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E caris sumendum est optimum. — Cic.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1857.

[Vol. 24

European Intelligence.

Arrival of the Atlantic.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM INDIA.
LUCKNOW RELIEVED!
FINANCIAL TROUBLES IN ENGLAND,
FAILURES, &c.

New York, Nov. 23

The Atlantic arrived last evening. Advice is telegraphed from India fort-night later. Delhi was in complete possession of the British. The King was spared. His two sons were shot. Lucknow was relieved.

Financial troubles continue. The Bank of England raised the rate of discount to 10 per cent.

Numerous failures are reported, amongst them the Western Bank of Scotland, the Glasgow Bank, and Dennistoun & Co. Consols for account closed on Wednesday at 89½ to 90.

Breadstuffs very dull. Flour declined 1s. Wheat 3d. Corn 6d. Coffee lower. Sugar dull. Tea lower. Cotton quoted at 1s.

It was rumoured in Liverpool on Wednesday that the Bank of France had suspended.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

Services had commenced in the neat, little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the pulpit and Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchaind not only the attention of the true but of the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that thrilled on the hallow, golden air, which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed in that holy place.

The first syllable of the second line was trembling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A male searching or deal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, a nudging of elbows there was—aye, how many whispers too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D.—sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no thoughts or eyes for anybody else, but the widow, and the widow E.—'s young, genteel, and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning? And, in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman!

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two, how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying the elaborately wrought chemise, drapery-trimmed sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, under sleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with orange bud flowers, white kid gloves, and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly on the fair creature beside him?

Yes, he did go, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E.—had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on her bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sung, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place. To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced widow E.—and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered his arm

very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautifully soft coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning was that in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brain not only of gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something new under the sun; a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it.

"O, widow E.—, didn't your ears burn all that day?"

"We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson."

The Revd. Mr. D.— preached to a crowded house that afternoon: no compliments to him, though. Everyone was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody again was disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires.

The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed too as though the lady tried to make as much talk as she could.

After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out, widow! your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next day with him rambling off to the mountains, and the next with him off in a carriage to the station-house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What! in broad day-light!" exclaimed grandma W.—, "Well, if I ever heard of or saw the like on 't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself, whether it really was any worse in broad day-light than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too.—We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bundle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the door-way.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which later had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-quilt. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in; but her pleasant countenance raised the most fearful, and everyone longed to commence a personal attack. Old grandma W.—was the first to commence. She meant to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity.—So she began by praising Mrs. E.—'s dress.

"Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In New York, last Spring."

"O, you did, did you? but I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!"

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, as she answered:

"I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha; what made you?"

"O, I have good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked, and looked very expressively at each other.

But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extra-

gance, and she was determined to do it, too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E.—'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about her beau before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him, for a fortnight or more."

"Why, do tell if you had then, and you never told on't neither. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

"I didn't mean that—I—I only thought—"

"O, I'd as lief you'd know, as not; he came to see me."

"O, widow E.—, how did your good name go down, then? Be careful what you say, or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap."

"He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else, then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question.—

"Well, well, he is a real, good looking man, any way."

"I think so, too; and he is not only good looking, but he is good hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! but is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, do tell if he is! why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Henry Macon."

"Macon—Macon! Why that was your name before you were married!"

"It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, du tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the later been done, the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. E.—and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps, (mind you, we only say perhaps) they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing, and profession of the widow's beau.

A SIX SHOT AT THE INDIANS.

We question whether in the history of "hair breadth escapes" a superior to the following can easily be found. The story was told us by an old and valued friend, now residing in the country, but whose early days were spent near the tragic adventure here recorded.

We give the story as related to us, in the words of the hero:

"It was about the year 1805 that I settled in Virginia, near the fall of the Kanawha.—The country at that time was unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians—numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood."

"I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverance being then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest, which I had planted with corn and which promised an abundant yield."

"One morning, after we had dispatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the corn-field."

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the corn-field."

"But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense. I listened—the sound was repeated. 'That,' said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, 'was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indian who desires to draw me into ambush.'"

"Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, (I had no rifle,) and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field toward the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, there, in a cluster of bushes, crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy-bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached, without discovering myself to him, until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead."

"Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to the cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port holes in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed."

To add to the danger and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left. I could but make one shot, and then if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power."

Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the last charge of powder and put it into my musket, and then waited for the approach of night feeling confident of an attack. Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe the movements of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was some 2 hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of cleared ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole, on that side of the cabin."

"I had previously placed my rifle on the cross-pole in the low chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance into the cabin, she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I entertained no hope; but determined not to be taken alive, I resolved to sell my life dearly."

"With breathless anxiety I watched at the port-hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground towards my cabin. One—two—three—great Heaven! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone opposed them, with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick yet stealthy step, in close single file, they approached, and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight alteration in the movement of the forward Indians altered the position of the entire six, so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered. They were in a range our aim would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired—"

As the smoke cleared away I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well. Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared."

"Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning. There lay the bodies of five Indians, undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other. Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trace whatever."

From the amount of blood which marked the trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body falling into the hands of his white foe, I had groped his way to the river, and thrown himself into the current which had borne him away."

"The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been utterly willing to have made greater sacrifices. I was well provided by means of arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians—in case of a second attack, but this fortunately proved to be my last adventure with the savages."

Not one of the band escaped to tell the tale and incite his brethren to avenge the death of his other comrades."

"Ah! exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes at the memory of that eventful night, that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made."

The hero of this adventure lived to see the

rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields and peopled by hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by the presence of his old time foes.

The Indian Minor and the Priest.

Remarkable anecdotes are related to illustrate the pertinacity of the Indians of Peru in concealing their knowledge of the localities of valuable silver veins from the whites and others. Some of these are ludicrous enough, and others tragical. Of the former is one relating to a certain priest, who was kind to the Indians but prodigal in gambling away his money. An Indian whom he had befriended, when calling upon the priest, found him sorrowful and almost in despair. Learning that his sorrow arose from heavy losses in gambling, the Indian, after some deliberation addressed the priest, and assured him that he would now befriend him in turn, by taking him to a valuable deposit of silver ore, of which he might bring away as much as he could dig and carry in an hour. But to prevent discovery by others the priest was to be taken blindfold, and by night, to the mine. At the appointed hour of night four or five Indians arrived, and having carefully bandaged the eyes of the priest, they had led and occasionally carried him a long journey. At length he was unbandaged, and found himself in a cave, not deep, but formed upon a fine vein of silver. He was soon at work with such tools and by such lights as the Indians furnished to him; and, having loaded his bag he was again blindfolded and led out away, an Indian relieving him of his burden. It had occurred to the wily priest that he might retrace the course, if he could drop some small articles at intervals as he returned; and he had provided himself with an ample rosary, the beads of which he continued to drop every now and then for the whole way home.—This he did, so secretly, as he thought, that no notice was taken of the device. Having reached home he was profuse in his grateful expressions to the Indian who deposited the bag in his chamber, and retired. The morning had not, however, passed away, ere one of the Indians knocked at the door, and entering, said "Reverend father, I have now collected, and do restore you all the beads of your rosary, which you unfortunately dropped last night.—London Quarterly Review

Atmosphere on the Plains of Utah and California.

Mr. S. Whyte, the mountaineer, says the Monterey Sentinel, stated the following fact in reference to the aridity of the air in these elevated regions:

The dryness of the atmosphere was so great on one of the branches of Powder river, in August, 1832, that I could not discharge one barrel of my double percussion gun without causing the other to explode from the slightly increasing heat. One man was wounded in this way, and the guns several times exploded, and I was obliged to discontinue the practice of placing caps on the guns in the day time until immediately wanted for use.

Lieut. Whipple, of the United States Boundary Survey, under date of Oct. 19, 1849, states that near the banks of the Colorado and Gila, "the horn encasing the leading lens of my micrometer of the sector, snapped and flew from my fingers in three pieces, owing to the excessive dryness of the atmosphere. All wooden boxes in which the instruments were packed are being destroyed. The nicely seasoned and well finished boxes of the English instruments, made many years since, have shrunk so, from aridity of the air as not to admit of the original contents."

In other parts of Utah and California, the lips of travelers crack open and begin to bleed. The waters of some three Colorado streams and springs present the very singular phenomena of not quenching the thirst of men and animals. This is stated in the work of J. R. Bartlett, U. S. Commissioner. This must be owing to the presence of soluble salt or alumina or silica, probably a compound salt of these metalloids.

LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, St. Andrews, 18. 1st Nov. 1857.

Bueller, Thomas H. Johnson, C

Barnes, William Kelly, James

Clark, William M. Lord, A. M.

Jagan, Hugh Mitchell, Charles

Grenas, Catherine Rudge, Ellen

Glass, Maria Scott, P. Probe

Hugh, L. Scully, John

Hill, Sam. A. H. Smith, Thomas

Healy, John Thompson, George

Irvine, A. A.

Persons calling for any of the above, will please say "advertised."

GEO. F. CAMPBELL P. M.