

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIIS DOMINUM EST OPTIMUM. - C. C.

[12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No. 20]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1860.

Vol 27

European Intelligence.

Arrival of the Circassian.

St. John's N. F., May 6.
Parliamentary news unimportant. Reform Bill had been debated without action. Bell's Life contains formal demand from Hecana for belt, under assertion that he won it.
Bell's Life treats claim as "preposterous," and asserts that chances were in favor of Sayers, and that had referee witnessed 37th round he would have awarded him the victory.

Another Cashier of the Union Bank, London, it is asserted, is in a small deficiency of £12,000.

No additional developments relative to Follinger. Rumors of other serious discoveries wholly unfounded.

Prince of Wales not to visit Canada before first week in July.

Nothing new in regard to the fight. Medical certificate declares Sayers not able to use his arm for two months, probably more. Two hundred pounds had been collected in House of Commons for Sayers.

Noting of Sayers will exceed 100,000 in favor of annexation, only and 1203 nays 3 who abstained.

Reported that several arrests were made at Paris in consequence of the discovery of a plot by Italians against Emperor. Existence of plot denied.

France. - Two Military expeditions for Timbuctoo.

Slight insurrection occurred in French possession in Africa, promptly suppressed.

English and French Ambassadors for China left Marseilles 28th.

Bourse firm, higher 79 1/2, 50.

Baron Bruch committed suicide by cutting his throat and both wrists - asserted that he had been dismissed from Ministry for complicity in late gigantic frauds.

O'Donnell about to return to Spain. Result of peace negotiation unknown.

Spanish Ministry agreed on course to be pursued on trial of Montmolin.

Calcutta mails of March 28, and Hong Kong of 15th reached England.

Chinese making great defensive preparations.

"Ruinoured, but not confirmed; that two English vessels were sunk by forts at Pello River."

Chinese rebels threatened trade at Shanghai.

Affairs in Indigo districts, India, were for some time quiet, but Government adopted measures calculated to save crops and ensure tranquility in the districts.

Breadstuffs quiet. Provisions dull.

Caneels 94 1/2 for money, 95 a 95 1/2 for account.

Flour dull. Sugar quiet.

California Emigration.

The emigration of California is steadily increasing, owing to the recent reports of extensive new gold and silver mine discoveries. Notwithstanding the enhanced price of passage, \$200 for cabin and \$150 for steerage, the steamers are now crowded almost to suffocation with adventurers. The steamer of the 5th April could not take all who applied for passages, and the company were obliged to turn the sale of tickets by the North Star, which left on Friday, twenty-four hours before her departure, and though she carried over 1200 passengers, a large number, as before, were unable to procure tickets, and will have to wait for the steamer of the 5th May. It is strange there is not enterprise enough, with such a magnificent business offering, to establish another line on a permanent basis. The amount of passage money by the steamer of Friday must have been nearly \$200,000, of which about \$25,000 will be paid to the Panama Railroad Company, and the remainder goes to the steamship company.

To say nothing of the inconvenience and peril to health which this wholesale crowding of steamers involves, in the event of serious disaster to a vessel thus crammed, the destruction of life would necessarily be overwhelming. - [Boston Traveller.]

PARTICLES OF MATTER. - Our houses, our public buildings, and our pavements, are silently being worn away by the wind and weather, and the particles thus torn off are carried into the dust clouds of the air, to settle where the wind blows, and the household neglects. The very rocks which buttress our island are subject to incessant waste and change. The waters wash and scrub them, the air eats into them, the tool-lane and polype rasp away their substance; and by this silent, but inevitable destruction, dust is furnished. Curious it is to trace the history of a single particle. Ages ago it was rock. The impatient waves wore away this rock, and dashed it among a heap of sand. The wind caught it in its sweeping

arms, and flung it on a pleasant upland. - The rain dragged it from the ground and hurried it along water-courses to the river. The river bore it to the sea. From the sea-water it was snatched by a mollusc, and used in the construction of his shell. The mollusc was dredged and dissected; his shell flung aside, trampled on, powdered and dispersed by the wind, which has brought this particle under your microscope, serving us for a text on which to preach "Sermons in Stones."

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

A few well-authenticated instances are recorded of criminals who have been restored to consciousness after having suffered at the hands of the hangman. One of the most interesting of these cases occurred in Paris in 1793. In that year, a young girl of very prepossessing appearance, from one of the interior provinces of France, was placed at Paris, in the service of a man depraved by all the vices of that corrupt metropolis. Smitten with her charms, he attempted her ruin, but was unsuccessful. Incensed at this defeat, he determined on revenge, and in furtherance of his design, secretly placed in her trunk articles belonging to him, and marked with his name. He then denounced her to a magistrate, who caused her to be arrested, and the articles being found in her possession, she was brought to trial. In defence she could only assert her ignorance of the manner in which the property came into her trunk, and protest her innocence. She was found guilty, and the sentence of death was pronounced upon her. The hangman's office was inefficiently performed, it being the first attempt of the executioner's son. - The body was delivered into hands of a surgeon, by whom it had been purchased. He immediately conveyed it home, and was proceeding to dissect it, when he perceived a slight warmth about the heart. By the prompt use of the proper remedies, he restored the suspended animation. In the meantime he sent for a trustworthy priest, and when the unfortunate girl opened her eyes she supposed herself in another world, and, addressing the priest, (who was a man of a marked and majestic countenance,) exclaimed: "Eternal Father! you know my innocence; have pity on me!" In her innocent simplicity believing she beheld her Maker, she continued to sue for mercy, and it was some time before she realized she was in the land of the living. The surgeon and priest being fully convinced of her innocence she retired to a village far distant from the scene of her unjust punishment. The community subsequently became acquainted with her story, and the author of her misery became an object of reproach and contempt, though it does not appear that any attempt was made to bring him to justice. [Boston Transcript.]

THE CROW. - In an article on Winter Birds, we have this reference to the Atlantic Monthly. "He consumes in the course of the year vast quantities of grubs, worms, and noxious vermin; he is a valuable scavenger, and clears the land of offensive masses of decayed animal substances; he hunts the grass fields, and pulls out and devours the underground caterpillars, whenever he perceives the signs of his operations as evinced by the wilted stalks; he destroys mice, young rats, lizards, and the serpent; lastly, he is a volunteer sentinel about the farm, and drives the hawk from its enclosure, thus preventing greater mischief than that of which he himself is guilty. It is chiefly during seed time and harvest that the depredations of the Crow are committed; during the remainder of the year we witness only his services; and so highly are these services appreciated by those who have written of birds, that I cannot name an ornithologist who does not plead in his behalf."

A LITTLE HERO. - Any boy who has the courage and spirit to do right, to tell the truth, even if against himself, is a hero. About six years ago a small boy came from some country in Europe. He had come alone, or nearly alone, to St. Louis, without money, and only the dirtiest and raggedest clothes. He could speak our language only poorly. He walked the streets in search of something to do. At length a kind-hearted grocery man took him in. He was studying an English spelling-book at every odd moment he could get from his work. A few months afterwards he came to my house to recite lessons in the evening, which he would get at snatched moments, all the while saving every cent he could from his small earnings. When he had saved sixty dollars, he was admitted to the commercial college, and went through the course. As soon as out, he got a good situation in an insurance office. His faithfulness and ability soon won him a place in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. In a bank he still is - a boy yet, I should think, not twenty years old.

A GOOD NAME.

Mr. Store, the captain of a fine vessel, was one day leisurely wandering on the beach at Portsmouth. His hands were in his pockets, and he was anxiously watching the direction of the wind.

Ever and anon he turned his gaze at the beautiful vessel before him and remembered with no small pleasure that through his own industry and exertion he had attained in it the rank of captain. Mr. Store was an honest, kind-hearted man, and I believe one who embraced and loved the truth - it is in Jesus. He was just engaged in the above contemplations, when he was touched by some one on the arm. He turned round, and saw a bright, rosy-faced little boy, of about ten years of age, standing beside him.

Please sir," began the child, before Mr. Store had time to speak, "don't you want a cabin boy?"

Yes, my little fellow, I do; can you tell me of one?

Why, sir, I was going to ask if you would take me: I should be very glad, for I want a place.

What is your name, my boy? and where do you live?

Please sir, my name's Bill Jones, and I live in London.

Well, said Mr. Store, laughing, that is a very plain answer, certainly. London is a large place, my little man, and Jones not a very uncommon name; so I am afraid I should be a long time in finding out where you live when I go to learn your character.

Please, sir, I ain't got no character.

No character? oh, you are in a bad case, then." But feeling interested in the child, he beckoned for him to sit down by his side on the beach, and kindly asked him what his father was.

I ain't got no father, sir, nor yet no mother; they died when I was quite little; and ever since I have lived in London, with my aunt, at least at night; I goes to school all day.

But aunt's getting so old, she says I must begin to work for myself now.

Have you no brothers and sisters? and why did you come so far to seek employment?

No sir, there's only me, and I comed here cause I always wanted to go to sea.

But my boy, what do you mean by saying you have no character?

Why aint can't write, and so she said she could not give me any, and my schoolmaster was out, or else he would have given me one.

Oh! I understand, you mean you have no written character; though I suppose if I go and see your schoolmaster, I can learn what's sort of a boy you are. But I am afraid I have no time now, for as soon as the wind changes I am off. What have you got there? pointing to a book he held in his hand.

Please, sir, that's my prize.

Mr. Store took it from him, and saw written on the title-page, "William Jones a reward for industry and good conduct at St. B. school, London."

Well said Mr. Store, that's capital. I see you have got a good name at school; and pleased with the boy's open, frank, countenance and simple manners, he said, "that at all wants, is a good character. I have half a mind to take you with me, for I certainly must have some one, and I have not much time to seek for a lad, and I am not going a long voyage this time."

The boy was delighted, and promised to do his best to merit this kindness; and he afterward fully proved that he deserved the character the schoolmaster had given him, for by his steady good conduct he was eventually raised to the rank of next below the captain himself, thus proving the inestimable advantage of a good name.

Oh! none can tell the inestimable advantage of a good name. Get it, my little friend; do all you can to get it. It will serve you well one of these days, as it did Billy Jones. It is true God looks at the heart and judges of us by it. But other people cannot see our hearts, and judge of us by what we say and do. You may try and get the approval of good people, as well as of God. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A SABBATH SCHOOL INCIDENT. - At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath school, where she had learned to do some good every day. Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and, in the end, induced them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Jim and Tom. Now, children,

said the gentleman, would you like to see Jim?

All shouted with one voice, Yes! yes!

Jim, get up, said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary rose and looked smilingly upon the children.

Now would you like to see Tom?

Yes! yes! resounded through all the house.

Well look at me - I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now would you like to see little Mary Wood?

The response was even more loud and earnest than before! Yes.

Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet - that is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife.

I WISH AND I WILL.

I wish I could play on the piano as well as Miss Hallett, said Ellen Rose.

Well - you will, when you have had as many years' practice, was the reply.

O, I mean now without waiting so long.

I wonder if wishing will make her a good player, thought I. If wishing were enough, most men would be great.

I wish I knew as much as you do, Miss Emily, said the same young lady.

So you may, if you will study and improve your time.

I wish I knew as much now.

Knowledge does not come into your head off its own accord, Miss Ellen; you have to put it there by efforts of your own.

I wish I knew my lessons.

Sh! down and study them, and you will soon have your wish.

I do not feel in the humor of studying; I'd like to know them without.

I wish, must be a great help to you, you say it so often. If I could discover the magic, I would use it myself; but it must be invisible to all but yourself, for I cannot see that you accomplish a great deal by it after all.

Now you are laughing at me. It does not do me any good I suppose; but it is so easy to say it, and I do really wish what I say.

No doubt you do, if you could get it without any trouble. I wish, is a lazy friend of ours; he isn't any profit to you. Suppose you turn him off and take instead, "I will."

My word for it, you will find that he helps you more than the other. He is the very soul of industry; and he accomplishes more in an hour than "I wish" does in a lifetime.

Say, I will learn my lessons, and there will be no occasion for "I wish I knew them."

You will cut the acquaintance of your old friend when you have tried the new one, I am sure.

Ellen laughed. "Well," she said, "I don't like to dissolve old friendships; but I will try your advice, that is if I can remember; but "I wish," is easier to say than "I will," is to do.

Her resolution is good: let us follow it.

"I will," is the brave word that conquers all difficulties.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY. - Two unpublished letters of Hannah More, in which the boy who became historian and statesman, is most interestingly described, have been produced and it is truly said, there never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man, and it is curious to observe how exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of laboring, and on which his fame rests. While the boy is staying at Barley Wood, Hannah More writes thus to his father: -

The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in and the quantity of writing he has poured out is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Henry Savile's nation that the poets are the best writers next to those who write in prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner and supper.

I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination.

I like, too, that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the child is still preserved; I like to see him as bashful as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a jest of butter as a poem. - Though loquacious he is very docile; and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve of it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we descend to riddles and charades. He rises early, walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. A new poem is produced, less incorrect than its predecessors - it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of Ciolepol and the Quack Doctor. -

It is really good; I am glad to see that they are thrown away as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks so more about them. He has very quick perception of the beautiful and the defective in composition.

A CONFIDING GENTLEMAN. - The Mobile Tribune relates the following: - An old-fashioned, innocent looking countryman, some 50 years of age, wearing plain country clothes, and who says he lives in the back-woods and seldom comes to town, called on officer Fuller yesterday morning with a statement something like the following: He had come to the city on a little business, and had about \$300 in bill on some of the city banks, which he wanted to change for gold, but never having been in a bank, he neither knew where to find it nor how to proceed to get it when found. Happening to meet a good looking, well-dressed man he inquired where the bank was, telling him for what purpose he wanted to find it. The man proposed to go and show him the bank; and as they walked on together he seemed so kind the old man asked him to take the money and change it for him, which he quite obligingly consented to do, and took it. When they came in front of the Battle House he told the old man that was the bank, and to wait a minute and he would step in and get the gold for him. The old man waited, and as he did not return, stepped in at about the end of an hour to look for him, and not finding him, inquired and learned that he was at the Battle House instead of a Bank.

STEAM ENGINE TRIAL. - At Charlestown on Wednesday, a steam fire engine called the "Greyhound" built by the Portland Company's Works, at Portland Me., was exhibited and tested in the presence of the Charlestown and Roxbury Committees of the Fire Departments. The engine was just five minutes in firing up with water from the hydrant, and it then played a stream of 190 feet of hose and 1 1/2 inch nozzle. Hose 100 feet in length, and a nozzle 1 1/2 inch was tried and a steady stream of 270 feet was thrown. On each trial the hose burst. The "Greyhound" is a highly finished engine, weighs only 4000 pounds and can be drawn by hand. - [Boston Herald.]

To show the power of this machine and form some idea of the enormous pressure upon the water while playing the 270 feet, two hosemen who were near when the hose burst, were knocked down and the surrounding buildings suffered to the extent of \$25 from broken glass and sash. This steam fire engine has never yet been able to show her full power on account of the weakness of the hose furnished. All any hose has been found to stand, was 210 lbs. per square inch, whereas her builder is not satisfied with less than 300 lbs. water pressure per square inch. [Portland Argus.]

A seaman, named Daniel Chase, was lost overboard from the steamer Eastern City on Tuesday last, while on her passage from Eastport to this port. The steamer was immediately stopped and the body picked up, but life was extinct, the unfortunate man having come under the paddles, which struck him on the back of the neck, thus depriving him of life. He belonged to Massachusetts. - [New Brunswick.]

A physician of an acrimonious disposition who had a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and in the course of conversation, reproached the profession of the latter with the use of phrases utterly unintelligible. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what our lawyers mean by docking an entail. That is very likely, answered the lawyer; but I will explain it to you. It is doing what your doctors rarely consent to suffering a recovery."

The new constitution of Virginia made all the State officers elective by the people and, of course, many good fellows would be chosen without much qualification for their respective offices. Among these were Sheriff H. of - county, who made himself famous for the notoriety of his returns upon processes placed in his hands. On one occasion he tracked a fellow, for whom he had a subpoena to a room where there was gambling going on and being unable to get in, and not being perfectly certain that the person was in the room, he made the following return: - "Not found as I know on."

A clerk in an adjoining county, who is also a good fellow, employed a good deputy to make up the minutes for him, but, desiring to show off a little, he concluded to read them himself. He did very well till he came to a place where the writ of *Alias Capias* was mentioned, when, turning to his astonished deputy, "Elias Capias," says he, "there is no such man in the county."

The Halifax Journal says that the Welsford and Parker Monument will be completed at an early day.