ible Ointment and Pills,
ediately did, and in the
short time the effect pro-
s-tonishing; her appetite
roved, the sores and ulcers
radually healed, and the
ent of her system was

ar Sir, your's faithfully.
T. FORSTER KER.
be used conjointly with the
st of the following cases:
Chiego-foot
Chilblains
Chapped hands
Corns (soft)
Cancers
Contracted and Stiff
Joints
Fistulas
Glandular Swelling
Lumbago
Piles
Rheumatism
Scalds
Sore Nipples

Establishment of Professor
Strand, (near Temple Bar)
all respectable Druggists
Medicines throughout the
l, in Pots, at 1s. 4d., 5s. and

a considerable saving by
r sizes.
ctions for the guidance of
ry disorder, are affixed to

endors of Medicines through-
wick, and by A H Thomp-
; Billings & Dyer, Eastport,

ODELL & TURNER,
Of St Andrews,
t for the County Charlotte.

BEYER,
SSOR OF MUSIC,
LLY informs the Inhabitants of
s and vicinity, that he is pre-
pupils desirous of being instruct-
Piano, Flute or Violin, or in
her at his own residence, or the

using practice and experience
Music in the Provinces and the
trusts he will receive a liberal
e, from those requiring his pro-

just received and opened in the
site the British House, a choice
ction of the latest
nstruments, Instruction Books,
, Mantel Ornaments, a
Toys, Ladies Work Boxes,
er articles, all of which will be
lowest prices for cash.
anos, and other musical instru-

decay, } A. BEYER.
3, 1851.

TCHES,
welry, &c

has just received an assort-
ment of
SILVER Patent LEVER
HES, GUARD and Albert
YS, RINGS, &c.
er plated, and Berlin Iron
Ladies and Gents gold stone
gs; gold and silver Pencil
OCKETS; Jet, Stone and
celets, Gentlemens Pins &
ld and Cornelian Earrings;
earl and bone Shirt Studs;
nions in silver & steel fittings,
SILVER, PLATED and
& Tea SPOONS; Silver &
Knives, Plated Cake Baskets
Plated & Britannia Metal
Brass, Britannia metal and
l & Block tin Water Kettles;
Pots; Egg Codlers;
nnia metal Crust Stands &
; Glass & China Vases;
Porte Folios;
SSING CASES;
ail, Tooth Shaving, Crumb,
tewash & Shoe BRUSHES.
or Strops & Hones, Drawing
's Pencils, Visiting Cards,
ndsor & Fancy Soap, Table
lls, Accordeons, Pens, Ink,
and Foolscap Paper, Envel-
al Cards; Work Boxes;
sks; Cake & Spice Boxes;
Grease & Hair Oils;
Cleaver's & Harrisson's
FUMERY assorted:
ork Baskets; Reticules;
Knives; Scissors;
handled Knives and Forks;
Steels; Tea Trays;
Irons; Iron Stands;
Guns; Pistols;
s: Powder; Shot;
Flasks & Shot Belts;
Violins, Preserving Ketties;
and Hand Saw FILES;
; Looking Glasses; Scales
; Sauce & Frying Pans;
Screens; Whips and whip
e case Toys; Lazenby & Son
uces; with a great variety of

atches and Jewellry, repaired
&c.
ior Fellows & Co. Sassapa-
sia Bitters, Speedy Relief and
&c. Lyons Kathairon;
pherous.
GEO. F. STICKNEY.
1854.

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At his Office Market Square, Saint Andrews, N. B.

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E variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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THE LONE LONG-KNIFE.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

For years the name of this stalwart hunter was familiar along the borders. He was tall modest, and simple. He had read no book but that of nature; knew no art but woodcraft, and hated nothing on earth but an Indian, a pole-cat and a coward. He never was known to say "Boys, you do it!"—but always "Boys, come on!"

His rifle was the longest, the heaviest, and the surest on the border. His frank eye was never at fault to mark the distant game—meet the gaze of a savage foe, or smile back truth to friend.

The traditionary history of early settlement in the West, contains many a striking narrative of the feats of this famous hunter, who in his capacity of guide, spy, or ranger captain, made frequent forays into the Indian country to the northwest. There seemed to be no possible enterprise too audacious for his enthusiasm—no patience, dexterity, endurance of hunger, thirst, or fatigue, too great for his self reliance to undertake, and that most frequently alone. Indeed, he appeared to dislike to have other men with him usually, he would say, "they were sure to get to growling like bears with sore ears, about their hardships, before the fun had even commenced with him. It cost more trouble to take care of them than all their services were worth! then, "the *cussers!*" they must talk."

This unusual love of solitary adventure caused the Indians to give him the name of the "Lone Long-Knife," and they held his ubiquitous prowes in most wholesome and superstitious dread.

He was the deadly and special foe of the Shewarnies, a powerful tribe of the North, who fought over every inch of the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, with the advancing settlers from Virginia and North Carolina.

The Lone Long-Knife on several occasions was known to have entered the villages of this tribe and ascertain their plans by listen- around their council wigwams. On one occasion when he suspected a purpose to make a formidable descent upon the settlements on Bear Grass River, he crept into their principal village, under cover of the darkness and laying his ear close to the ground behind the wigwam of the chief he heard every detail of the projected incursion discussed by the principal warriors. Among other things which he heard were some as he thought, very complimentary allusions to the value attached by them to the scalp of the "Lone Long-Knife." A reward of five fine horses were offered to any warrior who might bring in his scalp, and such was the effect even the mention of his name had upon the vigilance of the Indians, that a young warrior immediately rose from the council circle and stepped out to walk round the village and see that all was safe from the presence of the ever dreaded Lone Long-Knife.

The hunter saw the warrior approaching the spot where he was crouched, but remained perfectly still until he was in the very act of stepping upon him, when he rose suddenly in his path, struck the Indian a tremendous blow with his huge fist beneath the chin, stretched him speechless on the earth, and plunged away into the neighboring forest. The heavy fall of the warrior against the bark walls of the wigwam startled the members of the council, with an "ugh!" sprang to their feet and rushed out, arms in hand.

The moon had just broken through the cloud, and they caught a glimpse of the terrible "Lone Long Knife," as he bounded beneath the shadows with a shrill whoop of laughing defiance. Twenty or thirty rifles rang out in reply, and the balls showered like cutting hail about the hunter's ears as he stretched away on the run for dear life. Though the swiftness of Indian runners had even then passed into a proverb, they had now a runner before them that had often defied their speed. Twenty warriors were instantly in pursuit with yells of ungovernable fury—for this was the third time he had thus insulted them by entering their very villages.

In spite of their rage and eagerness the hunter gained so much upon them that by the time the chase had reached the Little Miami river, which was ten miles distant, the great body of the Indians had fallen out and only three were left in sight to continue the pursuit. The Long Knife took to the river without hesitation, and as he was climbing the bank on the other side, the three Indians stopped on the opposite bank and fired at him. Their balls fell short, and he shouted back his taunting defiance at them as he took shelter behind a tree on the top of the bank. Here, drawing off the water proof covering of deer's bladder from the lock of his rifle, he prepared to receive them should they attempt to follow him across.

The warriors hesitated for a moment, as it had now grown daylight enough for him to see clearly how to shoot, and they dreaded his terrible markmanship should he attempt to make a stand there. At this instant hearing the closer yells of those warriors who had fallen behind in the pursuit, they took courage, and with a hoarse reply upon their lips they plunged into the stream.

The Lone Long Knife lay still as death until they had about reached the middle of the river, which was very much swollen by the heavy rains. Each warrior swam with his rifle between his teeth, his head therefore forming a very small mark. Notwithstanding, at the first crack of the hunter's rifle the foremost swimmer sank suddenly and forever. The other two hesitated a moment at the sight of the bloody whirl in the waters before them, and they wheeled about for the shore they had left. Before they could get beyond range, however, Long-Knife shot a second one through the shoulders, who, apparently desperately wounded, gave himself up to the current, and was swept swiftly down the stream out of view.

The third warrior, who seemed now to be desperately frightened, executed a series of rapid dives, and by other manœuvres resembling those of a wild duck, managed to succeed in baffling even the aim of the fated rifle of the Lone Long Knife, and reached the shore out of range just as his comrades came in sight.

Long Knife who now made off through the woods, heard and replied in a jeering way to the furious howl of the main body of his outwitted and outstripped pursuers when they came up with their frightened runner and heard from him a recital of this last deed of their bloody and untiring foe, the Lone Long Knife.

Two hours afterwards the hunter in his continued flight—for he expected the pursuit to be held on by his exasperated enemies to the very door of his cabin in the settlement, struck the bank of the winding Miami again. Here he saw upon a pile of drift wood which had collected in an eddy near the mouth of one of the small tributaries of the river, some moving object which he at first took for a large turtle, which was glistening in the sun as it strove to drag its unwieldy body upon the logs to bask.

He stopped to gaze, and imagine his astonishment when he perceived it was a tall Indian who was dragging his body slowly from the water by the help of the drift-wood The warrior did not see him, as his back was turned to where the Long Knife crouched behind a huge tree. The poor fellow had lost his gun in the water, and was endeavouring to stop the bleeding from a bullet hole through his shoulder and breast, with green leaves which he gathered from the bushes on shore.

The Long Knife felt convinced that this man must be the second Indian he had shot in the water above, who had no doubt let go his gun, and, making for the drift logs, of which the stream was then full, had sustained himself above water and floated down with them.

Here was a trying position for a gallant hunter. His foe was wounded; unarmed, and helpless. If he shot him again in cold blood, it would look unmanly, and beside, the report might bring his pursuers down upon him at once. He knew the warrior could not be taken prisoner alive, and beside, letting him go altogether was against his creed of frontier duty.

He thought within himself for a moment, and then his resolution was instantly formed. He crept cautiously towards the wounded warrior until he reached a large tree which stood close beside the drift wood behind him. Here the Long Knife laid down his rifle, tomahawk, and knife, and then stepping suddenly into full view, he raised his hands to show that he was all unarmed.

"Ugh!" grunted the astonished warrior, making a quick movement, as if to plung into the water again [illegible] Lone Long-Knife, pinching [illegible] heart, uttered two words in the Shewarnee tongue, which caused the Indian to pause and bend his dark, glittering gaze upon him for a moment, as if he searched the bottom of his very soul—then seemingly satisfied, he bowed his head slowly, in token of proud submission to his formidable foe.

Long-Knife immediately assisted the wounded warrior to the bank, and tearing up his own shirt for the purpose, bound up the dangerous hurt with cooling herbs. Finding now that the poor fellow's spine had been so paralyzed by the ball as to render him utterly incapable of walking, the gallant hunter without hesitation threw him across his ponderous shoulders and bore him on in his continued flight towards the settlement. He had no further trouble from his pursuers, who seemed to have either lost his trail or not crossed the river to resume it.

The generous hunter having once determined upon aiding his proud foe, was too magnanimous to make a trophy of him by taking him into the settlement and parading him as a prisoner, which he knew would have been a humiliation worse than death. There was to be no half way hospitality with him, so he carried the wounded warrior upon his back to a sheltered cave of which he knew a few miles distant from the settlement. Here he placed him in security, supplying him privately with food and water at regular periods, until he had recovered the use of his limbs with the healing of his wound.

When the warrior had grown strong enough to travel—for he never made the slightest effort to escape as yet, although there had been nothing to prevent it in the absence of his host and captor but his own honor—Long-Knife gave him a full supply of food, returned him his rifle, and pointing towards the North, said:—

"Go in peace back to your people, and tell them how it is the Lone Long Knife treats his wounded foe."

The annals of chivalry contain no record of nobler deeds than this, and nobly was it repaid in kind by the grateful red-man; for when Boon a short time afterwards was captured at the Saline Springs with eighteen men, the Shewarnies restored their arms to the men and permitted them to return in safety to their station.

Boston True Flag.

THE MAGNET AND COLD.

History informs us that many of the countries of Europe, which now possess very mild winters, at one time experienced severe cold during this season of the year. The Tiber at Rome was often frozen over, and snow at one time lay for forty days in that city. The Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter during the time of Ovid, and the rivers Rhine and Rhone used to be frozen so deep that ice sustained loaded wagons. The waters of the Tiber, Rhine and Rhone now flow freely every winter ice is unknown at Rome, and the waves of the Euxine dash their wintry foam unchristalized upon the rocks.

Some have ascribed these climate changes to agriculture,—the cutting down the dense forests—the exposure of the upturned soil to the summer sun, and the draining of the great marshes. We do not believe that such great changes could have been produced on the climate of any country by agriculture, and we are not certain that any such theory can account for the contrary change of climate—from warm to cold winters—which history tells us has taken place in other countries than those named. Greenland received its name from the emerald herbage which clothed its valleys and mountains; and its east coast, which is now inaccessible on account of the perpetual ice heaped upon its shores, was, in the eleventh century, the seat of flourishing Scandinavian colonies, all trace of which is now lost. Cold Labrador was named Vinland by the Northmen who visited it in the year 1000, and who were charmed with its then mild climate. The cause of these changes is an important inquiry.

A pamphlet by John Murray, civil engineer, has recently been published in London, in which he endeavors to account for these changes of climate by the changeable position of the magnetic poles. The magnetic variation or declination of the needle is well known. At the present time it amounts in London to about twenty-three degrees west of north, while in 1659 the line of variation passed through England, and then moved gradually west until 1816. In that year a great removal of ice took place on the coast of Greenland; hence it is inferred that the cold meridian, which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may at one time have passed through Italy; and that if the magnetic meridian returns, as it is now doing, to its old lines in Europe, Rome may once more see her Tiber frozen over, and the merry Rhinelander drive his team on the ice of the classic river.

Whether the changes of climate mentioned have been caused by the change of the magnetic meridian or not, we have [illegible] few facts before us, at present, to decide [illegible] sively; but the idea, once spread abroad [illegible] soon lead to such investigation as will no doubt remove every obscurity, and settle the question.—*Scientific American.*

Julius—Sam, you're a drunkard—you allars drunk, and your habits is loose, nigga, your habits is loose.

Sam—Julius, look here.

Julius—Well, what is it? I attends—I attends.

Sam—Is you a flosofer?

Julius—A flosofer—what's dat?

Sam—Why, don't you know the science of reason?

Julius—Why yes, nigga, yes.

Sam—Well, ax me dis, den—how de debil am my habits *loose*, when I is '*tight*' all de time?

A WEALTHY WOODSAWER.—There is a Woodsawyer in this city, says the Dispatch, whose total income is $800 per year.—He still follows the business, and averages $4 per day.

LATE CALIFORNIA NEWS!

BATTLE BETWEEN THE ALLIED FORCES AND RUSSIANS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The steamship North Star, with California mails to the 16th October, arrived at New York on Thursday, Nov. 9. She had nearly $1,700,000 in specie, and 526 passengers.

A French fleet, consisting of three frigates and sloops of war, had arrived at San Francisco. They had, in conjunction with the English fleet made an attack on the Russian town and fort of Petropaulouski, in Kamschatka, from which the allied fleet were repulsed with a loss in killed and wounded of 200 men. The British rear Admiral Prince, who commanded the English fleet, was killed by a pistol shot during the engagement. It is supposed he accidentally shot himself. Two Russian ships were captured by the allies. The British ships afterwards sailed for Vancouver's Island.

Steamship Yankee Blade, which left San Francisco Sept. 30 for Panama, was lost on the following day. She had on board 800 passengers and her crew and firemen. She struck on a reef of rocks off Point Arguello, 15 miles above Point Conception. About 15 lives, and all the specie on board, about $150,000, were lost. The ship was a total wreck, and in a day or two was broken up by the sea and washed to pieces. A dense fog hung upon the coast, and the captain supposed the ship to be twenty miles from land when she struck. Some terrible scenes of pillage, and it is said, of murder took place on board the vessel after she struck and before the passengers were rescued by the steamer Goliah, plying between San Francisco and San Diego. The following are all the names of the lost given in the San Francisco papers:—Four children of Mrs. Longstonn, Mrs. Brennan and child, Mrs. Sumner and child, Mrs. Smith and child, wife of Mr. Smith, firm of Smith, Brother & Co.; Mrs. Moore and child, Mr. Frank Mitchel.

British Patriotism versus Russian Fa[illegible]icism.—On the banks of the Alma the [illegible]sian stood on the top of steep height[illegible]tected by 180 cannon and with 60000 [illegible] to cover his retreat. The English[illegible] to march up the bank trusting his [illegible] and bone, the weapon he carried [illegible] support of his comrades at his side [illegible]theless he has pushed the foe [illegible] ground, and driven him behind [illegible] The Englishman's patriotism or [illegible] our roused a stronger mettle than Ru[illegible]naticism, and a more obstinate temper than [illegible] to be found in the serf. The Emperor is reduced to the painful necessity of proclaiming a holy war, and calumniating two enemies of Christian Europe as the enemies of the faith. Nothing has been done on our side to engender fanaticism, or to provoke a stranger ardour than our armies have usually shown. The British soldier is under no unusual stimulus and no novel belief. He does his duty as usual.—*The Times.*

QUARRELING.

If anything in the world will make [illegible] feel badly, except pinching his fin[illegible] crack of a door, it is unquestion[illegible] rel. No man ever fails to th[illegible] self after, than he did bef[illegible] himself in the eyes of o[illegible] worse, blunts his sensibi[illegible] and increases the powers [illegible] bility on the other. The t[illegible] peaceably and quietly we g[illegible] for our neighbours. In nine [illegible] the better course is if a man [illegible] dealing with him; if he is ab[illegible] company, and if he slanders y[illegible] to live so that no body will bel[illegible] matter who he is, or how he [illegible] the wisest way is to let him alon[illegible] is nothing better than this coo[illegible] quiet way of dealing with the [illegible] meet with.

It has been remarked that the re[illegible]iments now in Turkey have suffi[illegible] from [illegible] the cholera than the other Fre[illegible] British [illegible]giments in the East; and [illegible] cases of cholera has been most numer[illegible] fatal in the re[illegible]giments wearing tr[illegible] The kilt of th[illegible] the fabric [illegible] favorabl[illegible] of th[illegible] and pe[illegible] tion fo[illegible] it [illegible] quite w[illegible] the contrary is [illegible] white [illegible] trowsers, or other s[illegible] ing, as when they become wet with [illegible] tion they remain long in that state, an[illegible] the body by their cold unpleasant feel[illegible] completely suspending perspiration; an[illegible] therefore is found judicious to use flannel belts for the troops.

"colored pusson," well known about tow[illegible] "Old Kit," while passing under a new three story building, in process of erec[illegible] tion, a brick bat fell from the hand of a brick layer on the wall above, and in descending came in contact with the negro's head. The resistance was great, and the brick bat was broken in two. After recovering from the temporary stun, he addressed the brick layer with: "I say you white man up dar, if you don't want yer bricks broke, just keep off my head!"

A QUERY.—Which travels at the greater speed, heat or cold? Heat: because you can easily catch cold.

A very polite young lady seeing a doctor open his lance to bleed her, begged him to desist, as she never had any thing to do with *doctrinal points.*

Julius—Sam, I went to th[illegible] tre last night wid Jem[illegible]

Sam—I thoug[illegible] persons dere.

Julius—We [illegible]

Sam—How did [illegible]

Julius—Went as *Arabs.*

The fellow who "took a view did not bring it back. His ho[illegible] det discussion.

A Sweet Con[illegible]—Why is a dashi[illegible] eyed beauty like a certain fruit? Because she squints. (she's quince)

The Harvest in England—The G[illegible] *e's Chronicle*, published in London, [illegible] ley, the distinguished Botanist, and [illegible] the most reliable authorities on agricul[illegible] matters, publishes tabular reports from [illegible] own correspondents in every county in E[illegible] land, as well as various parts of Irela[illegible] Scotland, and Wales, of the prospects of th[illegible] harvest in their respective districts. The following are the results of an analysis of reports from 134 correspondents, spread over the forty English counties:

Wheat: favorable, 112; unfavorabl[illegible] neuter, 10.

Barley: favorable, 103; unfa[illegible] neuter, 12.

Oats: favora[illegible] uter, 11.

FAM
THERE ha[illegible] effective pu[illegible] sure and [illegible] be[illegible]

Assis[illegible]
[illegible]ents for St. [illegible] M. S. Hannah.

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