The St. Andrews Standard.

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A BANKER IN TROUBLE.

A rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the Court, and in high favor with the Empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards, and that Reliew, the Minister of Police, desired to speak with him. This person entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious Sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me: and I am ignorant as to how you can so far have excited the resentment of Her Majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; but what are your orders?"

"I have not courage to tell you."

"Have I lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled—confidence may return—position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country? or, good heavens!" cried the banker, trembling, "does the Empress think of banishing me to Siberia."

"Alas! you might some day return."

"Am I to be knouted?"

"This punishment is fearful, but—it does not *kill*."

"Is my *life*, then, in peril? I cannot believe that the Empress, usually so mild, so gentle—who spoke to me so kindly but two days since—'tis impossible!—for heaven's sake let me know the worst; anything is better than this intolerable suspense."

'Well, then,' said Reliew in a melancholy tone, 'my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you *stuffed*.'

'*Stuffed*!' cried the poor banker, horrified.

'Yes, stuffed with straw."

Sutherland looked fixedly at the minister of Police an instant, and exclaimed:

"Sir, either you have lost your reason, or the Empress is not in her right senses; surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring, at least, to point out its unreasonableness, its barbarity."

"Alas, my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have dared to attempt; I manifested my grief, my consternation, I even hazarded a remonstrance; but her Imperial Majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence, and see her commands obeyed *at once*; adding these words, which are still ringing in my ears; 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur, of any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'

It would be impossible to describe the horror, the despair of the unhappy banker; after waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliew informed him that he would be allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his wordly affairs. Sutherland wept and prayed, and entreated the minister to take a petition from him to the Empress. Overcome by his supplications the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive, but afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of Earl Bruce, the English Ambassador, and explained the affair to him. The ambassador, very naturally, supposed the Minister of Police had become insane, but bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the Imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. On hearing this strange recital, Catherine exclaimed—

'Merciful heaven! what a dreadful mistake; Reliew must have lost his wits—run quickly, my Lord, I beg, and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately.'

The Earl left the room to do as her Majesty requested, and on his return found Catharine laughing immoderately. 'I see now," said she, 'the cause of this inconceivably absurd blunder. I had for some years a little dog, to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the English gentleman who presented him to me; this dog has just died, and I gave Reliew orders to have him stuffed; as he hesitated, I became angry, supposing that from a foolish excess of pride, he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That is the solution of this ridiculous enigma.'

PHILADELPHIA, 10th.—The steamer City of Baltimore arrived at this port this evening; her dates are to the 27th. The following is the latest intelligence:

LONDON, Tuesday evening, Aug. 26.—The improved weather caused a slight rally in Consols, which had not been very firm, and the business rather inanimate. The closing prices were 95¼ a 95¼ for money, and 95⅜ a 95½ for account.

COMMUNICATION.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

ST. ANDREWS, 17th Sept., 1856.

Mr. Editor,—I beg leave to call your attention to the violation of the "FISHERY LAW," now going on at the Spawning ground for Herrings at Grand Manan. A very small matter would have kept order; now every one is catching the Spawning herring, and destroying the spawn; formerly, when a Man of War came up the bay, a boat's crew was stationed there from July to October; and these last three or four years little or no trouble has ensued; the catch of herrings this year has been much larger and of better quality than has been known for years, besides the small herrings bringing the Line fishery close in there in the winter season. Some people imagine this affair is of only *local* importance to the Islands and sea-board; but such is not the case; all parties participate in the fisheries—not only our Province but Nova Scotians and Americans; and I make no doubt, Mr. Editor, these parties would not have violated the law, did they not see others doing so. It is a very hard case to see these fine fisheries broken up for the sake of two or three hundred pounds; many larger sums are expended in the Province for far less useful purposes. Independent of this, it will lead to the very evil we presume it is wished to avoid, viz: collision with the Americans, for it will result in fighting and bloodshed; many nets have already been cut away by the inhabitants.

A great deal more might be said on this subject, Mr. Editor, relative to the treatment of the County of Charlotte generally, which appears to be a part of the Province little considered by the "Powers that be;" and I will, in a future number, send you a list of our grievances, should not some of them in the mean time be rectified. No one has labored harder in the good cause than yourself; at the same time I feel convinced, no one would be more ready to expose injustice.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your obdt. servant,
CONSERVATIVE,
In all senses of the word.

POSTAL TREATY

BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Washington, Sept. 10, 1856.

The articles (additional to those of March, 1851.) between the Post Office Department of Canada, providing for the exchange of registered letters between the two countries, will go into operation on the first of October next.

The first article provides:

"Letters alleged to be valuable, posted at any post office in the United States or its territories, and addressed to Canada, or posted in Canada and addressed to the United States, and deliverable at any of the respective offices of exchange, to be thence conveyed to their destination, shall be registered at the office of mailing, on the application of the person posting the same, provided that the full postage chargeable thereon to destination, together with a registration fee of five cents on each letter be pre-paid at each mailing of:—; and provided also, that such registration shall not be compulsory, and shall not render the respective Post Office Departments of the U. States or Canada, or their revenues, liable for the loss of such letters or packages or the contents thereof."

The fee is to accrue to the U. States Post Office Department upon all registered letters from the United States to Canada, and to the Canada Post Office Department upon all registered letters sent from Canada to the United States.

A SHOEING STOOL FOR BLACKSMITHS. A gentleman residing in the State of New-York, has invented a shoeing stool for Blacksmiths, for shoeing horses, which he says he has found very useful, and gives the following directions for making it, for the benefit of the craft:—

"I make a light portable stool of the form of a common crutch with one leg, and put a cushion on the seat. To this is secured a strap, which passes around above the hips, and is buckled tight in front. The seat of the stool is about four inches thick, and is held to its place in the leg by an iron spur. The Blacksmith puts it on behind and between his thighs, and buckles it in front, and the horse's foot is placed on the seat; it thus supports the weight of the animal's leg, and relieves the back of the shoer from the severe strain which makes horse shoeing such hard work."

UNCLE OR FATHER.—"I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?"

"Why, it's daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Don't yer know? Uncle Peter Jones."

"So you're the son of your uncle?"

"Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

POETRY.

The Printer's Love.

We love see the blooming rose
In all its beauty dressed;
We love to hear our friends disclose
The emotions of the breast.

We love to see the ship arrive
Well laden to our shore;
We love to see our neighbours thrive,
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life
With uninterrupted joys;
We love to see a happy wife,
With lots of girls and boys.

We love all these—yet far above
All that we ever said,
We love what every printer loves—
To have subscriptions paid.

A hundred years! and still and low
Will be my sleeping head;
A hundred years! and grass will grow
Above my dreamless bed.
The grass will grow; the brook will run;
Life still as fresh and fair
Will spring in beauty 'neath the sun:
Where will my place be?—where?

In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

A COOL FIDDLER.

The New Orleans Picayune tells the following story of the snagging of a steamboat, with her owner on board, who was very fond of playing on the violin. The captain, pilot, and engineer were in the cabin playing cards one day, when her bow struck a snag with a force that knocked a hole in her as big as a hogshead. The shock upset the faro bank and those gathered around it, and caused a general consternation among all except the owner, who having righted himself in his chair, re-commenced his tune where he left off, and went on as though nothing had happened.

"She's a sinking," shouted an Arkansas man, dressed in a hickory bark coat, who was making his way out of the cabin, with a pair of saddle-bags on his arm. "Tomahawk me, if she ain't a sinking sure."

The owner heard it, but fiddled away as unconcerned as Nero at the burning of Rome.

"Three feet of water in the hold! Run old Buzzard ashore if you can!" shouted the captain. The startling words reached the ears of the owner, but he contined to saw away.

The passengers ran to him and bawled out, "Did you know the boat had snagged?"

"I suspected something of the kind," coolly answered the owner, as he laid his left ear upon his violin, a la Ole Bull, and appeared perfectly enchanted with his own strains.

"She'll be lost in five minutes," continued the passengers.

"She's been a losing concern these five years," replied the owner, as he drew a most excruciating note from his fiddle.

"I can feel her settle now," said a passenger.

"I wish she would settle with me for what I have lost by her, before she goes down," was the owner's reply, as his right hand moved backward and forward over the fiddle.

"But why don't you speak to the captain—give him orders what to do in the emergency?" asked a good natured passenger.

"Interfering with the officers of this boat is a delicate matter!" meekly and quietly remarked the owner, as he still sawed away.

The boat careened over, and the next moment the cabin was half full of water.

The Buzzard, together with her cargo and machinery, proved a total loss. The officers crew and passengers saved themselves by means of a yawl—the owner swam ashore with his fiddle under his right arm, and the bow in his mouth. No insurance.

POCKETS.—What about a younster's dress is he more proud of than his pockets? Does his mother forget to insert a pocket in his apron, she is quickly reminded of it, and obtains no peace until the omission is supplied. What mother ever finished her boy's first pantaloons without a perfect pocket on either side? And with his legs encased in the little cloth tubes, as he struts off, where are are his hands? Has his mother lost her thimble, where can she find it? Is anything ever suffered to lie loose on the floor, small enough to go into his pocket? And at a later stage of life, when the world's goods begin to attract his attention, and that decidedly human nature commences stealing over him, and he has more of them, are they less used? Let the following exposition answer. A mother, in a neighboring village, says she emptied her hopeful son's pockets the other day, and the following articles were brought to light: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of currycomb, one paint-brush, three wax ends, a handful of corn, a chisel, two broken knives, a skate strap, three buckles, one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs, and a bird's nest.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—The New York News gives the following sketch of Douglas Jerrold, the London satirist, who is expected shortly to visit America:—

After six years of salt water glory, Jerrold became a compositor in a newspaper office in London, where he worked at the same case with Laman Blanchard. Jerrold and Blanchard, after the day's toil was over, were in the habit of taking a Welch rarebit at the Rainbow, and discussing the merits of Shakespeare. The music of Der Frieschultz, like the sun's rays on the Memnon head of Egypt, first brought the audible mind from Jerrold, for so inspired was he in 1824 with the performance of that glorious opera at the English Opera House, that he wrote his first paper on the influence of German music on the imagination and heart. This essay, after having been read to Blanchard, he dropped into that lion's mouth, the editor's box, where he was a printer, and two days after he had the delight of setting up his own article, none of the editors being aware of the author's name. Jerrold next dropped another anonymous article in the box on fashionable charity, which is written with all his peculiar vigor. This caused so great a stir, that the editor, in his notices to correspondents, begged the author to call upon him—in other words, he was requested to "Stand, and unfold yourself."

He did, much to the astonishment of the editor, who at once recognizing his talents, took him from the case, and put him to the desk. Thus commenced the literary life of one of our most earnest writers. In his twenty-first year he wrote Black Eyed Susan, which Ellison produced at the Surrey theatre, as well as at Drury Lane, both of these theatres being then under his management.—To this succeeded the Rent Day, which had a run of equal length. Inflated somewhat above the prudential pitch by these successes, he resolved to have a theatre of his own, and unhappily meeting with another man as mad as himself, although not an author, of the name of Hammond, these two adventurous men took the Strand Theatre and produced Nell Gwynne, which had the most astounding success. Nothing now but old Drury would satisfy Jerrold and Hammond, and they became the lessees of that world famous, time honoured temple of dramatic art. The ill luck of Drury stuck to them, and they failed.

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said, that a low soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken, by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice. The bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement.

In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departed soul! Ah yes, a low, soft voice, is certainly "an excellent thing in woman."

Eating One's Money's Worth.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence Journal tells the following good story:

"A sickly looking man accosted another visitor by remarking, 'You appear to be well; what do you visit this place for?' 'To enjoy myself; are you ill?' 'Oh, terribly so.'—'Then permit me to remark as a friend, that, even if you were in the most robust health, you eat altogether too much.' At this, sickly looked a little indignant, but the next moment he cooled down, and replied, 'I like your conversation very much, but what on earth is a man to do who is paying two dollars and a half a day!'"

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SMUT IN WHEAT.—In harvesting last summer, I discovered an ear or head which was all smut but five or six grains. I determined to try an experiment upon it. I sowed it in the 1st mo.—Four of the grains germinated, and I did not have one head or ear of wheat—all smut.—Is there any way whereby we can completely eradicate it? If so, we would like to have the information. We have a fine harvest, but a good deal complain of smut. D. FARLOW. *New Market, Randolph County. N. C.* [Smut may be in a good degree, if not entirely, prevented, by washing the seed thoroughly (the last washing in brine, and then rolling it well in dry powdered water-slacked fresh lime, some hours before sowing. After being thus treated, it should not be put into bags which have had smutty wheat in them.—*Cultivator.*

The Beatiful Mystery of Infancy.

THERE is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood. Many sources both of mystery and love, meet in the infant life. A being so fresh from non-existence seems to promise us some tidings of the origin of souls; a being so visibly pressing forward into the future makes us think of their tendency.—While we look on the 'child as the father of the man,' yet cannot tell what kind of man, all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness; that which may be the germ of any, is felt as though it were the gem of all; the thread of life, which from our hand that holds it, runs forward into distant darkness, entwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things: here through passages where poverty trawls, there to the fields where glory has its race; here to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens, there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ROCHESTER, N. H.—The Mills Nos. 1 and 2, of the Norway Plain Company, Rochester, were burned this morning (13th) at about 7 o'clock. A portion of the machinery and stock was saved. Loss about $100,000. Insured.

Kansas.—From Chicago Sept. 11 we learn that one hundred Free State refugees arrived at St. Louis yesterday, entirely destitute.—They say that a large number of families had taken refuge at Fort Leavenworth. It was reported that a large number of Free Soil women and children were killed at Sturgis's Creek on Wednesday, the 3d inst. The St. Louis Democrat of the 12th, announces that Gen. Richardson was taken prisoner by the Free State men, north of Lawrence, carried before Lane, who restored his arms and sent him back under escort. Great consternation is exhibited at Leavenworth, in consequence of the rumoured attack by Lane on Westport. General Smith had sent four companies to protect the town, Lane, meanwhile, was still at Lawrence, with no intention of leaving his position.

ANOTHER CUNARD VESSEL TO BEAT THE PERSIA.—Captain Judkins, of the Cunard steamship Persia, visited the Mayor's office on Wednesday, to hand in a list of her passengers—280 in all. He stated, in conversation with our reporter, that the Cunard Company have made arrangements for the construction of another iron steamship, to be built on the Clyde, and called the Scotia. It is to be larger than the Persia, and Capt. Judkins is confident it will exceed the Persia in speed as much as that fine vessel exceeds ordinary ocean steamers. He thinks the British naval architects have learned much since the Persia was built, and will improve both in the model and in the construction of the engine. The Scotia will be finished in a about a year.—[N. Y. Herald.]

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE BOSTON AND MAINE RRILROAD.—This morning, as the 6.30 passenger train from Lawrence for this city, reached Sweetser's Grove, in Reading, about two miles beyond the village, one of the axles of the tender suddenly broke, throwing the baggage car violently off the track, to the right, and entirely demolishing it.

In the baggage car were fifteen or twenty men, all of whom belonged to Lawrence and Andover, and nearly all were employed by the railroad corporation. They were coming this way to go to work on a bridge. Two of the men, Morris Leonard, Inspector of Cars, and Richard Burns, were killed instantly, and eight or ten others were injured more or less.—*Boston Journal.*

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