

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR.

During a recent interview with an old acquaintance, who has spent several years of his life on board a northern whaler, he related several exciting incidents of his perilous career, and, among the rest, the subsequent encounter with a polar bear.

"One day," said the narrator, "quitting this language from where the interest of the present relation really begins, as several of us stood looking at a very beautiful iceberg, which was slowly drifting away to leeward, I fancied I saw something more upon it, and remarked the same to my companions."

"Oh, of course Ned," replied one with a laugh, "you're always seeing something wonderful, and no doubt you'll try to persuade us now that some greasy leecher or Greenland, or some other leecher, is off on a voyage of discovery."

"Well, no one knows better than you, Tom, that my eyes have once, at least, done good service, since it had not been for them, on the night you were knocked overboard, you would have been long since food for fishes."

"Right there, shipmate, but what do you make it out? I can't see anything but a mass of ice."

"I can only assert I saw something more on the ice," I answered, "I will not pretend to say what it is without the aid of a glass."

"I don't see anything," was the response of several others in succession.

"A white bear," observed the mate, who had overheard my first remark, and now stood quietly looking at the object through a telescope.

"His announcement produced quite a sensation on board, and elicited several exclamations at the expense of the formidable animal, which was thus navigating the ocean in so peaceful a manner, solitary and alone."

"Wonder what he is bound up to," said one.

"Like to see the log," said another.

"He shouldn't get excited, observe that."

"I expect he isn't hard on the helm remarked a fourth."

"He's got a nice time of it, at least," put in a punster.

"For the last two or three days we had not had any special excitement and several of us were eager for some daring adventure. We asked leave to go in search of the bear, and our captain, one of the kindest hearted men in the world, assented, but with several words of caution, which I fear were too much disregarded. Our vessel was run down to what was considered a safe distance, and hove-to, and ten of us armed with guns, pistols, axes, spears, harpoons, boat-hooks, &c., pulled away merrily for the scene of action."

"We all of us knew something of the nature and power of the bear, we were going to attack—that the white bear of the polar regions is the largest, most ferocious, and formidable of all the species of terrestrial what we had seen of the animal, we have heard thrilling yarns of actual encounters, and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody catastrophes; but for all this we pulled forward with the light-hearted recklessness of sailors; and more especially whalers, who carry their lives so much in their hands, and get so used to dangers, as not to feel contented in perfect security."

"For myself, as we heaved the mighty floating fabric of the regions—built without what by one of the immutable laws of the Great Architect of Nature—stretching its glittering towers, and domes, and pinnacles, and spires, far up into the clear sunlight, which was dashed back, as from mirrors and prisms, with a brightness and gorgeousness that made it seem a fairy palace of silver and precious gems—I confess I for a time forgot the object of our expedition, and yielded my senses to a sort of rapt contemplation of the beauty, grandeur and glory of the icy structure before me."

"There she blows," was the regular remark of the boatswain, recalling me to myself.

"We had been approaching, at an angle which hid the bear from our view; but at the moment of the exclamation, we had just turned a point from which Brin again became visible. He was sitting in a sort of niche, about fifteen feet above the water, and looking very contented and unconcerned, till he got a sight of us in such close proximity, when he seemed suddenly to change his placidity into a condition of temper more befitting the ferocious brute he really was, growling hoarsely, showing his teeth, and thus giving us fair warning that we might expect trouble should we venture to assail him on his own domain."

"He was indeed a most formidable looking antagonist, measuring at least twelve feet in length, was a corresponding height, breadth and bulk—and I remember wondering what chance a man would have for his life at once fairly within the stroke of his tremendous paw. I knew that the lion of Asia and Africa is acknowledged to be the king of beasts and lord of the wilderness;

but I am inclined to believe he does not compare in either strength or ferocity with this dangerous monster of the polar seas."

"As our boat was brought round in front of the bear, at the distance of some two hundred yards, I ventured to advise the laying on our oars, and holding a short council-of-war, before proceeding to an attack which clearly promised to be a most dangerous one indeed; but my suggestion was unheeded—the boatswain positively asserting there would be little or no danger in advancing close and pouring in a volley, as the bear would be too badly wounded from so many balls, to do us any harm, even if not killed outright."

"So we rowed up to within perhaps seventy-five yards—the bear grunting and growling at us the while—and then the boatswain brought round broadside to, and every man took up his gun, got ready to fire at the word. Salvo! and general firing are not good marksman, and I readily calculated that not more than half our balls would hit the bear, even at that short distance, and thought it more than doubtful if either one of the balls, or all combined, would give him a mortal wound. But I was not the commander, and had only to obey orders; and so taking the best aim I could, I fired with the rest, and the instant mortification, and alarm of seeing the savage animal leap from his perch into the water, and make directly towards us, swimming with a swiftness and vigor that showed he was more angered than hurt."

"All was now confusion and dismay even the boldest and coolest getting fearfully excited. We knew how to manage whales, but we had not served an apprenticeship at attacking polar bears, and every man thought of the worst story he had ever heard of the most fabulous power, and ferocity of the bear. If he should reach us what might be the result?"

"Give way, lad! give way! for the love of God, give way! shouted the boatswain."

"It needed no words but his own personal danger to make every man do his best; but a single minute's labour convinced that we could not escape in this manner, for though we were making the little boat over the light waves at its greatest speed, we could see that the bear was gaining on us at every stroke."

"It was now argued that a party should keep at the oars, and all the rest be ready with our axes, knives, pistols, &c., to assail the monster, as soon as he should come within reach. Our guns already discharged were useless, nobody seeming to think it worth while to reload them. It was my lot to be stationed at the stern, armed only with an axe; and as I stood and watched the gradual approach of the bear, coming up nearer and nearer, shaking his head, showing his teeth, and growling savagely between each lay of the oars, I thought 'If his vengeance, and my friends in their feeble home be left to mourn the untimely death of the wanderer. But with all this I felt no disposition to shrink from the danger, and stood there to my duty, and did it! I must, like a man and not a coward. I was unquestionably, but I knew I was calm externally, and I grasped my weapon with a firmness and determination that I flatter did me no little credit. 'You think perhaps that I am making a mountain of a mole hill, but just wait till you are placed in the same situation before a ferocious polar bear, and then decide which takes the most courage, to stand firmly, quietly there, or face a battery of cannon.'"

"On came the bear, blowing, snorting, and growling, his eyes in his anger looking like balls of fire; and as he came up within a few feet I swung my axe for a blow at his skull. But at this moment some of the men behind me commenced firing their pistols at his head, which seemed to disconcert him a little and check his progress. The men at the oars encouraged by this, now pulled with a will, and began to increase the distance between ourselves and the animal, which now seemed undecided whether to continue the pursuit or beat a retreat."

"There is no doubt that if we had kept steadily on, that we might have escaped—as the bear, without being molested would probably have returned to the iceberg; but the very instant he showed hesitation, we all became fixed in a resolve to conquer at all hazards; besides two other boats were now putting off from the ship, and we were not disposed to see another party triumph in our place. We had a harpooner with us, who was anxious to try his skill, and we now gave him a chance. With the precision of a master of art, he harled his weapon through the air and buried it just back of the fore-shoulders of the bear. With a perfect howl of pain and rage, the bear half leaped from the water, and then plunged forward for his revenge, fairly lashing the waters into foam."

"We saw there was no chance of escaping by flight now, and therefore did not attempt

it, but every man seized upon some weapon and prepared himself to fight it out to death. As the furious bear came up near enough for my blow I struck with all my might, aiming for his skull, just as he was in the act of seizing the gunnel with his teeth; but at the moment the boat rocked, my foot slipped, my mark was missed, and I was pitched head foremost into the water, almost into his very clutches. Fortunately for me he was intent upon attacking the men collectively, as not to perceive there was one already in his power; and retaining my presence of mind, and being a good swimmer, I immediately dived passed under the boat, and scrambled in again near the bow."

"The fight mean time had become quite desperate on both sides. The men, being huddled together in a small space, were hawking as much as they could, with all their weapons, to keep the ferocious beast from crushing or upsetting the boat, or lacerating them with his teeth and claws, and the bear on his part being determined upon his revenge at all hazards was making constant efforts to throw himself into the boat, fighting in the teeth of blows from axes and boat-hooks and thrusts from knives and spears. By one bold, rapid movement, he did succeed in getting one foot over the gunnel, when, before he could make use of this advantage, one of them by a well directed blow with his axe choiced it clean off. Even this seemed rather to madden than laze the brute, and he continued his assaults with more fury than ever."

"At length, when covered with blood and wounds, his efforts began to slacken, as if growing too weak to maintain the unequal contest, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last the victory was ours—just at this moment, by what impulse or power I never could conceive, the dying monster, with a hoarse, wild roar, that rings in my ears yet, suddenly leaped half out of the water, and came bowing with his fore-quarters upon the stern of the boat, crushing down two of the men, seizing one of the poor fellows in his teeth, and pitching the rest of us into the sea, and some of us into his very clutches."

"Merciful God! what shouts and screams, and what a scene of wild confusion as each man sought to save himself, regardless of every other, and oh! what a wild, deplorable, appalling shriek came from the poor fellow whose very bones were now being crushed in the jaws of the monster! No human power could save him, and no one changed his course to offer human aid. No one knew whose turn it might be next, and every man struck off for the approaching boats to save himself."

"But the bear did not follow us. As satisfied with his revenge, he remained almost stationary, growling over and crunching his victim, till the two boats picking up the rest of us on the way, drew up near him and poured in a volley which almost killed him and ended the bloody contest."

"Then we collected the mangled remains of our poor comrade for decent burial, and toged the slaughtered monster to the vessel every man solemnly vowing he would never be caught in another foolhardy attack upon the animal head of the polar regions."

## FROM THE STATES.

Boston, Oct. 21.

Richmond papers give some particulars of naval fights below New Orleans in which the Union fleet have sunk the flag of war Vincennes, not the French, and having captured a prize schooner laden with coal, loss of life not stated.

At New Orleans guns were being mounted on the Custom House Tower, and all points effectual for the protection of the city.

The report of the steamer Nashville, captured from Charleston is positively contradicted.

Nothing important from the seat of war on the Potomac to-day.

Boston, Oct. 24.

Morning dispatches from Washington state that Leeburg is in possession of the Federal troops.

The 15th and 20th Massachusetts Regiments suffered most at Edward's Ferry. They fought like tigers.

Cassius M. Clay wants to resign his Ministry and go into the army.

Total Federal force which crossed Potomac was 2,389. In the action only R. I. Officers stood by their guns, the men retreating early in the fray.

The slayer of Col. Baker was instantly killed by the Captain of the 1st California Regiment.

A Federal steamer made an ineffectual attempt to pass Rebel batteries on the Potomac yesterday.

The California regiment in action was composed of 686, of this number there were

50 drowned 30 killed, 125 wounded, 300 taken prisoners by the Rebels and 184 are safe.

Campo Boile Fish Fair and Regatta.

The Fish Fair was held at Weir pool on the 17th according to previous notice when there was a very fine display of various kinds of dried and pickled fish with many samples of smoked herrings—it was the largest and best display of fish that has been exhibited by the Society since its first formation—which is an evident proof of the progressive step that is making in the curing of fish in this locality as well as the greater zeal by the fishermen in the prosecution of that most important branch of our industry.

The judges of Fish, Messrs. Caldwell, Flag and William Galley have had a most difficult as well as tedious job in awarding the prizes in several cases, the articles were so good and so nearly alike in every respect, notwithstanding they have given general satisfaction in their award of prizes, the following is a list:

Smoked Herrings—1st John Lank—2d Wm. Lank—3d Isaac Witteball—4th Albert Witteball—5th Wm. Batson—6th Price Flag—7th Arthur Batson—8th Walter Lank—9th Wm. Flag—10th Wallace Calder—11th Edward Lank—12th Malachi Parker.

Magdelone Smoked Herrings—1st John Calder—2d Walter Calder—3d Wm. Calder—4th John Calder—5th Alex. Calder—6th James Calder—7th Thos. Stimpson—8th Eric Judson Simpson—9th Wm. Batson—10th Malachi Parker—11th Edward Parker—12th Anderson Parker—13th James Parker.

Finest Haddock—1st John Calder—2d John Calder—3d Wm. Calder—4th Wm. Batson—5th Alex. Calder—6th Charles Calder—7th John Calder—8th James Calder—9th John Porter—10th Nath. Phinney—11th Walter Lank—12th Thos. Mathews—13th George Young—14th Wm. Batson—15th Hiram Henderson—16th Wm. Leakes.

Dried Hake—1st Alex. Calder—2d Wm. Calder—3d James Savage—4th Walter Calder—5th Daniel Mitchell—6th Nathaniel Phinney—7th John Calder—8th Isaac Thurber.

Quadruple Herring—1st James Parker—2d Hiram Henderson—3d Andrew Parker—4th Ezra Mitchell—5th David Henderson—6th Nathaniel Phinney—7th George Young—8th Nelson Mathews—9th James Savage—10th John Calder jr.

Mackerel—1st Peter Malloch—2d Walter Lank—3d Charles Calder—4th James Calder—5th Elias Thurber—6th Robinson Mitchell—7th Wm. Batson—8th Isaac Thurber.

Pickled Codfish—1st John Porter—2d David Henderson—3d Alex. Calder—4th K. Phinney—5th Nelson Mathews—6th Thos. Mathews—7th Wm. Batson—8th Elias Thurber—9th Wm. Calder.

Pickled Haddock—1st Nelson Mathews—2d John Phinney—3d John Porter—4th Wm. Calder—5th Daniel Mitchell—6th Wm. Batson—7th James Savage—8th Walter Calder—9th Thomas Mathews.

Rippling Herrings—1st to George Young—2d Ezra Mitchell—3d William Calder—4th Stephen Phinney.

Boat Race—5 Classes of Boats—1st class, 21 feet keel, three started: 1st Thos. Stimpson's Admiral Owen—2d Joseph Swin's Queen. 2 Class Boats nine started: 1st D. H. Morgan's Dread—2d Hebbard Grapeshot—4th Price Flag—5th Arthur Batson's Arctic—6th Thos. Mathews's Jenny. 3d Class Wm. Batson's Can't come it—2d Alex. Calder Storm King—3d William Seales Laura—4th Ezra Mitchell's Agnes—5th Walter Calder's Lucy—6th Robinson Mitchell's Try me—4th Class 1st Nelson Mathews Gipsy—2d John Porter—3d Elias Thurber Lank—4th Stephen Mitchell's Fidelity—6th George Young's Growler—6th John Gregg's Romp—5th Class Walter Lank's Perry Davis—2d James Savage's Marquash.

B. LARGE CANOE.—The largest cargo of grain ever shipped from New York, was taken by the Ship Ocean Monarch, which cleared for Liverpool on the 10th inst., with 112,234 bushels, including 80,150 bushels wheat, and 31,784 bushels corn.

SWIMMING.—At a swimming race at the Lambeth Baths, London, on the 18th Sep., the papers report that Miss Lizzie Beckwith, aged 7; Master F. Beckwith, aged 5; and a younger brother, aged three, went through some surprising feats of rotation in the water.

French Designs on Canada.

Mr. Hoebuck may be right after all. Louis Napoleon may pounce upon England with his iron-clad frigates. The London Press says:

"Last week was revealed to the English public the tenor of a secret agreement concluded between the Emperor of the French and the King of Sweden. One of the objects contemplated by the Emperor Napoleon in that arrangement is, in the event of a rupture with England, to obtain the co-operation of the fleets and excellent seamen of the Scandinavian powers. We are informed that an analogous motive inspires the mission of Prince Napoleon to the United States, where he endeavors to create suspicion and jealousy towards this country. Nor is the French population of Lower Canada forgotten in his mission. Despite the contradiction of the French press, we can affirm that the recent visit of French Canadians to Paris has not been devoid of a political motive."

To strengthen the opinion of the Press, it has been noticed by the Canada papers, that Louis Napoleon visited Lower Canada, where the French race are, and not the upper, and that he visited Newfoundland, and not New Brunswick.

The Pictou Record recommends Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, as well as New Brunswick students in connection with the Church of Scotland, to graduate at the University of New Brunswick. We have no doubt that if such students act on the recommendation, they will find that in Languages and Science, at least, the latter illustrated by the finest apparatus in the Lower Provinces, the course is not easily surpassed. Colonial Press.

A BARRACK FIRE.—At the recent meeting of the Herts. Agricultural Society, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, said in his speech:—"Had I remained in office, I venture to think that long before this, our line of British Settlement would have sprung up to connect the Pacific with the Atlantic."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—It is with extreme regret we learn, by a telegram received by Dr. Wadell, from the Hon. Mr. Archibald Attorney General of Nova Scotia, dated Toronto, N. S., that his only son, a very promising youth in his 15th year, was accidentally killed by a discharge from his gun last Saturday. Another moment of the uncertainty of human life.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.—The Washington Correspondent of N. Y. "World" says it is now conceded that the first great battle in the advance will probably take place at Centerville. The rebel army is massed between that point and Bull Run in force. From the cautious manner of McClellan's advance they see that it will not do to give up Centerville lightly without a struggle, as they may be forced to shift the batteries on the old battle ground. From the present rate of advance it may be a week before Gen. McClellan reaches that point. There may however be a dash in another direction as a diversion, but it now looks as though there will be a series of battles at Centerville, Bull Run and Manassas.

GOSPEL.—It is said that the Duke of Newcastle is engaged to Lady Cecilia Molynex, daughter of Lord Sefton; the Duke is over 50, and Lady Cecilia is 22, whose blood is as good as the Queen's.

ENGLISH OFFERS FOR THE LOAN.—The New York "Post" states that London capitalists have offered to the Secretary of the Treasury to take a hundred million of the loan of the United States, at 64 per cent.

The Boston "Post" says when the Railroad between Halifax and Quebec is completed, John Bull may snap his fingers at Brother Jonathan.

The Bangor "Times" says a letter was received in that city on the 17th, dated Barbadoes, September 27, which says the privateer Sumter was captured to the leeward by the U. S. steam-frigate Potomac.

Work on the fortifications at St. Louis have not been suspended, as has been reported, and no order for their suspension has been issued. How confoundedly something.

There can be no question that the London Times, by its frequent intimations that Great Britain cares nothing about Canada, and is willing to give her up at any moment, is doing serious injury to the interests, both of the colony and the mother country.—Toronto Globe.

The Diphtheria is raging very fearfully in Hopewell and other parts of Albert County.