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Poetry.
If you should e'er get Married.
If you should e'er get married John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a little tenement,
Just big enough for two!
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you'd begin love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.
In furniture, be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels, too, and other things,
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will, better look a year hence.
Some think they must have pictures, John,
Scherer and costly, too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said,
A tent and love within it,
Is better than splendid house,
With lustering every minute.
And one word as to cooking, John,
Your wife can do that best;
For love to make the biscuit, rise,
Is better far than yeast.
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table,
I'll better rubby by and by,
When you are better able.
For all you buy, pay money, John,
Money that every day—
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing,
(If thing you choose to call it)
When it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet.
And now when you are married, John,
Don't try to escape the rich;
It took them many a tedious year
To gain their coveted niche;
And if you gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And then will all you win repay
The care and toil of winning.

Miscellany.
Admiral Broke of the Shannon.
In war as in literature, a man's chance of being remembered depends more on the essential vigour than on the magnitude of the tasks which he performs. Gray's Odes and two or three of Junius's letters will probably rest as long as the "Wealth of Nations" or the "Decline and Fall," and the little fight at Thermopylae bids fair to outlive the gigantic battles of Lepidus and Solferino. The story of Admiral Broke of the Shannon, to give him his true designation—is perhaps the best illustration of this truth as far as naval history is concerned. What he did in life was to fight a frigate action—a thing that hundreds of men now totally forgotten have done likewise. But it was so brilliant and decisive a frigate action, so clearly the result of moral training, and so opportune a victory in a small but disastrous war, that it is as sure of living in the country's nautical annals as the sea-fights of Camperdown or St. Vincent. The Americans fell upon us when we were struggling for our national existence against the greatest conqueror of modern times. By never fighting except with the odds on their side, they won some battles, the more unexpectedness of which made a full half of their glory. For once, the British Navy, "in some measure," as Captain Brenton says, "lost its spirits." At this crisis, in the summer of 1813, Captain Philip Thomas Vere Broke, of the "Shannon," engaged and took the "Chesapeake," a frigate far more numerous manned than his own, in fifteen minutes. Brief and bold, and very bloody, the exploit at once raised him to the highest pitch of celebrity. Femore Cooper, in his "History of the Navy of the United States," is obliged to admit that "the victory was remarkable," and Broke's countrymen naturally welcomed it in a different spirit. His health was proposed after dinner by the great Wellington himself, then in the Peninsula. Honours from the Crown and the great cities of the empire poured upon him, along with the congratulations of his own service. In short, that one well-spent quarter of an hour of a summer's day did for him what whole lifetimes have failed to do for other not undistinguished men. And very properly for all his previous years had been a preparation for that supreme mo-

ment of trial, and all his subsequent years were more or less affected by the wounds which he received in his fiery strife.
Like many of our best admirals—such as Boscawen, Byron, Howe, Rodney, and Collingwood—Broke came from an old English family. He was the eldest son of Broke, of Broke Hall on the Orwell, not far from Harwich, one of whose ancestors was killed in command of a ship, fighting the Dutch in 1665. Born in 1776, he was sent first to school at Chesham in Surrey, and then to the Royal Academy at Portsmouth, to be prepared for the Navy. A want of general culture is the weak point of naval men. But Philip Broke was a reader through life, and so fair a Latinist as not only to appreciate Horace thoroughly, but to be able to express himself in decent Latin prose. He went to sea in 1792 in the "Bulldog," a small frigate, which he shifted to "L'Eclair," another small craft, and then to the "Southampton" frigate, in which he served at the battle of St. Vincent. He was also in Sir John Warren's action off Ireland in 1798, and received his promotion early, for he was a commander at twenty-three, and a captain at twenty-five. No training could have been better. He found himself in the thick of a war while still a boy. He was in small vessels that were always moving about, and he had every opportunity of thoroughly learning a business which he thoroughly loved. Four years after being posted, during which interval he married, Broke took the command of the "Druid" frigate, which he held for a year. From the "Druid" he went, in August, 1806, to the "Shannon," the name of which runs as naturally as a brook through the veins of his life. She was a fine frigate, of thirty-eight guns; eighteen on the main, and thirty-two on the upper deck. Her first cruise under Broke was for the protection of our whalers on the Greenland and Spitzbergen coasts. She then passed from the regions of eternal ice to the land of grapes and flowers, being employed in the reduction of Madeira. Returning home, she was attached to the Channel fleet under Lord Gambier, and had much hard and rapid cruising from Plymouth to Brest, from Brest to Cadix, from Cadix to Tangier, going backwards and forwards, as a Mercury of the great squadron, then watching the French. The Shannons—for our seamen always call themselves after their ships—were now receiving their education. The frigate was a school of which Broke was the head; and she was taking the impress of his mind. He was a tremendous man for gun-drill, and a man of sleepless activity; but a thorough gentleman with it all—polite and good-tempered, while strict and watchful; of cultivated taste, but plain, sober simplicity of character; and he turned his eyes wistfully to his "beloved L—" at home, anxious to be with her and her young ones again, could he only do something for the honour of old England and the old Brokes first. The American War of Mr. President Madison gave him the wished-for chance.
That war found the "Shannon" on the North American station, to which she had proceeded in 1811, the year before it began. How disastrous its early events at sea were to us, no Englishman is likely to forget. August, 1812, the Guerrier was taken by the Constitution. In October the Macedonian was taken by the "United States." December saw the Constitution victorious over the Java. That the American frigates thus successful were of superior force to ours nobody now denies. Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished historian of the American navy, puts the best face on the fact, but does not dispute it. "We must catch one of those great American ships with our frigates," writes Broke to his wife, "to send her home for a show, that people may see 'what a great creature it is,' and that our frigates have fought very well though so unlucky." And he spared no pains to make the "Shannon" ready for the encounter. In March and the following months of 1813 he was off Boston, and his first mention of his future antagonist occurs on April 14. "One of our frigates," (Chesapeake), writes he "got safe in; this is mortifying, but fortune must change in time." He goes on: "Eight years of my youth and all my plans of rural quiet and domestic happiness have faded a ray or been cruelly interrupted by the imperious call of honour. But surely no man deserves to enjoy an estate in England who will not sacrifice some of his prospects to his country's welfare, either by actual service, if capable, or at least by the example of zeal and voluntary privation in her cause." True to this good old doctrine, he held on, watching Boston and exercising at the great guns. The "Chesapeake" meanwhile was given by the Americans to an officer of whom they are still just proud—Captain Lawrence—a fine gallant fellow, very popular among their seamen, and who during the past February had taken H. M. S. ship "Pescadore" when in command of the "Horatius." The Shannon was getting short of provisions and water; the year advanced; and Broke grew very anxious that the Chesapeake should come out. That she might have every fair

reason to do so he sent away his consort, the Tenedos, to another cruising ground at the end of May; and finally he sent in a written challenge to Captain Lawrence, which is a perfect model in taste and sense of all that such a composition ought to be. It would seem, however, that Lawrence was "under weigh" before this letter reached him, if it ever reached him at all.
On the afternoon of a glorious summer day—Tuesday, June 1, 1813—the news ran round the docks of the Shannon that the Chesapeake was coming out; and, spreading a cloud of sail to the tight breeze, the stately frigate bore down from her native shores towards the offing. Some pleasure boats thronged her wake to see the fight—the shore was covered with spectators. Nay, it is said that an entertainment was prepared on shore for the victors—so little doubt had the good city of Boston who the victors would be. As the Chesapeake drew near, Broke summoned his crew, and made a brief, hearty, rather grim speech. It was no time for one of those half-jolly little harangues with which some official school used to herald an attack on a Frenchman. We had had several beatings and Broke knew the responsibility. "Don't cheer," he said; "go quietly to your quarters." And when a seaman, looking up at the rusty blue ensign on the mizen peak, asked, "May we have three ensigns, sir, like she has?" "No," said Broke; "we have always been an unassuming ship."
The supreme moment was now come. The Chesapeake having reduced her press of sail rounded within pistol shot on the Shannon's starboard quarter. The Shannon at once poured a rolling broadside from aft forward, into her, with tremendous effect; and the battle began. In a few minutes Captain Lawrence had fallen mortally wounded, and soon after him every officer of whom the command could have developed was either wounded or killed. The frigates surged ahead abreast of each other, under topsails, cannonading, for a brief space; when the Chesapeake, becoming unmanageable, fell on board the Shannon, striking her with her larboard quarter, about the sixth gun on the maindeck. Instantly the Shannon's boatswain, Stevens, began to lash the ships together, regardless of sabre cuts, from the effects of which he died. Captain Broke rushed forward, roaring for boarders, and spring sword in hand, at their head, on to the enemy's deck. The resistance was desperate but short. The Americans were driven down the hatchways very soon; though for a moment the triumph was marred by a soul accident. The English in hoisting their own colours put them under the American ensign, and the Shannon, thinking that a capture was at hand fired again and killed her own first lieutenant. Meanwhile, Captain Broke, assailed in the moment of victory by enemies who had already received quarter, sank covered with blood and with his skull fractured, on a cannonade slide. But the battle had been won, and won in thirty minutes during which 252 men had been killed or wounded in the two ships. The loss was almost equal to what has occurred in some general actions; nor has anything like such slaughter been common in our sea-fights since the bloody Dutch wars of the seventeenth century.
The two frigates—one with her captain dying, the other with her captain lying helpless in her cot—now made for Halifax, which Captain Lawrence did not live to see. At Halifax the welcome of the Shannon was enthusiastic. Among the visitors who rushed off to see the vessels was a shrewd observant hand, with an eye for whatever was noticeable in life. His name was Halibarton; and more than fifty years afterwards, when he had become a retired judge, a member of the British Parliament and a famous humorist, sat down on the banks of the Thames to write an account of what he saw on that day to Broke's son, Sir George Brokesmittleton. The letter is given in the book before us. Halibarton saw the Chesapeake's deck before it was cleaned: "Pieces of skin, with pendant hair, were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate while several of the sailors, to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the port-holes by visitors in boats, were lying asleep on the bloody floor, as if they had fallen in action, and expired where they lay."
A Hogartian picture of this kind naturally stamped itself on young Halibarton's mind. "I was but seventeen years of age," he adds, "and it made upon me a mournful impression that even now, after a lapse of half a century, remains as vivid as ever."
The recovery of Broke during the summer was tedious; and, indeed, he can hardly be said ever to have recovered entirely. After an absence from duty of some months, during which he wrote many delightfully gentle and playful letters to his wife, forming some of the pleasantest reading in the biography, he returned to England, which he reached in November. The long space which succeeded the great war

soon began and the rest of Broke's life was passed in retirement. He was domestic and studious, and lived chiefly at his country house among a family who loved him; and neighbours who were proud of him; attending to country business, potting yew trees, planting oaks, reading Horace, and going regularly to Church, like a model country gentleman. A fall from his horse in 1822 brought back some of the bad effects of his wound; and the last years of his life were spent in a very shattered state of health. He took a vivid interest in the navy; and sent more than one of his sons into it; and we find him discussing the details of the Syrian war in December, 1840. A fortnight after this letter was written—on January 2, 1841—he died in a hotel at London, where he had come for medical advice and on the 9th he was laid with his gallant ancestors inside the ancient walls of Nacton church. There are greater, but there are no purer names in the history of the British navy, in which Broke of the Shannon will always hold a high and honourable place.—(Pall Mall Gazette.)
OUR RAILWAY.
It is satisfactory to know that persons from a distance speak well of our Railway and Harbor. A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, says:—
"Having been lately upon the St. Andrews (N.B.) Railroad, I naturally asked myself why this road is never thought of in our schemes for getting in the water, to the seaboard through British territory.
St. Andrews has an excellent harbor, of easy access, that never freezes, and where there is water enough for everything. The line of battle ship "Duncan" was lately at anchor there.
The road about sixty miles in length, of the same gauge as our Grand Trunk, has been running for several years. It connects the harbor of St. Andrews with the St. John river at Woodstock, a point about one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth at the city of St. John, and 154 miles from the present terminus of the Grand Trunk at Riviere du Loup, to which the route is a cheap one for railroad construction, offering no engineering embarrassments; and the New Brunswick portion is through a flourishing agricultural country.
We have been for fifteen years talking and negotiating about an intercolonial road, upon a plan that, when commenced, will not be soon finished, while the work of one season, in the completion of this 152 miles of railway, would give us all we actually require, by the shortest route that can possibly be laid down.
It may be said the road runs too near the American frontier. In time of peace all we require is independence of American laws and Custom House legislation, which are as well secured by a road one foot within our territory as though it were one hundred miles.
In time of war, if it ever should come, there is no argument against the St. Andrews and Woodstock route, that does not apply to the Grand Trunk elsewhere. Between Quebec and Riviere du Loup it must run within thirty miles of the American frontier. From Cornwall to Kingston it runs directly along the line, and our waters are much exposed to shot from the American shore as the harbor of St. Andrews.
If a road be really required through British territory for commercial purposes, the route I have indicated is unquestionably the best one, and it may be had at once, at small cost. Its completion need not interfere with the construction of the military road."

A Remarkable Tree.
The Paris correspondent of the New York Methodist furnishes the following interesting account of a species of tree brought withing a few years from Australia to Algiers:
"The Moniteur, in giving an account of the Emperor's visit to the Jardin d'Acclimation at Algiers, stated that his Majesty was much struck with the rapid growth of the Eucalyptus Resinifera, or Australian tree, which has attained a height of thirty feet and a diameter of six inches in two years. This remarkable tree in its native soil, Australia—sometimes reaches the height of 340 feet, and has been found more than nineteen feet in diameter at about a yard from the ground. It often yields pluck 200 ft. long without a single defect. The wood, not withstanding its rapid growth, is hard, and heavier than oak. It also presents beautiful colors and is consequently well adapted for cabinet work. An extraordinary gum, known in commerce as kino, is obtained by making incisions into its bark. The eucalyptus is an evergreen; its leaves have nearly the same shape as the laurel. The development of its internal branches are no less wonderful than the height of about one hundred feet when they shoot out almost horizontally, sometimes to the length of ninety feet giving the tree an appearance of an enormous umbrella. The seed, strange to say, is very small, and not unlike that of the tobacco plant. The flowers are white, of a most agreeable

small, and much liked by bees, which extract from it a most delicious honey. It is also remarked in Australia that the tree is almost unknown in districts where this tree is abundant."
THE SKIN. What is the skin? It is that which covers the body as the bark covers the tree. Has a person more than one skin? Yes; two. The inner one is called the real skin. Is the inner one strong? It is, and can be stretched like a piece of India rubber. Is this skin the same colour in every one? It is. Why, then, are not all of the same color? Between the outer and inner skin there is a substance like jelly, which in some races is white, in others black, in others copper colored. What is the outside skin? It is a very thin covering in most parts of the body; but on the inside of the hands, and between the toes of the feet, it is full of little holes, or pores, as they are called, which are so close to each other that you cannot put the point of the smallest needle between them. Why is the outer skin so full of holes? To let useless matter go out in the form of perspiration. What happens when these pores are closed? Sores, pain, and ill health. How can the skin be kept in its natural state? By thorough washing every day.
ARRESTED FOR SINGING A PATENT SONG. The commanding officer at Nottingham has arrested a man who gave a promise to dance with his daughters eight and a half years old, and sent him to the millitary prison at Richmond. The offence charged was that they sang pathetic songs, in which the children of the rebellion were published very much to the Southern papers, and is really a beautiful piece of poetry. One verse in French, which is considered one of the most beautiful is the following:—
Furt that bonnet softly, slowly, I will take
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it drops—above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never—
Let it drop—these furtled fore-eyes and
For its people's hopes are dead.
Are you an Odd Fellow?
No, sir; I have been married more than a week.
I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?
No; I belong to the order of married men.
Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?
Yes; I'm a carpenter.
Worse and worse! Are you a Son of France?
No; I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling.
SPELLING. Dear Sir,—On Monday, August 27, I am to be married, and shall be obliged to you if you will send me down by the coach some provisions for the occasion, as I am to ask my brother the gift of some, and the rest of the bunch. I am, Sir, &c. The answer of a wag into whose hand it happened to fall, ran as follows:—
In obedience to your orders, I have sent you per coach two bagsful of the best oats, and one bagful to make a mash.
ITEMS.
"Bob" said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on the side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'll show you all the misses on the other."
Thirty-six hundred dogs have been drowned at one station in New York the present season.
A lady fixed the following letters in the top of a flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them—O-L-C-L-R-M-T.
A poor doctor, on being asked, "How do you treat the cholera?" replied, "Treat it with unmitigated conk!"
A lady who had just been three days married, perceived her husband utter some words behind her and gave him a kiss; the husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. "Excuse me," she exclaimed, "I did not know it was you."