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## Terrible Steamboat Disaster!—287 lives lost!

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—The steamer Lady Elgin, in the Lake Superior line, which left here last night, was run into by the schr. Augusta off Waukegan, (about 30 miles north of Chicago,) at half past 2 o'clock this morning.

From 350 to 400 persons are said to have been on board, and among them were the Black Yagers, the Green Yagers and Rifles, and several fire companies of Milwaukee, who were on a visit to this city.

Cut. Lumsden, of the New Orleans Picayune, and family, were on board, and are supposed to be lost.

At the time of the accident, the schr. was sailing at the rate of 11 miles an hour.

The steam-tug McQueen left this morning for the scene of the disaster.

The names of the saved, as far as known are published, among them are Herbert Ingraham, member of Parliament, and proprietor of the London Illustrated News, and his son Herbert.

### STATEMENT OF THE CLERGY.

The Lady Elgin left Chicago at 11 P. M. for Lake Superior. Among her passengers were the Union Guards of Milwaukee, comprising a part of 250 excursionists from that city. At about half-past two this morning the schr. Augusta of Oswego came in collision with the Lady Elgin when about ten miles from shore. The vessel struck the steamer at the midships gangway at the starboard side. The two vessels separated instantly, the Augusta drifted by in darkness.

At the moment of the collision there were music and dancing going on in the forward cabin. In an instant after the crash all was still, and in half an hour the steamer sank. I passed through the cabin; the ladies were pale, but silent. There was not a cry or shriek, no sound but the rush of steam and the surge of the heavy sea. Whether they were fully aware of the danger, or whether their appalling situation rendered them speechless I cannot tell.

A boat was lowered at once with the design of going round upon the harbor side to examine the leak. There were two oars belonging to the boat, but just at that moment some person possessed himself of one of them and we were powerless to manage the boat. We succeeded once in reaching the wheel but were quickly drifted away and thrown upon the beach at Waukegan. Only two boats were left on the steamer. One of them contained thirteen persons, all of whom were saved. The other boat had eight persons but only four of them reached the shore alive, the others being drowned at the beach. Before I left the steamer the engine had ceased to work, the fires having been extinguished.

The force and direction of the wind was such that the boats and fragments of the wreck were driven up the lake and would reach the shore in the vicinity of Waukegan. As I stood upon the beach hopelessly looking back upon the route over which we had drifted, I could see in the gray of the morning objects floating upon the water, and sometimes I thought human bodies struggling with the waves.

H. G. CARL, clerk Lady Elgin.

No accurate list of number of the persons on board can be given, but the following is estimated to be nearly correct:—Excursion party 300; regular passengers 50; steamer crew 35. Total 385. Of these but 89 are saved.

When intelligence of the loss of the steamer reached Milwaukee yesterday, it spread like wildfire throughout the city. The telegraph offices were thronged all day with relatives and friends of those on board, who manifested the greatest anxiety.

In the first ward of Milwaukee, it is said there is scarcely a house or place of business which has not lost some inmate or employee.

All the survivors unite in praise of Capt. Jack Wilson for his great bravery and daring. He was foremost in confronting danger, and earnest for the safety of the passengers. He was drowned within 100 feet of the shore.

Nearly 100 persons arrived within fifty yards of the beach, but were swept back by returning waves and lost.

Up to 9 o'clock tonight only 21 bodies have been recovered, most of which are recognized by friends as those of residents of Milwaukee.

[The New York Journal of Commerce says that the Lady Elgin was a large and elegantly furnished steamer, plying between Chicago and Lake Superior, and occasionally making "excursion" trips to all the principal landing places on the South shore, as far as Superior City. Capt. Wilson, her commander, was ranked among the first Lake captains, both for efficiency and affability; this circumstance has served to attract to the Lady Elgin the best class of pleasure-travel, which this season on the Lakes has embraced many influential and opulent citizens from all parts of the coun-

try. There is, therefore, all the more reason to apprehend that the disaster now chronicled, when its extent is fully known, will prove to be a calamity of no ordinary character.]

### THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS.

The glaring insult of Sir Edmund Head to the Moderator of the Church of Scotland in Montreal, is worse than we had supposed; the City authorities of Montreal had even assigned the Moderator a part in the procession, and he justly thought that he was as much entitled to present an address as others who were invited. His noble conduct on the occasion has drawn forth in his behalf the praise of all denominations, and a testimonial is about to be presented to him, in which all Protestant denominations, Episcopalians included, will participate. The Episcopal Bishop of Montreal, too, deserves great praise, for stepping forward to remonstrate with the Governor on his narrow-minded conduct. The Duke of Newcastle, too, although bowing so low before the Church of Rome, felt hurt at the treatment of the Church of Scotland, and invited Dr. Mathieson to present the address at Kingston. This, however, was not the first indignity the Church of Scotland had received. The Globe says:—

"At the *dejeuner* in Quebec which followed the levee, the Catholic Bishops were placed at the right of the Prince and the Anglican Bishops on the left, the chief places at the feast being reserved for them; the Rev. Dr. Cook, a leading Minister of the Church of Scotland, was suffered to seek a place for himself amidst the undistinguished herd."

The Montreal City Council followed the example of Sir Edmund Head, with the exception that they recognized the Church of Scotland as having a status after the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches, but ignoring all others. The others, however, will not acknowledge their superiority, their credit be it spoken. They have addressed the following to Sir Edmund Head, who will no doubt think them very impertinent:—

To His Excellency Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart., Governor General of British North America, &c. &c.

May it please Your Excellency: The memorial of the undersigned, officiating ministers of various religious denominations in Montreal, respectfully sheweth:—

That on the recent auspicious visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Montreal, an official programme of the procession to receive His Royal Highness on his arrival, was issued by the City Corporation, wherein only three from the various religious bodies in Montreal were recognized.

That this proceeding of the Montreal City authorities, besides being at variance with the well understood spirit and intent of the laws of Canada, which guarantee perfect religious equality to all, is calculated to convey a false impression concerning the actual state of religious opinion in the City of Montreal.

That, while for the grave wrong hereby done to the body of citizens whose religious convictions are represented by your memorialists, the public of Montreal will hold their civic authorities responsible, your memorialists humbly pray your Excellency, in whatever manner may appear to your Excellency most fit and proper, to communicate to His Royal Highness the fact that by said proceeding of the Montreal city authorities, fifteen worshipping congregations, comprising two-thirds of the Protestant population of the city, and representing a large proportion of its industry, enterprise, wealth and intelligence, had their existence ignored.

"And further your memorialists pray Your Excellency to convey to His Royal Highness our assurance that the body of various religiousists thus unrecognized, will yield to none others in dutiful respect and loyal regard to the person and authority of their gracious and honored Queen."

"And your memorialists will ever pray."

"W. Taylor, D. D., United Presbyterian Church; H. Wilkes, D. D., Pastor of Congregational Church; J. B. Howard, Wesleyan Minister; Alex. F. Kemp, Presbyterian Church of Canada; James F. Bonar, American Presbyterian Church; John Good, Baptist Church; John Corbin, Minister of Unitarian Church; G. A. Bailey, Methodist New Connexion Church; Geo. Werner, Pastor German Lutheran Church; Philippe Wolff, Minister French Protestant Church."

The Globe pronounces the exhibition at Montreal a failure, the building not being half filled with goods.

YELLOW FEVER IN ST. JOHN.—The ship Stebonheath, arrived yesterday from Rio Janeiro, having on board seven cases of yellow fever; but the patients are in nearly a convalescent state—three persons had died on the passage with the disease. The sick were

landed on Partridge Island yesterday, and the vessel is to be fumigated before coming up to the city. The yellow fever will stand no chance where Jack Frost holds his dominions. —*News.*

### Mind Your own Business.

It may seem a broad assumption, and be condemned as an exaggerated expression, yet we are constrained to believe that if the practice which seems so completely and functionally to influence multitudes of mankind to meddle, and pry into and acquaint themselves with other peoples business to comment and judge with freedom and harshness upon their manners and actions when profoundly ignorant of the motive or cause, and report and discuss all their impudent assurance has discovered, no matter at what sacrifice of justice or truth, or much to the detriment or injury of the person under espionage, were completely wiped out from practice, two-thirds of the sin, the disturbance and malice current in human society would be utterly expunged. Were all the idle regiment now engaged in completing Satan's mischief, to seek some useful employment and make over them a motto and rule of action, obeying strictly its sentiments and teaching, would they not toil to much greater profit and pleasure, than to labor where the "wages is death," and a most happy reformation result it is almost a universal fact that each community or neighborhood, however small or retired, numbers among its members a class who find no employment other than attending to the concerns of others, too many of whom profess belief and obedience to the precepts and teachings of that neglected Book whose moral code and elevating and ennobling sentiments have never yet been equalled here ignoring and forgetting its commands and exhortations.

"A little life kindleth a great matter."

So, even one of these Paul Prys in a community, whose tongue and limbs are never weary in reporting, commenting, and circulating all that his prying curiosity has learned, will stir up strife in households, sow seeds of discord, and destroy the peace of families, and harmony of neighborhoods. And how little peace and quiet, or time to work with their own hands, can one have who is constantly occupied in meddling and studying into the affairs of others? No action or business, however private or personal, is sufficiently sacred or respect, to prevent their Argus eyes from discovering, or their unwearied tongues from publishing in detail and remarking and criticising freely, as the mood may find them.

How much of the unhappiness and evils in society may be traced to such a source, innocence blighted, character defamed, friendship made a mockery, and his burden by these vampires in human society. There can be no advantage or improvement derived from such a class. "They have taught their tongues to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity."

Their friendship is the charm of the basile—their company the shade of the Ups.

"Like a moral pestilence Before his breath, the shoots and blooms Of social joy and happiness decay."

Rich and full are promises to the attentive and industrious, and the hand of the diligent shall bear rule—while the talebearer shall be cut off, and the slothful want shall come as an armed man though he begin in harvest he shall have nothing.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A fatal accident to the artillery volunteers of Dover occurred on Thursday evening. While the corps were engaged in gun practice at Arcliffe Fort, one of the guns burst, scattering its fragments in all directions. G. F. Thompson, one of the lieutenants, and a sergeant were killed on the spot. Several members of the corps are severely injured.

The deceased was brother to Messrs. J. and C. A. Thompson, of St. Andrews.

A DILEMMA.—Mr. Thompson, who was killed by the bursting of the gun at Dover, was coroner for the borough. There are no precedents for the death of a coroner by violence in his own district, and the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench has decided that no inquest can be held till the Town Council elect a new coroner.

There is a rumour that the Queen of England will meet the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia at Coburg.

"Potatoes," said Pompey, a learned dandy, conversing with another gentleman of color, "is a bagacious, zoological vegetable which grows all under ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivorous air at de bottom. Potatoes is berry good boiled an' dey am better roasted; but if you 'teal de la de bes way of all is to fry dem, because den de potatoes am meat, drink, an' sleep."

BURIAL PLACE OF JOHN KNOX.—In his discourse at the opening of the Tri-Centenary of the Reformation, Dr. Guthrie took occasion to lament the want of a monument to John Knox, affirming that we did not even know where he was buried. The latter complaint, however, is scarcely correct, as it would appear from the following extract that a pretty close approximation to the identical spot has been made on good authority. The extract is from the preface to a work, edited by Mr. David Laing, and recently privately printed for the Bannatyne Club, entitled "Charters of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles."

"Knox was interred in the common burying-ground at the south side of St. Giles' Church, in the presence of the Regent Earl of Morton, the rest of the nobility, and a great concourse of people. Like his great coadjutor, Calvin, at Geneva, no stone or memorial appears to have been erected to mark the place of his interment; but there is reason to believe it was nearly in a line with the entrance to the south transept, a little to the west of Charles the Second's equestrian statue in the Parliament Close. In such a site a statue of the greater Reformer would have been much more appropriate. The erection of the Parliament House in 1631, was obviously the means of obliterating the public burying-ground, round the Church, but the mass of human bones found in its immediate proximity during the process of renovation bore ample testimony of its previous existence." —*Scotsman.*

The Boy Who Conquered.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without father or mother, of good natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand boy or otherwise till he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company, and acquired the habit of calling for his bitters occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cigars, also.

He had pretty good education, and in looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called and made his business known.

"Walk into my office, my lad," said the merchant, "I will attend to you soon."

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest faithful lad, but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar smoking in lads to be connected with various other evils habits; and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John—for this was his name—held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who upon her deathbed called him, to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, and said, Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to leave you. You will know what disgrace and misery your father brought upon us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will not taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and boys gazed at him as he passed along, and boys rallied at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar so long as he lived.

He went straight back to the merchant. — He said:—

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father or mother, and though I have failed to follow the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar, and if you, sir, will try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck by the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in business, and was worth ten thousand dollars. He thus faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys: think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or evil depend.

The Last Drink.

Dan Jones has a wife—an accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly but she finds too many tricks in his hat!—One night he came home very tight, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in.

"You stayed out so late," she said, "I feared you had taken sick."

"He—ain't sick, wife; b-but, don't you think I'm a little t-tight?"

"A very little, perhaps my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife, you are too good, the truth is I'm drunk!"

"Oh, no indeed, my dear—I'm sure even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me just as a nightcap, my dear."

"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm drunk."

"Oh, no, only a julep too much, love, that's all. Well take a glass of ale at any rate; it can't hurt you dear; I want one myself before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed that, and with a most bewitching smile, to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk.

"He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated."

"Dear, won't you taste mine to make it sweeter?" he said.

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the afflicted husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot tub of water before an easy chair, for which the husband was curious to know the reason. A few minutes after, the gulp and splurge, from the throat of the husband gave the answer.

The brick was gone when he arose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his land lord inquired the reason; stating at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied with a shrug of the shoulders:—

"O, yes, he's a very good stand for de business—by gar me stand all day, for nobody come to make me move."

Come here, and tell me what the four seasons are?"

Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with."

A man charged with stealing a piece of cloth, when a lawyer put in a plea that the individual charged with stealing could not see it, for it was invisible green.

Wait for difficulties to cease; glory lies in overcoming them.

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you."

"Oh, I will take it, then, by all means for it's sure to do good one way or the other."

A country auctioneer was trying to sell an old hand-organ. To that end he was grinding out the music, and the crowd, in sport began to throw out pennies when a countryman who was standing close by, said:—"Sir you ought to have a monkey."

"My good fellow," said the auctioneer, "so I had. Step up here." The Countryman vanished.

NEW WAY OF PAYING OLD DEBTS.—The New York Times chronicles the case of an old man of Sudus, N. Y. who owing his physician \$30, and being unable to pay, it has decided to the doctor his body for dissection after his demise. The deed has been accepted and a receipt given by the physician. If this be true, it is certainly an ingenious device for simultaneously paying the debt of Nature and that of Art—provided the doctor lives longer than the debtor.

We never knew any one to fall so deeply in love that he could not easily climb back.

In China the natives call Englishmen "Lays." A Yankee would be called "Jiggs."

Why is a prize-fighter like Shylock? Because he demands a pound of flesh.