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Et carissimum est optimum.—Cic.

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European Intelligence.

Arrival of the Atlantic.

New York, Aug. 31.
The Steamer Atlantic arrived yesterday. No decision has been made regarding a further attempt to lay the Submarine Cable the present season. A meeting of the Directors was being held on the subject the day the Atlantic sailed.

The general opinion of those most qualified to form a judgment, appears to be that we have learned enough in the first essay to render the success of the next attempt to lay the cable morally certain. Two important points have been decisively set at rest, by what has already been achieved. The unparalleled length of the cable, and the vast depth to which it was sunk, have presented no obstacles to its telegraphic working. Until the final disaster occurred, messages were flashed along the 2500 miles of wire, a portion of which was submerged to the depth of two miles in the ocean. The principal troubles appear to be in the paying-out gear, and the great force of the under-current. In the next venture, everything of this kind will be taken into calculation. The mechanism for passing the cable into the water will receive all those improvements of which it is susceptible, and if the time be so fortunately chosen as to secure three weeks of favorable weather, there can be no reason for despairing of ultimate success. So says the London News.

The London Star says it is estimated that the outside loss the company will sustain in consequence of the failure will be £23,000. It is fully expected that at least one-half of the sunken cable will be got up, but that portion in deep sea will, in all probability, not be recovered. The cable will be under-stood, be forthwith hauled up.

The London Times says a merchant recently deceased at Liverpool, is said to have left liabilities reaching £300,000 of which £100,000 are thought to be forged acceptances to bills of exchange. The Liverpool Post pronounces the story a hoax.

The mail steamer for India, to sail on the 15th of August, would take out about £1,000,000 sterling in silver.

FRANCE.—The Fêtes Napoleon, on the 15th of August, passed off well, although the outdoor amusements were marred by wet weather. The Emperor granted pardons, remissions, or reductions of punishment to 1142 prisoners.

A Paris letter says the government will demand of England the extradition of Ledru Rollin, and that communications on the subject have already passed between Count Walewski and Lord Cowley. It is believed that the conviction of Ledru Rollin would bring him within the provisions of the extradition treaty. It is added that Ledru Rollin has already left, or intends to leave for the United States. The Daily News indignantly protests against the sacrifice of a political exile.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News mentions the departure for Versailles of Gen. D. Orgoni, and predicts that he will be found at the head of the insurgents of Delhi before November. It was he who stirred up the last Barmecide war.

The Emperor and Empress had gone to Biarritz.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says the French government contemplates sending a naval and military expedition to support a demand for satisfaction for an insult offered to the French representative by the Emperor of Annam. He also says it is proposed to found a maritime and commercial settlement in the Bay of Touraine, in Cochinchina.

PRUSSIA.—Great anxiety was felt at the continued fires that were taking place throughout Prussia, believed to be the result of an incendiary spirit, although it was thought they might have been caused by the heat of the sun's rays. In the town of Boyen, Province of Boyen, 360 out of 420 houses were burnt, rendering 2000 persons homeless.

(Daily News City Article.)—The funds were a little flatter, but towards the close, buyers came forward, and the final quotations were the same. In the discount market the demand for money was more active, owing to the extensive operations which are now going forward in bullion.

The papers announce the death of Lady Littleton, sister of Mr. Gladstone.

The crops in England had been damaged by storms, but succeeding good weather would probably counteract the effect.

Nothing politically important.

Markets.
Consols 91½. Sugar dull, and 6d to 1s. lower. Flour and Wheat slightly advanced. Corn dull. Other markets generally unchanged.

A youth of 13 years of age, the son of Mrs. Panson, of Montreal, was drowned at

Brockville, C. W., on 21st ult. His mother, with whom he was on a visit to that place, upon hearing the melancholy intelligence, fell back almost immediately, and died of a broken heart. He was her only son, and she a widow.

My Cruelty to My Relatives.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness (I acknowledge, with tears in my eyes, that it was such) which I perpetrated towards my wife and ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming here to-morrow; well I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf; and, although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible.

I then went to John Thomas, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at 6 P. M. on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I then went to the railroad station with a carriage the next evening, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said, "My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Amelia has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf; and, although she can hear my voice to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I'm sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—the steps were my wife and the policeman on the opposite side of the street started and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and cape; and there sat John Thomas with his face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife, like a pistol, and John Thomas rather jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war-whisper; and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for streets around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word, plainly.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me, "How loud your wife speaks! Don't it hurt her?"

I told her that all deaf persons talked loudly, and my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly, "Alf, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till every thing on the mantle-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So said she, in an unceremonious hoot, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young. "Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?"

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife. "Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear, if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rivalling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at a right angle to his body, rolling

from side to side, with his fists poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude; and I think that, from the relative position of our bodies and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent to, in his endeavor to repress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and my aunt who, by this time, comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been, if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a horse-laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of Ascarhur, in India, says Lieutenant St. Clair, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Arga and it gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks glowered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinning and chattering above. The horses were fastened to the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their graceful feet; farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of the evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his special protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird, six feet high, decked in plumage of lilac and black; and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum kept close to his trunk or under the shelter of his huge limbs.

Beyond reposed a group of young camels with their drivers—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labor, rested at their feet; while pack saddles, panniers, and sacks piled around, completed the picture.

Within the circle of the camp lively scene was passing fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, a languard in that important office—preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle as the servants were, putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the wall hung with chintz of tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze—a necessary precaution against insects—became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver-mounted pistols and guns, with knives and bows arrows and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an India forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them.

While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full grown tiger of the largest size sprang into the centre of the group, seized one of our party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity that defied pursuit. The loud outcries raised by those faculties not entirely paralyzed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained; so impetuous was the thicket through which he had retreated; but notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human ingenuity could suggest was left untried. Torches were instantly scattered, weapons were hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description.

The victim seized by the tiger was an officer, whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of the most appalling dangers, most providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wound already, the horrible manner in which he was hurled a long through brush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating with the utmost coolness upon the readiest means of effecting his

deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger seizing him by the waist, his arms were constantly left at liberty. Applying his head to the monster's side he ascertained the exact position of the heart, then drawing out his pistol, placed the muzzle to port and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and pace of the animal caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and accelerated trot alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued, yet undismayed by the ill success of his efforts, though painfully aware that he possessed a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation, to make a fresh attempt. He felt the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, the tiger dropped dead beneath his burden! The triumph of the victor as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was subdued by loss of blood, and the pain of his wound. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding his way to it; but his anxiety upon this point, was speedily ended by the loud shouts which met his ear, from his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and issued from the thicket covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wound of a mortal nature.

There once lived in an old brown cottage, a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known every where, from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, she had no relatives; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked.

There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness had set his royal seal.

"Well Nancy, singing again!" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say with her sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! that's a fact, I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got nobody but God!" replied the good creature looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make my garden-things come up the same season after season, he can surely take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out, suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven while many of us, with all our wisdom will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head. "always looking out for some black cloud. Why if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a despit right of mischief."

She was right, we do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that we smother them under the blanket of apprehension and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate happy

Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose its going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow—do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more child-like towards the great Father who created you; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

A Boston lady, having a drunken husband resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "frighten him a little," when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked around, until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar smoker.

"What a doing there?"

"Going to be cut up?"

"Cut up!—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy'!"

"It's a lie—I ain't dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass any how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're not dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive!"

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wa! look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

Honorary Degrees.

An exchange paper contains an account of the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon a certain clergyman, by an Eastern College, and the same paper publishes, in another column, a letter from this same clergyman of fifty-one lines, containing nine gross errors in spelling, and more than twenty, equally gross, in punctuation!

But, after all, the ignoramuses are the very ones who need *Doctoring*. How could such persons remain, or obtain situations, as pastors in cities, and over large societies, unless D. D.'d? We know of some doctors of divinity who are noted for their want of scholarship and correct use of language. One of them, in fact, says that he never studied geography nor grammar in his life.

How is the Doctorate often obtained? Through the efforts of influential and wealthy friends and churches! This accounts for the well known fact that this degree is generally conferred on the wrong persons. Many of our best and most gifted pastors of churches and professors in colleges and theological institutions have never received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, while undeserving men have had it bestowed upon them. "Kissing goes by favor," so do honorary degrees. Let this degree be conferred only on such as can bear the test of a suitable examination, and how quickly would it grace some who have it not, and no longer disgrace many who now have it.—[Olive Branch.]

The Scoffer Scoffed.

Carrington was a famous infidel speaker in the West, who was the terror of many of the preachers, unable as they were to meet, at a moment's notice, the cavils with which he often interrupted them in the midst of their discourses. He met with his match, however, in the Rev. Mr. Quickly who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense, making him a popular as well as instructive preacher. He was speaking of the nature and of the destiny of the immortal soul, when the infidel suddenly rose in the crowded house, and said "he knew the Hebrew and the Greek, and the word that is translated *soul* in the bible might just as well be rendered wind, or smell, or smelling bottle, or anything of that sort; and it was all nonsense about people having a *soul* in them to live forever." "Well, well," said old Mr. Quickly, "let us try how it will read here in my text: 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his smelling bottle?' The people took the illustration, and a laugh of derision sent the scoffer away abashed at his own impotence and defeat.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress, without opening their trunks? It is because they "leave out" their summer clothing.

It would be well for us to imitate happy