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*Exquisitum est optimum.* -Cic.

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## From Dr. Hall's Hand Book of Consumption. HOW THE BLOOD IS PURIFIED.

The heart has two suits of rooms, one filled with impure blood going to the lungs to be purified; the other containing the purest blood of the body, which having undergone purification and perfection in the lungs, has been returned to the other side of the heart, to be propelled therefrom, to the most distant portions of the human frame, imparting in its progress, renovation, restoration and life. The right side of the heart contains the impure, imperfect blood, while the pure blood is found in the left. But it cannot get from the right side into the left without passing through an out-house, the Lungs, where the purifying process is carried on; and how? We have seen that the blood is in the little branches of blood-vessels spread like a vine on the walls of the air-cells, the lungs, distended by air. Now, the blood does not come in actual contact with the air, the membrane, of these minute vessels, thinner than the thinnest paper, manufactured up in Heaven, by omnipotent skill for the express purpose, is between the air and the blood. But a most wonderful process goes on here; there is a passage of substances through these membranes, the life of the air, the oxygen, as we say, passes out of the air-cells into the blood in the blood-vessels, and the impurities, the death of the blood, pass from the blood-vessel into the air-cell, and in a moment the dead blood is made alive, and the air so pure without but a moment before, is now deadly. So the death of the blood and the life of the air pass through these membranes, as light passes through glass or as electricity along the wires. Thus the lungs are the great "Change of life—the market place where Vitality and Death change their waves, the air being the nobler of the two for while it takes death from the blood, it gives its own life therefore, the savior of physical humanity.

Let the most careless reader note and feel here how impossible it is for the blood to be purified unless he breathes abundant pure air. The importance of breathing it constantly, is strikingly exhibited in the established fact, that every ounce of blood of the whole body is thus aired every two and a half minutes of our existence. Thus the breathing of a pure air for so short a time as two and a half minutes imports purification and refreshment to the whole human frame. This explains the instantaneousness with which persons are revived when taken into the air after confinement to a close room or crowded apartment for a short time.

Thus, when after writing or reading, or sewing in one position for a long time, and the whole body feels tired, we get up, stretch the body, draw a full, deep breath and walk across the room for a few times, there is a feeling of rest and refreshment comes over us which is most agreeable. Why? Because the full breath distends the air cells, straightens the blood vessels, the blood passes onward, presenting itself as it passes, to the life-giving influences of the air in the freshly and fully distended air vessels. What madness it is, what deliberate suicide, to repress these yearnings of our instincts for the life-giving agencies which a beneficent Providence has thrown around us with such bounteous profusion: the pure Air of Heaven!

But how does the blood become thus impure at the right side of the heart, before it goes for renovation to the lungs? There are two sources of impurity. A barrel of the purest water will be sadly defiled, if taken to the attic, and every floor is washed with it down to the cellar. The blood starts from the lungs pure and clean, it goes thro' the whole frame, washing it out as it goes along, the particles of our body which have died since the last visit; for we are always dying, reader! Particles which have subserved their uses, and having answered the great end of their creation, must be swept away as the cinders from the grate, or the ashes from the hearth. Thus the blood so pure but two and a half minutes before, is now loaded with offal, and is deposited in the heart, the great Clearing House of the body. So this body of ours is swept out, is washed clean every two minutes and a half of our existence. Like a magnificent steam engine, requiring the constant attendance of the engineer, who, if he does his duty, is all the time cleaning and oiling, so as to keep it in perfect working order, so is our body.

Does not the reader see, then, that not only is the want of full breathing a cause of impure blood, but if the air he breathes is not pure when first breathed, it can no more unload the blood of its impurities as perfectly as it ought to have done, than dirty water can wash a garment clean? You, who habitually breathe an impure, that is confined air, for all confined air is impure, are a moral suicide. Hurry then, from your bedchamber the instant of rising; hoist the windows of your sitting apartments, fling wide open your doors divers times daily, even in the coldest

weathers, and let out the death instead of drawing it into your system, to fester, corrupt and rot you.

## Sandy Land—Amalgamation.

Any soil which is found upon analysis to contain more than eighty parts in a hundred of siliceous matter, is denominated *sandy soil*. Soils so constituted are rarely found to be productive, unless improved by amalgamation, or mixture. Rye and buckwheat are the only grains which can be cultivated on them with any degree of success, in their natural state, and even these are not by any means sure of producing a remunerating crop, except in favorable seasons. Potatoes sometimes do well on this kind of soil, provided it be liberally manured; the tubers grown on it are generally of an excellent quality, dry and malady, and much superior for table use to those produced on heavier and more affluent soil.

By allowing such land a period of repose, or laying it down to permanent pasture—where a fruits of the accumulation of humus—it rapidly recovers, and on being again subjected to tillage, will produce one or two excellent crops of rye, buckwheat, or potatoes, without the stimulation of manural applications.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that all arenaceous or sandy soils lose one part in a hundred of their positive value, for productive purposes, by the increase of a hundredth part in the proportion of siliceous matter. When the soil is so light as to be blown by the winds, it possesses but a more negative value, and can only be reclaimed and rendered suitable for cultivation by an admixture of argillaceous or clayey matter.

In many sandy soils, beside the pure native siliceous matter, we find other matters, such as carbonate of lime. This usually manifests itself in the form of calcareous sand—containing a portion of lime—which is far less insalubrious than the siliceous, and exerts in all cases, an invigorating and healthful influence, both upon the soil and crops.

Of the fifty three varieties of soil produced by the artificial combination of elements, experimented on by Tillet, that which appeared to be the most congenial to the cereals, was composed of three-eighths potter's clay, one-half shell or fossil marl, and one-eighth siliceous or common sand.

Where a soil is found to contain a too profuse quantity of per centum of siliceous matter, ascertained by visual inspection without the assistance of chemical tests—the remedy is to be found in amalgamation, or mixing with it a sufficient quantity of good clay, to bring it to the required consistency.

All sandy soils when ameliorated in this way, are found to possess a high value, and as they lose their original character, become permanently productive and rich in proportion to the thoroughness or completeness with which the modification of texture and character is effected.

Sandy lands, thus improved, produce Indian corn, and the several kinds of grain, more bountifully, oftentimes, than some of the best conditioned natural soils: they are also excellent for pasturage. For carrots, beets, swedes, mangles, and parsnips, they are among the best lands we have. They will produce fine crops of grass for two or three years, but will not continue them like the clayey, loam soils, or soils of a granite formation.

The expense in effecting this change is considerable, but when the improvement is effected, it is a permanent one. We know of some examples of the kind which continue to give great satisfaction.—N. E. Farmer.

That's right—that's right; encourage the mixture of sand with clay, and of clay with sand, on soils, which in the first case are too stiff, or in the last too free, and our word for it, this will be the surest and richest way of manuring your grounds. An improvement thus made, is a "thing forever."

This Spring we had occasion to dig a basement cellar for a barn on our premises. The spot was in alluvial soil resting on an unknown depth of quicksand. A neighbor who has a piece of clayey ground, quite too stiff for a garden, set his man at work hauling the sand off and spreading it several inches thick all over his garden. It was "with more, cord for word, than manure, to such such land. Already the vegetables, corn, &c., laugh outright as they thrust their hungry roots down, and then their verdant heads up through the sandy dressing. It will be a benefit to the land forever.

Some years ago, we served a portion of our grounds in the same way. It is now as strong and productive a soil as lies out doors in any State.—Drew's Rural.

## Freemasonry.

We perceive in the new number of the "Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror" an unexpected announcement difficult to reconcile on a first view, with popular concep-

tions of the mysterious secrecy attaching to all that belongs to the craft. The conduct of the periodical mentioned informs his readers that, having already obtained the sanction of the proper authorities, he will give henceforward full reports, furnished by professional reporters, of the proceedings that take place in grand lodge and all the metropolitan and provincial lodge and chapters. The number of the Magazine for the present month exhibits the first fruits of the concession in copious reports of the doings during the last month of numerous metropolitan and provincial Grand Lodges.—Liverpool Herald.

The recent fearful calamity on the St. Lawrence, causing such a lamentable loss of life by the burning of the steamer Montreal, is the absorbing topic of comment in the Canadian journals. The Quebec Morning Chronicle of the 14th inst., which comes out in mourning, says—

"As may naturally be expected, this city remains in a fearful state of excitement in consequence of the late lamentable catastrophe by which, at the lowest computation, two hundred and fifty human beings have been hurried into eternity. In the midst of life we are in death,"—the pall of sorrow hangs over the entire community, and there are many aching hearts that grieve, besides those who have to mourn the loss of relatives and friends. So terrible a catastrophe has never occurred in this part of the world, and God avert the day when anything like it shall again come to startle us from our worldliness."

From 250 to 300 lives were lost. Many of the bodies had been recovered, and the Coroner's inquest was still sitting at Quebec.

The Captain of the ill-fated boat is severely censured by some of the papers. The Montreal Commercial Advertiser states, on good authority, "that the captain of the Montreal took the only life-preserver on board her to save his own life, and that he, the mate, and others of the crew, watched until the drowning of the passengers would give them an opportunity to swim off without danger of being laid hold of by the sinking."

Some instances of heroism are recorded, which are deserving of admiration. The Montreal Chronicle relates one:—

The boy Narcisse Lamontagne, who so heroically saved 8 children from the steamer Montreal, was in town yesterday. He is about thirteen years old, and though tall for his age, is of delicate form; and it is really wonderful that he should have had the presence of mind and courage to grapple with the children in the water, some of them being nearly as tall as himself. Mr. J. B. Ryan, and Capt. St. Louis, of the steamer Victoria, took him about the city yesterday afternoon, with the view of getting a subscription raised to reward him for his noble conduct. He is from Sorel, and we are informed that he is the chief support of his widowed mother. Surely such heroism as this boy displayed should not pass unrecorded. We have no humane Society in Quebec, but we have, we trust, those in this city who, admiring this noble boy's conduct, will give him a medal and something besides it. It was by seizing the door of a state-room, placing the children upon it, and pushing it before him while he swam, that at different trips, he succeeded in landing on dry rocks, or on the beach, eight of the survivors who would have otherwise met, with the hundreds of others, a watery grave.

The Montreal Gazette gives the following incident:—

Among the note-worthy incidents of the disaster was the saving of her two children by Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company at Toronto. She held to a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was the load that two of her teeth gave way and were lost, yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming all round her to be taken on board. She could not scream, but a man seeing her situation, brought the boat to her, telling them she needed aid more. Then her strength gave way, at the prospect of relief and safety, and she came near drowning ere she could be lifted into the boat. She is a slight, delicate woman in appearance, and one wonders how she was able to endure so much.

## Tobacco and the Turks.

There can be no doubt, from what has occurred in the war just ended, that had the Turks never indulged in the vicious habit of smoking tobacco, they would not have required the assistance of the French, Sardinians, and British. They would have been as powerful as in the days of the Sultan

Othman, Orchan, Amurath the First, and Bajazet, and would have sent such a message by Menschikoff to the Czar Nicholas, as the Sultan Bajazet said to the Count de Nevers of France, when taken prisoner, after his celebrated unsuccessful cavalry charge (like that of Balaklava) near Nicopolis. It is allowed by British and other European officers, that the Turkish soldier is equal, if not superior, to the private soldier of any European nation. But the officers are ignorant, lazy, and indolent, constantly stupefied with tobacco. The late expedition of Omar Pacha, from Batoum to Koutais, is graphically described by one of the correspondents of an English journal, where, while the private soldiers were toiling away in dragging the artillery through forests, their officers were *squatted*, smoking their pipes or chibouques. "Tobacco," says the eloquent Burke, "is the delight of Dutchmen, as it diffuses a torpor and pleasing stupefaction." It is stated that Abbas, the first Shah of Persia, in the beginning of the 17th century (he reigned from 1547 to 1629), denounced opium and tobacco. And that when leading an army against the Cham of Tartary, he proclaimed that every soldier, in whose possession tobacco was found, would have his nose and lips cut off, and afterwards be burnt alive. He re-established the Persian empire by his activity and conquests.

## Four Great Men.

It is a remarkable fact, that four of the most renowned characters that ever lived, closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alxander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of blood. Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and "shipped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake"—fled from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their God, and called him Hannibal—died at last by poison, administered by his own hand, alone and unlamented in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth; was miserably assassinated by those who he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his highest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men, who from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world called Great—these four who, each in turn made the earth to tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severely died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile.

## A Chapter of Murders.

A tragical drama has just taken place here. The agent of Count Sch—, who had been to the bank to receive a sum of 15,000 silver roubles, lost the packet of notes on his way home. The money was picked up by a clerk who, instead of giving the property at once to the owner, followed him to his house and inquired the name of the person who lived there. The finder of the money then returned home, hesitating in his mind how he should act. When he arrived there, a violent quarrel arose between him and his wife the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following morning, went to the house of the Count to deliver the sum, but the latter would not receive it, saying that his agent had committed suicide in the night in consequence of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself from vacation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body and hanged with the same rope.

A writer in Hunt's Magazine suggests a new plan for extinguishing fires. It is simply saturating the water of the fire engine with common salt and potash, mixing together and impregnating the wood, the flames cannot spread.

## Sad Death of a Probably Innocent Man charged with Robbery.

In the case of John Mowatt, who hung himself to the bars of his cell at the Cambridge street jail, the Coroner's inquest develops some remarkable facts. It appears that Mowatt was arrested about a week since on the charge of one Jeremiah Hart, that he had robbed him while in Broad-street, in the night time, of \$12. Mowatt, however declared his entire innocence.—Upon being searched the sum of \$23.87 was found upon him, but no \$2 bill was found of the denomination of those which Hart said he had lost. Mowatt was taken before the Police Court, where, upon the testimony of Hart, who swore without hesitation that Mowatt came along and took the money from him, he was committed to jail to await the action of the grand jury in the matter. Hart was also detained as a witness.

At the jail, Mowatt continually asserted his innocence, stating that he was from Webster, Massachusetts, where he had a wife and two children, and that he was on a visit to this city, when thus suddenly arrested on so serious a charge. It was the general opinion of all conversant with the case, that he was innocent of the robbery, and he would, probably, have been discharged next week by the Grand Jury finding no indictment, but the anxiety of his situation probably worked upon his mind, so as to cause him to take his own life.—The jury returned a verdict of death by suicide, while laboring under a temporary attack of insanity.

## Another Riot in New York.

New York, July 9. Another riot occurred last night in the eleventh ward at Mackerville, the scene of the robbery on Sunday of the Second Avenue car. The police were attacked, and used their pistols in defence. Two rioters were shot, and the disturbance was finally quelled.

## The Slave Trade.

The barque Panchita, which arrived at New York on Tuesday from the Coast of Africa, in charge of a British prize crew, was yesterday libelled, and is now in custody of the United States Marshal. Advice has been received here of the seizure on the African coast of the brig Adams Grey, on suspicion of being a slaver. The brig formerly hailed from New Orleans. She was captured by the British cruiser Prometheus.

## The Atlantic Cable.

WASHINGTON, July 9. The Navy Department this morning received a despatch from Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, dated June 27, in which he says, "I have the honor to report that a shipload of the Telegraphic Cable has just been got alongside this ship, which we shall at once commence coiling into the forehold. We have a promise of a second, now nearly full on the 31st, and shall commence coiling from her into the wardroom tier abaft. During the time in which we shall be coiling from these vessels into their separate tiers, we shall coil away on this ship one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. I stated in my letter of the 22d inst. that the two vessels above referred to bring off 750 miles of the cable."

## Taking out an Eye to Mend it.

The Leipzig Journal of Literature, Science and Art, publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Graeff in diseases of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument examines minutely the interior, takes it out and performs any necessary surgical operation, and replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision. A young girl had long been afflicted with the most excruciating pain in the left eye, the cause of which the most learned could not understand.—Dr. Graeff found in the centre of the ball a little worm, which he removed, and restored the poor creature immediately to health and perfect health.

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

We learn from the the Presbyterian that a man named Andrew McKay was drowned in Salomon River on Tuesday, 30th June. The deceased was bringing down a load of sand in a canoe, when through some sudden turn of the canoe a quantity of water came in and before any assistance could be given he had sunk to rise no more. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict returned in accordance with the facts of the case. The man was a native of Edinburgh, Nova Scotia.