

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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*Evans sumendum est optimum.*—Cic.

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## Poetry.

### THE PRINTER BOY.

AIR.—Old English Gentleman.

Ill sing you a song of a Printer boy,  
Whose bright and honored name  
Stands forth in glowing capitals  
Upon the scroll of Fame:  
Who in the days that tried men's souls,  
In Freedom's darkest night,  
Stood manfully with Washington,  
And battled for the right.

Ben Franklin was that Printer boy,  
One of the olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite  
To the thunder-clouds on high,  
And brought the forked lightning down  
From regions of the sky:  
'Twas he who caught the fiery horse,  
And tamed him to the "chase,"  
Till now he's driven safe by Morse  
Into the Printer's "case."

Ben Franklin was that Printer boy,  
One of the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,  
The Patriot and the Sage;  
Who, fully "justified" by faith,  
Is "proved" on every "page."  
His "form, corrected and revised,"  
Is now "worked off and pressed,"  
A "new edition" in the skies,  
A "star" among the blest.

All honor to that Printer boy,  
One of the olden time.

And now my brother types, take  
This "leader" for your "guide,"  
"Follow corrected copy," and  
All "errors mark outside."  
Be frugal, chaste, and temperate—  
"Stick" to the golden "rule."  
And you shall shine among the stars  
In the printing office school.

Just imitate that Printer boy,  
One of the olden time.

## A Selected Story.

### A BORDER TALE.

In the year 1841, while acting as Surveyor in the new State of Iowa, I was a witness of one of those real and startling tragedies which so often occur along the borders of civilization in the great West. While serving in that capacity, I had often witnessed deeds of valor and desperation, and a fool-hardy courage which made my blood grow cold—but the incident to which I allude displayed, on the one hand, such unmitigated vindictiveness of spirit, together with the most reckless daring and a total disregard of death, and on the other such pure affection and such delicate refinement for the then wide wilderness to exhibit, that it stands out in bold relief above the memory of the many startling scenes I witnessed and the trials and hair-breadth escapes that I underwent.

One night, after having nearly completed my operations in that part of the country, and preparatory to taking my final leave of it, I walked forth from the tent in which my companions were still busily engaged in devouring their supper of boiled venison, and strolling along upon the banks of a quiet stream that rolled its deep and silent waters through a vast and fertile country, finally to empty into the Mississippi. The sun was fast declining in the west, his bright rays danced only at intervals through the dense forest, intercepted by the hanging boughs and hoary trunks of huge oaks that perchance had stood the fierce blast of an hundred winters, still unscathed. The gay carol of the forest birds was dying away while they sought with yielding wings their places of nightly rest—the almost ceaseless chatter of the squirrel was still—the sound of the cracking bough, as it fell beneath the hoof of the fleeing deer, was no longer heard, and all nature seemed wrapped in the silence of repose.

Unheeding my footsteps, I had wandered far down along the banks of this quiet stream and seated myself upon a broken and decayed stump, nearly encircled by the trunk of a tree on either side. My mind was enshrouded in that deep rovery which so often steals over us as twilight's balmy hour comes on, and might long have remained so had not my attention been suddenly aroused by the approach of a group of Indians along the banks of the stream. Instantly my hand grasped my faithful pistol, when suddenly the foremost Indian changing his course, entered a thick clump of bushes and soon emerged from them, walking upon the trunk of a tree that had fallen across and completely spanned the stream that rolled quietly below. The other Indians followed in quick succession their leader, whom I now saw, as his manly form rose towering above his fellows, was a person of whom I had some little knowledge. He was the chief of the

tribe that occupied the country around me and which I had been for some months engaged in. I had met him once only, but I was greeted with that respect and welcome which a stranger ever meets among the Indians.

His dress was richly fantastic—his face covered with many colored paints, his moccasins embellished with curiously wrought beads, and a huge panther's skin hanging from his brawny shoulders, gave him an air of superiority over the rest. As they passed singly over the stream, I saw that each was unusually tastefully dressed, which denoted some unusual occurrence. I remained concealed till the last had passed, over and entered the thick foliage upon the opposite bank, and then stepping forth, I saw them hurrying down by the side of the stream, in the direction of the old chief's lodge, which I knew to be some half mile below. They were soon lost to sight, and while musing partly upon what could be their intended mission, and partly upon the beauty of the scenery around, I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, seemingly from behind me. I had hardly sunk back into my hiding place, when through the dim twilight, I saw approaching me a company of five or six persons. They came steadily towards me, till within a few feet where the bank ran above their heads, entirely concealing them from view. Here they halted, and one of their number began to address the others in a mixed dialect of French, English and Indian. I soon surmised that the speaker was a noted half-breed, of whom I had heard not a little, and seen somewhat. His father had been one of the first French traders, who penetrated the country west of the great lakes for traffic with the Indians, and his mother was the daughter of a chief of a tribe inhabiting the North Western Territory.

In this character was combined all the bravery and cunning of the Indian, together with that total regardlessness of death manifested by the Frenchman, and the jealousy and vindictiveness of spirit not often seen in either. From what I could catch of his broken harangue, I learned that he had formed an insatiable passion for the old chief's daughter, who was that night to be united to the noble young Indian I had seen pass over the stream but a short time before, and was to succeed her aged father as chief of the tribe. The half-breed had often seen the beautiful "valley flower"—as she was called—and had as often vowed that he would possess her. But his efforts had proved fruitless, for when, by stealth he had gained access to her, and whispered his adoration for her, in the softest accents, she repulsed his base and treacherous words and fled from him in disdain. All his cunning and stratagem were of no avail to secure her, his most artfully laid plans had been thwarted, and his tasked ingenuity had signally failed of placing her in his hands. This night he resolved to use force before she should become the willing possession of another, from beneath whose watchful eye nothing but the hand of death could remove her. The details of his plan I could not hear, as he spoke in an under tone, but soon I saw them stealthily approach the stream, and crossing over, were quickly lost to sight. I was about to rise from my concealment to return to the tent, and with my companions come to the rescue of the fair maiden, when the sound of voices warned me that still some of the party remained, and that such a step—aye, even the least intimation of my presence, would have been the signal for one of the savages' arrows to have sought a hiding place for its poisoned tip about the region of my heart. I could not have escaped the flying foot of the Indians, nor eluded their swift tomahawks, and yet, had I avoided all, their fast flying arrows would probably have reached me and I would not have lived either to assist in rescuing the maiden or to tell this tale. So I was forced to resort to the fertility of my imagination while waiting for the time to come when I could act. I gazed eagerly forth in the direction the Indians had taken, watching the least thing that aroused my attention, but all was still, and there were no indications of the tragedy soon to be enacted.

The sun had sunk far down in the west, and illuminated the horizon with his departing rays; the pale new moon was following closely his brilliant pathway; the scarcely stirring breeze moved not a leaf; the silent waters gave not forth a rippling sound, but reflected in solemn stillness the moon's pale rays; the harsh howl of the wolf upon the distant hills, and the wild cats' shrill cry were unheard, and all things seemed wrapped in the stillness of death. I contemplated the heavens above me and beheld with momentary rapture the myriads of starry constellations sparkling far and near amidst the vast space of the ethereal regions. I gazed upon the moon, pale and wan, and then looked down upon the silent waters and saw mirrored in mimic glory the images of bright realities on high, and that like many who boast of their position on earth, "they would not be

there were it not for their bright originals in heaven."

Thus musing, I sought objects to interest me, ever watching with an eager eye in the direction in which I anticipated an exciting scene. My anticipations were true for I had not long remained in suspense when I distinctly heard a wild cry of horror rise far off in the distance. I gazed more earnestly in the direction and saw between the boughs and trunks of the trees the red flames of fire rising up towards the skies. The sounds grew louder and nearer, and the Indians' shrill war-whoop rang out upon the still night air. Soon the dull obscure flames had grown into a fierce and lurid fire, and shot up above the tallest forest trees, winding upon itself in fierce fury like an enraged demon.

Louder and louder rose the cries, and the stillness of the night soon enabled me to hear the sound of approaching steps hurrying along on the opposite bank as the crackling bough beneath each footfall. I started from my place of concealment, but remembering the Indians, I again sunk while every nerve within me thrilled intensely. The sound of persons, in almost every direction, now came towards me; the war-whoop rose louder and nearer, and the flames spreading from the lodges of the Indians into the forest and catching upon the dried leaves and bushes ran rapidly in every direction, and rose higher and higher, till they seemed to lap with their fiery tongues the few fleeting clouds that hurried over the scene. A moment only I gazed upon their fury, and casting my eyes upon the opposite bank, I saw approaching what I discerned to be a half-breed, bearing the frightened and nearly unconscious maiden. Instantly I sprang forth, and, grasping my pistol, I stood resolved to fire upon him ere he should cross the stream. Twice he essayed to gain a footing upon the log which served as the bridge, but failed from sheer exhaustion. He then called to his assistance the Indians beneath me, one of whom had already sprung upon the log, and was fast crossing when I raised my arm to fire, but scarcely had I done so, when he fell with a heavy groan upon a log and rolled off into the water, pierced by an arrow from an Indian behind me, another sprang upon the log to follow him, and again, before I could raise my pistol, he too fell with a heavy sound into the water. The third and last was rapidly passing across when an arrow whizzing past me and stuck in a tree over my head. Instantly my finger pulled the trigger, and the sharp crack of my pistol rang upon the air, as the Indian leaped from the log and fell, with a shrill cry of horror into the stream. My pistol had done its work, but the flash revealed my person to the half-breed, who drew forth his tomahawk as the lover of the maiden sprang out behind him. Suddenly, and by an almost superhuman effort, the half-breed, with his precious burden, gained a footing upon the log and was fast crossing, when I raised my arm to fire upon him, but suspecting my design he shielded himself by bringing the form of the maiden before him. Scarcely had he done this however, when the swift and sure tomahawk of the lover buried itself in the arm that bore his treasure, dividing its tendons so that it released its hold, and the maiden fell heavily on the log. Not so with the half-breed, however, for the blow from the tomahawk caused him to lose his footing and fall, but, as he did so, he grasped with one arm the garments of the maiden, and dragging her after him, muttered:

"I go not alone, but thou shalt die with me!" and both sank beneath the water. The young Indian had already sprung upon the log, and as the garments of the maiden rose to the surface, he leaped in, eager to rescue her from the grasp of his hated enemy. The wily half-breed, soon as saw the arm encircle the maiden, rose upon the surface of the water, and with his hunting knife commenced an attack upon the Indian, who, having to sustain both himself and her whom he prized more than life, could only parry the thrusts of the assailant. The conflict was but momentary, for the half-breed, who was so deeply wounded that after one or two blows he disappeared beneath the water, and the young Indian, supporting his precious burden was nerving all his strength till assistance could be rendered. I had already sprung upon the log, and was about to leap into the water, when a shrill cry, that still rings in my ears, rent the night air, and I stood horrified to behold the life blood spouting from the mouth of the maiden. The half-breed's knife done its work, and sank with its possessor to the bottom. As I stood gazing upon this strange and tragic scene, the young Indian turned one glance upon the now lifeless form of the maiden, and then folding it to a still closer embrace, he sank through the water to a long and last repose. In a moment more not a ripple was left, but the smooth quiet stream rolled on as silent as before, leaving no trace to tell the sad tale. Thus perished the remnant of this once

powerful tribe, for the chief, when hearing of the sad fate of his daughter, returned to his burning wigwam, and in the frenzy of grief cast himself among the burning ruins and became a part of the unfeeling conflagration; while the remaining warriors either joined another tribe, or faded before the advance of civilization. By the light of the lurid flames, I wandered back to my tent, where my companions stood horrified at beholding that greatest of scenes—a forest on fire.—(Toledo (Ohio) Republican.)

## Provincial Parliament.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 21.

After the reading of the journals, Mr. Steadman asked for leave to present a petition from W. R. M. Burris, Esq., praying for relief in consequence of the decision of the Appraisers of Railway and land damages. Considerable discussion followed, and the House decided that the petition could not be received.

Mr. Kerr moved the address, notice of which was submitted last week by Mr. Gray, asking to be laid before the House copies of railway accounts, contracts, &c.

Hon. Mr. Tilley said the Government did not intend to oppose the address, but much of the information asked for was contained in the Commissioner's report, and if additional copies of the papers had to be submitted it would give rise to a large amount of unnecessary labor. Motion passed without opposition.

Mr. Tibbitts introduced a bill to repeal the act to encourage the destruction of bears in this Province. An unsuccessful attempt was made to defeat the bill passed on Saturday relating to Attorneys.

Considerable time was taken up in the afternoon in discussing bills for altering the time of holding the Circuit Courts in the Counties of Charlotte and Kent. It was finally decided to refer the Bills to a special committee to report thereon. The Speaker appointed a Committee of three, viz: Messrs. Chandler, Kerr, and Smith. Mr. DesBrisay objected for the reason that the three gentlemen were lawyers. A lively discussion followed, participated in by the lawyers on one side and the lay members of the House on the other. A new committee of three was finally appointed by the House. During the discussion several members spoke in favor of the abolition of the Court of Common Pleas.

Mr. McIntosh gave notice of his intention to move an address to the effect that in the opinion of the House the non-expenditure of £50,000 on the proposed railway from Fredericton up river is a manifest injustice to the inhabitants of the River Counties, and that it is the duty of the Government to carry on the works as directed by the law.

February 22.

After the reading of the journals the House resolved itself into Committee of the whole in consideration of the bill to incorporate the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, &c., Mr. Cudlip in the Chair of the Committee.

The title of the bill was opposed by Messrs. Montgomery, End, Wright, Mitchell, Johnson and McIntosh.

The bill was supported by Messrs. McAdam, Gilmour, McMillan, Brown, Connell, Lewis and Fisher.

It was urged by Mr. Kerr that the bill not being the same as that presented last Session, further time should be allowed for consideration of it. Progress reported.

Mr. Gray's motion for an address to the Governor requesting information relative to the office of Commissioner for the authentication of Debentures, passed without opposition.

Hon. Mr. Waters asked leave to introduce a bill to divide the County of Victoria into two separate Counties, and providing for an increase of representation. A motion that the law referring to the receipt of local bills be suspended for the purpose of getting this bill before the House, was rejected by a large majority.

The bill to abolish the office of Post Master General was taken up, and the discussion occupied nearly all the afternoon.

The speakers were Williston, Wilmot, Tilley, Gray and Johnson. Only the first named gentleman supported the bill.

The gentlemen did not confine their remarks to the bill, but touched upon various topics in connection with the financial state of the country. Wilmot and Williston urged that the railway expenditures would result in ruin, taxation, and forcing of municipal institutions upon the country. The Secretary replied stating that the Province was in good condition financially, and able to meet all its liabilities. Johnson spoke for an hour. Progress was reported. The bill to be resumed to-morrow.

Mr. Mitchell introduced a Bill to afford greater facilities to obtain licenses to cut and

carry away timber belonging to Crown Lands. House adjourned 4 to 5.

Feb. 23.

After the reading of the Journals, there was a conversation among members, as to the best mode of expediting the business of the session. It was argued by many that more work would be done if committees would meet between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock the House then to meet and proceed with the general business.

Mr. Cudlip announced his intention to submit a motion to the effect that members should receive only £40 for their services for each Session.

Mr. McPhelim complained that the House had been in Session fifteen days and the Government had brought down no measures. The discussion lasted for nearly an hour and a half.

A motion was submitted by Mr. Kerr that in future no Bills be committed in the House before 12 o'clock, this was adopted.

Mr. McLeod presented several petitions from King's County, praying for the passage of the Bill to incorporate the Synod of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. DesBrisay gave notice of motion for an address asking for copies of contract entered into by Government for running a steamer to Prince Edward Island.

The Bill to abolish the office of Postmaster General was taken up at half-past 2 o'clock.

Mr. Wilmot spoke first. His speech referred principally to financial matters.

The Provincial Secretary followed in reply, and announced that the estimates would be laid before the House on Saturday, when a full explanation of finances would be given.

Mr. McAdam opposed the bill.

Mr. McPhelim also opposed the bill in a long speech, in which he spoke of the injustice sustained by the Province in consequence of indifference manifested by Postal authorities in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Hannington followed also on the same side.

Mr. Lawrence supported the bill, although he wished to have it amended in some respects. He advocated an amalgamation of the office with that of the Board of Works.

Postmaster General made the closing speech of the day. Progress reported. House adjourned.

## A HAPPY HOME.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of husband and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else conjure up their dislikes and so add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterward.

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Dr. Wise in his "Bridal Greeting," "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities.—He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed:

"Pull the line!"  
"I can't," she replied.  
"Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband.

But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull the line over so long as the husband held on the opposite end. But when he came round, and both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

"There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we did not pull together. It will be so my dear, through life. If we act together, it will be pleasant to live. Let us therefore, always pull together."

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss.—There must be union of action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

IRISH WIT.—"Place your lordship's honor and glory," said Tim, "I shot the hare by accident."  
"By accident?" remarked Captain Charles Halloran.

"I was firing at a bush, and the hare ran across my arm, all on his own accord."

"That gamekeeper tells a different story," replied his lordship.

"Och! don't you put faith in what that man says, said Tim Ryan, 'whin he niver cares about spakin' the truth, anyhow. He told me the other day, your lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jack-ass!"

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Kilsiddery, "indeed? and what did you say?"

"Place yer lordship, I said your lordship was."