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## Who are the Druses?

They are principally a sect of the Mahomedans, existing only in Syria. Their name is derived from Darazi or Darsi, who as early as 1010 came as a missionary to them from an offshoot of the Moslem stock. Singularly enough the Druses disavow any belief in the peculiar doctrines of the man whose name they bear, and do not hesitate to call him a heretic, and to look upon the title of "Druse" as a stigma. They themselves trace their origin as a religious sect to Hama, a wandering fanatic, who in 1020, persuaded Hakem, a Caliph of Egypt, to declare himself a manifestation of God. Although the Caliph was soon assassinated, Hama continued to propagate his theory in Syria, and with one of his followers, Mokta na Bohr-eddin, wrote a sacred book embodying his teachings. According to his intention, only the Druse priesthood were to see this volume, and no revelation was to be made until the second advent of Hakem, who was to appear on the earth again with his master Hama, this being, probably, an idea suggested by Christian dogmas. The secrecy about the sacred writings of Hama was not however observed, and copies of the works are now in the great libraries at Paris, Vienna, the Vatican, Leyden and the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. It has been translated into French, from which it appears that the characteristic dogma of the sect is the unity of God's being. Indeed, the Druses call themselves Unitarians. They maintain that God is incomprehensible, inexorable, pure, the essence of true life, and can be known to his accepted children through human manifestations only. Ten times has the Deity thus appeared in Africa and Asia, the last manifestation having been that in the person of Hakem, in Egypt. Hakem left the cure of the faithful to five principal ministers, who are to direct them till his return. Chief of these ministers is Hama, who enjoys the high title of "Universal Intelligence."

And here is inserted the Druse faith—to give it the popular name—a doctrine so much like that held by Christians that it can be no mere coincidence, but rather proves the imitative powers of the founders of the Druse theology. They declare the first born of the Deity was a spirit of Intelligence, which was first incarnated in the Hama, who is the same as the Christ of the Arian theory. To Hama was confided the creation of the world, and from him comes all wisdom and truth, while through him only does the Lord communicate with the human family. This is simply the corrupted version of the great Christian doctrines of incarnation and mediation. There is a complicated system of priesthood maintained by the Druses, who, like the followers of Mohammed, embody in their religion many of the traditions and personages of the Old Testament. There is a Satan, or Ismail, as he is called, who first introduced sin into the world.

In regard to free will, the Druse theology maintains that the length of every man's life is fore-ordained, but not his individual acts. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and say that the soul of Ismail was once in John the Baptist and still earlier in Elijah, while that of Hama once dwelt in the body of Jesus. Yet while acknowledging that Jesus once existed, they do not think that he was in any way divine, as the individual soul which lived in him and in many others, did not receive divine power till it reached the body of Hama. The Druses do not extend their transmutations so far as to allow that human souls ever exist in the forms of animals. They think that the souls of men go on, inhabiting different bodies—with the exception of a very few, whose excellence permits them to exert a pure spirit—until the resurrection day, when the faithful will be rewarded for eternity into spiritual beings, but by far the greater portion of mankind will be annihilated.

It does not appear, however, that the Druses are the only tribes engaged in the massacres. Arab Mussulmen are equally guilty. The principal cause of the present troubles most probably arises from the old feud which for centuries have been waged between the Druses and the Maronites. The latter people are native Christians, followers of a monk called Maron, who lived in the sixth century. In 1215 they effected a union with the Church of Rome, from which they have never widely differed, though their spiritual head is respected the Patriarch of Antioch instead of Pishop. It is no new thing for the Druses to make war against the Maronites, and the attacks renewed upon these native Christians were but the commencement of a general movement to extirpate all Christians in Syria. Already others besides the Maronites have been involved in the terrible effects of this fanaticism, and unless it is soon stopped the aim of the murderers will be achieved.—*Evening Post.*

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

## How to Hold a Plow.

After the plow has been correctly adjusted the young farmer, if he would make a skillful and complete plowman, must be careful to observe and practice the following rules: Always keep the plow as nearly level as is practicable. Stand up between the handles and never fall into the awkward practice of walking two or three feet behind the handles. Take a firm hold of the handles, and make the arms so stiff if it is necessary, that the handles will take the plowman off his feet before it will deviate from a right line. If a stone or anything else should catch the plow from its erect position, with a quick jerk with one hand act it instantaneously erect. Keep the eye a good portion of the time on the furrow-slice to see if it is not cut too wide, and to see if it all seems to be broken up, and whether there is not a narrow strip which remains unbroken. Some plowmen, too indolent to step up to their work, will support themselves, in part, by the handles, and will roll to the right and left as a huge ship does in a storm, carrying the handles of the plow with them, until the plow almost loses the furrow-slice, or one so wide that it cannot turn it, when it will begin to "right up." Such plowmen always make crooked furrows; and no plowman can perform a job neatly who does not cast his eye forward of the team and plow, and endeavor to cut straight furrows. By riding on the handles of the plow from an indolent habit, or for the purpose of keeping the plow from running too deep, you increase the draft of the plow always; because when the handles of the plow are long, and the plowman rests heavily on them, the fulcrum being at the heel of the landside, and the weight at the end of the beam where the draft is downward, the draft is increased as much, many times, as it would be if a number of hundred pounds of stone were carried on the plow. On the contrary, when a plowman walks up square with his handles and instead of riding on them, lifts a little, and at the same time leans a little forward, he will diminish the draft of his plow from seventy to fifty pounds, and at the same time plow a furrow just as deep and wide as he who indolently rides on his handles.

Many a good plowman, understanding this principle, when the committee at our agricultural fairs and plowing matches have been testing the draft of his plow with the dynamometer, won the first prize by lifting and shoving a little on the handles. The movements of a good plowman must be as quick and agile as those of a weasel; and if his plow deviates to the right or left, he must set it up as quickly as it turned from its course. A slow-bellied indolent Jonathan, who always desires to ride through the world can never make a complete plowman.

In breaking up the prairies of our Western country, which are as level and free from stones and other obstructions as a barn floor, the plow being drawn by three or four yoke of oxen and sustained by four wheels with a Paddy, who like the devout and submissive one, sits on it—like the world's slave along with his plow when riding on it. But the carthorse, he would find his quiet seat disturbed very abruptly, so frequently that he would choose "to foot it" until he became somewhat tired.

## Elephants.

The buxins, or little sucking elephants, of four or five feet high, are ludicrous little monsters; they become troublesome familiar after about two days' initiation in the ways of civilized life. A stranger arriving in Howell's camp and proceeding in all innocence to the quarter where the elephants were picketed, would be immediately subject to examination by those inquisitive little brutes,—one of them perquisitively removing examining his head; while another, with cheerful familiarity, would make him stand on one leg, by winding his trunk round the other. I have known one of them considerably astounded a gentleman, by insinuating the point of its trunk into his pocket, and the suddenness and facility with which it unbuttoned his pantaloons.

Here is a picturesque account of an elephant herd surprised by night:—

We suddenly recognised the presence of one great pioneer toker near our elephants, then moving masses in our neighborhood seemed to rise and fall. Some large opaque body, which we thought a bushy tree, and scarce noticed, would slide off in solemn silence, while the dim outlines of arched backs and trunks moved before us like the dissolving phantoms of a dream. Suddenly, the main body of the herd in the nul jungle seemed to take an alarm; and a long continued splash as they trooped to our side from across the Sooswa. There was a gap in the bank near our tents, which were about one hundred yards from the stream, and as the leading elephants made for this, we soon saw

the whole misty column gliding past us in the blue glamour of light, as evenly as objects on the side of a magic lantern, a slight crackling sound as of straw breaking, being the only one caused by their transit. There were, I should say, at a guess, at least seventy in the herd, and I noted here and there the gleam of a tusk.—[*Hinting in the Himalayas.*]

## The New Brunswick Reception.

The following remarks are from the pen of Mr. Spence, the correspondent of the Montreal Gazette:—

I never saw any voluntary demonstration of enthusiasm equal to it. I have had occasion as a crucial test of events, to find fault with some of the hastily made arrangements of the New Brunswickers, but in this I must give them credit for good taste that the Prince-won, greater and greater enthusiasm the longer he staid among them. The Regatta in Halifax harbour, with the Prince's squadron, and the Admiral's fleet there at their moorings, was a somewhat more brilliant spectacle, but I have not yet seen so glorious a tribute to the Prince as that afforded at his departure from St. John. And he felt it so. Nothing seems to have moved him so profoundly. It must have been a proud and happy moment to him, and his leave-taking of the leading New Brunswickers was cordial and flattering to them.

What must have surprised him, as it certainly did me who passed over this route last year, was the display of Volunteer Militia. Last year, the movement had just begun, and I, as a Montrealer, looked down with something of vanity upon the first efforts so long after that which had produced our fine brigade. But the Montrealers must do their best if they would excel now the appearance of the fine fellows in grey uniform who have sprung into soldiers in the two great maritime Provinces within the last twelve months. The firemen too awakened a great deal of interest in the visitors from Britain. Montrealers under the present regime cannot hope to make such a display as that of even Fredericton, unless they improve wonderfully upon all I have seen there during the last four or five years.

In one respect the New Brunswickers out-rivalled the Nova Scotians. They paid the most devoted attention to the Press. At Halifax we were kindly treated, and I have already given credit to Consul Pillsbury for his indefatigable labors in our behalf. But in New Brunswick, we were not only cared for everywhere during the Prince's visit, but as a finale the local press of St. John and the leading citizens gave their brethren from abroad a great dinner at St. John's Hotel—with two guinea tickets to the subscribers.

## THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

It was during his administration of affairs at the Horse Guards that the question of improving the armament of the troops, and establishing a better system of education in regiments, originated; and a general impression seems to prevail that he stoutly resisted both. This is far from being correct. In regard to the infantry soldier's old weapon, it is perfectly true that he often spoke in Europe; and that he was accustomed to quote the authority of Marshal Marmont in corroboration of that sentiment. But so far was he from expressing any desire to check the progress of improvement that he has often been heard to declare that, looking to the amount of mechanical skill in this country, and compared with those of the great Continental Powers, British troops ought to be the best armed troops in the world. Accordingly it was with express sanction and approval, that the Minie musket was introduced; and the manufacture of 28,000 undertaken by Lord Anglesey, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance. The one point to which the Duke adhered was that the old bore should be retained, partly because the greater size of the English bullet had rendered it much more effective than any other in former wars; partly because in the event of the shock of conical bullets running short, the troops, in case of emergency, would be able to use the cartridges which were already in store. Besides, the fabrication of the new weapon was necessarily a work of time, and it could be introduced only by degrees into the ranks. He would not under such circumstances, consent to have two different kinds of ammunition in use, out of which confusion would almost inevitably arise, were the army to take the field in a hurry.—*Globe.*

## SCRAPS.

An English paper announces for sale "a perfect lady's horse." We don't care about the horse, but the perfect lady would be worth having.

"I'll be with you in a crack," as the rifle-ball said to the target.

## A NIGHT WATCH.

During a journey on the Great Plains of New Granada, in south America, I was overtaken by night by an unexpected and early snow-storm, and by a high fever, all at once at a place on the Santa Fe road, which was then unoccupied by inhabitants for many a mile. I had only a single companion, who did his utmost to hasten the horse attached to our wagon, to protect me from the storm, and to keep up my hopes and courage. But we had not gone much farther, before we stopped the horse by the side of a large tree and made several ineffectual attempts to find the road, which we must have left some time before, and now could not distinguish, as the snow covered the entire surface of the ground with one uniform of white. My comrade began wrapping me in all the remaining clothes and skins he could find, so I might not perish, but his labour of kindness was suddenly brought to an end, by a rearing and snorting of the horse, which seemed prodigiously alarmed. On looking around we saw a dark object rapidly approaching over the white plain.

"Climb the tree, quick!" cried my comrade, "Up, or you are lost!" And seizing me by the shoulder he hurried me from the vehicle to the foot of the tree up which he assisted me to climb, and then speedily followed after me.

The horse meanwhile attempted to flee, but the "dark object," which was nothing less than a huge grizzly bear knocked the poor animal down with one blow of his paw, and then proceeded to devour him in the most voracious manner. The monster's horrible munchings and growlings struck terror and sickness to my very soul. I never heard anything so terrible and marrow freezing before nor since. After he had gorged himself upon the flesh of our poor horse, he came and crouched under the tree, as if waiting for us to come down and serve him as a dessert. There the horrid brute lay through the long hours of the night, while we sat shivering in the tree.

Early in the morning a large party of traders were seen approaching, and the bear becoming aware of their proximity, arose and gazed at them a moment, and then ran off at a speed which soon took him beyond the reach of harm. We then hastily descended and received such attention as the new-comers could bestow; but it was many a month before I recovered from the evil effects of that dismal night watch on the plain of New Granada.—*Notes by a Western Tourist.*

The Hamilton Times of the 19th contains the following account of the performance of the celebrated Blondin:

The excursion to the Falls yesterday was successful beyond anticipation. We have reliable information that little short of 2,000 persons passed over the Great Western to Suspension Bridge. Everything gave satisfaction, and there is great credit due to the railway managers for the way in which the arrangements were conducted.

On the arrival of the train at Suspension Bridge nearly the whole of the visitors proceeded to Blondin's enclosure, but it was ascertained that he would not walk before 4 p. m. Shortly after 2 o'clock, however, three shots were fired from a cannon on the American side, after which Blondin appeared on the rope. He walked steadily to the east where he stood on his head and performed other antics peculiar to his daring feats. Doing his walk he appeared perfectly at home, and re-acted the Canadian side amid loud cheering. He returned shortly after to the American side, and came back in a pair of wooden shoes, but as he came within about 60 feet of this side, the rope was so steep that he could not find foothold. He made several attempts, but in vain: when the spectators called upon him to take off the shoes, he took off one of them, and carried it on his arm for the remainder of his journey. He then was blindfolded and taken through the crowd to prove that he could not see; and a sack having been put over his head, he made his perilous start. He made 685 steps in his returning journey, and was cheered on his arrival by the multitude, with bowlers on his feet, and chimed; this was done in excellent style. He then returned to the other side by the Bridge. This ended Blondin's performance.

## A Witty Officer.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a billie de chambre, and sit there. A young officer who sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and when the play was over concluded by offering her a supper which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and his name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage,

bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out—  
"Where is the supper you promised?"  
He bowed and replied—  
"In Paradise we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, madame on earth."

This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the duchess's carriage and at her table.

The Trowel used on Saturday by the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of laying the last stone of the Victoria Bridge, is composed of oxidised silver. The handle is formed of a finely modelled beaver—emblem of Canada. Another Trowel has been prepared for the use of His Royal Highness, with which it is intended to lay the first stones of the new House of Parliament in Ottawa. The building is to be of the Tudor Gothic style, and the trowel, in its form and elaborate ornamentation, is in perfect harmony with the edifice, a representation of which is engraved on the blade.

GARIBALDI'S SOLDIER-MONK.—The renowned Father Giovanni Garibaldi's soldier-monk displayed great courage at the battle of Melazzo. Unarmed, only bearing the cross in his hand, he ran along the ranks, cheering, animating the volunteers to the fight, constantly shouting to them "Fear not, God is on our side! Mark, I, his minister, am the foremost to expose myself to the grape shot and the volley of musketry, yet I remain unscathed. Charge, Italians, charge!"—And still as he shouted, he waved aloft the cross. Seeing them thus ample, and repeating aloud passages from Scripture, he cheered on the soldiers; to some purpose, it must be owned, as by their indomitable courage they carried the strong position of Melazzo.

JAPANESE KNOWLEDGE OF MAGNETISM.—The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power, and they have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horse-shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell-metal. The armature is attached to a weight, so that, upon the magnet becoming paralysed, the weight drops and striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

Scorbutic diseases are the parent stock from which arises a large proportion of the fatal maladies that afflict mankind. They are as it were a species of potato rot in the human constitution, which undermines and corrupts all the sources of its vitality and hastens its decay. They are the germ from which springs Consumption, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Liver complaints, and Eruptive Diseases which will be recognized as among those most fatal and destructive to the races of men. Such are the consequences of human life, that is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of an actual, reliable remedy, that can sweep out this Scorbutic contamination. We know then we shall proceed welcome news to our readers, of one that has a quarter as will leave little doubt that its efficacy accomplish the end desired. We mean Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it is certainly worthy the attention of those who are afflicted with Scrofula or Scrofulous complaints. *Register, Albany, N. Y.*

A number of deserters from the Papal army have signed a declaration, in which they say they have promised if they would desert that on the first outbreak of the slightest character at Perugia, the town should be given up to the soldiery for pillage. So much for the mercy and morality of the Papal service.

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHING.—M. de Balzac was once lying awake in bed when he saw one man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the corner of the apartment, whom he supposed fast asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing at your good fellow," replied M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner never can find any by day." The thief evacuated Flanders at once.

"Gracious manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart." They are, when perfectly natural, and practised with no interest of motive.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Be very careful how they enter their lives, if they would arrive at the Isle of Man. Trust not in him who seems a saint.

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