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Ghost Stories.

While the Thirty-third or Wellington's Regiment was quartered in Canada, the officers of the mess-table saw the door open, and a figure pass through to an inner room. He was dead pale, and was recognised as a brother officer, Wynyard by name, known to be then in England on sick leave. There being but one exit, and as he did not return, some one of the party looked into the room he had entered, but found no trace. Not merely one, but all present saw the figure. Some took notes of the incident; and in the "log-book" of the regiment, (if a nautical phrase can be admitted in matters purely military) may be read the then written statement of the facts.

News of his death afterwards received, proved the hour of his dissolution and appearing to be simultaneous.

An instance similar to the Beresford case, and others I could mention, where doubts had been entertained as to the possibility of a denizen of a higher sphere appearing to its beloved ones on earth, occurred to a friend of my own, and to the companion of his early youth, who, having obtained a cadetship went to India. His story runs thus:—Several years ago, the former was, towards evening, driving alone, across a wide, barren heath. Suddenly, by his side in the vehicle, was seen the figure of his playmate. He knows not why, but he experienced neither surprise nor dread. Happening to turn his head from him to the horse, and on looking again, the apparition had vanished! And now an indescribable feeling of awe thrilled through him; and, remembering the conversation they had held together at parting, he doubted not but that his friend was at that moment dead; and that in his appearing to him, he was come in the fulfilment of their mutual promise, in order to remove all pre-existing doubts. By the next India mail was received intelligence of his death—showing the exact coincidence as to time of the two events, and bringing home at once conviction to the mind of the hearer. One conclusion is evident, from all I have hitherto gathered, that in our future and disembodied state our present identity is retained.

More than twenty years ago; I was called, before daylight to visit the late Mrs. S., living in Marlborough Cottage, and found her in a most excited state, arising from an impression on her mind, as she stated to me, that she had seen her old friend, Mr. Adams, who lived near Totnes, open the end curtain of her bed, and look at her, and that she was convinced he was dead.

A few hours after, a servant brought a letter announcing his death, at the very time she said she had seen him. I learned afterwards, that her husband had destroyed himself, and that she said she had heard a pistol shot, and the ball roll along the floor—he being far away.—[Notes and Queries.]

Pat's Evasive Answer.

Patrick O'Neill, before he became joined in the "holy bonds of matrimony" with Bridget was in the service of Father Connolly. One day the good priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and he wished some excuse to get rid of him. So, calling Patrick he proceeded to give him some instructions.

"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I do not wish to see him."

"Yes, yer reverence."

"Make some excuse and send him away."

"What shall I tell him yer reverence?"

"Tell him I am not at home."

"Would you have me tell a lie, yer reverence?"

"No, no, Patrick, but get rid of him some way—give him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, is it? I'll do it."

"You understand me, Patrick?"

"Av course, yer reverence."

The matter thus arranged, Father Connolly retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon the priest came out of his room and found Patrick in unusually good spirits.

"Well Patrick," said he, "did the minister call to-day?"

"Yes sir."

"And did you get rid of him?"

"I did sir."

"Did he ask if I was in?"

"He did sir."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, Patrick?"

"Yes, yer reverence."

"And what did you say to him?"

"He asked was yer in, and I told him was his grandmother a donkey?"

Red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair will find them where the roses do—out of doors.

The Halifax Journal says a trip was recently made from Fredericton to Halifax, via St. John, in twenty-four hours. This is quick traveling.

Arrest of a Fugitive British Officer in New York.

On Monday last, officer Bowyer of the New York detective police force, arrested in the St. Nicholas Hotel, James Sutton Elliott, recently military store-keeper at Weedon, near London, from which he fled in the latter part of May, with £10,000 of the Queen's money, and a pretty actress named Sinclair. Elliott arrived at Boston on the 5th of June. As soon as his flight and embezzlement became known to the government, Mr. Secretary Peck, of the War department, issued an order for his arrest, which reached the hands of officer Bowyer on the 15th of June, and on that day he entered upon the pursuit of the fugitive. He traced Elliott and his fair companion under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley, through Boston, Springfield, Albany, Buffalo, Toronto, Baltimore, Old Point Comfort, Philadelphia, twice through New York, where he finally treed them at the St. Nicholas as Mr. and Mrs. Elmsley. Except in the first instance, when he gave the name of Brooks at the Tremont House, he used a name beginning with E, and by his uniform mode of using that initial, Bowyer was able to trace him through the hotel register. His case does not come within the extradition treaty, and he is only detained on a civil process. The substance of the charge against him was, he sold 170,000 pairs of soldiers' boots unlawfully; and also, that he supplied the soldiers with very inferior boots. It is stated that others connected with the supply service shared in his plunderings.—[Boston Courier.]

Nae Pier.

To those who are curious in tracing family history, says the Boston Courier, the annexed extract, which a friend has copied from Debetret, may be interesting, relating as it does, to the amiable and esteemed persons who now represent in our country the social and diplomatic interests of England.

"The family of Napier is said to be descended from the ancient Thanes of Lennox, but assumed the name of Napier from the following event:—One of the ancient earls of Lennox had three sons. The eldest succeeded him in the earldom. The second was named Donald and the third Gilchrist. The then King of Scots being engaged in war, and having convoked his subjects to battle, the Earl of Lennox was called on with others to send such force as he could collect to the King's assistance, which he accordingly did, keeping his eldest son with him at home, but putting his men under the command of his two younger sons. The battle went hard with the Scots, who were not only forced to lose ground, but were actually running away from the rear, charged the enemy with the Lennox men, changed the fortune of the day, and obtained a victory. After the battle, as the custom was, every one reported his acts, when the King said:—'Ye have all done valiantly; but there is one amongst you who hath nae pier,' (that is, no equal); and calling Donald to him, commanded him to change his name from Lennox to Napier, and bestowed upon him the lands of Gosford and lands in Fife as a reward for his services."

A Courtship in Puns.

A certain Mr. Parr being smitten with the charms of a certain Miss Ann Marr, a provincial belle, whom he met at Harrogate, was exceedingly perplexed to contrive how he should open his heart to her. At length he met her, and it was for the last time that season, at a public breakfast, and in the dread of losing her for ever, he resolved, even there, to make a desperate effort to pay the question. Fortune favored the attempt.

It happened that opposite to the gentleman there was a plate of Parmesan cheese, and near the lady stood a crystal dish of Marmalade.

"Will you do me the honor to accept of a little *Par*, Miss Ann?" said the lover with a look full of meaning, and moving his hands towards the cheese.

"Tell me first," replied the damsel with admirable readiness, lifting at the same time the top of the crystal, "whether or not you are fond of *Mar*, my lad?"

"Above all things in existence!" exclaimed the enraptured youth.

The offers were mutually accepted and understood as pledges of personal attachment by the parties, although nobody else comprehended the equivocal, or discovered anything in the transaction but common civility. The treaty thus opened was soon ratified, and Miss Ann Marr was invested with the title of Mrs. Parr.

THE "UNITARY HOUSEHOLD."

It appears that the free-love organization, which was dropped in upon and scattered by the New York police last year, has been revived in a new form, under the style of the "Unitary Household." The organized club consist of twenty persons, who occupy a large brick house in Stuyvesant street. They are divided into families occupying separate apartments, but eat at a common table. On Saturday evening every week they hold a meeting to which from thirty to forty couples are invited. At these meetings are discussed, great prominence being given to the free-love theory of affinity, by which the males and females become "passionately attracted" toward each other, such attraction being held to be sufficient to justify the husband in leaving his wife, and cleaving unto another rib, and vice versa. It is understood that the proceedings in these meetings are not so gross in act as were those which were held over Taylor's saloon during the years 1855, '56 and '57; but the ideas are the same, and no one is invited to attend them until he or she has shown some signs of being hopelessly inclined towards the great work of upsetting all old social systems and prejudices, and the tyrannical requirements of the traditional conjugal relations, as legalized in all Christian nations. It costs each of the twenty members of the "Unitary Household" just three dollars and a half per week. The chief manager is the same person that was at the head of the former one over Taylor's saloon.

CERICAL HORSEWHIPPING.

The Media (Pa.) American says that Joanna Connor charges a Catholic priest with scourging her with a whip made of twisted wire, lacerating the skin on her arms and back, and drawing the blood. She has made oath to this effect before a Justice of the Peace. The provocation for this is not stated, neither is the name of the priest given, who is said to have also whipped a woman in the same manner for marrying a Protestant, so that she was confined to her bed for three weeks.

The Liverpool Mercury says that a Catholic priest at Langford, Ireland, recently seeing a drunken woman in the road as he was riding a long, got out of the carriage, and taking the driver's whip, proceeded to lash and beat her following her some 30 or 40 yards for this purpose. The unfortunate woman made no resistance, and crouched like a spaniel dog. In the country districts of Ireland the clergy are great adepts at horsewhipping. Latterly, however, the peasantry have shown a disposition to resent this degrading treatment, and public opinion is likely to put an end to it.—[Boston Journal.]

A ROMANTIC GIPSY STORY.

A story is afloat that some gipsy has been occasioned in Cumberland county Penn. by the following circumstances:—Mr. George Fry of Shippensburg, married a gipsy girl, belonging to a gang who were hunting in the neighborhood about three years ago. The gipsy girl's father was so enraged at this that he kidnapped her and sent her to parts unknown. Mr. Fry mourned her loss two years, and then married again. Last week Mr. Fry's first wife, his gipsy wife, arrived in this place in search of him! By the assistance of Officer Shade, she was successful in finding him. Limited space forbids us entering into details at this time, of the excruciating suffering Mrs. Fry had undergone since her departure from this place. The intelligence of her husband's second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears by the way, that Mr. Fry's second wife was a widow, that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return in the next steamer, &c. What the finale of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?—The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by travel or instruction by philosophy or vanity; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The greatness of nations is neither rich nor gay; they whose aggregate constitutes the people are found in the streets and villages, in the shops and farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken.

A Man who Blew his Brains out for a Wager of a Bottle of Beer.

"There is a furnished hotel in the Quartier St. Denis," says the *Detroit*, "which is principally occupied by junior clerks. The day before yesterday one of them, named Emile D., said to his companions, in a jocular way, that it was so hot, and he was so out of spirits, that he had a strong inclination to blow his brains out. One of the young men present said that that he would make a bet against his doing such a thing. 'What will you bet?' replied Emile, still in the same laughing tone. 'A bottle of beer.' 'Done,' said the other, 'but order the beer at once, for as, to gain the wager I must shoot myself, I should like to drink my share of it first.' The beer was ordered and drunk, when Emile rose to leave the room. 'Where are you going?' said the others. 'To shoot myself,' was the reply, which was received with a burst of laughter from all present. Their merriment was, however, immediately put an end to by the report of a pistol in an adjoining room, and on running to the spot, they found the young man lying dead on the floor.

A Long Pause.

On the first of June 1840, a gentleman very taciturn in his habits, rode over Battersea Bridge, London. His groom rode after him at a respectful calling distance. Suddenly an idea occurred to the gentleman; he pulled up his horse, and turning his head nearly round, said interrogatively—

"John!"

"Yes sir."

"Do you like eggs?"

"Yes sir."

The gentleman then turned again and rode on.

On the first of June, 1841, John and his master happened again to ride over Battersea Bridge. At the third lamp-post the gentleman pulled up short, and John pulled up simultaneously. The gentleman turned his head, and said, still in a tone of interrogation—

"How?"

"Poached!" came John's answer, quick and clear.

This is considered the longest pause in a conversation on record.

Laughable Adventure.

During the past winter, a reverend clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of the snow upon the roof of the barn might do some damage, resolved to prevent it by shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist, one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife, he went to work; but, fearing still for his safety, "My dear," said he, "tie the rope to your waist." No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went the snow, poor minister on the one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung; his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dangling at the other end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman luckily passed by, and delivered them from their perilous situation.

A TRAVELLER'S NAME.

An Englishman had hired a smart traveling servant, and, arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly describe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form—English gentlemen of independent property.

"But how have you put down my name?"

"I have not told it to you."

"I can't exactly pronounce it, sir, but I copied it faithfully from your portmanteau."

"But it is not there; bring me the book."

What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself—"Monsieur. Warranted solid leather."

FIVE YOUNG GIRLS DROWNED.—On Friday evening five young women, between the ages of fourteen and nineteen years, all inmates of the House of Mercy, on 56th street, New York, went into the North River for the purpose of bathing. After making the necessary preparations all the girls joined hands, went some distance into the water, but being unacquainted with the presence of a few deep holes near the 55th street dock, they unfortunately got beyond their depth, and being unable to swim, sank to the bottom. Not one of the bathers was seen after first disappearing under water. The probability is, therefore, the unfortunate girls remained locked in each other's embrace, and will be found in that condition. Their names were Ansel Van Gilder, Hannah H. Bryan, Ellen Smith, Margaret Flynn, and Louisa Ever.—[Boston Journal.]

A BRAVE WOMAN.—On Wednesday evening of last week, as Mrs. Ervin was returning to her residence in a wagon, after supplying her customers in Burlington, N. J., with milk, a fellow seized her horse's head and demanded her money. She said she had none, whereupon he let go the horse's head and tried to get into the wagon, but Mrs. Ervin picked up a hand bell which she kept for ringing up her customers, and beat him about the head with it, causing the fellow to retreat. She then whipped up her horse and escaped.—[Bangor Democrat.]

MRS. CUNNINGHAM MARRIED.—The N. Y. Sunday Atlas says that the famous (or infamous) John J. Eckel has married the Mrs. Cunningham, and that they are now living together, as of old, in New York city. Eckel is proprietor of a fat melting establishment, which has recently been indicted as a nuisance. Both parties long ago became moral nuisances.

The handsome sum of £120 was realized at the Bazaar held in Carleton, in aid of the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel and Mission House.

Latest from Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

IMPORTANT FROM ENGLAND.

Europe, Capt. Leitch, from Liverpool, arrived at Halifax on the 27th July, with dates to the 17th.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Atlantic Telegraph Fleet, were appointed to leave Queenstown to make another effort on Saturday, 19th, Directors of Company having resolved at a meeting on the 14th, that it was desirable a renewed attempt should be forthwith made. English Government issued orders accordingly.

London Times and Daily News publish graphic descriptions from correspondents of crisis of Agamemnon, showing fearful peril that vessel was in; and the Times says in editorial remarks on the subject—Agamemnon is clearly unfit to lay Atlantic cable; if suggestion of Great Eastern is not thought worth notice, or if proprietors of that ship are not ready to lend it for that object, let a ship be built for the purpose at once, whether it succeeds or not at first trial; it will find sufficient occupation in either renewing attempts or laying down additional cable hereafter.

INDIA.

Bombay mail, June 19th, arrived Alexandria 10th July. On the 1st June engagements took place between Calcutta rebels and troops of Maharajah Scindia near Gwalior; right and left divisions of Scindian force gave way and joined enemy; the centre composed of Maharajah body-guards; fought well but was beaten with considerable loss. Scindia fled to Agra, rebels occupied fort at Gwalior.

General Rose first brigade was half way to Gwalior when fall of the place was heard of.

Rose from Calcutta Colonel Hicks from Jhansi, and Brigadier Smith from Secpore were to meet before Gwalior on the 17th June. Strength of enemy rated at 17,000. Rebels in great force round Lucknow, and intercepting communications with Cawnpore.

Another dispatch, however, says people at Lucknow were beginning to come in.

Rohilkunde all quiet.

Sir Colin Campbell was about to join Gov. General at Allahabad.

In Behar insurrection had been crushed.

Disarming proceeds quietly on both sides in India. Disarmed Sepoy regiments in Bengal been discharged in small parties.

The rajah of Ranee's palace and town had been plundered by the rebels.

Rebel garrison of Hameapore, numbering 5000, with four guns, escaped. Pursuit failed.

At Bombay markets dull, money easy.—Exchange 2s 0 3/4. Freight slightly improved.

Calcutta Mail, June 4th, reached England. Letters report that heat produced great sickness of troops, and with all reinforcements sent out only 26,000 Europeans could be mustered.

CHINA.

Shanghai letters give rumors among Chinese that forts north of the Peche had been captured, but there is no authentic news of such event.

Allied fleet off the mouth of Peche numbered 19 men of war.