

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC.

[12: 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No. 34]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUG 26, 1863.

Vol 30

POETRY.

SLEEP.

"Blest be the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right."
Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep!
(I really can't avoid the iteration.)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Who first invented, and went advertising
That artificial cut off—early rising!
"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Obscures some solemn sentimental owl—
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray first inquire about their rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!
The "time for honest folks to be a-bed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
Is up too—knavery or else he—drinks.
Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons" said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed.
At ten o'clock, A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice:
"Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty and awake to truth—
But when alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep,
Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!
'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angel's sight,
In sleep's sweet realms, so cooly shut in
Where at the worst, we only dream of sin!
So let us sleep, and give th' inventor praise—
Like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of rapturous worm by early songster caught:
Cried "Served him right!"—it's not at all sur-
prising—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

THE BROWN MUG.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Returning from a pedestrian excursion to
the Notch of the White Hills, that wonder-
ful gorge which makes the traveller, the first
time he approaches it, stop and hold his
breath, and look up to the mountains on the
right hand and on the left, and down the
deep valley that sweeps away below him, and
feel, if he never did before, an overpowering
sense of the might and majesty of the eter-
nal. We had wandered down the valley of
the clear, swiftly-flowing Saco; had tarried a
few hours at the beautiful village of Frye-
burg; had been into the little museum at-
tached to the academy, and tried to hold at
arm's length the long gun that shot the In-
dian chief Paugus. The sight of this gun
gave us a strong desire to behold the scene
of that memorable and tragic conflict, where
the brave Lovewell and his devoted followers
in the heart of the wilderness, fought thro' the long
summer day with Paugus and his warriors,
till but few on either side were left to tell
the news of that bloody encounter. The
place was scarcely a mile distant, and taking
a guide, we repaired to the spot. How could
we be otherwise, when we called to mind the
ballad that has embalmed the memory of that
unfortunate but heroic little band.
"With footsteps slow, shall travellers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight."
So says the old ballad. The name of the
bard is lost, but he was a true prophet; for
we went among the rest. We stood on its
quiet margin; and had the various scenes of
the battle pointed out to us; the place of
ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's
edge, and the very spot where Chamberlain
is supposed to have levelled his long fowling
piece and brought Paugus down. As saith
again the old ballad—
"Twas Paugus led the Pequatt tribe;
As runs the fox would Paugus run,
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on.
But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water's side,
And shot him dead upon that day."

We stood and mused awhile upon the me-
lancholy fate of Lovewell, and Wyndham, and
Frye, and their brave companions in arms,
and then turned silently away, and pursued
our rambles down the valley of the Saco.
We had been upon our excursion about a
week, sometimes camping out in the woods,
and sometimes emerging into an opening,
and stopping at some farm house to pass the
night, when we found ourselves, one after-
noon, approaching a small but tidy looking
dwelling not many miles from Saco village.
The place looked inviting, and our stock of
provisions was low.
"Come, Joe, let us try our luck here for
something to eat," said I.
"Agreed, for I begin to feel as hungry as a
bear," said Joe.

As we approached, an old lady appeared at
the door.
"Good woman," said I, as we came up to
the door, "will you allow us to rest a half
hour in your cottage?"

"Oh certainly, an hour and a half, if you
have a mind," said the old lady, looking at
us sharply thro' her spectacles. "Come in,
my door is never closed against a civil caller."

With that we followed the old lady into
her parlor; a modest looking, fair-faced girl
apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of
the room with sewing work in her hands as
we entered. She rose and courtied to us
with evident diffidence, and resumed her
work.

"Good woman," said I, "would it be con-
venient for you to furnish us with a bit of a
lunch? Anything at hand—no matter what
—we have been in the woods all day, and
have not yet dined."

"To be sure," said the old lady, "such as
we have shall be at your service in a few mi-
nutes. We've nothing very dainty or nice;
but if you really have an appetite for a plain
dish, perhaps Sally can pick up something
that will answer the purpose. Come, Sally,
set out the table, and see if you can't get a
mouthful or two of something for the gentle-
men to eat."

As Sally rose and left the room, the eyes
of the old lady followed her with doating
fondness.

"Yes," said the old lady, with a sigh, "she
and I have lived alone here now going on
three years; ever since my poor husband
died—heaven rest his soul! his body rests
under that willow you see from the window
yonder, in the corner of the lot. For the
last two years of his life he suffered a painful
lingering illness. And to see how that child
waited upon him for two whole years, al-
most as it were day and night, was enough
to melt the heart of Pharaoh. An angel
from Heaven couldn't have done more than
she did."

"By this time Sally came in again, and be-
gan to spread the table. The day was warm,
and I asked for a glass of water.
"May be," said the old lady, "you might
like a glass of our small-beer, made of sar-
saparilla and a few greens we get in the
woods?"

I thanked her, and she told Sally to bring
some.

"Sally, my child," said the old lady as
her grand-daughter was going out of the room.
Sally turned round. The old lady point-
ed to a little cupboard in the corner of the
room. Sally, who seemed readily to under-
stand the signal, went to the cupboard, open-
ed the door, took down a large, brown earthen
mug, and went out. Instantly she re-
turned, and placed the mug full of beer upon
the table, with a couple of tumblers. We
filled the tumblers, and drank some of the
most delightful beverage we ever tasted.
We could not help drinking it; upon which
the old lady urged us to take some more.
We renewed our draught; and in lifting and
setting down the mug, I was struck with its
peculiar appearance, and took it up and be-
gan to examine it. On glancing at the old
lady, I perceived an expression of pleasure on
her countenance.

"Pardon me, madam, but I think you have
a choice article in this mug," said I.
"It is a choice article," said the old lady;
"it's a mug I like to set before strangers, for
it is in some degree a record of our family
history."

I still held the mug in my hand, and had
discovered a crown head stamped upon it,
and the name of King William.

"Ah then! this is an ancient affair, is it?
but it can't be as old as King William—can
it though?" said I.

"Yes, I believe it is," said the old lady;
"it has been in our family about a hundred
and fifty years."

"Is it possible? then it must have witness-
ed some interesting scenes in its day?"

"It has indeed," said the old lady, "sit
down a few minutes, while Sally is bring-
ing in your lunch, and I'll give you a short
account of its history."

I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.
"That mug, which we commonly call King

William," said the old lady, "because it
bears King William's image and name, about
a hundred and fifty years ago belonged to my
great-grandfather, whose name was Hum-
phrey Scamman. His youngest son, Samu-
el, was my grandfather; and when I was a
child, I have many a time sat on his knee,
and heard the story of the brown mug, and
about being carried away by the Indians.
In those days, that is when my grandfather
was a little boy, there were but few white
inhabitants in this part of the country, and
they lived in constant fear of being killed or
carried off by the Indians. A few families
were settled round the Saco falls, and a few
scattered about in other places. They had
built a strong fort on the south side of the
river, a little below where the village now
stands, to which the inhabitants in the vicin-
ity, on any alarm of the approach of Indians,
fled for security; and those who were so
fortunate as to reach it, escaped without in-
jury. Mr. Humphrey Scamman, my great-
grandfather, lived on the north side, of the
river, a mile or two below the fort, toward
the river's mouth. One day he was out at
work with his oldest son, upon a piece of
marsh, some ways from the house. Samuel,
my grandfather, was then about ten years
old, and remained at the house with his
mother. Samuel's mother called him, and
told him his poor father and brother were
at work hard in the field, and the day was
hot, and she wished they had a mug of her
new beer. Samuel at once said he would
go and carry some to them; and his mother
took that same brown mug—that same King
William mug, standing there now on that
table, and filled it with beer, and sent Samu-
el away with it to the field. He had been
gone but a very few minutes, when he came
running, breathless with terror, into the
house, and crying out, 'Mother! mother!
the Indians are coming! I see them coming
down the hill in the edge of the woods, and
they are coming right this way!' In all
his fright, he still held the mug of beer in
his hands, which he now placed on a shelf
in the back part of the room.

"Oh, mother, let us fasten the doors," said
Samuel, "or they'll come in and kill us!"

"No, child," said his mother, "if we fasten
the doors so they can't open them, they'll
set fire to the house, and burn us up in it.
The only way is, to let them come in, and
take our chance."

In a moment more a dozen stout savages
were at the door, and came grimly stalk-
ing into the house with their weapons of war
in their hands. After reaching the house, and
helping themselves to such things as they
liked, and emptying a couple of feather beds
and taking the ticks for bags to carry away
the women, they demanded of the woman
where her husband was. She refused to in-
form them. They then told her, they would
kill her and the boy at once; but if she
would tell them where her husband was,
they would not hurt any of them. This in-
duced her to tell where her husband and
other son were at work in the field. The
Indians took Mrs. Scamman and Samuel
with them, and started for the field which
had been pointed out to them. Here they
succeeded also in making prisoners of Mr.
Humphrey Scamman and his son James.

Another party of Indians at this time came
up, and the whole proceeded up the river,
intending to capture all the whites they
could find, and to carry them prisoners to
Canada, where they would receive a reward
from the French—France at that time being
at war with England.

They would probably have succeeded in
taking many more prisoners than they did,
and perhaps would have taken the fort it-
self, had not a fortunate circumstance given
reasonable alarm at the falls. A boy by the
name of Robinson was passing with a team
near the marsh where Mr. Scamman was
captured, and discovered the Indians in time
to make his escape. He mounted the horse
that was attached to his team, taking his
garters for a bridle, and rode with full speed
up the river till he came to Gray's point, a
little below the present village, and swam
the remaining channel himself, flew to the
point as fast as possible, and immediately
fired the alarm gun.

Most of the men of the settlement were
away in the fields at work, and many of them
at a considerable distance. The women and
children, with the feeble old men, fled into
the fort as fast as they could, where they
had waited but a short time before Indians
made their appearance on the opposite side
of the river, and seemed to be preparing to
come across to attack the fort. In this emer-
gency the women arrayed themselves in men's
clothing, put on men's hats, and with mus-
kets in their hands paraded themselves about
in different parts of the fort where they
could best be seen by the enemy. The In-
dians, deceived by this formidable array of
forces concluded the men of the settlement
were all in the fort and well armed, and that
it would be useless to attempt an attack.
They accordingly in a short time retired,

carrying with them the family of Mr. Scam-
man, and a few other prisoners they had
taken among the scattering settlements.
It isn't worth while to stop to tell how
much the prisoners suffered in their long
and tedious journey through the woods to
Canada; how they slept on the ground at
night with hemlock boughs for their beds,
and often travelled all day on foot without
a mouthful of food.

A year passed away, and nothing had been
heard of Humphrey Scamman or his family;
and the people on the Saco had given them
up for dead. The Indians occasionally con-
tinued their hostile incursions through the
year, so that the inhabitants on the river
dared not venture far from the fort, and
when they found it necessary to labor in the
field they kept loaded arms by their sides.

But this year on account of peace taking
place between France and England, many of
the prisoners in Canada, who had been cap-
tured in the English colonies by the Indians,
obtained their liberty and returned home.

And one day the people on the Saco were
greatly surprised and rejoiced at seeing Mr.
Scamman and his family, with several others
who had been supposed lost make their ap-
pearance among them. After stopping at the
fort long enough to partake of refresh-
ments, and relate in a hurried manner the
principal events of the year, Mr. Scamman
was in haste to go and ascertain the condi-
tion of his homestead. None of the inhabi-
tants could give him much information re-
specting it, for not one had visited it since
the capture of his family; a fact showing in
a striking manner how closely they had been
confining to certain limits through fear of the
Indians. One of the neighbors indeed told
him that he had been down the river about
a month before, so far that he could see the
house, and that it was still standing and
looked very much as it used to. Even this
amount of information was received by the
returning family with great joy, and with
eager haste they started for that dear hut,
their home," followed by half a dozen others
who volunteered to accompany them.

They crossed the river, and walked
thoughtfully down the river road, till they
came out of the woods into the little opening
that gave them a full view of their former
habitation. They instinctively stopped and
gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs.
Scamman turned her head away, for her
eyes were filled with tears and her face crim-
soned with emotion. The sight once more
of home, that dear home where she had
passed so many happy days, bringing up
at once its thousand heartfelt recollections,
now mingled and shaded with the trials and
sufferings of the past year, went at once to
the inmost fountain of her heart, and her
feelings gushed forth with all the truth and
freedom of childhood. The boys too wept
and laughed in the same breath. Theirs
were the tears of joy, for the trials of life
had not yet left the rust of sorrow upon their
brow. Mr. Scamman was a hardy, iron-
nerved man, but even his chin quivered, as
he said, "come, wife, let us go to the house
and see, if there is anybody there to let us
in."

The party proceeded on and approached
the door of the dwelling. Everything about
it noiseless and motionless as the abode of
the dead. Mr. Scamman lifted the latch
and they all went in. Almost the first thing
that met their eyes was the old house-
cat, seated upon the window-stool at the back
part of the house and looking out of the
window. Gray tabby had lived with them
four or five years; and the idea that she
had stuck by the home-stead and kept
house alone during the whole long year of
their absence, a tonic affected them very
sensibly. At first tabby looked wild and set
out to run away; but when Mrs. Scamman
called her, the creature instantly recognized
her voice, and turned round and ran toward
her. She stopped a moment and looked up
in her mistress's face; and when Mrs. Scam-
man patted her on the head, she cried out
almost like a young child; licked her hand,
pressed round and round her feet, leaped
upon her clothes and purred, and showed
such signs of joy and affection, that it brought
tears to the eyes of most of the company.

They now looked about the house. There
were the heaps of feathers which the Indians
had emptied out of the beds upon the floor,
and there were broken articles of furniture
which they had thrown here and there, all
lying as they had been left on that fearful
day. Presently Samuel stepped along to the
shelves in the corner of the room, where he
suddenly clasped his hands, and called out
with great glee, "Oh mother, here is the ve-
ry mug of beer that I was carrying out to-
father that day when the Indians came!"

They all ran and looked, and there it was,
sure enough. They tasted of the beer; it
was rather stale, it is true; but there it was,
and the mug was more than half full, not
withstanding all the hot days and all the
cold days it had been standing there through
the whole year. Mr. Scamman took the mug

and looked at it, and said he, "Samuel, now
this mug shall be yours, and do you keep it
as long as you live to remember the Indians
by."

"And grandfather did keep it as long as
he lived, and when he died he left it to my
father, and when father died he left it to me.
And that's the story of the King William
mug that stands on the table there before
you," said the old lady, "so now sit up and
take your lunch for Sally's got it all ready."

"And what do you intend to do with the
mug when you have done with it?" said I.
"I?" said the old lady, "when my time
comes, and it won't be long, I shall leave the
mug to Sally."

We seated ourselves at table.
"I don't know," said the old lady, "as you
will find much of anything to eat."

"I never knew a more groundless fear in
my life," said I, glancing round the table
for indeed a more inviting lunch I never sat
down to.

There were delicious slices of cold beef's
tongue, a rich dish of fried ham and eggs,
bread of the very best quality, soft milk bis-
cuit, with the freshest and sweetest butter I
ever tasted, cup custards, and a perfect gem
of an apple pie with rich old cheese—
Then there was the brown mug full of excel-
lent beer, and the way the whole was served
up was the most perfect pattern of taste and
neatness I ever beheld. In short, we ate a
very hearty dinner. During the operation
of eating, I observed Joe Scamman wandered
very often across the room and rested on Sally,
who had again taken her sewing and was
seated by the window. Having finished our
repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to
make the old lady accept of money for the
trouble we had caused her, but she seemed
hurt and utterly refused. We gave them a
parting blessing, and went on our way. We
walked side-by-side, Joe and I, I think nearly
a mile without speaking a word. At last
said I, "Joe, you seem to be wrapped up
very close in some sort of deep cogitation or
other; what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking," said Joe, "if I ever get
married, I mean my oldest son shall inherit
the Brown Mug."

NOTE.—The story of the Brown Mug, with
the other incidents in this sketch, is, no fiction,
but the simple truth.

A good story is told of one George Shaffer
who many years ago lived in Portsmouth.—
Once he had been to Newcastle, gunning, and
was coming home with his game bag empty,
and weary, when he stopped at the toll house
for a moment's rest. Said he to the toll-
keeper—

"There's a fine lot of ducks back here in
the pond; what'll you let me fire into
them for?"

"Can't do it," responded the toll man. "I
don't want to have my ducks killed."

George put his gun in the toll-house, and
walked back to take another look at the
ducks. When he was gone, the toll-man
who was a wsg, drew the shot from the bar-
rel, and then replaced the gun. George re-
turned, and then renewed the question.

"Well," said the toll-man, "though you
are a good shot, I don't believe you could
hurt them much. Give me a dollar, and you
may fire."

The dollar was paid, and quite a party who
had gathered round, went back to witness
George's discomfiture. He raised his gun,
fired and killed nine of them.

"The deuce!" cried the toll-man. "I took
the charge out of your gun."

"Yes," said George, "I supposed you
would. I always go double charged."

A FRIEND, while talking of his skill in
the skating line, was boasting to another that
he could cut any letter, large or small, with
his skates upon the ice.

"How do you manage to dot your i's?"
asked the other.

"O! easily enough," was the reply, "I
cut the body of the letter, and in putting on
the turn at the bottom my heels generally
slip under me and I come down in a sitting
position, making the most perfect 'dot' you
ever saw."

A polite omnibus agent was going through
the ladies' car, checking baggage. he asked
a pretty young lady if she had any baggage
she wished taken to the hotel? She re-
plied, "No, sir." The agent then asked her
if she desired a bus? She instantly gave
him a very sweet smile and replied, "No,
sir, I am not in a bustling humor, this even-
ing." The agent dropped his memorandum
book, hastily retired to the baggage car and
said he felt unwell.

ALBERT, what city is that you're going to
visit this fall?" asked Anna of her beau.

"If you have no objections, I'm going to
Haze Anna."

We wonder if any one has ever succeeded in
defining the exact width of a narrow escape.