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POETRY.

AUTUMN.

BY VERITAS.

Tis October, and the Autumn
Ruthless earth supremely now,
And the withered leaves are falling,
Falling from each leaf and bough.

See how thickly they are lying,
Lying scattered o'er the ground,
See how thickly they are flying
On the winds that murmur round.

Birds have left the forest bowers
That they thronged in summer time,
Where they sang in gayer hours
When the year was in its prime.

Now no more their notes are ringing
Over forests, hills and plains;
But when spring comes, hither winging,
They'll renew those same sweet strains.

They have left us with good reason,
They have sought a warmer clime,
But they will return in season
For another bright spring time.

Autumn reigneth, 'tis October,
Short and fleeting is the day;
And the earth is sad and sober;
'Tis the month of bloom's decay.

Nearly leafless are the bowers
That were building flowers in May;
Faded are the beautiful bowers
They were first to pass away.

Busy bees no more are humming,
And they hasten home no more,
Over hill and valley coming,
Laden with their treasured store.

And I hear the winds sighing—
Autumn winds so drear and cold;
Time and Seasons swift are flying,
And the year is growing old.

And I view the distant wild wood
Fading slowly, day by day—
Wood that I have seen in childhood,
Bud and bloom and then decay.

Soon the earth, disrobed of beauty,
That she wore when June was here,
Will to winter pay her duty,
As the ruler of the year.

Flesh in Vegetables.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheat flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now when vegetable food is eaten it is its flesh constituent alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood, and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed (burned) for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future food when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly, or the whole of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat (butter) and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to procure nutrition, while the starch is converted into fat (suet).

When a man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to a workman, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hands, yet its composition remains the same. So as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetable source. And the collectors of it. And, as I have said, I knew that some future day, though the present day, which it makes, it will

not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.—[Puisse.

THIRTY SECONDS TOO LATE.—The Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual. Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral, or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If he was called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door-step and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was at first, quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral, and meet it on the way to the grave, or to go to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Bell waited on the minister to ask him why "he was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late?"

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you, and if after hearing me, you do not think I am about right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days promising to be back without fail the next Sabbath. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till Saturday returned, and then my sister, and a beautiful friend of hers, persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat Cinderella, on our beautiful lake. The day was fine and Cinderella spun and dandled under my oars as if a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes! I left the ladies and ran home and caught up my carpet bag and ran for the depot. I saw that the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more!

"The next day was a fair, sweet Sabbath. My mountain-people gathered, coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house of worship. But there was no minister, and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a poor old blind man who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could get to meeting. That day he ate his breakfast early and his little grand-daughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary and sad and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a great gathering of children at the Sabbath School. And their little eyes glistened, for their minister had promised to preach them a 'little sermon' today! But he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the Sabbath, when he would be there! But no! he was not there.

"The poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her cold corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knees, I asked God's forgiveness, and promised him, that if possible, I would never be thirty seconds too late again!

"And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess it don't look quite so unreasonable as it might!"

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.—At the London International Exhibition 1862, a machine for the execution of microscopic writing, was exhibited by a Mr. Peters, which has enabled the Lord's Prayer to be written in the 356,000th of a square inch—a space like a minute dot. The English Bible contains about 3,566,580 letters; the Lord's Prayer, ending with "deliver us from evil," 223 letters; so that the Bible is 15,992 times longer than the prayer, and if we employ round numbers we may say it could be written in 16,000 times the space occupied by the prayer, or in less than the twenty-second part of a square inch. In other words, the whole Bible might be written twenty-two times in one square inch. This wonderful minute writing is clearly legible when placed under a good microscope. In using the machine the operator writes with a pencil attached to one end of a long lever; what-

ever marks he makes on a piece of paper are infinitesimally reduced in corresponding motions, by which a glass plate is moved over a minute diamond point. By means of a geometric check, beautiful geometric designs may be engraved on a similar scale of minuteness.

SURGERY IN AFGHANISTAN.—The Afghans from their rough and hardy life, acquire by experience very practical, though to be sure, uncouth, methods of righting themselves, their horses, and cattle, when they may suffer from accidents. Their operations for the reduction of dislocations in the human subject are most original; and, if report speaks at all truly, equally successful.

For a dislocation of the thigh, the unfortunate patient is awestruck and starved for three days in a dark room, the atmosphere of which is heated by fires kept burning night and day; and the effects of this high temperature are increased by dressing the patient with copious draughts of warm rice-water or thin gruel. During the interval that this treatment is enforced on the patient, a fat bullock is tied up and fed ad libitum, with chopped straw flavored with salt, but is rigidly denied a drop of water. On the third day the patient is made to ride the bullock or buffalo astride, a felt alone intervening between him and the bullock's hide; his feet drawn down and fastened under the animal's belly by means of cords passing round the ankles. All these preliminaries arranged, the animal is then led out to water, and drinks so greedily and voraciously that its belly swells to nearly double its former size. The traction produced by this on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring the wandering bone to its socket.

The method of reducing a dislocated shoulder is quite as curious as interesting. It is managed thus: the hand of the dislocated limb is firmly fixed as closely to the opposite shoulder as it can well be, by cords tied round the wrist; between the bend of the elbow and the chest is placed an empty "masak" a goat-skin water bag, in common use throughout Oriental countries as a means of carrying water; which is gradually filled with water; the weight of this suffices to overcome the resistance of the muscles before they have borne it a quarter of an hour, and the head of the bone flies back to its socket with the usual sound. Most remarkable weight, when full, close upon a hundred pounds, and many more than this.

For a reduction of dislocation of the ankle joint, the injured extremity is placed in a hole dug in the ground and covered over with a soft earth, which is firmly pressed down by stamping. The limb is then pulled out by force with the joint returning to the natural position.

BLOOD AND DEATH.—We may here quote an amusing anecdote. Sir Howard Douglas had frustrated a Carling movement projected by Gen. Foy, and had saved a Portuguese detachment from capture by timely information, and was alone in the village of Tormero. Sir Howard's mind felt lightened after sending off his orderly to the Count of Amaranth, and he was strolling down the village, when he heard the clatter of hoofs, and presently was startled by the appearance of two English Light Dragoons. He could hardly believe his eyes at first, but there was no doubting the blushing scarlet, or the English faces of the stalwart troopers. They recognized him as plainly, and admiration between the chargers and themselves. "This is a strange encounter, sergeant-major," he said to the foremost, "where are you from?" "From General Anson, at Tudela, sir," was the reply, "and I think you are Sir Howard Douglas?" "Yes."

"I have brought you despatches from Lord Wellington, which the general thought it right to send on." "A dangerous service," said Sir Howard, more astonished as he looked at the address on the despatch; "is it possible that you have come across the country by Valladolid?" "Yes, sir, but I heard the enemy had come up there, and that the Spaniards had retreated. I thought I might try to persevere in conveying the despatches, so we made our way to Casta Contrigo, where we heard you were, and came across." "You deserve great credit for your conduct. I have very important intelligence for Lord Wellington, and must send you on it." The letter was soon ready, and the two dragoons were refreshed and at the door. "Considering the importance of the despatch, I should like you to proceed by the bank of the Esla to Constantia and then on to Salamanca," said Sir Howard. The sergeant-major looked dubious. "Will you be so good as to give me this order in writing, sir?" "For what reason?" asked Sir Howard. "Because I also don't take that way if I left to myself, sir." "Well, tell me how you managed in coming here." "It was thought this would be a difficult service, sir,

and I was picked out to do it, with leave to choose my companion. I chose this man and these horses, because I knew they could be trusted; and I settled in my own mind there'd be most danger in blundering on too fast, while certainty would be better than speed. I knew I should be safe with the people, and that the French wouldn't, so I determined to keep in sight of the French army." "That was bold play." "Yes, sir, but I knew their cavalry could only chase me in a pretty large party, for a small one would be cut up by the guerrillas or peasants, and the speed of a large party would be only the speed of their slowest horse, if they kept together and chased to a distance; so I could gallop round them with these mares, half-a-dozen times in an hour." And he glanced with pride at the two chargers. "Did they look after you?" "Oh yes, sir, I went on and we soon fell in with them." They turned out a party of cavalry as I expected, and we gave them a gallop. They turned, and we turned. I always drew off two or three miles at night, and we went to some village or hamlet—generally to the priest—and told him what we were about. We got good treatment for ourselves and horses, and set off at day-light, sighted the French again, and let them give us a gallop. But they got to know our look after a few days, and they didn't give us much trouble. "I'm sure I can't do better than to leave such an excellent tactician to his own judgment," said Sir Howard. "I'll carry the despatch in my own way, sir, as safely as if you'd put it any post-office in England—that I warrant." "Now tell me your name." "Blood, sir." "And yours?" said Sir Howard to the private. "Death," replied the soldier. Sir Howard could not repress a smile at such a conjunction—Blood and Death!—Memoirs of Sir Howard Douglas.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir,—Will you allow me to correct a mistake in your last issue? You say "Capt. Inches' company from St. Stephen, Major Whitlock's and Capt. Sandford's from St. Andrews, and Major Wetmore's from St. George, fired in the same squad;" which is incorrect and very persons unacquainted with all the circumstances to form an erroneous idea of the shooting.—They say, "all they all fired in one squad, and there was any unfairness, how did Capt. Inches' and McAdam's companies make good shooting?" The reason is they fired earlier in the day than the companies from here and St. George. The St. John papers pronounce the arrangements as universally satisfactory. I will describe one of these satisfactory arrangements which may be taken as a fair specimen of how the whole thing was conducted: the targets were placed in such a position that the morning was the most favorable time for shooting, as the day advanced it kept getting worse, owing to the sun, the St. John and Fredericton companies were aware of this, and being favored by those having charge were placed in first; this accounts for their better shooting. The representatives from Charlotte, (with the exception of Capt. Inches' and McAdam's companies) were moved from squad to squad, at length they were allowed to fire at the first range, at one o'clock, the last men of the last squad. This circumstance, though annoying, they did not mind so much, as they supposed it was a mistake, and would be rectified when they came to fire at the second range; but the same principle was continued, and they did not fire at the second range till between four and five p.m., at which time the sun, having come round, was shining almost directly in their faces, so that when aiming, it was impossible to see the sights so as to shoot with any certainty. Several who fired from the left shoulder could not see the target at all; this was the case with private Nesbitt who had made 8 points at 200 yards; he did not wish to fire at 300 yards, as when aiming, he could see neither sights nor target, the sun shining full in his eye; but being urged, he did so, and missed every shot as was to be expected. Why the competitors from Charlotte, of the first Battalion, (having as good a right to fire in the first squad as the first Battalions of York and St. John) were thus transferred from one squad to another, as the firing progressed, they were at a loss to comprehend, at the time; since, they have concluded that this was part of the highly satisfactory arrangements spoken of by the St. John papers. The shooting by Capt. McAdam's company (being the best average of any company present) is a sample of what Charlotte Volunteers can do, when they have any kind of a chance given them, even they did not fire as early in the day as Fredericton and St. John men. I observe in the "Morning Telegraph" of the 3d inst., a communication from Capt. Simonds of the Victoria Rifles, in which he states that there is no differ-

ence between the rifles used by his company, and those in use in other portions of the province, that can have the least effect in shooting. Persons who have seen and compared the two, state that the rifle stock is considerably shorter, (which may or may not be an advantage,) that it is better finished, that the sights in particular, are far superior to the old pattern, and that it will make an average of one point at each range, more than the rifle in use with the rest of us. He challenges twelve men of any company to shoot with the same number of his, under the condition that they must shoot in Fredericton, because, as he says, his company have already sacrificed much of their time, to attend at Torriburn. Capt. Simonds' company deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which they performed camp duty at Torriburn; but does he suppose that other companies were under no expense or sacrifice of time in going to the same place? Then he suggested that if the challenge were accepted the shooting should come off on the 7th or 9th inst., leaving volunteers four days from the time of challenge to make preparations and be in Fredericton. If the cup is fired for in Fredericton next year, the Charlotte volunteers will be on hand, and if they are not humbugged as they were this year, will be able to render a good account of themselves, and Capt. Simonds will have an opportunity to repeat his exceedingly accommodating and liberal offer which reflects great credit both on him and his gallant company.

A VOLUNTEER.

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE IN BATTLE.—At the battle of Stone River, Tenn., while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fight of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flock of little birds fluttered and circled above the fire in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like loads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battlefield.

DON'T STRIKE IN ANGER.—Many persons reply, when told never to punish a child in anger, "Then we should never punish them at all, if we did not do it while we are angry." Very well, be it so; a blow struck in anger has made more inmates of States prisons than almost anything else. How many boyish wanderers from the parental roof can trace their ultimate ruin from it? How many women, who have lost all semblance of womanhood, can date their downward steps from this cruel, maddening, discouraging moment? Oh, never strike your child in anger. The bitter resentment and heart-burnings which it causes are the seed of that deadly rightshade—despair! A little patience, a little love, and your child's waywardness will disappear little by little, and your old age be blessed instead of remorseful. Think of it.

PRECOCITY IN HENS.—A resident of South Salem, Mass., had one hen the present spring, which he set in May, and she hatched and reared a brood of chickens ten in number. Soon after the first chickens were hatched the hen began to lay, and then set again, having a second brood nine in number. The first chickens, partaking somewhat of the nature of the old hen—we mean as to being smart—surprised their owner by presenting him with an egg—the age of the pullets then being only three months and twenty-four days.

The following pithy story is told of Hallam and Rogers:

"How do you do, Hallam?" said the poet.

"Do what?" said the other.

"Why, how do you find yourself?"

"I never lose myself."

"Well, how have you been?"

"Been where?"

"Pshaw! How do you feel?"

"Feel me and see."

"Good-morning, Hallam!"

"It's not a good morning."

Rogers could say no more.

The Japanese are said to surpass even the Chinese in the art of dwarfing trees. Dr. Maylan saw a box, one inch square and three inches deep, which contained a thriving bamboo, fir, and plum tree, the latter in full bloom.

A London paper says that Kinsuth is now residing in the environs of Turin.