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CROSSING THE POND.

I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than old sword, which he was adroit enough to palm off for the divine weapon of Mars, and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard the "words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course of life. My running away from home arose from a minor motivation, caused by carrying a pretty girl over a brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with a little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our eldest girl" at school. We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time, that it was with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, when come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to do with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough at that time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I know not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought of finding that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her pretty arm around his neck while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket. No! Helen ran so quickly, or with so little fear, as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

"You need as hand as gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fall. I can eye carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ye." Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he uttered denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of carriage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we had reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference, would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day that I could have carried Donald and Helen, on either arm, like feathers. But I anticipate. We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and I was with feelings unknown before, that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheeks against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly for a minute, but alas! in the very deepest part of the ford, I rested on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested I suppose on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling drier and better humoured, attempted to console me. But I preserved a moody silence—I was mortified beyond recovery.

That night I packed up a few things, and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led to better results than usually attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon me. I became his partner—went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland, rich, educated—in short, everything but married.

One evening while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unassuming

appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar—something suggestive of mixed pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been well educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune had allotted her. I am naturally neither talkative nor prone to confidence; but there was in this young lady something which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar, indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the causes which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had scarcely spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face, and she succeeded by a remarkable paces, I attributed this to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to give the details of my ford adventure with Helen Graham—which I did, painting in glowing colours the beauty and amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became almost irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked:—"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and was dumb-founded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted, was Helen Graham herself!

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needless prolong a story. We were soon married—Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached it in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field who seemed to be a better sort of laborer or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style:—"Hey Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye're old friend?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries about "our old friends."

Different men "start in life" different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

HUMAN TREES AND STONES.—A recent traveller states that while in Abyssinia, he and his party had passed a small stream called Macitena, when one of his men, a hunter, declared he saw a number of people who were known in that region by the name of Slaves. Being at that time inexperienced in such matters, he says, I could see nothing suspicious. He pointed out to me a dead tree standing on an eminence, at a distance of several hundred yards and charred black by last year's fire. All that I saw was a charred stump of a tree, and a few blackened logs or stumps lying at its feet. The hunter declared that neither the tree nor the stones were there the last time he passed and that they were simply naked. Berea, who had placed himself there in that position to observe us, having no doubt seen us for some time and prepared themselves.

I hardly believed it possible that they would remain so motionless, and determined to explore a little. I dropped into the long grass and stalked up toward them. A shot from my rifle at a long distance, (I did not venture too close,) acted on the tree and stones powerfully as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me ran in the opposite direction. I never was more astonished in my life, for so complete was the deception, that even up to the time I fired I could have declared the objects before me were vegetable and mineral—anything indeed but animal. The fact was, that the cunning natives who represented stones were lying flat, with their little round shields placed before them as screens.

BRAZIL.—The Rev. J. C. Fletcher recently read an interesting paper on "Brazil and the Brazilians," before the New York Historical Society. Mr. Fletcher was for several years a resident of that country. Brazil, he says, possesses wonderful fertility and salubrity, which he attributes to the general elevation of the country and the constant trade winds upon her coasts, which cool the atmosphere and bear treasures of clouds from the ocean, which descend in rains that invigorate vegetation. The country has immense forests, galvanized with graceful wild vines and orchidaceous plants, or bearing the most brilliant flowers upon their own branches. The "Victoria Regia" blooms on the waters of the Amazon affluents, and the graceful palm lifts itself everywhere, imparting to the tropical landscape a very peculiar feature. Brazil, it is well known, is a diamond producing country, although its most prolific yield was in the eighty years preceding 1822—the era of Brazilian independence. In that time, three and a half million pounds sterling was obtained by the sales of the sparkling gem. It is rich, also, in other minerals, and in agricultural products. The single article of coffee, for the fiscal year 1854-5, amounted to more than twenty-five million of dollars.

The climate is not so hot as in the summer with us, the average heat within the tropic of Capricorn being seventy-two degrees. The poisonous reptiles and the yellow fever have been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Fletcher showed that the aborigines were among the first who inhabited the New World, and proved that the earliest voyagers on the Amazon really believed that they had seen a nation of female warriors; for among the wild tribes found among the upper tributaries of that river to this day, the men wear their hair long, parted in the middle, braided behind, and done up with a comb. They pluck out their beard, wear necklaces and bracelets, and with their shields over their breasts they present exactly the appearance of women.

According to Mr. Fletcher, the first Protestant colony in the New World was planted under the auspices of the French Admiral Coligny upon an island in the bay of Rio Janeiro in 1555. The church at Geneva took great interest in the enterprise, but through the treachery of its leader and the victories of the Portuguese it was completely broken up. The Hollanders occupied a portion of the northern coast for thirty years, but were overpowered by the Portuguese. Some of them thereupon came to New York. The growth of Brazil may be dated from 1866, when King John IV., driven from Portugal by the French, took up his abode in this the greatest colony of his subjects, and opened its ports to the commerce of the world, and introduced other reforms.

Captain Marr, of the ship Quebec, which arrived at this port on Sunday last, has handed us the following report of a very narrow escape from being run down at sea. No doubt had it not been for the prudence and good management of Capt. Marr, a collision would have occurred, the result of which might have been fatal to both vessels.—New Brunswick.

Oct. 31, 9 P. M., in lat. 47, 45 N., long. 44 W., observed a bright light on the weather bow, and at 10 P. M., made it out to be a steamer with three lights. She ran straight down upon us. We had our bright signal light on the bowsprit end, and had another light showing on the poop deck, and kept ringing the bell as loud as possible, and hove the ship all aback, when the said steamer just cleared our jibboom. She had two masts, with square topsails set, short bowsprit, two funnels opposite each other, apparently painted red. There was no look-out on board the steamer. When alongside of our ship, I hailed her, and asked them to report the "Quebec." I then observed the look-out going up to the bridge. She was steering E. S. E. This should be a caution to all captains of steamers to see there is a proper look-out when in charge of property and lives.

JOHN MARR,
Master ship "Quebec," of Ardrossan.

FROM NICARAGUA.—New York, Nov. 13. We have news from Nicaragua to the effect that Gen. Walker has appointed Termin Terrea, a native Nicaraguan, as Minister from that country to the United States.

Col. Wheeler, the American Minister, was still in poor health, and was about to return home.

Large accessions had been made, both from New York and New Orleans. A number of recruits had also joined his army from California. There had, however, been no other fighting, and it was the general impression that a proclamation of peace would be issued at an early day.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY A LION.—On Friday morning, the 13th of June, several wagons forming part of the second division of the command, left Mooi River Dorp for the lager at Mariko. They rode the first evening as far as Riet Spruit, a noted place for lions. Mr. Philip Van Collier and his brother wishing to proceed, inspanned their wagons about midnight, although they were strongly advised by their companions not to ride before morning. They had scarcely ridden an hour when the oxen were suddenly frightened. Philip Van Collier jumped off his wagon and endeavored to turn them, but not succeeding in doing so, sprang upon the wagon trap, from which he must have been immediately dragged by a large lion with such force as to break one of the trap rims.

He was heard to cry out twice for help, but in the confusion of the moment was not missed, his brother Adolphe being busy at the time on horseback, endeavouring to stop the oxen, which were going at a fearful rate through the field. With much difficulty he succeeded in doing so, and then returned to look for his missing brother, whose body he found about twelve yards from it. With a feeling of desperation he levelled his gun and fired at the animal. The aim was good, and as the ball passed through its head, it fell down on the spot. On coming near to his brother's body the poor man was badly shocked at its mutilated condition, the lion having carried it a long distance, and then devoured the greater portion. The remains were hastily conveyed to town, and upwards of eighty persons attended the funeral. Poor Philip Van Collier leaves a widow and several children to deplore their loss, and his untimely end.

P. S.—We have since learned, that, previous to the oxen becoming frightened, the lion first attacked without any provocation. Adolphe Van Collier and three other men who were riding on horseback some distance in front of the wagon. Having unfortunately no guns with them, they jumped off their horses and stood between them and the lion. The lion, however, appeared more anxious to attack them than the horses, on which they shouted and threw their hats at him, and afterwards fired the grass, when he left them and went to the wagon. The surrounding country being all occupied, the lions appeared to have concentrated themselves at this spot, where they are extremely bold.—Cape of Good Hope paper.

GAVE AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.—Observing persons move slowly—their heads move alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round.—Careful persons lift their feet high, and place them down flat and firm. Sometimes they stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and place it quietly by the side of the way. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets, and their heads slightly inclined. Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.—Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and always go round a stone, instead of stepping over it.—Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their hands shake about miscellaneous. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other. Very strong-minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. Ventures persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar. One idea persons and very selfish ones, "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their knees together. Good natured persons snap their thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving persons have a kind of a jig movement. Absent minded persons often take the wrong road, and find themselves up to their knees in a mud-puddle, although the side-walks are excellent.—Dignified men move slow and erect. Fast persons cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet, knock down the little children, run against the ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe the dust from their boots—their hands hang by their sides. Very polite persons are sometimes seen bowing in their course to black servant girls and black stumps.

"PICKING UP" A LADY.—The Courier de Limoges has the following:—As a tradesman of Tassinon was, recently, at a late hour going in his gig to Brives, he overtook in a desolate part of the road near Payzac, an elegantly dressed young woman who appeared greatly fatigued. Astonished to see a woman of her appearance alone on the highway at such an hour, he stopped and questioned her, and she, after some hesitation, said in a soft voice—"Ah, sir, I am very unhappy. My husband in consequence of a quarrel we happened to have, has just flung me out of a post-chaise, and I am now going I know not where." The tradesman said she would do well to go to Brives, the nearest town, and offered her a seat by his side. But she, with an air of great modesty, said that she could not think of accompanying a perfect stranger. The tradesman, however, insisted, and after a while she got into the gig. The conversation that ensued, soon assumed a tender tone, and the tradesman ventured to press the hand of the lady, and to take a peep into her face, which, from what he thought was modesty, she had kept averted from him. He then saw two fierce eyes and a rough beard, and the sight struck him with terror. After a moment's reflection, however, he let drop his pocket handkerchief into the road, and said he:—"Madam, I must stop a moment to pick up my pocket-handkerchief; but no, my horse is so vicious that I cannot leave him. Is it taking too great a liberty to ask you to pick up the handkerchief for me?" "Not at all, sir," said the pretended lady, jumping from the gig; and at the same moment the tradesman, whipping his horse, drove off as fast as he possibly could. A basket left by the handmaid in the gig was found to contain a poignard and two pistols.

SUPERSTITIONS.—Most great men have been superstitious. The courier bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician, Polidori, was stated, Lord Byron remarked—"I was convinced that something unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear somebody that I knew was dead!" So it turns out. What can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second sight; Rossaua tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking. Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water.—Byron, on another occasion, observed—"Several extraordinary things have happened on my birth day; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful thing occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding, something whispered to me that I was signing my death warrant.—At the last moment, I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presagings. Socrates' death was no fiction. Monte Lewis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings." Byron had also a belief in "unlucky days." He once refused to be introduced to a lady because it was on Friday. On this same ill-starred day he would never pay visits.

THE BIBLE IN TENNIS.—There is now interest with regard to the Scriptures springing up at Damascus. A resolution was taken at their last station meeting to establish a Bible depot in the principal streets of the city. This surely is encouraging in the ancient stronghold of Moslem intolerance and fanaticism.

It is stated that, with the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of Railroad all the way from Bangor, on the Penobscot, to Montgomery on the Alabama. Here long the chain will be extended to New Orleans, thence carried westward until it reaches the shores of the Pacific.

THE ENGLISH NATION.—The glory and strength of the English nation is to know to support the truth—that is, to speak to itself and of itself. England has this in common with ancient Greece, with republican Rome. She imposes no reserve on criticism; she does not deem it to no disguise; she does not reduce justice and truth to make shift by allusion. But she must know that the right to say everything, involves in it the duty of hearing everything. In herself providing her adversaries with the arguments and their evidence, she carries very little to disarm their hatred; she feels herself sufficiently strong to crave it; and, at the same time, she permits her most sincere and ardent admirer to tell her the hardest truths, with the confidence that their passing observation will secure neither the greatest of her inflexion, nor the solidity of her institutions.

A man may preach and preach, and preach, until his tongue is swollen as the large worn out, and his throat "burned up" with bronchitis—or until, like the Scotch parson, he has "pounded two popes to pieces" and banged the inside out of five Bibles—and if a corresponding preacher does not go with his preaching the only effect of a sermon is to produce no more effect on society, than a valley of snow-balls on the side of a barn, a thick shower of light on a candle, and a shower of rain on a pile, but soon crumbles and melts away.