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Poetry.

DEAR AULD SCOTLAND.

BY WILLIAM MURDOCK, OF ST. JOHN.

O tell me this is my name,
Lac'er can think it say;
O tell na me this land's my name,
It fills my breast wi' wae;
For tho' I've been an exile lang
Fra frien's an' native shore,
The dreams o' youth still bind my heart
To dear auld Scotland more.

Her dancing rills, an' foaming fannins,
Her thistle waving free,
Her blue-bells deck'd in summer's pride,
Her sang birds a' in glee,
The storms that revel 'mang her hills,
Where mountain torrents roar,
A' bind my soul wi' magic chains
To dear auld Scotland more.

Mine is the land o' daring deeds,
O' valor, truth, an' love,
Mine is the land where freedom holds
Its patent free above;
Our fathers fought it wi' their lives,
An' seal'd it wi' their gore,
An' dying charged their later sons
To love auld Scotland more.

Aye mine's the land where Wallace fought,
In many a bloody fell;
O could I pour my sin heart's blood
For dear auld Scotland's weel;
Wi' joy I've trod in large years
Her wild enchanting shore,
An' noo when bending o'er the grave
I love her more an' more.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

Father will be done the great chimney
to night, won't he mother said little Tom
Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's
breakfast, which he had to him at his
work every morning.

"He said he hoped the scaffolding would
be down to night," answered his mother,
and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like
the cutting of these great chimneys; it's so
risky! thy father's to be the last up. "Eh
then, but I'll go and see him and help him
give a shout before he comes down," said
Tom. "And then said the mother," if all
goes on right we are to have a frolic to-
morrow, and go into the country and have
our dinner, and spend all day among the
woods. "Hurray!" cried Tom, as he ran
off to his father's place of work, with a can
of milk in one hand and some bread in the
other. His mother stood at the door, watch-
ing him as he went merrily whistling down
the street, and then the thought of the dear
father he was going to, and the dangerous
work he was engaged in, and then her
heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed
to God to protect and bless her treasures.
Tom, with a light heart pursued his way to
his father and leaving him his breakfast,
went to his own work, which was at some
distance. In the evening, on his way home,
he went round to see how his father was
getting on. James Howard, the father, and a
number of other workmen, had been building
one of those lofty chimneys, which in our
great manufacturing towns, almost supply
the place of other architectural beauty? This
chimney was one of the highest and most taper-
ing that had ever been erected; and as Tom,
shading his eyes from the slanting of the
setting sun, looked up to the top in search
of his father his heart almost sank within
at the appalling sight. The scaffolding was
almost all down; the men at the bottom
were removing the beams and the poles.
Tom's father stood alone on the top. He
looked all around to see that everything was
right, and then waving his hat into the air,
the men below answered with a long loud
cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any
one of them. As their voices died away,
however they heard a very different sound
— a cry of alarm and horror from above!

"The rope! The rope!" the men looked
round, and coiled on the ground lay the
rope which before the scaffolding was removed
should have been fastened to the top of the
chimney, for Tom's father to come down by.
The scaffolding had been taken down
without their remembering to take the rope
up.

There was a dead silence. They all knew
that it was impossible to throw the rope up
high enough, or skillfully enough, to reach
the top of the chimney; or if it could, it
would hardly have been safe. They stood
in silent dismay, unable to give any help,
or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father, he walked round and
round the little circle, the dizzy height seem-
ing every moment to grow more fearful, and

the solid earth further and further from
him.

In the sudden panic he lost his presence
of mind and his senses almost failed him. He
shut his eyes he felt as if that next moment
he must be dashed to pieces on the
ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and
as swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at
home. She was always busily employed for
her husband and children, in some way or other;
and to day she had been harder at work
than usual getting ready for the holiday to-
morrow.

She had justified all her preparations, and
her thoughts were silently thanking
God for her happy home, and for all the
blessings of life, when Tom ran in. His
face was as white as ashes, and he could
hardly get his words out: "Mother!
Mother! He canna get down." "Who lad?"
Thy father?" asked his mother. "The've
forgotten to leave him the rope," Tom still
scarcely able to speak. His mother started
up, terror-struck, and stood a moment as
if paralyzed; then pressing her hand to her
forehead as if to shut out the terrible picture
and breathing a prayer to God for help she
rushed out of the house. When she reached
the place where her husband was at work, a
crowd had collected around the foot of the
chimney, and a cool there quite helpless
gazing up with faces full of sorrow. "He
says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed
they as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going
to throw himself down." "These munnas do
that lad!" cried the wife with a clear hope-
ful voice; "These munnas do that. Wait a
bit. Take off thy stocking lad and unweave
it, and let down the thread with a bit of
moss." Dost her me, Jen? "The man
made a ascent, for it seemed as if he could
not speak; and taking of his stocking unweave
the worsted thread with row and row.

The people stood around in breathless anxiety
and suspense, wondering what Tom's
mother would be thinking of and why she
sent him in such haste for the one carpen-
ter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of thread with a bit of
moss, and keep fast hold of the other," cried
she to her husband. The little thread came
waving down the tall chimney, blown hither
and thither by the wind, but at last it reach-
ed the outstretched hands that were waiting
for it. Tom held the ball of string while his
mother tied one end of it to the worsted
thread. "Now pull it up slowly," said she
to her husband, and she gradually unweave
the string as the worsted drew it gently up.
It stopped, the string had reached her hus-
band. "Now hold the string fast and pull
it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy
and hard to pull for Tom and his mother
had fastened the thick rope to it. They
watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling
from the ground as the string was drawn
higher. There was now but one coil left. It
had reached the top. "Thank God! Thank
God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her
face in her hands, in silent prayer, and trem-
blingly rejoiced. The rope was up. The
iron to which it should be fastened was
there all right; but would her husband be
able to make use of them? would not the
error of the past hour have so unnerved him
as to prevent him from taking the necessary
measures for his safety? She did not know
the magic influence which her few words had
exercised over him. She did not know the
strength that the sound of her voice, so calm
and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the
little thread that carried him the hope of
life once more had conveyed to him some
portion of that faith in God, which nothing
ever destroyed or shook in his true heart.

She did not know that, as he waited there,
the words came over so him. "Why art thou
cast down, Oh my soul? and why art thou
disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."
She lifted up her heart to God for hope and
strength. She could do nothing more for
her husband, and her heart turned to God
and rested on him as a rock. There was a
great shout. "He's safe mother he's safe,"
cried little Tom. "Thous't saved me Mary,"
said her husband folding her in his arms. "But
what ails thee? Thou seemest more
sorry than glad about it!" But Mary could
not speak; and if the strong arm of her
husband had not held her up she would
have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy
after such great fear, had overcome her.

"Tom," said his father, "let thy mother
lean on thy shoulder, and we'll take her
home." And in their happy home they
poured forth thanks to God for his great
goodness; and their happy life together felt
dearer and holier for the peril it had been
in, and for the nearness that the danger had
brought them unto God. And the holiday
the next day—was it not indeed a thank-
sgiving day?—[English Magazine.]

Obituary poetry is generally lack-rhy-
me-ous!

Divorce, in most cases, is only another
word for a man-cipation.

To Improve the Soil.

To improve a soil is as much as to say
that we seek to modify its constitution, its
physical properties, in order to bring them
into harmony with the climate and the na-
ture of the crops that are grown. In a dis-
trict where the soil is too clayey our endeavor
ought to be, to make it acquire to a certain
extent the qualities of light soils. Theory
indicates the means to be followed to effect
such a change; it suffices to introduce sand
into soils that are too stiff, and to mix clay
with those that are too sandy. But these re-
commendations of science which indeed the
common sense of mankind had already pointed
out, are seldom realized in practice, and
only appear feasible to those who are entire-
ly unacquainted with rural economy. The
digging up and transport of the various kinds
of soil according to the necessities of the
case, are very costly operations, and I can
quote a particular instance in illustration
of the fact; my land at Hachelbroun is gen-
erally strong; experiments made in the gar-
den on a small scale showed that an addition
of sand improved it considerably. In the
middle of the farm there is a manufactory
which accumulates such a quantity of sand
that it becomes troublesome; nevertheless
I am satisfied that all things taken into
account, it would be better policy to buy new
lands with the capital which would be re-
quired to improve those I already possess in
the manner which has been indicated. I
should have no difficulty in citing numerous
instances where improvements by mingling
different kinds of soil were ruinous in the
end to those who undertook them.

A piece of sandy soil, for example, pur-
chased at a very low price after having been
suitably improved by means of clay, costs its
proprietor much more than the price of
the best land in the country.

Great caution is therefore necessary in un-
dertaking any improvement of the soil in
this direction—in changing suddenly the
nature of the soil. Improvement ought to
take place gradually and by good hus-
bandry the necessity tendency of which is
to improve the soil. Upon stiff clayey lands
we put dressings and manures which tend
to divide it, to lessen its cohesion, such as
ashes, turf, long manure, &c. But the hus-
bandman has not always suitable materials for
this purpose, and in this case, which is
perhaps the usual one, he must endeavor by
selecting judiciously, crops which shall
agree best with stiff soils, and the same time
meet the demands of his market, to make
the most of his land.

In a word, the true husbandman ought to
know the qualities and defects of the land
which he cultivates, and to be guided in his
operations by these; and in fact it is only
with such knowledge that he can know the
rent he can afford to pay and estimate the
amount of capital which he can reasonably
employ in carrying on the operations of his
farm.

In an agricultural or clayey soil, it would
be absurd to persist in attempting to grow
crops that require an open soil. Clayey
lands generally answer well for meadows,
and autumn ploughing is always highly
advantageous to them by reason of the dis-
integrating effects of the ensuing winter frosts.
—[Boussingault.]

A Man grown by Guano and Electricity.

A citizen of New Haven while travelling
in the State of New York, was induced to
make one of the audience of an itinerant lec-
turer who was holding forth upon the effi-
cacy of electricity as applied to vegetable pro-
ductions.

In the course of his harangue, Guano was
incidentally alluded to as a powerful agent
in quickening the growth of plants, and the
effects of both were displayed in such glow-
ing language that the auditory soon imagin-
ed themselves standing in the midst of a field
of the grain, before it was out of reach. The
whole assembly were in a fine state of en-
thusiasm, and swallowing down the wonders
revealed to them with opened mouths and
staring eyes, when a plain looking old farm-
er arose, and with much apparent diffidence,
begged leave to confirm the lecturer's state-
ments, by the relation of an incident which
he had recently witnessed, and to which he
was a party.

"I have," said he, "a very bad boy, named
Tommy; he has given us a great deal of
trouble, and having tried various methods
to reform him, without success, I told my
wife that it would be best to try something
that was new, and rather more severe. Ac-
cordingly we agreed to shut him up at night
in the barn. This answered very well for a
while, but he grew worse again, till finally I
was obliged to shoot him up in the barn every
night by sundown.

Well, one night while Tommy was roas-
ting with the cattle, and I was in bed, there
came on thunder storm. It lightened sharp
enough to put out a man's eyes, the thunder

so loud that it made the house rattle like a
snare drum. Feeling rather uneasy about
the boy, I got up in the morning, and went
out to see how he fared. As I was going to
the barn, I met a man most eight feet high,
coming toward me. I never see such a tall
critter in all my life before, and I began to
feel sort of scorable at having him about my
premises.

"Hullo," says I, as soon as I could speak,
"who are you, and what are you doing in
my barn yard?"

The strange looking animal answered in a
little squeaking child's voice.

"Why father, it's me; don't you know
Tommy?"

"You, says I, why Tom, how on earth did
you get stretched out so long in one night?
you're grown as tall as out doors, don't you
know it?"

"Why, yes, father, says he, 'I s'pose I
have, for last night I slept on them bags of
Guano you put in the barn, and that and
the lightning together just did the business.'"

The effect of this story on the audience
was indeed electric. Feet upon feet of
laughter followed, the people went off every
way, and the next day the lecturer upon
electricity and guano, was among the miss-
ing. —[N. H. Courier.]

European Intelligence.

Three Days later from Europe.

THE VIGO OFF CAPE RACE.

The steamer City of Baltimore, which
sailed from Liverpool on the 22d ult. broke
her propeller and put back. The Vigo took
her place, and left Cork on the 25th, at 2
p. m. She brings the same dates as the Asia
will.

The ship Stalwart, from New Orleans for
Liverpool, has been burnt at sea. The
crew, passengers, and £6000, saved, and ar-
rived at Queenstown.

THE WAR.

A great battle was anticipated before the
end of June. The Austrians greatly rein-
forced, occupied a strong position. The Em-
peror of Austria reached the head quarters
at Villa Franca on the 20th.

The Allies occupied Brescia and vicinity.
The Emperor and the King were received
there with great enthusiasm.

The latest telegram says that Napoleon
quitted Brescia in order to advance, and that
the Austrians had advanced Lonato, Castelli-
ve, &c, which they had occupied in great
force.

The King of Sardinia had declined the
dictatorship of Bologna, and declared that
he would not consent to the annexation of
any part of the Roman States to Sardinia.

Mantua is declared in a state of seige in
consequence of the forced paper currency in-
troduced.

The attitude of Prussia continued to occa-
sion anxiety. It was rumored that she was
about to make a peace proposition.

There had been a slight disturbance at Vi-
enna, but quiet was restored.

Garibaldi had passed the outposts as far
as the official list of the English Ministry
agrees with previous advices.

It is said that Lord Derby declared at a
meeting of Conservatives that he would take
office no more.

The Paris Bourse was dull and lower.
The Egyptian Ministry has suspended the
Suez Canal operations.

It is reported that Russia is about to mo-
bilize four corps d'armee.

A treaty is reported to have been conclud-
ed between Russia and Turkey. Russia was
obtaining great influence in Constantinople.

The Bombay mail of May 23d has arrived.
The disaffection of the Company's troops
was spreading. The panic in the money
market had slightly subsided. Imports
dull, exports active.

VIENNA, June 23d.—The Austrian Gov-
ernment has formerly declared that the
cruelties attributed to Gen. D'Urban in Count
Cavour's message to be entirely devoid of
foundation.

A sanguinary collision has taken place in
Perugia between the soldiers of the Pope
and the inhabitants.

The King of the Belgians and the Count
of Flanders had arrived at Buckingham
Palace on a visit to the Queen.

An alarming and destructive fire occurred
at Cork on Thursday night. Loss not stat-
ed.

LATER STILL.

The Adelaide at Newfoundland.

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE!

Victory claimed by the French.

St. John N. E., July 3.
The steamship Adelaide left Galway on

the 25th ult., and arrived here this evening.

THE WAR.—The attitude of the belliger-
ent armies is unchanged. The main body
of the Austrians were on the left bank of
the Mincio. The Emperor of Austria had
removed his headquarters to Valloido. It
was believed that he had 280,000 troops on
the Mincio. The entire French force had
passed the Montebello, and pushed a recon-
naissance as far as Goito. The Piedmontese
advanced as far as Peschiera. Napoleon has
joined his camp. Prince Napoleon was on
the borders of Modena.

Swiss troops sent from Rome to Perugia
to suppress a rising; have had desperate en-
counters with the people, shooting them
down indiscriminately.

Prussia is making warlike demonstrations,
preparatory to offering her mediation. She
had demanded permission to march 31,000
troops through Hanover to the Rhine. It is
believed that the basis of peace negotiations
to be proposed by Prussia will not be ac-
ceptable to France, thereby involving Prus-
sia in war. Reported treaty with Austria is
denied. Reported Russian union states ag-
ainst Hungarian legion, and Prussia threat-
ens to assist in suppressing Hungarian in-
surrection.

BRITAIN.—Parliament proceedings sus-
pended until members of the new adminis-
tration are re-elected. It is rumored that
the new Ministry will curtail naval expendi-
ture.

Paris Bourse 23rd depressed, closed 61 65.

VERY LATEST!

A Great Battle Fought!

PARIS, Saturday.—The Emperor tele-
graphs the following to the Empress:

CASIMIR, Friday evening.

Great battle. Great victory. The whole
Austrian army formed in the line of battle
extending five leagues in length. We have
taken all their positions, captured many can-
nons, flags, and prisoners. The battle last-
ed from four o'clock in the morning till eight
in the evening.

MARKETS.

Cotton of inferior qualities have declin-
ed 1/4. Market generally unchanged.—Man-
chester advices favorable. Breadstuffs steady
—provisions declining tendency. Consols
92 1/2 to 92 3/4 for account ex dividend. Flour
very dull—holders offer freely but show no
disposition to press sales.

Latest London, noon.—Consols 92 1/2 to
92 3/4. Bullion in bank increasing.

The Adelaide brings over 500 passengers,
and leaves here at daylight to-morrow morn-
ing for New York.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

"How old are ye?" said Major Kiplins, to
a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you arn't right down ashamed of
being no bigger; you look like a boy of
ten."

All comes of being a dutiful child.

How so?

When I was ten, father put his hand on
my head and said, "stop here," and he then
run away. I've never seen him since; and
didn't think to go on growing without his
leave?

What disease do resperps often get on a hot
day? A dropsical affection.

At a dinner in Springfield, Mass., a lady
sent the following volunteer toast:—"Spruce
old bachelors—the evergreens of society."

Dr. Young says, that man and wife are like
soul and body—always at variance, yet loath
to part.

An Irish lover has remarked that it is a
great pleasure to be alone, especially when
you have your sweetheart with you.

At a hotel table one day, one boarder re-
marked to his neighbour:

"This must be a very healthy place for
chickens."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because I never see any dead ones
about."

The era of puppy-love and dote-age are
considerably alike.

"How many genders are there?" asked
a schoolmaster.

Three, sir, promptly replied little blue eyes
—masculine, feminine, and neuter."

Pray, give me an example of each, said the
master.

Why you are masculine, because you
are a man; and I am feminine, because I am
a girl.

Very well; proceed.

I don't know, said the little girl, but I
reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old
bachelor.

There is no medicine against death.

A gilder who was wasting gold-leaf and
building on a miserable dabb, soothed his
conscience by the thought that he was only
"framing an apology." — New York Evening