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POETRY.

ECHO POETRY.

The following is a specimen of Echo Poetry, which possesses merit as a literary composition, and on account of the spirit of piety which breathes through it:

If any be distressed, and faint would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father;

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except Thou succor us,
Who art in Heaven,

Thou showest mercy; therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallowed be Thy name;

Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come,

We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth

Thou madest the earth, and planets seven;
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven

Nothing we have to use or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.
Give us this day

Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.

We want, but want no fault; for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses

No man from sinning ever free did I see;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
As we forgive

If we repent our faults, Thou'lt ever disclaim us;
We pardon them
That trespass against us;

Forgive us that is past—a new path tread us;
Direct us always in thy faith,
And lead us

We, thine own people and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation,

Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen.

Boston Transcript.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I don't profess to be a writer. I had rather fish for dainty facts in a trout stream than for ideas in an ink stand. Yet I have seen something of life in my day, and perhaps some of my adventures may be as well worth a little ink-spilling as many that are already "in print." I have wandered over the Western prairie, and camped in the deep forests of the Sierras. I have pulled a canoe through the turbid waters of the jungled bayou, and made my hut in the dark recesses of the sunless swamps. And in the forests near the Atlantic board I have seen something of a venture, too; for it is known that the wild varmints are not all exterminated from New England yet. So my first sketch shall be from the land of the pilgrims.

In the summer of 1842 a small party of us took a jaunt to the White Mountains, well provided with implements for shooting and fishing. We had tried our luck along all the principle trout streams, and about the best pickerel ponds, and had burned up a great deal of powder for a very little game, having amused ourselves by popping at a bull's-eye upon a pine board when nothing else offered itself.

There were three beside myself in the party. First came Ben Gilroy—rare old Ben!—one of the best men that ever joined any party. He had a big body, for his heart could not have been held in a small one. He had seen some forty years since his natal morn, and if he had sorrow he never told them. He was not tall—not over five feet seven—and yet he was round and plump as his "corporation," and always the seat of smiles and good humor. The top of his plate was bald, and locks that gathered daintily about his temples and neck were well besprinkled with gray. But he could run. I have seen him run a cricket race when his dumpy legs were absolutely invisible from their lightning-like quickness of motion. Rare old Ben—I shall never forget thee; nor can my love for thee grow cold!

The next was Ned Hobson—"Edmund M." I think, his natural name was; but I never heard him called else but plain Ned.

He was younger than Ben—some six or eight years—and just Ben's opposite in frame, being tall and slim, well formed, and possessed of good blood and muscle. He had what is vulgarly denominated a "red head," and it so happened that his face was red as his hair, though this color was in no wise the result of any internal application of liquid substances. He was a whole-souled man, and held a character above reproach. If he had a failing, it was his over-fondness for horse flesh—not for horse-flesh on the table, but on the road.

Next came Harris B. Horne—a short square-shouldered Vermont in the middle of life, with black hair and dark brown eyes; a face made up of shrewdness and good nature; a frame firmly and compactly knit; and a genial flow of humor and anecdote, ever ready to fill up the gap of what might otherwise be a silent moment. He was a crack shot with his rifle—sure of a bull's-eye at two hundred yards—and though he did not talk "horse" as much as Ned did, yet he was a better horseman. Harris had but one fault. He had lived over forty years; a well-made, good-looking man; with a big heart and an open soul; possessing an abundance of this world's goods—and yet he had never taken a wife.

Last, but by no means least, came your humble servant—a very fair specimen of the genus homo—looking for all the world like a colonel of infantry on a pleasure trip.

The summer was drawing to a close—so near it that one or two nipping frosts had been experienced upon some of the intervals—and we had come down as far as Conway N. H., where we stopped with Colonel Hill at the Pequawket House; said house having now been closed to travellers for some years on account of the erection of a larger, and in every way better, hotel. Bears are generally plenty in that section late in the season, and on the present occasion quite a number of corn-fields had been visited by them. So we determined upon a bear hunt.

One bright morning we took our trap and guns, and started off for a corn field where we had been informed these black varmints had done considerable mischief. The field in question was upon a high piece of table land—or, rather, a long wide swell—in the town of Albany, which rises upon one side from Swift River. We reached the spot a little before noon, and found the old farmer just in the act of cursing the "infernal creatures." When we told him the object of our visit he was highly delighted, and offered us all the assistance in his power. With him we went out to the corn field, which we found to be a piece newly cleared, upon the edge of the forest, and surrounded by a common "bush fence." We easily found the place, upon the wood side, where the bears had entered, and here we made arrangements to set our trap.

For the benefit of those who do not understand this sort of thing, I will explain the method of trapping the black bear. When they have once gained entrance to a corn field, they will, upon all subsequent visits follow the original track, unless such change is made in the state of affairs as to excite their suspicion. They are fond of the tender corn when it is in the milk; but unlike the coon, and other animals that prey upon the grain, they not only eat much, but they seem inspired with an intense desire of mischief as they invariably thrash about, and tear up, and ruin a vast amount of corn which they cannot consume.

The trap is shaped like a fox-trap; with jaws from ten inches to a foot in height, and stout springs upon both ends. These jaws are armed with sharp teeth, or spikes from two to three inches in length, which are firmly riveted upon the under side, and when closed stand about an inch and a half apart. To this trap is made fast a stout chain, long enough to allow a fair sweep, upon the end of which is an iron ring some six inches in diameter. Into this ring is driven a "clog"—a stick of strong wood some three feet in length—or longer or shorter according to the nature of the path by which the bear will make his exit. If the trap were made fast so that it could not be dragged away, the bear would be sure either to tear himself out or break the trap. Upon finding himself in such a "fix," and fast at that, his rage would know no bounds. But by driving in the stout "clog" we have him secure enough. The moment he finds himself in the trap he starts off. We will be sure, if the fence be not far off that he can get over that. When he reaches the woods he will ere long find himself fast. The clog has got across two small trees through which he has passed. Now he has gone that far without any insurmountable obstructions, and he naturally fancies that he has blundered into fault; so he carefully begins to study his way out. He knows the trap is not absolutely fixed, because he has already dragged it a long distance, and hence he will not make any effort to tear himself out. Perhaps he fancies him-

self from this trouble, and once more jogs along. But very soon he finds himself in another "fix." The trees are thick and he can pass where the transverse clog cannot. Maybe in this effort or the next one he gets the chain turned about a tree. All his ingenuity is at fault. His leg has become inflamed and sore, and every effort now gives him the most excruciating pain. He lies down and finds that he feels easier; and there he is likely to lie until his trappers find him, when powder and ball put an end to his life.

We found the place where the bear entered the corn field to be an excellent spot for the trap, as a quantity of fine boughs had been trodden down directly in the path. The farmer cut us a clog from a small beech butt, and having fixed it within the ring, we hid our trap under the brushwood, and then arranged everything as nearly as possible as it was before. After this we returned to our host's cot, where we made a late dinner upon bread and milk, enlivened by the frank smiles of a pretty "darter," who expressed herself as "plagued" glad them fellers had come to ketch the ternal burs that had been raising such a muss in dad's corn field.

After this we set the gal to watch the trap occasionally to see that no one disturbed it, and then we took our fishing tools and followed down a small brook that wound its way through a piece of wood at the back of the house. The result was, that we had a delicious supper of trout, and left enough with our host to keep himself and family in fresh fish for several meals.

As soon as the supper was over, which was near sundown, the eldest "darter," and a younger brother started off after the cows. The former was seventeen years of age, and though unpolished in manner, yet she was decidedly pretty.

Her brother was eleven, and answered to the name of "Lant" and "Lanty." His real name I found to be Elanson. The sun was some three or four times its own diameter above the tree-tops when they started, and they calculated upon finding the "critters" in ten or fifteen minutes, as the dog, which always went with them, was good at hunting them out among the thickets. This dog was a medium-sized animal, a cross between the "bull" and the "spaniel," with considerable spunk, but with little cunning.

Mary and her brother had been gone some fifteen minutes, and we were all out in front of the house, smoking, when we were startled by a quick, sharp yelp of the dog. It was not a bark; nor was it such a cry as the dog gives when angry at tree'd game; but it was a perfect yell of anger and fear combined. We instinctively started to our feet, and as we did so, a loud, quick, agonizing shriek from Mary's lips came breaking thro' the air!

"Mary!" screamed the hostess, who had hastened to the door upon hearing the cry of the dog, "something's" the matter with Moll. It may be the bear."

The same thought had come to my own mind; but if I hesitated at first I did so no more; for hardly had the echoes of the maiden's voice died ere the dog began to bark to bark furiously, and the cries of both Mary and Lanty were joined in chorus. We sprang to our rifles, which were all loaded, only Harris waiting to get his flask and shot-pouch, and at once started for the scene under the guidance of the host, his wife keeping pace with him.

The pasture was to the northward from the house, the corn field being to the westward, but as the cattle had the range of some twenty acres of woodland they could run around beyond the corn patch. The direction of the cries was in a direct line with the fence, between the pasture and the corn, and along by this fence we took our way. At the distance of about a hundred rods we came to the woods, and some twenty rods further on we had to descend into a deep ravine where, at some former time, a stream must have run. This was thickly wooded with hives beech, and as we reached the bottom of the run, the cries of the children were near at hand. The dog had been barking and yelping by turns; but just as we arrived at the edge of the ravine his noise ended in a sharp cry of pain. We heard his voice no more; but the others were still crying for help.

"Help! Oh help!—Father! Father!—Oh! Murder! murder!"

Such were their cries, and as they came piercing our very souls we hurried on. I soon saw an opening where a broad, flat, ledge-like rock ran out like a platform into the ravine, which became abruptly deeper here. Our host was the first to reach it, and as he did so I saw him stop suddenly—throw up his hands in terror—and then cry out in the most agonizing tones "I think I ever heard—"

"Oh heaven!"

It was all he could say, for on the next moment he had to seize his wife to prevent her from leaping off amongst the rocks below. When I came up I saw a scene that

made my blood run cold, and caused my heart to leap to my throat.

Upon the rocks below us, which were at a depth of some fifteen feet, I saw the mangled carcass of the dog and a dead cub. In a low brown ash tree, which grew out from the side of the bank, and hung over the gorge, were the two children, one more cub, and an enormous black she-bear! The cub had run up the body of the tree, and was now clinging thereto with his back hanging downward. Mary had taken to the tree also, and was upon a stout limb which ran out parallel with the ravine; while Lanty had found a perch upon another limb nearer to us. The old bear was just making her way to the limb upon which Mary was seated when we came up!

What was to be done? The dog had evidently made the first attack upon the cub, and, having killed it, had himself been killed. The second cub had taken to the tree; and Mary, while the dam had been engaged with the dog, had leaped upon the tree, hoping that the dog might overcome her enemy. She had heard that a person should never attempt to run up hill when chased by a bear, but she had exercised little reason. She had seized the first thought of safety that presented itself, and hence we found her where we did. The boy had simply followed her example, being himself too much frightened to think.

Of all the furious and fearless animals none can excel in these respects the she-bear while her young are in danger. The mad beast was bent for Mary, and in a few moments would be upon her! We, standing upon the rock, dared not fire, for both Mary and Lanty were in a line with the bear, the boy being directly between us and the brute, and his sister beyond. The agonized mother shrieked like a maniac, and the loud cry of Mary for help came upon us with startling force. I saw that the dam took no notice of us newcomers, save once to turn her head and see where we were, but was only aiming at the girl. She had already placed her fore-paws about the limb, and had one hind foot raised with which to lift herself! We all saw that not a moment was to be lost. We called to Lanty to drop from his perch, but he did not understand us. The shrieks of the mother drowned all else. On the next instant I resolved upon a hazardous movement. To reach either bank of the ravine, which was here very wide, made it necessary to go back some distance. Of course that would not do. One more cry from Mary, and I hesitated no longer.

"Look sharp!" I cried to my companions, and then, aiming for the body of the dog, I gave a leap down into the rocky gorge. I struck both feet upon the soft carcass, and fell forward upon my left hand, but was instantly upright. This movement, independent of any intent of mine, was evidently the means of the result which followed, for it attracted the bear's attention, and gave me time to level my rifle. Had not the brute turned her head she would have had her fatal paw upon the poor girl ere another effective movement could have been made. Bruin saw me—saw that I was upon the rocks—and then turned once more toward her intended victim. On the instant I raised my piece and fired. I had aimed just behind the shoulder, but missed the heart.

"Down! Down!—Drop!" I cried out to Mary, as the bear hesitated. The hope of escape had given the girl new strength, and while the brute yet made another angry motion towards her she slipped from the limb by her hands, and dropped upon the rocks, with a few unimportant bruises.

With a snort—a half grunt—of rage, the bear leaped from the tree, and turned her head towards me. At that instant the report of Harris' rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge brute rolled over with a slug through her heart.

Mary sank down utterly powerless, and even Lanty had to be helped from the tree, as his fright had taken away all his strength. But we got them on the rocky shelf at length, and for a while I feared we should have to bring the mother to her senses also, as she was so completely overcome. Ben Gilroy put a ball thro' the head of the remaining cub, and ere long we started for home, the sun having sunk from sight a few minutes before I leaped into the gorge, so that now the shades of night were fast creeping on. When the elder son returned from "the corner" we took the horse and lantern, and went out to the place where we had left the bears. It was past ten when we got them home, but we had been surely repaid for our trouble. The skins were taken off, and the dam was found to weigh three hundred and eighty-nine pounds, all dressed!—a heavy brute, surely! From Mary we learned that the first notice they had of their danger was the presence of the cub which the dog attacked at once. She and her brother were both in the rocky ravine, and when they saw the old bear coming they started for the tree without noticing that another cub had

gone up ahead of them. They could not climb up the side of the gorge without the risk of losing footing, and the only easy avenue of egress was occupied by the approaching bear.

The feelings of the parents and of the brother and sister may be imagined; and the reader will not wonder that at midnight we took up our empty trap without the least regret. Yet we meant to set it again; and in the same place, too, for we knew there were more bears in the neighborhood.

Many Men of Many Minds.

It is very curious with what different eyes different people may look upon the same object. Not long since a lady and gentleman in travelling arrived at the hotel of one of our best watering-places at the dinner-hour. The lady, preferring a warm meal to an elaborate toilette, proposed going in "just as they were." Seating themselves in the places designated by that important personage, the head-waiter, they inspected the tempting bill of fare, gave their order, and bided their time, longer or shorter, for their completion; the hotel being over-crowded, it proved to be longer. The lady sojourned herself by reviewing the guests. Presently, touching her companion's arm, she exclaimed: "Look! did you ever see a more beautiful woman? Look at her throat, and the point of her head, and her lovely profile. See! how she smiles! hasn't she a lovely mouth?" "Pshaw!" replied the gentleman. "I dare say she's well enough, but do you suppose that boiled mutton I ordered will ever arrive?"

The other day a beautiful child came into an omnibus with its nurse. It commenced smiling at all the passengers, pointing its tiny forefinger at this one and that, by way of making acquaintance. One old gentleman in the far corner responded by a series of signals with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, to which the social little baby made ready response. Another gentleman near, upon whose newspaper the smiling child laid its hand with trusting fearlessness, looked over his spectacles at it, with a frown, gave an ugly grunt, and shortly turned his back, to prevent a repetition of the familiarity.

"How did you like the Rev. Mr. —'s sermon?" asked a gentleman of another, as they were leaving the church. "Solid gold, every word of it," replied he; "sound doctrine, eloquently presented." "Strange!" replied the querist; "for my own part, I was so disgusted that I could with difficulty keep my seat." "What! a minister raise a smile on the faces of his audience in such a solemn place! I wonder what my old pastor, Dr. Dry-Starch, would have thought of such a proceeding! He always taught us that this was a solemn world; and that the man who laughed in it might very likely be laughing over the very spot where in time he might be buried."

"How do you like Mr. Theophilus Tenant's new novel?" asked one lady of another. "Well, if you want my honest opinion," replied the latter, "I consider it a shallow egotistical, inflated affair, whatever paid critics may assert to the contrary." "Possible?" exclaimed the querist; "why, I was so delighted with it, that I had serious thoughts of addressing a letter of thanks to the owner for the pleasure he had afforded me, although I never saw or spoke to him."

"What a splendid specimen of a man!" exclaimed Miss Twenty to Mrs. Thirty-five. "It makes one feel stronger and better to be in the same room with him." "Heavens!" exclaimed the matron; "I can think of nothing when I see him but a great lumbering, overgrown Newfoundland dog. A man with so much surplus body to look after, can't have much time for anything else."

And so we might multiply instances, ad infinitum, (which is about all the Latin I know.) For my own part I don't quarrel with that diversity of taste which finds pretty wyes for ugly husbands, fine, smart husbands for silly women, full congregations for prosy ministers, overflowing audiences for flat lecturers, and a reading parish, notwithstanding her faults, for

FANNY FEEN.

We regret to notice the announcement of the death of the Rev. James Steven, who has been for thirty-three years settled at Restigouche. He was the first minister of the Church of Scotland in Restigouche, and was much endeared to his congregation and a large circle of friends.—[Presbyterian.]

The Mormons are operating largely in some portions of Canada. Forty-seven converts were recently baptized at Chatham.

Iceland has a population of seventy thousand, four printing presses and four newspapers. So much attention is devoted to educating the young that it is almost impossible to find a child of five years of age who does not read or write.

More reading matter on last page.