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AUSTRALIA.

The following extracts are from an able article in the January number of the London Quarterly Review:

We are lost in astonishment when we look back at the early history of New South Wales. Under an absolute and too often tyrannical government, the first settlers were crowded together on a narrow strip of ground, a promontory partially cleared of a dense forest. The soil was a barren sand, and every yard required for cultivation had to be gained by felling enormous trees of a hardness that tried the temper of the keenest axe. On one side was an unexplored shore and a solitary sea; on the other an apparently boundless waste, in which not a step could be taken without danger of being totally lost, and which produced no wild fruit or root fit for the sustenance of man, and, with the exception of a wandering kangaroo or a shy emu, no animal or game of any use fit for human food.

The want of enterprise which marked the career of the early colonists must doubtless be attributed to the moral peculiarities of their position. The mass of the community was composed of men who, transported to the Antipodes, might be there properly denominated slaves, and their slavery was of the most intolerable description, - incessant and unrequited toil, the more disheartening because altogether unproductive. These miserable wretches, in the infancy of the transportation system, were alternately scorched by the fierce rays of a burning sun, and perished by cold, and not unfrequently half starved by the indifference of their rulers. "I have known," said a convict, "a man commit a murder for a meal. I would have sworn that three murders for a meal." Death was often inflicted for the most trifling crime, and a sudden look or a reproachful word was punished without mercy by the lash.

It appears that in the year 1792 there were only 67 free settlers in New South Wales. They held 3490 acres of land, of which only 499 were in cultivation, and 100 more cleared. These settlers were generally virtual slaves, and clothed from the public store for eighteen months from the time of taking possession of their grants, furnished with tools and implements of husbandry, with grain to sow their land, such cattle as could be spared from the public stock, and as many convicts as they would undertake to clothe and feed. The difficulty of clearing the district on which the city of Sydney now stands was so great, that without compulsory convict labour, employed for nearly a quarter of a century, it probably would never have been accomplished. The tone of society was for a long period of the lowest possible description.

When the system of free grants of lands was superseded by that of sales, the character of emigration to Australia, as well as the motives which directed it, materially changed. To Australia previous to 1824 had proceeded in small numbers, the same class of persons who by thousands have resorted of late years to Canada and the Western States of America, namely, families with capital, ranging from fifty to five hundred pounds, desirous of living on land of their own. But the great want of the colony was a free labouring population, and an effort was made, by the instrumentality of an emigration commission, to supply the settlers with a sufficient number of workmen, the cost of conveyance to the colonies being defrayed from the produce of land sales. The labour-market of England could thus, it was supposed, be relieved of its redundancy, and all classes both in the colony and the mother-country proportionally benefited.

The problem in colonization has always been to adjust the interests and settle the relative proportions of labour and capital. There exists, in a work now out of print, a curious and very graphic description of the disappointment which an English gentleman experienced in Australia, after having invested a considerable fortune in land.

In the same work is contained an account of a Scotch gentleman of ancient lineage, affording a striking example of what may be done in a colony by industry and hard work. With the help of a large family, and without the amount of capital which, according to the theories of the day, it is impossible that a settler should possess. He arrived in the colony the owner of an estate of 5000 acres, with five children, one-half of whom were about 15 years of age, and the other half about 10 years of age. He consisted of a little furniture, a gun or two, a very little ready money, and several bags of meal and biscuit. His situation had been selected for him previous to his arrival. He lay on the other side of a steep range of hills over which no road had been made, a mile from the town. He found the land a barren countryman, who lent him a pair of oxen, and, having dragged his goods over the hills to his land, he crammed the most fertile of the ground under a few blankets and craves spread on the brush. The

family worked at felling trees till there was timber sufficient for building a house. This house, situated on the slope of a hill, consisted of one long low wooden room, surrounded by a dry ditch to drain off the rain, and divided into partitions by blankets. The river ran below. When water was needed, it was brought in a bucket by one of the young ladies. A garden, in which many descriptions of vegetables, including tobacco and water-melons, grew apace, was laid out almost as soon as the house, which early investment was made in poultry, which required no other food than grasshoppers and grass seeds. Until the poultry produced eggs and chickens, the guns of the lady supplied quail, ducks, and parrots. In due time a crop of maize, of wheat, and of oats was got in. Before the barrels of oatmeal were sent to market, the poultry produced eggs and chickens, and potatoes afforded ample provision; and something to send to market. Labour cost nothing, fuel nothing, rent nothing, keeping up appearances nothing. First a few goats, then a cow, eventually a fair herd of stock were accumulated. Butter and vegetables found their way to the neighboring town. The bareheaded boys of the Highland gentleman soon became independent, and the daughters who were pretty, proud, and useful, obtained excellent husbands, and in another generation the family were found with a capital of a hundred or two hundred pounds, which probably be found among the wealthiest of the colony.

The great increase which has taken place in the emigration to Australia since the discovery of the gold-fields has made all theories of colonization as applied to that country comparatively unimportant. Previously to the social revolution which gold has effected, the labouring class consisted chiefly of distressed agricultural peasants and their wives, whose passages were defrayed out of the rents and sales of waste land. A self-paying emigration has now, to a great extent superseded the Government emigration. While the gold-fields are sufficient to attract a steady stream of self-supporting emigrants, those who did not verily that they were not for such laborious work find employment in tending flocks and herds. Every gold digger, it is said, gives employment to three other men in feeding and clothing him. Sheep formerly almost worthless, except for their hides, are now in steady demand for food; and land, which seemed likely to be unprofitable for ages, is acquiring a high and annually increasing value.

In the history of the world there is scarce anything that can be compared to the rapidity with which these colonies have progressed in wealth and population. In 1788 the British ensign was first hoisted on the silent and solitary shores of Sydney Cove. The little colony, when first established, consisted of only 1039 individuals; it now numbers 310,000 souls. Its stock consisted of one bull, four cows, one station, three mares and three colts. According to the latest official returns the live stock of New South Wales numbered horses 168,929; horned cattle 233,318; sheep 7,736,328; pigs 105,998.

But the province of New South Wales has been thrown into comparative shade by her brilliant daughter Victoria. Before the year 1851 Melbourne was an inconceivable place, not much larger than a small English market town. It had been chosen as a site for an encampment in 1835. In 1837 Sir Richard Bourke, then Governor of New South Wales, paid it a visit, and found it rising into a prosperous community. The district possessed some pastoral advantages and a good soil, and he named the town Melbourne, in honor of the English Premier. The infant city continued in a state of sluggish life until 1851, when it awoke to sudden animation on the astounding discovery that it was planted in a region thickly sown with gold, and in which fortunes might be realised in a few weeks by picking up the riches profusely scattered in many places even on the surface of the earth.

We know not how its amazing growth and rapid prosperity can be better realised than by the simple statement that the province of Victoria now contains 211 post towns, the most distant of which is 270 miles from the capital. In the year 1851 the population of the province was 77,345 persons, of whom 28,143 were congregated in the city of Melbourne. In March, 1857, the population numbered 410,766, of whom 99,345 were located in Melbourne. In June, 1858, the population of the province had increased to 478,348, and it now probably exceeds 500,000.

From the Times we learn that at Dorchester, on Saturday last a man named R. Gorton, having suspected his wife of infidelity, struck her on the head with an axe, and filled her to the ground. The poor woman is not expected to recover. Gorton has been safely lodged in goal, and it is said

makes some feigned attempts to show symptoms of insanity. - Courier.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"Out again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes fretfully, as her husband rose from the breakfast-table, and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early - have a light in the library. Good night," and with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa, out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me, now, and yet we've been married only two years. No man can have a more orderly house, I am sure; and I never go anywhere, I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh! dear, why is it? I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for money, and he must have loved me then - why does he treat me with so much neglect? and with her mind filled with such fearful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep upon the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure, and a very pretty face - the hair which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back; it was such a bother to curl it, she said; her cheek was pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. What's the use of dressing up just for William.

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of long intervals still to be spent alone before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the fence due through the registers, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headache, and all sorts of bothers? She's got the knack of that drawing whine so pat, that, 'pon my life, I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly dowdy, her countenance was certainly not suitable for an evening, even if it were an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose, and softly went to her own room, with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning, William came into the breakfast-room, with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lip as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with neat collar and sleeves of snowy muslin, and soft, full curls had really metamorphosed her; while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

It must tell you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side; and Lizzie's heart bounded, she recognized the old lovers tones and manners.

Not one frosty speech, not one complaint, fell upon William's ear through the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace at that hour lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warning by gratified interest and cordial manner.

"You will be home to dinner?" she said as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie, I have business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good-bye," and the smiling look, warm whistle, were a marked contrast to his long, careless gait, the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie in a low whisper. "Oh! what a fool I have been for two years! A fretful dowdy! William you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wife's devotion, and her lip would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore, but like a brave little woman she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen cover taken from the furniture, Lizzie thinking, "He shall find any parlors more attractive than his own. I am determined."

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure, in a tasty, bright, silk dress

smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush smile, stood ready to welcome William, as he came in; and tea time passed as the morning's meal had done.

After tea, there was no movement, as usual to ward the hat-rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering chatting, till Lizzie also rose. She led him to the light-warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting over again, as he watched her fingers busy with some fancy needlework, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh, ever so long ago."

"I remember black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wish time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee-wife home to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face glowed for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance; then she said,

"I wonder if you love music as much as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often drop in at Miss Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie half pouting.

"I had the piano tuned this morning - Now, open it, and we will see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano-stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Halls, Lizzie?"

"Oh! yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlour."

One song after another, with a nocturne, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, between them filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantel clock struck eleven.

"Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly, I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fire-place, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh! William I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore, last evening, how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will only forgive and love me."

"Love you? Oh! Lizzie, you cannot guess how dearly I love you."

As the little wife lay down that night, she thought,

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned the way to keep him."

One of the humanitarian movements of the times although little known as such, can hardly be over-estimated in its importance to the well being of our widely scattered communities. The population of the American States is in many sections so sparse, that skillful physicians are hardly available to them. Vast numbers of our people, are obliged to employ in sickness, such medical relief as they can hear from each other, or indeed any they can get from any quarter. Hence arises the great consumption of Patent Medicines among us, greater by far than in any of the old countries, where skillful physicians are accessible to all classes. Unprincipled men have long availed themselves of this necessity, to palm off their worthless nostrums, until the word has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. One of our leading Chemists in the East, Dr. Ayer, is pursuing a course which defeats this inquiry. He brings not only his own best skill of our times to bear, for the production of the best remedies which can be made. These are supplied in the world, in a convenient form at low prices, and the people will no more buy poor medicines instead of good at the same cost, then they will buy instead of four. The inevitable consequence of this is, that the vile compounds that flood our country are discarded for those which honestly accomplish the end in view, - which cure. Do we over-estimate its importance, in believing that this prospect of supplanting the by-word medicines, with those of actual worth and virtue, is fraught with immense consequence for

good, to the masses of our people. - Gazette and Chronicle, Peru, Pa.

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A tremendous collision between a freight and a wood train occurred on the New York Central Railroad on the 17th inst., by which Washington Vermilyea, a fireman, was killed outright, and Mr. Stark, engineer, so badly injured that his life is despaired of. Others were also considerably injured. The accident was owing to the carelessness of a watchman who went to sleep, and afterwards reported that a train had passed which had not.

NARROW ESCAPE. Three shipmasters, Capt. York and Harding, and Capt. Geo. W. Hale, late of ship Ocean Queen of Newburyport, came passengers in the Anglo-Saxon, which arrived at Portland on Thursday. They expected to leave in the Hungarian the previous week, but were detained by the ships (which they were leaving on account of not wishing to go to India) being unable to get to sea before the Hungarian left. - Boston Traveller.

FIRES. - On Tuesday night the residence of Mr. John Dever, at Rod Head, was destroyed, with the furniture in it. We have not heard the cause of the fire. The house it is said was insured, but the furniture was not.

On the same night a barn was burned in North Street, York Point.

The names of the four new mail steamships of the Irish-American line, are to be Leinster, Ulster, Master and Connaught, in honor of the designation of the four provinces of Ireland. The Leinster will leave Galway for New York on the 1st of June next, and all the others will sail within six weeks afterwards.

HAVE FOREVER. - During the tornado which swept over Cleveland, Ohio, a woman was passing across the flats, when she was caught up by a violent gust and dropped into the river. She was buoyed up by her expanded clothes, but drifted rapidly down the stream. Mr. Thomas Water, succeeded in getting her ashore, much scared and very wet but not hurt.