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## Waiting.

The golden feet of the ambascuers,  
Are loitering at the door;  
The woodbine's restless shadow  
Is dancing on the floor.  
The long, long day is waning—  
The hour is almost three—  
Oh, lagging moments, hasten,  
That brings my love to me!  
That clock upon the mantel—  
A pretty French conceit;  
A winged sylph, with arms upreathed,  
And airy tripping feet.  
The clock, with silvery tick-tack, tells  
The moments ceaselessly;  
But, oh, how lags the magic hour  
That brings my love to me!  
The sunshine's golden footprints  
Across the threshold fall;  
The woodbine's restless shadow  
Has flitted to the wall.  
Oh, dear! An age behind the sun  
That tremulous clock must be!  
Still ninety seconds to the hour  
That brings my love to me.  
I count the tinkling footfalls  
Of the moments gliding by;  
At last—at last a tender flush  
Of pink in the sky!  
The sunset's rosy gleam floods  
The air, the earth, the sea;  
And, hark! the clock chimes out the hour  
That brings my love to me!

## A HORRIBLE CEREMONY.

"The Martyrdom of Hussein," as Celebrated in Constantinople.

The Persian population of Constantinople annually have a religious celebration called the Shute Moharrum or Martyrdom of Hussein. Describing the last one which took place in the Turkish capital a correspondent of the New York Sun says:

The function was to take place at sunset, and the afternoon was cold, dark, and drizzling, when I sat off from Pera for the Prizian Khan. After a long drive through narrow, muddy, crowded streets, we reached a mob which completely blocked a lane ankle deep in the blackest mire. Through this we forced our way on foot, and through the exertions of sundry Persian officials who here took charge of us, passed through the massive, ponderous doors of the Khan up a short, steep, covered passage, and then out upon the great courtyard. This was an area about a hundred and fifty yards square, inclosed by the massive and picturesque line of buildings which, in ordinary times, forms the Persian warehouses, bazaar, and lodgings of the merchants who come to Constantinople with the marts, and productions of their country. The lower story, consisting of open shops, or alcoves, in which goods are usually displayed for sale, was now devoted to the use of spectators. Each compartment was well carpeted, rows of chairs were placed on the raised dias in each, and all the chandeliers and candlesticks in Stamboul seemed to have been pressed into the service of illumination, thousands of wax candles in gorgeous candelabums imparting a sort of fairy enchantment to the scene, which quite dazzled us as we emerged upon it from the dark passage. Most of these alcoves were filled with Persian spectators, striking, solemn looking figures, with their black conical caps and flowing robes.

At the head of the square was the place reserved for the Persian ambassador and his friends, where there was a perfect forest of wax candles flaring in rows of glass candelabums, and a small group of curious foreigners behind them, among whom were some ladies, the first, I believe, who ever witnessed the ceremony. About five yards from the spectators was a line of young trees all round the square, and in the center of the square was a small kiosk, used in ordinary times as a place of refreshment, but now crowded with spectators. It was also hung with lanterns, while at intervals large iron cradles on poles filled with blazing resinous wood shed the lurid glare of so many separate little bonfires over the scene. It was evident that we should have all the light that was necessary, in spite of the darkness of the night.

It was some time after sunset before the sound of distant chanting warned us that the function was beginning, and then entered by the passage through which we had passed—first the head dervish of the Shaihs; then some venerable Malahs and Holy Men; then a girl or twelve years old on horseback, who represented Zainab, the daughter of Hussein; then some men bearing banners by his side; then a group of about a hundred Persians. The dervish was a slight but good-looking man of about fifty years of age, with remarkable grace and dignity of bearing. He recited the martyrdom in a deep-toned chant, in very short sentences, at the termination of each of which he gave a curious little nod. Then the old man behind him led the chorus, "Hussein na Hussein," and the crowd behind took it up with a loud, plaintive wail, and beat their breasts in time with resounding blows. This procession

passed round the square three times, many of the Persians appearing deeply moved, and all their countenances wearing an aspect of mourning and grief. No sooner was the third round completed than a loud clashing and noise of many voices issued from the entry passage, and a great commotion ensued among the spectators gathered with a swaying to and fro, as though the great event was at hand.

And now appeared the most ghastly and appalling sight which I have ever seen my fortune to witness. I saw suddenly the waving and brandishing of at least a hundred bloody swords in the air, and I heard the wild and frantic shouts of the hundred men who wielded them, and above all the loud, deep tones of the dervish, as he placed himself at their head, this time followed by men who carried cymbals, and a woman and a child representing Hussein's wife and baby, carried aloft in a covered sort of cradle, and a magnificent gray horse, gorgeously caparisoned, and bearing nothing but the two swords and shield of Hussein, followed by another prancing animal carrying his turban. But I had scarcely time to observe these things, for the roar and rage of the human beings behind were overpowering in their fascination. They came sweeping and surging along in two lines, face to face, every man grasping his neighbor's girdle with his left hand, while his right was free to wield his sword, one row with their backs to me, and one with their faces to me, and all slashing away at their own heads with their swords without stint. In many instances their features were undistinguishable from the mass of blood which poured over them. Their heads were shaved, their bodies robed to the neck in white, now dyed red with the streams and spurts which deluged them. In the center between the two rows were officials, riding rushing to and fro to restrain those whose fanaticism had reached too high a pitch, while behind each row were men, relations, I understood, of the devotees, who kept on thrusting short sticks like rulers between the swords and the heads of the victims, so as to mitigate the force of the blow.

Anxious, in spite of the horror of the spectacle, to investigate it psychologically, I left my chair among the spectators and went down to the edge of the procession, so as to be able to judge how much was real and how much was assumed frenzy. I judged that about three-fourths did not like it, knew perfectly well what they were about, and did not cut themselves more than was absolutely necessary to keep up appearances, though it was essential that every man should be bleeding profusely from the head, and that one-fourth were really carried away by the excitement, and required watching and restraint; and I observed that both the officials within and the relations without the line devoted themselves to these men, and seemed really afraid lest they should do themselves some mortal injury. In Persia I understand deaths are not at all uncommon during the celebration. One man in particular had already reduced his scalp to the condition of mince meat; his face was almost hidden beneath a clotted mask; his voice was broken and husky; he reeled to and fro, evidently with no clear consciousness left. He was drunk with blood. The men who pass through this horrible ordeal are either men who have taken vows to perform it for some special reason, or the sons of men who have made vows to perform it if God gives them the son. The vow is entailed upon the son, who has to do it every year, and it then becomes hereditary. As a rule, the fanatics are those who have taken vows themselves, and not those who have had it entailed upon them.

These horrible slashing creatures passed round the square three times. The last time the excitement had attained its culmination, and blood seemed everywhere. All around were Persians weeping bitterly. There was no doubt about the genuineness of their tears. The sympathy of weeping had communicated itself, and what between the solemn chanting, and the clash of cymbals and of swords, and the flow of blood and of tears, and the wild shouts of frenzy, the sights and the sounds were calculated to leave their mark on the imagination for many a day. After this was over there was a lull of half an hour; then the dervish came in again at the head of the same small procession which we had seen at first, and went around three times, and then we heard that another crowd of self-slayers were approaching and they came pouring in, more numerous and more frantic than the last. They were preceded not by cymbals alone, but by most mournful flutes and pipes, and behind the music came about a dozen men stripped naked to the waist. Each had a heavy bundle of short chains, which he swung first over his right shoulder and then over his left, allowing them to come with horrible force upon his back. Some of them made their raw before they had made their third round, and we heard that they took longer to recover from the effects of this self-inflicted punishment than the men who cut themselves. There were, more

over, in this procession five or six more horses than in the other, and more flags and banners; men, too, were beating their chests more wildly and cutting themselves more fiercely, and the excitement generally was more intense. I saw one man so frantic that he had to be disarmed and forcibly removed from the line, and as he was being carried away between two men, he kept on striking his head with an imaginary sword and shouting, evidently in a complete state of unconscious exaltation.

The proceedings wound up with an episode which for a moment created quite a panic. On their last round the bloody line stopped in front of the Persian ambassador's division, in which were also seated his friends and the diplomatic corps. Then they began to shout and sway to and fro and cut themselves, and refused to move on, shouting out especially something in Persian which we could not of us understand. Suddenly they surged in toward the point at which the ambassador's secretary was sitting, together with the French ambassador and several ladies. To see a row of blood-stained, hacked-up fanatics, each with a sharp sword two feet and a half long, bearing down upon you is not a reassuring sight, especially when your nerves have been a good deal tried already, so the few spectators who were standing on the edge of the procession backed precipitately, but an extra surge of the bloody line forced them on to the row of chandeliers which all went over with a crash on to the French ambassador's toes, who in his turn toppled backward, chair and all, on which one lady fainted and the others screamed and took to flight. There was a passage leading into a back room, in which they took refuge.

Meanwhile the Persian secretary made a communication in a loud tone, and the whole mob fell back, and went slashing and yelling out of the yard, to the great relief of everybody. It seemed they had demanded the release of all the Persians in prison in Stamboul, which the ambassador promised that he would apply for to the Turkish government. It was now nearly eight o'clock at night, and we were thankful that we could make our escape; but our troubles were not yet over. We got blocked in the crowd in the entry passage, and, to my horror, I found myself jammed between three or four of these bleeding creatures, who were tying towels round their heads, and looking wildly and uncomfortably about. They were seated thick all through the crowd. In the last batch there were about two hundred, and it seemed as if one was going to be haunted by them forever. As I drove home I registered a solemn resolution that nothing should ever induce me again to go and see the celebration of the Martyrdom of Hussein.

## Effects of Heat Upon Meat.

Prof. Johnson, in his "Chemistry of Common Life," says that a well-cooked piece of meat should be full of its own gravy. In roasting, therefore, it should be exposed to a quick fire, that the external surface may be made to contract at once, and the albumen to coagulate before the juice has had time to escape from within. The same observations apply to boiling; when a piece of beef or mutton is plunged into boiling water, the outer part contracts, the albumen which is near the surface coagulates, and the internal juice is prevented either from escaping into the water by which it is surrounded, or from being diluted or weakened by the admission of water among it. When cut up, therefore, the meat yields much gravy and is rich in flavor. Hence, a beefsteak or mutton-chop is done quickly, and over a quick fire, that the natural juices may be retained. On the other hand, if the meat be done over a slow fire, its pores remain open, the juice continues to flow from within as it has dried from the surface, and the flesh pines and becomes dry, hard and unsavory. Or, if it be put in cold, tepid water, which is afterwards brought to a boil, much of the albumen is extracted before it coagulates, the natural juices, for the most part, flow out, and the meat served is in nearly a tasteless state. Hence, to prepare good boiled meat, it should at once be put into water already brought to boil. But to make beef tea, mutton broth and other meat soups, the flesh should be put into cold water, and this afterward very slowly warmed, and finally boiled. The advantage derived from simmering—a term not frequent in cookery books—depends very much upon the effects of slow boiling, as above explained.

A little girl of six or eight years, dressed nicely, with curling hair and bright eyes, presents a pretty appearance, but she never seems quite happy, in spite of fine clothes, unless she can manage to step into every mud-puddle she comes to.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Black, chilly March and November are the two worst months of the year for those suffering with pulmonary diseases. Keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup near by, and such sufferers will be able to brave the rough weather without danger. Price 25 cents.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

An English scientific journal says it is thought that a crisis in the history of Mt. Vesuvius is approaching; either there will be a great discharge, or as is more likely, there will be an overflowing of lava covering the cone with a mantle of fire, and silently inflicting more destruction on property than a grand eruption. Vesuvius has been in an active state now for several years, and Professor Palmieri has from the first prophesied that the eruption would consist in the overflowing of lava.

Silesia, in which fearful destitution is reported, is chiefly inhabited by Poles. It is the extreme easterly province of Russia, and not far over the line is the city of Cracow. The part of Silesia in great distress lies next to the Russian line. The unhappy Poles, who have long been the victims of territorial greed, are now in danger of starvation. It would seem as if the powerful government that holds them subject against their will, should come to their relief when eighty thousand of their people are destitute of the most common necessities of life.

In a recent lecture on "Eclipse Problems," Professor Young, of Princeton, said, with reference to the observed increase in the rapidity of the moon's motion, that the discoverer led at first to the opinion that the moon's orbit was growing shorter, and that ultimately the moon would come down upon us. More accurate calculation, however, shows that there is no danger of so disastrous a result. The moon is not growing nearer, but our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface. The tides act like a brake, and slowly diminish the speed of the earth's rotation.

Mr. Edgar Gilkes, one of the constructors of the Tay bridge, has given his theory of the cause of the awful disaster. He holds that "the present evidence indicates that some other force than the tempest acting with it destroyed the girders," and he believes that that force was the momentum of the train. Mr. Gilkes finds that the force of the wind as actually registered at Dundee was sufficient to overturn a train, and that the guard rails could not prevent this, and further, that if the upper parts of the carriages were thus brought in contact with the leeward girders, the damage they would cause would so far destroy the unity of the fabric that the same wind would cast it down altogether.

A table furnished by the Railroad Gazette of the number of miles of railroads built east and west of the Mississippi during the last eight years is very interesting. From it, it appears that the construction of these great highways of travel and commerce the western portion of the country has gained enormously over the eastern portion. In 1872, 4,353 miles of railroad were made east of the Mississippi and west of it, 2,987 miles. In 1879 only 1,243 miles were made in the first-named region and 3,187 in the latter. The timing far West is being rapidly furnished with facilities for the transportation of its products to the Atlantic seaboard. The prospects for railroad construction in the present year, says the New York Graphic, are excellent. It is now much more costly to build roads than it was a year ago, all kinds of materials having advanced in price, but the returns are large and reasonably certain and the increase in cost will hardly prevent the established railroads from being extended. Indeed, the danger is that there will be too much enterprise and activity in that direction rather than too little.

## Pilots Examined for Color-Blindness.

A number of pilots and lookouts of the Jersey City ferry have been examined for color-blindness at the office of the United States marine hospital. There was a long table in the middle of the room covered with a white cloth, and on it were skeins of Berlin wool of about one hundred and fifty shades. The examination was conducted by Dr. Fessenden, the surgeon-in-chief, and Dr. White, his assistant. Each man was asked to pick out some particular color from the pile of Berlin wool, and afterward to pick out the shades of that color. All of the first lot passed the examination, although some were much slower than others in placing a doubtful shade, and each received a certificate. Superintendent Woolsey, of Jersey City, was to send ten men every day to be examined, until the eyes of all the men employed under him had been tested. An examination of steamboat men and seafaring men generally for color-blindness has been conducted at Philadelphia, and most of the employees of the steamboat lines of that city have been examined. It is believed that many collisions have resulted from color-blindness.

American sweet potatoes are becoming popular in English markets.

## Wonder-Land.

In a lecture on the Valley of the Yosemite, delivered in Brooklyn by Dr. Tiffany, the lecturer said: We found ourselves standing among masses of rock entanglement amidst shrubs. We were able to look over an abrupt edge of rocks thousands of feet down. The cliff that overlooked the valley was sheer, all the walls rose straight up and the waterfalls fell like pennons in the air. At our left was a huge columnar mass of rock, while far away a sphinx-like shape lifted its head with restless eye, and seemed to watch with more than human expression the vale that wound its sinuous way below. The descent to the valley, after riding six and thirty hours, was extremely perilous. We were nervous and timid. A rugged trail carried us down. We lost half the daylight as soon as we began to descend. The moonlight was shut out by forests and shrubs. As we entered a particularly black part of the trail, I thought my horse had four eyes instead of two. I said to myself, "If this is so and this is the thing I am riding half way down, what sort of a thing will it be when I get to the bottom?" When I emerged from the shadow into the moonlight, I saw my boots were parallel with his ears. As I was going out of the valley I rode a monstrous mule named Pinto. I had the nightmare twice after I rode that mule. He walked so near the outside of the trail that one-half the time I was suspended over nothing.

The valley is a gorge on the Sierra Nevada range. It is from six to seven miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide. If you would see how we looked from the cliffs, imagine a housefly in an empty soup tureen. Of the valley, on the whole, no words can make an adequate picture. It is a new thing; there is nothing we can compare with it. It is apparent that no convulsions ever rent these mountains apart or subduced these hills. The only possible conclusion is that the crust of the earth was not strong enough to support the mass of grass and granite that rested upon it and sunk down, thus creating the valley. The mere suggestion of such a possibility creates awe in the mind of man. There is much of quiet beauty in the valley. It contains 1,100 acres of meadow land, and in it grow the pine, the cedar, the oak, the California laurel and myriads of lovely flowers. No artist can represent the heights on canvas; no camera can reproduce them.

The Bridal Veil falls is not the great fall. It is only 900 feet, but in some respects it is the most beautiful of all the falls. It has no element of sublimity of grandeur, it is simply ravishingly beautiful. The valley takes its name Yosemite, which means "Great Grizzly," from a cataract which comes down over a cliff 2,641 feet high. When we remember that the cliff at Niagara is but 160 feet, we find this sixteen times higher. The lower fall is 900 feet, and the upper one a sheer plunge of 1,600 feet. It is so placed that it seems like one white sheet of falling splendor at a distance of two miles.

## How Nutmegs Grow.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with their meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch determined should not be done—carried the nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew up again, and the world had the benefit.

## On the Right Side.

It is better to lie upon the right side than the left, because in this position the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines, and the weight of the liver, a pretty large and heavy organ, does not rest upon other internal organs. Some people are apt to sleep with one arm above the head because it makes free circulation in the neck and upper extremities, and respiration is made easy, but it is apt to cause headache, cramps and dreams. There is one good reason why this last position should be avoided. If the arm gets beneath the head, important nerves may be pressed upon and temporary paralysis result. Such cases are by no means rare, and the paralysis may continue several weeks.

## True Culture.

The highest culture is to speak no ill. The best reformer is the man whose eyes are quick to see all beauty and all worth. And, by his own discreet, well-ordered life alone, reproves the erring.

When thy gaze Turns in on thine own soul, be most severe. But, when it falls upon a fellow-man, Let kindness control it, and refrain From that belittling censure that springs forth From common lips, like weeds from marshy soil. —Ella Wheeler.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.—*Boston Transcript.*

Give us, ye Philadelphians, *Chronicle-Record*, the dollars of this country, and we don't care who takes the census.

The easiest way to remove rust from iron is rubbing it with a rag dipped in oil of tartar. The rust will disappear immediately.

In the imperial public library of St. Petersburg there are more than 400 portraits of Peter the Great, collected from every country in Europe.

The farm products of Illinois for 1879 amount to \$200,000,000, said to be double the product of all the gold and silver mines in the United States.

Pop corn makes a nice refreshment for cold winter nights; but beware, young man; don't let Amanda Jane do the popping. It's leap-year.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Europeans seek to renew strength by baths of earth and baths of mud. Invalids are planted in the ground, leaving the head and neck alone uncovered.

The *American Register* says the United States may be regarded as the paradise of women. It would be if there were Adams enough to go round.—*Boston Post.*

It is leap year, of course, but after all it doesn't look very well for a young lady to go home about two o'clock in the morning after sparking her beau.—*Kingston Freeman.*

Since the Opéida community abandoned the "mixed marriage" system, twenty weddings have taken place there, so that there are now forty-five married couples in a population of 299.

The ties that are the tenderest, Are strongest in their clasp; The hands that are the slenderest They keep the firmest grasp. —*Buffalo Courier.*

The Welland (Can.) *Telegraph* says there is not a village for thirty or forty miles back of the frontier which has not a supply of some kind of smuggled goods, whether it be in dry goods, hardware, machinery, coal oil, etc.

"I'd rather fall down stairs than down cellar," affirmed a Rockland miss of a very limited number of summers, "because if you fall down stairs you are right there, but if you fall down cellar you have to be juggled up again."—*Rockland Courier.*

"Hurrah grass" is taking possession of a great many fine farms on the Arkansas river bottoms. This botanical specimen, on account of the lives lost in trying to kill it, is called eternally weed. The negroes entertain a superstition that the seeds are sown by Satan.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

The unusual cold in the north of Europe sent southward immense flocks of wild ducks, making for the less inclement quarters of the Pontine marshes in Italy. They were seen and heard passing over Rome in the early morning, flying low, and have afforded such abundant sport and spoil that they were cried about the streets in quantities.

A little pair of gloves that yet Retain the smell of clover, And just a tinge of mignonette— I turn them vaguely over, And marvel how the girl I kissed The night she promised to be true Could jam a number seven fist Into a paltry number ten. —*New Orleans Democrat.*

## The Healthiest City in the United States.

In the annual tables of vital statistics, lately published by the health department of New York city, among the exhibits is the comparative death rate of various cities, American and foreign. The exhibit gives the population and death rate of over three hundred and fifty cities in different parts of the world, of which sixty are American and the remainder foreign.

It appears from these tables that the city of Burlington, Iowa, with a population in 1875 of about 20,000, enjoys the pre-eminence for health, its annual death rate being only 4.84 deaths per 1,000 souls. Stockton, Cal., stands next, 7.47; but this is ninety-two per cent. more unhealthy than Burlington. There are probably a few, but only a few, more favored places than the latter in all the world. The death rate for New York city is 33.93 per 1,000; New Orleans, 50.71; London, 33.40; Paris, 24.71. —*Scientific American.*