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## HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,  
With our scythes and rakes to-day,  
And the mow grows big, as the pitcher heaves  
His lift in the sweetening hay.

O ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,  
Hath a ring as of destiny,  
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,  
As it sung in its wondrous glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes  
Of the yellow and bearded grain,  
And the flash of our sickles light illumines  
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.

anon, we come with a steel drawn car—  
The cunning of modern laws;  
And across steep to its clanking jar,  
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits  
From the shrub, the vine and the tree,  
With their russet, and golden, and purple suits,  
To garnish our treasury.

And each has a jolly treasure stored,  
All beneath its painted rind,  
To cheer our guests at the social board,  
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—this goodly store—  
But not with a miser's lust;  
For that great All Father we adore,  
Hath but given it in trust.

And our work of death is but for life;  
In the wintry days to come—  
Then, a blessing upon the reaper's strife,  
And a shout to his Harvest Home.

## THE RISING TIDE.

On the coast of Normandy in France the tide rises and falls forty feet with wonderful rapidity. The following account is from a recent work called *Life in Normandy*:

Crosse and Hope, two English tourists, were poking about the rocks of Granville, at low tide, as their custom was, upon afternoon, in search of something new and strange. Hope had just picked up some hideous marine curiosity, when Crosse suddenly gave a loud shout.

"The Lord have mercy upon us! I forgot the tide and here it comes!"

Hope turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid pace and covering the sandy creek where the cobs had been found, not aware of the danger, he said quietly:

"Faith, so it does; I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," said Crosse, by crossing the rock we may yet be in time."

He looked rather pale as he spoke, and Hope, seeing his alarm, hastened to follow; for the moment Crosse ceased speaking, he scrambled up the rocks and began walking as rapidly as he could across them towards the nearest shore but the pace was necessarily slow, for the roughness in some parts, and slippiness in others, obliged them to pick their steps; the numberless crevices which had been a source of amusement an hour before, now served still further to retard their progress, for they were forced to make many a detour to get past them. At last they reached the highest point, and could see before them:

"Thank God!" said Crosse the sand is not yet covered; but we must run for it."

The sand was in fact still visible, but small lines of blue water could be seen marking and breaking the surface. They hastened on, Hope looking at these lines, which seemed rapidly to increase in breadth; but he was soon obliged to keep his eyes on the ground, for, in looking up, he had placed his foot on a bunch of weeds, slipped, fell, and got a severe shake, besides cutting his hands.

In three minutes more however, they were at the edge of the sand; but when they reached it, they saw that the sand was now in stripes, the water in sheets.

We shall do yet, said Crosse, for thank God, here is a girl before us. He began to run rapidly, and Hope followed.

They proceeded thus for about two hundred yards, when they saw a little girl (the same from whom Hope bought some crabs) coming hastily towards them. She reached them before they had advanced many more paces, and as she ran she called out merrily, which they could not at first understand, for she was so much out of breath.

When she was close to them, they could distinguish that she said:

The wave! the wave! it is coming; turn back, turn back, or we are lost."

They did turn, and they saw far out to sea, a large wave rolling towards the shore. Blown as they were, yet they increased their speed, as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left.

The little girl passed them, and led the way; the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rock, the wave still rolled towards them; the sand became gradually covered, and the last ten steps were up to their knees in water—but they were on the rock.

Quick! quick! said the girl, there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late.

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock, six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice.

We are lost said the girl; I cannot cross, it will carry me away.

Is it deep? asked Crosse.

Not very, she said; but it is too strong.

Crosse lifted the girl in his arms; he was a strong, big man; he plunged into the stream, which was up to his waist. With a few strides he was across, and sat, the girl down; he then held on by the rock, and stretched out his hand to Hope, who following like an experienced wader, taking very short steps, and with his legs well stretched out, to prevent being swept away by the force of the water; Hope grasped the hand thus held out to him, and in another second the two friends were standing by the girl.

That is tremendous said Hope; if I had not seen it, I never would have believed it. It is, indeed, said Crosse; and in winter or in blowing weather, the tide wave comes in with far greater force than this we have just seen.

Come on, come on, cried the girl Holy Virgin! we were near lost.

The little girl led the way to the high point of lighter-colored rock which Hope had remarked in the morning. When they had reached it, she said: We are safe now; and she pulled from her breast a string of beads with a crucifix, and began to tell the beads. The two friends looked on in silence; perhaps they, too, were returning thanks to Heaven, although they held no beads in their hands.

After a few minutes thus spent, the girl looked up and smiled to Crosse. Thank you said she, for lifting me over; I could not have crossed by myself; and, she continued, the second wave has come, and it is all water now.

The friends looked; all around them was the wide sea; they were on an island which each moment became less; and this island was three-quarters of a mile from the shore. I am afraid, sir, you will be cold, said the little girl. We are quite safe here, for three or four hours before we can go to the shore.

Cold or hot, said Crosse, we may be thankful we are here. But what made you forget the tide, for you must know the coast so well.

I did not forget it, she said, but I feared you would be drowned, as you are strangers; and I thought I would be in time to tell you; but I was too late, and the wave came.

And did you risk your life to save us?—said Hope, the tears starting into his eyes. I thought, at any rate, I should get here, she replied. As you are strangers, you would not know that it is always dry here, and on the strand you would be lost; so I came to help you, for the gentleman was kind and gave me a good price for my crabs; so I hoped I should be in time to warn you; but I was very nearly too late.

## A Wonderful Hair Ointment.

Brick Pomeroy, of the "La Crosse Weekly Democrat," is responsible for the following, which rather takes the shine out of all the patent preparations, including the "Florida Water," and "Ramrod's Tincture of Girdle-iron."

Last week Dr. —, of New York sent us a cake of his "onquent," with the modest request to "puff it and send the bill."

Venerable and far sighted capillary producer! we do so and more to. Your Ointment is a big thing. Although in "small cakes," it is nevertheless a colossal item! We tried it. Following the printed directions, we made a lather, and applied the brush. The lather was mixed in a glass dish, and in four minutes a beautiful hair, all shades of color, had started from the dish. We applied some to our faces, and it took four swift working barbers to cut down and mow away as fast as the beard grew! We put a little on the toe of each boot, and each boot in an hour looked like a Zouave mustache! We put some on a crowbar, and it is covered with a long curly hair, like a buffalo, and in the coldest weather it can be used without starting! A little on the pole to a carriage, matted the hair on it like moss. We dropped some on the stove, and as a fire was kindled the hair started, and the hotter the stove became the faster grew the hair, till the smell of burnt hair became so powerful as to drive all from the room. The stove

was set in the barn and it can be seen for the hair. Only one application! A little applied on a wagon tire has in five days started a vigorous crop, a now the wagon can be driven over a plank road and not make a bit of noise, so well are the wheels covered with soft hair. Only one application!—Dollars a cake. We skinned a goose, put on some of the Onquent, and in two hours the feather grower was enveloped in hair like a squirrel, and was seen this morning trying to climb a shag-bark hickory in the back yard!

A little applied to the inkstand has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper at little cost. We applied the lather to a tempenny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest, softest lather brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Only a dollar a cake! Applied to mattresses, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor it will cause to grow thortom, hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. Only a dollar a cake—directions thrown in! A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles—sprinkle on sidewalks—anything where luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. We put a little on the head of navigation, and a beautiful hair covers it. And a little on the mouth of La Crosse River started hair there resembling the finest top grass, in which cows, sheep, pigs, hogs, snipes, woodcock and young ducks graze with great relish. Only a dollar a cake. Sent by mail to any address. One application will grow a luxuriant mustache for a boy—two applications will be sure to harass the entire rebel army. Dollars a cake. Sent by mail to any other man. Samson used it. \$1 a cake.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

(From the Richmond Examiner.)

The Yankee nation goes for all or nothing, and therefore so must we. It is impossible to save a part of our sovereignty and our land, and give up the rest. If we admit that they have conquered one square mile of it, they will soon have it all, and we along with it. And they have not conquered one square of it. What? Not Missouri? Not Kentucky? Not the pan-handle of Virginia? No, not one yard of them. Nothing is either lost or won till the war is over.

Now this moment, when the ferocious armies of our enemies are advancing deeper and deeper into the heart of our country, and coolly marking down upon their maps all the ground they have passed over as so much territory conquered back to the Union, this is the very time to impress it upon all our minds that those countries which their armies have traversed and ravaged are Confederate ground, and that the safety, nay, the existence of all the rest of the Confederacy requires the enemy to be driven out of it at every point. Now, above all, we should keep before our eyes, and lay to heart the grandeur of our cause, the magnificence of its success, the unspeakable misery of its failure. Our enemy is playing a great game and for a grand stake. We have the heart to play as high, and for a stake dearer and nobler still. We need to keep this lofty aim before us, even for the purpose of inspiring us to play out the game at all hazards.

Men will not be fired with the scared passion to date, and fight, and endure all that men may, for a mean stake, or to avoid a certain degree of loss, where something is saved—but where it is all or nothing! Where the alternative is, to found a majestic, free and famous empire, or become a generation of vassals to the greediest and basest of all the white races of this earth! It is right, then, and inspiring and now especially needful and expedient that our public men and leaders of the people should not disguise and wrap up their thought in general terms, however eloquent about the necessity of our success, and the valor of our troops, and the like. What is success? What are our valiant troops fighting for? Dollars in generalibus. When your trumpet blows an uncertain sound, your valiant troops will not be so keen for the battle. When those general phrases are paraded before us, the heart shivers, because inside the fine apparatus of phraseology men suspect a coward and a traitor thought; but it makes the heart leap up when, on the opening of the Lower Legislature of Virginia in this year, the Governor of the old Commonwealth rings out that clear bugle note: No peace, no peace, save accompanied with the unequivocal recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. That includes all; and we must have all or nothing.

A new method of shopping has just been discovered in Paris. An elegant lady enters a store accompanied by a nurse carrying a baby dressed in rich embroidery. On leaving, they are supposed to have taken lace, jewelry, etc., as the case may be, and arrested. An examination proves that the baby has a waxwork face, and a hollow pasteboard body which serves as a hiding place for the stolen articles.

## HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT.

No grain is more difficult to harvest with-out waste than Buckwheat. There is no crop that ripens so uneven—a portion of it being ripe—shelling out while the rest is ripening. Hence the difficulty of harvesting at the right time, in order to secure the largest possible amount of seed and in the best condition. The following remarks are to the point—though so far as hay caps are concerned, there is no use in talking:

Cut your buckwheat when most of the berry can be saved; that is, when the majority of the kernels are ripe, or sufficiently advanced to ripen in the stock when cut.

It will be seen, by taking this view, that the grain must be cut rather green, earlier than is commonly practiced, and that much milk and many white kernels must be cut down. Your grain will cut the easier; your straw be the better, and the frost be more aptly robbed of his prize.

Cut early, then, and put up at once, when the grain is moist, either with rain or dew. You may avoid the wet. Put up in good sized stacks. The air will readily circulate through. And thus there will be no shell-ing; you will save all the grain.

To fully preserve the berry from the rain, we advise hay caps, for the heavy long rains drown the berry, and the flour loses that vivacity and whiteness which are native with the grain, but which are so rarely seen.

It is in this way alone that buckwheat can be properly secured—that the whole can be secured, and in the best condition. In such a case buckwheat flour becomes one of our best brands of flour, if carefully ground. It should not be dried to a crisp before grinding, as is often done. When well secured, as it should be, it will do to take to the grist-mill from the fanning mill. Avoid grinding close, for remember the bran makes up what the flour loses, and makes one of the best feeds.—[Homestead.]

## ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

CAPE RACE, Sept. 29. The "Europa" from Liverpool 19th, and Queenstown 20th, off Cape Race 2.30 on Tuesday afternoon.

A letter from Richmond in the Confederate organ, the Index speaks of the probable early recall of the representative of the South from England on account of the attitude of the Government.

The London Star fears that it is the intention of the French Government to speedily recognize the Confederates. It adduces various acts and demonstrations to justify the belief, and comes to the conclusion that we must be prepared for French recognition before long.

The London Herald, reverting to the rumored probable recall of Mason from London, says it is in consequence of the systematic rudeness with which he has been treated by Russell, and the Herald hints that it has been through the negotiations of Adams that Mason has been excluded from unofficial intercourse with the British Government.

Paris correspondent of the Morning Post says new loan for Confederates is contemplated.

French Government has certainly not thrown any difficulty in the way of the Florida. Capt. Moffat resigned command on account of ill health. Lieut. Barny probably takes command.

One of the reasons for the decline of the Paris Bourse is apprehension by some operators that the decision in case of the Florida may lead to unpleasant feelings between the French and Federal Governments.

Paris Pays says the English journals are undoubtedly mistaken in looking upon note lately published in the *Moniteur* respecting the Florida as a step towards the recognition of the Confederates; it was merely a recognition of Belligerent right. If the Emperor's Government believed itself bound to recognize the Confederates and establish relations, it would do so openly, not by indirect means.

Rev Mr. Stegarty late chaplain in the Rebel Army, has been lecturing before the Southern Club at Liverpool. He charged the New England clergy with being the instigator of the war. He asserted that war would soon end when Lincoln loses clerical support. He declared that South had means for carrying on the war for years to come. It was, nevertheless, ready to lay down the sword and leave the question at issue to ballot.

## MEXICAN QUESTION.

The Paris Opinion believes itself able to state that English Cabinet fearing France may take possession of Mexico, is strongly endeavoring to persuade the Emperor of Austria to consent to acceptance of throne

by Maximilian. Same paper says American loan is spoken of to be effected in London as soon as Archduke is officially proclaimed Emperor. Also said that 8,000 Irishmen will be enrolled for the service in the new Empire. These statements cause material improvement in Mexican securities in London.

The Times City article remarks that the employment of Irish troops is calculated to prevent the United States from undertaking any aggression on the new monarchy.

Russian reply to English note is published. It professes ardent desire to restore tranquillity to Poland. Discussions could only end in establishing divergence of views, and assume all responsibilities, and hopes Foreign Powers will observe same principle of non-intervention which Russia has constantly respected.

Money Market.—Funds on the 18th rather firmer but no variation. Full demands for discount. Rates unchanged.

Liverpool, Ev'g. 19th.—Stock Exchange closed to-day. The effect of the Persia's news is not therefore developed in securities.

The Madrid Epoca asserts that the Cabinets of Washington and Madrid have determined to submit the question of jurisdiction in Cuban matter, to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians.

QUEENSTOWN, 20th.—Politics unimportant. Paris Bourse firm. Renten 63 45.

Cotton market excited, advanced 1d to 2d, Breadstuffs dull; Flour declined 6d to 1s; Wheat, 4d to 7d; Corn 6d; Provisions prices unchanged.

Consols, 93 3/4 to 93 1/2 Bullion in Bank of England increased £116,000.

The arrival of a fleet of Russian war vessels in New York harbor, has caused quite a sensation among the Gothamites, who are greatly pleased by the event. Some of the papers attach special significance to this as a demonstration. The fleet is to visit the Gulf of Mexico. The vessels chiefly frigates, are all new. Their names are the Alexandra Nevsky, (flag-ship,) Peresvick, Oslaba, Variack, Vitasee, Almaz, Izoom-rood and Gemstook.—[Globe.]

THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—The Westminster Review for July contained an article entitled "Marriages of Consanguinity," the author of which has no belief in the commonly received opinion that the offspring of married cousins are, more than others, liable to scrofula, idiocy, the deaf mutism, and kindred complaints. He examines at length the statistics of several scientific men who have written treatises on the subject and arrives at the conclusion that the deformed and diseased children of cousins are so not because of the consanguinity of their parents, but because of hereditary disorders intensified by "breeding in and in. Good qualities, he argues, are as likely to be intensified as bad, by such marriages.

A Pennsylvania conscript cut his throat with a razor in Baltimore, on Friday, to escape military duty. The wound may not prove fatal.

A FEMALE COMMANDER.—A woman in Columbus, Georgia, proclaims herself ready to command a regiment of women in defence of the Confederacy. We wonder if they will fight in crinolines. Our brave boys, we have no doubt, can stand cold steel, whether in the form of bayonets or hoop-skirts.

Artemas Ward says: "I have already given two cousins to the war & I stand ready to sacrifice my wife's brother father-in-law to the rebel yoke. An if wuss comes to wuss I'll shed every drop of blood my abled-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war."

A little incident (eight pounds,) safely transpired in a carriage in New Haven last week. The lady was on her way to a hotel and was much surprised; so was the hackman.

At the Provincial Exhibition just held in Kingston, C. W. Mr. Beadle, of St. Catharines showed 90 varieties of apples and 30 varieties of pears.

G. H. Mingaye, Paymaster of the Great Western Railway Company at Hamilton, C. W., has cleared out with \$15,000 or \$20,000 of his employers' money.

The tavern-keepers of Hamilton, C. W., have lately had a picnic and "agood time." What say those of St. John to an affair of this kind, by way of an offset to the Temperance procession on Tuesday.—[Globe.]

The 100th (Royal Canadian) regiment, which has been for some time stationed at Gibraltar, is about to be removed to Malta.