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Poetry.

TO E. M. C.

When Luna with her starry train—
Shines brightly in the sky,
And summer zephyrs softly sing,
Their evening lullaby.

When thou dost on these beauties gaze,
And hear the waves low moan;
An humble girl doth pray for thee,
Within her rocky home.

Doth pray that the white dove of Peace,
May hover round thy way,
That the bright star of hope may lend
Its mild refulgent ray.

Till thou return to England's shore,
Thy own dear native land,
Where gladden'd hearts will welcome thee,
Within the household band.

They welcome thee with loving words,
While joy its smiles impart,
They welcome thee with tears of joy,
Warm gushing from their hearts.

Perchance thou mayest be happy then,
While all around thee smile;
Unheeded be the distant friend,
Upon this lonely isle.

Who watch'd thy bark sail slowly o'er
The blue Atlantic's breast,
Moored near the shore she calmly lay,
As seabird sunk to rest.

And when the clouds look'd wild and dark,
And rose the angry sea;
Away would sail thy gallant bark,
A lonely sight to me.

Oh, if I were Goddess of Fate,
I'd ever smile on thee,
Give thee of all earth's favor'd sons,
The brightest destiny.

I'd crown thy brow with laurel's wreath,
Pluck'd from the tree of fame;
I'd twine the myrtle round thy heart—
Where I would wish to reign.

Miscellany.

PERIL OF THE YARD ARM. OR THE Backwoodsman at Sea.

BY HERBERT STARBUCK.

Among the crew of the "Macwell," a merchant ship bound to San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, there was one of those tall, gaunt-looking, raw-boned individuals who generally come under the denomination of backwoodsmen.

Here, then, on shipboard, Bill Slings was decidedly out of his proper element. It seemed as though he would never learn the ropes, blocks, and the many little intricacies that pertain to a full-rigged merchantman. Hence many and serious blunders he made, both below and aloft, to the great indignation of Capt. Blake and the amusement of the foremast hands.

O you infernal lubber! the skipper would roar out, shaking his fist at him. I'd just like to feel of that head of your's with a handspike and see what it made of, to which Bill would sometimes reply in the following style:

Look here, cap'n, I consider myself a tree and civilized critter, and must be treated as such; so don't you go to foisterin' me up with your cusses and shakin' of fists. I never was used to it, and it won't do me a speck of good, I can tell ye. As to feelin' of my head with a handspike, it wouldn't convert me nuther, for layin' phrenology aside, I reckon you'd find it luff, arter all.

Then in a towering rage, which only the colossal proportions and fearless eye of the backwoodsman could keep within bounds, the captain would tell him to take a hammer and knock the rust off the anchors, or sweep the decks with a broom, which would be carefully performed by Bill, without the slightest suspicion on his part that the captain was hazing him up.

But in attempting to haze our powerful shipmate it soon became evident that the captain suffered more than his intended victim, as with his prodigious strength of body and quickness of movement the backwoodsman so easily performed the multitude of tasks imposed upon him that the commander was continually harassed in efforts to invent schemes to keep him busy.

Catch me taking such a lubber into my ship again, the skipper would sometimes say, addressing his mate Mr. Gumps; he isn't fit for anything, and I can't think for the life of

me, what to put him at next. But we must put him to work somehow or other. Can't you think of something?

Send him aloft to tar down, said Gumps. No, no, said the captain, he'll spill all the tar on deck, and dirty the planks which we made him scrub so clean.

All the better, said Gumps, for we can make him scrub 'em over again, and there's two nice little jobs you see—the tarrin' and the scrubbin'—to say nothing of the chance it will give you to cuss him.

Glorious! said the captain. Gumps, you're the man!

I'm the man, replies Gumps, and turning upon his heel, he sings out:

You Bill Slings, get a tar-bucket and tar down that fore rigging.

Aye, aye, sir.

And mind that you don't spill any of the tar, added the captain, winking at Gumps, who winked back again.

If it isn't agin the bounds of human nature, I won't, replied Bill, as he mounted, tar bucket in hand.

Presently, as the captain and his mate had foreseen, the black drops began to descend in little showers on the deck.

Then the former walked forward and looking up at Bill poured forth a torrent of curses—laughing all the time in his sleeve, and turning around to wink at his mate. Suddenly one of those winks was stepped in the midst of his career by a drop of tar falling into his eye, and then he swore in earnest.

During the whole of the next day and the day following Bill was kept steadily at work scraping and scouring the decks, which task when finished was followed by another, devised after the same manner as the foregoing.

Thus it was that the officers of the "Macwell" managed to keep Slings continually employed at something, while they declared he was good for nothing.

In due course of time the ship arrived at San Francisco where she remained two weeks and was then ready to sail for the Sandwich Islands. An addition had been made to our number in the person of a travelling showman, together with three wild animals, consisting of a leopard, tiger and wild cat, which he carried with him and was anxious to display to the good people of Honolulu.

As there was no other convenient place for cages in which the animals were confined, they had been confined as far as possible, and securely lashed down in a gale of wind—being washed overboard in the great confusion.

The object of each of the prisoners was the brilliant hair, glaring eyes and sharp rows of teeth was savage enough. It was the opinion of Bill Slings, which he frankly expressed to the showman, that they didn't have more than half enough to eat.

And I'd warn ye, stranger, he added, pointing toward the cages, to keep a good lookout on them and fix up those doors a little, else the critters will be breakin' loose some of these fine days, and creatin' a rumpus. Them doors ain't set in 's they ought to be—specially the one where the catamount is.

But the showman gave Bill a contemptuous glance, saying that he knew what he was about and Bill need not concern himself.

Three days out of San Francisco we were overtaken by a violent gale of which caused us to stow away every rag, with the exception of the close reefed topsail and topgallant sail. Rolling and pitching violently among the heavy seas, the ship's motion was a relief to the showman's animals.

They made themselves unusually furious. They dashed themselves against the bars of their cages, gnashed their teeth and uttering savage growls, which mingled strangely with the wild howling of the gale and the roaring of the ocean.

As night set in they grew worse until the noise they made became perfectly demoniacal. By this time the gale was somewhat abated, but the clouds had turned to a pitchy blackness, and a heavy thunderstorm was now raging around us.

The night, save relieved flashes of lightning, was one of intense gloom, and with the creaking of the ship's timbers, the loud, sharp crashes or thunders, the roaring of the still turbulent sea, the dying shrieks of the gale and the howling of these three wild animals, we might have indulged in the fancy that we were in some infernal region, rather than on board the ship "Macwell."

Bill Slings, said the captain, as the rain began to descend in torrents, get the buckets and hang them up to catch water.

With his usual alacrity the backwoodsman was obeying his command, when an unexpected roll of the vessel caused the captain to lose his balance and slip—his head coming in contact with one of the buckets that Bill was in the act of raising. Without pausing to reflect that he felt of the accident with himself, the skipper in a fit of ungovernable passion lifted his foot and dealt our shipmate a furious kick in the side, but the next moment he found himself lying in the lee-scuppers; to which place

he had been sent by a powerful blow from the flat of the one to whom he had so unjustly vented his anger. Picking himself up he roared out in a voice hoarse with rage:

Mutiny! mutiny! Officers, seize the man, pound him—kick him—trample him under foot.

But, grasping a hatchet that lay upon the carpenter's bench, the backwoodsman placed his back against the weather-rail, and vowed that he would cleave the skull of the first man who attempted to lay hands on him.

Perceiving that his officer did not dare to make the assault, the captain dispatched his son, a lad of fourteen, to bring him up the double-barrelled gun that was lying, ready loaded in his state room. The boy obeyed, and returning soon placed the weapon in his father's hands. Pointing it at the head of Bill Slings, the skipper roared out:

Give up that hatchet and surrender, or you are a dead man.

At that critical moment a crash was heard in the after part of the vessel, and the next moment a wild cry of terror from the lips of the captain's son, as he sprang into the main rigging and began speedily to ascend, pursued by the catamount, which had at last succeeded in bursting open the door of her cage. All this had occurred so suddenly, that the boy and his pursuer had disappeared in the darkness aloft ere the captain could recover his presence of mind. Armed with such weapons as were nearest at hand, a few of the men had already leaped into the rigging and were speeding up the ratlines as fast as their encumbered hands would admit.

O, God! my son—my son—save him! cried the excited parent, as a sudden flash of lightning revealed to his sight the form of his boy in the topmost shrouds, with the fierce animal a few feet below him. It was plainly evident that the catamount would reach her prey ere the men could succeed in attacking her, as the sailors had not yet got near the top.

Another flash of lightning, and the sharp crack of the captain's rifle, hastily pointed in the direction of the beast, rang out upon the gale, mingling with the terrific crash of thunder which burst forth simultaneously with the report. But he looked in vain for the descending form of the animal, and perceiving that he had missed his mark, uttered a cry of such heartrending anguish that, notwithstanding the late quarrel they had, the noble heart of Bill Slings thrilled with pity as he listened to him.

Having discharged but one barrel of the instrument, another yet remained loaded, and the captain felt that the next shot would decide the fate of his son, for it was plain that ere he could have time to reload after the second fire the boy must be torn to pieces by the savage beast, if indeed this had not already taken place.

Elevating his piece he anxiously waited for another flash, but when that flash came he did not fire. He had seen his son clinging to the extreme end of the top gallant yard-arm, far up aloft, while the catamount was but a few paces from him, making frantic efforts to extricate one of her hind legs from a rope by which she had become entangled. So close to each other were the animal and her prey that the anxious father had not dared to discharge his piece, held moreover by hands which shook from excitement, lest the shot should strike his boy instead of the animal for which it was intended.

Cap'n, said Bill Slings, at this juncture, you just give me that rifle of yours and I will fix the critter in no time. I'm an old hand at the business and could hit the vagrant if he was twice as high. Them pay of yourn shake so, it's no wonder you couldn't fetch the catamount.

There was something in the behaviour of the backwoodsman calculated to inspire confidence at once, and the captain allowed him to take the weapon from his hands. He was fearfully excited, and his whole frame shook like aspen.

Bill had scarcely elevated his piece when another flash of lightning illuminated the ship and a wild exclamation of anguish burst from the captain's lips as he beheld the ferocious beast disengage herself from the rope and make a spring toward the boy. But the exclamation was almost drowned in the report of the rifle discharged by the backwoodsman at the same moment. Then a wild, piercing cry went up and the storm—a cry like that of a human being—and something dark was seen as it descended through the gloom, and fell with a loud splash into the sea.

The captain's face grew as pale as death—so pale that we could see it flash out distinctly through the darkness.

That cry, he grasped, laying his hand on Bill's shoulder, was human. O, God!—Wretch, wretch you have killed my son!

With outstretched neck he gazed steadily upwards, as though he would pierce the

gloom which shrouded the yard from sight. Has this shot struck the beast or the captain's son? was the question shouted to the men aloft. The wind howled, the thunder crashed, the sea roared and the ship's timbers creaked diamally, but there came no answer. The suspense was fearful. The captain groaned, and then staggered against the rail, while Bill's face grew as white as a sheet. We could hear his big heart thumping against his bosom. The question was repeated a second time.

All right! from the lips of the men aloft. All right, father, I'm safe, from the lips of the boy, and a few minutes afterward he leaped to the deck, and was clasped to the neck of his parent. Having thus vented the first gush of joyous feelings, the captain stepped up to Bill, and clasping him by the hand, said:

Bill, I feel that I have wronged you—I now ask your forgiveness for all that has passed—for every harsh word that I have uttered against you—for every needless task that has been imposed on you through my instrumentality. I have said that you were good for nothing. I declare to all hands that you are the best man in the ship, and from this moment a truer friend to you than Capt. Blake does not exist.

The captain kept his word, and as the result of kind treatment, before the end of the voyage, a better seaman than the noble hearted Bill Slings never walked the deck of a ship.

What Life May Be.

It is a great thing when all that can possibly happen to a person, save one's death, has happened. It is a great thing to have been poor, friendless and nameless, and to have been rich, and famous, and flattered. It is a great thing to have been young and to have been old. It is a great thing to have perforated the bubble fame and seen its collapse before a hungry heart. It is a great thing to have had dear ones who moulded every thought and action, from the rising to the setting sun, and then to have seen them suddenly vanish like stars from the sky, and to have folded one's paralyzed hands in the darkness—because there was no earthly future left. It is a great thing to have suffered and agonized on account of it, till that very suffering brings you to be glad and contented that they are in a world where all tears are wiped from all eyes. It is a great thing to rise slowly and take up the burden of life again and plod mechanically on. It is a great thing to be calm and unmoved when brutal pens, to point a coarse paragraph, unnerve one's sacred dead. It is a great thing to lock up chambers in one's soul, and shut down by the closed doors, lest some apathetic or unkind eye should hear the pained cries you only want time to smother. It is a great thing to have encountered all of malice, and envy, and uncharitableness that the world has to offer, so that its repetition can only be to the ear, a dull unmeaning sound. It is a great thing to have weighed human judgment that its eye or no is a matter of indifference in the light of—to come.

True—before the sensitive and tender-hearted can reach that point, rivers of tears must have been shed and millions of sighs heaved. Scores of suns must have set on days of torturing length, and scores of mournings, so many must have been spent, reaching out in the darkness, for that which the soul has never found, or finding, has lost; and thousands of times must the weary hands have fallen to the side in utter helplessness.

But this churchyard of the soul passed through, where every step is upon some buried hope, what is the pretty noise and dust of the highway about which others fume and complain? What is it if a malicious coachman spatter mud? What is it if a rude voice accost, or the right of the road be clamorously contended? when all voices, all roads are alike; when delay or speed matters not; when a choice of any thing seems utterly ridiculous, and all one's faculties are lost in astonishment at the worry and the fret and perturbation of those who had undergone the same ossifying process as yourself?

Irish Horses.—The alleged deterioration in the breed of horses in Ireland has been the subject of a correspondence between Sir Robert Peel and Admiral Rous. Sir Robert asked the gallant admiral for his opinion on the subject, and the admiral, who is known to be an authority on all racing and horse-breeding matters, gives it very directly.

The fact is, he says, the Irish breeders convert their horses into a specie, and then complain of the deterioration of stock. As a species, he shows, that two of the best sires from Ireland are now in France, whilst five out of seven of the first horses in the last national steeple chase were Irish. He declares that no country can compete with the

limestone pasturage of Ireland for "breeding the best horses of every description."

Bodily Carriage.—Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, strengthening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort, which procures a willing obedience; all that is necessary to procure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves.

Walk with the chin slightly above the horizontal line, read with your eye directed to things a little higher than your head. In this way you will walk properly, gracefully, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasped the opposite wrist.

Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames and manly bearing. This position of the body is a favourite with them, in the simple promenade of the garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street or in public worship.

Here is a specimen of breaking the News gently.—During the summer of 1849 a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends at home. By inquiry, he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectable looking lady, who was in fact the newly made widow, asked, Does Mr. Wilson live here? "Yes," was the reply; "but he's not at home to-day."

"I know he's not a home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him dead in the wagon?"

A correspondent of Nashville paper tells a story about a person who was going to Chattanooga on the railroad. When the train entered the tunnel and total darkness, said person asked a stranger how long it would be going through. "Stranger was a bit of a wag, and replied, "Two hours."

Person thought he would avail himself of the opportunity to don a clean shirt, about the time he had "shucked himself" the train dashed out into the daylight, exposing his person to the astonished gaze of some hundred pairs of male and female eyes belonging to passengers. He had on no linen, and about as much other cloths as the Apollo Belvidere—and he chance to run.

HOME MADE YEAST.—Take a handful of loose hops (a pinch only of pressed ones) and tie in a bit of muslin; boil twenty minutes in two quarts of water; take them out and throw in two sliced potatoes, and boil until soft; strain all through a sieve, and add a teaspoon of salt, and the same of brown sugar; scald these, and let it stand until lukewarm; and sufficient yeast to raise it. When quite light, or when it ceases to bubble up, put it in a jug or covered jar, and set it in a cool place.

Some people are always searching for odd names for their children. A family not far from here named their child Fina, supposing that it was their last; but afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appended Supplement. A man in Pennsylvania called his son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

WORK ON.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines, and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet fifteen men out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something only if they like it the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and live to the most purpose.

Tiger Hunting.—On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. "It is very good sport as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied, "but if hard pressed, he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, and then it has its drawbacks."

There are 62,000 Confederate prisoners in the hands of the Federal authorities, 500 of whom are officers.

A man in Williamsburg, N. Y., went out on the stoop of his house the other night to get the cool, got asleep and fell off and broke his neck, causing instant death.

WATER CLOSET.
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THE FOWLS
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GENTLEMEN :—

In politics I was ever an avowed Liberal and in favour of self-government and equality of civil and religious rights. The persons with whom I was associated were some-

R. JARDINE, Chairman.
Commissioners Office.

No. 115 Wall Street,
New York.

St. Andrews, June 1st, 1864.

Saint Andrews, N. B., May 3, 1861.

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with seventeen degrees one hundred and twelve
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Railway Commissioners Office,
St. John, N. B., 6th May, 1861.

