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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1858.

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TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer *Moses Taylor* arrived at New York last Saturday, with California dates to the 7th May, and \$1,576,000 in specie. She had 700 passengers.

The Golden Gate left San Francisco on the 5th, but the same afternoon broke her shaft and returned. The steamer *Sonora* took her place, and sailed on the afternoon of the 6th.

The People's ticket was elected in Sacramento by a large majority over Buchanan men.

Colonel Fremont was welcomed at Marietta by General, Cannon, &c.

The Stage from Nevada for Sacramento, with \$21,000 in dust, for Wells, Fargo & Co., had been robbed.

Now gold diggings in the vicinity of Walker's River, caused much talk.

It was rumored that the Indian tribes in Plumas Co. had banded together to make war upon the whites.

A guano island containing over a million tons is said to have been discovered on the track between the Sandwich and Ladrone Islands. Specimens have been received at San Francisco.

Advises from Guatemala state that the cholera was spreading with great violence in various parts of the Republic.

GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.—Advises from Fraser's river confirm the recent accounts of the extraordinary richness of the gold mines, and there was a tremendous rush from all parts of the British possessions towards the gold regions.

The mines extend over a great expanse of the country, and reach across the line into American territory. A steamer loaded with diggers had also sailed from San Francisco.

The Olympia, Washington territory steamer, of April 23, says in a postscript that the steamer *Sun Bird* has just arrived from Bellingham Bay. The news from the gold region north is most encouraging. Gold is represented to exist at intervals from Port Hope as far north as 50° has yet been prospected. Fraser's river is represented as still navigable for good substantial canoes. In its first edition the Pioneer had said that it would be quite unsafe for parties to attempt to ascend the river in canoes or small boats.

We have dates from Port Townsend to the 27th ult. A great excitement prevailed about the Fraser river mines, but there is great difficulty in getting to them. There are three or four hundred men in Port Townsend who have no money and cannot get away, and cannot get any work to do.

One thousand men had left San Francisco for these mines, and California will be half deserted, if the reports are confirmed.

FROM UTAH.

Accounts received by the way of San Francisco state:

Brigham Young has issued a circular to all his followers, commanding them not to fight, nor even to oppose the army of Gen. Johnston, and that as the army advances they retire from the Northern to southern counties. He commands his people to avoid all contact with the soldiers, as it is not good for them to meet. With their wives, their little ones, and their herds, they are to vacate the country of Salt Lake, including the city, which is to be given up to the use of the soldiers, who are there ordered to erect a military post.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND CANADA RAILWAY AND COMPANY.—The new Brunswick states that this Company will open the Railway for traffic from St. Andrews to the Howard Settlement, twenty miles from Woodstock, early the ensuing Autumn. The energy displayed by the Company in pushing forward their works is worthy of all praise. The charges for freight are to be moderate, which must be a great boon to that section of the Province, and must naturally create a great traffic along the line and with the upper portion of this Province. In a short time Saint Andrews must become the depot for trade of the head waters of New Brunswick and the adjoining State of Maine. Our neighbors across the border how look upon this line as a "fixed fact" and justly estimate its importance in a commercial point of view. Through the able management of Julius Thompson, Esq., the Company are about realizing a rich reward for their outlay, and it is another proof of what can be performed by energy and unity of purpose. Henceforth the people of St. Andrews may date a new era in their history, and the period cannot be far distant when the Southern and North-Western sections of this Province will team with a busy and intelligent population. Success to enterprise. —Church Witness.

THE MAKOLOLO AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

The Makololo (says Dr. Livingstone) are remarkably fond of their cattle, and spend much time in ornamenting and adorning them. Some are branded all over with a hot knife, so as to cause a permanent discoloration of the hair, in lines like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Pieces of skin two or three inches long and broad, are detached and allowed to heal in a dependent position around the head—a strange style of ornament; indeed it is difficult to conceive in what their notion of beauty consists. The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They came frequently asking for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous. Is that me? What a big mouth I have! My ears are as big as pumpkins. I have no chin at all. Or I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek bones. See how my head shoots up in the middle! laughing, vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came along to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!

THE PARSON BIRD.

The most common and certainly the most facetious individual of the ornithology, is the Tui (Parson bird). Larger than the blackbird and more elegant in shape, his plumage is lustrous black, irradiated with green hues and pencilled with silver grey and he displays a white throat tuft for his clerical bands. Parson though he be, the Tui is no sullen, anchorite, mortifying the flesh. He is a bird of the convivial rectitude, fond of honey, and pecking at the fruits his rich living affords. Joyous Ponceinello of the bird, he is perpetual fun in motion. He can sing, but seldom will, and preserves his voice for mocking others. Darting from some low shrub to the topmost twig of the tallest tree, he commences roaring forth such a variety of strange noises with such changes of voice and volume of tone, as to claim the instant attention of the forest. Should another Tui chance to be near, he at once flits down for a pham fight throws a somersault or two, and then darts into his bush, only to come forth the next minute with exhibition number two. Caught and caged, he is still the merry ventriloquist, mocks cocks and cats, attempts the baby, and has been known to frighten a nervous little dog off the premises. To add to his antics, he becomes such fine eating in the season of propogation berries that a European may quit turtle and dare the seas to eat a tui stew.

THE COUSINS AT BUSACO.

This anticipation of a retreat was well founded. A Nevada fell, the army retired, and Charles Napier, clinging to the Light Division, was engaged in all the skirmishes until the English General, halting on the Busaco mountain, offered battle. There riding in the train of Wellington, at the point where Regnier's corps assailed the position, he remained on horseback when the fire was so terrible that all the staff and volunteers, with exception of his cousin, the present Admiral Napier, had dismounted. He, seeing him the only mounted man in a red coat, when all the others were in blue, urged him to alight; at least to put on his cloak, or he would be marked. His answer was, No! This is the uniform of my regiment, and in it I will show, or fall this day. Scarcely had the words been uttered when he fell! A bullet had entered on the right of his nose, and lodged in the left jaw near the ear, shattering the bone to pieces. He was being away past Lord Wellington, and though sinking from the loss of blood, took off his hat and waved it merrily, for he was unable to speak out, I could not die a better moment. Such was Admiral Napier's account of the event, and he added, that holding him during the extraction of the ball, that painful operation was treated as lightly as the drawing of a tooth might be. Apparently dying he was now conveyed to the convent of Busaco, some miles off; his wound was there dressed, and he found his way to Coimbra, a day's march, by next morning.

The Image of his Father.

On the birth of the seventh son all the women came rushing to see the infant and congratulate the happy parent upon the happy event. Our friend anticipated the visit and instead of having the child prepared for it, made the servant bring in a little fat dog and

dressed it up in swaddling clothes and covering up its face he laid it in the place the real child should have occupied.

The ladies were introduced into the apartment and gently approaching the bed, the coverings were turned down, and a portion of the face of the little pretended new comer was exposed.

"Bless my soul!" said one of the ladies, "what a remarkable child."

"So very interesting!" said another.

"And so good natured!" observed a third as she commenced toying with it.

"And how very like his father!" remarked the fourth.

They were all struck with the observation and exclaimed—

"The very image of his father!"

The flattered parent rushed out of the room convulsed with laughter, leaving the women to discover their mistake.

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

The following extraordinary document was found in the right boot of a young gentleman who committed suicide on the thirty-third day of last month, by drinking strong boarding-house coffee. He was desperately in love with the object of his affections, and liked her pretty well. One day, however, she winked at another man, and drove her lover to the pitch of insanity necessary to the perpetration of puns and suicide, both of which he most emphatically did.

This letter is supposed to have been written previous to his demise. It will serve as a model for all who wish to produce a profound sensation in the minds of cruel lady-loves.

MY ADORED, ETC. ANGELIC, ETC., IDOLIZED, AND SO ON.

Queen of my soul! It is no use talking! I'm a goner!—comparatively; positively and superlatively gone. Rammed through the gizzard by the double-barrelled shaft of Cupid. Your seraphic image is stamped upon the lines of my soul with the never-to-be-washed-out, and never-to-be-indignant indelibility of spiritual and amatory fixeness.

Gone by the great Korassus of Phlegathon! Neither salt, rum, nor the liturgy can save me. I've struggled against my fate hard and long, but as vainly as the tadpole against the doomed curtailment of his end, and his entry into the realm of frogdom and French degeneration.

Be quiet, said I, and I yield handsomely, as the cow said to the milk-maid. The milk of my human kindness runs over, the spigot turned by your fair hands. I am, when near you but as ice cream to a flame, wax to a store pipe. I melt under your influence like unsalted butter. I feel that without you there is no unseason. You are the pole-star of my emotions, the loadstone of my affections.

Why did I meet you, oh, Lizzie! Wherefore? Did fate wish to mock me? It is but a dream, a late supper, pate-de-foie-gras-nightmare?—What arts and alchemy have you employed, thus to enchain my soul? What yarks, and unguents and cataplasms? The spell upon me is more than human, it is Websterian, intense, and I can bare it but little longer. Unless it has some legitimate vent, some safety-valve escapement, the expanding steam of my affections will be too much for my physical boilers, and I will either burst or prostrate, sink to an untimely grave, and have writ upon my sarcophagus:

HIC JACET DENNIS: DIED OF A CHRONIC ATTACK OF LIZZIE.

You will be the author of my final "Sentimental Journey," to that "thingumbob" from whence no what's-his-name returns. Think of it well and in pity give me some little hope of a return, evince a modicum of the Christian charity for which your sex is proverbial, and give me at least the widow's mite of love. Just as we've bit, now do. Don't be the cruel Elizabeth of olden time. That austere virgin who beheaded her lovers. Don't come this Essex over me, pray don't!

When last we met, how little did I think that I should tumble to-day, boots and breeches, from the comfortable fat of indifference, into the hot, sizzling, infernal fire of worship.

Well, so mote it be, Solah, amen. Remember the pain I endure, the intense and torturing anguish I suffer. Skinned eels are nothing to it, their pang is momentary, and only skin deep, mine is eternal as the stars, and profound as spiritual philosophy. They suffer pain to make others happy, I make no one happy in my sufferings, and send me nothing gained. Hence pity me, and send me love. Poor, feeble, weak, human words cannot express my emotions. Lexicons are inadequate, logic and rhetoric mere milk-and-water, so this letter bears no resemblance to the true feelings than do corollaries to the rings of Saturn.

I worship thy form, chiselled by the fine-

architect of all, a mould of ecstasy. Thine eyes, but lesser planets, two windows of a noble house, with the soul peering through them. Thy lips—ye gods! I give in there, they are too much for my poor heart, and thine alabaster rose-tipped hands,—larn my buttons, but don't they make me, think of muffins? And as for the little preciousness of footies tooties, I only wish I could lie down and let you dance a jig on my breast to the tune of my beating heart.

Ever thine, POOR DENNIS.

—Golden Prize.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT.

FOR RICH MEN.

What will he do with it? It is a question we frequently find ourselves asking about men who devoting their best energies, and life itself to the acquisition of wealth. We see one, already successful in business, who has long since acquired what is called by reasonable people a competence, still bent on the accumulation of money, with as much intensity as if he was a daily fight with gaunt poverty. Once he was poor, then his circumstances became comfortable, then he grew rich, then richer, and now with a zeal undiminished by gratification, but with an appetite all the keener from long indulgence, and with an energy which is unimpaired by bodily infirmities, he still devotes himself to the increase of his property. What will he do with it? His mental faculties are not quite so vigorous as formerly, but there has been no failure in his talent for acquisition—age is stealing upon him, but it only adds to the experience which enables him to increase his gains and to give security to his investments. Once he was more liberal than now, but as his ability augments his disposition to part with his money diminishes. What was once cast into the channels of benevolence, is now planted in stocks, and secured in real estate. His transfers from his charity to his account, have given additional sums to his previously ample fortune, and now he is richer than ever. What will he do with it? He might endow a poor church or a theological school; he might assist promising and hopeful young men to emerge from obscurity and poverty, and aid them in becoming ornaments to the church and to state. But he does not. He might assist the deserving poor; he might contribute to the support of movements whose object is to educate and elevate the humbler classes in society—but he does not. The money saved by turning away from all these appeals upon his benevolence adds a little more to his abounding wealth.

What will he do with it? Perhaps he is childless, but if he is not, he cannot be hoarding it all for his children, for he admits that it is not desirable to make children rich—either on account of their spiritual or temporal well-being.

Perhaps his children are already as rich as he thinks is good for them, and if they are not, he fears that they may not make a good use of what is given or bequeathed to them. He knows that if what he has so toiled to accumulate falls into their hands, they will most probably devote it to objects of which he disapproves; if they are irreligious, to indulgences which he abhors, and if they are religious, to the building up of denominations to which he never did or would contribute a farthing. It would be too ridiculous, were he so to dispose of his money that thousands would be, spent in ways which do not now receive his pennies. No it is not his purpose to bequeath his all to another—when he knows not whether that other is to be a "fool or a wise man."

What then will he do with it? He never tells. Nobody knows, perhaps he has decided. He is not doing good with his money now, but he may have determined how it *shall* go, when he is done with it—and determined too in a way that satisfies his own conscience. One thing is certain, though so silent now, there is one to whom he must give an account of his stewardship. There is One who will at the proper time demand, "What did you do with it?"

A Perfect Brick.

In modern parlance, a man who is quite up to the mark, "point device," is styled a "perfect brick." How did the phrase originate? According to "Notes and Queries," at a duel which took place in Scotland, a person who was charged with his preliminary arrangements, carried with him to the ground two bricks, which he placed so as to mark the distance between the combatants. Several shots having taken place without effect, the parties became reconciled, and returned to Glas go together. One of the seconds being asked how his principal had behaved, answered—"Like a regular brick"—meaning that he had been as immovable as that which was at his feet at the time when the shots were exchanged. Hence the origin of the phrase, and the meaning of its application.

SCRAPS.

An old rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing immediately before him, he said: "You said in your haste, David, did ye? Well, if you had been here, you might have said it after mature reflection." "It is impossible," said one politician to another, to sap where your party ends, and the opposition party begins." "Well, sir," replied the other, "If you were riding a jackass, it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the ass began."

NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

North Unst Lighthouse, SHETLAND.

EXHIBITION OF PERMANENT LIGHT, WITH Change of Character.

With reference to the Notice to Mariners issued in September 1853, of the Exhibition of a temporary Light on the Muckle Flugga Rock, at the north end of the Island of Unst forming the North-Western extremity of the Shetland Isles, in which it was stated that the light would be known to mariners as a fixed light of the natural colour, the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, that the permanent Lighthouse Buildings have been completed, and that from and after the evening of 1st January 1858, and every night thereafter, the light will be ALTERED, and exhibited in terms of the following Specification prepared by Messrs. D and T. Stevenson, Engineers to the Commissioners:—

The North Unst is a Dioptric Light of the 1st order, and will be known by the following characteristics:—The light is elevated about 230 feet above the sea, and in clear weather the white light will be seen at the distance of about 21 nautical miles, allowing ten feet for the height of the eye, and at lesser distances according to the state of the atmosphere. On and after the evening of the 1st January 1858, it will show a Fixed White Light all around the horizon, exceptive from the bearing as observed by compass from the site of the lighthouse (not about SE. E. & E., Southerly, to the bearing of about SSE. & E., within which are the light will be Fixed Red. South-Eastward of the Skaw, the Red Light will be masked by the high land of Unst. Vessels, in rounding the Skaw should keep out of the Red Light by keeping the White Light open.

The Tower is painted white, and measures from the surface of the rock to the top of the Lantern, 64 feet.

Mariners are remind that the small rock called the "Out Stack," which is the most northern rock of the Shetland Isles, bears from the Lighthouse about E. by N. & N. by compass, and is distant about half a nautical mile.

The tolls as formerly advertised, will continue to be payable for the light, in terms of Table of Tolls, in all respects as formerly, with the authorised abatements:

By Order of the Board.
(Signed) ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, Secy.

NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSE OFFICE, Edinburgh, 14th Nov. 1857.

VANITY.—Let a beauty in an opera box but raise her glass to her eyes, and instantly you will see fifty brainless young fellows in the pit all planting their glass upon her, every one of them imagining, in the supremacy of his conceit, that he is the favored object of her lengthened inspection.—Blather!

SOON.—One Simpson has sent the editor of the Louisville Journal a goose egg, eleven inches long, and nine and a half inches in circumference. Whereupon Prentice concludes that "Simpson is sound on the goose."

A Mr. Pea has been indicted for whipping his wife and children. No doubt he thinks it a very hard case that a man can't be allowed to thrash his own Peas.

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which catches "sparks," but does not always succeed in lighting a "match."

IMPORTANT TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a threshing machine, in good working order; has birch, cane, and strap barrels.—Warranted to thrash a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral, and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away. Apply at the College of Preceptors.

With what musical instrument would you catch a fish?—Castnet.

A child cutting its teeth & the edge off the knife.