The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.] *E variis sumendum est optimum.*—Cic. [12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

No 5] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1857. [Vol. 24

From Chambers' Journal.

WE FLY BY NIGHT.

'Poor Alexander! all is over with him! The young beast was full of courage and fire, and no doubt fought his blood-thirsty enemies bravely with his hoofs; but he was obliged to give way: the numbers were too great for him. Yes, sir,' continued he, that dreadful cry announced to us the death of your favorite horse. I have heard this tone, which pierces to the very soul, on the field of battle. It is peculiar to strong young horses, which part hardly with their life, and struggle with death to the last moment. I will lay any wager it went easier with Cynthia; she was weaker than Alexander, and older too. But this much is certain, that the poor animals have become a prey to the wolves, which are at this moment engaged in devouring them, and therefore leave us in peace. At this moment there are but few of them about the hut; the great mass are engaged in their horrid meal. They will soon return, more ravenously hungry and more blood-thirsty than ever; for this slight repast is sufficient only to stimulate their insatiable appetites.

The old man had spoken truly. We sat still, as if waiting round the fire; and a few moments only had passed when we again heard the feet and the panting of the wolves close outside; then they came bursting against the door and the window-shutters; then the growling became louder, and we could find that, with newly-excited rage, they were trying to climb up the door-post and the mud walls in order to get upon the roof. We were in the most anxious suspense. Our eyes were fixed on the opening in the roof just above us, through which, when a puff of wind parted the cloud of smoke which went up from our fire, the star-lit heavens looked brightly down upon us. A fresh column of smoke was just about to twirl upwards, when the lady's maid uttered a loud shriek, and pointing with her finger, to the roof, fell speechless on the ground. A fearful sight was before us! Four wolves' heads, with bloody jaws, and their tongues hanging out, showing their white rows of savage teeth, were ranged round the edge of the opening, and looking down, with glowing eyes, into the flames beneath. Seen through the smoke as we saw them, they looked like demons. At this unexpected sight, only Rosko retained his presence of mind. He threw a fagot into the fire, saying: 'We have nothing to fear from these four; they do not like fire; it dazzles them, and they will not be able to see us.' But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave away under the fourth, and hung down within the cabin, whilst the creature in vain endeavoured to cling to the rafters which kept breaking round it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

'Away from the fire!' cried old Rosko to the two females, who, terrified, fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: 'Now shoot! Send a pistol ball into the fellow's body; take a good aim—hit sure.' He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature groaning with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the command of the old servant. I took a true aim, fired, and at the same instant the animal fell into the burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals, and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding and rolling itself among the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having the stock of the gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down again each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, its limbs stretched out stiff from its body amongst the burning wood, which, being all wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko, who had always his wits about him, pulled it out of the fire, and dragged it into the furthest corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; 'but the day, the day,' added he, in a low tone of voice, 'will bring us more of such customers than we shall be able to master.' These words reached my ears only; Axinia and the Frenchwoman looked anxiously up at the roof, to see whether any fresh danger threatened us.—I drew near to the old man, and led him far away from Axinia towards the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it, and then I asked him, in an under voice, what were the fears he entertained for the day, as I had been in hopes that, when morning came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depths of the forest.

'And even if that were to be the case,' said he, gloomily, 'of what use would it be to us?' The horses are dead, and how is a weak, tender female, like Mademoiselle Axinia, to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavour night would overtake us again, and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of the kind is in vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack above: indeed I do not think another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by daylight the flames do not make so powerful an impression on them. We must summon all our courage and our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will all be of no use,' added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—'of no use at all!'

I had placed my whole confidence on the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father; but now all my hopes were destroyed—now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain—and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare go near Axinia, lest she should guess, from the disturbed state that I was in, what was the truth as to our fate; I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near. The hours passed anxiously and painfully by. Axinia had fallen asleep, and lay reposing like an angel of peace—like a child who knows nothing of the dangers which surround it. The lady's maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions, had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she every now and then awoke in affright, raised herself up, and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again, seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her smile in her sleep, it pierced me to the heart; I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay on my breast from which I could not get free. In the mean time, old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he had said about the wolves; not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening in the roof; but their scratching and scraping and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backwards and forwards round the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time I should remember accurately every particular of what we then suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole life-time, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what we had most to dread, I had longed for day-light to return; but now I could have wished that the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what would have been gained by it? Instead of being torn to pieces by the wolves, we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or, at best, have been frozen to death! I now felt without hope, and perfectly desolate.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flames of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on; the frightful howling of the wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her, but at one time I saw that her lips moved, and that she was speaking, and I drew nearer to understand what she said. 'Fear nothing, Cassimer,' said she, softly, as if in a sweet dream; 'God is watching over us; a deliverer is nigh.' I cannot describe the effects which these words had on me, and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calmed with regard to any future danger, and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed, in a cheering tone: "Courage, faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food to the wolves: a deliverer is near.'

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire, now grown pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which now clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened to fall in upon us; and as we looked up we beheld twenty pairs of savage jaws wide open, thirsting for our blood, and longed eagerly to devour us.—Axinia had not awakened; she slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith in our deliverance. I looked no longer at the savage growling forms above; I looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke crying: "He comes! we are saved!"

At that moment, we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest; a loud halloo and the barking of dogs resounding through the air, and the trampling of horses' hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard our enemies scrambling down from the roof; we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried: "We are saved!"

Rosko went and looked through the split in the door, and said: 'There is a wolf-hunt: The wolves have fled, and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood.'—He threw the door wide open, and went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy to see at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose house we had left when we started on our journey.—How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting, or our thankfulness? We now related in hasty words the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his castle that a herd of wolves from the bounding forests of Lithuania, had entered the forest through which we were to pass; that they had already committed great destruction and devastation, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood were prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled round him all that were capable of taking a part in a hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity desired to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These new-comers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning; but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were, in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking; and thus were we saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

Latest from Europe!

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.

Asia from Liverpool, 10th, arrived at noon to-day.

The Prussian and Swiss difficulty is said to be virtually settled by the interposition of France.

Paris Conference closed on the 6th, having signed Protocol, which it is believed will settle all points in dispute.

MARKETS.

English Money Market easier. Consols 93⅞ a 94.

Cotton active—advanced ¼ per lb.

Breadstuffs—Moderate business, and little change in price. Canadian Flour quoted 33s. a 35s. Western Canal 31s 6d a 32s. Indian Corn 33s 6d a 34s. Wheat 8s 6d a 9s.

Provisions rather firmer.

A movement against the Income Tax has spread to Ireland, where it is vigorously discussed.

Almonds raised in Nova Scotia!—We never expected to see that day, yet proof of it may be seen at the News Room, where W. B. Fairbanks, Esq. has exhibited specimens of the fruit full grown and ripe—and stated to be raised in the open air, at his beautiful residence, Spring Gardens. We hope this fact will be duly noted in all forthcoming works on the climate and productions of abused Nova Scotia.—[Halifax Jour.

The L. A. Sourette left Boston on the 18th inst., with a crew of five men and six passengers. On Thursday afternoon she made the land near Mount Desert, and at 7, p. m. made light on Petit Manan Island, whence her course was shaped for Yarmouth light. The schooner unfortunately overrun the reckoning, and just as the crew were on the point of heaving her too till daylight, brought up on Cranberry Head. The vessel became a total wreck, the cargo entirely lost. The captain and one other person were drowned.—[b.

TELEGRAPHIC ENTERPRISE.—The New York Herald's correspondent says, there will be a memorial and application made to Congress in a few days, by competent parties, to lay a telegraphic cable from the eastern coast of Maine to the coast of Ireland for the same sum that is asked from this government by other parties, without asking anything from the English government.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE DEBT.—New York, Jan. 16.—Notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of California, declaring the State Bonds unconstitutional, their agents here, Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., have concluded to pay the balance of the January coupons.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.—The celebrated traveller, Dr. Livingstone, has been lecturing since his return to England, as we learn by recent news. His adventures have been of the most dangerous and thrilling character. He traced by himself the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, extending two thousand miles.

This immense stream, whose discovery is the great fruit of the journey, is in itself an enigma without parallel. But a small portion of its waters reach the sea coast. Like the Abyssinian Nile, it falls through a basaltic cleft, near the middle of its course, which reduces its breadth from 1000 to 20 yards. Above these falls it spreads out periodically into a great sea, filling hundreds of lateral channels; below it is a stream of a totally different character. Its mouths seem to be closing. The southernmost was navigable when the Portuguese first arrived in the country, 300 years ago, but it has long since ceased to be practicable.

During his unprecedented march, alone among savages, to whom a white face was a miracle, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to struggle through indescribable hardships. The hostility of the natives he conquered by his intimate knowledge of their character and the Bechuana tongue, to which theirs is related. He waded rivers and slept in the sponge and ooze of marches, being often so drenched as to be compelled to turn his arm-pit into a watch-pocket. Lions were numerous, being worshiped by many of the tribes as the receptacles of the departed souls of their chiefs; however, he thinks the fear of African wild beasts greater in England than in Africa. He has memoranda of the latitudes and longitudes of a multitude of cities, towns, rivers, and mountains, which will go far to fill up the "unknown regions" in our atlases.

Toward the interior he found the country more fertile and more populous. The natives worshiped idols, believed in transmigrated existence after death, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They were less ferocious and surpicious than the sea-board tribes, had a tradition of the Deluge, and more settled governments. Some of them practiced inoculation and used quinine, and all were eager for trade. Their language was sweet and expressive. On the arid plateau of the interior, water melons supplied the place of water for some months of the year, as they do on the plains of Hungary in summer. A Quaker tribe, on the river Zanga, never fight, never have consumption, scrofula, hydrophobia, cholera, smallpox, or measles.

Dr. Livingstone is nearly forty years old. His face is furrowed by hardships and thirsty fevers, and black with exposure to a burning sun. His left arm is crushed and rendered nearly helpless from the embrace of a lion.

Dr. Livingstone's discoveries, in their character and commercial value, have been declared by Sir Roderic Murchison to be superior to any since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama. But greater than any commercial value is the lesson which they teach—that all obstacles yield to a resolute man.

THE CHILD AND THE RATTLESNAKE.—Last Fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester, was picking blackberries in a field near the house, having with her her only child, a bright-eyed fellow, of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground amusing itself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother.

The latter at length intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed around a rock which hid her child from her view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe as long as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was.

Suddenly the little voice ceased, and after a moment's delay, the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to see her babe asleep; instead of which, he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object which at first she was unable to discern.

But who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet from her infant a rattlesnake, with his glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion.

The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralized her, that, for an instant, she half believed the dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty that, unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child, he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her power. She glanced wildly around for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared, and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him and his victim. Another moment, and all would be lost. What could be done?

In her hand she held a bread tin pan, and springing from the rock, quick as thought, she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape.

The charm was broken—the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retaining her position until it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.

A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language—"Shon, mine Shon, come here, and I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a true story or a makes belief?"

"Oh, a true story of course," replied John.

"Ferry ven den. Dere vos vonce a goot, nice oldt ghentleman's (shoost like me,) and he hat von dirty little boy, (shoost like you.) Aut von day he here him schwearing like a young villian, as he vas. So he went to der corner, and took out a cow-hide (shoost as I am doing now,) and he took ter dirty little blackguard by to collar (tis vay, you see,) and volloped him him shoost so! And den, mine dear Shon, he pull his ears dis vay, and smack his face dat vay and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you will do dis evening."

A ROYAL SHAKEDOWN.—As the Prince of Wales and his tutor were travelling lately, *incog.*, in the West of England, the landlord of a certain hotel, having reason to expect a visit from his Royal Highness, prepared his best rooms in his best style, and then waited day after day in feverish anxiety. One afternoon a gentleman and a youth arrived at the Hotel, and asked if rooms could be had for the night? All the servants were in a bustle immediately, for the landlord was sure he discerned the young prince and his tutor in the newly arrived travellers. So the best rooms were speedily given to the guest, and every possible comfort added to make them happy, while the landlord with a certain knowing look of bland satisfaction, behaved to his royal visitor with the utmost deference, and yet without any open acknowledgement of his rank, as he knew it was desired to keep this concealed. Later in the evening, and when almost every room in the house had been filled, there arrived three more travellers, two gentlemen and a boy. When they asked for bedrooms the landlord said, "Very sorry gentlemen, we have only room for two of your party, but perhaps we can manage to make up a bed for the young gentleman on the sofa." This was done, and in the morning it was found that the youth who had slept on the "shakedown," was heir of the crown of England, while the boy who occupied the bed meant for the prince was only Master ——, travelling with his father.—[Bath Chronicle.

A MUSICAL CONGREGATION.—At a church of color, the minister noticing a number of persons both white and colored standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice:

"Git down off dem sents, both w'ite men and colored; I care no more for one dan de odder."

Imagine the minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

"Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color
I care no more for one man,
Than I does for de odder."

LOOK OUT!—Young man! A mis-step may destroy you. One sin may ruin your character. Did you ever reflect on the consequence of a single indulgence in vice? The best men have fallen through the suggestion of another. How careful you should be while in the freshness of your days, lest a blight fall on you forever. If invited to places of resort, where it is difficult to decide, take the safe course, stay away and save your reputation.

This is a jewel of inestimable value, too precious to be put in jeopardy. No man ever regrets that he kept aloof from temptation, and to the close of life he expresses joy that he was saved from the path of shame by giving a decided negative, when the voice of pleasure beckoned him on. Be decided and you are safe. Yield and you may be lost. Watch with diligence, and guard every avenue through which sin may reach you. In no other way will you be sure to overcome the evils of the world.

Poor Condition
Best copy available