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E variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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[From Hogg's "Winter Evening Tales."] STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

On the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, amongst others, a small colony settled, which is mostly made up of emigrants from the highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labor too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun, and a skene-dhu or Highland dirk by his side.

They shaped their course towards a small stream which descends from the mountain to N. W. of the river; on the banks of which they knew there was still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet was one of them.

Little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance would direct them to their lurking places, though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity.

They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned home without having shot anything save one wild turkey.

But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy, they discovered a deep pit, or cavern, which contained a litter of half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them.

This was a prize indeed; so without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you'd better take care—creep you in and duck to litter sows, and I'll be keeping watch at the door."

Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was out of sight save the brogues he stopped short, and called back, "but Lord, Donald, pe shoor to keep out to old ones."

"Don't you be fearing tat, man," said Donald. "The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He had scarcely well begun when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him roaring and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage glanced from his eyes.

Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard on him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for anything; so setting himself firmly, and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but that the shot might prove more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes brains and all.

Merciful heavens!—the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face turned his back and fled with precipitation. He pursued him only for a short space for hearing the cries of his suffering young as he passed the mouth of the den, he hastened back to the rescue.

Most men would have given all up for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at a stake.

As soon as he saw the monster return from pursuit him, Donald faced about, and pursued him in his turn; but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, ran rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him—Donald stretched every nerve, uttered some piercing cries—and even for all his haste did not forget to implore assistance from heaven.

His prayer was short but pithy—"O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!" said Donald, in a loud voice while the tears gushed from his eyes.

In spite of all his efforts, the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered! It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before him, and of course his hind feet lost their hold of the ground.

Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question, till the latter having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry.

Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled has often been heard of—"Donald, man, Donald—I say that is it that'll ay yet stopping to light?" bellowed Mack—"should to tail break, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain the hope of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back, and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulders to the boar's large buttocks, and pushed him in; and in this position he kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure, realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and so often applauded and laughed at.

DREADFUL CRUELTY AT SEA.—Hugh Orr, captain of the *Hannah Jane*, of London, was tried at Exeter, England, for the murder of Edward Devas, cook of the *Hannah Jane*, on the high seas. A case of such fearful cruelty and atrocity, as detailed in the opening of this case, was perhaps scarcely ever heard. The prisoner, a fine looking man, was the captain of the *Hannah Jane*, of about 102 tons burden. The deceased was a black man, a native of Boston, in the United States, about thirty two years of age, and was engaged as cook in the ship. The crew of the ship consisted of the captain six men and a boy. In February, 1856, the vessel sailed from London to Newcastle, for a cargo of coals, and then proceeded to Senegal then to Cape Verde Islands, to Rio Grande and then back to England. While they were in Senegal river, the captain commenced a most extraordinary series of cruelties—beating and flogging the cook day by day for a week, until becoming weaker and weaker from these cruelties, death, more merciful than his persecutor, relieved him from his sufferings on the 3rd of July. He was beaten by the captain and his mate with ropes, with broom handles and with a "cat," and with his back raw, was scrubbed with a brush. The poor fellow used to cry for mercy, and called upon the crew to come and help him, but the crew dared not interfere. When the vessel reached Rio Grande, the crew informed the consul there of the treatment the cook had received, and of his death, but he said he could not do anything in the matter. The ship arrived at Plymouth in December, and then an inquiry was instituted, which ended in the captain's being sent to prison for trial, and finally being transported for life.—*Liverpool Paper*.

A COUNTERFEIT BOY.—The Lowell News says that a young girl who says her name is Heath, and that she came from Portland, appeared at the Police office, in that city, Tuesday, dressed in male wearing apparel, and informed the City Marshal that she was not the good looking "boy" she seemed to be, but a female in distress. She states that she came from Portland in search of work, and, not finding any as a girl, she had donned the other rig, and tried, with equal success, to get a boy's situation. Her funds had run out, and she came into the office to request that she might be sent home. She was required to change her apparel, and then her request was complied with.

WASHINGTON, N. Y., April 6.—Eight persons burned to death.—The dwelling house of Mr. Grimshaw, near Cape Vincent, was destroyed by fire early on Saturday morning, and Mr. Grimshaw, wife, and six children, perished in the flames.

FROST AND FAMINE IN TEXAS.—Letters from San Antonio and Indianola, Texas, dated respectively on the 7th and 8th inst., furnish the following interesting extracts:—"We hoped to have had fine gardens, but this year the frosts have been severe. Only last night, (April 6) we had a frost that killed every garden in this part of Texas. We have all to plant over again. While at Indianola, I saw one of the camels trampled with a couple of 500 pound bales of cotton. He moved off with them with as much ease as a mule would with a sack of corn. The natives looked astonished. He could have carried another bale. I am satisfied, with perfect ease. We have a wretched prospect before us for the summer. Two frosts—the last two days ago—have cut down the corn, cotton, vegetables, and all the fruit. For the want of rain the ground

is now too dry to plant. Unless it rains in two weeks there is danger of famine. No grass is up for pasture; the streams are dry that can get so; the cattle are, some of them starving, and have to be thrown out to save the calves, so that we shall soon be without milk; while butter is already forty cents per pound, and rising. It is a lamentable prospect, which a merciful Providence can alone avert the realization of."

THINGS, WORDS AND SAYINGS, TO BE AVOIDED IN CONVERSATION.

Do not use the terms "genteel people," "this, that, or the other, is very genteel." Substitute for them, "They are highly accomplished;" "He is a gentlemanly man;" "He has a gentlemanly appearance;" "She has the manner of a gentlewoman."

It is not in good taste for a lady to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to a gentleman, or frequently to introduce the word "Sir" at the end of her sentence, unless she desire to be exceedingly reserved toward the person with whom she is conversing.

Do not use such words as "I guess," "I calculate," "I expect," "I reckon," too often, and, as they are generally used, out of place.

When relating a conversation, do not, at every few words, put "says he," or "says she," which last is sometimes shortened into a continual "she-she."

Interrupt no one while speaking, though it be your most intimate friend.

Laugh not at your own story; if it have any wit, it will be appreciated.

Speaking of any distant person, it is the height of rudeness to point at him.

Do not forget names, nor mistake one name for another. To speak of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, or You-know-who, Mr. Whingum, What's-her-name, or How-d'ye-call-her, is exceedingly coarse and unadvisable. It is the same to begin a story, without being able to finish it, breaking off in the middle with the exclamation "I've forgot the rest."

Always look people in the face when you speak to them, otherwise you will be thought conscious of some guilt; besides, you lose the opportunity of reading their countenances, from which you will much better learn the impression which your discourse makes upon them, than you possibly can from their words; for words are at the will of every one, but the countenance is frequently involuntary.

Do not repeat the name of the person to whom you are speaking, as "Indeed, Mr. Stubbs, you don't say so, sir," or "Really, Mrs. Smith, I quite agree with you, Mrs. Smith." It is a sufficiently bad habit in an equal, but in one of lower rank it becomes an impertinence.

There cannot be any practice more offensive than that of taking a person aside to whisper in a room with company; yet this rudeness is of frequent occurrence—and that with those who know it to be improper.—*Lady's Guide to Perfect Gentility*.

INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.—In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer of the soul.—When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which await him within the gates of Paradise, evermore. Let us strive for and look trustfully forward to an Indian summer like this.

ACTION OF LIGHT ON MUSCULAR FIBER.—M. Brown Squard has recently read a paper before the Royal Society (London) on the above subject. The renowned Haller, in his writings, stated that he had witnessed the action of light on muscular fiber without nerves, but later anatomists repudiated such an idea. M. Squard, however, by some careful experiments, has resuscitated Haller's views. He asserts that muscular fiber—the iris of the eye, for example, is affected by light independent of the reflex action of the nerves. The iris of an eel showed itself susceptible of excitement by light, after the eye had been removed for sixteen days from the creature's head.—These effects are stated to be produced by the illuminating or yellow rays alone, and that the chemical (blue) and the caloric (red) rays always remain neutral.

WELL ESTABLISHED FACTS.—1. Clay lands should never be plowed when wet.—If such lands are plowed deep, they should be supplied with lime, and marl or ashes.

2. A bushel of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add one hundred per cent. to its product.

3. All wet land should be well drained.

4. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value and their benefits prolonged, by being mixed with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

5. Deep plowing benefits dry lands.

6.—Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by supplying organic substances.

7. Thorough preparation of land is absolutely essential to the luxuriant growth of crops.

8. Old land—land which has been long in culture will be benefited by phosphate of lime, whether applied in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, or marl.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—We are now fully able to authenticate the rumour which we alluded to last week of the probable postponement of the marriage of the Princess Royal till January next. Several reasons have conducted to this postponement, and one is, that the residence preparing for the prince and princess, in Berlin, will not be completed and fit for occupation until the close of the year.—This palace was the residence of the father of the present King of Prussia, but has been for many years much neglected. Its furniture, as well as its decorations, required a complete renewal, and the building itself a great extent of ornamental repair, with the additions necessary to modern notions of luxury and comfort. Prince Frederic William, it is expected, will arrive in this country about the latter end of May or the beginning of June, the precise time may, perhaps, be influenced by the Queen's recovery. Had the marriage taken place in the autumn, as originally proposed, the royal bride and bridegroom were to have remained some time in England; but as the nuptials have been postponed some months, the prince and princess will, it is expected, proceed at once to Berlin.—*Court Journal*.

THE AMOUNT OF AIR WE BREATHE.—By a machine constructed for the purpose, Dr. Doan, of Paris, has made a series of experiments to determine the amount of air required for breathing, by human beings.—By these he, as stated, has ascertained that the average amount of air required by persons of ordinary form and good health, from the ages of 15 to 35 years, is from 183 to 198 cubic inches per minute; and from the ages of 35 to 60 years, from 122 to 143 inches—the amount being largely exceeded or diminished in exceptional cases.

AN OLD "STICK."—Elias R. Hitchcock, who has learned his trade in this office, and has occupied the same place for fifteen years past, has in his possession a composing stick which his fingers have actually worn through in the service of the *Republican*. Constant dropping will wear away a stone, and in years of patient industry, a man's fingers will at length wear out even iron itself.—*Springfield Republican*.

At a ball which was given in honor of King Frederick William the Fourth, of Prussia, his Majesty was conversing in the hall with a very tall and thin gentleman. An officer of hussars, who was in the mazes of the dance, whirled along with his partner right between the two distinguished conversers, thrusting them not very gently asunder. When the officer alighted at what he had done, stopped, and was about to apologize, the king cried out with a smile:

"O, no apology; it was quite in order—a hussar must go through thick and thin!"

TEARS FOR THIS.—The *New York Times* presents the record of a case of misery which has recently been brought to light there. We extract from it the testimony of a little girl of only eight years:—"That is my mother," she said, pointing to the corpse. "The night before last two men came into our house, and turned my father and mother, and me and my two little brothers out. We had no where to go. We then went to sleep in an entry. Nobody turned us away all night. In the morning father went away to look for another place. He was gone all day. We had nothing to eat and were very hungry. Father came back at 6 o'clock and then went away again. Nobody would let us into their house, because they said if they did the landlord would turn them out. The folks we hired the house of, hired it of somebody else. So we went into the yard. Mother said she was very sick; she had been sick a long time before, and my little brothers cried. Mother lay down, and I put some rags on her to

keep her warm, because she said her head ached so bad. When it got dark my two little brothers lay down, and I put some things over them, and I got some rags to put under them too, and then I sat up to watch. By and by a policeman came a long, and then he went away and got another one, and they lifted her up and put her into a cart, and took us all here. Mother didn't want to leave the yard. She said to the policeman that she wanted to stay where she was."

The comment of the *Times* upon this is:—"In the heart of this poor little half starved child of eight what futurities of womanhood are hid; what possibilities of tenderness and loyalty and devotion of unselfish affection, simple truth, helpfulness! And yet what shall her future be?" Alas, New York!

USES OF THE SABBATH.—If there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They who never admit to us of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment.

A private letter from a French naval officer, in China, says, "that many of the Europeans who partook of the poisoned bread, at Hong Kong, lost their teeth, their nails, and their hair. A Russian captain was attacked with ophthalmia, and his sight is despaired of. About 400 persons, more or less, were poisoned." The writer asserts that there are Europeans in the Chinese fleet, and the attitude displayed by the native sailors is described as extraordinary.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

The steamship *Europa*, which sailed from Liverpool on the 26th April, arrived at Halifax on Tuesday morning, May 7. The *Europa* passed on the 26th, the steamer *Asia*, steering East. On the 2d inst. passed a large screw steamer, bark rigged, steering West.

The Alps arrived in the *Mercy* on the 24th.

Lord Egin has left London for Paris on his way to China.

Excepting the Cabinet Councils there is no sign of political life.

A numerous meeting of merchants and manufacturers was held in Manchester for the purpose of forming an association for the promotion of the growth of Cotton all over the world, to be called the Cotton Supply Association, to encourage by all practicable means the growth of Cotton in the Colonies and other Countries, by diffusing information, the supply of machinery, and every possible removal of Legislative impediments.

At a special meeting of the European and American Steamship Company the report stated that the total cost of the eight steamships recently purchased was £400,000, of which £227,000 was provided, and a resolution was passed at a meeting to raise the balance by the issue of shares.

A fire at Liverpool destroyed 2,500 bales cotton belonging to J. & D. Malcomson & Co., H. Moore & Co., B. J. Balcock & Co., and F. Lyon Bros.

A letter from J. Ball, under-Secretary for the Colonies, informs the Geographical Society that the Br. Government had agreed to propose to Parliament a vote for the North-West American Exploring Expedition.—The Expedition would proceed in about a fortnight, under Mr. Balliser, to its starting point, to the west of Lake Superior, for the purpose of surveying vast tracts of British North America, particularly the country watered by the affluence of the Saskatchewan, and with a view of examining the Southern portion of the Rocky Mountains, in British territory, and possibly of discovering a new practicable passage to Van Couver's Island. The Expedition would be accompanied by Dr. Hector, as Geologist, Naturalist, and Surgeon; by Lieut. Blackiston, to take magnetical observations, and by a botanist.

FRANCE.

The Grand Duke Constantine had a great reception at Toulon. A review of 50,000 troops will be given at Paris about May 6th in his honour.

The Council of State has commanded the examination of the bill against the usurpation of the titles of the nobility.