

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

IN VARIOUS SUMMERS EST. OCTOBER - 1860.

[12] 67. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

No. 46]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1860.

Vol 27

Description of the British Line-of-Battle Ship Hero.

From the Portland Transcript.

Last week our citizens had the opportunity of realizing their conceptions of a British man-of-war, and the occasion was well improved. The hands visited the ships and satisfied their curiosity to the full. But thousands of our country readers, some of whom never saw a ship, were not there, and we have thought it would be gratifying to them to accompany us on board, and see through our eyes what it is to be seen.

This is Her Majesty's line-of-battle ship, the Hero, carrying ninety guns, and, with her full complement, a thousand men. As we sail under her broad stern, we are struck with her breadth of beam, her lofty sides, bristling with three tiers of guns, her towering masts, and the labyrinth of rigging. We feel that she is a power by herself, a floating fortification, and when we get on board, we shall see that she contains a little world by itself, governed by its peculiar laws, and though swarming with life and action that seems to us confused, as well regulated as our own families. She is of the build of a bulldog, and will both bark and bite. Her consort, the Ariadne, a strong contrast, having the length and liness of a tiger, and as terrible a set of teeth; while the Flying Fish is lean as a wolf, as fleet, and no doubt as savage.

Mooning her large sides, we stand on the upper deck, which carries thirty-two pounders, and for ward, a sixty-eight pounder, the largest gun on board, and apparently the pet of all the men. At the stern, rising high above the upper deck, and occupying the space devoted to the quarter-deck in merchantmen, is the poop, where the officers have their stations, and look down upon the whole length of the ship before them. Here the ship's band is playing, and with the scene presented by our flag-bedecked city, our harbor alive with craft, and our part-colored islands lying asleep on the smooth surface of the sea, in the dreary haze of a gloomy Indian summer afternoon, every one cannot fail to be moved to admiration.

Beneath the poop, and entered from the upper deck, are the apartments of the Prince of Wales. First, a dining room, with plain furniture, and nothing remarkable save a book case made from the timber of Nelson's old ship Victory, and one article of furniture not usually found in dining rooms, viz. four thirty-two pounders, protruding from the port-holes on either side. Next a sitting-room, plain but rich, presenting a strong contrast to the gilt and gilded work seen in the cabins of many of our merchantmen. On the table, miniature busts of the Queen and Prince Albert, in the window is a fine fish, in full flower, and on the wall are hung a few engravings. At one side is a small bathing room, and opposite the entrance, a door leads out upon a stern walk, or balcony, overhanging the water, from which the Prince amused himself in fishing on the voyage over. The room, lighted by large windows, is airy and pleasant, and one feels that he could make himself quite at home in it. Next comes the Prince's sleeping chamber, containing a plain swinging cot, with a bell-rope above and a speaking tube at hand, to communicate with his suite below.

Descending now to the main deck, which is immediately below the upper deck, we enter the apartments of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord St. Germain, all plainly but comfortably furnished. Forward of these runs the main deck, with its rows of thirty-two pounders, interspersed with an occasional fifty-six, all nicely placed with reference to the balance of the ship. The whole of this formidable battery, including the entire broadside of three tiers, can be so concentrated as to be fired as one, discharging its shot into a space not larger than a cock boat! Here, amidships, we have a group of sailors, all in blue trousers, and blue shirts with wide collars, of a lighter blue, standing around a bluff looking parer, who is dealing out the quarter's allowance of tobacco, soap and duck. The tobacco is in the leaf, and lies piled up in three pound bundles, which the men pick up by the armful like cord wood. It is sold to the men at an English shilling per pound. The grog ration is now very much reduced, but half a gill being served out per day in three half gills of water, or, as our sailor guide expresses it, "three waters to one rum." Over our heads hang the implements of war, rifles with sword-bayonets, cutlasses, and battle lanterns. Amidships is a poor cow, looking sadly out of place in her confined pen, and taken on board only to supply milk for the Prince's table. There are also fowls and sheep, and a larger full of fresh meat.

Farther aft, we come to the ship's copers, with a long cooking range, at which boiling and roasting is going on, while at one side is a separate range for the Prince's cook, quite a fine gentleman in a white apron.

Descending again, we reach the lower deck, and here a busy scene bursts upon us. This is the men's quarters, where they eat, sleep, and amuse themselves when off duty.

Several hundred of them are now before us, and we see the domestic life of the sailor in all its forms. They are noble looking tars, of the true traditional cut, with broad, bronzed, honest faces, mostly young men, and all in their blue shirts, with wide collars, and in their blue trousers, with wide collars. The deck is lighted by skylights, and by the open port-holes through which the gun-protrude. Let us move about amid this scene of sailor life, and note the occupations of the men. Some are seated at the tables, which are broad planks placed between the guns, with benches upon each side. Each table is supplied with its kit, its money, (names given to wooden utensils for holding food), its bread, and its tin pots. Hard bread, salt meat, tea and cocoa, comprise the regular bill of fare, varied with an occasional "duff," or pudding. But most of the men are now engaged at the tables. Some are reading, some are skylarking, some are filling, some are making rag mats, and the ladies believe it!—some are busy with worsted work, embroidering pictures, the subject of most of which is Her Majesty's ship Hero! It is curious to see amid all this din, a number of men lying upon a little sleep. These are the watch, now off duty. But the men are not all idle, for here are all manner of trades going on. In this community of a thousand souls there are many wants to be supplied. So here we have the shoe makers at their work, the ropemakers twisting their long lines, and the tailors busily patching old clothes, and making new, some of the old tars looking comical enough with spectacles on nose—for all these tradesmen are sailors too. Here also are washwomen, for as we came on board we saw five hundred shirts flustering in the breeze, from lines stretched between the main and mizen shrouds. "That clothes duff," a lady says, "takes her eye!"—We doubt, however, if she would care to hang out those shirts, in their present elevated position!

The quarters of the marines are on the other part of this deck. There are one hundred and forty on board, and we see them in their red coats standing sentry at various points. The sailors have the old contempt for these land lubbers. One old tar exclaims:—"There's a bloody marine, showing the shore folks about the ship, and he never has been all over her himself!"

But where do these multitudes sleep? Do you see those hooks in the timbers overhead? They are but sixteen inches apart, and from them the hammocks are suspended, making close storage when all turn in. The hammocks are now in the nettings, in the top of the rail on the deck, where they are stowed during the day.

One more descent, and we reach the orlop deck, below the water line. This too, is the cockpit, and here are the cabins of the under officers. Aft is the store-room, where we see great bags of bread and boxes of cocoa; and forward are stowed the men's clothing in canvas bags, also great piles of shot, and the ship's cables. Gropping in the dark forward we nearly stumble over a number of men lying on their backs, each with one foot chained to an iron bar. These are awaiting punishment for misbehavior, and perhaps will get a round four dozen. For the cat still does its work, though our guide says the sailors don't mind it.

Still one more descent, and we stand amid the machinery of the engine, now at rest, and peep down into the stoker's black hole, where begrimed men are groping about—but we have no desire to investigate further in that direction.

And now, having gone from parlor to coal hole, let us go on deck again, well content with our survey of Her Majesty's line-of-battle ship, the Hero, and trusting that our homeward voyage no accident may befall her, or the princely youth she carries.

The London Court Journal says:—A divorce case under peculiar circumstances, is likely to attract public attention. A lady, belonging to a distinguished family, long hesitated between two eligible suitors; she at length selected one of them and was married, but soon fancied she made a wrong selection, and eloped with her rejected suitor. Proceedings were instituted, and she was among the first to avail herself of Sir Cresswell's process of "Freedom made easy," by marrying her guilty partner, but she seems scarcely to know her own mind, for she has since eloped with her first husband. Casuists are puzzled as to which she may be disposed to like best.

Mr. Thomas S. Whitman formerly of Halifax, has recently invented in New York an improved style of skate for which he has taken out a patent. They can be attached and detached instantaneously, and are said to

render the feet free from all unpleasant and painful sensations attending the use of strap or screw skates. He has declined \$10,000 for half the patent right.

The Education of a Farmer.

The following extract from a Lecture by Dr. Tonn, is worthy of an attentive perusal, and is as applicable to the people of New Brunswick, as it is to our neighbors of the States.

But our young man requires an education to become a successful farmer. Much has been written on this point, and to my mind, with but very little success. Theoretic has been pictured to themselves agricultural colleges and schools, where the farmers' sons could go and acquire an education to become farmers. But boys educated in this way, make poor farmers in this country. A series of years spent in study unverses the physical system, and the boy who takes hold of the hoe after he comes from his school, in one half hour will be beneath the hot sun, and lays it down in disgust. One of our colleges has, since its organization, introduced a partial course, where the young farmer can enter and attend the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, mechanics, and other studies that might be of service in agriculture, but I have yet to learn that one such young man has ever become a farmer. My own experience on this point has been very limited. I have had hundreds of farmers' sons engaged in the study of chemistry, and have directed their attention to agricultural chemistry. They enjoyed the study, and it has made them wiser men; but out of the whole number, I know of only two that have settled down to farming; and these two, I am happy to say, are among the most promising farmers in this State.

The apothecary's shop, the physician's office, some trade or profession, has more attraction to that class than any other. I am sorry to acknowledge that it is so, but when stubborn facts stare us in the face, all theories are at a discount.

Without attempting to discuss this subject here, I would say to every young farmer present—learn all you can. There is scarcely anything in the range of human learning that may not be of value to every man. A single book on agriculture will furnish an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the young farmer. We occasionally meet with such a man, who has studied a single work. He is at once cheerful, intelligent and happy. He has something to think about. Did our farms consist of thousands of acres each, and go from father to son, it might be well to establish agricultural colleges, as in Europe; but property is more equally divided here, and the common schools must be the college of most of our farmers' boys. Let the farmer learn from everything and everybody. Said a young farmer once in my hearing, "I learned the easiest method of unloading a cart filled with apples, from a town pauper, who was considered a fool by everybody. Some men will see and learn more in an hour than others in a week or a month."

Before closing this subject I wish to be understood respecting agricultural education. Agricultural colleges and schools will be due time be established in this country, but they will be the schools that will educate the teachers, who in turn shall educate the masses of our population. Hence the close connection between the prosperity of our common school system and the elevation of the farmer.

But our young man has secured a farm. His next step will be to secure a good wife, for this is of the utmost importance to successful agriculture, as Don Quixote says, "to be without a wife is a tree without leaves and fruit, and a body without a soul."

A FARM.—We copy for the information of our agricultural friends, the following account of a farm conducted by women! If a family of females alone, can accomplish such an amount of heavy labor, what may not the farmer with his stalwart sons attain, by well directed labor!

A strong minded and limbed woman, named Paulina G. Roberts, has undertaken to cultivate a farm in Pekin, Niagara Co. N. Y. with the assistance of five daughters. They have been at it over a year. The N. Y. Tribune prints a letter from the mother of these strapping daughters, in which she says they have succeeded beyond their expectations. They have under cultivation five acres sowed corn; 30 of Hungarian grass; 5 of spring wheat; 8 of carrots; and 60 of oats; besides patches of planted corn, onions, &c. They have also a "small dairy" of 16 cows. All the labor required for the prosecution of this extensive business, the writer says, has been performed by these six women, with the assistance of a hired girl of sixteen, and about 7 days' work from men.

He Died Poor.

It was a sad funeral to me, said the speaker, the saddest I have attended for years.

That of Edmonston?

Yes.

How did he die?

Poor—poor as poverty; his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with gilded promises that were destined never to know fulfillment.

Yet he was patient and enduring, remarkable one of the company.

Patience as a Christian—enduring as a martyr, was the answer. Poor man, he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success.

Did he not succeed? questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hands to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise.

I was with him in his last moment, said another, and thought he died rich.

No he has left nothing behind, was replied. The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate.

He left a good name, said one, and that is something.

And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity, remarked another.

Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no schemes fell upon his bewildering path, was the testimony of another.

And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude.

Then he died rich! was the emphatic declaration; richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession. Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, the whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping soulless, selfish man learns the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life as Edmonston has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero.

Young Widows.—Oh! yes, I dare say she would marry again. Did you ever know a widow in your life, especially a young one, that didn't marry again, if she had a chance? For my part, I don't see what the men race after them so for!

The above remark set me to thinking. Who is it about? Oh, as nice a little body as you would want to know. A quiet modest, little woman, whose only fault is in being a young widow. Poor soul! she can't help that. People throw it up to her though and cast it in her teeth, with inhumanity. To be sure, her husband has been dead these five years; but what difference does that make? She is not so hard-hearted as to expect ever to be happy again—is she? What does she want to get married again for, I'd like to know? One man is enough for any woman.

A man is different. He can do as he pleases. The oftener he is married the better. Suppose she is only twenty-three or four? All the more reason why she should be watched, and pecked at, and snuffed at by all the cross old women with ladies who set up for themselves.

Sometimes the men, even, indulge in a fling at young widows; but they needn't mind them, for such are always old fogies or disappointed lovers who do it. Hug the assurance to your bosoms, ladies, that, as a general thing, a young widow is an object of interest to the men.

And as it is said of the ladies, that the approbation and esteem of the other sex is their chief desire, why, they need not care for the malicious remarks of the ill-natured woman's heart, whether matron or maid, will sympathize with you, if you are a young widow.

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed, with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously thro' the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills, which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window. Let more covering be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still a moment.

out of doors, especially at street corners after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health been permanently destroyed. Never put on a new boot or shoe in the beginning of a long walk.

The Mystery of Printing.—The world at large do not understand the intricacies of a newspaper, and, as if a watch, the hands that are seen are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen, so in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit, which a paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance, and watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blessings of printing if they exist, but seldom observe the excellencies.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meats, pastries, and infinite bonbons, has a paradisaical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes the matters that require attention. His editors are to be alert and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review each week every section of his country, through the newspaper lens. He looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all over the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in, what two hours' research produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that doom them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his discreet sternness that restricts sentimental obituaries, that give young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays.

And the power behind the thrones, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power, which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or in humility. And in short as the body depends upon good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon the vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.—(H. W. Beecher.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT.—A laughable incident occurred recently, not many miles from Danville, the circumstances of which are related by the Daily Herald of that place as follows:

An old gentleman farmer who had two handsome daughters was so cautious of his charge that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men. However, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang about the window, and the dearest would seize hold of it, and with the assistance of the lady love, who tugged lustily above, would thus gain entrance. It so happened that the girls hung out the sheet too early, and the old gentleman by some ill wind, was accidentally round the corner, and spying the sheet could not conjecture the meaning of its being there. So he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls supposing it to be one of their fellows, began to hold and did not discover their mistake until the old man's head was even with the window sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, Jamima, his dad!" and holding go the sheet, down came the old gentleman on the hard ground, discharging one shoulder, which convinced him that he was old maid of his daughters was a matter not so easily accomplished; and withdrawing all further opposition to keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward if you are afraid to do what is right.

AN OLD TREE.—The oldest tree, the age of which is historically determined, is the sacred fig tree of Annapurama, in Ceylon. It was planted by King Devanapriyastasi in the year 288 B. C., and its history from that date is preserved by a mass of documentary and traditional evidence. It was described by the Chinese traveler, Fa Hian, in the year 411, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it, in about the same terms. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists of the island.