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## New York by Gas Light.

THE Editor of the Philadelphia Press gives an account of a partial exploration of the slums and dens of New York City. He made the circuit accompanied by Detectives and policemen. We make an extract of the scenes he witnessed:—

"In one of these dens, I saw a child, of not more than six years, stupid with rum, its eyes half closed in drunkenness, and his little face bloated!—For God's sake, give me some air, I cannot stand his moment longer," said one of our party.

Well, oh over-delicate and squeamish friend! You will cry for air presently with a sincere zeal. We are as yet on y on the vestibule of these mysteries. What we have to see lies farther on in the right. Be patient, and not let the gorge rise too soon.

Stop here, and take care of your watches! "This is the resort of those who get in at a cent a glass, enter!" said one of kind policemen. Gracious God! and are these thy creatures? Ranged on benches, in a narrow cave are the victims of this inferior traffic.

They are all worse than idiots. There is not one of them who has intelligence enough to contend for equality with a monkey. They glare at you with meaningless eyes; they gibber through trembling and quivering lips, and try to arrest you with weak hands as you pass. If they converse with each other it is like a conversation between two baboons.

"This," said our guide, touching the shoulder of a man who, with his hands in his pockets vacantly gazed upon us, "is a good mechanic, who can earn good wages if he chooses, but every now and then he breaks out into a frolic, and here is the place he comes to spend his leisure in. I am sorry, Ben, to see you here again," he said, turning to the man. The poor fellow bowed his head and left the den.

As it was growing dark, we were invited by our guide to look at some of the lodging rooms in the neighbourhood. With lantern in hand which served to make his star visible, and to show the way down the rickety stairs we descended into a deep cellar. On opening the door, there steamed up such a stench as made us recoil as before a blow, creating indelible emotions—breathing, as it might be, infectious disease.

The first sight that met our eyes was a baby in a cradle, watched over by a drunken mother who greeted us with a laugh, and pointed in the inner chamber, where was a sight that only the pen of a Dickens, or the pencil of a White, could describe.

The evening was not cold, but the keeper of this arid hole had lit a fire in a dilapidated stove, which seemed to increase the stench that filled the place as with a cloud. Packed on benches, packed upon shelves, lay human beings—happy, up to this time all men—some asleep, some glaring upon us like wild beasts, and all apparently miserable.

The proprietor sat between the bunks, smoking his pipe and answering questions. In another of these catacombs, (for so they may well be called, the living bodies exhal- ing an odour as putrid as if the bodies were as dead as the sensibilities they feebly surrounded,) there was a still more hideous sight.

Here husbands and wives, for so let us believe them to be—lay together. A sick dog whined in a corner, keeping up an unearthly yell, and making us shudder before the superstition that greets such as the forerunner of death; and between his agonizing wail and the curses of the men and women round me, I thought for a moment, that I was in a lesser Pandemonium.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" said our kind guardian.

"Yes, more than satisfied," said a Philadelphia friend by my side, who only stuck to me because I should have upbraided him for his desertion.

Following the star in single file we began to ascend a building of some three or four stories, along dark entries, up creaking stairs and through gloomy passages, until we came to a room at which the officer knocked loudly. For some moments there was no answer, but at last a gruff voice cried out—

"Who's there?"

"An officer."

"What do you want?"

"I want to see you. I've got company for you."

"They shall not come in; you have no business with me. I tell you I'll not open the door."

The officer turned to me and said, "there is an old customer who knows his legal rights. I wish I could show you his crib; but I will not break open the door."

On another story we had less difficulty. At a single rap there stood before us a negro more hideous in his ugliness and more terrible in his appearance than I can describe. A mingling of what one reads of Bill Skyes, a combination of craft and sensuality; a bru-

talized idea of a vulgar Shylock, and an in-

human bully.

"Well, To be, how are you to-night, and

how are your wives?" said our guide.

"Pretty well, thank you sir," he responded, bowing, and pointing to a corner, where, on a single pallet, with an unoccupied space between, lay two white females, who had once been women, and now were brutes.

It was now verging upon the small hours, and we turned our attention to the station-house of another ward. On our way the officer picked up a little boy with what seemed a cigar box slung over his shoulders—a boy not more than five years old. He was with- out father or mother, and had been peddling his candies and begging his pennies since morning, and seemed glad to be captured, because, all guiltless as he was, he might thus secure a resting place for the night.

Our officer informed us that it was no com- mon thing for children from ten to fourteen, to become accomplished pickpockets, and to make a business of asking alms; but the little fellow was not one of this class. We carried him to the station-house and made ample compensation to him for our indifference, because we had just seen he seemed to care for no human sympathy or assistance.

The lieutenant of the station kindly threw open the doors of the lodging rooms, and of the cells for prisoners taken up during the night. In one these rooms we counted four- teen women—homeless and friendless crea- tures who had here sought shelter. Some were asleep, and those who waked drew their shawls over their bare heads to avoid the gaze of visitors. One held in her arms a child, about two years old, whose little pale face and attenuated limbs indicated that the sands of life were fast running out, and thus Providence intended to rescue it from the fate of the poor wretches around it.

Outside of this small close cell on benches were stretched other women. Not a few of their countenances showed past beauty of no ordinary character. The black, glossy hair of one, her white teeth, and her finely chiseled features, evidenced that, young as she was, she had flaunted her brief days as a queen among her class. But she, too, was not long for this life.

At the end of the corridor was a room somewhat large, occupied by the men lodgers. Here the degradation was more apparent. The bruised and bloated faces, the shoeless feet, and noxious smell that exhaled from their b' dies, created a sensation of in- describable nausea. They were packed in like herring, all without exception, the victims of drink and its attendant vices and crimes.

## A Thrilling Scene.

Capt. Warren, in his report to the British Admiralty, relates the following:—"In the month of August, 1775, I was sailing 77 de- grees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, as far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow.

The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice which the slightest wind could force upon us. We had passed the second day in such anxieties when about midnight the wind got up, and we then heard a horrible crackling of the ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by morning, the wind having become by degrees less violent, we saw the barrier of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, we sailed away to the northward before a slight breeze. Sud- denly, when looking at the sides of the ice channel, we saw the mast of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and masts.

It continued to sail on for some time, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless; I could not then resist my feelings of curiosity; I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went towards this strange vessel.

We saw as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on deck which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary implements for writing. Ar- rived on deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port hole. But what was our astonishment when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green dark mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes which we opened!

He had a pen in his hand and the ship's

log lay before him. The last lines he had

written were as follows:—

11th November, 1762.

"It is now seventeen days since we were

shut up in the ice. The fire went out yester- day, and our captain has tried to light it a- gain, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope."

My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-rooms and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would think, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, hold- ing a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German timber. We passed on to the fore-cabin, and there several sailors lay in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood; we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intention of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then after having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the sight of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found, by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing THIRTEEN YEARS."

How TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF FRUIT. Prof. Dubreuil, in an article in the Journal de l'Academie d'Horticulture de Gand, points out some of the principal operations whereby the size of fruits is increased:—

1. Grafting the trees on weak species of stock—for instance, the pear on the quince.

2. Pruning so as to deprive the tree of a certain portion of its shoots. By this means the sap which would have been absorbed by the parts cut off, goes to increase the size of fruit. Summer pruning, which has for its object the removal of a large number of shoots by disbudbing and pinching, has the same effect.

3. Let the bearing shoots be as short as possible, and in immediate connection with the main branches. Fruit growing on the stem is always larger than that situated at the extremities of long slender branches.

4. Thinning out the fruit when too nume- rous.

5. Shortening the principal branches at the winter pruning, and checking in the summer the vigorous shoots.

6. Support the fruit, so that their weight may not become a strain upon the foot stalk.

7. Moderating the amount of evaporation from the fruit. Fruits covered by leaves are larger than those on the same tree not shaded. It is necessary, however, in order that shading may not affect the quality of the fruit, to expose it when full grown to the direct action of the sun. To diminished evaporation must be attributed the considerable increase of size which always takes place in fruit introduced into bottles soon after it is set. The mouth of the bottle being closed after the portion of the branch from the dry action of the air, and is constantly surrounded with the epidemic pliable, which keeps the growth of the tissues.

8. Moistening the fruit with a solution of sulphate of iron (copperas.) One of Prof. D.'s pupils, by moistening an Easter Beurre pear, from the time it was fairly set, once a fortnight, obtained a fruit so large that it could scarcely be recognized.

9. Ringing the shoot or branch immedi- ately below the flowers. This should be done when the flowers are opening; the longer it is delayed after this period, the less is the effect produced. The incision should pene- trate to the wood, and the ring of bark re- moved should have a width equal to half the diameter of the shoot. The width, however, should not exceed one-fifth of an inch, other- wise the wood will not close up.

10. Inserting on vigorous trees fruit buds, with a portion of wood attached. A tree, which in consequence of excess of vigor has never produced blossom buds, may by this means be made to produce fruit of large size from the abundant supply of sap which the inserted blossom buds will receive. But it will be necessary to pinch the shoots of the tree in summer, which would otherwise absorb the larger portion of sap, to the in- jury of the fruit.

A REMEDY PASS.—A northern citizen, who had reason to be in Virginia, on business, was detained some time at Manassas Junction before he could procure a pass from Gen. Beauregard. He had to take oath as follows:—

"I do solemnly swear, that in leaving the State of Virginia it is not my intention take up arms against the Confederate States of

any of them; nor will I in any manner wage

war upon said Confederate States, or in any

of them, nor will I in any manner, directly,

or indirectly, give aid and comfort to their

enemies, by information or otherwise. So help me God. And if found in arms against said Confederate States, or any of them, or if guilty of a violation of any of the particu- lars aforesaid, the penalty shall be death."

## Only a Printer.

He is only a printer, was the sneering re- mark of a leader in the circle of aristocracy—of the codfish quality. Well who was he? What is Prince Frederick William just married to the Princess Royal of England? He, too, was only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of litera- ture? He was only a printer. Who were Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, Bay- ard Taylor, G. P. Morris, J. Gales, C. Rich- ardson, N. P. Willis, and Senators Dix, Cameron and Niles? They, too, were all printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? A printer. Every one cannot be a printer—brains are necessary."

THE PIRATES OF THE GULF.—The fol- lowing extract from a letter from New Or- leans, dated May 18 h, to a Boston merchant reveals the success of the pirates of that neighborhood:—

"The privateers are doing a fine business. The *W. H. Jay* took three prizes yesterday valued at \$270,000, and a large number of others are expected in before the blockade. Over 2000 troops left here this morning to fortify the various islands in the lake, and keep open communication between there and Mobile."

"There has been no fight at Pensacola, and probably there will be none till a gale springs up."

"Our merchants have all agreed not to pay any of their northern or western liabilities. I paid a note yesterday to a New York house but after doing so a committee waited upon me and stated that if I paid any more it would be considered treason."

"The steamer *Enoch Train* (formerly a Boston tow-boat) leaves this evening, on a cruise as a privateer."

Mobile papers of the 17th inst., state that the ship *Marshall*, of Providence, was cap- tured that morning outside of the bar, by the privateer *Joy*. The *Marshall* was an A 1 vessel, of over 1000 tons, and was built in Quincy in 1859, and owned by S. Mauran. Another prize is also stated to have been taken, but no particulars were given.

KEEPING A SECRET.—The following is evidently the production of one who has been a close observer of the female character:—"Some women seem to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they utter it. Let a woman of this disposition come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families and which every tie of humanity would per- suade her to bury in utter oblivion and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it! No—wet or dry, cold or hot, she must go at the earliest hour that is decent to visit. She calls upon her most intimate friend, without perhaps, any definite intention of unburden- ing her mind. But when she arrives, she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started but immediately flag. A strange new mysterious conversation comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand. What is the matter! anything happened? Do tell me what has happened? It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her life. But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. The promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to her immediate ac- quaintance whom she can trust: so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it. Thus it is in the power of some two or three women who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual strife. I have myself known a town to be thrown into a most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broken up all social har- mony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words."

W. H. RUSSELL.—John Forsyth of the *Mobile Register*, writes from Montgomery he says:—

"W. H. Russell, the famous Indian and Crimean correspondent of the London Times is here. He is of course, reserved in the ex- pression of his opinion. But enough has leaked out in his interview with the gen- eral of Savannah and Charleston, and the plan- tations who have entertained him and exhib- ited their slave estates in the vicinity of these two cities, to show that he recognizes here the true type of the Anglo Saxon race, as distin-

guished from the whittling and puritanical

hearted degenerates of that race who are

daring to make a war of declamation against

us. Mr. Russell goes hence, to Pensacola and thence to Mobile and New Orleans. I

commend him to the hospitalities of our peo- ple, as a cultivated English gentleman, who has distinguished himself by his talents and attainments."

A LADY'S COUNSELS TO SALESMEN.—A lady correspondent of the *Montreal Witness* says:—

"I wish you would suggest to the dry goods clerks, or their employers certain thoughts. One is, that when a lady goes shopping, in nine cases out of ten she knows what she wants, and does not need solici- tation. It is simply impertinent to offer it. Again, when a lady does not like an article it is polite to allow her to decline it, and to go away without importuning, which is al- ways offensive to a refined person. I am told that in some establishments a young man is fined if he does not sell something to cus- tomers. Such employers may rest assured this is a great mistake. I heard, not long since, a group of ladies refuse to go to a shop, where they would be likely to find the article needed, because they had been ex- posed to such rudeness. "I would rather do without it than go to B——'s for it," said one—"one can never get away from their clerks," "Poor fellows," said another, "it is their masters who are to blame." Again every body dislikes noise. She prefers the clerk who lays the piece of goods on the counter instead of throwing them down with noise. Let the young man be particularly polite to children who are sent shopping—One act of disrespect or inattention paid to the dignity of a young shopper is often sufficient to alienate the custom of a whole family. A man does not or ought not, to promise his employers to tell an untruth—There is no need to assure a customer that a article in question is the only one of its kind in town. Ladies often show their dis- pleasure at such things by leaving the shop without further purchases, or waiting till they can find a more courteous clerk. Young men may depend upon it that ladies always know and appreciate it, when they receive a polite interest in their researches, diligent efforts to supply their wants, and respect for their understanding."

WOMEN KEEPING SECRETS.—A new doc- trine is being pronounced by *All the Year Round*. Hear it:—

"We laugh at a woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice re- serves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not his; if he cannot keep them to himself, let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, or unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife who fairly kept all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits steadily by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and to do it with a willing air of frankness all their own. A man with a secret will be stony, or portentous, or provokingly suggestive. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over what may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, she prattles, pour out what she does not care to hold with such an air of unreser- ved simplicity, that all mankind is mystified and says, in friendly jest, "A woman only hides what she don't know." Among the uneducated poor this difference between the woman and the man is conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must often be tied to one in whom there is often not a grain of understanding, requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled laborers and me- chanics, live more or less, apathy and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon the mind and heart."

For life in general, there is but one de- gree; youth is a blunder; manhood a strug- gle; old age a regret.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.—The red cheeks, the white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young sol- dier in the battle of life need fight under.

Navigators on the sea of life, if their voy- age is a long one, generally have to scud under bare poles.





