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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1860.

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European Intelligence.

Arrival of the "Jura."

Boston, 17th.
The Jura in place of the Canadian arrived at Farther Point to-day.

Garibaldi was approaching Naples. The King was about to leave for Gaeta. Weather is more favorable in England, giving buoyancy to trade. Breadstuffs declining. Cotton advancing. Flour declined one shilling; West 4d.; Corn 6d. Consols 93 1/2 a 93 1/4.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES—GARIBOLDI NEAR NAPLES—ARRIVAL OF MR. LINDSAY.

St. John's, N. F., Sept. 17.
Steamship "Europa" from Liverpool 8th, and Queenstown 9th inst., was intercepted off Cape Race at 7:30 this evening.
King of Naples quitted his Capital on the 6th inst., in a Spanish vessel for Gaeta.
Garibaldi was at Capri, twenty six miles from Naples on the 6th—expected to reach the Capital on the 7th. His advance guard arrived at Salerno on the 6th.
Naples continued tranquil.
Harvest in England was making satisfactory progress.
Consols closed Saturday, P. M., at 93 1/2 a 93 1/4.
Breadstuffs dull, quotation nominal. A few forced sales on Friday, at a decline for week on Flour, 2s. a 3d. Wheat 9d. Corn 1s. 4d. Provisions quiet.
Mr. Lindsay, M. P. passenger per Europa.

SECOND DESPATCH.

BRITAIN

Weather continued fine. Harvest in Southern Counties nearly completed—result exceeds expectations. Operations commenced in more Northern Counties with encouraging prospect.
Earl — on route for Madrid, reported his mission relative to slave trade.
Number of English volunteers offering Garibaldi is so great that funds could not be raised fast enough to send them to Naples.

Garibaldi landed at Salerno on 5th, is expected at Naples any moment. Battle considered likely on 7th between Nocera and Salerno. Royal troops occupied strong position and said in case of defeat would retire upon Gaeta.

Queen of Spain offered King of Naples a refuge in Spain—latter accepted.
The brigade Caldarelli reported passed over to Garibaldi.
Turin journals denounce position of troops of Lamoriciere, and call on the Pope to disband his foreign mercenaries.

Rumored that Cavour sent a note to Rome announcing that any movement of Pontifical troops beyond the Roman frontier would be considered an act of intervention, and Piedmont would in such case consider herself justified in occupying the Marches.

Latest despatches from Naples, evening of 6th, announce that the king left there for Gaeta that day on board a Spanish vessel. Before leaving he reduced penalties of prisoners.

Garibaldi dined at Lacera 6th, was expected to enter Naples 7th. Lacera is only 26 miles from Capital.
Advanced guard of Garibaldi's army arrived at Salerno noon 6th. Naples tranquil.

London Times editorial says that King has gone to Gaeta only to consider whether he will fly to Madrid or Vienna.
Naples is as good as lost, and the turn of Rome must come next.

FRANCE

Reported that French Government sent a diplomatic note to Switzerland relative to outrage at Genoa on French flag. Outrage in question was perpetrated by Swiss mob during violation of Swiss territory by Savoyards going in procession to congratulate the Emperor.

Weather finer in Paris, but floods and hurricanes is reported in the Provinces. Bourse quiet but rather firmer on the 7th, closing 67 95.

AUSTRIA

Reported that Prince Metternich is to be Minister of Foreign Affairs contradicted. Reported that thirty-five thousand Austrians received orders to leave Vienna for Trieste. Recent disturbances at Udine had discovered great conspiracy favorable to Garibaldi. Numerous arrests.

GERMANY

General meeting of National Union at Coburg unanimously adopted as program-

me the transfer of Central Power to Prussia and convention of a German Parliament.
Grand Duke Mecklenburg Strelitz is dead.

London Money Market.—Funds closed steady. Demand for money moderate but rather more active.
Rates unchanged.
Hickman Bros., Ironmaster of Belstone, failed; liabilities eighty thousand sterling.

A correspondent of an American paper gives the following graphic account of the narrow escape of the steamship Acadia from sudden and terrible wreck on Fasset Rock Cape Clear:

Steamship Acadia—11 A. M., Friday, August 3d, 1860.

In the midst of life we are in death.—Just half an hour ago, while standing on the bows, the ship running 14 knots an hour under steam and sails, in a thick fog, I heard a loud shout "land ahead!" I turned towards the captain, or rather had my eye on him at that moment. His face could not have expressed more horror if he had seen hell's gates open. He sprang to the engine bell, at the same time shouting "hard a port your helm." A counter order of "starboard" was given. The Captain leaped from his footing, shouting, that his voice was heard above the escaping steam, "hard a port in God's name." His order was obeyed.—Then turning forward among a hubbub of voices shouting "we are lost," "God have mercy on us," &c. &c., I saw the rocks not twenty feet from the ship's bows. On their top was a light-house. As we swung around, it seemed as if we should every moment feel the shock of striking.—The huge swell of the Atlantic was reverberating and the spray flying all around us.—The sails took aback, keeling us over so that the deck stood up like the roof of a house.—Women were screaming, seamen running and fro, and above all the captain and lieutenants shouting so as to be heard above the escaping steam, "hard a port, hard a port!" "Brace around the foreyard!" "Let fly the halyards and sheets fore and aft!" I stepped about the foremast, to be out of the way of its fall, and waited for the shock. But

"There's a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft And looks after the life of poor Jack."

We approached, as all agree within ten feet of the rock, and then began to recede. Just realize that there was only ten feet between us and eternity. It is the opinion of seafaring men on board that the ship, if she had struck, would have sunk in five minutes for it is a sharp ledge of rocks, six or seven miles from any shore, and deep water all around. The boats could not have been got ready, and if they could, they never could have lived in the heavy surf. No—if we had gone ten feet farther we should have all perished as miserably as did those in the Hungarian. Three seconds more would have tolled the death knell of most if not all of us, for we were so enveloped in fog, and far from land, and also no boat at the light house that if we had seized fragments of the wreck, they would have been torn from our grasp by the sea boiling as in a cauldron over the sunken reefs, hours before our fate could have been known. I knew there was no time to run below for life preservers, which are hung up by each birth,—and so contented myself with just stringing up my nerves for a buffet with the waves. For three minutes, I can assure you, man showed what he is when expecting the "King of Terrors."

Two or three ladies took it heroically and segged to draw in strength from the accents around them. It was a terrible moment for the captain—Captain Stone of the Royal Navy—for as we swung around, the sails taking aback and heeling us over, every body expected to hear the grinding crash beneath our feet. I felt for him, for all his great rashness, and gladly say that to his decision in our hour of need we owe our lives. The rock is called Fasset Rock, and upon it is the Cape Clear Light House. A subscription is now being taken up among the passengers for the seaman who first shouted "breakers ahead."

The Bashful Man.

Washington Irving at a party in England one day playfully asserted that the love of annexation which the Anglo-Saxon race displays on every occasion, proceeded probably from its *manly* rather than its greediness. As a proof he cited the story of a bashful friend of his, who being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next to the hostess, in a great state of excitement owing to his recluse life. A few glasses of wine, munging to his brain, completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of his presence of mind. Casting his eyes down, he saw on his lap some white linen. "My heavens," thought he, "that's my shirt protruding at my waistband." He immedi-

ately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress, but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain. At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash around him, and a scream from the company, brought him to his senses. He had been all the time stuffing the table cloth into his breeches, and the last time had swept everything clean off the table. Thus our bashful friend annexed a table cloth, thinking it his own shirt.

Scenes in the Sandwich Islands—A Lake of Fire.

A correspondent of the Alta California gives the following incident of a visit to the volcano Kilauer in the Sandwich Islands, thirty-six miles from Hilo. Our readers are at liberty to believe as much as they please of the story. The writer is at least good at embellishment, and exaggeration. After saying that the crater of this volcano is in a vast pit in the midst of an immense plain, having only a gradual rise to the centre—and that within a quarter of a mile is entrance to a great cave, which he and his guides explored he says:

Suddenly we came to a high bank, and looking down we beheld the lake of fire beneath us about seventy-five feet. This lake is something more than a mile in circumference. There, in full view, were real waves of liquid fire, of a bright red color, spluttering and splashing like ocean waves! A little island of hard lava stands in the middle of the lake, against the black sides of which the waves of fire dashed with tremendous fury, and breaking on its jagged cliffs, they would cast their red spray high into the air. The sides of this lake are solid walls of red fire, glowing with fearful intensity. We were standing on the windward bank, with a strong cold wind blowing down, yet the heat was so intense that we could only look a minute at a time, and then turn away to catch the refreshing influence of the cool breeze.

In addition to the hideous roaring and hissing of the lake, we heard at short intervals, sounds much resembling that of a steamer blowing off steam, only infinitely louder, and ominous growling of pent-up forces struggling in subterranean caverns, at which the very earth seemed to tremble. Occasionally, large masses of the cooled lava on the edge of the lake became detached, and falling into the boiling cauldron, are instantly reduced to a liquid state.

After a few minutes silence, disturbed only by an occasional hissing and murmuring, I was startled by that awe-inspiring sound of escaping steam. In an instant, a faint glimmering of red, like a sheet of lightning shot out from under the overhanging brink, where I was standing, and ran across the lake. This was the signal for a change in the whole programme. Immediately the whole lake became of a bright red colour, and four fountains burst up in different parts of the lake.

My eyes followed these with amazement, as one after another they cast up great quantities of a pure vermilion-colored liquid. These were followed by two others in rapid succession, one which burst up near where I was standing. Running back, I covered under the upper banks and witnessed the grandest pyrotechnical display of which it is impossible to form any conception. These six fountains threw up jets from thirty to fifty feet high. The fountain from the spray of which I so hastily retreated, made large deposits of molten lava on the bank where I had been standing, and when it ceased I procured some very good specimens. A short period of inactivity ensued, and then the waves of fire commenced to roll and dash against the little island, as we first saw them. Native tradition says that this crater has been burning from time immemorial.

The most wonderful and mysterious phenomenon we witnessed was on the second day of our visit to the crater. It was noon and we were sitting on a high bank at lunch. I had turned my face in the wind, to avoid the intense heat of the lake. I was startled by a noise like the rushing together of large bodies of water.—The natives jumped up instantly, and raising an unearthly shout, scampered off in an opposite direction.—Turning toward the Lake I beheld a scene which I never shall forget. I, too, had to run off to some distance to escape the great feat. The whole surface of the lake was in a state of the wildest commotion. Wave clashed on wave and all was confusion.—Tremendous billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake in the centre, and meeting in fierce conflict around the island in the centre, broke with fury over its black sides. Then after receding again, they rushed to the onset once more, with increased force, and meeting together, shot up into the air perhaps one hundred feet—one vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally culminated over and fell in graceful spray back into the lake again.

The Origin of Party Colours.

The scarlet flag is the Old British Standard. The white and red, or Union Jack, represents the alliance between the "White and Red Roses," viz., of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster. The naval flag of England, the blue and red and denotes the adoption of the Dutch blue and the British red. These are originally our national banners. There were other banners and many banners used by sections or tribes in Britain, viz., that of St. George and the Dragon by the old Britons; of Roll, by the Normans; and of Woodin, by the Saxons. The banners were chiefly in use by religious fraternities, after the manner of the Crusaders; of the knights of the Cross, who preferred red, white, blue, or green; of the Knights Templars, who used banners of black and white, with a cross in the centre.

During the religious warfare in Scotland, the Scotch Protestants adopted the Dutch or Calvinistic blue, and thence the term, "True Blue Presbyterians." At that time the Irish had not hoisted the green flag.

At the siege of Londonderry, 1688-9, the Apprentice Boys and the garrison raised the scarlet flag aloft on the leaded roof of their venerable Cathedral, whilst the banner of the besieging, or James's French-Irish allied forces, before our walls, was white, of this we have yet a signal reminiscence in the Cathedral.

At the battle of the Boyne, William's forces having been of various uniforms, every soldier was ordered "to put a green bough in his hat;" the "Dutch Blues" were the favorites. No orange banner on that great occasion has been mentioned. On the other side, James's officers ordered "every one, horse soldier and foot soldier, French or Irish, to have a white badge in his hat."

The white banner alone was chosen in compliment to the House of Bourbon. After the battle of the Boyne, the Apprentice Boys of Londonderry adopted the blue and scarlet in honor of King William, as the badge of the Apprentice Boys Association. No other colours belong to them. This has been testified by their rosettes on the 12th inst. Apprentice Boyism is not Orangeism.—*Derry Guardian.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—"Father, what does a printer live on?"
"Live on like other folks. Why do you ask?"
"Because you said you hadn't paid anything for your paper, and the printer still sends it to you."
"Wife, spank that boy."
"I shan't do it."
"Why?"
"Because there is no reason."
"No reason?"
"Yes, there is; spank him I tell you."
"I won't do any such thing."
"He's only too smart."
"How so?"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean just this, the boy is smarter than his father, and you can't deny it."
"That's queer talk and I wish—"
"I don't care what you wish; the boy knows enough to see that a man, printer or no printer or publisher, can't live on nothing; I should think you would be ashamed to cheat the printer and then—"
Bang goes the dog, and out goes the father and husband, grumbling like a bear with a sore head.

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.—I say, then in deep earnestness, to every youth who hopes or desires to become useful to his race, or in any degree eminent through literature, seek first of all things a position of pecuniary independence; and learn to live by the labor of your own hands, the sweat of your brow, as a necessary step towards the career you contemplate. If you can earn two shillings a day, by rugged but moderate toil, learning to live contentedly on two shillings, and so preserve your mental faculties fresh and unwarmed to real, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truths will have utterance, begin to write sparsely for the nearest suitable periodical, no matter how humble or obscure, if the thought is in you it will find its way to those who need it. Seek not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you; then accept it, if an object, and not involving too great sacrifices of independence and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of the literary character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is, or believes himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment, and for the largest price, cannot hope that the public will be induced

to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher.—*Greely.*

An Inquisitive Yankee.

A gentleman riding in an Easttan railroad car, which was rather snugly supplied with passengers, observed on the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more inquisitive mind. Before him occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and maneuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?"
"Yes sir," responded the lady.
"Parent?—father or mother?"
"No, sir."
"Child, perhaps?—boy or girl?"
"No sir, not a child; I have not children."
"Husband, then, I expect?"
"Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hana! colery?—a trading man, may be?"
"My husband was a sea-faring man, the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of the cholera, he was drowned."
"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for an instant.
"Saved his chest?"
"Yes; the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, his face brightening up.
"Pious man?"
"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

The next question was a little delayed but it came.
"Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was pious man, and saved his chest?"
"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turned her head to look out of the window.

The indefatigable pump changed his position, held the widow by his gleaming eye once more, and propounded one more query in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat.
"Was you calkerlating to get married again?"
"Sir said the widow indignantly, "you are impertinent."—And she left her seat, and took another on the opposite side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy?" said the ineffable bore turning to our narrator behind him: "She needn't be man; I don't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand? It's a real poopy one."

The Mayor Wants to See The.

A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we call William, "when my gold watch fell from my waist and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down and after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brow and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did they say the vessel was going?"
"Ten knots, uncle."
"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the taffrail chains?"
"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?"
"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"
"William," replied the uncle gravely: "thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee:

"William, the Mayor wants to see thee."

GRAPHIC.—The other day a boy came tearing round a corner with his ragged hat in the wind, his face smeared with molasses and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper box, who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street—

"O Bill, Bill, Bill—get as many laves as you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street round the corner as fast as ever you can, for there's a big hog of laves busted on the pavement—busted all to spashes."

