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Sliding down Hill.

There is nothing in the tropics that can console a man, doomed to dwell there, for the loss of northern winters. Monkeys and humming birds, gorgeous flowers and gigantic vegetation, and insects reptiles, and luscious fruits, which you cannot eat without a cholera, sweltering nights and roasting days! Deliver us from the intolerable delights of tropical luxury!

But a northern winter is full of bracing joys. In doors, all is ruddy and social, and out of doors all is energy and manly joy! A man who has blood and vital spirits, glories in the cold of winter. But of all sports what one can claim superiority over coasting; or, as in our boyhood days, it was called, sliding down hill.

Long before we attained the age of a sled two barrel staves, fastened together by knowing workmen, served an excellent purpose, and required no mean skill in sitting and steering. A slight mistake in balancing, and the boys and staves changed places; the sled under and the sliding machine a top—and then gradually rolling into a promiscuous heap, out of which came some ripping remarks not made by the sled.

Next came the glory of real sled ship—a sled with runners, and iron or steel shod; a sled painted and lettered! With that we defied the thermometer, and set our faces against the north wind! And how the gentle hill, a full half mile, is sought, not all of a gentle slope, nor yet too steep, but properly a gradual beginning, then a pitch quite steep then another long middle slope, and a jounce here, a run look there, a sweep yonder around a point, and a fetching up piece right over the river! On such a hill top, with a sled, well muffled and mitted, the boy seats himself upon his sled, prouder than ever sat a king upon his throne! Away he goes with nimble feet reaching out before him (for a sled carries its rudder at the bow) and whose heels with skillful touch set the flying machine. See him make a leap over the rail-lock, lifted clear into the air and coming down with a jounce that makes everything crack—but the boy! Boys have springs inside of them, under every muscle, on all sides of each bone, and come down with a springy bound that care and carriage may envy, but cannot attain!

None of your belly flounders! This lying down on a sled like a buckwheat cake on a griddle; or that side sitting on the hind end of it, with one leg cork-screwed out behind, for steering, are not the thing. They are not the orthodox. They savor of complacency with weakness and timidity. A real boy should sit on his sled with feet square, and ready to meet all difficulties with his breast to them!

Nor let any one decry the long tramp up hill, that follows this fierce flight downward. What if it is long, the sled hanging behind, the way slippery, and withal some peril of those avalanches of other boys that come roaring and whirling down? The going up is still an indispensable part of the Epic. It is the dark that gives power to the light. The up makes, by contrast, the very glory of the down. Besides, as its appointed to every hen, when she has laid an egg, to enter at large into the merits of the performance, and to tell the barnyard, and neighborhood, her opinion of that last egg, doubtless, if we but understood the true, interior meaning of omelette, to say: "Here's an egg, for omelette, omelette, omelette; good also for cakes, cakes, cakes; the very soul of custard, custard, custard; good raw, good boiled, roasted, good fried, good soft or hard; good eggs, good eggs, very good eggs." So, (let me see; that intolerable hen has confused this sentence, so that we don't just see how to tie it together—ah here it is,)—as this hen, having done all the above, discourses of it, (as per above translation,) so the boy occupies the long ascent, in declaring the skill, speed, and wonderful daring of his descent and is vehemently setting forth what *he* did to have happened, and the thing which he almost did!

We never see the snow on the ground, old as we are, that we do not feel the very spirit of the sled again! And now, an old man, we would, if we could, mount and plunge down the hill again. Though a man's hair is as white as the snow under his feet, he need not be ashamed, of a voyage on a sled!

There is but one city in this nation that we know of, that is civilized and that city is New Bedford. One winter not long ago, when we were there, we found a long street refused to horse vehicles and set apart to sleds. The selectmen, or whoever their names were, at the public expense, carted on snow where the track was worn; and it by water thrown on over night; stationed a band of music there; had torches lit and placed along the sides; and the generous people catching the spirit, illuminated their houses, and this preparation was then thrown open to men women and children. That city is

civilized! That part of the millennium which consists in sliding down hill we believe will begin first in New Bedford.—(Waltham Sentinel.)

Family Intercourse at the Table.

To meet at the breakfast-table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame on the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can never come to the breakfast-table, where all the family have met in health, but to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean, and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whenever the curl may make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for before the morning comes, some of the little circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gathered around that table again no more.

Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within all reasonable or bearable bounds it is better to let them alone; they eat less because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they can not but be impressed with the perfect abundance of jabber, cachinnation, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day and they live long. It follows, then that at the family table all should meet and it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering merriment, and generosity of nature which lifts us above the prutes which flourish, prothieve, and these things are, of good digestion, high health, and a long life.

Kiss my wife on front me.—There are a few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed; but an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which a newly wedded benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic who was well known as a powerful operator in a free fight. His bride was a beautiful young country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the two were at a party where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the very good old fashioned "paw" playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed except B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, for suddenly he expressed himself.

Rolling up his sleeves he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that secured marked attention, said, "I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss but—" "What's the matter, John," inquired a half dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have I don anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I have just got this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times a piece, and here's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now if she don't get as many kisses in the balance of the night as any girl in the room, the man that slights her has got to fight, that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

If Mrs. B. was slighted the balance of the evening we did not know it. As for ourselves we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

A correspondent of the Aberdeen Free Press, near Balmoral states that several years ago Her Majesty on leaving her Highland residence for the season, promised to Jenny—daughter of a cottier in the vicinity, to bring a toy to her next year. During the interval some very important State affairs passed and the Queen was over in France on a visit to the Emperor. The promise was all but forgotten on the one side—that of the highland girl; not so on the other, for on arriving at Balmoral next season, her Majesty presented the humble lassie with the promised toy, remarking, "See, I have not forgotten you."

A WIFE FOR THE PRINCE.

A report from Europe says that besides other important things settled during the Queen's late visit to Germany, a wife was selected for the heir of the Crown. The happy heir is the Princess Augusta Louisa Adelaide Caroline Ida, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who was born Aug. 6th, 1843. If the Prince of Wales was born November 6th, 1841, the young couple will be well matched in years.

The Saxe-Meiningen family have a great deal to be proud of in the matter of blood, though not much in territory or political grandeur. The ducal dominions comprise a territory of less than a thousand square miles, and a population of about 170,000. Meiningen, the capital city, has between six and seven thousand inhabitants. The Saxe-Meiningen family is a branch of the old Saxon royal race to which belong Prince Albert's family, and several others that furnish husbands and wives for European royalty.

The young lady now spoken of as likely to be Queen of England, will not be the first of her family that has had this dignity. Queen Adelaide, the wife of William the IV., was a princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and an aunt of the rumored wife of Albert Edward. She was selected as a bride for the then Duke of Clarence, after the lamentable death of the Princess Charlotte, when there was danger that of all George III's fifteen children none would leave a legitimate heir to wear the crown. The Duke of Clarence, Kent and Cambridge, and the Princess Elizabeth were all married as rapidly as possible. Queen Adelaide never bore children, and the daughter of the Duke of Kent succeeded William IV. Her son, in turn, is to marry a niece of her uncle's wife. The German element is becoming more strongly infused into the English royal family than ever. If lineage could be analytically traced, there would be found in Queen Victoria very little of the ancient Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stewart blood, and a great deal of the German. Her children have still more of it, and as she married her oldest daughter to a German Prince, betrothed her second to another, and is likely to marry her oldest son to a German Princess, her grandchildren will be English only in name and rank. It is probably natural that she and her husband should prefer alliance with their own race. But another reason for selecting German husbands and wives for their children is that Protestant royalty is to be found only in Germany, and it is considered wrong for an English prince or princess to marry anything below royalty, in title at least.

PRINTING A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—An extraordinary discovery has been made of a press in India. When Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous wood substance, of various thickness, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck informed of this, went out to the spot where an excavation had been made, displaying this singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper, for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault which on examination, proved to be of some size, and, to their astonishment, they found a kind of printing press, set up in the vault, and on it movable types, placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there; for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the Major could collect, it appeared probable that the place had remained in the state in which it was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned associations with a memoir containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it, and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese had been acquainted with the mode of printing they now employ, many centuries before Faust and Gutenberg invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that, while they approached so near as to engrave in a style not to be equalled in the present age on gems and stones, and of course, the taking of impressions from them, they should have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings upon mankind.

The head engineer of H. M. S. *Hero* has been dismissed from that ship by sentence of court-martial, for being in a state of intoxication when leaving Portland harbor. All the arrangements are made for halting in London, in 1862, an International Exhibition on a scale still more imposing than that of 1851. The guarantee found now amounts to £365,000, being £100,000 more than was deemed sufficient to inaugurate the Hyde Park Exhibition in 1851.

AN AWFUL MURDER.—A correspondent of the Columbia (S. C.) Times gives the following melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united in the holy bonds of wedlock, set the marriage notice with a verse of his own composition, to the printer for publication, as follows:

MARRIED.—At Gosham, July 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphonia Wiggins, both of Gosham.

Love is the union of two hearts
That beat in softest melody;
Time, with its ravages, imparts
No bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the Gosham Sentinel, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed, happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up—thus:—

MARRIED.—At Gosham, July 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Mr. Euphonia Wiggins, both of Gosham.

Love is an onion of two heads
That beats in softest melody;
Time with its cabbage imparts
No better feed to an extra dray."

Phancy Mr. Alexander Conkey's pheel-ix.

THE EXCITEMENT OR INTOXICATION.—The love of narcotics and intoxicating compounds is so universal, it may almost count as an instinct. Every nation has it in a greater or less degree; some in the shape of opium, some of smoke, some in drink, some in snuff; but from the equator to the snow-line it exists—a trifle changed in dress, according to the climate, but always the same desire. Kings have decreed punishments on the secular side; priests have anathematized on the spiritual; law-makers have sought to pluck out the habit, riot and branch, from their people; but all to no good—man still goes on smoking, snuffing and chewing; putting an enemy into his mouth to seal away his brains, and finding immense satisfaction in a practice that makes him both an invalid and a madman, and never quits him till it has laid him fairly in the grave. [Chamber's Journal.

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Vestegan, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says:—"They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, and the change should happen, as also their festival daimes; and such a carved stick they called an almonad; that is to say al-mon-heed; to wit, the regard of observation of all the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac.—After the invention of printing, almanacs soon became generally in use. The first record account in England of an almanac is in the year Book of Henry the Seventh.

GREATNESS.—All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thoughts of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result of the present age. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see in looking into history, that all great men have been pieces of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the actions of men—their sentiment, even if it treated apparently far-off themes.

LYING IN BED.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or level with the body, was the most wholesome. Most people, consulting their own ease, on this point argue in favor of that which they prefer.—Now although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus and avoid all danger.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:—"The President ridicules the idea that England will make any favorable commercial treaty with the cotton States. He is to well acquainted with the feeling of the British public and the members of the British Government on this subject, not to know that no treaties could be made between the parties without a provision requiring the gradual emancipation of slaves and the prohibition of the slave trade. King Cotton will be without allies, abroad or at home after he has withdrawn from the protection of the Federal Union."

The self examining society has proposed the following queries to all persons about this financial period:

1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?
2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?
3. Do printers eat, drink, and wear clothing?
4. If they do, how do they get it?
5. Do I pay for my paper?
6. Is not this particular period a first time to pay up.

Novel Feat in Engineering.

Our readers may remember that our Texas correspondent described the crossing of the Brazos river, by sweeping down the bank some thirty or forty feet and rising on the opposite side. In the Richmond (Texas) *Reporter* of the 22d ult., we find the following, which we suppose must refer to the crossing described by our correspondent. "We learn that one man, John Farrel, was killed and the conductor, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Brush, were wounded, the latter seriously, by the following sad occurrence:—Yesterday, as the up train was passing over the Brazos bridge a portion of the bridge gave way, and a freight, baggage and lumber car fell through, making a total wreck of them. The passenger car, containing quite a number of passengers, was only saved from precipitating into the river—were all would inevitably have been lost—by the disconnection (from the concussion) of the locomotive from the train."—[Scientific American.

The Louisville Courier tells of a young gentleman in that city who is courting a lady in Jeffersonville, and who swims the river after the ferry boat stops running, is raising a mustache with a view of keeping the drift wood out of his mouth.

Washington Irving chanced to be taught one day in a thunder storm with a rustic neighbor, who refused to join him under the shelter of a tree, and gave it as a reason that his father was killed by lightning. "Ah," said Irving, "it runs in the family then!"

The religion that is to save the world pays its debts. It does not borrow money, with little or no prospect of re-payment, by concealing or glossing over the fact. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, according to the gospel though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. To look upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who fails to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

"How do you like Arithmetic," said Mr. Phelps to John Perkins as he came home from school with his slate under his arm.

"Not very well."

"How do you get along with it?"

"Well enough. Samuel Price does my sums for you."

"Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you?"

"I couldn't live without eating. I should grow if I didn't eat."

Your mind won't grow any if you don't use it. It would be just as reasonable for you to ask Samuel to eat your dinner for you, as to ask him to do your studying for you.—S. S. Banner.

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a pair of boots. To have time to set easy, your garments must set the example.

MISER'S CHARITY.—An illiterate person who always volunteered to go "round" with the list, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overheard once a him to that effect replied:—"Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

The Princess Alice is beginning to figure as a patroness of literature. Her Royal Highness has accepted the dedication of a new illustrated work, "The Promises of Jesus Christ."

