, at the time that Marmaduke Brokelay, Lord Abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord and drink a hearty glass with him; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings, and after ceremonies, besides wassail (a liquor made from apples, sugar, and ale), ordered him a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner—for that monasteries did deliver their guests meat by measure—and a great black jack of strong drink Being further asked if he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said "Very well"—that he was between thirty and forty years old when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire.—[Good Health.

Mark Twain on the Sandwich Islands.

If any impression has gotten abroad in the land that the Sandwich Islands are in South America, that is an error which I wish to attack. These islands are situated 2,100 miles south west of San Francisco. The Islands are a dozen in number, and their entire area is not greater than that of Rhode Island and Connecticut combined They are wholly of volcanic construction. There is not a spoonful of legitimate dirt in the whole group unless it has been imported

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are color are a rich dark brown—a kind of black and tan. The native women in the rural districts wear a single long loose garment. The men don't; but when the weather is inclement they wear cotton in their ears. Farther than this they have no inclinations towards gorgeousness of costume.

The natives are an exceedingly hospitable people Their nature is gentleness and kindness itself. They will feast you with raw fish with the scales on, baked dog, and hicassed cat, and all the luxuries of the season. All these natives have a great many mothers, not natural mothers, but adopted ones It is perfectly easy for a native to have as many as 150 mothers if his affections are stretchy.

These natives are extravagantly fond of dogs, and of a kind so worthless that you would wish to cut the tail off and throw the dog away. They take ever so much care of the dogs, and pet them until they are full grown and then they cook and eat them. I would rather go hungry for two days than devour an old personal friend in that way. But it is nothing but our cherished fondness for sausages with the mystery removed.

The natives will eat anything which they can bite, and in former times were cannibals. [In other cities at this point in my lecture, I usually stop and illustrate cannibalism. Being a stranger here, I don't feel at liberty to ask favors. But if any one in audience would be so kind as to hand me up a baby, why, then, I would. Babies have grown scarce for want of attention.]

One half of the people in the Sandwich Islands are office holders You can take a club and knock down three men, and the chances are that two of them are office holders and the other an office seeker. They have a vast number of offices—ministers of war, although there are only 200 men in the army, and they never fight; members of the navy although they have no fleet except two fishing boats and a bathing machine; ministers of the interior, although you cannot go into the interior but littleways without danger of falling overboard on the opposite side.

The Great Sagacity of a Dog.

One day when Dumont a tradesman of the Rue St Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St Antoine with a friend he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted and the piece of money secreted, after having been carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot M. Dupont called to his dog that he had lost something and ordered him to seek it—Canche immediately turned his back and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding place; he alighted took it up and drove to his inn, in the Rue Point aux Choux.

Canche had reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveler Having scented out the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller was surprised, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed he took him with to his chamber. No sooner had he taken off his breeches than they were seized by the dog; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again.

The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out Canche snatched up the breeches and away. The traveller posted after him, with his nightcap on and literally 'sans culottes.' Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of good Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Canche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir, said the master, 'my dog is a very taithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have money in them which does not belong to you.'

The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other smiling; 'without doubt there is in your pocket a six livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you.' The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment He delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog, which had given so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

Rattlesnakes on the Prairies.

I have lived at different times on the prairies both east and west of the Mississippi, upon the wild barren region which skirts near the "staked plains," and the more fertile though equally desolate looking expanse which is covered with sage brush up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains In all these places rattlesnakes were to be found, and sometimes in alarming numbers On little sunlit knolls and rounded boulders as many as twenty, or even more might be seen in the space of a few square feet, coiled up asleep, basking in the sun, but each with his rail rattle left out, free to move at the first alarm, and to warn the intruder of his danger. The rattlesnake is not a vicious snake; that is to say, it will not bite wantonly like the cobra or copperhead.

It is pre eminently a sluggish reptile—almost as sluggish as the puff adder or the most beautiful but terrible coral snake. When disturbed it does not move off, but simply moves its tail towards those coming near; and if intrusion is persisted in, as it often is, will simply crawl slowly away rattling all the time as a kind of menace that it must not be followed. This, in some prairies, where the grass is less luxuriant, always leads to its destruction—Without the aid of its rattle, its soft, beautiful velvet marking of black and yellow can always instantly be seen, and the reptile can be killed by a child with a switch. It cannot, however be treated with the same indifference by the prairie hunter during the dark night, where the grass is thick. Then when the rattle is heard ahead—a sound which I can compare to nothing better than the rattle of peas in a tin box—an instant halt is called and every one throws bits of sticks, earth, or stones in the direction of the sound, till the vermine goes rattling away, when, of course, the party gives his locality a wide berth and encamps from it. The great danger of rattlesnakes is, in fact, their sluggishness. They sleep so sound, are so inert, that they remain till actually trodden upon, without any warning rattle, and then as a matter of course they bite instantly; for even the best tempered snake does not like the heel of a heavy praire settler on his tail.—Good Health.

MADAME LESSEPS.—The lady to whom M de Lesseps has just been married was lately known in Egypt as the "Rose of Sharon,' in commemoration of the mode in which he asked for her hand. He brought her a flower from Suez. On this flower being twisted in the fingers by any one, it was understood to bulb out and disclose in the centre of the blossom the holder's future consort. M. de Lesseps is related to have given his ladylove this flower, asking her whom she saw in its frail leaves.—The lady very soon said. "You!" and so the matter was settled. These flowers would be exceedingly useful to bashful "popper."

MID-OCEAN TELEGRAPH STATIONS.—The establishment of a series of floating telegraph stations is a matter of national importance, and there have been a number of inventions as to the peculiar construction of craft necessary for that purpose. The last scheme, that of the International Mid Ocean Telegraph, is now to be put upon its practical trial; the Government having decided to grant this Company the loan of her Majesty's ship Brisk, which is to form the first floating telegraph station, will be moored some sixty miles out at sea, off Penzance Harbor; and her engines and telegraph machinery are to be supplemented with the latest improvements, the board of directors having ordered everything to make her complete for the service.

Machiavelli has well observed that there are brains of three races. The one understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what is shown it by others.

The Secret of Longevity---A Curious Physiological Theory.

A paper was recently read before the British Ethnological Association, by Sir Duncan Gibbs, entitled "An Obstacle to European Longevity Beyond Seventy." The writer had previously called the attention of the association to the fact that he had noted much attention to the position of the leaf-shaped cartilage at the back of the tongue, known as the epiglottis, and that in eleven per cent. of the five thousand people, of all ages, whom he had examined, he had found the position of this cartilage to be drooping, or pendent, instead of vertical. A further prosecution of his inquiries had led to the discovery of the important fact that in all persons over 70, without exception, its position was vertical. This circumstance he regarded of the highest moment, bearing, as he believed it did, upon the attainment of old age Many examples were cited in proof of his statement, among which was many well known statesmen who attained to over seventy years of age, Lord Palmerston, Lyndhurst, Campbell and Brougham being among the number. He claimed that the facts presented clearly demonstrated that longevity beyond seventy could not be attained with a pendent *epiglottis*. His conclusions may be summed up nearly as follows: As a rule, persons with a pendent *epiglottis* will not live beyond seventy, life verging to a close on or before that period. On the other hand, with a vertical *epiglottis*, life may be prolonged beyond seventy to the extreme limit of old age.

These statements will furnish a new subject for discussion among the medical *savants* of this country. If there is any truth in the theory broached by Sir Duncan Gibbs, Americans will wish to know it, and knowing it, will not rest content until they have ascertained the relative position of the all important cartilage upon depends the length of their stay on earth.

A man was killed in Nevada some weeks since. That is not remarkable, but it was a little out of the usual course that the murderer should be arrested and held for examination. During the examination, while an attempt was made to destroy the strength of the dying statement of the murdered man by alleging that he was not aware of the fact that his wound was mortal, a wild wood chopper, evidently just out of the mountains for the first time in several years, was placed upon the stand, and the following dialogue took place:

Lawyer (blandly) "Mr. G. was it your opinion, on your first interview with Mr. Roach after he was shot, that some of the vital tissues in the abdominal region had been irremediably injured?'

"Sir," replied the witness, gasping for breath and scratching his head in ludicrous perplexity.

Lawyer—'Please state to the court your conclusions in regard to the wounds of Mr. Roach on your first interview.'

Witness—"I kalkerlated his goose was about cooked"

Lawyer—"Do you mean by that, that you considered his condition as extremely critical?"

Witness—'Well I made up my mind the first time I seen him that he was bound to peg out?"

Lawyer—"Use a little plainer language, Mr. G what shall we infer from your expression "of pegging out?"

Witness—I mean that I thought he'd pass in his checks less'n a week.'

Lawyer (impatiently,) 'what did you tell Roach about his chances of recovery?"

Witness—"I told him that I thought they'd get the drop on him this time"

Lawyer (very short)—"Did you think he would live or die of his wounds at your first visit?'

Witness (indignantly)—I told yer I thought he was bound to go up when yer first asked me.

Lawyer—' That will do, Mr. G.; take your seat."

An attempt to prove an alibi on the part of the prisoner utterly failed, and he was bound over to the Supreme Court.

In Paris, not long since, a girl was observed on the street with a wooden leg under her arm, while a gentleman was calling to her from a window on the opposite side of the street, gesticulating fiercely, and demanding her return. To the large crowd which the scene attracted, the girl made explanation that she was washerwoman to the gentleman, that he would not pay her, that she visited his lodgings to demand her money, and that on his refusal she had taken possession of his wooden leg, purposing not to return it until she had received her money.

The editor who "did not mind his oops" introduces some verses thus, "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement.'

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