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A Liberian Love Story.

Among the number of recaptured Africans in the United States steaming Niagara, there were two young Congos—Kabahand and Kandah who became strongly attached to each other on the passage. During the few weeks that all who landed from that ship remained at Monrovia, and in the same receptacle this mutual attachment strengthened and matured into a passion, that regarded every earthly possession and enjoyment as valueless, if it embraced not the one darling object of its choice.

None but the parties themselves were all in their secret; and when a division had to be made, and some of the company, for many, wise reasons, must go to other portions of the republic, the young man Kabahand was selected to go to Basa. When made acquainted with this determination as to himself, he manifested extreme reluctance, and begged to be permitted to stay where he then was. But those having authority in the matter, in the absence of any special reason, insisted that he must go. He went.

The secret soon got out. On reaching Basa, this hitherto lively and smart young Congo was downhearted—refused to wash or eat, and neglecting the personal attention common to his tribe, grew wan, poor and soon fell sick, replying to those who spoke with him on the subject, in a spirit of desperate coolness, "what use he be for me to live? suppose I no get dat gal, I want to die."

In the meantime, manifestations in the Monrovia receptacle on the part of one there showed that Kabahand's love was not misplaced or without compensation in the strong affection of his loving fellow in misfortune and misery—his wildly-adoring Kandah.

The humane appreciations of those who had these children of wrong and suffering under care, arranged to save the life of Kabahand and remove his savage grief, by having him returned to Monrovia.

Once more the lovers met. Subsequently Kandah not being well was inquired of by one of the teachers, as follows: "What if it should be thought not best for you to marry Kabahand?" Her cool reply, looking her teacher full in the face, was, "Well, I can die."

The lovers were submitted to no such trial of their affection and tendencies to desperation in the destruction of their own lives. It was agreed upon by the agents that their marriage be immediately celebrated, and in as nearly a civilized and Christian style as their own rude and barbarous state would admit of.

We were invited to attend the nuptials; but sickness dashed this cup of meditated pleasure from our lips. On the afternoon of the 17th ult. the successful lovers were joined in matrimony by the Rev. John Seys. Everything, we are informed, was conducted with much respectability, which, while it reflected no little credit on the managers in the matter, without doubt made its impression on the minds of all the witnesses belonging to the company.

The sequel to the above is to be found in the following announcement:

Married. On Thursday, the 17th inst. (March) at the Colonization Receptacle in Monrovia, by the Rev. John Seys, Kabahand alias James Buchanan, to Kandah alias Ann Liberia Jeffs, both liberated Africans of the company by the United States ship Niagara.—*Liberia Christian Advocate.*

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well, said the old divine, waxing warm "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his delighted hearers,

and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed him a slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trump, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"I think I am, brother."

Drainage lengthens the Season.

One beneficial result claimed for thorough drainage is that "it lengthens the season for labor and vegetation"—an "extension" which the crops and the farmer needs as often as the customer of banks and brokers. That the time required for the "settling of the soil" after the frost passes from it, depends to a great extent upon its porous or its retentive character, is everywhere known and conceded. The deep gravelly loam is seen to be very soon free from water, while the heavy clay requires a long time to become fit for cultivation. In the one case the soil is fully drained—in the other the water passes off by the slow process of evaporation. Thorough drainage of the heavy soil renders both alike in this respect, and thus adds from ten to fifteen days of time of preparation for seeding—giving the same increased time for the growth of the crops which the land is devoted to.

We have the testimony of various practical farmers on this question, and none more to the point than the following: At an agricultural meeting in Boston, Mr. B. F. Nourse, of Orington, Me., who was present, said that drainage on the farm "had put his spring, cold lands in good working order in the season than any other in the neighborhood. One lot drained in 1832 was in good working condition as soon as the frost was out. Before drainage, cattle could not cross it early in June without miring. It enabled the later as well as the earlier cultivation of the land. He had ploughed as late as the 20th of November." Messrs. Maxwell Brothers of Geneva, N. Y., in a statement of draining done on their farm in 1855, and which received the first premium of the State Ag. Society, say they underrained one clayey lot, which previously "it was quite impracticable to plow or cultivate in a wet time, and consequently it was very difficult to get in a spring crop in season."

After underraining they could cultivate immediately after rains with advantage, and, of course, get in their crops much more seasonably than before. Mr. Yeomans, another Central New-York farmer and nurseryman, states that on his drained lands "he ground becomes almost as dry in two or three days after the frost comes out in spring, or after a heavy rain, as it would do in as many weeks before draining," and the frost leaves drained land at least a week sooner than that which remains undrained.

These instances are surely enough to satisfy those who have lost time, labor and crops from late sowing and planting, caused solely by waiting for "the subsiding of the waters," that there is a remedy for this evil—a remedy not only effectual in removing this, but many other disadvantages under which they labor in cultivating retentive or springy soils.

We have above stated that in addition to the lengthening of the time of preparation for crops, it gave, by enabling earlier planting and sowing, increased time for vegetation. How important this is, facts in the experience of every farmer show.—[Cultivator.

PREVALENCE AND PREVENTION OF SMALL POX.—Two eminent medical correspondents of the Times call attention to a matter of immense national importance. Small pox has of late been committing fearful havoc in the metropolis and other parts of the country, and the gentlemen referred to fear that this formidable malady will again, as in former times appear as a terrific scourge "unless efficient and immediate measures are taken for its prevention."

The recent increase of the disease is traced to three causes the first of which is the extraordinary fact, that the virus used for vaccination has never been renewed since Jenner's time. It has thus, it is argued, become comparatively inefficient as a preventive of infection. In the next place, it is asserted that London is the centre from which the supply of vaccine matter is obtained, and the correspondents very reasonably hold that the transmission of the cow-pox matter so variously influenced as that of a great city population must have greatly deteriorated its powers. The third alleged cause is one which the medical profession has often had under consideration, and it is one to which the public generally

should now direct some attention. It is stated that the remuneration awarded to public vaccinators is not sufficient to ensure the care and scrutiny necessary for the due performance of the important duty with which they are charged; and in addition to this, it is urged that the number of these officers should be greatly increased, and that Government inspectors should be appointed for the purpose of watching "whether the results of each operation are successful or not; and thus to secure, by direct official superintendence, the complete performance of vaccination."—[London Journal.

Poetry.

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

O! I love the autumn night winds
And the moaning autumn blasts;
As they shake the leafless branches,
When they wildly hurry past.
Let them shriek around my casement,
In this murky midnight hour;
For I'd love to hear them ever,
And to live within their power.

Let them pass with wails unearthly,
They can wake in me no dread;
Though each voice be sad as Sorrow's,
When she lingers o'er the dead.
Yet I'll glory in their wildness,
In their mournful mystic spell;
As they sweep along the mountain,
Or in the rocky cavern dell.

Let me stand beside the ocean,
When the angry billows roar;
For I love the waves' fierce motion,
As they dash against the shore.
O! they mind me of the sorrows,
That in awful wildness roll;
As they struggle in their madness,
To engulf my living soul.

How to Pronounce "Ouch."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

Wife, make some dumplings of dough;
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the fires off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

An Elephant at Largo.

One of Van Amburg's elephants escaped in Williamsburgh, N. Y., about ten days ago, causing great commotion. A man had been employed to bring some shavings to the menagerie, which were brought in a wagon. The man drove into the tent, and while unloading the wagon the elephant was observed to grow restless at the sight of the horse, which had a white blanket on. The man was advised to take his horse away, but before he could do so, the elephant advanced a few steps, and knocked the man down with a blow of his trunk and injured him seriously. He then seized the wagon, throwing it up in the air and breaking it to pieces. His anger was now fully aroused, and proceeding to the cage of the prairie wolf he smashed it with his trunk, and released him.

Next in his way was the cage of a black bear. This cage was demolished, but the bear was chained up and could not escape. The cage of the zebra being next in his way, he pushed it through the tent and clear through the wall of a small shanty at the back of the tent. Then leaving the tent he got into the street, pursued by his keepers and hundreds of people, none of whom were able to cope with the enraged elephant. He did not molest passers by, but seemed to have a great aversion to horses, which he would pursue as rapidly as he was able being hopped with a chain connecting his tusks with one of his fore-legs. He was finally driven by the crowd into a stone yard, where his chain got caught in a large stone which checked him.

The keepers gradually approached him, and he was thrown down upon his side, where he lay for some time bellowing and thrashing about him with his trunk. Application was made to members of two Hook and Ladder companies, Nos. 1 & 5, who furnished the keepers with long hooks. One of these was run through one of his ears and twisted round until the poor animal could not move his head from the pain of the wound. When he was perfectly subdued, he was heavily bound with chains and taken back to the menagerie. This is the largest elephant that has been exhibited in this country, and it is the same that a few years since caused such havoc by escaping from his keepers at Harlem.

An association has been formed in San

Francisco, with the intention of embracing the whole State, for the purpose of excluding the Chinese from all employment, except the lowest kind.

When the framers of the declaration of American independence declared that "all men are born free and equal," they little thought how soon the doctrine would be contemptuously spurned by their countrymen. If the intention of the association is carried out, the Chinese nation should adopt the *lex talionis* in respect to the treatment of the people of the United States in their much coveted trade and intercourse with the Celestial Empire.

The accusation against Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, for stabbing R. S. Fay, Jr., the Treasurer of Middlesex Mills, has been withdrawn because the prosecutrix found that no complaint against him could be sustained. The fact is that Dr. Ayer merely defended himself as best he might, with a penknife he happened to have in his hand, against a cowardly assault made on him from behind, with the premeditated intention to dishonor and punish him for the exposure he has made and is still making of the wrongs practised by the officers upon our manufacturing corporations. This community not only upholds the Doctor's successful defence of his person, but it heartily approves his course in publicly denouncing the Tito-Barnacle Family management—the abuses of our public property for private ends. Dr. Ayer's medicines, however valuable, are not all for which the masses of our people hold him in regard.—[Boston Herald.

A true story of a Robin.

We doubt if the records of ornithology furnish a more striking instance of affection and sensibility than is displayed in the following story of a robin, which we can vouch to be authentic.

"The servant of a lady residing at the north part of Brighton, whilst occupied one day in the scullery, was startled by a noise, which at first, was supposed to be occasioned by a mouse; but on examination of the various pots and pans in the place, she at length discovered the true origin of the disturbance. It was a young robin, which had found its way into a bright copper coal-scuttle. She succeeded in capturing it, and took it into the parlor to her mistress, where it soon made itself quite at home, and ate the sopped bread which was placed on its little beak. In a short time it was quite happy in its comfortable quarters; but, as some of its habits were not quite consistent with the cleanliness of a lady's sitting-room, and the lady had no wish to confine it to a cage, full opportunity was given to the little stranger to recover his liberty, by the window being thrown open. Of this opportunity, however the robin avail itself to a certain extent—that is, it would fly out, but invariably return at a certain hour of the day, and its practice was then to perch upon a certain flounce of the lady's dress, and then, looking into its mistress's face, it would pour forth its cheerful little song. This went on for some time, until, one afternoon, when the robin was in its accustomed place, a friend called who wished the lady to accompany her for a walk, and then came the question, what was to be done with the robin? There it was its favorite flounce and the lady was a prisoner until it flew off. It had not yet sung its song, but its mistress anxious to join her visitor, at last took up a handkerchief, and waving it said, "You must go now, Bobby, Good-bye." The bird took the hint immediately, and flew out of the window. On the following day its coming was looked for at the accustomed hour as a matter of course; and the window was left open as usual. But no robin came. Another day passed, and no robin, until at last it was given up for lost to the infinite regret of the lady, and the great indignation of the old servant, who sympathized with the bird, said, "Of course Missus couldn't expect Bobby to return after being treated in such a manner."

There was, however no help for it. Every reparation would have been made, and apology offered that could heal the wound inflicted upon the bird's feelings; but like a slighted lover or injured friend, he kept aloof.

And comes the most singular story. One day the lady who had owned the robin was walking by herself along Rose Hill terrace when suddenly she was alarmed and almost blinded by something striking against her face. She thought at first that it was a stone thrown by some careless boy; but on recovering from the confusion of a moment, to her astonishment she perceived the true perpetrator of the assault. There he was, perched close by, sat the robin—her own Bobby, singing his old song, as loudly as ever; and having finished it he again flew away, and was seen no more.

MINIATURE STEAM ENGINE.—A miniature steam engine, complete in all its details, has been on exhibition at the State Fair, of about one rat power, manufactured by Henry Rice, watchmaker, of Sacramento. A steam attachment was formed with a copper pipe no larger in diameter than an ordinary straw, connecting with the boiler outside, from which it receives its supply; and when under a full head, its fly wheel performed over two thousand revolutions a minute. Nothing could be more beautifully accurate in its adjustment. The cylinder has a three sixteenth inch, seven-sixteenth inch stroke. It propelled a small turning lathe, and elicited from the spectators many complimentary remarks to the skill of its manufacturer.—[San Francisco Standard.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The most beautiful and touching instrument, which man has received from the hands of his benevolent Maker, is the voice. Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the cords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of the Alps inspire! If such be the case, how much greater must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a regulated fancy; we say a regulated fancy for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affectation, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the art, to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.—Bently.

AN INDIAN KILLED BY A BEAR.—Some day last week, as we learn by Mr. Fish, the body of an Indian, whose intestines were protruding, was found in the woods in Morrison-town, Brown county. A little distance from him lay a dead bear, which had been shot through the neck. It is supposed that after shooting him, the bear turned upon the Indian, and after a desperate fight killed him—and then it died itself from the Indian's ball. The bear weighed some 400 pounds.—[Manitowoc Pilot.

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.—When a child learning to walk, if you can induce the little creature to keep its eyes fixed on any point in advance it will generally "navigate" to that point without capsizing; but distract its attention by word or act from the object before it, and down goes the baby. This rule applies to children of larger growth. The man who starts in life with a determination to reach a certain position, and adheres unwaveringly to his purpose, rarely fails, if he live long enough, to reach the goal for which he set out.

Omnibuses, the first seen in Syria, have begun to run at Beyrout. Crowds of natives stood gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

The New York Spirit of the Times says: "Phelan has just completed a splendid billiard table for the residence of one of our most popular and highly esteemed Bishops.

The Czar has given Schamyl a palace to live in, \$8000 a year and three Caucasian wives.

TAX NOTICE.

ALL Persons who have not paid their Taxes for the current year, are required to do so within thirty days from date, in order that the return may be made as the law requires.

JAMES STEVENSON,

Public Notice.

WHEREAS Hannah Wheaton, Administratrix of John Wheaton, deceased, has this day filed her petition, duly verified, in the Court of Probates for the County of Charlotte, for license to sell the Real Estate which the said John Wheaton died seized of, or some part thereof, for the payment of the debts due from the said Estate.—Notice is hereby given to the heirs of the said John Wheaton and all other persons interested that the said petition will be taken into consideration at a Court to be holden at the office of the Registrar of Probates in Saint Andrews on Tuesday the second day of August next at the hour of noon.

Dated the 5th day of July, 1859.
By the Court,
GEO. D. STREET,
Registrar.

Administrators' Notice.

ALL Persons having legal demands against the Estate of the late W. C. MacStay, physician, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, within three months from date—and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MARY ANN MACSTAY, Adm'r,
ALICE K. MACSTAY, Adm'r,
JAMES D. MACSTAY, Adm'r.