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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1866.

No 42

Poetry.

Picking Hops.

'Twas the month of mild September,
We had gathered in our crops
Of wheat, and rye and barley
And 'twas time to "pick the hops."

We engaged the pretty lasses,
For miles and miles around,
Some came with trails and ermine,
Some wore the bloomer gown.

How we rent the air with laughter,
Jokes and stories went the round,
He was called the "clever fellow,"
Who could make the loudest sound.

Hops are a late invention,
Not so old as corn and hay;
I think they'd scarce been thought of,
Long ago, as grandfathers say.

Picking them is very healthy,
Makes you sleep so sweet at night,
Gives you appetites like razors,
But complexion not so white.

All the gents that come to visit,
Unless nimble as a fox,
We seize them by the head or heels,
And clap them in the box.

And we hold them down securely,
By their heads, and arms and feet,
And we always keep them there until
They're glad to say "I'll treat."

What a shouting and rejoicing,
When from hops the field is free,
When the "last pole" has been gathered,
Then we cheer, yes, three times three.

But picking hops has ended,
For this year,—"so I'll stop—"
But bless me, ain't it glorious fun,
"Gathering in the hops!"

Miscellany.

A ROMANCE.

HOW AN ESQUIMAUX WOMAN BECAME THE
WIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

Amid these specimens of feminine archeology, grouped, as we have said, before windows of the shore, you cannot fail to remark a pale young woman of small stature, and expressing herself in English with a slight accent, which gives to her language a charm hitherto unknown. A lady of a certain age and gentleman who accompanies her, do not cease to regard her, and, according to a popular expression, has "to drink her words."

This young woman, who has borne for six months only, one of the most aristocratic names of the three kingdoms, was called but a short time ago Tookoolita. Three years ago she inhabited with the Esquimaux, her countrymen, the Bay of Oukavleer, called by the English Grinnell's Bay, and which is situated about the sixtieth degree of north latitude.

In the place of the elegant costume which she now wears with such ease and grace, her attire in her native land consisted of a vest of seal skin, embroidered on the seams with red and white worsted in arabesque; a pantaloons made of the same thick material, confined her small waist and descended to the knee, leaving to be seen, in all their exquisite proportions, her legs and diminutive feet, cased in boots of pliant red leather. Finally, her abundant head of hair of a jet black, was tied at the top of the head by a broad blue band, made of the skin of the Esquimaux, and colored by the unctuous juice of a certain kind of lichens.

An adopted orphan of one of the women of her tribe, she passed the short summer under a tuff, or tent, made of the skin of the reindeer, and nine months of the year, in an igloo, that is to say, in a house built of clods of snow, soldered together by the cold and capped by a dome of the same material. In the centre of the strange dwelling, a stone lamp, supplied with the fat of a seal, burned uninterruptedly during nine months of the year—a long and dreary night.

The light, among other things, served in lieu of a fire place for drying her clothes, penetrated by the humid atmosphere, and for warming her hands, benumbed by sewing in the cold twenty degrees below zero, with needles made of bone and thread composed of sinews of animals.

The Esquimaux have no other means of combating the rigors of a winter, compared to which ours is but summer.

The debris cast upon our shores by the too frequent shipwrecks of European vessels, are never burned by the natives for the purpose of warming themselves, but are employed by

them in making sleighs. In fact, they leave unaltered the numerous heaps of coal which Lady Franklin has caused to be placed at different points, in the hope that they may be of service to her husband whom she believed lost and wandering in these frozen regions.

Three years ago Lord Frederick Fitz made, as ensign, one of the crew of the George Henry, sent in search of Sir John Franklin. This ship was built expressly for this voyage, and was constructed after the manner of the whale ships; for a ship with high sides cannot navigate these seas without great danger. On the approach of winter the George Henry was suddenly frozen up in the ice.

This misfortune produced the most serious inquietude the more so as the stores of the ship were getting short, being now reduced to tinned salt meat and the uncertain chances of the chase.

One day, or rather one night, for in the winter the night reigns for nine months in the Bay of Oukavleer—a young girl, in a sleigh drawn by twelve dogs, came on the ice along side the George Henry, climbed with uncommon agility to the deck of the ship, and commenced examining, with the greatest curiosity, "the great wooden house of the strangers."

After having visited every corner, she perceived Sir Frederick stretched upon the Captain's bed. Tears came to her eyes at the sight of the poor young man, about to die without the hope of relief. She immediately proposed by gestures to take the young man with her, and to nurse him at her own house.

The officers eagerly accepted this chance of relief for their companion, improbable as his cure seemed to be, aiding Tookoolita (this was her name) to remove Frederick to the sleigh of the kind hearted girl.

She gave the signal for starting to the dogs by a peculiar slapping of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and drove rapidly away with the ensign. Having arrived at her home after a two hours' ride, she entered a few minutes after with a wooden vase filled with the blood of the sea calf. To her great surprise Frederick refused this singular drink. However, he soon overcame his repugnance, and "found it excellent." This is his own expression in the volume he has published of his voyage. He partook every day, not only without distaste, but even with avidity, of this medicinal, and he felt his strength return so fast, that in three months after, dressed in the costume of the natives, he rivalled them in dancing, in driving a sleigh, chasing the seals, scaling the rocks, and carrying away birds' nests across shoals and broken ice, not to mention that he managed in the most intrepid manner with a single oar, his long narrow bark made of skins called a Kias.

Tookoolita accompanied him in all these excursions, and did not quit him for a moment. Endowed with the marvellous facility of the people of the north in acquiring foreign languages, she not only spoke English purely, but thanks to the lessons of Frederick, she read and wrote it. About the month of April following, the George Henry was disengaged from the ice which environed her, and began to prepare for weighing anchor and returning to England. When Tookoolita learned this news she retired to her tent of reindeer skins, pitched on the shore. Frederick came to her and found her bathed in tears. "Sister," said he, for he called her habitually by that name, "Sister, my mother expects you in England—come."

Tookoolita dried her tears, gave him her hand, and accompanied him without hesitation on board the George Henry, which arrived unexpectedly three months after in England.

Some time after that, Lady Fitz—, who did not quit the young stranger for a moment, still prettier in the European than in her native costume presented her to Queen Victoria as her future daughter-in-law.

The Queen declared that she would sign with her own hands the marriage contract between the officer of Marines and Tookoolita. "As this name is a little strange, I ask of my young friend to renounce it and take the name of Victoria."

Tookoolita, now Lady Fitz—, may be seen every day promenading in the Palais Royal, offering the singular spectacle of an Esquimaux becoming an English lady of distinction.

The pioneer steamer of the line to be established between Portland and Halifax by the Grand Trunk Railway Company and others, is called the "Baltimore," and is a superior sea-going screw steamer of about 500 tons burthen.

The Montreal Transcript speaks of changes as likely soon to take place in the Canadian Cabinet. Mr. C. Dunkin, one of the most ardent of anti-Confederates will, it is said enter it as Provincial Secretary.

About 9 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the Union Hotel on Union street, kept by Mr. Russell, which was quickly extinguished by the fire engines. A considerable quantity of bedding and furniture was damaged, and the house rendered uninhabitable for the present.

A Remarkable Death.

During the winter of 1821-2, I taught a school in the town of Sudbury, Mass., which, like most of the towns in that vicinity, was under the prevailing influence of a lax theology, styled Liberal Christianity. Soon after my entrance into the place, in stating my belief in certain of the prominent truths of our holy religion, an individual present said, "If such are your religious views, you ought to see and converse with old Mr. Bowker; he will agree with you exactly, although there are few in this part of the town who agree with him, I can assure you." I soon learned that the person referred to was 97 years of age, yet still possessed a clear and vigorous intellect, and capable of conversing intelligently upon all ordinary subjects, but especially delighting in religious conversation. Having descendants in my school, I inquired of them concerning him, and learned that he had expressed a desire that I should make him an early call. This I soon did, and was received by him with the greatest cordiality; for as he said, when the children told him that I had Bible reading and prayer in school, he was delighted, and had not ceased to pray for me that God would bless me in my labors.

From him I learned that he had been a member of the Congregational church for about 60 years—that he had floated along with the prevailing current of religious feeling, perfectly satisfied with himself as a moral and religious man, and feeling perfectly secure in respect to his eternal interests. But at the age of 87, unaccountably to himself, a sudden change came over him, and the idea of dying and going to the judgment seat of Christ filled his soul with the deepest alarm. So great was his terror and distress, in anticipation of death, that he could hardly eat or sleep, and his only resource seemed to be to go from house to house and tell the anguish of his spirit to all he met, hoping that some one would speak to him a word of comfort.

Some thought that he was becoming deranged, others that it was only the weakness of childhood; and his minister told him that his trouble was one of those incidents to old age, when even the grasshopper becomes a burden, and he must endeavor to banish it from his mind. "For, Mr. Bowker, if you, as good a man as you are, are going to hell, what will become of the rest of us?" So he continued for some time seeking some one to lead him into peace, and finding none; until at length a pious Baptist woman from the neighboring town of Farmington, on hearing his tale of mental anguish, said to him, "Mr. Bowker, I know what is the matter with you—you are under conviction of sin." The phrase was new to him, but the sentiment it contained was not unaccounted for by him. To his inquiry, "What he should do?" she promised to send him a minister—Rev. Charles Train—to converse with him; which promise she was faithful to fulfil: the result of which was, his burdened soul was relieved, and new views of Christ and of the way of salvation filled him with delight and joy. Of course, one thus brought into the kingdom of heaven would not hesitate to renounce his old religious connexion, and enter into new relations with the people of God. He united with the Baptist church in Farmington; and for ten years was an open and earnest advocate of the truth as it is in Jesus.

This was the venerable man with whom I was now brought into acquaintance and whom I often visited up to the hour of his death, uniting with him in prayer, and singing a hymn, commencing with the line "Whither goest thou pilgrim stranger?" The first few verses referred to the dangers that filled the way of the pilgrim, and the unseen guide that guarded and sustained him, and another spoke of the river of death and its angry waves which threatened to overwhelm him, and above which he would rise triumphant through faith. This he took great pleasure in hearing and in this respect he was gratified at each visit I made him.

One day near the close of my school engagement, one after another of the Bowker children, to the number of five or six, came to me, each with a special message that "I must visit grandpa that evening." To each I replied that if the snow storm then prevailing abated, I would endeavor to comply with the emphatic words this evening. I gave up the idea of going out a mile or more on foot. About six o'clock an older member of the family drove up to the door in a sleigh, with the emphatic words, "Grandpa says you must come and see him this evening." I entered the sleigh and was soon in the presence of the venerable man. He was seated in an old fashioned easy chair before an old-fashioned New England fireplace, looking as bright as I had ever seen him. Taking my hand he said, my dear young brother, I have sent for you to come and pray and sing with me once more, and then I am going right up to heaven." Do you feel that you are as near heaven as that, Mr. Bowker?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, I know I am; I shall soon be with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, to go no more out forever." A stranger to me just then entered the room, whom he greeted as "Brother Stewart," adding, "I am glad to see you, I have sent for this good brother to come and pray with me, and then I am going right up to be forever with the Lord." He then directed that all the family should be called in, and on being told that his daughter-in-law was taking some sleep, in anticipation of needed services in his behalf in the night, he replied, "No that won't do, I shant need her services to-night, all the family must be here; for as soon as Brother Smith has prayed, I am going right up to heaven." Soon all were gathered around his chair, when resting his head upon his hand, with his elbow upon the arm of the chair, he said to me, "now, Brother, do you lead us in prayer." How I prayed I know not, but I trust that the Holy Spirit who was evidently presiding over the scene, indited the petition, so that it was not unsuited to the occasion. When I arose from my knees without changing his position, he said, "Now that good hymn." Standing by his side I commenced it, and sang to the verse which refers to the river of death, when he suddenly threw back his head, spread out his arms, and was gone in an instant, without a struggle or a groan. There was no running for stimulants or artificial helps, but each one looked on in silent amazement, until after a moment I broke the silence by saying, "He has indeed gone to heaven." "Yes," answered his son, "and if you live fifty years you will not forget this scene."

A Tale of the Black Forest.

Many years ago there lived in a village near the famous Black Forest a worthy old pastor his life had been spent in doing good, in helping the poor and comforting the unhappy; and now in his old age he was calmly waiting the summons to his eternal home. Wishing, while still able to travel, to visit his widowed sister, who with her children lived at a considerable distance and to give them a small sum of money which he had saved, he set out one autumn morning, hoping to arrive before nightfall at his sister's cottage. His path lay through a portion of the forest; and as he looked up to the clear blue sky, visible through the still thickly covered branches, his heart rose in thanksgiving to the God of Nature, who had so graciously preserved him so many years. Suddenly he was surrounded by a band of fierce looking men who seemed to have sprung from the ground, and with threatening words demanded money.

Trembling he delivered up his little travelling bag, telling them to take all he had. After emptying it of the few articles it contained, the chief of the robbers seized him, roughly, and asked whether he had any valuables on his person. Still trembling, he answered, "yes." With a scornful laugh the robber set him free. Fear seemed to have quickened his steps, and sooner than he had believed it possible he found himself on the outskirts of the wood, and not far from his sister's dwelling where he hoped in the pleasure of the meeting to forget his misfortunes.

Then for the first time he thought of the money which he carried inside the lining of his black velvet cap. He said to himself, it is certainly a sin to steal, but it is also a sin to tell a lie. Am I not as bad as they? how could I die happily with a lie on my conscience? After a few minutes deliberation, he turned back, determined that, cost what it would, he would restore peace to his mind by telling what he had done.

The moon had risen before he reached the spot where he had been attacked, and by its light he saw several of the band sitting on the ground, smoking their long meerschaums and laughing over the contents of his knapsack, which lay near. One of them held in his hand a silver bond and clasped prayer book, one of the few family relics the old pastor had possessed, and was just about to tear it asunder. At this moment he perceived the old man who advancing to him said, in a timid voice, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. In saying that I had no other property about me, I did not remember in my fear at being attacked, that I carried a few gold pieces in the lining of my cap which I had carefully saved for my poor sister—so I have come to give you the money. Here it is," he said, taking it out of his cap.

None of them dared to touch it, so much were they surprised at this strange man, seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Seeing the impression he had made on them, he continued, in a solemn tone, "I have lived long and expect soon to stand before the Judge of all men; I dare not appear with a lie in my hand for God's Word says we must neither lie nor deceive. It is a sad thing to live without God, and more terrible still to die without Him; but worst of all, to be forever banished from His presence."

Some of the men endeavored to make a jest of these words, but in vain; their guilty consciences accused them of habitually disobeying the command, "Thou shalt not steal." Silently they returned every article they had taken from the old man, who with tears in his eyes and in a few heartfelt words, exhorted them to repent of their ways, before it was too late. "Believe me," said he, "when I became conscious of my sin, I was miserable until I had had repented and sought forgiveness; then peace returned to my soul. You, too, are sinners but if you turn and seek God truly, you will have pardon and a peace in this world, an after-ward an eternity of happiness." Then surrounded by them all, he prayed aloud, gave them his blessings, and departed.

During the remainder of this journey it seemed to him as if the dark wood was changed into a pleasant garden, his heart was so full of holy and happy thought. His sister and children received him joyfully, and provided with the rest and refreshment he so much needed after his long and eventful journey. Till his death, which took place not many months after, he never omitted to pray for those wild robber-band and he cherished the hope that the occurrence of that day, and the words he had spoken, might be the cause of turning even one among them to a new and better life.

A Man his own Grandfather.

The following has been translated for the New Haven Register:—
"A European friend of mine related the following story: I married a widow, who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter, my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife got a son—he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e. my step daughter, had also a son, he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

The following is a copy of a poetical invitation on the sign of the Beehive, an old inn at Abington, kept by William Hone:—
Within this Hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry come in and try,
The flavor of our Hone.

The following lines are a sign of a roadside inn between Swinted and Marlborough—The Plough:—
In hopes we plough, in hopes we sow,
In hopes we are all led;
And I live here and sell good beer,
In hopes to get my bread.

Afraid He might be Dead.

Scene in the counting room of a morning newspaper. Enter a man of Teuton tendencies, considerably the worse for last night's spree:—
Teuton (to the man at the desk)—"If you please, sir, I want de bapers init dis morning. One vat han de names of de beebles vot kills coelera all de vile."

He was handed a paper, and after looking it over in a confused way, said:—
"Vat you pe so goot as to read de names vot don't have de cholera any more too soon just now, and see if Carl Geisenkoopenfeun hash 'em?"

The Clerk very obligingly read the list, the Teuton listening with trembling attention, wiping the perspiration from his brow meanwhile, in great excitement. When the list was completed, the name of Carl Geisenkoopenfeun, well, no matter, about the whole name, wasn't there. The Teuton's face brightened up, and he exclaimed:—
"You don't find 'em?"

Clerk—"No such name there, sir."
Teuton (seizing him warily by the hand)—"This ish nice—this ish sons funs—dat ish my name. I pin drunk ash never vas, and, py tan, I vas afraid I vas gone tod mit cholera, and didn't know it. Mine Cot! I vas scared."

PICKED UP, a small BOAT nearly new off Cross Island, about three weeks ago.—The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
St. Andrews, Aug 7, 1866. T. H. KUNT.

Freedom Notice.

I have given my son SAMUEL his Freedom from this date, and will not demand any remuneration for his services, nor pay any debt he is contracting.
WM. BARBER.
St. Andrews, Aug. 22, 1866.

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