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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"Well," said Debby, "contentment is a good thing, and a rare one; but I guess it dwells most where people would least expect to find it. There's Ellen Bruce; she has had troubles that would fret some people to death, and yet I have seldom seen her with a cloudy face."

"How do you account for that, Miss Debby? I am curious to get at this secret of happiness, for I have been in great straits sometimes for the want of it."

"Why, I'll tell you. Now, Ellen, I don't mean to praise you, and she looked at Ellen, while an expression of affection spread over her rough-featured face. "The truth is, Ellen has been so busy about making other people happy, she has no time to think of herself; instead of grieving about her own troubles, she has tried to lessen other people's; instead of talking about her own feelings, and thinking about them, you would not know she had any, if you did not see she always knew just how other people felt."

"Stop, stop, Deborah, my good friend," said Ellen; "you must not turn flatterer in your old age."

"Flatterer! The Lord have mercy on you, girl; nothing was farther from my thoughts than flattery. I meant just to tell this young lady, for her information, that the secret of happiness was to forget yourself, and care for the happiness of others."

"You are right—I believe you are right," said Miss Campbell, with animation; "tho' I have practised very little after your golden rule."

"The more's the pity, young women; for, depend on it, it's the safe rule, and the sure; I have Scripture warrant for it, beside my own observation; which, as you may judge, has not been small. It's a strange thing, this happiness; it puts me in mind of an old Indian I have heard of, who said to a boy who was begging him for a bow and arrow, 'the more you say bow and arrow, the more I won't make you it.' There's poor Mr. Redwood; as far as I can find out, he has had nothing all his life to do, but to go up and down, and to and fro upon the earth, in search of happiness; look at his face; it is as sorrowful as a tombstone, and just makes you ponder upon what has been, and what might have been; and his kishaw of a daughter—why I, Debby Lennox, a lone old woman that I am, would not change place with her—would not give up my peaceable feelings for hers, or the gold in king's coffers; and for the most part, since I have taken a peep into what's called the world, I have seen little to envy among the great and the gay, the rich and handsome."

"And yet, Miss Debby," said Grace, "the world looks upon these as the privileged classes."

"Ah! the world is foolish, and stupid besides."

"Well, Miss Deborah, I have unbounded confidence in your wisdom, but since my lot is cast in this cruel world, I should be sorry to think there was no good in it."

"No good, miss! that was what I did not, and would not say. There is good in everything, and everywhere, if we have but eyes to see it, and hearts to confess it. There is some pure gold mixed with all this glitter; some here that seem to have as really pure hearts and just minds as if they had never stood in the dazzling sunshine of fortune."

"You mean to say, Deborah," said Ellen, "that contentment is a modest, prudent spirit; and that for the most part, she avoids the high places, of the earth, where the sun burns, and the tempests beat, and leads her favorites along quiet valleys, and to sequestered fountains."

"Just what I would have said, Ellen, though it may not be just as I should have said it," replied Deborah, smiling. "You young folks like to dress off everything with garlands, while such a plain old body as I only thinks of the substantial."—[Catherine Maria Sedgwick.]

WAR.

Who has ever told the evils and the curses and the horrors of war? Who can describe the horrors of the carnage of battle? Who can portray the Spanish passions which reign there? Who can tell the amount of the treasures wasted and of the blood that flows, and of the tears that have been shed over the slain? Who can register the crimes which war has originated and sustained? If there is anything in which earth more than in any other, resembles hell, it is in its wars. And who, with the heart, of a man—a lover of human happiness—of a hater of carnage and crime—can look but with pity, who can repress his contempt in looking on all the trappings of war—the times—the nodding plumes—even the ani-

inating music—designed to cover over the reality of the contemplated murder of fathers, and husbands, and sons?—[Albert Barnes.]

SELF-RELIANCE.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half-possession. What each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance here and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly with the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—[Ralph Waldo Emerson.]

A prisoner named Barnum has been pardoned out of the Connecticut State Prison after twenty six years' confinement. The wonderful change and inventions of the last 25 years are all new to him and are looked upon by him with the same degree of wonder as if he had just risen from the dead, after a sleep of a quarter of a century. He had never seen a railroad till the day he came out.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.—A merchant of New York has written a letter to Gen. Cass, suggesting a method by which, he thinks, a satisfactory arrangement could be made with Great Britain for acquiring into the nationality of suspicious vessels. He recommends that an American Lieutenant should be placed on board of every American cruiser, and that a British Lieutenant should be placed on board of every American vessel, and that any suspected vessel should be visited, and her papers examined by the officer whose national flag she might carry. In this way, he believes, all feelings of national honour and pride might be respected, and the ends of a visit attained without any possibility of national offence.

RAILROAD STATION ROBBER.—A correspondent of the Herald says that the Railroad station in Littleton, N. H., was entered on Thursday night by a gang of burglars, the safe was opened by false keys and \$680 stolen. About \$200 which was in the same drawer where the above amount was placed, was overlooked by the robbers in their haste. No traces of the perpetrators have been found.

STEAMER BURNED.—A despatch from Chicago states that on the morning of the 1st inst., the steamer Galea took fire at the landing at Red Wing, Minnesota. The flames spread with such rapidity that the boat was soon enveloped in them. About 75 persons were on board, 88 of whom were saved. The following are known to be lost: John Tyson, Holly Porter, Nancy Porter, Charles Porter, and Lydia Porter, of Michigan. The books and papers were all lost. The boat was valued at \$50,000. No insurance.

CEBRA.—The Yellow fever, or black vomit and small pox, were raging at Matanzas at last accounts, with great violence—especially among the shipping. Vessels were leaving as fast as possible.

Robert Dale Owen, a well known and talented gentleman, who has professed infidelity, has recently become converted to Christianity.

THE HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE.—London gossip avers that the Prince of Wales, though only 17 years old, has failed to become a worthy successor to the last Prince of Wales, the very last George IV. The Prince is reported to be the horror of his mother the Queen has been detected in an intrigue with one of the ladies-in-waiting to her Majesty. The result was the immediate sending of the precocious youth on a visit of penitence into Ireland. This incident will perhaps delay the establishment

of the young Prince in his own house—a measure to which her Majesty had given consent, and which was soon to be realized.

The Canada off Cape Race.

St. John's, N. F., July 12. Canada off Cape Race 9.45 A. M.—has Liverpool dates to 3d. Cotton generally firm. Provisions steady. Consols 95½ to 95¾ for account. Bullion in the Bank decreased £26,000. Increased activity in the money market at 3 per cent discount.

Weather favorable for crops. Flour firm and in better demand. Considerable anxiety in reference to the Atlantic Cable. No news at departure of the Canada.

House of Commons engaged on India Bill. Lords rejected bill to abolish Church rates by a large majority.

Political news from France unimportant. Nothing later from India.

The Bill allowing Jews to sit in the House of Commons had passed a second reading in the Lords by a majority of 47.

BAITISH MARKETS. Sugar, quiet. Coffee quiet.

Breadstuffs in the London Market show an upward tendency. Money is in active demand at 3 per cent. Flour 1s. 6d. advance. Grain advanced 4d to 4½d.

At Liverpool, Freights are quoted a shade firmer.

The Submarine Telegraph.

The following communication from T. P. Shaffner, a gentleman practically and scientifically versed in telegraphing, appears in the Washington Union. No account has yet been had from the telegraph fleet, and we therefore give the article, which may account for the delay.

"It is useless to enter into a discussion upon this subject at present. There is no probability that the contract will ever be made, for two reasons: First, the cable can never be worked if laid; second, there are reasons—some of which have been made known to the government—which will prevent the execution of any contract with that company."

I have some pretensions to a knowledge of the science and art of telegraphing. Four years ago I published to the world in America and in Europe that my studies and experiments on both continents satisfied me that a current of electricity of any known form or mode of generation could not be transmitted for telegraphic service from Ireland to Newfoundland. Since that time there have been no new discoveries in galvanic or other electric developing powers changing the state of science, then calculated upon, in the demonstration of the impracticability of the proposed telegraph.

It has been stated that a current of electricity has been transmitted through the whole 3000 miles of the Atlantic cable in the ships, and therefore there can be no doubt but what the climax has been attained. This imposition has been fully exposed in my memorial to congress. When the cable is laid in the water, the element of retardation then commences its functions. 'The further they lay out the cable the feebler will be the current,' until it ceases to traverse the wire.

I predict—not as a matter of prophecy, but as a certain result springing from the fixed laws in electric science—that the cable will be laid perhaps 1000 or more miles, and it will be found unavailable for telegraphing. In this dilemma the company will have the cable broken again, and the accident will be charged to Providence! This will be the finale."

The Sailors at Lucknow.

A letter from Lucknow says: "The sailors are a queer lot. Yesterday a lot of Pandies who were in a house, would not be turned out, and did a deal of harm by firing from the windows, which were built up, with the exception of loopholes. Three or four sailors took a rather strange way of turning them out. They got upon the roof, made a hole, lit the fuses of three or four 2-inch shells, dropped them down the hole, and waited to see the effect. It was a wonder they escaped themselves, but they have extraordinary luck, and their dodges seemed successful, as the fire from that house was shut up for the day."

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know the history of the creation?" "I know that God made all." "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" The child hesitated a moment, and then fixing her eyes on her examiner, replied:

"Probably they were turned out because they couldn't pay their rent!"

The Stage and the Pulpit.

Whilst Mrs. Jordan was performing once at Chester, a poor woman, who had officiated as her laundress, was arrested for a debt, originally but fifty shillings, tho' swelled by legal expenses into eight pounds. Mrs. Jordan upon hearing of the circumstance, sent for the attorney and paid the amount. Walking out in the afternoon of the same day, she was compelled to take shelter from a shower of rain under a porch, where she was espied by the liberated widow, who fell upon her knees and blessed her—the child then distressed at the position of their mother, contributing to make up a very affecting scene. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped, but on this occasion she could not conceal the tear of feeling. Stopping to kiss the children, she slipped some money into the hands of the mother, saying, "There, there, it's all over; go, good woman, God bless you; don't say another word."

This interesting little episode was witnessed by another person, who had taken to the spot, and who now came forward, and exclaimed with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but, would that the world were all like thee!" The penetrating eye of Thalia's votary soon developed the profession of her new acquaintance, whose countenance and attire declared him to be a Methodist preacher. After listening to a brief sermon on the sisterly love that had been evinced, and of the fulfilled commandment to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed, Mrs. Jordan interrupted the discourse by observing, "Ah you are a good old soul I dare say; but you'll not like me when I tell you that I am—a player."

The preacher sighed, and with a complacent countenance remarked, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art, and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraideth thee not, the Lord forbid that I should." Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together on the way to Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. The offer of the preacher's arm was accepted, and the old streets of Chester beheld the serious disciple of Wesley walking arm-in-arm with the female Roccus of comedy.—Bentley's Miscellany for April.

Terrible Mortality at Sea. A Heroine Wife.

The following statement in the New York papers reminds of the courageous conduct of Mrs. Patten, of Boston, with which our readers are, doubtless, familiar:—

"Captain Baggis, of the New York steam tug Huntress, on Monday morning fell in with the British ship Grotta, Captain Nichols, ten miles east of Fire Island, in a condition of great distress, and towed her into quarantine at New York. The Grotta left Sagua la Grande, Cuba, on the 25th ult., and on the second day out the yellow fever broke out among the crew in its most virulent form, and one after another died and were consigned to the deep, the ordinary remedies proving ineffectual in every case. On the ninth day out there were none left but the captain, his wife, and two of the crew. On the 11th of July the captain was taken down with the fever, and his wife, who had until now been unassuming in her attentions to the sick among the officers and crew, was obliged to nurse her sick husband, and also occasionally to take her position at the wheel, while the surviving men of the crew worked the ship. The Captain had already decided to put into New York, and was making the best of his way towards Sandy Hook. While he was yet able to give directions, he instructed his wife how to steer the ship. When spoken by the steamer, the captain's wife stood heroically at the helm, directing the ship towards Sandy Hook. In one hour after the ship was taken in tow, Capt. Nichols died, leaving only three out of eleven persons alive on board—the two foremost hands and the courageous Mrs. Nichols. The lady and the two survivors of the crew have been properly cared for."

Fatal Railroad Accident.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Locke was at the Eastern Railroad station-house with a daughter, Mrs. Woodman, to see a second daughter, who was going east in the 9 o'clock train. Mrs. Locke entered the car with that daughter, and delayed leaving till the train was in motion, when in attempting to get off she was thrown under the wheels, which dragging her some distance, passed over her body, just below her breast, killing her instantly. Mrs. Woodman, seeing the danger of her mother, rushed to her assistance and was thrown under the cars and badly bruised, and would have been killed but for the prompt action of the bystanders. Mrs. Locke was 56 years old, and her

death was an awful spectacle to the beholders; but the jury under Coroner Cook returned that "no blame could be attached to the corporation."—[Newburyport Herald.]

Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

WHAT'S GOING ON.

A very prosy gentleman was in the habit of waylaying Jerrold, whenever he met him, to have a chat in the street. Jerrold disliked very naturally to be held by the button-hole in a crowded thoroughfare. One day Prosy met his victim, and planting himself in the way said, "Well, Jerrold, what is going on to-day?"

Jerrold, sharply darting past the inquirer,—"I am!"

A DIFFERENCE.

Jerrold one day met a Scotch gentleman, whose name was Leitch, and who explained that he was not the popular caricaturist, John Leech.

Jerrold—"I'm aware of that—you're the Scotsman with the i-t-e-c-h in your name."

BETTER THAN NONE.

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage. How his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight, Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment said, "Ah! she evidently thought Barlow better than nun."

A SPARE MAN.

Jerrold said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

A REASON FOR THE FALL.

Jerrold said, "Eve ate the apple, that she might dress."

A SUGGESTIVE PAIR OF GREYS.

Jerrold was enjoying a drive one day with a well-known, jovial spendthrift. "Well, Jerrold," said a driver of a very fine pair of greys, "what do you think of my greys?"

"To tell you the truth," Jerrold replied, "I was just thinking of your duns."

CONFIDENCE.

The first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"

Jerrold, "Oh yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

RED REPUBLICANISM.

A wild republican said, profanely, that Louis Blanc was next to our Saviour.

"On which side?" Jerrold asked.

A COMMON WAX.

In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began— "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do want!"

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

SCHOONER RUN DOWN IN THE HARBOR.

Last night after dark but at what hour we did not learn the schooner Alert, Capt. Bradley, was run into by the Brigantine Brookline. The Alert was bound in with a cargo of coal from the Jaggins. The Brookline was outward bound to Hillsboro. The schooner sank in a short time but the crew were taken on board the Brigantine which now lies at anchor off Black point. She lost her bowsprit.—[Leader.]

A SON OF M. FOULD, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF STATE.

has contrived to fall in love with Mlle. Valerie, an actress of the Theatre Francaise, and as he could not accomplish his object on more favorable terms, he determined to marry her; for that purpose, he has carried the lady off to London, and it is not yet known whether the parties are married or not. In the meantime, the affair has been referred to the Duc de Malakoff, who will no doubt do all in his power to prevent the heir of the Jew Minister from becoming the husband of a Christian actress. As usual, under the present regime in France, the papers have been ordered, under the penalty of suppression, not to allude to the misadventure which has desolated the hearth of the Minister of State. A Paris letter says:—"The scandal of M. Fould's youthful son still is much talked of. He has robbed his father, not of 700,000 francs, but of 1,600,000! M. Fould, the father, wrote to the Duc de Malakoff in London, to 'use authority!' But Marshal Polignac treated the whole thing as a French 'sub-lieutenant' night. He asked young Fould and Mlle Valerie to breakfast, said pleasantly, 'young people, I give you my blessing,' and wrote to the furious father, that, 'Young men were but young men, after all!'"

Hon. Charles Sumner has been obliged to submit to a severe operation at Paris, turning the neck and arms, with iron.