

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. carissimum est optimum. - Cic.

[12s. 6d. PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE]

No 2.]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1858.

[Vol. 25]

THE BRITISH AND THE AMERICAN NAVY COMPARED.—An American writer, urging some additions to the United States Navy says:—“Many years ago our frigates and our liners were the largest in the world, but it is not so now. The English 131 are very much larger and superior to our Pennsylvania, a three decker; so are the 121's. Amongst the two deckers (191 gun ships) are fifty finer vessels than the Victoria, Donagel and others—all these ships are ‘sloops,’ in addition to being sailing ships. England has fifty-two line of battle ships; we have none. She has twenty-eight screw frigates, double backed; we have seven. She has sixteen splendid screw corvettes; we have none. She has twelve large screw sloops, and many more smaller ones; we have none. She has many screw steamers; we have three. She has eighty-nine paddle frigates and sloops and gun vessels; we have seven. Her navy list contains 875 vessels—639 are effective, 429 of them are steam men of war; a very large majority of which are screws, and now, or nearly so. Our navy numbers twenty-three of all sorts and sizes. Do not our schooners, brigs, tenders, store ships, the steamer John Hancock, and we have sixty left. None of the line of battle ships are serviceable unless I, except the Vermont, and she could not be ready for sea as a sailing ship, even under four weeks. The remaining fifty vessels are generally of the following description:—small vessels, and only eighteen of them are steamers. Our whole steam navy would not make a decent channel fleet; no, not tenders for the same.

An Encounter with a Lion, and its consequences.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint, and leave the country. So the next time the herd were attacked, I went with the people in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lion on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, until they were within a few paces of the animal. Being down below on the plain with a native school master, named Melalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the house close to Melalwe. Melalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck on the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or a stone thrown at him; then he sprang, broke the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two lions in it; but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the lion, and they would then be burnt through also. If the lion had acted according to the custom of this country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our feet towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, ‘He is shot, he is shot!’ Others cried, ‘He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!’ I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion’s tail erect in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, ‘Stop a little till I load again.’ When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a dizziness in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock and fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast.—This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and it is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head. I saw his eyes directed to Melalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of fifteen yards. His gun a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Melalwe, bit his thigh. Another lion, whose life I had saved

before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Melalwe. He left Melalwe and caught the lion by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullet he received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatha on the following day made a large bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crushing the bones into splinters he left 11 teeth wounds in the upper part of my arm. The lion’s first place of settlement was at a place called Chomane, under the protection of a tribe of Africans denominated Bakathas, who had for their chief an intelligent and well-disposed chieftain, named Schile. During the period of the missionary’s sojourn at this spot, the country was visited by one of those droughts so common in Africa, and so calamitous in their results. The first year no rain fell, and in the second the parched earth still remained unrefreshed by a single shower. The poor Africans in vain invoked the skill of the rain-makers, notwithstanding the missionary’s rebukes. Schile himself being a noted rain-doctor. The third season came round, and still again no rain. This terrible drought was, indeed, very hard to bear, as some of the best crops recorded by the Indians were fully ploughed.

AN AFRICAN DROUGHT. In the third year the drought followed. Indeed, not two inches of water fell during these two years, and the following ran dry; so many fish were killed that the hyenas from the whole country round collected to the feast, and were unable to finish the putrid masses. A large old alligator, which had never been known to commit any depredations, was found left high and dry in the mud among the victims. The third year was equally unpropitious, the fall of rain being insufficient to bring the grain to maturity. Nothing could be more trying. We dug down in the bed of the river, deeper and deeper as the water receded, striving to get a little to keep the fruit trees alive for better fruit, but in vain. Needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; and a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, used in a galvanic battery, passed with all its water to the air, instead of imbibing more from it, as it would have done in England. The leaves of the fig trees were all dropping, and the same as they are at night. In the midst of this dreary drought, it was wonderful to see these creatures, the ants, running about with their accustomed vivacity. I put the bulb of a thermometer three inches under the soil in the sun at midday, and found the mercury stand at 132 deg. to 134 deg.; and if certain kinds of beetles were placed on the surface, they ran about a few seconds and expired. But this broiling heat only augmented the activity of the long-legged black ants, they never tire; their organs of motion seem endowed with the same power as is described by physiologists to the muscles of the human heart, by which that part of the frame never becomes fatigued, and which may be imparted to all our bodily organs, in that higher sphere to which we fondly hope to rise.—From Travels and Researches in South Africa, by Dr. Livingstone.

The Slogan of the Highlanders.

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Banneroi, a French physician, in the service of Messur Rajah, and published in ‘Le Pays’ (Paris paper) under date of Calcutta, Oct. 8.—“I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party.—“On every side death stared us in the face; no human kill could avert it any longer. We saw the mountain approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims of Cawpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in 24 hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially with cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband’s regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of reckless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day when the recollections of home seemed so painfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped in a blanket. I sat beside her, endeavouring to awaken her, when, as she said, ‘her father should re-

turn from the ploughing.’ She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, ‘Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ah, I’m no dreamin’ it’s the slogan of the Highlanders!’ We roared, we roared! Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour.

I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of Artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, ‘Courage! courage! hark to the slogan,—to the Macgregor or the grandest of them!’ Here’s help at last! To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of disappointment, and the wailing of the women who looked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line.—‘Will ye no believe it no?’

The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbell’s are consoled, I’ve heard it! At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pitch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That thrill penetrating the ceaseless guard, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of ‘God save the Queen,’ they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears. ‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot,’ &c.—After that nothing else made an impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers’ banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of ‘Auld lang syne.’

The War-cry.

Narrow Escape of Sir Colin Campbell.

BENARES, Oct. 31.—The Commander-in-Chief has come and gone. He arrived today at nine o’clock, and put up at Colonel Gordon’s, where he breakfasted and saw some officers, whence he paid a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor. He started for Allahabad at one p.m. On this side of Sherghatty the Commander-in-Chief’s party came across, most unexpectedly, a detachment of the fugitive and mutinous 32nd, and were very nearly caught by them. Had the fugitives been five hundred yards farther on the road, the whole party would have been cut off to a man, for they were proceeding without an escort of any kind. The gallant Sir Colin was seen travelling like gentlemen on elephants, of which fourteen were counted, and were also escorted by twenty-five Sowars, who hovered some time about the carriages. As soon as this cavalry was perceived, the carriages turned back, and retraced their steps for ten miles till they came up with a bullock train party. This accounts for the delay in the Commander-in-Chief’s arrival, who otherwise would have been here yesterday. You may imagine how excited people became here, when coupled with the non-arrival of Sir Colin, it became known in the afternoon that the electric communication was interrupted between this and Sherghatty; but little did the good folks think how near their suspicions were to realization, for it is not to be denied that, to use a common phrase, the Commander-in-Chief was as nearly ‘snatched’ as a possible from his staff with him. Now, why were elephants allowed to be used for the

use of these miserable traitors and murderers, called Sowars, when brave British soldiers had wanted them to carry their baggage and tents to the north-west? Sir Colin looked uncommonly fresh and well, and intended to be at Cawpore the day after tomorrow.

THE GARDEN. Ask—How often have we heard people sigh for days gone by, thus saying, ‘I wish I were a flower!’ As the penitential of worldly perfection! Thus many say that George the Third’s was the true, orthodox, golden age; and any departure from its standard is, so far, a deterioration from the paths of peace and righteousness.

“Oh, the times when I was young!”

perpetually ejaculate they. To hear them talk, one would fancy that, in the latter half of last century, nobody knew what work or want, hunger or thirst, injustice or unhappiness was. Where all this is mere twaddle, and if it could be confined to the speakers, the harm would be small; but unhappily there are many tolerably intelligent people, both young and middle-aged, who listen gravely to all such diabolic effusions, and believe them wholly, or partially. One main reason of this is the ignorance which prevails concerning what was the actual social condition of people in the earlier part of the boasted reign of George the Third.—Now, the ‘Home News’ of any old volume of a magazine of that period, would do more to give a veritable notion of the real state of the people then, and would be more believed, than a thousand elaborate essays written to-day.

Then, people would see what took place in those ‘happy’ good old times. In 1755, public streets were sanctioned and protected by law. How many did they ruin? how many did they madden? how many did they destroy, body and soul? In 1775, insolvent tradesmen and dissipated apprentices took to the highway with pistol and rap, a la Macbeth, and there was not a road or heath near London which did not swarm with them, as the best contemporary evidence proves. On Feb. 15th, 1755, a man was hanged for robbing a farmer’s boy of sixpence, and two other men suffered with him for robbing one Peter Brown of six shillings! In 1775, printed free expressions of opinion, however true, were burnt by the common hangman, and their authors and publishers were fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and sometimes whipped at the cart’s tail into the bargain! In 1775, the most disgusting and universal corruption, licentiousness, and drunkenness prevailed among even the best educated classes. Well may we, knowing these things, rejoice in the progress we have made and are making.

OLD SPANISH TRADITION.—According to the old Spanish tradition, Columbus’s discovery of America is mainly due to a hard-fought game of chess. Ferdinand of Spain passed the latter hours of the day over the chess-board; his principal antagonist being an old grandee, whose skill put the monarch’s powers to a severe test. Columbus had long been dancing attendance at the court, in pursuit of the one aim of his life—the grant of an expedition in search of a new World—and although he had hitherto failed in his aim, yet he had enlisted the sympathies and support of the good Isabella. Ferdinand was one of those matter-of-fact men who object to furthering the schemes of enthusiasts, and withheld his consent to a New World expedition being formed. Poor Columbus would long before have sought assistance elsewhere, but Isabella prevented him, and redoubled her efforts with her husband. The day arrived when the great navigator was to receive his final answer; he wended his way toward the palace at nightfall, more with the intention of bidding adieu to his royal patroness, than from any hope of success with Ferdinand. Isabella had not, however, resigned herself and Columbus to defeat; and on the latter’s arriving, she immediately sought the king who, being absorbed in a hard-fought game with the afore-mentioned old noble, was not in a likely mood to be bothered by the application of an importunate sailor. The queen’s interruption had the effect of merely distracting the monarch’s attention, causing him to lose his principal piece, which was followed by a volley of imprecations on suitors in general, and Columbus in particular. The game grew worse and worse, and defeat seemed imminent. Now Isabella, without ever playing, had picked up considerable knowledge of the game by watching her husband and the nobles; and when Ferdinand told her that her presence should be successful or otherwise, according as the game resulted, she immediately bent all her energies upon the board. The contest had been unusually long, and the courtiers clustered round the table, amused at the excitement of the king, and the hope

satisfaction of his antagonist. And so the game went on, which was to decide the discovery of a New World, until Isabella leaned toward her husband’s ear and whispered, ‘You can check mate him in four moves.’ In the utmost astonishment the king re-examined his game, found that his wife’s assertion was correct, and announced a few minutes subsequently that Columbus would depart on his voyage of discovery with the title of ‘Admiral of Fleets.’

CHANGE on the G. T. R. RAILWAY.

S. P. Bidder, Esq., has given notice to his superordinates on the Grand Trunk Railway, of his resignation of the office of General Manager of that line, which takes place on the 31st of Dec., or at the end of the present year. Mr. Bidder took charge of the road in 1852, at the time of the amalgamation of the several existing lines into one, including that from Portland to Montreal.—A brother of Geo. P. Bidder, Esq., the celebrated engineer and mathematician, brought to the discharge of the duties of his office a peculiar acquaintance with engineering and the working of railways in England, with an energy of purpose and a power of will, that has enabled him to bring all parts of this vast line into system and order. He retired at his urgent request, chiefly with a view to recruit himself after four years and more of incessant labor. He will remain for the present in the Board as one of the Directors of the Company, though he proposes to return to England to reside.

The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada already the longest and greatest line of railway in the world, extends from Portland to Lake Huron, with a branch to Quebec, including 619 miles. With proposed lines to be further extended, it will embrace over 1009 miles under one management,—started in 1852, at a time when the abundance of money gave birth to vast undertakings, before unheard of.

Mr. Bidder’s position was the most trying one of all those engaged on it, for he had to deal with ‘the traffic receipts,’ the falling off of which has been a source of much annoyance to the Company. That he has devoted to it the best of his strength, his energy, and his business experience, all connected with the Company cheerfully bear witness, and he leaves it with the good wishes of all.—[State of Maine.]

THE KING OF DELHI’S LIFE, it seems, must be spared. In the House of Commons on the 11th ult., the President of the Board of Control said, in the first instance it appeared that the King of Delhi should be brought to trial, and if it were proved that he surrendered on the faith of whoever arrested him that his life should be spared, that he should be taken to Allahabad in order to be sent out of the country. Since then, a letter has been received from Mr. Sandhu, who was appointed Commissioner of Delhi, in which he states that Captain Holbein did promise to the King of Delhi his life, and that under no other circumstances could they have seized him. In consequence of that offer being made by an officer in her Majesty’s service, it is of course utterly impossible that we should depart from it.

How many fathers there are who always comfort themselves with saying, ‘I shall die poor, but let my sons make their way in the world as I have done!’ To which some complaisant neighbor replies, ‘And I am sure, sir, they cannot do better!’ Parents, however, should reflect, that their sons have not only the same difficulties to encounter which they have had, but the additional disadvantage of having been brought up in habits of luxury and idleness, to which the parents themselves, in their youth, were strangers.

A FACT.—The ready wit of a true Irishman, however humble his station, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took the parasol from the hands of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his head of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its billowy gyrations, and presented it to the loser with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. ‘Faith ma’am,’ said he, ‘if you were as strong as you are handsome, it would not have got away from you.’ ‘Which shall I thank you for, the service or the compliment?’ said the lady, smiling. ‘Troth ma’am,’ said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once his beaver, ‘that look of your beautiful eye thanked for both!’

It was the saying of Sir Robert Peel, ‘I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked 7 days in a week.’