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DESTRUCTIVE EARTHQUAKE IN THE MOLOCCAS.

The Indian mail brings advices of another of those dreadful earthquakes for which Ternate and the adjoining localities in the Moluccas are proverbial. An eruption of the active volcano on the island of the Great Sangir, in lon. 125° 50' E. and lat. 3° 50' N., has occurred. The north-western part of the island of Great Sangir is formed by the mountain Awa, which has several peaks, the highest being about 4000 feet above the sea. On the west side, the mountain runs very steep into the sea, at the height of the large village of Kandhar, however, falling away in a low promontory.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of the 24th of March, a sudden and altogether indescribable crashing noise was heard, which indicated to the Sangirese an eruption of the volcano, filled them with consternation. Simultaneous with this glowing lava streamed downwards with irresistible force in different directions, bearing with it whatever it encountered in its destructive course, and causing the sea to boil wherever they came in contact. The hot springs opened up and cast out a flood of boiling water, which destroyed and carried away what the fire had spared. The sea, obedient to an unusual impulse, lashed the rocks with trifling violence, dashed upon the shore, and heaved itself with wild haste against the land, as if it strove to overmaster the fire stream.

This frightful picture of destruction, the horror of which was increased by the shrieks of men and beasts, the wild roaring of the tempest, and the crashing of thousands of trees torn up and carried away, was followed, after an hour later by peals of thunder which shook the ground and deafened the ear. A black column of stones and ashes then shot up from the mountain to an immense height, and fell, illumined by the glare of the lava, like a shower of fire upon the surrounding country below, producing a darkness that, only now and then momentarily broken by the flashes of lightning, was so intense that people could not discern objects close at hand, and which completed their confusion and despair. Large stones were hurled through the air, crushing whatever they fell upon. Houses and crops which had not been destroyed by fire, sank and disappeared beneath the ashes and stones, and the hill streams, stopped by these barriers, formed lakes, which, breaking over their banks, soon proved a new source of destruction.

This lasted some hours. About midnight the raging elements sank to rest; but on the following day about noon they again resumed their work of destruction with renewed violence. In the meantime the fall of ashes continued without intermission, and was so thick on this day that the rays of the sun could not penetrate through it, and an appalling darkness prevailed.

Scarcely recovered in some degree from their fright, the inhabitants of this desolated part of Sangir were again disturbed by an eruption on the 17th March, which destroyed many fields and a great number of trees on the Tabacan side.

Since then the volcano has remained quiet, and the only symptom of its working has been the smoke rising up in all directions from cracks and fissures in the ground. The streams of lava on the slopes are still so slightly cooled that people dare not venture any great distance from the shore. According to the accounts of the natives, the top of the mountain does not appear to have undergone any noticeable alteration.

On the other side of Kandhar, on the extreme north point of the island, the appearance of the devastation which has been caused is, if possible, even more frightful than what has taken place at Tarruna. For here, where formerly there were to be seen extensive fields bearing all kinds of crops, and thickly planted and endless groves of coco-nuts, we now find nothing but lava, stone, and ashes. The liquid fire seems at this point to have flowed from the mountain with irresistible force and in prodigious quantity. Not only has this fearful flood as it was upon it, but after having caused this destruction over an extent of several miles, it was still powerful enough, on reaching the shore, to form two long tanjongs (capes) at places where the depth of water formerly consisted of many fathoms.

A number of other districts and places have been some wholly destroyed, others greatly injured by the fire.

The loss of life has been great. It is estimated as follows in the undermentioned districts:—

Tarruna, men, women, and children,	722
Kandhar, ditto	45
Tatulan, ditto	2030
Total,	2806

The greater number met their death in the

gardens. They fled in all directions, but were overtaken and swallowed up by the fatal fire-stream. Some tried to save themselves in the trees, but were carried away with them or killed by the scorching heat. At Kelougan and Taring the houses were filled with people who were stopped in their flight by the lava streaming down on all sides and the streams of boiling water, and who met their death under the burning ashes and the umbling houses. Many who had reached the shore and thought themselves safe became a prey to the furious waves, and many died through sheer despair and agony.

The Pack of Cards.

A nobleman in the city of London who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gambler. Jack was called up and closely interrogated, but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when he beheld a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, he demanded in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth. My lord, said he, I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket, is my almanac. Your almanac, indeed, then I desire you will prove it!

Well sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, that imitate the four seasons of the year, as there are thirteen cards in each suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter. There are also the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of the zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in the year. There are fifty-two cards in a pack; that directly answers the number of weeks in a year. Examine them more minutely and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiplied by twenty-four and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in the year. Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac; and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it my Prayer Book also. I look upon the four suits as the four prevailing religions: Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve Apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The queen of the same to her majesty. The ten being to my recollection the ten cities of Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their vices. The nine remind me of the nine muses; the nine noble orders among men; the 8 remind me of the eight beatitudes; the eight attitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the persons mentioned in scripture to be released from death to life. The seven remind me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven seals wherewith the book of life is sealed; seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world. The six remind me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer. The five remind me of the senses given by God to man, hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, smelling. The four put me in mind of the four evangelists; the four seasons of the year. The three remind me of the Trinity; the three hours our Saviour was on the cross, the three days he lay interred. The two remind me of the two testaments; the two contrary principles struggling in man, virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore, worship, and serve, and obey. So far is very well, said the nobleman, but I believe you have omitted one card, the knave. True my lord, the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer. The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, forgave him, raised his wages and discharged the informer.

Anecdote of Robert Burns.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor—who happened to be passing at the time—immediately plunged in and, at the risk of his own life rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a shilling. The crowd who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor. "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—This angel woman whose noble nature and self-sacrificing humanities have shed such a lustre on her sex and country has returned from the scene of her labors, and with the unobtrusive modesty which is the beautiful accompaniment of genuine virtue, is at her father's country seat in Hampshire, discharging all those duties which belong to the daughter of an English squire. At evening she and her only sister, in every way worthy to be so, may be seen in simple straw hat, wending their way through these pleasant lanes which make Hampshire beautiful, carrying to the cottage of some poor sick peasant both bodily and mental comfort. As they pass, the laborers always lean upon their spades, to send a blessing after the "dear, sweet ladies;" and if the prayers of the poor can make smooth the path to Heaven, their passage there will be swift indeed.

Mr. Nightingale, who is one of the leading Unitarians of England, is universally respected for his noble character, as an English gentleman, of which he is the highest and purest example. The family have for years been on terms of the closest intimacy with that of Lord Palmerston, whose country seat is within a few miles of the Nightingales, and they have been for years in the habit of encouraging jointly all manner of rural sports. In the meantime the fund to be devoted to the sick, continues to increase, and £35,000 is already subscribed. At Balaklava, too, a beautiful cross has been built to her honor, by the relatives of those whose last hours her gentle ministrings had soothed.—[English Paper.]

CURIOUS LEGAL DECISION.—There has lately occurred in Germany, before a Rhenish court, a trial in which the judgment finally delivered on appeal, would seem to conflict literally if not essentially, with the old common law maxim, that a land holder owes from the soil upwards, even to heaven. The case and proceedings are thus reported:—A man possessed some nut trees, of which the branches hung over the ground of a neighbor, who picked up the ripe nuts that fell from the tree, and also broke some branches. For this the latter was prosecuted for theft and trespass, but acquitted on the ground that he was entitled to profit by fruit growing over his own property. Appeal was made from this decision, and the judgment reversed by the superior tribunals, because the principles of civil law ordain, that all fruits and branches belong to the stem, and the stem to him upon whose ground it is planted, and that the right of property of the latter does not cease with the extension over neighbor's ground, no matter how far this extension.—The accused was consequently condemned on both counts.

A HEROIC MUSICIAN.—A Berlin journal relates the following anecdote:—

Among the wounded at the storming of St. Basilopoli, was a musician, who received a shot in the knee, and was under the necessity of having his leg amputated in consequence. As usual preparations were made for binding him down so that he might not be able to move. "What are you doing, doctor?" inquired the wounded man. "I must take off your leg, and it is necessary that you should be bound down," replied the doctor. "I will never consent to such a proceeding," exclaimed the musician; "you may tear my heart from my breast, but I will not consent to be bound down. If you have a violin bring it to me." A violin was brought. After tuning it, the wounded man said:—"Now doctor you may begin." The operation, which lasted about thirty minutes, now commenced, and the patient played his violin the whole time without a single false note, or the slightest change in his features.

A TRAGICAL AFFAIR.—On Friday week last at Lexington, Mo., Frederick Myers deliberately shot a man, by name Vanlandingham, in one of the most public streets in the town. There was no witness to the occurrence, but Myers immediately went to an officer and gave himself up, confessing the offence. Vanlandingham died in a few minutes. Myers charged the deceased with criminal intercourse with his wife, and had letters from Vanlandingham to prove it. After an investigation the prisoner was discharged, and the decision highly applauded by the crowd of spectators. Vanlandingham was keeper of a restaurant in Lexington.

A wit, a barber, and a bald-headed man, were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air and to avert danger, was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who for amusement shaved the foot of the man while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the old bald-headed man instead of me!"

ARREST OF A SWINDLER.—In Boston, on Sunday evening, the police arrested a man from Portland, named Ebenezer Seater, who has been operating as follows: About three weeks since the accused filled out a bill of lading for a cargo of coal from Philadelphia for Portland; and, proceeding to this city, sold the coal to one of our merchants, receiving an advance of fifty dollars to close the bargain. The buyer waited, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and finding no arrival of the coal, wrote to Philadelphia, where no such person as Seater was known. A warrant was then issued for his arrest, and he was found in Boston. He is an old offender, having served several years in various prisons. He is about 50 years of age.—Argus.

BLACKSMITHING IN TURKEY.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial, writing from Constantinople, gives the following description of the way in which Turkish blacksmiths do their work:—

"In passing a blacksmith's shop the other day, I observed an attempt to shoe a mule. The animal was very refractory, and not inclined to have any liberties taken with his understandings. After several fruitless attempts to conquer his obstinacy, four Turks took hold of him, threw him down, and lashed his legs to a stick, rolled him over on his back, and put his shoes on at their leisure. It was a novel but a very effectual method. At best it always takes three men to shoe a horse—one to hold him, one to hold up his foot while a third fastens on the shoe."

POWER OF THE MOON AT NIGHT.—Mr. Cane in his "Letter from the East," has observed:—"The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country (Egypt) is singularly injurious. The natives tell you, as I afterwards found they did in Arabia, to always cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that the passage in the Psalms—"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,"—should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems to direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun; a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards. Indeed, the sight of a person who should sleep with his face exposed at night, would soon be impaired or utterly destroyed."

A Pretty Long Nose.

The following incident we had from a friend who knew the party. Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation, every person to whom he presented this bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever before witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon, seeing it, as he supposed on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read:—"Warranted 200 yards long." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of even a puritan congregation.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—In an article in a recent number of Fraser's Magazine, this brief but beautiful passage occurs:—"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in a green and daisy meadow; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmetts; with humming bees and glass bee hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself."

A PROFOUND REFLECTION.—A Connadanger was asleep during the siege of Badajoz. A cannon ball struck him and carried away his head. A comrade who had witnessed this sudden death, said:—"By my soul! Jimmy'll be bothered invidiously when he wakes in the morning and can't find his head!"

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Parisian Telegraphs.

In Paris, the telegraph wires are laid under ground, no poles being seen in the streets. A trench is dug twelve or fifteen inches wide in which the wires are placed side by side, but so as not to touch each other. Liquid bitumen is then poured on, which surrounds the wires, and completely isolates them. It secures them from damage by accident or design, and from being deranged by atmospheric influence. The same plan is to be adopted at Lyons.

Selections from Punch.

What becomes of all the 'Bits' of a woman's mind? Is 'Death's Door' opened with a skeleton key? How is it that so many men who are extremely amiable in private, make themselves the moment they emerge into public life, so supremely ridiculous? When a lawyer composes his mind, does he do it in 68 time? Would you say that a lady was 'dressed loud,' who was covered with Wards in Chancery?

Is there any 'ruth' in the reports that the Arabs which live in the Desert have sandy hair? and is it also true that those who live by the Red Sea have carotid?

In selling a Newfoundland dog do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring? A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the Regulator. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him: I say Tom, don't you call your coach the Regulator?

Yes, I do, replied the other. Ay, and a very proper name it is, resumed John. Why so? Why, because all the other coaches go by it.

LOVING SIMPLICITY.—Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church, the bridegroom signed the register with "his X mark." The pretty young bride did the same, and then, turning to a lady who had known her, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes: "He's a dear fellow, miss, but cannot write yet; he's going to learn of me, and I would not shame him for the world."

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING BIRD.—Mr. Goss, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him most annoyance. They are it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, and fruit, being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky wind fall. The mocking bird feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder and is at last compelled to give it up.

A gentleman of Boston, proprietor of a coal yard was endeavouring, a few days ago, to impress upon the mind of his son—a little fellow five or six years old—something of the character of God. Among other things, he told him he was his father in heaven, and if his earthly parent should die, he would still have a heavenly father to care for and protect him. The little fellow was all attention—evidently interested and pleased at the idea of having two fathers, and looking up he inquired earnestly if his "Father in heaven kept a coal yard too?"

A CURIOUS FACT.—The blubber of a fat whale is sometimes in its thickest parts from fifteen to twenty inches thick, though seldom more than a foot; it is of coarse texture and much harder than pork. So very full of oil is it that a cask closely packed with this char. raw fat of the whale will not contain the oil boiled from it, and the scraps are left beside. This has been frequently proved by experiment.

Don't stand there losing, said a professor at Union to three students, standing where they shouldn't.

We are not losing, said Nat; there are only three of us, and it takes *leaves* to make a loaf!

I never complained of my condition but once said an old man, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and I became contented.

A friend of ours, on being told that if he wanted good health, he must 'forge cigars, answered that he "would rather go four cigars than forge one."