

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EA VARIIS BENEFICIUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[12. 62. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

No 28.]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1861.

Vol 28

## 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, 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 a 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 the vestibule of these mysteries.—What we have to see lies farther on in the right. Be patient, and let us take care of your watches!

"This is the resort of those who get gin 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 eye; 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, not one of them," 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 neighborhood. 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 indescribable 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 car-eyed and 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 stove 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—happily, up to this time all men—some asleep, some glaring upon us like wild beasts, and all apparently miserable.—

"The proprietor sat between the benches, smoking his pipe and answering questions. In another of these catacombs, (so they may well be called, the living bodies exhaling 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 Pannemonium.

"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 Sikes, a combination of craft and sensuality; a bruta-

lized idea of a vulgar Shylock, and an inhuman 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 common 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 fourteen women—homeless and friendless creatures 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 just 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 flattered 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, the filth, and noxious smell that exhaled from their bodies, created a sensation of indescribable 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 degrees 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 rightest 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. Suddenly, 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.

"I 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. Arrived on deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down to 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 were open!

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 yesterday, and our captain has tried to light it again, 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 have said, 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, holding 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 thought 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 subduing 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 numerous.

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 diminish 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 epidemics 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 a 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 immediately 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 penetrate to the wood, and the ring of bark removed should have a width equal to half the diameter of the shoot. The width, however, should not exceed one-fifth of an inch, otherwise 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 injury of the fruit.

**A Remarkable Pass.**—A northern citizen, who had occasion 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 particulars aforesaid, the penalty shall be death."

**Only a Printer.**

He is only a printer, was the sneering remark of a leader in the circle of aristocracy—of the codfish quality. Well who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. 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 literature? He was only a printer. Who were Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, Bayard Taylor, G. P. Morris, J. Gales, C. Richardson, 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 following extract from a letter from New Orleans, dated May 18th, 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 captured 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 description come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah 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 unburdening 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 constraint 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 cost 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 acquaintance 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 most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broken up all social harmony 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 expression of his opinion.—But enough leaked out in his interview with the gentry of Savannah and Charleston, and the planters who have entertained him and exhibited 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 dis-

tinguished from the whittling and puritanical bastard degenerate of that race who are laboring 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 people, 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 solicitation. 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 always offensive to a refined person. I am told that in some establishments a young man is fined if he does not sell something to customers. 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 exposed 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."—"Our 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 an article in question is the only one of its kind in town. Ladies often show their displeasure 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 doctrine 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 reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not hers; 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 be buried in her mind. She gossips, she prattles, pour out what she does not care to hold with such an air of unreserved 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 true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled laborers and mechanics, live more or less, apply 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 degree; youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; 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 soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

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

HOUSES.  
City of Boston  
No. 100  
No. 101  
No. 102  
No. 103  
No. 104  
No. 105  
No. 106  
No. 107  
No. 108  
No. 109  
No. 110  
No. 111  
No. 112  
No. 113  
No. 114  
No. 115  
No. 116  
No. 117  
No. 118  
No. 119  
No. 120  
No. 121  
No. 122  
No. 123  
No. 124  
No. 125  
No. 126  
No. 127  
No. 128  
No. 129  
No. 130  
No. 131  
No. 132  
No. 133  
No. 134  
No. 135  
No. 136  
No. 137  
No. 138  
No. 139  
No. 140  
No. 141  
No. 142  
No. 143  
No. 144  
No. 145  
No. 146  
No. 147  
No. 148  
No. 149  
No. 150  
No. 151  
No. 152  
No. 153  
No. 154  
No. 155  
No. 156  
No. 157  
No. 158  
No. 159  
No. 160  
No. 161  
No. 162  
No. 163  
No. 164  
No. 165  
No. 166  
No. 167  
No. 168  
No. 169  
No. 170  
No. 171  
No. 172  
No. 173  
No. 174  
No. 175  
No. 176  
No. 177  
No. 178  
No. 179  
No. 180  
No. 181  
No. 182  
No. 183  
No. 184  
No. 185  
No. 186  
No. 187  
No. 188  
No. 189  
No. 190  
No. 191  
No. 192  
No. 193  
No. 194  
No. 195  
No. 196  
No. 197  
No. 198  
No. 199  
No. 200





