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Poetry.

GOOD COMPANY.

At evening in the winter-time
I like to nestle near the fire,
At leisure polishing a rhyme,
Or dozing to my heart's desire.
Then let the weather blow or freeze,
The torrent stream along the street;
I little care when well or ease
Within my snug and safe retreat.

Should rhyme and reverie grow flat,
I take a volume off the shelf,
And enter on a cosy chat
Between its author and myself.
Should he appear a gloomy guest,
I straight invite a dozen more,
My library is quite a nest
Of modern and of ancient lore.

I call my Shelly or my Pope,
My Burns, my Dryden, or my Keats,
Or, if I need a higher scope,
My Milton here my Dante meets.
For prose I summon Dicky Steele,
Mild Addison or burly Sam,
Or, coming later down, appeal
To Hazlitt, Hunt, or Charles Lamb.

In Space's and in Time's despite
They hail from every land and age;
With some I talk for half a night,
With some for only half a page.
They'll all be clever, frankly, though,
In brains I bear away the bell;
For they have told me all they know,
And all I know I never tell.

The Indian Mother.

BY GEORGE BURGESS.

The snow lay deep in the woods and on the inland streams, rendering the hunters' occupation doubly arduous. Daily rambles in search of food the indefatigable Nimrod; returning however, at night with scarce sufficient for the single meal per day to which all were now reduced. Of this Wasequo and her son received invariably the least and worst portion; but as harsher grew their treatment of herself and boy, the more tenderly did the unhappy mother press to her breast her only child. His cheeks had now lost the bloom of health, appearing wan and thin. Seated on the brush of the camp with listless aspect and subdued mien, the poor fatherless boy looked certainly a fit object of compassion. The orphan, however, night as soon expect pity from the starving tiger or enraged elephant trampling his victim, as from Etap or his sons, who so far forgot the dignity of manhood as to tease and abuse on every possible occasion, a woman and child almost in the last stages of exhaustion. Escaping from the torments of herself and child, the troubled mother would fly away to the thick, silent woods, where, making a fire, she would solace herself recounting to her boy the hunting exploits of his dead father. How on the Shalootaw lake, when autumn had changed to yellow the forest leaves, he followed, for hours, in his swift canoe, the beautifully speckled, cunning coon until that mighty diver had been killed; or, when, after being absent all day, he would return at evening-time, loaded with ducks and beavers that he had shot on the beautiful, placid lakes among the woods. But greatest of all 'twould be, when after days of absence, he returned to their camp, proud and elated, handing to his wife the claw of a bear, joyful sign that a monarch of the woods was slain. Then would follow an account of how, whilst visiting his rabbit snares, he had fallen upon the fresh track of the thievish lynx; that throwing down in the snow his load of dead rabbits he had chased over hill and plain, until by speed of foot he overtook the snare robber and struck him dead with his axe. Numerous were her stories also of the beautifully furred martins, minks and otters he had trapped; telling him, too, of times when the valuable silver-gray or black fox had been brought to their lodge; and, last but not least, that frequently on their hunting grounds in the Cabistachewin country, fery deer in one winter had fallen before his unerring aim. With such reminiscences did the poor mother recall past and happier days, endeavoring by them to while away the miserable hours of life. How soon, alas! they were destined to follow the departed hunter, let the gentle reader learn from this true tale. Reluctantly rising from her brushy seat, she would tell her son, "Ho! my little man, we must return to the camp, where again they are certain to abuse us; but never mind, if it's the will of the great spirit, we shall see the spring as well as they." Entering amid the evil looks and spiteful words of her near relations—among

whom was her own father—she would hasten to their part of the camp, where, covering themselves with a tattered blanket, they soon forgot in heaven-sent sleep, the miseries of existence. Far on into that beautiful moonlight night, old Etap (her father) beat his deerskin covered drum and sang his conjuring songs, hoping thereby to propitiate the spirit whose peculiar province it is to give into or withhold from the Indian, the reindeer. Next morning with throat parched, bloodshot eyes, and swollen lips, he communicated to his daughter, to an invalid son, called James, with his wife Numbay and their three children, that they must all leave the camp instantly and endeavor to reach the Hudson Bay post of Mistassiny. Meanwhile, looking more like a demon than a human creature, "Ha!" he continued, "tis your fault we are now starving; last winter you allowed the dogs to gnaw the deer bones, consequently the deer god is angry and withhold his food therefore. Evil livers that you are, leave my lodge, and may the bad spirit burn your bodies." Knowing full well the improbability of their ever reaching the Company's post, in tears the poor expatriated heard the inhuman order. But as there was no alternative, it behove them to depart, rather than remain to be murdered. So telling her son, "Go, my child, and bid your grandfather good-bye, for you will never see him again in this world," Wasequo left the tent, followed by her companions. Here were those unfortunates without an atom of food among them, and in their famished condition compelled to proceed on a journey which it would take a man in robust health four days to perform. Truly indeed said the poet, that

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Before we accompany them on their harrowing walk, we shall first mention how fared the rest of the inmates of that camp. No sooner were the miseries out of sight than Etap ordered the tent to be struck. Lashing their property and camp equipage on the sleighs, the party proceeded eastward. At the Kabaskoka Swamp they fell in with a herd of 20 deer, every one of which they killed. So that ere night they had glutted their fierce appetites by drinking blood and eating flesh still reeking warm from the animals. Although their starving relations were within 15 miles, yet none attempted to reach or succor them. The first day Wasequo and party went about 12 miles, camping among small birch and poplar trees, where several rabbit-tracks were perceived. After cutting down some brush for the children to sit on, and making a small fire for them, James, Wasequo and Numbay then proceeded to set rabbit snares. Early next morning the snares were visited; two rabbits, however, only were found in them. These with the liquor or broth were equally divided among all. Our readers will have an idea of the insufficiency of this meal when we state that an Indian child can very readily dispose of two rabbits at one meal, without at all considering that he has eaten too much. Let them judge, then, how unsatisfied these seven starving people must have felt. Their next camp was among burnt woods, where white partridge tracks were seen, but the Indian on following them up, soon reached the spot from whence the birds had flown away. Supperless, then, they went to bed. About noon of the next day, Numbay's oldest son, a lad of fourteen, dropped down on the ice from exhaustion. He was left to his fate, none showing less concern than his mother. The next morning when preparing to start, Wasequo found her son unable to walk. Finding that her own weakened condition prevented her from carrying or hauling the boy, she determined, rather than abandon her child, to remain and die with him. Her brother and the heartless Numbay did their utmost to dissuade her from such a step, urging her by all means to save her own life, but her invariable answer was, "If love my son too much; I cannot leave him." Then turning she would fondly kiss the wasted little face, that in health had been so pretty. In the autumn, the Indians found the bones of the mother and child mingled together. Let us hope that an all merciful God has permitted them to gain that haven where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Little now remains to be told. That same evening James found fresh signs of a porcupine. Eagerly looking around, it was not long ere he saw the animal and killed him. This carefully doled out lasted them three days, when, unable to proceed further Numbay gave out. Here with her children she was left by James, who reached the company's post, but in a fearful state of exhaustion. After partaking of food he was enabled to mention where he left his wife and children, from whence they were hauled to the establishment by some of the Company's employes.

CAPT. THOS. G. ANDERSON.

Thos. G. Anderson, son of Capt. Samuel Anderson, was born at Sorel in Lower Canada, on the 12th November, 1779. In 1783 at the reduction of what was then called the Continental Army, his father was placed on captain's half pay. In 1784 the family removed to Cornwall, U. C., where the father received a grant of 1,200 acres of land. In 1794 Thomas was apprenticed for five years to the late Thomas Markland, merchant, of Kingston. At the close of his apprenticeship Mr. McKenzie, half-brother of Mr. Markland, induced him to go to the Indian country with him, and in March, 1800, he went to Montreal to join Mr. McKenzie. They then proceeded to Mackinaw by the Ottawa and French rivers in a head-village bark canoe manned by eight men. After going up seventeen portages they reached Lake Nipissing, and after going down seventeen more to the north shore of Lake Huron, they reached Mackinaw about the middle of May, where Thomas remained trading with the Indians for nearly a year. He then went to the Iowa river to trade for Jacob Franks; the next year he went to Rock river, and the next to Milwaukee, where he remained three years. During this time he went on horseback to Chicago to pay his respects to Capt. Whistler of the American Army, commanding the first troops stationed there, and was invited to dine with him. While the company were waiting dinner a band of wild Indians, painted and equipped for war, came into the room, and the chief going round the table took the bread which had been placed beside each plate and gave it to his men. The ladies and gentlemen left the room, with the exception of Capt. Whistler and Capt. Anderson; the latter with presence of mind asked the intruders why they had come ready for war, when their Great Father had sent this army to protect them from their enemies? The Indians at once turned and left the place peaceably, whereto had not Capt. Anderson been present and acted as he did the Indians would, in all probability, have declared war and murdered the whole company. British subjects had been greatly respected by the Indians since the year 1763, and as Capt. Anderson was known to be one, his advice was immediately accepted by the Red men.

The day after this occurred he returned to Milwaukee, and on the following day, while lying in his tent, a drunken Winnebago Indian came in, laid his hands on the Captain, with his usual presence of mind, and knowing the Indian character, pretended to be asleep, while the Indian creeping softly up to him with his knife pretended to stab him in several places, and would have done so if there had been the slightest movement. As it was, however, after amusing himself in this way for some minutes, the Indian left the tent. Capt. Anderson then called to his men to ask what was wanted. "Ram," was the reply. He then asked for the bottle, and on its being handed to him he knocked the Indian down with it, gave him a good beating and never saw him again.

In 1807 he returned to Mackinaw and got a supply of goods to trade with the Sioux Indians on the Mississippi, and continued trading with these Indians till 1813, returning occasionally to Mackinaw for fresh supplies of goods. Up to this time he knew nothing of the war of 1812, except by vague reports. In 1814, leaving his goods at Prairie-du-Chien, he went to Mackinaw, but had not been there a week when an express arrived at Prairie-du-Chien informing him that a portion of the American Army had gone up to that place from St. Louis and were building a fort. His reply to the messenger was, "We must go and take it; you try how many volunteers we can raise." At this time, Col. McDowell whom Capt. Anderson had never seen and who was not aware of what he was doing, was glad to hear that there was some chance of support from the rear in the shape of Indians, and sent to his aid Col. McKay, giving him what stores and ammunition he could spare. These consisted of a brass cannon with a small quantity of ammunition, one artillery man, and one royal invalid soldier to help man the gun, two gun-boats (these were large row-boats), a short supply of provisions, with some ammunition for small arms.

Equipped in this manner they started on the third day after receiving the news, and on the next day the Indians began to collect around them, supplying themselves with such provisions as in their hurry they could obtain. On reaching Green Bay a number of white volunteers joined them, and they arrived at Prairie-du-Chien the latter end of August. After pitching their tents Capt. Anderson went with a flag of truce to the fort and called on them to surrender, which they refused to do. They then commenced an attack upon the fort,

the Indians and volunteers firing upon it with their small arms from all directions, and wounding some of the American soldiers through the loopholes of their block-houses. On the night of the third day they had approached within a short distance of the fort, and by daylight had a rousing fire heating a view to setting fire to the fort, which the Americans saw and at once hoisted the white flag. Our volunteers had one of the American boats, into which Capt. Anderson hurried all the garrison troops, and sent them away under the British flag to pass Rock river, where they would be safe from the attacks of the Indians. The Americans in the other boat continued to fire upon them but were soon conquered, and having cut their cable, drifted off down the Mississippi, which Capt. Anderson permitted lest they should be massacred by the Indians. They were now rid of their enemy, and Capt. Anderson remained in command of the fort in Prairie-du-Chien until the end of the war.

He then returned to Mackinaw, discharged his volunteers, and was immediately sent back to the fort again with loads of presents for the Indians, and to declare peace formally.

On his return from this service he found the garrison moved to Drummond Island, and was appointed to take charge of the Indian department at that place.

In 1821 he married Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Matthew Hamilton, of H. M.'s 5th Regiment. "To her blessed influence," he says, "I owe all that I am as a Christian, or ever hope to be." In November 1823, the garrison was moved to Penetanguishene. In the course of the winter he went to Toronto at the request of Sir John Colborne to make systematic arrangements for the civilization of the Indians, and it was determined that the first establishment should be formed at Coldwater, where he built saw and grist mills, a large school-house (in which divine service was held), houses for himself and the Indian chief, besides some fourteen smaller ones for the Indians.

At Orillia a similar establishment was formed, and at both places proper teachers were placed over the children, making great improvements.

Three years afterwards Sir John's ideas were enlarged, and he determined to form a general settlement at the Manitoulin Island, with a view of drawing them from the settled parts of the Province to that place. A commissariat store, a church, and several other public buildings were erected there. The boys were taught several trades, and the girls taught to spin and knit.

In 1845 Capt. Anderson was removed to Toronto to fill a different office in the same department. He now had to visit ten tribes of Indians annually to pay them the annuity allowed by Government, and to perform his he had to travel from the Rideaux to Owen Sound.

In 1858, finding himself growing old and unable to perform his arduous duties satisfactorily, he memorialized the Imperial Government for a retired allowance, which was kindly granted and which he now enjoys.

On the very day his official duties terminated (30th June, 1858) his beloved and deeply lamented wife breathed her last at Coleridge, after a short but severe illness. During the greater part of the time since then he has lived with his two daughters at Port Hope.

In 1872, for the sake of example to younger men, he became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and continues to take a deep interest in its welfare.

He is now in his 95th, and enjoying moderate health.

Method of Making Gun-powder Harmless.

The recent disastrous explosion of gun-powder in London has called attention to a method, made known a number of years ago, whereby gunpowder may be made non-explosive. A Mr. Gale, a blind gentleman of Plymouth, England, was accustomed when a boy, and before he lost his sight, to mix gunpowder with other substances, and found that no explosion would take place. In 1861, at the time of a great explosion at Brixth, he happened to remember this fact, and though blind, experimented until he learned that by mixing two parts of glass dust with one of powder the latter was rendered harmless, and that afterwards by sifting through a fine sieve the two might be separated and the original property of the gunpowder restored. The process was exhibited before the Queen and several members of the Royal Family, a patent was taken out and a company formed to work them. Through mismanagement the company proved a failure, and the patents were sold to a gentleman who is about to bring the process once more to the front. This Mr. Gale, who is a man about 40 years

old, has something of a curious history. He lost his sight through falling off a gate when a boy. In after years, he became a medical electrician, and at one occasion was called upon by a man of wealth in whose foot mortification had set in. The blind man went to work and effected a cure, and the man thus restored to life was so grateful that he bestowed upon his healer the largest fee probably ever paid by a patient to a doctor, the sum being \$100,000. It enabled Mr. Gale to retire from his profession, which he did at once, purchasing a pleasant residence in his native town.

Carrier Pigeons for the Transmission of News.

One of the great secrets of success in conducting a daily paper is the ability to publish information of current events at the earliest possible moment after they transpire. This is becoming more and more essential with each successive stride of modern journalism, and although our English brethren express the opinion that American newspapers pay too much for news, we fear that any material reduction in that item of expenditure cannot be regarded wise as a business measure. The reading public require the news, and the paper that furnishes it will meet with the readiest sale. Newsless newspapers—mere political broadsides—have long been an institution of the past. Foreign newspaper men, feeling the importance of this and yet being unwilling to continue the enormous expense entailed by a system of complete telegraphic reports, are discussing the advisability of substituting carrier pigeons for the purpose, and, in fact, have to some extent brought them into use—as being both expeditious and cheap. So it seems that after exhausting the resources of modern science to secure the quick transmission of information, we are to take a step backwards into the Middle Ages. It is claimed that for short distances news can be transmitted far more expeditiously and cheaper than by telegraph. In England, it is stated, these birds are being given a trial, numbers of them being sent to correspondents in different cities, whence they are released and sent on their mission as the necessities of the occasion require. They also accompany reporters sent on special work, and we have the authority of a Parisian typographic publication for saying that "it is nothing unusual to see reporters in the tribunals, at examinations and public gatherings, sending their manuscript, sheet by sheet, attached to the wings of pigeons, from the nearest door or window, or from railway trains, or decks of passenger steamers," while the reporter proceeds on his homeward trip by the comparatively slow means of steam. He is "enterprise" that has not been dreamed of by the press of this country, or at least not practiced, and we cannot see but that it is an excellent idea.

The attachment of these pigeons for their native place and the marvellous instinct they display in returning to it, even from remote distances, constitute their chief characteristic traits. Turning to account these curious faculties, a pigeon-house is built in close proximity to the publication office of a paper, and when a pigeon arrives with a dispatch his entry is signalled by a bell connected with the editorial room, when he is captured and the contents of the sheet put in type by the busy fingers of the compositor.

The best carrier pigeons are bred in Antwerp, Brussels and Liege, and the method of breeding them in these cities, it will be remembered, was the subject of an illustrated article in *Harpers' Monthly* some months ago. Although usually employed for short journeys they can be rendered serviceable in trips of over five hundred miles, and have frequently been sent from London to Dublin, Brussels, Paris and even Rome. The distances traversed at first appear incredible, but the fact of their having accomplished the feat and in an extraordinarily short space of time is well authenticated. Two of these pigeons carried a dispatch from Paris to their native place in the county of Kent, England, in one hour and a quarter; thence it was despatched by two others to London in fifteen minutes, the entire trip being made in an hour and thirty minutes.

Experiments, it is said, are being made with a view to establishing a miniature post between Europe and America, with what degree of success we are not informed. The subject is worthy the attention of newspaper managers, and if any means can be devised by which the excessive rates of the telegraphic companies can be avoided to any extent it will be a public blessing by cheapening the cost of production of newspapers.

An old man in Alabama has a tree near his house overhanging the road he wishes to cut, but is compelled to keep it standing for fear it should kill a candidate for Congress when it falls.

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the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
mountains, the medicinal
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of Alcohol. The question
is, "What is the cause
of success of WATERBURY'S
Vinegar is, that they remove
the acid, and the patient recovers,
they are the great
giving principle, a perfect
vigorator of the system.
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compounded possessing
allies of WATERBURY'S
of every disease man
to a gentle Purgative as
Living Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs.

enjoy good health, let
WATERBURY'S as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants.

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Agents, San Francisco, California,
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take these Bitters
and remain long
their bones are not
poison or other means,
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WATERBURY'S
remedial ingredients that
sinking system.

Indigestion, Headache,
dizziness, Colic, Tightness
in the chest, Eructations
of Wind, Flatulency,
Pain in the region of
the stomach, and many
other ailments, are
invariably
restoration of the
digestive
power, a purgative,
and influence upon
is essentially
for the purpose
of WATERBURY'S
which the bowels
are time stimulating
the liver, and generally
restoration of the
digestive
power, a purgative,
and influence upon
is essentially
for the purpose
of WATERBURY'S

Complaints, in young
people, at the dawn of
womanhood, these Tonic
Bitters are an influence
that can be
perceptible.
In all cases of jaundice,
rest liver is not doing its
work, the treatment is
to promote the bile and
favor its re-
purpose. WATERBURY'S

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