

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

2 VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM. - Cic.

[12d Gd. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 32.]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1859.

[Vol 26.]

THE BONAPARTES.

Our readers have noticed that the stirring events in Europe are bringing to the surface and into notoriety, various members of the Bonaparte family. In the accounts lately received it has been mentioned that Jerome Bonaparte is to remain in France with the Empress Eugenie and her young son of three years, now heir to the throne. Mention also is often made of Prince Napoleon, who is to be put in command of one of the divisions of the French Italian army, and of Capt. Bonaparte, of the United States. It is interesting to know who all these Bonapartes are and how connected with the Great Napoleon. The Emperor Napoleon's family of brothers and sisters consisted of eight born, relatively as follows:—Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Eliza, Pauline, Caroline and Jerome. Of these, only one survives, to wit—Jerome, who was the youngest brother.

NAPOLEON III.

Napoleon III., or Charles Louis Napoleon present Emperor of France, was a son of Louis, fourth brother of Napoleon I., and Hortense Beauharnais. Hortense was the daughter of Josephine, the beautiful widow whom Napoleon I. first wooed and won, and—falling off—brutally discarded. Thus, the grandson of the discarded Josephine occupies the throne Napoleon I. hoped to give to his own heir that he should have by marrying Maria Louis of Austria. Napoleon and Maria did have male issue, but Napoleon the III., known as Duke of Reichstadt died in 1833 at the age of 31 years, during the reign of Louis Philippe.

Those who have supposed that Napoleon III. is a mere interloper in France, having no title to that throne, will perhaps be surprised to know that by edicts passed in 1804, the usual order of descent was set aside, and the succession fixed in the line of Louis, fourth brother of Napoleon I., instead of in that of the elder brother, Joseph; this, of course, upon the failure of direct succession. Hence the present Emperor has, at least, colour of title. Although Louis and Napoleon I. came to be enemies, Hortense was a great favourite with Napoleon I., and she even parted with Louis, and left him when King of Holland, and coming to Paris with her children, joined her fortunes to those of Napoleon I. Hortense was a woman of very doubtful character, to say the least. She, in compliance with the wish of Napoleon I., gave up a lover when she married Louis, and when the Emperor even discarded her mother Josephine, Hortense still adhered to Napoleon. Hortense had lovers after her separation from Louis, among them, Admiral Veruel, a Dutch naval officer, to whom is attributed by many, the paternity of Napoleon III., the present Emperor.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

Jerome, the only surviving brother Napoleon I. was born in 1784. Coming to America, he fell in love with the famous Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, in 1803, and married her. He took his bride to France, but Napoleon I. forbade her landing, and issued orders against her landing at any port under French rule. Besides this Napoleon I. compelled Jerome to discard his wife, and a decree passed annulling said marriage. The Pope, however, refused to confirm such decree, and his successors never have confirmed it. Jerome, by dictation of Napoleon I., was again married, to the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg.

The first wife of Jerome—Miss Patterson—had a son, Jerome, born in 1804, who now lives in Baltimore, but between her and her son there is an estrangement, which has existed for years, so that they do not even speak to each other.

Jerome Bonaparte, the elder, is now in Paris, and is the one referred to by Napoleon III. in his late manifesto. He has been noted rather for his extravagance than anything else, but was called to France by the present Emperor, was made a Marshal, also the President of the Senate, and is declared to be the successor to the Throne in case of failure of direct descent.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Prince de Montfort—or Prince Napoleon, was a son of Jerome by his marriage with the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg.—He was born in the year 1822, and named Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul. He is the one spoken of in the accounts as Prince Napoleon, and who is to have command of a division of the French Italian army.

CAPT. BONAPARTE.

This is one of the Baltimore branch of the family, and is son of Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and grandson of Jerome the elder. He was born in 1833, and named Jerome Napoleon. He was educated at West Point was for a short time in the United States army, but went to the Crimea as a sub-lieutenant in the French service, and was at the siege of Sebastopol. He is now in the French army as Captain. His grandfather Jerome does not acknowledge precedence for the

Baltimore Bonapartes, and only recognizes him as a Patterson. If the validity of the marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson should be recognized by French law, this Capt. Bonaparte would of course take precedence of Prince Napoleon. Jerome the elder has never, it is said since discarding the first wife, acknowledged her except as a Patterson.

This makes a strange conglomeration, but exceedingly Frenchy, and who knows but the day may come when the Baltimore branch may assert and maintain its claim to the French throne; that is, if Jerome the elder should get on and off.

Bonaparte's Return from Elba.

When Bonaparte left Elba for France, I (Duke of Wellington) was at Vienna, and received the news from Lord Burghersh, our Minister at Florence. The instant it came, I communicated it to every member of the Congress, and all laughed; the Emperor of Russia most of all. "What was in your letter to his Majesty this morning?" said his physician; "for when he broke the seal, he clasped his hands and burst out a laughing." Various were the conjectures as to whether he was gone; but none would hear of France. All were sure that in France he would be massacred by the people, when he appeared there. I remember Talleyrand's words so well:—"Pour la France—non!" Bonaparte I never saw; though during the battle (Waterloo) we were once in understanding within a quarter of a mile of each other. I regret it much; for he was most extraordinary man. To me he seems to have been at his acme at the Peace of Tilsit, and gradually to have declined afterwards.

At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever commanded; and everything up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed he could not have expected to have beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants! Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they manoeuvre ill; better, perhaps, than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as if at cricket.—[Recollections of Samuel Rogers.]

A MADMAN IN PHILADELPHIA.—On the 28th ult a man named William Colton ran through some of the streets of Philadelphia, armed with a pair of shears, and assaulting every person whom he met. He first seized a lad whom he met and made an attempt to cut his throat, but the screams of the boy attracted the attention of the passers, and the man fled; very soon he was caught by Mr. Charles Keen, who attempted to pinion his arms, but the madman twisted himself about and plunged one blade of the shears into the body of Mr. Keen, inflicting a wound of which the unfortunate man will probably die. Colton then brandished his weapon and dashed at the crowd surrounding him; a Mr. Pigott was stabbed in the arm, a driver of an ice cart had his fingers cut off, and narrowly escaped with his life; but just at this time a stone was thrown with such force at the madman that he was partially stunned and so captured. Colton was a sober man, but there seems to have been insanity in his family.

ROYAL RELIGION.—Gourville went to pay his respects to the Duchess Sophia of Brunswick, whose young daughter he was speculating on as a wife for the Dauphin. When he was first permitted to see the young lady, then in her twelfth year, he said, "this is a fair and beautiful princess, worthy of the highest destiny." May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?" "She has none at present," answered Sophia. "When we know what Prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion." Without any breach of charity, it may with truth be added—that Sophia's reply is of general application now-a-days to "fashionable society," where the grand aim and end is to get the marriageable daughters well married; for which purpose they run into extravagance and debt, giving fetes, and in turning night into day. Religion,—why it is an outside show with them,—a garment put on to suit the occasion. The main question with them is not, has a man religion?—but has he money and position?

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more.—Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than

insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue.—[Chalmers.]

ARRIVAL OF THE PERSIA AT NEW YORK.

New York, Aug. 3.

The Persia arrived this morning. The Peace Conference would meet in Zurich in about a week. It was rumoured that Sardinia would not be admitted to the Conference.

The discontent in Europe at the terms of peace was unabated, and Napoleon's explanations were by no means considered reassuring.

MARKETS.

Breadstuffs generally firm, with a slight advance. Provisions dull. Consols closed on Saturday at noon at 94½ to 94½ for money and account.

LETTING THE CAT OUT.—A cute Yankee advertised that what he styled the "humbuggery of Spiritualism" would be out-done last evening, by letting the cat out of the bag, price 5 cents. At an early hour the house was crowded, a goodly portion being women. The lecturer commenced, and the audience were hushed to perfect stillness. After making a few remarks—very brief indeed—the lecturer took from beneath the desk a bag, and ripped it open, out popped a large cat, spring among the audience. The applause burst forth with tremendous force, which our Yankee took his hat and coolly walked out of the hall. He had fulfilled his promise—the cat had been let out of the bag—and his money was fairly earned.—[Portland Advertiser.]

In New York there has been formed a Young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour. It originated with about half a dozen men, who, having kept up this habit for some years, were surprised at its beneficial effects, and at the success in life of their associates.

Ten thousand revolving rifles are now manufacturing at Col. Colt's armoury, in Connecticut, for the British government. These are sufficient to arm six regiments, and no six regiments can be so effectually armed, with these revolving rifles with the sword bayonet.

The Boston Courier of the 30th, says that the colored people of the United States were to hold a convention in that city, commencing on the 1st Aug., to discuss the present condition and future prospects of the colored race in this country, and see what measures can be devised for their benefit.

"Suicide is becoming very prevalent in my city," said a gentleman to an inhabitant of a neighboring town. "Well, really, sir, I don't know of any city where it could prevail to better advantage the world at large."

Massacre of Europeans in the Dutch Settlements in Borneo.

A correspondent at Batavia has forwarded to Messrs. James Finlay & Co., of Glasgow the following intelligence:—"We have the greatest regret in informing you that we have by the arrival of the Dutch steamer Ardjone, from Banjarmasin, on the 21st inst., received the most disastrous tidings regarding the Coal Mine Establishment at Kalangur, which has by some accounts, been entirely, by others, only partly, destroyed by an insurrection amongst the native subjects of the Sultan of Banjarmasin; but saddest of all the whole of the European employees have been brutally murdered, without leaving one to tell the tale.

The tragedy was enacted on the 18th of the month, and attended with horrors not exceeded by anything which occurred even at Cawnpore. The particulars you will find in a circular addressed to the shareholders by the Directors of the Company. Reinforcements of troops are being sent in all haste, from this and Samarang, with three or four steamers, which will no doubt be sufficient to restore peace and order in the country, and we just may arrive in time to save the remaining Europeans at Banjarmasin and neighborhood. The cause of the insurrection proceeds in no way from the dislike to mines, where the greatest peace and contentment has always prevailed, but to a long brooding of disaffection of the natives of Banjarmasin to their new sultan, who had been maintained in his throne mainly by the protection of our Government, contrary to the will of the people, and as it would appear, in disregard of the legitimate right of succession of another prince named Hidayat, who was at the same time the favorite

of the people. This disaffection among the people, excited to revolt and murder by some Mahometan priests lately returned from Mecca, is supposed to have been the cause which has led to the sacrifice of so many precious lives, already amounting so far as known to fifty or fifty-one in number. Amongst these four German missionaries, three of their wives, and nineteen children, are stated to have fallen victims to the knife of the assassins."

Wreck of a Turkish Steamer.

A letter from Alexandria, of the 30th ult., says:—"A frightful catastrophe has thrown the European inhabitants of this city into a consternation. The steamer Siliastria, of the Ottoman Company, which left Alexandria for Constantinople on the 25th, with about 350 Turkish and Christian passengers on board, foundered at sea in consequence of a leak which she sprung in a few hours after she left the port. Only 273 of the persons on board were saved by a small Egyptian transport, the remaining 77 having perished. The captain and Turkish crew of the vessel are said to have acted with the greatest barbarity preventing by violence and murder, the unfortunate christians from availing themselves of assistance thus providentially sent to them.

During a few hours previous to the vessel going down, scenes of carnage took place on the deck between the crew, under the orders of their captain, and the Europeans on board. A Venetian had his head cut open by a cut from a hatchet, and others were killed in the struggle. The Christians, in addition to losing all their property on board, were robbed of all the money and jewelry that they had about them. The captain and the crew of the steamer, on being brought to Alexandria were put in confinement to wait investigation into the affair.

Childish Sincerity.

A lady who was quite in the habit of dropping in at her neighbors about meal-times, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was recently completely nonplussed by the unhesitating frankness of a child.

Knowing that a neighbor's supper-hour was five she called in about four, and settled herself down for a long call.

"It takes two to make a bargain," and the lady honored with the call had no idea of giving an invitation if it was in her power to escape it.

Accordingly the hour of five brought no inclinations of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same. A little girl the daughter of the lady in question, began to grow quite uneasy. At length, her mother having gone out for a moment, the visitor said—

"You must come over and see me, Mary, some time."

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?"

"Because I'm hungry, and want some supper."

"But," said the visitor amazed, "I don't prevent you having your supper, do I?"

"Yes, you do," said little Mary. "Mother said she shouldn't have supper till you were gone, if you staid till midnight."

In less than five minutes the visitor was marching out of the front door with a very red face. She hasn't called to see Mary's mother since.

Little Mary, in her childish frankness, has not yet learned the important lesson which after years will not fail to teach her, viz: that "the truth, however excellent or desirable in itself, is not to be spoken at all times."—[True Flag.]

Elephants Bathing.

The elephants are enjoying their morning bath. See how they roll away like so many porpoises, right under the flood and leave the mahouts shouting and groping with their feet for the unstable black islands which after a time rise up above the surface. Look at the great jets they blow over their backs and listen to the deep breath of pleasure or the shrill flourish of delight with which they knead them all over. These great creatures are so sagacious, so sensitive to kindness, that even in their wild state I cannot feel any sympathy for those who delight in killing them and call it "sport."

But these elephants found as I am of them, are it must be admitted, dangerous playmates. In our camp there were no less than

nine "koonies," or "murderers"—beasts which have killed their mahouts, or other attendants. One huge criminal, with a speckled fore head and proboscis, is guilty of the murder of no less than three unfortunate natives.

The magnificent mild monster, which belonged to Sir Hugh Wheeler, was carried off by the Nana, and was delivered up to us by the Rajah of Furrukabad, died a few days ago, immediately after carrying some officers to church. He was a fine courageous creature, and his trunk and forehead had bore marks of the claws of more than one tiger which had charged him and then been trampled to pulp by his ponderous feet. His "weakness" was fine French rolls, which he swallowed as an alderman would take Cockle's pills; and the twinkle of his eye as he gulped the loaf down, and gave a gentle sigh out of his proboscis, proclaimed the Sybarite. I used to take great delectation in observing the creatures at the bath in the river which flows by our camp. They come down in files, trumpeting gaily in anticipation of the treat, and floundering into the waters of the Goomtee, like so many portly Brusselsers enjoying the pea-soup of Ostend. Each takes a long, deep drink, putting his proboscis into the water, and then discharging the contents of it, when filled suction, into his cavernous maw. Having thus filled up, as a wrinkle or two in his side, he deposits himself bodily, in the stream, so that one side lies out of the water and the tip of his proboscis is kept above the surface for the air. On this exposed island the mahouts labor diligently, washing the beast and rubbing him with hard brushes, cleaning his ears, kneading and shampooing him, while the pachyderm emits little squeaks of satisfaction. When one side is done the elephant turns on the other, and he is very angry indeed if he does not get his full share of manipulation.—[William Russell.]

The Mysterious Piano.

Not long since I was invited out to pay a visit to some friends out of town. In the family were three young ladies, besides young children.

Being musical, we spent the greater part of the first evening of my visit in singing and playing, and, at a proper hour retired for the night, as we supposed. As I was a great favorite with all the girls, each one wanted to sleep with me, and to affect this, it was decided that instead of going to my room, I should remain in their double-bedded room. Accordingly, instead of going to sleep, we lay and talked (as girls often do) some hours. Milly touched me on the arm in the middle of a most interesting account I was giving her of the opera, and certain regular attendants there, and said:

"C, do you hear that?"

"Hear what? I do not listen to people when they are not talking to me," naturally supposing she referred to Margaret and Fanny who were in the other bed.

"There! now, girls don't you hear it. Some one is playing on the piano."

"Who can it be?" said Milly. "Why did you not lock it, Fanny? it is your place to do it."

"Well," said Fanny, "I did, and the key is in the pocket of my dress."

This, of course, we would not not believe. So, trembling from head to foot, she got up, dark as it was, found the dress, with the key in its pocket.

All this while we heard the piano, sounding in simple scales from top to bottom, and vice versa, but producing the most wonderful quality of tone, resembling those of a musical box more than anything else.

We had all heard of spirits, and were quite sure there were some in the house, for it was not probable that any of the children would be up at that hour of the night. So it was decided that we should hold each other by the hand and go across the hall to father's room. All this time the scales were being played on the piano, as if some one had been ordered to practice for an hour. We succeeded in awakening Mr. W., and in a few minutes he came out with a light in his hand when we formed a procession after him with chattering teeth, but without, eager faces for our curiosity was stronger than our fear.

We entered the parlor; sure enough the piano is shut and locked, while the gamut is being played regularly and distinctly.—The father asks for the key; all the girls scream out at once:

"Don't open it; it must be spirits!"

But Mr. W. does not believe in spirits, playing spirits, and opens the instrument while we are all huddled together, and he exclaims:—

"Gracious me, it's a mouse!"

How we laughed and screamed, and looked for the little animal, but it was no use, mousey had practised his lesson and gone.

It was easy to account for the evenness of his playing, as he was so small to skip a note, and therefore touched every one.—Musical World.