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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## The Last Royal BULL FIGHT AT SALVATERRA.

BY E. FOURSTIE.

DON JOSEPH THE FIRST, of Portugal when at Salvaterra, was only a sort of holiday-making king. The gossips used to say that in Lisbon his Majesty sat at the latrine, while the Marquis de Pombal sat on the throne—a saying derived from the monarch's mechanical silk as a turner, and the domineering spirit of his minister, the Marquis.

Now there was no turner's lathe at Salvaterra where the king used to hunt and feast, and then yawn for a couple of hours in the evening in the handsome theatre that is still standing, while the Marquis de Pombal was busily filling in decrees appended to the king's black signatures, like another Richelieu ruling a second Louis XIII.

It was now spring. The almond trees were in full blossom, the birds were all singing in groves, and the flowers were laden with perfume, when a royal bull-fight attracted the polite world to Salvaterra. It was quite a holiday to the nobility. The bulls were magnificent, the cavaliers were dressed in their most elegant attire; while the amphitheatre presented one blaze of female beauty. All hearts were beating with excitement, or hope; and what gave the finishing charm to this gorgeous *fece* was the presence of the king, unalloyed by that of his unpopular minister—the Marquis de Pombal having been forcibly detained in Lisbon to hold a conference with the Spanish ambassador.

A somewhat sharp contest had indeed taken place that same day, between the Castilian envoy and the Portuguese minister, for which the latter was lauded to the skies by those who wanted to curry favor at court; while he was scouted by far the greater number, who hated him as a domineering upstart. All the puritanical sicalgors, or nobles, took part with the Spaniard, and devoutly hoped that the fear of incurring a war would put an end to the tyranny of the ennobled plebeian, as they styled him; while the magistracy and the gentlemen of the robe smiled disdainfully at their pretended devotion to the throne and the altar.

The Marquis de Pombal had rejected all the concessions impudently demanded by the Castilian minister in the name of the court.

"Vastly well!" cried the Spaniard putting an end to all further discussion; "an army of sixty thousand men will come into Portugal, and—"

"And do what?" inquired the Marquis, smiling calmly, as he looked at his interlocutor through his spy-glass.

"Why, bring your excellency to your senses, and to a due appreciation of my masters' rights," retorted the Castilian, half a tone higher, thinking to dumbfound the minister.

The Marquis de Pombal knit his brows, and assumed that harsh expression that covered even the royal, and replied coolly: "Sixty thousand men! it is certainly a good many for so small a house; still, the king, my master, will manage to accommodate them all. Albuquerque was smaller still, yet we managed to find room for them. Your excellency may transmit this answer to your government."

Then rising to dismiss the ambassador, he added: "Your excellency must be aware that every man is so strong in his own house, that even when dead, he requires four men to remove him from it."

The ambassador was obliged to swallow the lesson thus given him, though not without many an oath; and the Marquis prepared for war.

The fact is, the Marquis liked to keep up the dignity of his small nation, and knew how to put down the overbearing pretensions of more powerful states. Moreover, he patronized arts and sciences, many branches of which owed the temporary impulse given them, to his enlightened views; and if industry did not progress with mightier strides under his dominion, it was certainly owing to the native indolence of the people he had to govern.

But to return to the bull-fight, which, by the bye, was a species of entertainment entirely discountenanced by the Marquis, who thought bulls were better employed at the plough; that the toreros, or bull-fighters, if of gentle birth, could serve the state more effectually with their pen or their sword, or, if belonging to the class of artisans, would become more useful members of society by ploughing or weaving—Don Joseph, though leaving all the business of state to his minister, could not be ruled on the subject of bull-fighting, and insisted on having his own way in this particular. The king, therefore, doubly relished the *fece*, both from his natural taste for such sports, and the Marquis's disinclination to extermination of the kind.

The curtains were now withdrawn, and the royal box, the king made his appearance and

his brilliant retinue filled all the surrounding places. An ocean of heads waved to and fro as they doffed their hats, all eyes were turned for a moment towards the new comers, and then fell on the arena, where the royal flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the bull-fighters. These cavaliers, all of the most illustrious birth, now appeared, with their lances resting on their stirrups, and mounted on richly caparisoned couriers, whose velvet hangings were embroidered with their arms. Their variegated plumage fell gracefully over their hats, and their swords encased in chased silver sheaths, were slung on a handsome baldric of silk and gold. The capinhas—namely, those who excite the bulls by displaying capes and streamers, and the forcados, armed with forks to prevent the bulls from leaping over the barriers, were all elegantly dressed in the old Castilian costume, and their martial countenances gave token of their eagerness for the fight.

Amongst all the cavaliers, the Count dos Arcos, son to the Marquis de Marialva, shone most conspicuous. He wore a costume belonging to Louis XIV's time, entirely of black velvet. The magnificent lace that ornamented his embroidered garters artfully compressed sundry puffs of fine cambric, alone relieved the motonous hue of his cape, vest, and hat.

The Count was of the middle height, of a well proportioned figure, and an extremely graceful bearing. His dark, almond-shaped eyes, imparted soul and expression to the interesting paleness of his countenance, while his remarkably thick eye lashes, when cast to the ground, threw a sort of shadow over his face, which imbued it with soft melancholy. He sat on horseback with unstudied ease, and a natural dignity that enchanted the beholder.

The worthy son of one of the best riders in Europe, he and horse seemed to form but one being, realizing the fable of the centaurs. The graceful manner with which he rode round the lists, restraining the ardor of his fiery steed, apparently without an effort, called forth the loud and prolonged plaudits of the assembly. At the third round the horse stopped in front of a box, and seemed as if about to kneel down, while his rider placed his hand on his heart. A lady then blushed, and hastened to draw her veil over her burning cheeks. All this took place with the rapidity of lightning, yet this slight incident would have been sufficient to reveal such a tale of love, could any one have guessed, in so short a time, that which was only known to these two souls.

The king smiled on the fascinating cavalier, when he bowed to him for the last time, according to custom, and said to his neighbor, "Why has the Count come in mourning?"

"No doubt, on account of his passion," was the answer.

"I hope it forbodes no ill, said the monarch.

The conversation was here interrupted, as the fight was about to begin.

The bulls brought into the lists were of pure Andalusian breed, and their horns were not padded to prevent their injuring their adversaries, so that all the excitement of real danger was added to the cruel sport. Several bulls had been disabled by the cavaliers, whom the ladies had rewarded for their dexterity by their sweetest smiles, when the door of the circus was thrown open, and forth stepped a black bull, whose long and taper horns were curved at the tips, and whose thin but sinewy legs, showed him to combine the most marvelous swiftness, with a prodigious degree of strength. On reaching the middle of the circus, he stopped short with a wild look, shook his splendid head, glared all around the amphitheatre; then striking the ground impatiently, he uttered a hoarse roar, in the midst of the silence that had followed on the applause from the assembled multitude. In a few moments more the capinhas had leaped over the barriers to avoid the alarming velocity of his career, while two or three dying horses gave token of his headlong fury.

For a time none of the cavaliers confronted him, while the bull was tearing round the circus as if to defy the combatants. Presently the Count dos Arcos was seen to stand the encounter firmly, while the shaft of his lance was splintered, leaving the point buried in the bull's muscular throat.

When the noble young cavalier passed once more under the box, before which he had previously caused his steed to bow his head, a snow white hand let fall a rose which the Count gracefully picked up with his lance as he galloped by, and placed it near his heart, after pressing it to his lips. Then came more exciting the bull, who stood motionless with eddies right, he wheeled round and round him, till the animal began to rear up the earth and to back his sides with his tail. In the excitement of the moment, the young man forgot all danger, and perceiving his life for a smile, he ventured to grasp

the bull's front with the point of the lance, when the terrific creature bounded at him with wild fury. In another moment the horse was rolling on the ground in the agonies of death, and the rider, wounded likewise, was unable to rise. The bull then dashed forward, clearing every obstacle in its way, and picking up his adversary with his horns, tossed him up into the air, receiving him as he fell on the point of his dangerous weapons of defence and never relinquished his prey, till, on placing one of his paws on the mutilated corpse, his instincts told him his victim had resigned his breath.

This tragic catastrophe was completed before the echo of the last plaudits had died away.

A awful silence of intense suspense had pervaded the whole assembly, while these thousands of hearts were all beating with one all-absorbing anxiety. King, vassals and ladies, with their bodies leaning half out of the boxes, and suspended breath, were gazing at the fearful struggle with agonized curiosity; then, in another moment every eye was turned upwards as if to follow the track of the soul that was mounting up to heaven from the blood-stained corpse to the foot of the throne of the Most High.

At the fall of the young cavalier, one immense cry of horror resounded through the amphitheatre; then, when the victim was whirled aloft, and expired before reaching the ground, an agonized sob proceeded from one of the boxes, and a lady was borne away apparently dying, in the arms of her companions.

Don Joseph hid his face in his hands, and the couriers seemed petrified into silence.

But the fearful drama was not yet concluded. The Marquis de Marialva had watched his son's evolutions at first with paternal pride, but the moment the black bull entered the circus, his face seemed overcast by a dark cloud. On the Count's advancing to excite the animal, the old man's features had become contracted by anxiety, and he could not withdraw his fascinated gaze from the frightful deed, the fatal issue of which seemed too certain to the anxious forebodings of a father.

On a sudden, the Marquis uttered a stifled scream, and covered his face with his hands. His fears were realized—the horse and rider lay on the ground. The last faint hope, clinging to a slender thread indeed, was presently rudely snapped asunder by death. The unfortunate father, on seeing himself deprived of the light of his eyes, and the prop and glory of his old age, spoke not a word and shed not a tear, but sank beneath the weight of his anguish, and as he looked up to heaven his lips moved, but without being able to give utterance to a single sound.

In another moment he seemed to have resumed himself. His livid paleness gave way to a feverish flush, and his white hair, streaming over his forehead, looked as wild as a lion's mane.

A sinister kind of excitement lit up his eyes, announcing the thirst for revenge, blended with a father's grief. As if galvanised into the agility and vigor of his youthful days, he drew himself up to his full height, and instinctively put his hand to his side to seek his sword; alas! he had buckled on that sword to his son's baldric on the morning of what he had hoped would prove a day of glory, but which had turned to one of everlasting mourning.

Then, without listening to the remonstrances of friends, he hurried down the steps of the amphitheatre, with as firm a step as the snows of seventy winters had not accumulated upon his head.

The king thought it quite enough to have lost one subject on this inauspicious day, and did not wish to risk the chance of losing another. He sent word to that effect to the Marquis de Marialva.

"The king commands the living, but I am going to belong to the dead," answered the old man, in a stern, hollow voice. "The king can do much, but he cannot stay a father's arm, nor dishonor the white hairs of a man who has served him these fifty years. Let me pass onward, and take my answer to his Majesty."

Don Joseph valued the rough but sterling virtues of his old master of the horse, and the bare thought of losing him blanched his cheek; and as he leaned convulsively out of his box, with clenched hands and set teeth, he awaited in mortal anxiety the issue of this dreadful struggle.

The Marquis de Marialva now entered the circus with the intrepid firmness of a gladiator. Grief had absorbed all other sensations. What is danger, what is death, to him who is a prey to despair? After bending over his son's cold remains, and kissing his forehead, he unbuckled his baldric and put it on. He now drew the sword and examined its point. Then, after placing the cap on his arm, and the black hat on his head, he stood in the centre of the circus and attracted the bull's attention by displaying the cape.

There was something awfully solemn in

the silence that reigned amidst the dense mass of spectators. One might have heard the pulsations of his heart, if in the old man's iron frame the heart had not been the humble vassal of his will.

The bull dashed at him, but the Marquis eluded the shock; and each time the enraged animal attempted to trample him under foot, he was foiled by his adversary's skill and coolness. His nostrils were distended—his mouth was foaming—he lashed his sides with his tail—his eyes became haggard, and his legs were beginning to give way under him—yet the Marquis kept him at bay by a series of skilful manoeuvres.

This scene had lasted for half an hour—yet never for a moment had the intense gaze of the surrounding multitude been withdrawn from this all-absorbing sight. No one thought to applaud; but the silence expressed still more eloquently the intense interest taken in the sequel of the struggle.

On a sudden the king uttered a cry of alarm, and fell back on his seat, as the Marquis stood waiting the encounter of the bull, with chest uncovered. The larger number of the spectators fell on their knees to pray for the soul of the last of the Marialvas; and the pause that ensued, though only of a few moments' duration, seemed a whole age of agony. Then, through the sort of mist that appeared to float before the eyes of each horrified spectator, a sword was seen to flash, and was then plunged to the hilt behind the animal's neck—a roar echoed through the amphitheatre, and the fall of the colossal bull formed the last act of this bloody tragedy.

A shout of triumph now rent the air, while the Marquis, after nearly reeling beneath the shock of the encounter, had regained his footing and went to kiss his lifeless son, and bathe his cold face with his tears. The bull rose up once more, and crawling to the spot where he chose to die, fell down with stiffened limbs on the prostrate body of the Count's horse.

At this moment the spectators turned their eyes toward the royal box, and shuddered on beholding the King, as pale as ashes, standing beside the Marquis de Pombal, who had evidently arrived in the utmost haste, as he was covered with dust. Sebastian Joseph Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal, stood with his back to the circus, and was talking to the King with great animation. The conversation was short; but the Marquis never changed his position till the King left his box, in order the better to display his contempt for these barbarous entertainments.

"We are going to war with Spain; yet your Majesty wastes your time and the blood of your subjects at bull-fighting! At this rate Portugal is on the high road to become a Spanish province."

"This shall be the last bull-fight, Marquis; the death of the Count dos Arcos has made me renounce bull-fighting as long as I live."

"God send it may, sire!" rejoined the Marquis. "We have not so many men that we can afford to give one away for a bull. Will your Majesty allow me to carry your condolences to the Marquis?"

"Do," said the King, who left his box, while the Marquis de Pombal entered the circus with all the dignity natural to his commanding figure, and raising the inconsolable father, said to him, in a tone of friendly severity: "Marquis, men of your Excellency's stamp ought to give the example of firmness. You had a son—God has been pleased to take him—we must submit to his will! We are going to war with Spain, and my lord and master requires your sword and your advice."

And he then drew him away to his carriage.

Don Joseph kept his word, and there never was another royal bull fight at Salvaterra.

BERMUDA.—The papers speak of remarkable weather in the islands. The Bermudian of the 10th says: "A steady, north-easterly wind has been blowing over these islands for several days, a circumstance almost unheard of in the month of September. This month is, as a general rule, the counterpart of August, both with respect to the temperature of the atmosphere and the compass whence the breezes of summer usually come. But now, in one of the hottest months, we have the wind blowing steadily from a wintry quarter. Who can explain this phenomenon? The crop of sweet potatoes in the islands has been nearly destroyed by long continued dry weather. Other vegetables are also very scarce and dear. A letter from Bermuda, dated Sept. 15, received at Halifax, says: 'The number of deaths by yellow fever, since its appearance (July 30) to 13th September, has been 24. I have heard of no death since the 13th inst.'—[Boston Advertiser, 27th.]

EXPERIENCE OF A BOSTON BOY.—The following is an extract of a letter from a young man by his mother in Boston, dated San Juan

de Nicaragua, August, 1856. He worked two or three years in a printing office in Boston, and left to seek his fortune in California, where he accumulated some eight or ten hundred dollars, was robbed, and in a moment of discouragement, joined the Walker expedition. The story we give in his own words. He says:

"I was not much, but it was the first I had ever made, and I did not know what to do. Just about that time the Walker movement broke out in Nicaragua, and so I joined it, the agreement being that all the men should receive one hundred dollars a month, and five hundred acres of land at the time of the discharge. Well, I served with him over seven months, and received my discharge, because I weighed only ninety-three pounds, and after having served so long, instead of getting a hundred dollars a month, as he promised, I received a piece of paper called 'Government Script,' to the amount of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, for which I should be glad to get fifty dollars.

"I have been very sick. I laid on a bed made of raw hides three months, and could not move without help. This was in a hospital in Granada, where there were about five or six men—boys, you may say, dying. They were enticed to this country by the fair promises of a man who has no principle, and who can never fulfill the promises he has made. There was a time when the boys were thought something, there were only about a hundred and fifty of us then, but look at them now, a parcel of thieves, who, to keep out of jail, have joined Walker, and they are in just as bad a fix as if they had not come, for three-fifths of them will die of the fever or cholera, and the balance will starve to death."—[Nantucket Inquirer.]

AT THE OLD TIMES.—We are informed tremendous efforts are now being made in some of the up river Counties by the Hon. Mr. Fisher and the Hon. Mr. Tilly, and their associates, to revive the drooping spirits of the party, and remove its strength, and that the meeting employed are still the same, viz:—religion and temperance. Temperance meetings are held in some of the religious meetings in other—Tas. See here, and grand demonstrations there—to build a chapel or rebuild the Temperance ark and at these the Hon. Mr. Tilly, and more extraordinary the Hon. Mr. Fisher, it is said are the principal speakers. Not a grand deal we presume is said of politics—but political motives actuate at least some of the parties.—[Freeman.]

MASSACHUSETTS MOSAICS.—We are indebted to J. F. Hyde, Esq., of Nantucket Centre, for a specimen of mosaics which he has manufactured from the Chinese Sugar Cane, grown upon his farm in that town. It is equal to the best syrup, in color of a light brown and of an excellent flavor. Mr. Hyde is confident that the cane can be successfully cultivated, and with as much ease as Indian corn producing an article of mosaics as good as that now selling in the market for sixty cents per gallon, and, besides, sugar of an equally good quality. We understand that this subject is now exciting general attention in this community, and the experiment of its successful culture will be thoroughly tested.—[Boston Traveller.]

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for such are but facious or sofianes, which take an honest mind prisoner.

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror; he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we would like to know what is.

Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion and idleness is a bad steward to knowledge. This mother is too universal, though, particularly the former.

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?" "Divil the bit." "Then be after heading me a quarter." "I'm asleep, be jabbers!"

The wife who extravagantly expends that money which her husband can ill afford to part with—who teases or coaxes him into expenditures which his better judgment tells him will eventually lead him into debt and difficulty, must, indeed be blinded by the petty triumph of having gained her point, if she does not perceive that she is sinking her own domestic peace to the very foundation.

The soul is a prisoner that always kills the jailer when it makes its escape, to escape at all.

ECENTRIC DAME.—In the town of Windthrop, four miles from Boston, there lives a lady of seventy years, who has never visited Boston, or been out of the town, or seen a railroad. She was born in the house in which she now resides, was married there and has always lived there.