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Poetry.

Snow in Town and in the Country.

All night the snow came down, all night,
Silent, and soft, and silvery white;
Gently robing in snow the fields,
Town and tower, and treacherous roads;
On homes of the living and graves of the dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed;
On the city's roofs, on the markets of trade,
On rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the moon arose all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;
The world, transfused, and glorified,
Shone like blossom and holy bride;
The fair, now earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within—
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,
For the Heavenly Bridegroom, in glory dight.

The snow in the country lies white,
Dazzling and pure in the morning light;
Softly flashing with sun's gold,
Spectral and ghastly 'neath moonlight cold;
A scarce-stained path from house to barn
Save this, untrodden is the broad farm;
A single track leads o'er the hill,
All sounds of life are hushed and still.

Yet, no condition is wholly best;
N't upon earth find we perfect rest;
Neither in town or country is life
Wholly free from sin and strife;
Neither wholly pure, nor wholly vile,
In crowded city or lonely vale,
Only in Heaven, home of the soul,
Is respite found from sorrow and dole.

—New Dominion Monthly for Dec.

Dear Sir,
It seems unfortunately the fate of most
Societies in St. Andrews, literary or otherwise,
to commence generally under favorable
auspices, but as soon as the excitement al-
ways connected with any novelty is over, lin-
ger for a short time, preparatory to being
spoken of as legendary. The death of the
Lycium, has added another to the obituary
list; it expired, owing to the inability of a few
to meet expenses connected with the under-
taking, and the standing aloof of those in the
community who should be foremost in its fur-
therance, and whose literary attainments would
place it second to none in the Province.

Now I consider that an institution that has
for its aim the advancement of the young of
any community, demands the unqualified sup-
port of all those whose talents would so materi-
ally contribute to its end. I would suggest,
Mr. Editor, that one more attempt be made
to organize the Lycium on such a basis that
there will be no doubt for far to remove the
tedium of the long winter evenings, combin-
ing at the same time instruction and amuse-
ment.

That such is practicable I have no doubt,
should all combine and that unanimity of ac-
tion be present here, which in other places
secure.

Yours,

[We have much pleasure in informing "Pro-
gress" that measures are being taken to resusci-
tate the "Lycium," and place it in a healthy po-
sition; and also that a course of lectures are to be
given during the season.]—Ed. STANDARD.

A CURIOUS CASE OF MATRIMONY.—The
Smyrna (Del.) Times says:
We occasionally read of noteworthy events in
matrimonial history in our exchanges, and this
week we feel called upon to note one in our
own midst. The marriage is recorded in the
proper place in this issue; the happy couple
being well known and respected citizens, the
groom having at one time filled the office of
Sheriff of the county, with credit to himself,
and the station he occupied. The bride, by the
ruthless hand of death, and has been com-
pelled to follow five husbands to the grave (all
former respected citizens of this community),
and now "widow's weeds" and now "Cupid,"
without regard to past circumferences, has had
another fatal fall, and at the age of fifty-
five years she again bows at Hymen's altar,
to which she is led, for the sixth time, by her
herself a willing sacrifice to the god of mar-
riage by a gentleman who has entered his 81st
year. She becomes his second wife, in every
instance, save the first, she has married
widowers with children, while she remained
without issue. And now while she is childless,
she has married a man who has founded a
tribe. The number of his descendants, children,
grand children and great grandchildren
was, when last counted, just 165, and there

have been a number of accessions since—near
ly enough to make the number seventy, he
thinks. There are other circumstances in con-
nection with the gentleman's life that we feel
constrained to refer to, though not altogether
appropriate under this head. Notwithstand-
ing his numerous progeny, he has had but
one death in his family—his first wife.
He never borrowed a dollar in his life, and
never paid a cent's cost in suits at law on his
own account. We may add, with pleasure, that
he is remarkably hale and healthy (as is also
the bride), weighs 210 pounds, stands nearly six
feet in height and stands even higher in the
estimation of his fellow-citizens than he does
in his boots. May "fortune favor the brave."

Interesting Tale.

The Captive, Christian Moore.

BY W. CANNIFF.

Upon the 10th March 1867, the writer was
privileged, through the kindness of the Rev.
Mr. Anderson, to visit an individual who, of
all others, possesses historic interest. About
half a mile north of the Indian Church, upon
the old York road, Tyndis-agua, upon the
shores of the lovely Bay of Quinte, lives Chris-
tian Moore. Beside the stove, in a low Indian
chair, sat a woman whose shrunken and bent
appearance made her appear no larger than
a girl of sixteen. But the face with its
parchment-like skin, the deeply wrinkled fea-
tures, bespoke the burden of many winters.

Yet the eye still flashed looks of intelli-
gence, as the face was upturned from her hand,
on which she almost incessantly rested her head,
as if the shoulders had wanted their long life-
long duty. Christian is upwards of a hundred
years old, during eighty of which she has re-
mained a captive with the Mohawks. Al-
though a white woman she knows not a word
of English. Long, long years ago, in be-
coming the wife of an Indian, and the mother of
Indians, she became to all purposes one of
the Mohawks. She is a living relic of the Ameri-
can Revolution, as well of the customs of the
Mohawk Indians a hundred years ago.

In the first days of the rebellion of the
thirteen American colonies, in an encoun-
ter between the Indians and a party of rebels
in the Mohawk valley, one of the Indians, by
the name of Green, was killed. The custom
among the several tribes, or families, was
that their number had been lost in war, was to
take the first one they could, and adopt him
into the tribe, to keep up the number. A party
of Indians under John Green, a chief, and
brother of the one killed (called in after-
days Captain Green) in the course of their
fight caught a little girl about ten years of age.
That little girl is the old person of whom we
are speaking. The old woman yet recollects
the fact that her father's family, on the ap-
proach of the Indians made haste to escape.
By accident was left alone or behind.
She remembers to have been running along
the road when she was taken. She says there
were a good many Indians. After this there
is a blank in her memory, until the period
of the Indians leaving their homes to escape from
the rebels. This was the time when they
buried their Communion plate, which was
presented by Queen Anne, in 1710. It was
recovered at the close of the war, and a part
is now in use at the Grand River and a part
at the Bay of Quinte.

Christian says she was carried upon an In-
dian's back, they fled to Lacine. She re-
collects that they were staying three years
at Lacine, when the tribe decided to take pos-
session of the land which the British Govern-
ment was to give them. It was about a year
from the time they started from Lacine until
they, under Brant, reached their destination,
the Grand River. Capt. Green was with this
party and stayed with them at Grand River
for six years, when, becoming dissatisfied, he
left with his family came to Bay Quinte. Chris-
tian remembers all this. She was living with
Captain Green's sister. They came in a bat-
teau, down the north shore of Lake Ontario,
and crossed at the carrying place at the head
of the Bay.

In time, Christian became the wife of an In-
dian, by the name of Anthony Saut, who
she says, has been dead now thirty years. They
had but one child, a daughter, who, in
time, was married to Abram Maricle. They
had three children, one being a son. Chris-
tian's daughter has been dead many years; but
the old lady now is surrounded by grandchild-
ren to the third generation.
Some time after the close of the Revolution
a person by the name of Moore came with his
family to Canada, and settled at Napawan.
By some means he learned there was a white
woman among the Mohawks upon the bay and
he visited them to see if it might be his long
lost daughter. Such proved to be the case. He
was Christian's father. She remembers
the occasion, (it was about forty years ago)
her father was then very old. Of course
there was no resemblance between the woman
in Indian garb before him, and his little girl
of ten years. But there was a mark upon her

arm, the result of a burn, by which he was
enabled to recognize his own flesh and blood.
The scar upon the left forearm, can yet be dis-
tinctly seen. Painful, indeed, must have been
the feeling of the parent to know she was his
daughter, and yet understood not a syllable of
her mother tongue.

The natural channel by which parental and
filial affection might have flowed, was sealed.
She says she has a sister now living back of
Napawan. She asked her father if she had
been christened, and he informed her she had
been. Upon her asking her the question if
she ever went to school, she says, "No; that
she was always working hard." Asking her
the question if she did not think she had lived
a long while, she replied, "I don't think I'll
live very long." The Rev. Mr. Anderson in-
forms us that she has ever maintained the char-
acter of a true Christian, and is always happy
to partake of the Holy Communion. Chris-
tian's great-grandson, himself a father, acted
as interpreter.

It is possible that this woman, who, to be
longed to another century, may continue to
live several years. There is much of vigor
in her movements and conversation. Although
shriveled and bent almost double with age,
her body seems to be well nourished, and her
arms possess considerable thickness. She al-
ways enjoys good health, and now eats and
sleeps in the most comfortable manner.

We are informed by a recent letter from
Mr. Anderson, (to whose kindness we are so
much indebted), 1869, that the old woman
continues quite well, and works in the garden
in summer. [From the New Dominion
MONTHLY for December.

New Theory of Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

A Writer in Blackwood's Magazine contri-
butes the commonly received theory that earth-
quakes and volcanoes are the result of the
action of a sea of fire in the bowels of the
earth, and bring forward very ingenious ar-
guments to prove that these terrestrial dis-
turbances are produced by electrical influences.
The theory of a molten mass of fire, as ap-
plied to volcanoes, is that the eruptions are
occasioned by an inrush of fire from the
water of the sea into the burning caverns of
the earth, thereby generating immense volu-
mes of gas and aqueous vapor, which forces their
way in explosions to the surface. This hypo-
thesis, it is argued, is obviously untenable in
the face of the facts; for volcanoes are to be
found far inland—in fact in the very heart of
Central Asia—more than a thousand miles
from the ocean; or from any large body of
water; so that it is impossible to attribute
volcanic action to the inrush of the sea into
the burning caverns. Manifestly, then, by such
cases, the whole hypothesis is destroyed; and
some other cause must be found to account for
volcanic action. The theory of the central
sea of fire is controverted as follows:—

The supporters of this hypothesis maintain
that, at only twenty miles below the surface,
central heat is so great that the hardest granite
is in a state of fusion; consequently our planet
must consist of a molten mass, nearly 8000
miles in diameter, covered by a semi-molten
crust only twenty miles in thickness, and of
which crust only two miles beneath a tempera-
ture less than that of boiling water—the
remainder being subject to a heat far surpassing
any of which we have actual experience! If
this were true, it is obvious that the slightest
lurch or formation of tides, in this central
ocean of molten matter, would burst the thin
crust of which we live as easily as it were
a skin of paper.

This theory obtains its support chiefly from
wells and the increase in temperature observ-
ed in some deep mines, but it is contended
that this heat is not due to a central mass of
fire. The deepest of these mines and wells
do not descend half a mile below the sur-
face, so that all the phenomena which they
present may more reasonably be attributed to
solar and planetary action in the superficial
crust of our planet than to central action. Moreover, within that comparatively very
narrow depth important variations have been
noticed in the temperature. In some deep
mines no increase is found, and in one
very deep mine in Cornwall a point has been
reached at which the temperature not only
ceases to increase, but begins to decline. Re-
jecting, therefore, the hypothesis of a central
mass of fire as causing terrestrial disturbances,
it is held that they are the product of elec-
trical action, the key to which is found in the
twirling of columns of dust, the sand pillars
of the desert, the water spouts of the foun-
tains of the tropics. These phenomena are
due to electricity. How this electrical
force produces earthquakes—"under-
storms in the earth," as they are called—is
thus explained:—

"In ordinary times and circumstances, the
electric currents which regularly circulate in
earth's crust—in that outer vein of our globe
specially affected by solar and planetary action

—ebb and flow quietly and noiselessly, as
similar currents usually do in the atmosphere.
Indeed, in the earth their movements are in
ordinary times much more silent and steady
than in the atmosphere; partly because in the
former case they act in or through matter
much less mobile and disturtable, and also be-
cause rocks are better conductors of electrici-
ty than air is—so that the fluid (so to call it)
is less liable to agitation and local accumu-
lation, and therefore flows more steadily and
quietly. But ever and anon, that electric ac-
tion to an unusual extent takes place in the
earth's crust, this steady flow of the current's
is broken, and then violent convulsions neces-
sarily follow. Just as the quiet flowing river
when impeded, encounters more impediments
than usual—the bridges, for example, being
too small to permit the passage of its waters
so readily as usual—whereupon the waters ac-
cumulate at the point of resistance, until they
acquire sufficient power to sweep away the
obstacle by a mighty rush; even so, when
electricity is developed to an excessive degree
in the crust of the earth, the conductive power
of the rocks becomes inadequate to pass the
currents with sufficient rapidity to maintain
the electric equilibrium. In the mobile ele-
ments of the atmosphere we see some parts,
usually in the form of distant clouds, be-
come overcharged with electricity, and regain their
equilibrium by lightning flashes, sharp elec-
trical discharges. The same thing takes place
(though for some reasons above stated, less
frequently) in the solid earth. The electric
force, not being transmitted in sufficient quan-
tity through the adjoining rocks, accumulates at
such places until it acquires the power and ten-
sion requisite to overcome the resistance, and
thereupon it forces a passage explosively, or
by a grand discharge—more terrible by far
than if the whole artillery of the world were
discharged in a concentrated volley. What is
the result? A vast heat is generated (elec-
tricity fuses everything—it is the grandest
heat-developer in nature)—the rocks are ex-
panded, and, in some cases, actually fused;
the subterranean lakes and rivers—the reser-
voirs of water which exist everywhere below
the surface, and which in Geyser are called
the fountains of the deep—are vaporized, in-
stantaneously converted into steam; and the
result of this great expansion, or explosion, in
the ground beneath us, is a concussion or rup-
ture of the subjacent rocky strata—the effects
of which reach the surface, producing the var-
ious phenomena of the earthquakes."

Volcanoes are ascribed to the same
cause. They are vents while the subterranean
electric action makes for itself, or for its effects
in those regions or localities where it is most
permanent. While earthquakes and volca-
noes are produced by the same cause, their
superficial phenomena are very different. Vol-
canoes are eruptions, while earthquakes are
nervous vibratory effects of the subterranean
disturbances. In volcanoes the subterranean
force makes its way to the surface in the form
of an explosion. In earthquakes, on the other
hand, this force cannot make its way to the
surface, but produces terrible vibrations, and
occasionally fissures of the solid ground. The
depression in the earth which sometimes fol-
lows earthquakes are accounted for in this way.
The tremors or vibrations transmitted to the
surface, by shaking all the intermediate strata,
must tend to shake down all compact subter-
ranean masses in the rocky vaults over hang-
ing subterranean chasms which have been
formed by former explosions.

Like cyclones and other el-eric distur-
bances in the atmosphere, earthquakes prevail
chiefly in the tropical regions. This is ex-
plained in the electric theory, by the statement
that it is in its equatorial regions that the earth
is most exposed to the solar action. The
writer further extends his theory to the distri-
bution of land on the surface of our planet
which it is held has been regulated by electric
action.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—One pound
of currants, one pound of stoned raisins,
chopped fine, and a pound of beef suet,
pound crumbs, a quarter pound of salt; one
egg, half a pint of milk, mixtures six or
seven hours to boil, and must be turned sev-
eral times. It is eaten with rich sauce.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Half a pound of sugar
and half a pound of butter, beaten to a cream;
then take four eggs well whipped, a little cin-
namon and grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of
cream of tartar, a quarter of a pound of citron
cut into small pieces, three quarters of a
pound of stoned raisins, and the same of cur-
rants that have nicely washed and drain d;
stir all together, with a pound and a quarter
of sifted flour; and last, just as you are ready
to bake it, add a pint of milk, in which a tea-
spoonful of soda has been dissolved. Bake it
in one or two deep pans, in a moderate oven.

An English druggist suggests that every
label of "poison" should have affixed a short
statement of the commonest and most accessi-
ble antidote for the contents if taken acci-
dentally.

Letter from Santa Barbara.

SAN BERNARDINO, Oct. 18.

THE SANTA CLARY VALLEY,
Situated in the south portion of Santa Bar-
bara county, has become quite noted of late.
Attracted by the genial climate and alluvial
soil, many are flocking here from Oregon,
Nevada and northern California, until we find
our valley—the Italy of America, as we
claim—being rapidly peopled. Eighty years
ago are reported on the way from Texas, des-
tined for this place; and a host of "our
friends" from upper California are expected
as soon as they shall have disposed of their
harvest.

THE CLIMATE.

Of this region is all that the most particular
could desire. Situated, as we are, directly
upon the coast, with no intervening mountains
to prevent the breeze (not a gale) from circu-
lating freely, we are never prostrated with ex-
cessive heat. The laborer can perform an
ordinary day's work nearly any time of the
year without necessity of starting the perspi-
ration. One assurance that we have a fine cli-
mate is, that I never heard a resident or vis-
itor speak disparagingly of it.

THE SOIL.

Is exceedingly rich and productive, and adapt-
ed to the culture of all semi tropical fruits and
plants. We experienced but two slight rains
last Winter; but the barley crop, contrary to
the expectations of the farmers, yields a re-
turn of from 40 to 100 bushels per acre; thus
demonstrating the fact that we can raise better
crops in a dry season, without irrigation, than
in any portion of the State yet heard from.—
The corn crop is looking extremely well and
promises a handsome yield. Wheat has
proven a failure thus far. For some unac-
countable reason the rust settles on and blights
it before it passes from the milk. In some lo-
calities, however, wheat has been successfully
cultivated, and I am of the opinion that after
the soil has been thoroughly tilled and worn
down, wheat can be raised with profit. All
kinds of garden vegetables, particularly roots,
grow abundantly and fully repay the gardener
for his toil. The sugar-beet, I am confident,
would flourish freely, and furnish a lucrative
employment for any who desire to manufac-
ture sugar.

This, as well as Los Angeles, is the home of
the vine. There are but few vineyards in
this valley as yet, but these few yield an
abundant harvest of delicious fruit, from
which quite a quantity of wine is produced.

THE LARGE GRAPE VINE.

On a recent trip to Santa Barbara I paid
a visit to our famous grape vine, which has re-
ceived quite a celebrity. The main vine is
forty three years old, twenty-six inches in
circumference, and yields annually four tons
of grapes! This vine has a history. Forty
three years ago a Spanish lady enjoyed a ride
to some neighbouring hamlet, returning, she
stuck the whip, which had been given her by
some brave Senor, into the ground; it took
root and grew; the result of that growth is the
aforesaid vine. There are various reports as
regards the amount of ground covered by its
branches. Some enthusiastic admirers have
reported as high as one acre; but such is not
the case. As near as I could compute it, I
found it to be about one eighth of an acre. It
is of the native California species, and bears a
large and luscious grape. It is, indeed, quite
a curiosity, and worthy a visit from any one
who comes to Santa Barbara.

GOVERNMENT LAND.

I have been ascertained by some of the
citizens that the owners of the La Colonia
grant claimed more land than their survey
called for, a general rush was made for claims.
Every conceivable material that one could
imagine was appropriated for the erection of
their habitations. Some who were fortunate
obtained boards from the lumber yard, which
at that time soon gave out; others "dwelt in
tents" and a number constructed their domi-
ciles of poles and material stalks. About 100
claims, of 160 acres each, were staked off—
that being the amount of survey land—and
is now all occupied. The occupants
have formed a league, employed counsel, and
feel confident of securing their homesteads.
All true lovers of progress and justice wish
them success in their righteous undertaking.

POTATO SOUR.—Mix to a smooth paste
one pound of good mealy potato, which have
been steamed or boiled very dry; mix them
by degrees in two quarts of boiling water, in
which two ounces of the extract of malt have
been previously dissolved; pass the soup
through a strainer, as it agitates on the fire, add
pepper and salt; let it boil for five minutes,
and be served with fried or toasted bread.—
Where the flavor is approved, two ounces of
milk, mixed and fried a light brown, may
be added to the soup and served in it for 15
minutes before it is sent to table.

A young Californian went to sleep, having
the candle in the lamp hole of a powder keg.
He woke up in another world.
Lemon Pie.—Grate a cracker, add a sliced
lemon and cup of sugar, bake with two cups