

# The Standard.

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## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

### DREADED HURRICANE IN THE WEST INDIES.

On the 22d of Aug. the islands of St. Kitts and Antigua were visited with a dreadful hurricane, which occasioned immense loss of life and property. At St. Kitts it lasted 6 hours with three shocks of an earthquake; during which the barometer fell to 28.6. Throughout the whole island, the most of the buildings are thrown, and the sugar cane completely prostrated. The loss of life is very great. The schooner *Mary* foundered with all on board. A vessel at St. Martins was lost, and ten of her crew perished. A number of persons have also been killed by the falling buildings. The Legislature had been called together.

From Antigua the reports are deplorable. The English Harbour and Falmouth are nearly overthrown; pretty much all the plantations on the island are injured; eleven persons have been killed by the falling buildings, and five churches thrown down. It is supposed that throughout the island there have been two thousand buildings unroofed, and seven hundred totally destroyed. Authentic statements only give us information of eighteen churches of the labouring classes. Immense numbers of cattle and stock of all kinds have been destroyed. The general destruction, including life and property, is supposed to be greater than the losses occasioned by the earthquake of 1843, or by the hurricane of 1854.

From Cayenne.—We are indebted to Captain Siskney, of schooner *Nassau*, arrived at this port from Cayenne 15th August, for papers to the 12th. Slavery was abolished, by public decree, in French Guiana, on the 10th of that month, in virtue of the decree of the republic, of the 25th April, and in the name of the French people. The proclamation was made amidst much ceremony, in the presence of a vast concourse, both civil and military, and with cheers and salutes of cannon. After mass, an immense number of the new citizens, with their wives and sports and great enthusiasm, shouting "Vive la République! Vive la Liberté! Vive la Commune!" *Salem Register.*

Two colored preachers, free men, were arrested in Louisville, the other day, and default of \$500 bail, committed to prison. Unless some friendly hand interposes, they will be sold for the term of one year, to pay the expenses of prosecution. *Cincinnati Herald.*

Alexander Siddell Mackenzie died at Sing on Wednesday, from an affection of the heart. He was attacked while riding upon his horse, succeeded in getting his feet out of the stirrups, and immediately fell to the ground upon his head; was taken up and carried into a house by two persons who witnessed the fall, and breathed but twice afterwards. His remains were removed in the afternoon to his residence, about two miles below the village. A requiem was held immediately, and a verdict rendered accordingly. Com. Mackenzie is known in the literary world by his books entitled "A Year in Spain," "Spain Revisited," and a work on Great Britain. He was most widely known by his connections with the unfortunate tragedy of the Somers. *New York Tribune.*

SMALL MATTER.—The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest capillary vessel, will sometimes drive a strong man into distraction. A misquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral reef, causing a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness results from a perpetual denunciation of petty trials. A chance look from those we love, often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

GRAMMATICAL WITTICISM.—"Bobby, what's steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right

Compare it." "Positive, but; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst."

The following lines (says the *Calais Advertiser*) from the pen of Mr. M. S. Pike, one of the Harbormen, are as truthful as they are beautiful, and beautiful as they are truthful, and will be read with pleasure by all into whose hands they may fall.

### THE TOPER.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

He raises up,  
The noxious cup,  
With weak and steady arm,  
Then quickly quaffs,  
And nodding laughs,  
To taste its flaming charm.

Then dries he sips,  
Then smooths his lips,  
And feels a feverish flush;  
Thoughts clear and mild,  
Now gather wild,  
And o'er his memory rush.

A second thirst,  
Succeeds the first,  
And he must drink once more;  
His empty cup,  
Again's filled up,  
He quaffs it as before.

Now nothing loath,  
To use an oath,  
He curses life with woe;  
Then stands to fight,  
But falls in flight,  
And proves himself his foe.

His nerve is dead,  
His strength is fled,  
Incensate does he lie;  
His sight is dim,  
A ruddy film,  
Has settled o'er his eye.

Thus drunkenly mate,  
Worse than a brute,  
He can no longer sup;  
He sleeps in shame,  
And wakes the same,  
To curse the Toper's cup.

A SAD STORY is thus related by a New-York paper of the 25th August:—

Dr. Ingram arrived in New York from Liverpool, died at Staten Island on Friday last. His lady died on the passage. They have left three children, the youngest 15 months old. During the passage Mrs. Ingram had been taken with premature confinement, lost her babe, it having lived but two days, but she was recovering and doing well. One night a lady passenger screamed with a fearful cry "oh! we are all going to the bottom," at the same moment the spray was heard dashing over the deck. The passengers sprung in consternation from their berths. Mrs. Ingram, sick as she was, rose in her bed, alarmed with the rest, but her husband came to her told her not to be alarmed, that although there was a heavy blow, it was not a storm, and there was no danger. Mrs. Ingram was on her way to New York, with her children, to visit a favourite sister, whom she had not seen for twenty years, and who was not aware of her coming. After the alarm, Mrs. I lay down again in her berth, but soon rose up—a maniac—reason had forsaken its throne—"get me my gaiters," said she to those around her, "I am going to see my sister—I will soon see my dear sister now." The acknowledged medical skill of her husband, and the kindness of friends, could not avert the blow. In two days she died; her form was unstranded and enclosed in the manner usual at sea, and, amid the imposing solemnities of the burial service of the Church of England, committed to the deep. Up to this moment, Dr. Ingram has done all that

man could do; but he now drooped—he was first observed by the captain playing in the manner of a maniac with a string. The captain told him he had better go down in the cabin, and he would probably feel better. He did so, but soon returned to the quarter deck, without speaking to any one. The captain told his children to go and speak to him, as it might arouse his attention. One of the little ones said to him, "Father, where is ma?" "Where is your Ma?" replied he "oh! she is putting on her gaiters, and getting ready to see her sister—we will soon see her noa." The truth flashed with fearful force upon the captain and all others around him—reason with him, too, had fallen. He took to his bed, was removed to the Hospital at Staten Island on the arrival of the vessel, and every attention paid to him, but without success.

His three little girls were left at the Hospital, no one there knowing that they had any relatives and were about being sent to Wards Island. A vessel arrived at Quaran-tine, in which was a gentleman who had been desirous of taking passage in the New York, but had to wait for the next packet.—On learning the melancholy fate of his friends, he communicated the intelligence to the sister of Mrs. Ingram (a highly respectable lady named Edwards) to whom the news was sad indeed. Mrs. E., her husband, applied for the children, found them well taken care of, but in the Hospital garb. They have again a home. This is one of many similar scenes attending passenger life.

A MONEY DIGGER.—An inquisitive person seeing a labourer digging on a retired spot, inquired what he was digging for. "Money," was the reply.—The fact was of course duly heralded to the curious in such matters, and the money digger was visited by three or four credulous fellows, when the following dialogue ensued:—Visitors—"We are told that are digging for money?" Labourer—"Well I ain't digging for any thing else, and if you are wise, you had better take hold also." No sooner said than done; the four fellows, thanking the generous deliver for giving them an invitation to share in the golden harvest, doffed their coats and went to work in good earnest, throwing, throwing out many loads of earth, till at length, getting very tired, the following colloquy took place:—Visitors—"When did you get any money last?" Labourer—"Saturday night."—Visitors—"How much?" Labourer—"Four dollars and a half."—That's rather small business," Labourer—"It's pretty well; 6s. a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over town." The visiting loafers dropped spades and vanished, quite out with the man who dug for money at the rate of 6s. a day.

EVERY STATION NECESSARY.—Let us never forget that the every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to the man; and that we only merit esteem in so far as we approach, nearest to the perfect performance of the duties assigned to us in the order of things.

How to Make Unfermented Bread.—After a considerable number of trials, I have adopted the following mode of making the unfermented bread which is now regularly used in my house:—I carefully mix, by sifting with the flour, first tartaric acid, and next bicarbonate of soda, in following proportions, viz:—to 14 pounds, avoirdupois, of flour, 8 drachms of tartaric acid, and 11 drachms of soda of soda. Once mixed, it will keep any length of time, and is always ready for use. Sufficient cold water to make it into dough, rather thinner than ordinary, and immediate baking in a quick oven, (either in tins or not) is all that is required to make it into bread. The bread is of excellent quality, and is much admired by all who have tasted it. *Gardener's Chronicle.*