

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY J. W. SMITH.

E variisumendum est optimum. - Cic.

[12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 49

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1857.

[Vol. 24]

Seige and Capture of Delhi.

In the Bombay Gazette, of the 17th Oct. we have details of the glorious capture of Delhi, and the operations which led to it. The account is by an eye witness.

From the period of the arrival of our army before Delhi in June last, up till very lately, the position occupied by our troops has been in effect a purely defensive one. It extended from the picket at Metcalfe's house, close to the river on the left, along the ridge facing the north side of Delhi, as far as the Suddie Munde suburb on our right, where this ridge terminates—the distance from the city wall averaging from 1,200 to 1,500 yards.

We had from the first no choice as to the front of attack, our position on the north side being the only one that could secure our communications with the Punjab, whence our supplies and reinforcements were drawn.

Whether the city might or might not have been carried by a coup de main, as was contemplated first in June, and afterwards in July, it is needless now to inquire; but, judging from the resistance we afterwards experienced in the actual assault, when we had been greatly reinforced in men and guns, it appears to me fortunate that the attempt was not made. The strength of the place was never supposed to consist in the strength of its actual defences, though these were much undervalued; but every city, even without fortifications is from its very nature, strongly defensible unless can be effectually surrounded (as bombarded,) and within Delhi the enemy possessed a magazine containing upwards of two hundred guns and an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition, while their numbers were certainly never less than double those of the besiegers. Few would doubt then, that the General in command exercised a sound discretion in refusing to allow a handful of troops, unaided by siege-guns, to attack such a place, knowing as he did, what disastrous results must follow a failure.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ASSAULT.
By the beginning of this month, however, we received the seige train from Ferozepore, and further reinforcements of European and native troops from the Punjab, and it being known that there was no hope of any aid from down country for a considerable time, it was resolved that the seige should be at once prosecuted with the utmost vigor. Our available force amounted in round numbers to 6,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 600 artillery. Europeans and natives—the regiments in camp being her Majesty's 9th Lancers, her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards, the 1st Cavalry, Hodgson's Horse, and detachments of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Punjab Cavalry; her Majesty's 8th foot (part of), 52d foot, 60th Rifles (part of), 61st foot, 75th foot, 1st and 2d Bengal Fusiliers, Simoor and Kunnon battalions (Ghoorkas), 4th Sikh Infantry, Guide Infantry, 1st, 2d and 4th regiments Punjab Infantry, four troops of horse artillery (Tomb's, Turner's, Remington's and Rennie's), two light field batteries (Scott's and Boirechier's), and some companies of foot artillery, attached to the seige guns, which numbered about forty heavy guns and howitzers, and ten heavy and twelve light mortars.

The means of the engineers were very restricted, not in officers but in trained men, of whom there were only about 120 regular sappers. Some companies of Muzzeb-Sikhs had, however, been rapidly raised and partially trained; and a body of coolies had also been collected, who worked remarkably well. The park had been at work for some time in collecting material, and 10,000 fascines, 10,000 gabions, and 100,000 sand bags were ready for future operations, field magazines, scaling ladders, and spare platforms had also been duly prepared, and great credit is due to Lieut. Brownlow, of the Engineers, in charge of the park, whose activity and intelligence contributed not a little to the eventual success of our operations.

The north face being the side to be attacked, it was resolved to hold the right in check as far as possible, and to push the main attack on the left first, as the river would completely protect our flank as we advanced; second, as there was better cover on that side; third, as after the assault the troops would not find themselves immediately in narrow streets, but in comparatively open ground. The front to be attacked consisted of the Moree, Cashmere and water bastions, with the curtain walls connecting them. These bastions had been greatly altered and improved by our own engineers many years ago, and presented regular faces and flanks of masonry with properly cut embrasures; the height of the wall was 24 feet above the ground level, of which, however, eight feet was a mere parapet three feet thick, the remainder being about four times that thickness outside the wall was a very wide berm, and then a ditch 16 feet deep and 20 feet wide at the bottom, escarp and counterscarp steep, and the latter unrevetted and the former revetted with stone and eight feet in height. A good sloping

glacis covered the lower ten feet of the wall from all attempts of distant batteries.

On the evening of the 7th of September No. 1 advanced battery, in two portions; was traced about 700 yards from the Moree bastion, the right portion for five 18 pounders and one 8-inch howitzer was to silence the Moree and prevent its interfering with the attack on the left. The left portion for four 24-pounders, was intended to hold the Cashmere bastion partially in check. The working parties were very little disturbed during the night; the covering parties in front kept the musketry at a distance, and except three well timed showers of grape thrown from the Moree, which knocked over some workmen, we received no further annoyance. By the morning the two portions of the battery were finished and armed, though not ready to fire until near sunrise; a trench was also made connecting the two portions and extending a little to the right and left, so as to give communication with a wide and deep ravine, which, extending very nearly up to our left attack, formed a sort of first parallel, and gave good cover to the guard of the trenches, the coolies, &c. For some time we were well pounded from the Moree with round shot and grape; but as our guns in the new battery got gradually into play the enemy's fire grew less and less, and was at length completely overpowered. This battery became known as Brind's, being worked by that officer with great effect till the end of the seige.

On the evening of the 8th and 9th No. 2 battery was traced and commenced. To our surprise we had been allowed to seize this advanced position at Ludlow Castle, within 600 yards of the city, without even a fight for it, on the previous day. In fact, there is little doubt the enemy still thought the attack was to be on the right, where all the fighting had hitherto been, and where all our old batteries were located. Ludlow Castle and the Koolsee Bagh were now occupied by strong detachments, and formed our chief supports to the left. During the 9th a sharp fire of musketry, shot and shells was opened on these positions by the enemy from the jungle in front, and from the Cashmere and water bastions, and the Selimgurh, but no damage was done.

After ten days further assault, Delhi fell into our hands on the 20th September, was entirely occupied on the 21st, and the whole of the enemy expelled.

The Camel's Revenge.

A few years ago it chanced that a valuable camel working in oil-mill in Africa, was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury and was waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away; the camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient; and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when, one night, after the lapse of several months, the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, while as is customary, the camel is stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moonlight that when all was quiet the animal looking cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards a spot where a bundle of clothes and a brazen were thrown carelessly on the ground, resembling a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling upon them with his body and tearing them with his teeth. Satisfied that his revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke; and then at the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at its failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.

A Fearful Judgement.

The Hollidaysburg Standard of a late date says: "For some days past, there has been a singular story afloat in this community. It appears that a man in the neighborhood of Mont Union, Huntington County, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him, that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a wilful, malicious, and wicked manner, as will not bear putting in print. He left the barn and went to the house, when he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the judgement day.' It is now alleged that he is still sitting in the chair, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving, his body."

Jas. Rogers, the lad convicted of the murder of Stanton, in 10th Avenue, New York, is sentenced to be hung on January 15th. There was a great fire at Rochester, N. Y. on the 21st, another at Baltimore on the evening of the same day.

A Witness who knew all about it.

The following highly intelligible testimony is given by the Richmond Whig, as delivered by a witness in the Circuit Court at Chatham, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Cassidy, for stabbing:

The venire being impaneled, and the jury solemnly charged by the clerk, the Commonwealth's Attorney called, in support of the indictment, the witness, Buck Bryant, who being solemnly sworn the truth to tell, testified as follows:

Question by Commonwealth's Attorney.—Tell all you know about the cutting of the prosecutor, by Cassidy, the prisoner at the bar.

Ans.—Well, gentlemen, it was election day—twas dark, cloudy, wet sort of drizzly day, and says I to my old woman, I believe I'll go to Ringgold and 'posit my vote. And says my old woman to me, well, Buck, as it is a sort of dark, cloudy, wet sort of a drizzly day, says she, hadn't you better take your umbrill. Says I to the old woman, I s'pect I had better take the umbrill, and advanced down towards Ringgold, and when I got down thar, Mr. Cole comed, and says he, Uncle Buck, have you seed anything of old neighbor Harris? Says I to Mr. Cole for why? Says he, he's got my umbrill. (The witness was here interrupted by the Court, and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole the prosecutor. In answer to which the prisoner remarked in a tone of indignant remonstrance. Well, now, Mr. Judge, you hold on, for I am sworn to tell the truth, and I am a gwine to tell the truth, and I am a gwine to tell it my own way—so 'tain't fo-while for you to say any more about it—whereupon the Court and Commonwealth's Attorney, being anxious to get rid of the witness on any terms, told him to go on and tell the tale his own way.)—Well, as I was going on to say, 'twas on election day, Buchanan and Filmore was a running for the legislature, and says I to my old woman, says I, I believe I'll go down to Ringgold and 'posit my vote. Says my old woman to me, says she, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, cloudy, rainy, damp, drizzly sort of a day, had n't you better take your umbrill, says she? Says I to the old woman, says I, I s'pect I had better take my umbrill; so I tuck my umbrill and advanced on towards Ringgold, till I arrived thar.

Well, the first thing I did when I got thar was to take a drink of Buchanan whiskey, which monstrous good, and says I to myself, says I, old boss, you feel better now, don't you? And while I was advancing around, Mr. Cole he comed up to me; says he, Uncle Buck, have you seen anything of old neighbor Harris? Says I, for why? Says he, the old cock's got my umbrill. After awhile I 'posited my vote, and then Mr. Cole and me advanced back towards home, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever seed him. And so we advanced along till we got to whar the road and path forked, and Mr. Cole and me took the path, as any other gentlemen would, and after advancing awhile, we arriv to old neighbor Harris's settin on a log, with the umbrill on his arm, and 'bout that time Elijah Cassidy (the prisoner) comed up, and we advanced on till we arriv at Elijah's house. Elijah is my nelfew and likewise my son-in-law—he married my darter Jane which is next to my darter Sally. After we had advanced to Elijah's house we stood in the yard awhile a jawing, and presently two boys rid up on a horse, which was Johnston before and Whitfield Cassidy behind—Whitfield and Kiah Cassidy being the same: Elijah and Kiah are brothers, no gals between 'em, and both of 'em is about the same age, especially Kiah, which are the youngest. Kiah was drunk, and he and Mr. Cole got to cussing one another about politics, and I advanced in the house whar was Elijah's wife which is my darter Jane, which is next to my darter Sally. Well, after jawing awhile with 'em, my little nelfew says to me, Uncle Buck let's go home. Says I, good pop; so we pegged on together, and I heard somebody a calling me, but never 'tentioned 'em or advanced back. Well I got home and was a eating my supper, and Elijah, which is my son-in-law, and married my darter Jane, which is next to my darter Sally, arrived, and says he to me, Uncle Buck, says he, I've killed a man. Says I, the deuce you have. And this is all I know about the stabbing, because I want here.

[Copied by Request.]

DEDICATION IN RHODE ISLAND—INTERESTING CEREMONIES.

PAWTUCKET, R. I. Nov. 12, 1857.

The dedication of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Pawtucket, and the blessing of a new Cemetery, took place on Sunday the 8th inst, attended with all that splendor and solemnity which the Catholic Church so beautifully adapts to her simplest rites. The preparations were of a superior description, yet in no way at variance with the rites and usages of our holy religion; and

the ceremonies were all conducted in strict accordance with the Rubrics.

The Very Rev. W. O'Reilly, Administrator of the Diocese, officiated, assisted by a number of the clergy.

The ceremonies commenced at 2 past 10 o'clock, A. M., and here he it remarked, that nothing we have ever witnessed exceeded the solemnity of the scene.

After the Gospel, Rev. Thomas Quinn ascended the pulpit, and delivered one of the most splendid and brilliant orations we have ever heard. The text was from Genesis, chap. ii., v. 7.

In concluding his eloquent discourse, the preacher passed a well-merited eulogium on the energy and zeal of the clergyman who, under God, has been instrumental in raising our holy religion to its present state in this parish, and congratulated the people upon the blessings with which they were surrounded, blessings purchased by their own generosity, in so freely responding to the calls of their beloved pastor. A collection was then taken up for the new organ, after which the holy sacrifice was concluded, and all dispersed to their respective homes.

At Vespers, a large congregation again assembled to witness the ceremony of blessing the new cemetery, and hear another eloquent discourse from Rev. M. A. Wallace, L.L.D. I am sorry the limits of this letter will not permit me to notice more at large a sermon coming from such a source; it must suffice to say, that he handled his subject with that facility and power which characterize the veteran preacher.

* Rev. Mr. Quinn is a native of St. Andrews.

Hints For Husbands.

There is an article afloat in the papers, titled "Golden Rules for Wives," which enjoins upon the ladies a rather abject submission to their husband's wills and whims—Iron rules, not golden ones we should call them. But the art of living together in harmony is a very difficult one; and instead of confuting the positions of the author of the rules aforesaid, we offer the following as the substance of what a wife likes in a husband:—

Fidelity is her heart's first and most just demand. The act of infidelity a true wife cannot forgive; it rudely breaks the tie that bound her heart to his, and that tie can never more exist.

The first place in her husband's affections, no true wife can do without. When she loses that, she has lost her husband—she is a widow; and has to endure the pangs of bereavement, intensified by the presence of what she no longer possesses. There is a living mummy in the house, reminding her of her loss in the most painful manner.

A woman likes her husband to excel in the qualities which distinguish the masculine from the feminine being—such as strength, courage, fortitude, and judgment. She wants her husband to be a whole man; she cannot entirely love one whom she cannot entirely respect, believe in and rely upon.

A wife likes to have her husband stand high in the regard of the community in which they reside. She likes to be thought by her own sex a fortunate woman in having such a husband as she has. She has a taste for the respectable, and desires to have a good-looking front door, and to keep up a good appearance generally. Some wives, it is said, carry this too far; and some husbands we know, are wonderfully complaisant in yielding to the front door ambition of their wives. But a good husband will like to gratify his wife in this respect, as far as he can without sacrificing more important objects.

Perfect sincerity a wife expects, or at least has a right to expect, from a husband. She desires to know the real state of the case, however it may be concealed from the world. It wrings her heart and wounds her pride to discover that her husband has not wholly confided in her. A man may profitably consult his wife on almost any project; it is due to her that he should do so, and she is glad to be so consulted.

Above most other things, a wife claims from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. With unimaginable anguish, and peril to their own lives they become mothers. Their children require incessant care. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother's," says Fanny Fern, in that chapter of "Ruth Hall" which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonizing anxieties.

NAVIGATION CLOSING.—DETROIT, NOV. 24.

The propeller Odensburg arrived here from Chicago this afternoon, and reports that there is much ice in the straits of Mackinac and that the experienced much difficulty in forcing through it.

An Escape from Utah.

The following narrative, says the Leeds Mercury, (a valuable English journal,) is from the pen of Mr. John Davies, a young Welshman, who emigrated to Salt Lake, with his family, about two years ago, from Maesteg, South Wales. It is taken from a private letter, dated Council Bluffs City, Iowa, June 29:—"I guess you are anxious to know the reason why I left Salt Lake. I shall try, in the first place, to inform you what a man must do to be a Mormon. He must give himself, his family, and all his possessions over to Brigham Young, and then he'll have to give the tenth of all his income—the tenth day's work—and he must keep from two to ten wives. If he don't agree to these things he had better quit; but by doing so he is in danger of losing his life every minute, for they would rather kill him than let him be the means of letting the world know how things are in their midst. Many have been shot down in trying to escape. I have seen dozens shot down in the street; and three days before I left I saw three persons killed, merely because they intended to escape; they were shot down because they intended to escape; they were shot down in a place called Springfield, while preparing to leave. This took place about eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, within fifty yards of the gates of the city. The first was a young man called William Patrick; he received seven balls in his body. The second was his father, and the third was a man called Potter, whose body received as many as fifteen balls. The old man was pierced in the back, and his throat cut in three different places. I saw them lying down, and I could name the persons who killed them.

Brigham Young has got men for this purpose. Their number is 400. They are called the "destroying angels." Their captain's name is William Hickman, and the second in command is Porter Rockwell. The wall around the city is fifteen feet high, and they are surrounded by a deep wide moat. The city is entered by four gates, which are watched in the night. The gates are so narrow that only one vehicle can pass through at once. The "destroying angels" go out on the plains in the spring, in order to intercept those who may escape from the city. Many left on foot last January. They sleep by day and travel by night. I know of men and women who have travelled this way—the men dressed as women, and the women as men. I came across some who were very short of food; the little they had they gave to the women, and the men were principally sustained by the women's milk! I left Salt Lake City on the 17th of April, in company with two Welshmen and an African. The few Mormons who knew of our intention said we should never reach the States alive, but I told them that I was determined to try whatever might occur.

On Saturday (the day after we left) we had travelled thirty miles from the city, when we saw three men following us. They were sent by the authorities of the city to catch us. The name of one was Patrick Lynch, an Irishman by birth, and secretary to Brigham Young. This man fired his revolver at me, but the ball went by without hurting me. They then came near us on their horses and inquired our names, and when we refused to tell them they swore that they would blow "our d-d brains out." With that one of them raised his revolver, as if he was going to use it—he had one on each side of his saddle. I then took out my revolver and told him to fire if he liked. I had the revolvers with me, and a rifle, containing in all thirty-seven balls. Another ball was then fired at me, which whistled by my left cheek. I then fired at him, and one ball hit him on the leg and another on the shoulder. (My friends by this time had run in the woods, and I was left to fight it out myself.) I then lost my footing, and one of the men ran at me with a knife and cut my belt and took four of my revolvers. I had the other two hid in my boots; I got hold of one of them and fired, and succeeded in keeping them off for some time till I had a chance to run to the woods, where I got the assistance of my friends. We continued to travel that day and the following night, and succeeded in reaching a place called Fort Bridger, which is 143 miles from the Valley. The number of our pursuers had increased to twenty, and we had to put to the woods again. We travelled all night, and were so fortunate as to meet a host of friendly Indians, who gave us buffalo meat to eat. The next day we overtook a number of wagons, known as Mrs. Rabbitt's train, in number twenty-eight. I was hired to drive one wagon, which was drawn by mules. We had some trouble with Indians called the "Crow tribe." They were well armed, and about 1000 strong. About 600 shots came into our tents. We killed about thirty Indians, and they killed five of our men.