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ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1847.

[15s. at the end of the Year

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

About twenty years ago, when a certain Western State, (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with a few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the old states, emigrated thither, and settled in the county of K. He had succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favor. He had been there nearly two years, when he induced a printer to come on and print for him a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S. was much pleased, both while editing a paper. He was a man of very small stature, and he used the editorial "WE," as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and such as big as Daniel Lambert, or the Kentucky Giant.

Strange to say, there was at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be, a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again.

Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and shot and caustic against public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his own ears, but as there was no other paper in the territory, there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security.

At length he published an article more severe and cutting, against a deficiency in office, than any thing that had preceded it. In fact, though pointed at no individual in particular, it was a "scorching."

Sometime three or four days afterwards, he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment, his pen was busy with a paragraph, when his door was opened without much ceremony, and in stalked a man full six feet in his stockings. He asked, "are you S. the editor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the aghast editor that it was intended for him. It was in vain that S. protested he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to fever heat, and from being so long restrained, bailed over with double fury. He gave the editor his choice either to publish a humble, a very humble, retraction, or take a flogging on the spot. Either alternative was wormwood, but what could he do? The enraged office holder was twice his size, and at one blow could qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract, and as his visitor insisted upon writing it himself, he set down the task. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing office, with a promise that he would be back in season, to sign it, as soon as it was finished.

S. had hardly gone fifty yards, when he encountered a man, who enquired where Squire S.'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he too, was on the same errand as the other visitor, he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor, within, writing a most abusive article against office holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new comer flashed fire. He rushed into the office, and assailed the stranger with epithets, "fiat," "scoundrel," "coward," and told him he would teach him what to write. The gentleman, supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued that beat the Kentucky cats all hollow. The table was upset and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow, with the rapidity of lightning, and the force of a sledge-hammer. First one was kicking on the floor, and then the other, each taking it in turn, pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, they cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. The noise and uproar were tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door, and exclaimed with astonishment, that two negroes were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted and pounded to a jelly, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known, and the next day hardly able to set on horse back, their heads bound up, they started homeward, convinced that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt to flog an editor!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the month of October, 1828, my vessel was lying in Mobile. I went ashore one bright morning, to do some business with the house to which I was consigned, and as I passed along the street, I observed to me that I might as well have a beard of a week's growth reaped, before I presented myself at the counting-room. I stepped into a barber's shop, and taking the chair told the barber to proceed.

He was a bright mulatto, a good looking young fellow, not more than two and twenty years of age, it appeared. His eyes were large, black and lustrous, I thought. His manner at first was quiet and respectful. I

thought he was a long while lathering my face, and told him that he must have bought his soap at the wholesale price. Laughing, he replied that mine was a long beard, and that he knew what he was about.

Are you the boss here, my man? I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "my master set me up, and I pay him twenty dollars a month for my time."

That is a good interest on the capital invested, I remarked; can you pay your rent and live on the balance of your savings?

Oh, yes, and lay up something besides. Sometimes I receive thirty bits a day.

Then I suppose, you will buy your freedom one of these days?

As for that, he replied, I care a little. I have all the liberty I want, and enjoy myself as I go along.

But should you marry, and have children, you would not wish to leave them slaves?

Yes, I would, because they would be better off than if they were free.

By this time he had laid down the brush and commenced running his razor over the stop, and looking at the blade every time he drew it across the leather. His hand trembled a little, and his eyes absolutely burned like coals of fire. I did not feel uneasy, but I could not avoid watching him closely.

At last he commenced shaving me. My head being thrown back, I was able to keep my eyes fixed directly on his own. Why I did so I cannot tell; certainly I apprehended nothing, but I did not remove my gaze for a single instant while the razor was passing over my neck and throat. He seemed to grow more and more uneasy, his eyes were as bright, but not as steady as when I first observed them. He could not meet my fixed and deliberate look. As he commenced shaving my chin he said abruptly—

Barbers handle a deadly weapon, sir.

True enough, my man, I replied; but you handle yours skillfully, although I notice your hand shakes a little.

That's nothing, sir—I can shave just as well. My hand shakes because I did not have much sleep last night. But I was thinking just now, he added, with a laugh, how easy it would be for me to cut your throat.

Very likely, I replied, laughing in return, but looking sternly at him—very likely, yet I would not advise you to try the experiment.

Nothing more was said. He sophisticated and I arose from the chair just as an elderly gentleman entered the shop. The last corner divested himself of his coat and cravat, and took the seat I had vacated.

I went to the glass, which did not reflect the chair, to arrange my collar. Certainly I had not stood before it a single moment, when I heard something like a suppressed shriek, a curdling, horrible sound that made my blood run cold. I turned, and there—

Great God! there sat the unfortunate gentleman, covered with blood, his throat cut from ear to ear, and the barber, now a raving maniac, dashing his razor with tremendous violence into the mangled neck. On the instant the man's eyes caught mine, the razor dropped from his hand; and he fell down in a fit. I rushed towards the door, and called for assistance. The unfortunate man was dead before we reached the chair.

We secured the barber, who, as I subsequently learned had been drinking deeply the night before, and was laboring under mania a potu. His fate I never heard.

Pearful Accident by a Runaway Engine on the Reigate Railway.—Brighton, Saturday Evening.—Shortly after six o'clock this morning an extraordinary though fearful accident took place at the terminus of the London and Brighton Railway in this town, by which several carriages were demolished, and considerable damage done to the station, the particulars, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follow:—At the hour named, a train of luggage waggons having been backed into a siding, the engine No. 45 (one of Grey's manufacture) was detached, and the engine driver proceeded with it through the points into the main down line on the London side of the Company's engine-works (about 600 yards from the terminus). There, for some reason unexplained, it was left on the line, the engine-driver and stoker, attending to some trivial business in the engine house. According to other statements, they left the "gear" of the engine in a proper position; but this seems improbable, for in a few minutes it was observed in motion, bearing down the line in the direction of the terminus. The engine driver and stoker ran to overtake it, and many others joined in the pursuit, but it gained every moment in speed, rushing forward into the terminus at a rate of twelve and fifteen miles an hour. The porters looked aghast at the approaching engine, and a collision with the carriages that were standing on the rail at the end being inevitable, they made a hasty retreat. In a moment afterwards the engine crashed into the carriages with terrific force, totally demolishing the whole of them, the fragments of which struck the front of the parcels office and part of the refreshment room with such force, as

to shatter them in. The large buffer springs and posts at the end of the rails were likewise shattered to pieces, and part of the end of the platform torn up. The engine strange to say, kept its equilibrium, though off the rails, and, with the exception of the front buffers, which were turned up, it seems not to have sustained any injury. Doubtless, had not the carriages been on the rails, it would have swept through the terminus. Had it occurred when the passenger trains were running, the consequences would have proved of a lamentable character. The Company taken into custody, he having acted against the rules and regulations, which set forth that the engines are not to be left on the permanent lines unguarded, under any circumstances.

THE LAST MAID OF SUMMER.

BY FRANCIS R. REEVE.

'Tis the last maid of summer,

Left sighing alone;

All her youthful companions

Are married and gone;

No man of her kindred,

No lover is nigh,

To console her with bladders,

Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou fair one,

To pine for a mate;

But together we'll enter,

The blest married state;

Thus kindly I offer

If thou'lt share my bed,

Then oh! say, dearest maiden,

Say wilt thou be wed?

Then soon we will follow,

The smooth flow'ry way,

From celibacy's circle,

To Hymen away!

When "Old maids" fall winter'd,

And fair ones are flown,

Oh! who would inhabit

This bleak world alone!

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION OF A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

So, ye want to catch me, do ye?

Nae! I doant much think ye wad,

Though your scarlet coat and feathers

Look so bright and beautiful;

Though ye tell us famous stories

Of the fortunes to be won,

Fighting in the distant burnin',

Underneath the burnin' sun,

S'pose I am a tight young feller,

Sound o' lim, and all that ere,

I can see that that's a reason.

Why thye should I should wear;

Fustian coat and corded trousers

Seem to suit thee quite as well;

Think I doant look badly in 'em—

As my Meary, she can tell!

Sartinly I'd rather keep 'em—

These same limbs you talk about,

Gover'd up in cord and fustian,

Than I'd try to do without.

Ther's Bill Muggins left our village

Just as sound a man as I,

Now he goes about on crutches,

With a single arm and eye.

To be sure he's got a medal,

And some twenty pounds a year;

For his health, and strength, and service,

Government can't call that dear;

Not to recon one leg shatter'd,

Two ribs broken, one eye lost,

For I went in such a venture,

I should stop and count the cost.

Lots o' glory! lots o' gammon!

Ax Bill Muggins about that;

He will tell ye 'tain't by no means

Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;

If it was the private so'ger

Gets o' it but precious little;

Why, it's just like bees a kitchen,

With the sound of a brass knittle.

Lots o' gold, and quick promotion!

Phew! jest look at William Greer;

He's been fourteen years a fightin',

As they call it, for the Queen;

Now he comes home inviolate

With a sergeant's rank and pay;

But that he's made a captain,

Or is rich; I arn't heard say.

Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,

And a softers merry life,

All the tradesmen's—farmers' daughters

Wantin' to become my wife!

Well, I think I'll take the shillin';

Put the ribbons in my hat!

Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,

Yet not quite so good as that!

'Fun'—a knockin' fellow-creatures
Down like nine pins, and that ere—
Stickin' 'em through and through 'em—
Burnin', slayin', everywhere!
Pleasant quarters! werry pleasant!
Sleepin' on a fiddle's liddle,
Or a hospital, or barracks,
Cram'd together, just like cattle.

Strut away then, master sergeant;
Tell your lies as on you go;
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your fifers harder blow;
I shan't be so o' glory,
But an honest working man,
With the strength that God has gurne
Doan' all the good I can.

THE YOUNG SWISS AND PLUTARCH.

An honest Swiss, of the Pays de Vaud, having determined to send his son to Paris, made him a present of a fine Plutarch, with large margins and handsomely bound, at the time of their parting. The father earnestly recommended to his son to read the lives of the great men of antiquity. Make the book, said he, your principal study; begin your morning exercises with reflections on the conduct of the illustrious men whose history it contains; you will thus learn to imitate them. I assure you, my son, it will be greatly to your advantage to continue this reading regularly.

The young man readily promised to read his Plutarch, which his father delivered to him, but the first thing he did was to lock it up in his trunk.

Two months soon passed away in Paris. The young man wrote to his father, that notwithstanding his economy, he wanted money. Read Plutarch, was the old man's answer.

The son wrote a second time, assuring him that he had read Plutarch from beginning to the end. No, my son, replied the father, you have not read it. In another letter he desired him to remember the voluntarily poverty of Aristides; imitate Scipio as much as you can. I assure you, my son, you will find every thing you want in Plutarch. Read him, and you will soon find out how to live well, and live happy.

At the end of six months, the father came to Paris and met the young man in his lodgings. O father! how happy am I to see you. You are come very opportunely; I am in debt to every body and daily beset with creditors.

Have you read through Plutarch?

Oh yes; I have read him from beginning to end, and have made reflections as I went along, according to your desire.

Let us see, young man; show me the book.

The son, somewhat disconcerted, brought the volume out of the bottom of the trunk.

You surely scarcely have touched it, said the father; it appears as new as it was when I gave it to you; it has lost nothing of its original lustre in your hands.

The young man observed he had taken great care of it, and it was not fair to conclude that he had not read it regularly, because he had been fortunate enough to preserve it in the best condition.

We shall soon see what is the real state of the case, said the father; I wrote a note on the life of Aristides. He is my hero; and the note ought to have been very useful to you; it was made opposite to that remarkable trait where he promotes his own ostracism (a religious measure sometimes necessary in a republic), by writing his name on the shell of an oyster which a peasant who did not know him, presented to him. I have always admired the sacrifice made by the just man who opposed himself so earnestly to public dissipation and extravagance. Plutarch was opened at the story of the shell, and the note appeared in the margin. The commentary was of a very singular kind; it was a bill, payable to the bearer, for two hundred pounds, written on the margin, and signed by the old gentleman.

In this manner he had proposed to reward his son for reading the lives of the great men of antiquity. The father cut it off, and put it in his pocket, saying, I am very sorry that you have not taken notice of the glossary I thought necessary to the text—I did not think it would have been so much despised.

Ancedote of Scott.—The fact mentioned by Lochart as occurring during his attendance in London at the Coronation of George IV., in 1821, is worth a thousand others, as it shows how truly he was held in honor by the common people. He was returning from the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. He had missed his carriage, and had to return on foot between two and three in the morning, when he and a young gentleman, his companion, found themselves locked in the crowd somewhere near Whitehall; and the bustle and tumult were such that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignities was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to

be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered, shortly, that his orders were strict, that the thing was impossible. While he was endeavoring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his young companion exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!" The salient dragon, bearing the name, said, "What! Sir Walter Scott? He shall get through—Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman." The men answered, Sir Walter Scott! God bless him! and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety.—Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.

CULTURE OF TURNEPS.

It should be remembered that it is not too late for sowing turneps. The Swedish turnep, (rutabaga), should be sown, if practicable, as early as the middle of June, but the 20th or 25th of the month will answer if they cannot be got in sooner. The yellow Aberdeen is a kind which requires nearly as long a season as the rutabaga. The common flat turnep grows much quicker than the kind before mentioned. It will produce a good crop, on tolerably rich land, sown as late as the 25th of July or the first of August. Ground which has produced a crop of hay, or wheat, may give a crop of flat turneps the same season. They are less nutritive than the other kinds, but are, notwithstanding, very useful in feeding stock during the beginning of winter; and from the convenience of cultivating them as an after crop, they are in many instances profitable. For late keeping, or feeding in the latter part of winter and spring, the Aberdeen and Swedes are best.

A soil inclining to sand is most suitable for turnips. Compost of manure and barn-yard dung, with a dressing of leached ashes, furnishes a good manure. The seed should be sown in drills. Two feet spaces between the drill will admit the use of a small harrow or cultivator in cultivating the crop. Flat turneps should be thinned to eight inches between the plants, and rutabaga to twelve inches. If the ground is not very porous and dry it will generally be preferable to form ridges on which to sow the crop. They may be made with a small plow drawn by one horse, or more readily with a double mould-board plow. On stubble or sward ground, care should be taken in making the ridges, that the grass and weeds are not turned up. The ridges should be levelled by passing a roller over them, before the seed is sown. A pound of seed to the acre, evenly distributed, as it may be by a good machine, is sufficient.

A dressing of plaster sown on the plants as soon as they are up, while they are wet with dew, will afford considerable protection against the turnip fly or flea, and will on many soils greatly hasten the growth of the crop. The weeds must be killed as soon as they appear. The scuffle-hoe is the best hand tool for this purpose. It may be run rapidly along the ridges, close to the plants, and may take out almost every weed in the row without doing any damage. The spaces between the rows may be chiefly worked by a harrow or cultivator—the former is preferable on light lands. The plants should not be much thinned till they have got into the fourth leaf, and appear to be pretty well out of the way of the fly.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION. We alluded last week to a statement which had appeared in press of serious apprehensions being entertained for the fate of Sir John Franklin and his band of adventurers in the Erebus and the Terror. Some of the newspapers have since contained paragraphs to the effect that an overland expedition is about to be fitted out, under the command of Sir John Richardson, for the purpose of proceeding to their succor. So much interest is felt on the subject that we have taken some pains to procure authentic information respecting it. The result of our enquiries is, that Sir John Richardson has no intention whatever of going immediately, or even this year, to the north. He is merely preparing provisions to be sent out to Hudson's Bay, in June, and thenceforward to the north coast next season, should Franklin fail to make his appearance at Behring's Strait, or elsewhere in the course of the coming autumn. The prospect of seeing the latter in October or November next is precisely the same as he sailed, and the measure in question is merely a precautionary one. We have authority for adding that, in case no intelligence of the party shall reach England before January 1848, Sir John Richardson will probably receive the command of a boat expedition in the ensuing March.—Athenaeum.

A weekly literary periodical gives the following as a specimen of the elements of panomania:—A friend of ours waited for several hours at the door of a Mr. Snow, in the midst of a heavy shower, in order to say to him when he came out, "Hail, Mr. Snow! if you go out in the rain you will certainly be