

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

[12. 64. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 4.]

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Vol 29

FROZEN TO DEATH! ALONE ON THE ARCTIC SEA.

Were I to chronicle the events of the day, or indeed to write down the story of each week, in this my first voyage, I don't know when I should finish my story. I must tell it therefore as briefly as I can.

We soon left Jan Mayen and sailed northward to prosecute our search, for Sir John Franklin. Our men were as anxious as the captain, and under his direction Bobus fitted up a cask, which, stuffed with wool and straw was hoisted up to the mast head and there fixed. It was called "a crow's nest," and there a man, relieved every half hour, stood with a glass in hand, looking out for a sail, for land, or for any present danger.

I had myself mounted one day, watching with Bobus, the progress of a fine iceberg which floated down the sea, with us, with a slightly rotary motion. We had not been watching long, when a sight was presented which we had not before seen.

"Look, Bobus," cried I in amazement, "look there, there, a man!"

"As sure as my name's Jack Co!" He did not finish the sentence because he was so surprised, for, seated on the berg, in a cavity which formed round him like a natural arm-chair, with his head leaning on his hand, and his arm on his knee, was an English sailor. His hair blew wildly about, and his hat was off, and his garments, loose and covered with hoar-frost, blew towards us, so that I thought he beckoned us.

"Ye, ho! shipmate. Ye, ho!" cried Bobus, frantically. "Ye, ho! What cheer?"

The figure never stirred nor answered. The wind blew out his hair and ragged garments as before.

The men were all astir on deck, for they saw the figure, and presently the captain came aloft with his glass and looked at him earnestly.

Slowly the berg bore down upon us: the helm was altered, so that the ship would round and passed the berg at some seventy feet distance, as nearly as we could with safety to ourselves. Bobus, the most hopeful of us all, continued to shout as our countryman came near.

"An English job!" cried Bobus. "One of Sir John's men, as I make out; ye ho! shipmate, go ho!"

"It's no use shouting, Bobus," cried the captain. "He's been dead for weeks, if not for years. He never will speak more."

The words had hardly left the captain's mouth, than a cold wind blew from the iceberg, and the atmosphere, as it does always near those immense masses of ice grow cold. The ship was off from the berg; but at the same time, as we neared it, the very face of the man was presented to us, and we could see the sunken cheeks, the pale lips, and the eyes. They were open.

"Cap'n Seth Smith," said Bobus, solemnly, "that man's alive!"

"As dead as last year, or as Pontius Pilate," returned Captain Seth. "Ye ho! there on deck: run out a gun, and when I give the word, fire!"

We had a long gun on deck, with which our doctor, a learned man, had been endeavoring to calculate distances by the reverberations and echoes. Under his orders it was quickly charged with powder only, and made ready, and as the berg floated by, the gunner applied the portfire, and an explosion followed, the smoke of which had no sooner cleared away, than we saw the figure rock slightly backwards and then topple forward and slide down swiftly the steep sides of the iceberg into the sea. All looked with horror into the deep ocean, but the waves closed over the dead man's head, and he did not re-appear to the surface.

"Ah," said the captain, "I knew how it was. He was frozen to death upon that berg."

"How did he get there?" said the Dr.

"Heaven only knows. It might have been that the turning of the iceberg overwhelmed his ship and he being upon the mast jumped off to the berg, only to see his vessel and all hands go down."

Bobus had told me that one of the chief dangers of a vessel, in this northern ocean, was the danger of being crushed by a turning berg. They are often prodigiously high, but whatever their height above water, they have six times the depth below. That is, when a mountain of ice floats, six sevenths of its bulk are submerged, so that if it be only fifty feet high it is three hundred deep. The temperature of the water also being higher than that of the air, the water being in fact warmer, the ice in the water gradually melts till the bottom becomes lighter than the top. It turns over. Of course if any ship be near it the ship is crushed and borne down.

"No," cried the doctor, "he is not the last of the band; he may be one of Sir John's men. He may have come from that mysterious spot, where icebergs are formed, and where Sir John has penetrated the Arctic Ocean."

All started at the words. Each hoped that they might prove true. Every one in the ship indeed long ago dismissed the Dr.'s theory, that beyond the zone of ice which bound those frozen regions, like an iron wall, a vast and probably a fresh-water ocean on the banks which the icebergs were massed together; for we knew that, except at the entrance of immense rivers, no large quantity of fresh water, such as is contained in a berg, could exist.

"Ah," cried old Bobus, turning to the doctor, "I beant a book learned man, I beant; but what you says, about the open sea is feasible. About ship, Cap'n Seth, about ship there, and let us away to find out Sir John!"

Cap'n Seth pointed to the iceberg and smiled sadly. "Ah, Bobus," said he, "it is easy to talk; but how are we to do 'bout ship and pierce through eternal ice? Why the great Perry when he got to latitude 81 abandoned his ship, got up sledges, and went north; but the drift of the ice carried him further south than he could go, and taking his bearings after a long journey, he found himself four miles further south than when he started."

"Disappointing enough," said the doctor.

"Ay, ay, but what was he to do? Nature is a great giantess, and conquers the most bold of us."

"But she will be subdued in the long run," continued the doctor. "Who knows but we may some day find out something which will mitigate these perpetual snow and ice cold?"

"Ay, who knows?" said the captain, with a shiver. "Meantime, Bobus, jump into the boat and get aboard the berg. Let us see if that poor Jack Tar has left any memorial of himself."

We were all willing to be of the party, and regarded it as a great favor that Bobus took me with him in the boat. The iceberg had floated a little way past the stern; but we soon pulled to it. The narrowest part only of it had been towards us, but it had many sides, some broad and narrow. We easily made out the place where the poor fellow, sunken with cold, set down to die; but we could not reach it from that place, for the ice rose in a perpendicular wall about thirty feet high. We therefore rowed round the berg which we found to be nearly a mile and a half in circumference. On the opposite side to where we first saw our countryman, irregular steps formed by the ice gave us a foothold, and some of the stoutest of our party going first were soon on the berg.

We traversed it as well as we could; but found no traces of our companion, as some had presumed we should, till we came to his resting place; there were found, only three things. A pipe empty indeed, but blackened with smoke; a jack-knife, fixed with a lanyard, such as sailors use, and an empty meat-can—one, indeed, such as had been sent out by Government, and by those who fitted out these Northern expeditions. We seized these eagerly, and look round for more relics of the poor fellow, but found none.

"He left no scrap of writing, Ned," said Bobus, "to tell who he was, and how he died, or to send his last love to his sweet heart."

"How could he, old spooney?" cried Pilbeam, "he couldn't call for a pen an' ink could he?"

Pilbeam had not forgotten the ratten, and was the only one in our ship who was discontented and ill-natured. Bobus looked at him with some contempt, but did not answer.

"Let's scrape away the ice," said one of the sailors, "maybe the Jack Tar left some notion o' who he was." We did so, but found no memorial; the meat-can had been carefully wedged in a fissure, and the knife and pipe were laid on the top of it. We were looking forlornly at the place, when a gun from the ship gave us the signal to return. When we looked in the direction of the shot, we could hardly make our vessel out.

"Let us make haste back, Bobus," said I, "or else we shall undergo the same fate as our poor friend!"

"Ay, ay," cried Bobus, and away we scampered over the black to the place where our boat was moored, and where one of our men was in charge. We found the descent much harder than the ascent, and were indeed so long before we all got down into the boat that the thick mist and fog parted us from our ship. The effect of being alone in the Arctic regions, or at any rate seeming so far away from our companions and hidden from their sight, hardly knowing where we might drift, or whether some of the immense masses of loose ice might not overwhelm us, was by no means pleasant. Under the influence of Bobus, however, none of us despaired, and as the others rowed and he stood according to the directions of a man at the head, who looked out for the masses of ice, I was employed in firing a pistol off

which I held, so that we should give notice to the ship where we were.

We soon had the relief of hearing them reply, and so pulled straight through the fog to the Lively Heesay.

They were very glad when we got on board for accidents in those seas are frequent enough, and our good captain was anxious to bring his men home all safe. "Well," said he, "Bobus and what trace have you found of our countrymen?"

"None, Cap'n Seth," said Bobus; none 'cept these," and he produced the clasp-knife the tobacco-pipe, and the meat can.

"We didn't find no scrap of writin'," said Bobus in a melancholy tone.

"Eh?" returned the doctor, who had taken the meat-can. "How do you know? Have you looked here?"

He unscrewed the lid of the can as he spoke with a strong wrench, for it had rusted together, and opening it, turned it to the light at the binnacle. There, sure enough, were letters in rude capitals, worked on the inside of the lid with the point of the seaman's knife: "John Trueman, Ship Sarah, September 1838. Left alone on the ice—May the Lord have mercy!"

"Poor fellow, poor fellow! What ship was that, captain?"

"The ship Sarah," said Captain Seth. "I don't remember her name among any of the Arctic searches. May be she was some whaler, driven out far north, and then overwhelmed as we guessed before."

All this time poor Bobus was displaying very lively emotions, now clasping his hands, now his forehead. "Give me the box, doctor," said he, and let me look at his hand-writing. I know summat of that ship."

"Yes," he continued, as he took the tin, "that good ship Sarah was a North Sea whaler, and as good and tight a ship as ever sailed; and this here John Trueman—he struck me box with his great fist as he said it—'I was my brother-in-law, and married my only sister, whose name likewise was Sarah, long years ago. The good ship and good John never came back again, no never, never, and John's parents and wife, who never mistrusted him, thought as how she had foundered in deep water and no hands had come to land. She, poor girl, lived on a little while, and then died, but John's parents, five to six, and John I seed to-day a sitting with his head resting, and thinking of his poor young wife and his friends at home, afore the ice-cold came and touched him, and turned him into death."

The good old sailor rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes. His companions were silent. "Yes," he continued, "not that I'm sorry for John. I've no doubt he had a hard struggle; but thank God, he is at peace. Peace and calm rest upon him and with him. If he could rise up from yonder wave, he wouldn't see his true love again, but his spirit knows and loves her now. And if so be as I do get home, I shall tell the old people how John Trueman died sitting at his post, and waiting quietly for the summons to go aloft."

The old seaman rubbed his moist eyes as he spoke, and took off his fur cap, and pointed upwards. His gray hair streamed upon the cold night wind by the light of the binnacle, and made him look not unlike John Trueman himself. "Give me the articles, Cap'n," said he; I think I may constitute myself residuary legatee." He smiled faintly when he took them.

"I am not sorry, Cap'n Seth, he said, that I went on this voyage with you; I kinder thought as I should meet with John, and now I have, and now my mind is at ease."

He looked down to the tin as he spoke, and re-read the words on the lid. "All, alone on the ice," he said. "Poor fellow, all alone! Well, well, there may be others as are not quite all alone. There may be others as have lost all their boats, but have not lost heart, and are now abandoned on the shores o' that there open sea the doctor speaks of. Bouth ship cap'n, bouth ship, and let us find 'em; steer away for the open Arctic Sea!"

"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly, for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

Rewarding Merit—"And you are at school now, are you?" was the question of a countryman to a little nephew, who a short time before had commenced his education.

"And do you like the school, my man?"

"Yes," whispered the boy.

"That's right—you'll be a brave scholar I'll warrant. How far are you in your class, my little student?"

"Next to the head, say you? Come, now, you deserve commendation for that," said his friend, trusting into the hands of the delightedurchin four whole cents. "And the head, who looked out for the masses of ice, I was employed in firing a pistol off

Neutrality treated as Hostility.

From the American papers we can gather the opinion of the Federal States, upon the neutral position of England with reference to the American embargo; but it is only by private letters that we get hold of the true state of feelings against the British Government. The following letter written by a gentleman in New York to his correspondent in Toronto, will assist us in obtaining the information which the papers could hardly afford to make public. The letter may be taken as an index to the public mind of the Federal States, and we may fairly state that neutrality is viewed by the Federals as "hostility," that it means nothing else:—

New York, Dec. 22, 1861.

MY DEAR * * * I do not know about calling this a merry Christmas, but I will do my best, for another year. We may not be at all, and, if at all, we may be involved in a war and facing each other in armor on two sides of the border line. Let us hope this is to be a merry Christmas—

which I heartily wish it may be to you and yours—and let us give ourselves such in our way to the duty of keeping the peace between our two nations.

It certainly looks very warlike. We seem to have "knocked that chip" from off your shoulders, and you are about ready to pitch into us. We are not ready to open the combat. We have one war of our hands, and that is the war of words. We certainly cannot will attend to this; and you may be certain that if my government might avoid a war with you, without submitting to very humiliating terms, the war will not come.

But I am inclined to be somewhat superstitious about the events of this day. I do not quite see how the important issues which have been raised on this continent, in which you seem about to take an active part, can be accounted for in any ordinary human philosophy.

Our Southern brethren rushed into a very big rebellion, with, to us, no seeming occasion. Your nation, with to us, a strange hostility, promptly said "neutrality"; and this sharp unexpected stand before it reached our ears, became "hostility"; at least we could make nothing else of it. There could be no honest "neutrality" between our two peoples. You were either friends, on this issue, raised by the question of human slavery, or you would soon become enemies. We were surprised at the prompt emancipation of your ministry of "neutrality." We are amazed at the echo from almost every human tongue in your empire. When the Prince of Wales left our shores this people were ready to swear eternal friendship to England, and then a treaty of living kindness might have been made, with a promise for perpetuity; but the cry of "neutrality" broke in upon the untried enjoyment of that hour. We felt through every nerve and every vein that it meant "hostility," that there could be no neutrality; it was a monstrous stain upon our temper and it failed.

Our indignation found, unfortunately, a thousand voices, and from that day to this the thin disguise has gradually faded in the clear light of day, and the "filth-vial" of "wrath of God" seems about to be poured out upon the earth.

We now begin to speculate upon the animus of this hostility. Has the need of cotton done it? Not alone—it has been no doubt an important stimulus. Cotton dealers, and all who live on cotton, have been clamorous, and if cotton cannot be had without war, then war must come—this is clear open selfishness—and therefore is very natural.

Again, Commerce is alarmed, perhaps the men who make money out of ships, and carry the wealth of the proud Isles to every land and through every sea they have found these active sharp Yankees their ever present competitors in every field of enterprise, perhaps unconsciously, they feel willing to clip the white sails, of these meddling adventurers, and now is the hour to curb their selfishness echoes the war cry. And then again the ruling classes of old England, the nobles, and all who live on the statu quo, they have seen this democratic government daily increasing in magnitude and power, until the pestilential example stands boldly out upon the hill-top of nations, and now is the hour to bring down the pestiferous influence which is seducing the peoples of the earth from their loyalty to kings and dynasties, and from this class comes up a loud claim for war.

If all this be true, your ministry will not allow us to retrace our steps, even if we were willing. But I hope for the best. War—horrid crime against the earth—an incarnation of evil—and if your people are not led on by a passion which will not be restrained, or if God in his wrath, is not about to scourge the world in the fulfilment of His

decrees, we shall yet escape the calamity. This government will do its utmost to avoid it—and up to the outer verge of dishonor will yield to your demands. I have given you the American aspect of this case—of course from your point of view, it will have another look. Let me have the cases drawn by you, and then we will compare the writing.

Beauregard's Account of the Bull Run Battle.

The Virginia correspondent of the New Orleans Delta gives an account of a select dinner party to General Beauregard, at which he made the following remarks:

"On the 21st of July, at about 3 1/2 o'clock, perhaps 4, it seemed to me that the victory was already within our grasp. In fact, up to that moment, I had never wavered in the conviction that triumph must crown our arms. Nor was my confidence shaken until at the time I have mentioned. I observed on the extreme left, at the distance of something more than a mile, a column of men approaching. At their head was a flag which I could not distinguish. Even with the aid of a strong glass I was unable to determine whether it was the United States flag or the Confederate flag. At the same moment I received a dispatch from Capt. Alexander, in charge of the signal station, warning me to look out for the left; that a large column was approaching from that direction, and that it was supposed to be General Patterson's command coming to reinforce McDowell."

At this moment, I must confess, my heart failed me. I came reluctantly to the conclusion that, after all our efforts, we should at last be compelled to yield to the enemy the hard-fought and bloody field. I again took the glass to examine the flag of the approaching column, but my anxious inquiry was unproductive of result; I could not tell to which army the waving banner belonged. At this time all the members of my staff were present, having been dispatched with orders in various points. The only person with me was the gallant officer, who has recently distinguished himself by a brilliant feat of arms—General, then Colonel, Evans. To him I communicated my doubts and fears. I told him I feared the approaching force was in reality Patterson's division; that if such is the case I should be compelled to fall back upon our own reserves, and postponed till the next day a continuation of the engagement. After further reflection, I directed Colonel Evans to proceed to General Johnston, who had assumed the task of collecting a reserve, and to inform him of the circumstances of the case, and to request him to have the reserves collected with all despatch, and hold them in readiness to support our retrograde movement.

Col. Evans started on the mission thus intrusted to him. He had proceeded but a short distance when it occurred to me to make another examination of the still approaching flag. It had now come within full view. A sudden gust of wind shook out its folds, and I recognized the stars and bars of the Confederate banner. It was the flag borne by your regiment (here the General turned to Col. Hay, who sat beside him), the gallant 7th Louisiana, and the column of which your regiment was the advance was the brigade of General (then Colonel) Early. As soon as you were recognized by our soldiers your coming was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, regiment after regiment responding to the cry. The enemy heard the triumphant huzza; they attack slackened; they were in turn assailed by our forces, and within half an hour from that moment commenced the retreat, which after-ward became a confused and total rout. I am glad to see that war-stained banner gleaming over us at this festive board, but I hope never again to see it upon the field of battle."

A lady should discard a lover that she can't influence. She should keep a beat that she can't bend.

Why was the bombardment of Port Royal like the telegraphic despatches? Because there was a great deal of Wabash (war bosh) in it.

"I have joined the Home Guard," said Mr. Ferguson.

"What for?" said Mrs. Ferguson.

"When so many of our soldiers are away, madame," said Mr. Ferguson, "our country needs some safeguard."

"Well," said Mrs. Ferguson, "you have certainly joined the Safest Guard I know of."