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Exarissumendum est optimum. - Cic.

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[For the Standard.]

Boston, Oct. 24, 1857.

MR. EDITOR.—As your readers are all more or less interested in every thing that concerns the situation of this part of the United States, I have penned the reflections of my mind, while confined to the house during a rainy day, and they are at your service should you think them worthy a place in the "Standard."

Well, here we are, with an abundant harvest, all over this immense country, with splendid cities built up as if by magic; with stores loaded with every kind of merchandise; with lands all over the country at fabulous prices; and yet terror reigns in our streets, business is almost at a stand; factories are being closed; thousands of our working men are out of employ; and most of our shop-keepers doing next to nothing. Add to this, high rents, and all the necessities of life, except bread, at war prices, and you will agree with me, that things look anything but encouraging.

The cause of this state of things, where, and when it is to end, is the grave question, often asked, but yet remains without a satisfactory solution.

The truth is, that a large proportion of the men of this country are in such haste to acquire wealth, that they do not stop to think how they are to "refund,"—if they can only acquire the means by hook or by crook, to dive into some kind of traffic, and escape from the trammels of honest labor. I do not mean here to allude to regularly educated Merchants; they are a very different class of men from the mass of the petty brokers, shavers, and traders, that infest both town and country, monopolizing every article of consumption that is fit for market; or hawking the fast worthless "patent," or the hundred and one "cure alls," from "Russia Salve" down to the last proclaimed "Elixir of Life," warranted to cure every disease that poor mortal man is heir to. How truly has this been designated the age of "Humblegery," and New England, of all others the land of "Humblegs." If one nostrum fails another is sure to be set on foot, and the last is sure to be a most wonderful discovery! and so we go on, post haste, every thing by "express," until at last a *smash up* brings men to a stand still; then, and not till then will they take time to think where this headlong struggle is to end.—That time has come!

In politics, as in every thing else, it is the same. If any of the trading spirits of a "Party" cannot have every thing to please themselves, presto, a self constituted committee calls a meeting of all who favour the new movement—organize a party, pass resolutions, nominate candidates for the different offices of City or State, as the case may be, provide a "Press," the great party machine of the day; issue a paper whose whole business it is to advocate the claims of the new party, to the confidence of the people (i. e. to the best offices in their gifts). If plausible sophistry is at a discount, abuse is at hand in abundance; in fact it is the whole stock in trade of some parties; there is therefore no lack of matter; public meetings are called, dignitaries from other States must be enlisted in the cause; flaming speeches delivered, truth, and honorable bearing towards an opposite party being out of the question with some of the party hacks, but more especially with the party in power, for you must understand, that the most important part of the duty of men in office is to uphold the government that appoints them. From the Collector of New York down to the last petty village Postmaster appointed, all are expected to uphold the policy of the government, right or wrong; the man who fails in this, is set aside, and one more devoted put into his place. This will account in some degree for the virulence of some of the political speakers in this country. In some States, the Judges of the highest Courts are party men; and even the Governor of Massachusetts is not above defining his "last position" in a village caucus.

Now Sir, the men who really deprecate this "fast" state of things, are called by the mass of the people "old Fogies," men long behind the age; for instance, you Provincialists are counted a long way behind the age by these "go a head" men.

We have in this country a large number of these "fast men," who drive fast horses; and we have "fast ladies," likewise, who do not object to have the last men puff the smoke of the most costly cigars into their faces—when they drive their out—When money fails them in one place, away they go to another; and you must remember, that the United States contains many large cities already built, besides hundreds on paper that never will be built, so that they are not confined to one City or State, and it would not be matter of great surprise if some Vigilance Committee should find it necessary to care for a few of them.

The ladies come in for a share of the blame for this state of extravagance. True—some of them have swelled out of late to most enormous dimensions; the side walks will require to be made wider very soon; and new gates have already been constructed at one entrance to our splendid Park, otherwise called the Common, for their especial accommodation. But those exclaiming against the extravagance of the ladies' dresses forget that their head dresses have been diminished in something like the same ratio that their lower dresses have increased, so that a decent little patch to cover the back part of the head, costs about six pence your currency; and after all, the "dear souls" are only trying to please the fast men, and should not be found fault with!

But to be serious.—Matters look any thing but satisfactory, and more or less distress is to be apprehended, the coming winter in all the large cities, and had not kind Providence favored the whole country with abundant crops, the distress must have spread far and wide. As it is, the country is rich; there is abundance of every thing; there is plenty of gold and silver to answer all the exigencies of trade and commerce, were it not that confidence has been destroyed by the gambling of reckless men, who, regardless of common honesty, had warmed themselves into the confidence of men of capital until the grand discovery has been made that their all consisted of dirty paper as worthless as their promises. Upon this discovery, this alarm spread like a prairie fire; no person could tell when or how the conflagration was to be stayed. In order to find a reason for this state of things gold and silver must be looked up, and bank paper declared of full value. This last resort has given people time to breathe, and survey the ruins; some have even commenced to clearing the rubbish, and discovered many of the foundations standing firm. This has led others to undertake a similar process, and hopes are now entertained, that before Spring comes round, the "air balloons" will all have burst, the rubbish removed, gold and silver brought again to the light of day; and things move on—if not so fast as formerly, with assurance of better speed. So we must wait for the good time coming. Hoping that we shall not have to wait too long.

I remain yours,  
A. L. O.

## THE FALL OF DELHI.

Such particulars of the fall of Delhi as are at hand, are contained in a letter dated Bombay, Oct. 3, and are said to be compiled from the best sources. The letter says:—

"I announce to you the fall of the revolted capital of North Western India, or of the ancient chief city of the Mogul empire, in which a faithful soldiery has sought to re-erect the independent throne of the descendant of Timur. Delhi is once more in possession of the British. Our information at present is more scanty than could be desired, owing partly to the dark communication being unavailably intercepted between Lahore and Multan. But the main facts have reached us from so many sources as to leave no doubt whatever that the place was assaulted with success on the 14th of September, when a permanent garrison was effected, that during the four or five following days, further advances and acquisitions on the city were made, and that finally on the 20th the whole of the space enclosed within the walls, was in our possession. I should observe, however, that we have not received as yet such certain evidence of the truth of the latter part of this story as of that of the former.

"The proceedings of the 14th, 15th and 16th, are known to us, however, compendiously from the official bulletins issued by the Chief Commissioner at Lahore, and founded as you know on telegraphic messages from Delhi. But of the final occupation on the 20th, we have only heard by an express from the Residency at Jeyapore in Rajpootana, which reached Lord Elphinstone by way of Ahmadabad yesterday. It is dated at Jeyapore on the evening of the 23d, and is to the effect that the news had just been received at the Residency both from the Rajah and also from the Vakeel or Minister of the Nabob of Jhujjar, to whom it may be presumed that the intelligence had been forwarded by his master, a chief resident in the immediate neighborhood of Delhi. Thus the tidings of our ultimate and complete success rest at present on native authority only, but as the natural sequel and complement of our undoubted triumph of the 14th they are universally credited."

The letter then details the progress of the siege from the beginning of September until the 13th, when the moment arrived for the final assault. The siege train of 40 heavy guns arrived on the 14th. On the 6th a battery of 10 guns was opened at 650 yards; on the 7th another at 550 yards. The guns of the enemy's batteries were silenced by the superior

weight of metal, but they fought from rifle pits and various covered positions, and the English loss was heavy. The account continues:—

"On the 14th soon after daybreak, the assault took place. The main point of assault was the breach at the Cashmere bastion.—One column of Ghoorkas and the newly arrived Jummoo contingent was directed to make a diversion by attacking the Kishengunge suburb, which lies outside the Lahore gate on the western side of the city, and, if it succeeded in carrying the suburbs, to assault the gate itself. But the suburb was occupied by the enemy in force.—The Cashmere troops behaved indifferently, and in spite of the efforts of the brave Ghoorkas, the column was repulsed. Its commanding officer, Major Reid, of the Sirmoor battalion is among the wounded. On the northern side all went well. The troops entered at the breach with no serious opposition, and spreading to the left and right occupied the whole line of defences from the Water bastion to the Cabul gate, including the Cashmere gate and bastion, the Moree gate and bastion, the English church, Skinner's house, and the grounds about."

"The principal loss sustained by the assailants was due to the obstinate resistance they met with in clearing their way along the ramparts to the Cabul gate, and afterwards in an attempt to penetrate beyond that point into the denser part of the city in the direction of the Jumna Masjid. The total loss amounted to 500 killed and wounded. Five officers are reported slain. Brigadier Nicholson was wounded, and his brother of Cooke's Rifles, and many others, in all about 30. Of the loss of the fugitives, I do not observe even an estimate. It is only said that bodies of them were seen to be retreating both to the south of the city in the direction of Kotla, and across the bridge of boats. Our victorious infantry receded from the last advance into the close lanes of the city, occupied the comparatively open space inside the Cashmere gate, and the walls which they had won upon either side. Headquarters were established in the house now occupied by the renowned Irregular Horseman, Skinner, and now known to us by his name, to the natives as Secunder's. Preparations were at once made for shelling the enemy out of the Palace, the Selimgur, and the other strong places of the city, and the firing commenced on the morning of the 15th."

"By evening a breach was effected in the wall of the magazine enclosures held in force by the enemy and the place was stormed next morning. In it were captured one hundred and twenty-five pieces of cannon. The Palace now well exposed, guns and mortars opened from the magazine enclosure, and the enemy were driven at all points. Thus the Kishengunge battery, which repulsed the Jummoo troops, was abandoned and occupied, and the guns there taken to two hundred. The battery on the other side of the river was also abandoned, and at the date of the last certain and official news—7 P. M. on the 16th—an attack upon the magazine had been repulsed a chain of posts (had been established from the Cabul gate to the magazine, and the enemy, some hours before dayfall, had been maintaining only a detached and desultory warfare from the tops of the houses. Many of the townspeople had come in and received quarter, which was of course refused to every Sepoy. All this is so satisfactory that we may well credit the tale from Jeyapore, that on the 20th the place was entirely in our hands. The Jeyapore report asserts—though I do not credit it—that the King of Delhi escaped to a neighboring shrine in the disguise of a woman. Scindia, it is moreover reported, was raising 15,000 men to intercept the fugitives."

The same letter says, that they have but little intelligence from Meerut and Agra; not so favorable accounts as could be wished from Lucknow and Cawnpore; and announces the mutiny of the 50th Bengal Native infantry, which had been very steady; and that there had been but slight further disturbances in the Bombay Presidency. The letter has a postscript which details affairs in Delhi on the 17th and 18th.

"On the 17th, during the Lal Killa (Red Fort); this appears to be some other stronghold than Selimgunge) and city. Fighting all day; leaders and native officers in open dissension, accusing one another, in presence of the King, of cowardice. In the end unanimity prevailed, and they resolved to attack and fight as men without hope of mercy or pardon."

"Friday, 18th. Shelling all night on the Lal Killa. This morning fighting recommenced, and mutineers on some points successful, but constantly repulsed. Rifles doing much mischief among the rebels. City people, both rich and poor, running away. Suburb, where Reid failed, (the Kishengunge) is ours, and also the rebels' battery there. King and two sons concealed. One bastion of the Lal Killa destroyed, and it will be taken. Capt. Elen adds: 'The above

is from the Durbar news writer to the Rajah at Jeyapore. There may be some exaggeration, but in the main I am inclined to believe this report on the whole.' After this the report of the total occupation of the city on the 20th, may be accepted unhesitatingly."

The Liverpool Mercury in its summary of Oct. 30th, has the following:—

"The journals and letters brought by the overland mail, furnish, after all, but a meagre and imperfect account of the great event, the capture of Delhi, which it is generally expected will break the back of the insurrection. One paper, the Paris 'Presse' talks of dispatch calculated to dash the hopes which were built upon the great event:—

"The 'reverses of the medal' is, that the English found Delhi denuded of provisions, and that the insurgents had cut off their communications, so that, according to one account, the position of the conquerors is exceedingly critical. If this despatch is correct, and if, instead of being besiegers, the English have become the besieged, and are to be shut up in Delhi as they have long been at Lucknow, the only advantage of their success will be the moral prestige which is supposed to attach to the possession of the residence of the Great Mogul."

## Eastern Africa.

The buffaloes abound all over this district, and are formidable animals to encounter in a herd. Wild animals, also, of almost every description, infest this part, making it dangerous in the extreme, and compelling the traveller and his guides to be ever on the qui vive, lest they should stumble on the tiger in his lair, or the buffalo hidden in the fastness of the surrounding jungle. Venomous reptiles, and insects of various denominations, are to be found; and the serpent, mowing its slow length along, may be seen frequently in the line of traveller's progress. The boa-constrictor, the monster of the serpent species, is a native of these regions; and the cobra-capella, the formidable snake of Africa, whose bite is fatal to human life, frequents the base of the mountains, and is the terror of the natives; while the puff-adder, another member of this venomous tribe, may be met in the thickets and jungles. The smaller species of reptiles also, are numerous; the tarantula, and other spiders, whose bite is so powerful as to occasion a temporary paralysis, or even death, have been found in the immediate vicinity of the native hut. Instances of fatal effects from insects are not wanting to prove their existence. Mr. Thompson speaks of a case in his valuable detail, and said, "I was told of a woman who had been recently bit by a very small spider in the toe, and had, in consequence, fallen into convulsions, and died in a few hours." Serpents of even the length of forty feet have been spoken of by the natives, which had swallowed the antelope, and have attacked the animal in his range; but I never came near any of such a prodigious size. The natives are impressed with a belief that in the dark recesses of the rocks, or in the chasms and interstices of the mountains, reptiles of the most dangerous species are to be found which appear when the spirit calls them forth, or, from instinct, leave their abodes, to inhale the pure air, and attack man for food. The iguana is common, but quite harmless. Scorpions and centipedes are general; but they do not excite the apprehension like the larger species of reptiles.—*Isaacs.*

## A California Bullfight.

We copy the following amusing description of a bull fight with which the native Californians recently celebrated *la fiesta de San Lorenzo*, from the *Alameda County Gazette*:

Senor Toro, with a bellow of defiance, takes his stand in the centre, pawing the ground, and waiting, with head lowered, the approach of the enemy.

Round 1—Enter *un hombre*, with blanket in hand, with which to blind the enemy. Two shakes his head thunders forth his note of defiance. With bloodshot eye and streaming nostrils he rushed at the foe; the blanket is thrown, but falls wide of the mark—when the saying that "a stern chase is a long chase," was certainly not verified, for the poor hombre was quickly caught in the rear and elevated, when a display of ground and lofty tumbling took place, which has seldom been surpassed. Torn and tattered, with a limping leg, he makes his inglorious exit through a hole in the fence; loud shouts and cries went up from a thousand voices from the success of the favorite, for strange as it may appear, Mr. Toro was the favorite throughout all the fight.

Round 2—Toro came up to the scratch as fresh as ever, the odds decidedly in his favor, when *un caballero*, desirous of renown, approached upon his prancing charger, trailing a blanket and inviting an attack. Not was he called upon to wait—like the rush of a thunderbolt fresh from the hand of Jove

came the shock, and horse and horseman together rolled in the dust of the arena.

Round 3—Enter the Achilles of the ring, brim full of wrath and bad whiskey, and scarce had advanced five paces from the barrier, when the bull was upon him, struck him upon the invulnerable "seat of honor," and pitched him incontinently into the fence, where, sticking fast between the rails, he presented a beautiful mark for butt number two, which was administered with great precision, sending him through the fence into the laps of the admiring spectators, where we left him to recover his wind, which must have been sadly damaged.

## The Adriatic Off.

We recall all that we have said at various times, indicating that the Collins steamer Adriatic would always remain an ornamental folly at the foot of Canal street, and that she never would move unless towed by the machinery of some other vessel. She has moved, and so far as can at present be guessed, is quite ready to take her place on the line to Liverpool, and to fulfil or disappoint the expectations that have so long been forming of her.

The Adriatic went down the bay on the 12th, on a private trial trip, and so far as could be seen by excluded outsiders, made very good time. She had salutes fired in her honor at various points, and her moving seemed to be generally regarded as a joyful but quite unexpected event. It is to be hoped that the delay is at last over, and that we shall not yet have additional cause to lament the tedious and discreditable tinkering with her engines by one hand and another.

The Adriatic was commenced as an embodiment of the pride of a great nation, and she may be said to have been cradled in a national hope. The greatest of our marine architects died in the midst of the work of her building. She has been delayed until hope turned to fear, and fear to ridicule.—But the national pride in her glorious model has not abated, and we cannot think of a more earnest hope than that with which we shall see her leave on her first voyage over the sea.—*N. Y. Leader.*

Sydney, C. B., Nov. 9.—Captain Nutt, wife and child, and the crew of the barque Peace, from Richibucto bound to London, laden with seals, and burnt of Cape North on Thursday last, arrived here last night in a destitute situation, having lost every thing. Mrs. Nutt and child escaped from the cabin when on fire, in their night clothes, and in that state were ten hours in a small boat, until they arrived at Neil's Harbor.

Is there anything so lovely, so innocent and pure, as the smile of infancy? It is the good spirits which manifest their presence by the heavenly expression on the divine image. They act through the pure and innocent medium. And, O! how more than happy if, in after life, the engrossment of material things did not drive them away, that we would always smile as innocently as in infancy.

## A Converted Indian to his tribe.

You have been here several days and nights worshipping your Indian god, who has no existence, only in your dark and beclouded minds. You have been burning your dogs and venison for him to smell.—What kind of god or spirit is he, that can be delighted with the smell of a burnt dog? Do you suppose the great God that spread out the heavens, that hung up the sun and moon, and all the stars, to make light, and spread out this vast world of land and water, and filled it with men and beasts, and everything that swims or flies, is pleased with the smell of your burnt dogs? I tell you to-day, that His great eye is on your hearts and not on your fires, to smell what you are burning! He burst into tears; he caught the handkerchief from his head, and wiped them from his eyes. Many in the house sat as if they were petrified, while others wept in silence. Many of the females drew their blankets over their faces, and wept. 'Awful awful day to the wicked!' said this thundering minister; 'your faces will look much blacker with their shame and guilt than they do now with their paint.'

When does a man become four-handed? When he doubles his fists.

Why is a door-latch like a beautiful woman? Because it is something to a door, (adore.)

If Deelzebub should lose his tail, where would he go to get it repaired? To a gin-shop, where they retail bad spirits.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, 'He's gone to pot.'

'A secret, warranted to keep in any climate, is a woman's egg.'