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## A Horse Musically Curable.

Dr. Jackson, in one of his treatises on nervous complaints, says:

When I was a boy, my father owned a sorrel mare which was called Tib. She was ordinary sluggish, but possessed good speed and power. She was never frightened at anything, and aside from laziness was a good beast, except on particular occasions, when she, without any apparent cause, refused to go. For long time she was subject to the usual treatment of balky animals—severe whipping, pounding, torturing, &c. But my father and hired man gave it up as a bad cause, and she was released from this harassment. A close observation of her tantrums led me to the conclusion that she was subject to paroxysms of the nervous system, growing out of electrical changes of the atmosphere. She was always true to draw or to travel in bright, clear blue sky spring or summer weather, and for the dozen years that we owned her we were never troubled in a cold, frosty still winter day. But on a summer day, when the electric fluid passed rapidly from the earth's surface, and dyspeptics would look like committing suicide, and rheumatics predict a change of atmosphere, when thunderclaps white and gorgeous as an East India palace lifted their heads on the northwest, betokening the clash and flash of coming storm, then look out for old Tib. She would suddenly stop in the furrow, in the harvest field or highway, and neither apple tree clubs or bundles of fired straw under her belly, could start her. Like a sentinel at his post, she was deaf to all urgencies save one. That would start her after a while. The same result would be witnessed in a winter day when the air was from the South and thawing. So she was always worked with these reservations, for she was not always reliable. After we had owned her about eight years, my father hired a man by the name of John Hart. He was a pious man and liked above all things to sing. One bright August morning we were drawing wheat, and old Tib had been drilled into harness. She had worked well till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly as we were loading, there came a clap of thunder from an almost "clear sky."

on our ears, and we saw in the west a cloud a little bigger than a man's hand, portending rain. We were not far from the barn and hoping to get loaded and into the barn before the rain reached us, the sheaves were thrown on by our men, and loaded by Hart with great dexterity. Our hopes were quite sanguine that Tib would be reasonable this time—first, because she had had thunder-shower experience enough to show that it was not pleasant to her, nor obliging to those employing her, second because she was "homeward bound," and a little effort would put us all under dry cover. She made no hostile demonstration till the rack was loaded, when, at the usual word, she refused to budge one inch. The men proposed to pound her, but my father forbade but he suggested to Hart to sing. He had a full, manly, melodious voice which rang from his throat in tones sweet and beautiful, and he knew all the ballads from Robin Hood to Yankee Doodle, and the Methodist hymns from the Trumpet to "How happy are they." "I was a scene for Turner's pencil. In the west the heavens were as black as ebony. In the east lay thunderclaps white as snow, like Pelion upon Ossa. North and South the rain had flanked us like the wings of an army. Here and there fell a big rain-drop, harbinger of more, whilst round the load stood the hired men, aching to pound old Tib into meekness."

Hart was on the load. "Sing," said my father. Hart began and sang a hymn, every two lines of which was a chorus of,

Blow ye the trumpet! Blow!  
"Sing glory! Hallelujah!" and his eye dilated, and his breast heaved and he forgot that behind them a little way off, was thunder and lightning enough, rightly expended, to "blow" up half of creation; and that before him was a crazy old mare, within ten rods of a good barn, too mad, or too upset, however to make her way to it. He thought of his mission which was to sing God's praise 'mid flashing fire and thunder stroke, and he filled his mission full.

"Sing away!" cried my father, "sing away Hart! the old hag is relenting—I see it in her eye and the tip of her ear is playing to your music like the finger of a maiden to a guitar. She likes the hallelujah strain. It soothes her brain which seethes upon this thunder like lead in a red hot cauldron. Ha! Ha! give her the rain; she'll go—burrah! we're in time—hurrah! there has been such singing since Timotheus sang at the feast of Alexander."

We had made a discovery. Hart's voice would control the old mare in her tantrums,

like the lyre of Orpheus the trees; and whilst he lived with my father a Methodist hymn would always start her. She was a Methodist from instinct and Hart declared that Tib knew a Methodist hymn from a Presbyterian hymn—instanter.

## Limitation to Man's Knowledge.

The narrow limits within which human knowledge is confined are well set forth in the following narrative, told by an allegorical personage, in old Arabian world. It contains a sharp rebuke to that self-sufficiency which thinks its own range of knowledge complete and absolute:

I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderful populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded.

"It is indeed a mighty city," replied he, "we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

Five centuries afterward, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed.

"In sooth, a strange question!" replied he. "The ground here has never been different from what you behold it."

"Was there not of old," said I, "a splendid city here?"

"Never," answered he, "so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such."

On my return there five hundred years afterward I found the sea in the same place and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I enquired how long the last had been covered by the waters.

Is this a question," said they, for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now."

I again returned, five hundred years afterward, and the sea had disappeared; I enquired of a man who stood alone upon a spot, how long this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer I received before. Lastly, after coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time, and when I would have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, "its rise is lost in remote antiquity; we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."

A MISERABLE WANDERER.—Last Monday morning was bitterly cold—so cold that very few who could possibly avoid it would venture out. Yet cold as the morning was, a poor man, who had escaped from the custody of his friends, passed through the chilling snow, with the thermometer several degrees below zero, along the Victoria road in the direction of Brockville, and suddenly presented himself at the dwelling of J. F. Schofield, Esq., without a particle of clothing upon her. The females of the household took the unfortunate creature, who might be some twenty-two years of age, immediately in-doors and covered her with a dress. In a short time afterwards she was brought before a magistrate, who committed her to gaol as a vagrant to await the action of the Court of Quarter Sessions, or until she should be reclaimed by her friends, who are said to be the McCollums, of Delta. She appeared to have no recollection of her friends or residence in Canada; and her mind constantly wandered back to her grand parents in the United States, who live some three miles from Moira, on the Ogdensburg Railroad. Strange to tell, this poor creature was not frost-bitten.—[Brockville Monitor.]

HOW PONTON BRIDGES ARE MADE.—Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed, thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet at the stern, swelling out to the side to the width of six feet. Each fits on a running gear of four wheels, and is used as a baggage wagon for the pontoniers, carrying its proportion of string pieces and of plank. On reaching a river the boats are unloaded, floated across by a cable made fast up the stream, then the string pieces are laid across from one boat to the next, and on these are placed the planks, each twenty-one feet long, which form the gangway of that width. It is a fine sight to see a regiment come to a river bank with a pontoon train, unload and unlaunch their boats, moor them in a line, and in less than five minutes from the time when the word "halt" was given, have a bridge six hundred feet in length, over which an army can safely pass with artillery baggage.

The notorious Yvelton marriage case had been brought to a conclusion in Edinburgh, the decision being in favor of Mrs. Yvelton. Lord's Churchill and Deas-

were of opinion that the marriage was established according to the law of Scotland. The lord president delivered an opinion opposed to the other judges.

## HOW NEW ORLEANS WAS CAPTURED—INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE SOUTH

We find in the Belfast "News Letter" the following interesting communication, which was recently received by a Halifax correspondent in New Orleans. It reveals a very important fact which has hitherto been kept entirely in the dark by the Federal press, namely, that the capture of New Orleans, instead of being accomplished by the bravery of Farragut's fleet, was entirely due to the power of Yankee gold! The black hearted treachery of two Confederate officers—Brigadier General Duncan and Flag Officer Mitchell—gave the Federal possession of New Orleans, the defenses of which, if controlled by men of patriotism and skill, would have successfully repelled the enemy's advance. After the "glorious victory of New Orleans" we read with astonishment that several Confederate iron-clads of tremendous power had been ignominiously sunk by the Confederates themselves without having attempted to do the slightest injury to the Federal fleet. The treachery which the annexed-letter develops explains everything. We now understand how it happened that the Federal arms—which have been disgraced everywhere else—were valued to "victory" at New Orleans. Yankee gold, the almighty dollar, did it all. The outrages of Butler, who robbed secessionists right and left of thousands of dollars, are also satisfactorily explained. His government wanted back the money it had paid for the City, and was probably a partner in his plunder. The remainder of this letter gives a clear idea of Federal rule and secession feeling in the South.—[Telegraph.]

New Orleans, 1863.

DEAR SIR.—Presuming a few lines from me at the present time would not be unacceptable, I avail myself of the privilege of writing you, from having made your acquaintance last Summer. I intended to have written to you on my arrival at New York in September, but only remained there three days. I procured a small open boat, and ran the blockade into the Confederates States. While I remained in Richmond six weeks. While there, I was witness of the trial by court-martial of Brigadier General J. K. Duncan, and flag-officer J. K. Mitchell, the former late Commander of Fort Jackson and St. Philip, and the latter Commander of the flotilla on the Mississippi River—these being the principal defenses of New Orleans. They were both guilty of having, for the sum of four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, allowed the United States fleet to pass the forts without making any resistance. I told you when in Belfast that this was treacherously been sold, and it has now been proved. General Duncan is now living at ease in Yankeland, in Pennsylvania, and Mitchell in Massachusetts. Had it not been for these two traitors, the Federals never would have taken this city. I suppose you get full accounts through the news papers how General Butler is managing things in this city. Let me tell you, you have but little idea of what is going on. All the sugar plantations on the bank of the Mississippi River have been abandoned, the Federals having taken (or stolen, I should say) all the negroes, and then offered to return them if the owners would consent to give them half the crop. In some few cases this was done, but in most instances the owner allowed their canes to rot rather than make such a sacrifice. The military rule in this city is most intolerable. No person knows what moment he may be thrown into prison for no offence, except that he is supposed to have aided the Confederates in getting goods from Havana before the Federals took the city. If a negro says that you are not loyal, it is sufficient to condemn you, and you have no redress; as for stealing, it is one grand system, from Gun. Butler down to the lowest private. Even the private furniture is taken and shipped North, or sold at auction, and the money pocketed by the commanding general, or some of his subordinates.

What is to become of the people of this city God only knows. It would have been much better for them if they had burned the city before surrendering. Let me give you an instance of the meanness of one of the generals in this department. Brig. General Neal Dow, commanding at Pensacola, has taken the property of all secessionists and Union men, because in one man's house he found \$700 in gold and bank notes. He also took all his clothes and furniture, and is now seen of a morning wearing the gentleman's dressing-gown, while his family is starving for want of the necessities of life; yet they call this "a free county," and it is all done to save the Union. I tell you I have been all over the South since I came back from England, and there is no Union feeling anywhere in the South; but, on the contrary, the most bitter hatred of the United States exists everywhere, and wherever the army of the Union goes it makes secessionists out of Union men by its stealing propensities. On my return from Richmond I visited Charleston and Mobile. The steamer Kate had just arrived at Charleston from Nassau, with a large and valuable cargo. Charleston cannot be taken unless by iron-clads, and even these will meet with something, they don't expect. As for Mobile, the fighting will be desperate should the Federals attempt to go in there. Everything taken into consideration, the Confederates are stronger to-day than they were a year ago. As for their army, it is better clothed than you all think it is; and, whenever they meet the Yankees, they will give a good account of themselves. I send you some newspapers. In them you will see Gen. Butler's order of wholesale confiscation. On the 20th inst., Gen. Butler sent a regiment of infantry and six pieces of cannon across Lake Pontchartrain. They were met on the way by the Confederates, on a unit of some negro soldiers being with the Federals. Twenty-seven of the negroes and six whites that were taken prisoners were afterwards shot. The papers here say nothing of all this, nor will the news of this ever go North; but if they had routed one hundred Confederates, you would have heard it proclaimed as a great victory.

Very respectfully yours,  
ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more in length. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure, and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

MR. BAXTER, M. P. ON AMERICA.—Mr. Baxter, M. P., in an address at Dundee, commented that slavery was the cause of the American war. He concluded by saying: "What I want to bring out is, that there can be no safety, much less good government and progress in any country based upon such a programme as that adopted by the Southern Confederacy, nor, do I believe any peace or settlement worth six months' purchase as long as the fountain head and origin of the evil is not removed. Any arrangement short of eventual emancipation may delude the cotton brokers of Liverpool and the Conservative country gentlemen; but inasmuch as it leaves the source of hostility as active and aggressive as ever, it will but prove but a hollow, and perhaps an impolitic truce."

A Blasphemer Struck Dumb.—The special providences of God are pretty generally denied in those days of unbelief, but it cannot be doubted that God's punishments in a remarkable manner the outbreaking sins of blasphemy and impiety. A correspondent from the Salom Republican writes from the 104th regiment of that State:

Quite a strange affair occurred in Company K, a few days ago. One of the boys got out of humor because he had to prepare for a dress parade. He swore about it a good deal and declared he would not go out, he hoped God would never let him speak again if he went out on a dress parade, and the next morning was unable to speak a word. The poor fellow cried bitterly, but it was too late. He had prayed and was answered.

From the News of Friday we learn that in six of the ship-yards about St. John, there are nine vessels in course of construction and the keels of three others are about to be laid. The number of men employed in these yards, is, it appears about 400. Averaging the wages at \$1 per day, the amount paid weekly by the proprietors, is \$2400. There are many more ship yards about St. John besides the six enumerated, in which a large number of men are actively employed.—[Courier.]

The writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burned. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with great glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of the disaster. After

learning the general destruction, he inquired: "But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved de Bible!"

## BANGOR, JAN. 13.

Report concerning Passaic was from Confederate source.

Expedition against Vicksburg was withdrawn safely from Yazoo River on Sunday. Single attack of enemy repulsed by gun-boats.

Yazoo abandoned as base of operations, enemy in front facing that river being impregnable.

Enemy reinforced to sixty thousand, with a hundred and sixty guns.

Gen. McClelland held council of war, deciding on another point of attack.

The Shattanooga Rebel says Morgan, Forrest and Bragg within the month captured in Tennessee ten thousand Federals, thirty cannon, and sixty thousand stand small arms; destroyed immense quantity of stores and ammunition. Estimates Federal killed and wounded twenty thousand.

Reported that four thousand French occupied Matamoros.

New Ironside sailed from Fortress Monroe.

California Legislature endorsed Emancipation Proclamation.

Inventive genius has been operating upon eye of a needle, and produced an improvement which enables the needle to be threaded as well by the sharp sighted. It is done by means of a lap joint in the eye of the needle. By laying the thread over the eye and drawing it down to the joint, that portion of the eye under the lap is depressed and admits the thread into eye. This is a small but it is said to be a very useful invention.

ROBBING THE DEAD.—The Journal de St. Hyacinthe (Canada) relates another visit paid by medical students to the cemetery of St. Rosalie; from which they raised the body of a young female 22 years of age, who had been interred the Monday previous. This took place about 2 o'clock in the morning, but an alarm being given, the Chief of Police was communicated with, and took effectual steps to recover the body. At the railroad depot he discovered a box which had a very queer appearance, and on opening it the corpse of the woman was found. The students are suspected to have come from Montreal. An investigation is being held, but no arrests have yet been made.

IRISH REVENGE.—An Irishman slipped and came down "broadside" upon his back, which stifled his breathing a minute or two, besides bruising his head considerably. Recovering attitude, shook his fist at the ice, as if he was about to take summary vengeance upon the slippery substance, and then, with violent gestures and threatening voice, exclaimed, "Fait, and ye'll take a sweat out this before June, sure!"

The columns affecting the Lancashire proprietors have been put to silence by the result of a late meeting in that community in which the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds was subscribed for the distressed operatives. This is said to be the largest amount ever subscribed at a public meeting, and is in excess of £400,000 already furnished by the same contributors.

A Southern slaveholding clergyman named Robinson, lately found his way into a Presbyterian pulpit in Toronto, and there enunciated certain views supposed to be favorable to the system of slavery. The Toronto Globe has very properly given him a severe castigation. The Rev. gentleman publishes a reply, but it is just what any one might expect from any one who holds the bodies of men at a higher price than their souls.

A Mr. Jones, in his lecture in New York, told his audience that in England three hundred families controlled the Government, a few thousand landlords owned the soil—five men owned one-fourth of Scotland and five millions of adult men had no voice in the Government.

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY DELEGATES, in a fit of extra caution have referred Mr. Gladstone's proposition for a Sinking Fund to their Government for decision. It would seem from this that they did not go to London with as full powers as the delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. This is the only "hitch" there is in the business.

Mrs. Forrest, wife of the tragedian, by the final decision of the Court of Appeals of New York State, receives \$40,000 accumulated alimony from Edwin Forrest, and henceforth the sum of \$4,000 a year.