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## Interesting Cate.

THE BUFFALO BULL, AND AN AD-  
VENTURE WITH ONE.

Roast beef—turkey and tongue! Capital fare  
for the last day of the year, and the first too  
for that matter. But my friends, they give you but  
little notion of the favour of beef obtained by  
single combat with the living animal on the wild  
prairie. You shall hear how a dinner of the kind  
was achieved by a friend of mine, but before com-  
mencing my story, I must tell you something about  
the customer he had to deal with.

The range of the lion, or, as it is universally  
called by American hunters, buffalo, is extensive,  
although it is every year becoming confined with-  
in narrower limits. It now consists of a longi-  
tudinal stripe of the continent, of which the west-  
ern boundary may be considered the Rocky  
Mountain chain. At the upper part of the Mis-  
sissippi, the buffalo continues to roam in large  
bands. The number of the animals is annually on  
the decrease. Their woolly skins, when dressed,  
are of great value as an article of commerce.  
Amongst Canadians they are in general use.

Of course, this extensive demand for the robes  
causes a proportionate destruction among the  
buffaloes. But this is not all. Whole tribes of In-  
dians, amounting to many thousands of individuals,  
subsist entirely upon these animals, as the Lap-  
lander upon the reindeer, or the Guarani Indian  
upon the "moriche" palm. Their blankets are buf-  
falo-robes, part of their clothing buffalo leather,  
their tents are buffalo-hide, and buffalo-beef is  
the food for three parts of the year. The large  
prairie tribes—as the Sioux, the Pawnees, the  
Blackfeet, the Crowes, the Cheyennes, the Ara-  
pachos, and the Comanches, with several smaller  
tribes—live upon the buffalo. These tribes united  
number at least 100,000 souls. No wonder the  
buffalo should be each year diminishing in num-  
bers. It is predicted that in a few years the race  
will become extinct. The same has often been  
said of the Indian. The "sovereign" prophet is ad-  
dicted to this sort of melancholy foreboding be-  
cause he believes by such babbling he gains a  
character for philanthropic sympathy; besides, it  
has a poetic sound. Believe me, there is not the  
slightest danger of such a destiny for the Indian;  
his race is not to become extinct; it will be on the  
earth as long as that of either black or white.  
Civilization is removing the seeds of decay; civi-  
lization will preserve the race of the Red Man yet  
to multiply. Civilization, too, may preserve the  
buffalo. The hunter race must disappear and  
give place to the agriculturist. The prairies are  
wide. Vast expanses of that singular formation  
must still remain in their primitive wildness, and  
perhaps for centuries a safe range for the buf-  
falo.

The appearance of the buffalo is well known;  
pictorial illustration has rendered him familiar to  
the eyes of every one. The enormous head, with  
its broad triangular front; the conical hump on  
the shoulders; the small piercing eyes; the short  
black horns of crescent shape; the great profusion  
of shaggy hair about the neck and foreparts—all  
are characteristic. Upon the hind quarters, the  
coat is shorter and smoother; and this gives some-  
what of a lion-shape to the animal. Some of  
these peculiarities belong only to the bull. The  
cow is less shaggy, has a smaller head, and is al-  
together more like the common black cattle of our  
farms.

The buffalo is of a dark brown or livid colour.  
The hue changes with the season. In autumn, it  
is darker and more lustrous; during the winter  
and early summer, it acquires a bleached, yellow-  
ish-brown look. A full grown buffalo bull is six  
feet high at the shoulders, eight feet from the snout  
to the base of the tail, and weighs fifteen hundred  
weight. Individuals exist of 2000 pounds weight.  
The cows are much smaller.

The flesh of the buffalo is juicy and delicious,  
equal to well-fed beef. Hunters prefer it to any  
beef. The flesh of the cow is more savoury than  
that of the bull; and in a hunt the former is se-  
lected from the herd, unless it be a hunt for the  
hide alone. The parts most esteemed are the  
tongue, the hump ribs (the long spinous processes  
of the first dorsal vertebra) and the marrow of  
the shank-bones. The tongues, when dried, are  
really superior to those of common beefs, and  
indeed the same may be said of the other parts;  
but there is a better and worse in buffalo-beef,  
according to the age or sex of the animal. "Fat  
cow" is a term for the superexcellent; by "poor  
bull," or "old bull," is meant a very unpalatable  
article, which is only eaten by the hunter in times  
of necessity.

The hunt of the buffalo is a profession rather  
than a sport. Those who practice it in the latter  
sense are few indeed, as it is a sport to enjoy  
which entails the necessity of a long and toilsome  
journey. To hunt the buffalo in his native habi-  
tat, you must travel full three hundred miles be-  
yond the frontiers of civilization; and at the same  
time risk your scalp with no inconsiderable chance  
of losing it. For these reasons, few amateur hun-  
ters ever trouble the buffalo. The true hunter—  
the white trapper and the red Indian—pursue  
them almost incessantly, and thin their numbers  
with lance, rifle, and arrow.

But buffalo-hunting is not all sport without  
peril; the hunter frequently risks his life, and  
numerous have been the fatal results of the en-  
counter with these animals. The bulls, when  
wounded, cannot be approached, even on horse-  
back, without considerable risk, while a dismount-  
ed hunter has but slight chance of escaping. The  
buffalo runs with a gait apparently heavy and lum-  
bering—first heaving to one side, then to the  
other, like a ship at sea; but this gait, although  
not equal in speed to that of a horse, is far too  
fast for a man on foot, and the swiftest runner,  
unless favoured by a tree or some other object, will  
be surely overtaken, and either gored to death by  
the animals horns, or pounded to a jelly under its  
heavy hoofs. Instances of the kind are far from  
being rare, and could amateur hunters only get at  
the bull, such occurrences would be far from com-  
mon. An incident illustrative of these remarks is  
told by the traveller and naturalist Richardson,  
and may therefore be regarded as a fact: "While  
I resided at Carlton House, an incident of this  
kind occurred. Mr. Finnan McDonald, one of  
the Hudson's Bay Company's clerks, was descend-  
ing the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening,  
having pitched his tent for the night, he went out  
in the dark to look for game. It had become  
nearly dark when he fired at a bison-bull, which  
was galloping over a small eminence; and as he  
was hastening forward to see if the shot had taken  
effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him.  
He had the presence of mind to seize the animal  
by the long hair on its forehead, as it struck him  
on the side with its horn, and being a remarkably  
tail and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which  
continued until his wrist was severely sprained,  
and his arm was rendered powerless; he then  
fell, and after receiving two or three blows, be-  
came senseless. Shortly after, he was found by  
his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored  
in several places; and the lion was couched be-  
side him, apparently waiting to renew the attack,  
and he shewn any signs of life. Mr. McDonald  
recovered from the immediate effects of the inju-  
ries he received, but died a few months after." Dr.  
Richardson adds: "Many other instances might  
be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this  
animal pursues its revenge; and I have been told  
of a hunter having been detained for many hours  
in a tree, by an old bull which had taken its post  
below to watch him."

The adventure promised at the beginning  
of this sketch has been long of coming, but  
here it is. Let the hero of it speak for him-  
self.

I was travelling with Bent's train from In-  
dependence to Santa Fe. One evening after  
the waggon had o'erlaid, and my animal had  
got some rest and a bit of corn, I leaped into  
the saddle, and set out to see if I could find  
some thing fresh for my own supper. It was  
a rolling prairie, and the camp was soon hid-  
den from my sight—as it lay in a hollow be-  
tween two swells. Trusting to the sky for my  
direction, therefore, I continued on. After  
riding about a mile, I should think I came  
upon buffalo signs. It was not the first time  
for me, and I saw at a glance that the signs  
were fresh. There were several wallows;  
and I could tell by the tracks, in the dust,  
there had been nothing but bulls in that quar-  
ter. A cow-track would have pleased me  
better; but, after all, thought I, a fresh bull's  
tongue for a change is better than salt bacon.  
So I followed the trail in hopes of getting one.  
Shortly after I came to a place where the  
ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of hogs  
had been rooting it. Here there had been a  
terrible fight among the bulls—it was the rut-  
ting season when such conflicts occur. This  
suggested well. Perhaps there are cows in the  
neighborhood, reasoned I, as I gave the spur to

my horse, and followed the trail with more  
spirit.

I had ridden full five miles from the camp  
when my attention was attracted by an odd  
noise ahead of me. There was a ridge in  
front that prevented me from seeing what pro-  
duced the noise; but I knew what it was—it  
was the bellowing of a buffalo bull. At in-  
tervals, there were quick shocks, as of two  
hard substances coming in violent contact with  
each other. I mounted the ridge with cau-  
tion, and looked over its crest. There was a  
valley beyond; a cloud of dust was rising out  
of its bottom, and in the midst of this I could  
discern two huge forms—dark and brawny.  
I saw at once they were a pair of buffalo bulls  
engaged in a fierce fight. They were alone;  
there were no others in sight, either in the  
valley or on the ridge, and to catch the piece—  
I did not halt longer than to see that the  
cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece.

Occupied as the animals were, I did not in-  
terrupt them; they would have, or, if they should  
attempt flight, I knew I could easily overtake  
one or other; so, without further hesitation or  
precaution, I rode towards them. Contrary  
to my expectation, they both wheeled me, and  
started off. The wind was blowing freshly  
towards them, so as to draw their attention.  
They did not run, however as it badly scared;  
on the contrary, they went off, apparently in-  
dignant at being disturbed in their fight; and  
every now and then both came round with  
short turnings snorted, and struck their flanks  
with their hoofs in a violent and angry manner.  
One or twice I fired at them, but they were going  
too fast for me; and had I been otherwise  
well equipped, I should have been very  
chary of risking such an encounter.

A more formidable pair of animals is, as far as  
appearance went, could not have been well  
conceived. The huge size, their shaggy fronts,  
and their huge eyeballs gave them a wild and  
madous re-eminence, which was heightened by  
their bellowing, and the treacherous attitudes  
in which they continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped  
to the nearest, and sent my bullet into his  
ribs. It did the work. He fell to his knees—  
one again sprang up his legs, as if to  
prevent a second fall—rocked from side to  
side like a crane—again came to his knees;  
and, after remaining in this position for some  
minutes, with the blood running from his  
nostrils, rolled quietly over on his shoulder, and  
lay dead.

I had watched these manoeuvres with inter-  
est, and permitted the second bull to make  
his escape; a side glance had showed me the  
other disappearing over the crest of the swell.  
I did not care to follow him, as my horse was  
somewhat jaded, and I knew it would eat me  
a sharp gallop to come up with him again; so  
I thought no more of him at the time, but  
slightly and prepared to deal with the one  
already slain. There stood a solitary tree  
near the spot—it was a stunted cedar. There  
were others upon the prairie, but they were  
distant; this one was not twenty yards from  
the carcass. I led my horse up to it, and  
tapping the trail rope from the horn of the  
saddle, made one end fast to the bit-ring, and  
the other to the tree. I then went back, drew  
my knife, and proceeded to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly whittled my blade, when a  
roar from behind caused me to leap to an up-  
right attitude, and look round; at the first  
glance, I comprehended all. A huge dark ob-  
ject was passing the rear of the ridge, and  
rushing down the hill towards the spot where  
I stood. It was the buffalo bull, the same  
which had just left me. The sight, at first  
thought rather pleasant, was then otherwise.  
Although I did not want any more meat, I  
should have instead of one to the camp. I there-  
fore hurriedly sheathed my knife, and laid hold of  
my rifle, which, according to custom, I had  
taken the precaution to reload. I hesitated a  
moment whether to run to my horse and mount  
him, or to fire from where I stood; that ques-  
tion, however, was settled by the buffalo.  
The tree and the horse were to one side of the  
direct in which he was running, but being  
wielded by the load of the latter, he  
travelling began to pitch and plunge violently,  
and I deemed it perhaps a challenge, he sud-  
denly swerved from his course, and ran full  
till upon the horse. The latter shot out  
instantly to the full length of the trail rope—a  
heavy "pluck" sounded in my ears, and the  
next instant I saw my horse part from the  
tree, and scatter off over the prairie, as if there  
had been a little under his tail. I had knotted  
the rope negligently upon the bit-ring, and  
the knot had come undone.

[To be Continued.]

## Notes in Natural History.

A lady of title informed Buffin that she  
knew a Blackbird that looked at the baromet-  
er every morning, and would not go out if it  
pointed to wet. An anecdote told by a Ger-  
man naturalist of a beaver is no less wonder-  
ful than the above; he de-cares that he saw a  
beaver weeping over the crown of an old hat.  
Soon another beaver approached it, and she  
cried more piteously than the first; then a  
number of young beavers, attracted by their

sobs, came running up, and they all cried too.  
He accounts for this by saying that the hat  
being made of beaver, the animals had evi-  
dently recognized in it the skin of one of their  
own kindred. "Who can say," he asks, "whether  
this very hat was not to them the sad re-  
mains of an affectionate son—the only remem-  
brance of an affectionate brother?"

Capt. Parry tells a story of a Polar Bear,  
which puts the instinct of the animal beyond  
all doubt; he had given it to one of his sailors,  
who, with this small capital, started showman,  
and having taught the bear to dance, used to  
take it out upon the streets. The sailor af-  
terwards assured Capt. Parry that he could  
never get the bear to pass a barber's shop; he  
accounts for this by saying, that as "beards  
grow" was only sold to those places, the ani-  
mal was in a constant state of fear lest it  
would be his fate some day to be sold in six  
penny pots.

The sociable Grosbeak, a bird which is found  
about the Cape of Good Hope, displays great  
ingenuity in building its nest, which is con-  
structed as strongly as possible, so as to keep  
out the March rains. A Genevese traveller  
records the fact of finding a whole row of their  
nests covered over at the roof with bits of  
mactintosh, which they had evidently picked  
up from one of the frequent wrecks off the  
coast. What but instinct could have taught  
these sociable grosbeaks that mactintoshes  
were water proof?

Many singular anecdotes are told of the  
fox. The most probable of these is the one  
of the fox plundering a hen every morning of  
its eggs, and leaving a piece of chalk, of the  
same size of an egg, for every one he stole.

## George Francis Train

G. F. Train arrived in London on the 1st  
instant, and in the evening gave an address  
at the Temple Discussion Forum, Fleet street.  
The place was crowded, and Mr. Train made  
one of his ordinary extraordinary speeches.  
Speaking from experience, he gave the pre-  
ference to honesty as the best means for suc-  
cess in life. As to his own chances for the  
President of America, he said he was certain  
to be elected, if not in '72, in '76. He then  
recounted his experience in France, during the  
late war, and said he was the president chief  
of the International, and organized the Com-  
mune. After boasting his perfect manhood,  
his physical strength, moral superiority, and  
intellectual capacity, he concluded by saying  
that he was a great truth a great statesman, or  
he was a great friar.

COMPUTING INTEREST.—The Chicago Jour-  
nal gives a new rule for computing interest,  
and says it is so simple and so true that every  
banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post  
it up for reference. By no other mathemat-  
ical process can the desired information be  
obtained by so few figures.

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number  
of dollars by the number of days of interest  
desired, erase the right hand figure and divide  
by six, the result is the interest, in cents, on  
such number of days at six per cent.  
Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount  
by the number of days upon which it is desired  
to ascertain the interest and divide by forty five,  
and the result will be the interest, in cents, of  
such for the time required, at eight per cent.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above  
and divide by thirty-six, and the result will  
show the amount of interest at ten per cent.

## A GOOD CREED FOR FARMERS.

We believe in small farms and thorough culti-  
vation.

We believe that soil loves to eat as well as  
it to grow, therefore, to be manured.

We believe in large crops, which leave the  
land better than it found it—making both the  
farmer and the farm rich at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of  
things, and therefore in deep plowing, and  
enough of it. All the better with a subsoil  
plow.

We believe that every farm should own a  
good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any  
soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and in-  
telligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones  
and green manure, man and a guano, will be of  
little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns,  
good for a-houses, good stock, good orchards,  
and children enough to gather fruit.

GIVE us sincere friends or none. The  
hollow glitter of smiles and words—complimen-  
ts that mean nothing—protestations of  
affection as solid as the froth of champagne—  
invitations that are but pretty sentences,  
uttered because such things are customary  
—are all worthless. There is no need of  
them. It is proper to be civil and courteous  
to the most indolgent stranger; but why  
assume friendship's outward show when no  
reality underlies it? When one feels friend-  
ship, the object of that sentiment cannot suffer,  
and leave our hearts untroubled—cannot be  
slandered without our defence.

Bill Shanks says that courtship is "lies,"  
but matrimony is "old ser."

## Porten.

KING BABY.

His sceptre is a rattle,  
His throne is mother's arm;  
He wears a tiny crown,  
In all his regal pomp;  
Yet round his royal person  
Our loving hearts enclose  
Dictator of the cradle,  
And king by right divine.

Whatever be his mandate,  
No courtiers dare rebel;  
His mother's chief of household  
Prime minister as well;  
In yon pramulator,  
His downy ear of state,  
Exactest, rosy monarch,  
What triumphs on him wait!

In purple ease and splendor,  
Long, long he seeks to reign;  
All hints of nose disjoined  
He smiles at with disdain;  
Alas! that royal greatness  
Should ever be shrouded;  
Here comes a tiny stranger—  
King Baby is dethroned!

[—Albion, for November.]

## A Woman's Stageman.

A story comes from Athens about Greek brig-  
gades very refreshing to honest people, and  
suggestive of the question whether women might  
not govern Greece better than its men. "One of  
the curses of modern Hellas, as everybody knows,  
is the unexaggerated bands of brigands, who infest  
the land, defying the Government, suppressing  
commerce, demoralizing the peasantry, and rob-  
bing and murdering strangers or rich natives. One  
of these unbridled villains lately captured the  
youngest son of a widow woman of property, well-  
known upon the border.

The usual message was sent down from the hills  
the brigand chief must have one thousand  
drachmas by a certain day, or the life of the boy.  
—he was only 12 years old—would pay forfeit.  
As usual, too, the last hope which a mother could  
cherish in such a frightful position was the chance  
of Government help. The wretched weak ad-  
ministrations which play at "in and out" in Athens  
still allow these scoundrels to hold the roads and  
passes of the country, and this poor woman  
had to trust to her own courage and wit. Neither  
were wanting; there was some true old Odysseus  
blood in her, and she hit upon a plan for saving  
both her child and her drachmas.

She had a brother, a young fellow of perfect  
pluck, though his cheeks were as smooth as the  
Delian Apollon, and him she dressed up carefully,  
as a Greek girl. Having appointed to meet the  
robber chief in a certain spot, she took up 200  
drachmas and a present of cakes and fruit, the  
"Greek girl" going with her as a "guide." On  
reaching the place they found the scoundrel wait-  
ing, with the captive laid bound hand and foot be-  
side him. The woman first accosted him by con-  
juring questions that the man was really alone,  
and then offered, with many supplications, for  
money, and the presents of cakes and fruit. The  
villain took the latter and munched while he  
counted out the drachmas; then, with a fierce  
oath, he said it was too little—that she must go  
back and send enough to make up a thousand.  
The head of the lad would be sent down to her  
without delay. While the woman clung suppli-  
cating to his knees, the "Greek girl" said, my  
friend a grip of iron round the robber's arm, and  
as the fellow was thus pinioned, the cunning  
mother drew a loaded pistol, and shot him dead.  
The pair lost no time in liberating the child, and  
they forgot to cut off any gang in a close, the fact  
of the "robber" and, as a reward of peace, the  
drachmas had been set upon the previous attack,  
they made quite an excellent day's business of it,  
on arriving safe and sound at their own village.  
[London Telegraph.]

A wag, in what he knows of farming, given a  
plan to remove widow's weeds; he says a good-  
looking man has only to say, "With them" and  
they wilt.

The following the most startling complaint  
line to fill out a column, we have seen for a  
month: "Does not a young man's heart melt  
with joy when she beholds her smiling face  
the next day?"

"And it waked to me the reason that I find  
"That's a great great question, Gaudin, I  
ain't got time to argue it now—what do you  
another puzzle?"

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since  
we were boys together." "Is it?" Well, don't  
speak so loud; there's that young widow on  
the next bench."

The president, happy as he was, smiled at  
the boss electrical force.