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Æ VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC.

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POETRY.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view,
And if I ought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unloved state;
For, though I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain,
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is per-
vers.

And I should not feel grateful, for better or worse,
To take the first body that graciously comes
And offered those treasures his home and his name,
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such things at all,
My brothers are, most of them, younger than I,
They thrive in the world, and why shouldn't I?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept,
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind,
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife"?

Who does not feel a gush of sympathy on reading
the foregoing lines? How truly do they il-
lustrate the case of many a "neglected" one, "left
out in the cold!" "Indulgent parents" read
them without heart-breaking if you care.

CAUGHT IN A GALE.

BY JUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the year 1814 I made a voyage to Chi-
na by the way of Cape Horn. I had com-
mand of the good ship *Angelo*, and was bless-
ed with a good crew. We had a hard time
getting around the southern capes of Amer-
ica, but when we entered the Pacific, we
found the weather good, and for something
we glided on our way without let or hind-
rance. I stopped at Valparaiso, where I
remained eight days, and then I set sail for
New Zealand, on business connected with
the United States Christian Missions. For
eleven days after clearing Valparaiso we had
a fair wind, but on the evening of the twelfth
day we had indications of a storm. I had
the sail shortened, taking in the top-gallant
sails and double-reefing the topsails.

About nine o'clock in the evening the
wind came round from the eastward and blew
a gale, and by midnight I was forced to lay
to. In the morning, when the sun rose, there
was a lull in the gale, and I began to
fret myself that we were cheaply rid of the
storm.

At noon I was able to get the sun, and I
found my ship to be in longitude 128 de-
grees west, and latitude 32 degrees 15 min-
utes south, and the wind had now become
light and baffling, but with a heavy sea—
Towards the middle of the afternoon, my
mate, who was an experienced seaman, and
an older man than myself, named Hunter,
came to me and asked me what I thought of
the weather.

"It's not settled yet, by any means," I re-
plied.

"No," said he emphatically, "and that's
not the worst of it. We are going to have
a stinger."

"I think we shall have more gales," I re-
sponded, "for it is now evident enough that
the storm is not wholly past."

"Ay—and we shall catch it this time more
awfully. I tell ye, captain, we've got to
stand around some before we get clear of this
place. I've been here before."

"So have I," I replied, several times, "but
I never happened to be caught in a storm of
any amount in the Pacific yet."

"O, but I have," resumed Mr. Hunter,
with a shudder. "By my faith, they can get
with a great blow here when they try. I
up some of our boys in '39, in an old hulk of a
sloop, belonging to New York, and for eight
and forty hours we expected every minute
to have to say our prayers for the last time.
I hope I mayn't see another such."

After this the mate went forward to attend
to securing the anchors and having all ready
for bending the cables if necessary should the
cur, for I was determined to leave no point
unattended to. At five o'clock the wind was
warm, seeming much like the fanning from a
hot oven, and it seemed to move in circles.
It blew from one steady point, but was con-
tinually whirling and changing. Heavy clouds
had come up to the northward and to the
westward, while to southward and I eastward
there seemed to be a sort of lurid vapor rising,
and extending itself along the horizon. The
clouds rose very high, passed over our heads,
and then settled down gradually, until they
actually rested on the bosom of the sea. It
was, enveloping us in a thick cool mist.
This was to me a curious phenomenon; but
this was not the end. In half an hour the

vapor swept away to the northward and west-
ward again. It did not rise, but it slowly
passed away, until it rested upon the horizon
like a land bank. The appearance of things
in the opposite direction had changed some-
what, the vapor there having grown more
dense, and wearing a ghastly, livid hue. The
strange warmth which I had experienced in
the atmosphere was gone, and a coolness
which came in little puffs had succeeded. It
seemed as though some one were standing
by me puffing into my face.

As the sun sank into the vapor which rested
upon the western horizon, it had a strange
look, seeming to me like a huge lantern of
blue glass; but I did not gaze long upon it,
for my attention was called the other way.
The heavens to the southward and eastward
had grown black as night, save a long line
of livid light that rested directly upon the wa-
ter. The puffs of cool air which I had felt
now ceased, and our ship lay in a dead calm,
rising and falling like a lifeless monster upon
the long and heavy swells. I immediately
ordered the ship to be stripped of her canvas.
The top-gallant masts had already
been sent on deck, thus relieving the ship
of her lofty spars. I asked my mate if he
thought there would be any use of leaving
any sail set.

"No," said he, "I should say not. If the
blow comes as I think it will, a sail would
be of no more use than a shirt."

That was my mind too, and my order for
furling all sail was obeyed. Then I had life-
lines reeve, and after this we waited for the
storm. But we had not to wait long.

"Do you see that?" whispered Hunter, at
the same time pointing off to the southward
and eastward.

I had seen it, and it was a long line of
white foam. In a moment more came a rum-
bling sound like the distant reverberations
of a cannon. Our ship lay nearly stern to,
and I awaited the coming of the gale with
almost breathless anxiety.

And it came! I roared like a bander over
the foaming waves, and the spray was rained
upon us in torrents. The ship gave one
plunge, and for a few moments I thought she
would go under; but she finally struggled
up, and throwing off her load of water, she
started on before the wind. I examined the
compass, and found the needle to come from a
point southeast by east. I had one source
of comfort and that was that I had plenty
of room. I threw the log overboard, and
got full headway, but it was impossible to
make anything from it, for the mad sea had
leaped up before the gale, brought the log
home, so that the reel would hardly turn,
save by fits and starts.

All night long the gale continued with un-
abated fury, and toward morning it became
evident that we must either throw over most
of our cargo, or else set some sail, for the
seas were now very high, and they were be-
ginning to run faster than the ship went,
and I saw that should we be overtaken by
some of the immense mountains of water,
they would entirely swamp us. I ordered
the foresail to be set, it having been already
double-reefed before it was furling. By care
in casing away the bun lines and clew gar-
nets, and in hauling down the sails, we
got the sail safely set; but this would not
answer long. The seas were now so high
that they took the wind from the sail all of
half the time, and it soon became evident
that we must set one of the topsails. I felt
sure that the ship would scud the easiest un-
der the fore-topsail, and accordingly had that
set.

It was now morning and the wind had lost
not a whit of its fury. I tried many times
to heave the log, but it would "come home"
with the sea. Once however, I managed to
run off six knots, and I knew we were going
faster than that—we were going ten at least.
Noon came, and the gale was still up in all
its power. I began to have some fears that
we would not weather it, for the fore-topsail
had more strain upon it than I liked. I
feared it would give way. I knew that if it
did go our chance of safety would be small,
for I had seen enough of the ship in gales to
know that under the main-topsail she would
be apt to yaw and broach to. I had some
trust in our excellent seamen, and it was to their
faithfulness and experience at the helm that
we in a great measure owed our salvation,
for even the slightest mistake or mishap at
the helm might have proved fatal at once.

Our course was north-west-by-west, and
we had run very nearly that for the last 20
hours—and yet I could not tell how far we
had run; I could guess and that was all. I
set it at two hundred miles, but the mate
said it was more.

Night came again, and the gale was still
blowing furiously, and when I went down to
my cabin that night, I prayed. At midnight
I went on deck, but the mate would not go
below. The men had become fear-stricken,
for the ship was now wrenched and loosened
terribly, and I found it necessary to keep
the pumps going all the time. I went back
to my cabin at one o'clock and sat down to

my chart. I made as close a reckoning as I
could of our sailing distance, and I knew that
I had the course true. Then I placed my
parallel upon the chart, and at the first look
my lips started apart with an utterance of
horror, and my eyes glared wildly. My rule
struck the island of St. Elmo, and if my mate
was correct in the estimate of our velocity,
we could not be over fifty miles distant from
that island, and what added to the danger I
was not fully sure of our position, even so far
as the course was concerned, for I knew there
was a considerable current in this section of
the Pacific setting to the westward, and hence
I knew not how to steer in order to avoid the
fatal island. Fabled Hunter, showed him
the chart, and asked him to make out where
we were. He sat down, and in less than two
minutes he leaped up again.

"Good Heaven, captain!" he cried, "St.
Elmo is right ahead; and surely not more
than fifty miles off! We are gone, as sure
as fate!"

"But may not the current have set us to
the westward of it?" said I, hopefully.

"No," was his quick response.

We went on deck, and after a few mo-
ments' consultation I ordered the helmsman
to keep the ship's head west-nor-west, if pos-
sible. He tried, but it was hard work, for
ever and anon the seas would knock her off
like a cork, and the danger of being pooped
by the huge water-mountains was now threat-
ening us all the time. Yet I made the man
at the wheel give all the starboard helm she
would possibly bear. I said nothing to the
men of the new danger that threatened us,
but from the looks of myself and mate they
guessed it; and when at length we were ob-
liged to confess the whole, they were per-
fected horror-stricken, yet they were prompt
to duty, and shortly it seemed resigned to
their fate—that is, they were more calm than
they were before the danger was made known
to them, though it may have been only the
calmness of despair.

Towards morning the nature of the wind
seemed to change—it was a change I cannot
describe—yet that indescribable something
was there which told us that the gale would
not last much longer. It was in the temper-
ature, in the smell of the wind. It seemed
softer, and had not so much power of pen-
etration. But the joy of this discovery was
soon damped. Just as the day was about to
break, there came upon our ears the sound
of something besides wind. At length the
light of day broke, and we saw the scene we
had been so fearfully dreading. Right a-
head, at the distance of not more than ten
miles was the shore of St. Elmo! It was a
mass of bold, sea-dashed rocks, which was
presented to us, and a cry of horror went up
from my men.

The wind was still powerful, and we were
being hurled on at a fearful rate towards the
rocks. What could be done? Instinctively
I cast my eyes toward the mate, and I saw
that he was very pale, too. But I could not
stand still. I went to my cabin and got my
glass, and by the time I returned it was light
enough to see the shore distinctly. I raised
the glass, and when I had carefully survey-
ed the shore ahead, a gleam of hope shot
thro' my soul.

"Mr. Hunter," I said, "that is the extreme
western point of the island. The point to
the left is the westerly cape of St. Elmo.—
Clear away beyond I can just see the top of
the next island."

"Well?" said my mate interrogatively.

"I am sure if we could clear that point we
should be safe," I added.

"If we could clear it, but that is impossi-
ble," said Hunter.

I hesitated a single moment and then my
mind was made up.

"Boys," I cried, loud enough to be heard
above the roar of the tempest, "if we run a-
shore upon those rocks we are dead men just
as sure as fate; no power can save a soul of
us. But if we can clear that westerly point
we may be saved. By the help of God, I
will make the trial."

"To clear that point you will have to put
the ship's head due west, certainly," said
Hunter.

"I know it," was my reply.

"And she cannot be put there," he said.—
"She could not live a moment with her
broadside so exposed."

"I shall try it!" was my answer, and there-
upon I ordered the fore and main-topsails to
go aloft and lose the main-topsail. It was
already close reefed. Every movement was
carefully performed. I had the helm put to
starboard as far as would answer, and then
the lee sheet was hauled home. Next the
weather clew came down, and we got the
yard hoisted clear of the cap in safety. The
storm-mizen mast was set, and I found that
the fore staysail would be of benefit if it
would hold. The mate said I was mad. I
pointed to the rocks and asked him if he
would like to run in there. I acknowledged
that my present course would be madness if
there was any other plan possible at all.

The ship was now heading due west; and
she was going thro' the water fast. Every
hatch was then battered, and we were in for
it. I prayed then, and saw others pray, for
there was need of it. I had four stout men
lashed at the wheel, for they could not have
stood without. I stood by the mizen mast,
and hung on upon the pin-rack. Six times
did I see the lee main-yard-arm dip into the
water, and yet the ship did not go over.—
We were literally under water two-thirds of
the time, and yet we did not founder. The
masts groaned and creaked in their stepping-
and chocks; the sheets strained and vibrat-
ed like the strings of a viol; the canvas
swelled out till each particular thread seem-
ed ready to snap, and the old ship heeled
over until her yards almost lay in the water.
Of course the men could not work at the
pumps; they could only hang upon whatever
came in their way, and there wait and
pray. Had it now been necessary to pull a
rope, it could not have been done, for had
any man let go his hold, he would surely
have gone overboard.

On we dashed—on—on; and yet the ship
was upon her keel. At length the point we
would clear was under our lee bow. It was
surely not a cable's length distant. There
might be other rocks in the sea—rocks of
which I knew nothing, but I cared not for
them then; I thought only of the point in
sight.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the mate "we
are gone!"

A sea stack us at that moment, sweeping
its crest high above our tops, and the next
instant we were engulfed. I thought now
we were truly gone. I felt the cold flood all
about me; I experienced the sensation of a
downward motion, and I felt the dull gurgle
of waters about me; yet I held on. It may
have been a minute—perhaps only a few se-
conds—but it seemed a great while to me,
for I surely thought of a thousand things the
while—and then I found daylight again.—
The old ship had struggled up from the
grasp of the ocean grave, and my first glance
was for my men. They were all safe—ev-
ery one. But the sails were gone. Nothing
but the fore staysail was left—all the rest
had been torn from the bolt-ropes in the
struggle. Then I gave one timid, trembling
look upon the shore, and—were we safe!—
The point of rocks was under our starboard
quarter; we were again before the wind, and
ahead of us the sea for many miles was clear.
The sun rose, and the gale lost its power,
and by nine o'clock it was calm and pleasant,
though the sea ran high and strong. Three
days after we ran into St. Michael, where we
easily repaired our slight damages, and then
we once more set sail on our voyage.

Colors and the Fashions.

Every spring and fall, laborer descriptions
appear in the daily papers of the "new fash-
ions;" meaning thereby the style and colors
of the new dresses, bonnets, &c., which the
empress of fashion has prescribed to be worn
a few months, by the fair sex. So far as it
relates to the cut of a cape, or frock, or the
form of a bonnet, fashion may prescribe many
forms, without offending common sense; but
fashionable colors are an absurdity. The
laws of contrast in colors are immutable;
therefore when fashion prescribes for a hat
or its trimmings, or a dress, without taking
the complexion of the wearer into consid-
eration, taste and science may be equally vi-
olated. A clear blonde complexion may be
rendered sallow to appearance by a mistaken
color on a fashionable bonnet; and a comely
brunette may be made to appear of a brick
hue from the same mistaken ideas.

Colors of artificial flowers, bonnets and
dresses, should always be selected with re-
ference to complexion. M. Chevreul—the
scientific French chemist—has devoted years
of study to this subject, and has laid down
the laws with precision, founded on the
dogma—"That every color when placed be-
side another color, is changed; appearing
different from what it really is; and, more-
over, it equally modifies the color with
which it is in proximity." The following
hints by Chevreul, for the toilets of ladies,
should be read and pondered by all who de-
sire to cultivate harmony of colors and adorn
their persons in the most scientific and pleas-
ing manner.

RED DRAPERY.—Rose red cannot be put
in contact with the rosier complexions with-
out causing them to lose some of their fresh-
ness. Dark-red is less objectionable for cer-
tain complexions than rose-red, because be-
ing higher than this latter, it tends to impart
whiteness to them in consequence of con-
trast of tone.

GREEN DRAPERY.—A delicate green is,
on the contrary, favorable to all fair com-
plexions which are deficient in rose, and
which may have more imparted to them
without inconvenience. But it is not as
favorable to complexions that are more red
than rose, nor to those that have a tint of
orange mixed with brown, because the red
they add to this tint will be of a brick-red

hue. In the latter case, a dark-green will
be less objectionable than a delicate green.
YELLOW DRAPERY.—Yellow imparts vio-
let to a fair skin; and, in this view, it is
less favorable than the delicate green. To
those skins which are more yellow than
orange, it imparts white; but this combina-
tion is very dull and heavy for fair com-
plexion. When the skin is tinted more with
orange than yellow, we can make it rosyate
by neutralizing the yellow. It produces
this effect upon the black-haired type, and
it is thus that it suits brunettes.

VIOLET DRAPERY.—Violet, the com-
plementary of yellow, produces contrary ef-
fects; thus, it imparts greenish-yellow, to
fair complexions. It augments the yellow,
tint of yellow and orange skins. The little
tint of blue there may be in a complexion, it
makes green. Violet, then, is one of the
least favorable colors to the skin; at least
when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it
by contrast of tone.

BLUE DRAPERY.—Blue imparts orange,
which is susceptible of alloying itself favor-
ably to white and the light-flesh tints of fair
complexions, which have already a more or
less determined tint of this color. Blue is,
then, suitable to most blondes; and, in this
case, justifies its reputation. It will not
suit brunettes, since they have already too
much of orange.

ORANGE DRAPERY.—Orange is too bril-
liant to be elegant; it makes fair complex-
ions blue, whitens those which have an
orange tint, and gives a green hue to those
of a yellow hue.

WHITE DRAPERY.—Drapery of a luster-
less white, such as cambric muslin, assort-
s well with a fresh complexion, of which it re-
lieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to
complexions which have a disagreeable taint,
because white always exalts all colors by rais-
ing their tone, consequently it is unsuitable
to those skins which without having the
disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it.
Very light white draperies, such as muslin,
plaid or point lace, have an entirely differ-
ent aspect.

BLACK DRAPERY.—Black draperies, lower-
ing the tones of the colors with which they
are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if
the rosy parts are to a certain point distant
from the drapery, it will follow that, although
flowered in tone, they appear relatively to
the white parts of the skin contiguous to
this drapery, redder than if the contiguity to
it did not exist.

EXTINCTION OF THE NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA.

—One of the most painful subjects
in connection with the settlement of a new
country is the fact that on the advent of the
white races, the black gradually become ex-
tinct. This has nowhere been so remark-
able as on the Australian continent.—A
few years hence the wild black fellows will
be become things of the past, defying alike the
efforts of humanity and science to preserve
them. Very few children are now born to
their women, and I almost look upon a black
baby as a curiosity. Shrewd, quick, and
possessing a sort of instinctive intelligence,
they seem almost unable to think or to con-
nect ideas one with the other. Their mem-
ory is of the most tedious description, their
power of sight and smell something marvel-
ous, their capacity for resisting fatigue or
hunger quite astounding; and yet, despite
all these good qualifications, they are rapidly
diminishing. [Letter from Melbourne.]

READY REPORT.—Among the attractions
made of tin given to the pastor of one of the
Connecticut churches the other day, on the
occasion of his tin wedding, (tenth anniver-
sary) was a huge tin pen, nearly eight feet
long, with nips capacious enough to hold
nearly a pint of ink. The donor wittily
said, as he held up his literary and theological
quill: "I did not give you this long pen to
write any longer sermons, I hope," was
the quick reply, "that they may be long
enough to reach you, my friend." The giver
acknowledged that he was vanquished by
this first scratch of the new pen.

A POSSE.—Sally Jones, have you done
that yet?

"No, sir, I can't do it."

"Can't do it? Why, at your age, I could
do any sum that was set me. Sally, I ad-
vise you to avoid that word 'can't'; there is
no sum that can't be done, I tell you."

"I think, sir, I know a thum that 'rod
can't thifer out."

"It is thith'ir; if one apple caused ruin
to the whole human race, how many such
will it take to make a barrel of thither, thir?"

"Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your
parsing lesson."

Papa—"Well sissy, how do you like your
school?"

Sissy—"Oh, so much."

Papa—"That's right. Now tell me all
you have learned to-day."

Sissy—"The names of all the lit le boyth

From late English Papers.

The corporation of Aberdeen, on the 9th of October presented the Princess of Wales with a gold watch from the ladies of that place. The address was a beautiful specimen of art, and expressed very loyal sentiments. The watch is a small gold open face, 1 5/16ths of an inch in diameter. On the back of the case, which is engraved, is a monogram, surmounted by the Princess's crown, the former composed of brilliants and rose diamonds, the latter of brilliants, rose diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. On the case there are in all 60 brilliants and 61 rose diamonds. The dial is of chased gold, with black painted hours. The movement is a half-plate cover, with compensation balance; all the holes for the pivots to work in are jewelled—the larger ones in rubies, and the small ones in rubies and diamonds.

Lord Brougham on American Affairs.

At the meeting of the Social Science Congress, in Edinburgh, on Oct. 8, Lord Brougham delivered the opening address. Passing to the American continent, he said—

"But the establishment of French influence in Mexico is likely to produce an uneasy feeling in the now unhappy dis-United States of America, and may by no means be a desirable result. The friends of humanity have good cause for lamenting anything so manifestly tending to promote the continuance of the war and extend its mischiefs. The term 'civil war' is not hardly applicable to this miserable contest. The people of the South are banded against those of the North exactly as any two European nations, differing in all respects save language, have been banded against each other—the Austrians and Prussians for example. But give it what name it may—the one can doubt that it is a cruel calamity to the Americans themselves, and though in a much less degree, to the rest of the world, which with one accord joins in reproaching their conduct while lamenting its effects. Each party, of course, seeks to cast on the other the heavy blame of breaking the peace. On one side is the heavy allegation of property in human beings; on the other, the hollow pretext of making war to free America of slavery—her shame and her curse, as all except the most bigoted and bigoted of men may well call it, for those who proclaimed emancipation confess that it was a measure of hostility to the whites, and designed to produce slave insurrection, from which the much-enduring nature of the unhappy negro saves the country. My esteemed friend, the noble lord who sits by my side, and who has the name of Wilberforce which he inherits, declared that the authors of the measure cared as little for the black's freedom as for the white's, and now they call for extermination on the one race and liberty on the other. But whatever may have been the proximate cause of the contest, its continuance is the result of a national vanity without example and without bounds. Individuals subject to this feeling are despised, not hated, and it is an unmanly expression respecting him who is without the weakness, that he is too proud to be vain. But when a people are seized with it they change the name, and call it love of glory. Of the individual we often hear the remark that, despicable as the weakness is, it leads to no bad actions. Nothing can be more false; it leads to many crimes, and to that disregard of truth which is the root of all offences. Certainly, it produces none of the worst crimes. The man who is a prey to vanity thirsts not for the blood of his neighbour. How fearfully otherwise when a nation is its slave! Magnifying itself beyond all measure, and despising the rest of mankind, blinded and intoxicated with self-satisfaction, persuaded that their very crimes are proofs of greatness, and believing that they are both admired and envied, the Americans have not only been content with the destruction of half a million but have been vain of the slaughter. Their object being to retain a great name among nations for the extent of territory, they exulted in the wholesale bloodshed by which it must be accomplished, because others were unable to make such a sacrifice. The struggle of above two years, which loosened all the bands that hold society together, and gave to millions the means of showing their capacity, has produced no genius, civil or military, while the submission to every course of tyranny has been universal and habitual, and never interrupted by a single act of resistance to the most flagrant infractions of personal freedom. The mischiefs of calumny of rational and respectable men keeping aloof from the management of affairs has resulted in the tyrannies of the multitude. To this tyrant the nominal rulers have never withheld their submission; and the press, catering for the passions of the populace, and pandering to their passions, has persisted in every misrepresentation which might mislead the truth as to passing events, exaggerating each success, extenuating each defeat, often describing failure as victory; while the multitude, if the truth by chance reached them, were one day sunk in despair, another elated to an ecstasy, almost at the pleasure of their rulers and their guides. Nor were the falsehoods thus propagated confined to the events of the war; they extended to all things—the measures of the Government and the acts of foreign nations. The public feeling must not be thwarted; the people desired to hear what ever gratified their vanity or raised their spirits; and in this delusion they live as long as the war lasts and the rule is in the hands of the mob. The truth they will never hear, because they desire to hear what pleasing, and not what true. But it would be a great mistake to charge on their false guides the follies and the crimes which they commit in will and do their best to perpetrate. The people are determined in this course. Far from feeling shame at the cruelties which modern ages—namely, which Christian times—have seen nothing to equal—a spectacle at which the whole world stands aghast, almost to credulity—they actually glory in it as a proof their high nature, believe themselves the envy as the flower of mankind, and fancy that their prowess would triumph over the most powerful states of Europe. In such illusions their chiefs may not practically join, but the people are without doubt a prey to them, and will continue so to the end."

Lord Cairness a Working Engineer.

The week before last, as the Earl of Cairness, whose practical knowledge of the steam engine is so well known, was going by train from Edinburgh to London to accompany her Majesty to Scotland, an accident happened to the train by which his lordship's acquaintance with steam was turned to good account.

Shortly after leaving Newcastle-on-Tyne the train came to a dead stand, and on the earl inquiring the cause, he was informed that an essential part of the engine had given way, and that the train must be detained till the necessary repairs were completed. His lordship immediately jumped out of the carriage, and in less than a minute was hammering away at the disabled engine of the line. Sooty fingers, greased clothes, and awkward positions in reaching the injured member formed no obstacle to Lord Cairness, who, in less than an hour, had everything put to rights, and returned to his carriage to prosecute the journey, not quite so lordly looking in his face and fingers as when he first started. Of course the engineer was all gratitude, and was proud to know that his fellow-workman in this unlooked-for emergency was not less than an earl.—Northern Ensign.

Lord Cairness's Request to General Vinoy.

In a codicil to his will, dated 23rd May last, the late lord Cairness expressed himself in reference to the above distinguished French General, now commanding the 1st division of the Army of Paris:—"I give and bequeath to Lieut. General Vinoy, commanding a division in the French army, and my old and beloved comrade in the Crimea, the sum of £500 as a token of my especial esteem and regard." During the Crimean campaign General Vinoy commanded near Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. On several occasions difficult and perilous duties were confided to their united forces. The upshot was a warm and lasting friendship between the two generals, whose example contributed much to the establishment of that thorough good understanding, kindly feeling and mutual admiration which marked the intercourse of the Zouaves and Highlanders throughout the Crimean war. If we were not misinformed, a portrait of General Vinoy, painted expressly for Queen Victoria, now hangs in her Majesty's writing closet at Windsor Castle, as a companion picture to that of his comrade in arms Sir Colin Campbell. At the assault and capture of the Malakoff General Vinoy greatly distinguished himself, and at the present moment there is no officer in the French army more likely than Vinoy to obtain a marshal's sash.

Extraordinary Wedding.

On Tuesday week last, at Windlesham Church, near Bagshot, Surrey, a gentleman aged 75, formerly a corn dealer in that village, who has been blind for 40 years, was united in the bands of Hymen to a lady 43 years his junior, and who was almost a total stranger to him. It is said that owing to some family disagreement the lady's father declared that he would marry again if he could only find a suitable partner, and that thereupon one of his gentle sex, always on the lookout for a match-making, introduced to him the lady who is now his bride. The bridegroom, who was a widower, has children and grand-children living. All the village turned out to assist at the spectacle, and quite a gala day was observed in Bagshot in honor of the auspicious event.—Curry Mail, Oct. 7.

Provincial.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—William J. M. Hannington to be a commissioner of Sick and Disabled Seamen for the Port of Shetland, Westmorland.

Oscar Hanson to be a Commissioner under the Act Cap. 8 and 9 of the Revised Statutes, for Lepreau, County of Charlotte, in place of James Ellis, deceased.

By His Excellency's Command. S. L. TILLEY, Secretary's Office, 27th October, 1863.

[From the P. E. Islander, Oct. 20.] A Sharper in Prince Edward Island. James Arnold D'Arcy.

This worthy, whose pair of ponies, and whose altogether spicy turn out has been attracting the admiration of our citizens, male and female, during the summer, on his arrival in the city, gave it to be understood that he had bills of exchange to a large amount, drawn in his favor, and accepted by a Mr. Hetherington, a banker, and payable in London in September last, and that he was authorized to draw upon the same party as usual. The history of these bills, as given by himself, has a taint of the romantic in it. Mr. Hetherington, jun., so said Mr. D'Arcy, after a tour through the States, and a visit to the Prairies, and other places worthy of seeing, became short of funds, and accidentally falling in with D'Arcy, applied to him to get a bill discounted. D'Arcy, with a generosity and liberality that does him infinite credit, bade the young gentleman set his mind to rest on that score, and presented him a \$150 in cash, which Mr. H. was to return as soon as he regained the shelter of the paternal mansion. Conduct at once so generous and so delicate won the heart of Hetherington, who not only remitted—with every expression of thankfulness for the timely aid afforded his son that gratitude could suggest—the money advanced by D'Arcy, but invited that gentleman to come to London for the purpose of giving not only the benefit of his experience, in setting his son up in business, but also of his personal assistance in the capacity of a partner. What need of words? In the fullness of their confidence in Mr. D'Arcy's honor, integrity and ability, father and son intrust him with the acceptance above alluded to, for the purpose of constituting a capital for the intended firm. Mr. D'Arcy resolves to give P. E. Island the benefit of the capital thus obtained. He arrives, opens a shop for the discounting of bonds, notes, &c., and for the exchange of monies. In the window of the shop, on a shelf covered with black velvet, is

displayed gold, eagles, half eagles, greenbacks of the Northern States, New Brunswick bank, and other notes to a considerable amount—at all events making a goodly show, tempting to the cupidity of impetuous passers-by. The result was that Mr. D'Arcy's acquaintance was eagerly sought after by many of different ranks in life, and of both sexes. The Bills were at the service of any one who wished to pay for them, at some times he believed a small premium of some one and a half per cent; and sometimes at par.

It is in contemplation to establish another Bank, and by way of encouragement, Mr. D'Arcy steps forward, takes the greatest number of shares that any one person is allowed to take; but not satisfied with those, procures an equal number to be subscribed for in the name of his clerk; craving still more, he induces a friend to lend him his name for the same number, thus accumulating the call of five per cent on the shares, as well as to afford the new Bank a credit in London, he gives one of the gentlemen who is principally concerned in the welfare of the contemplated bank, it is said, bills to the amount of £1600 sterling. In the meantime the sale of the remainder of the bills goes on briskly. We will not venture to mention the amount, suffice it to say that a number of our citizens were confidently awaiting the arrival of the last mail bringing advices from their correspondents of the various amounts remitted thro' the medium of D'Arcy's bills, having been duly passed to their credit. Previous to this wished for arrival by the purchasers of the bills, Mr. D'Arcy finds that business of importance calls him to the United States, and he departs, and soon after the ponies, baggy and all go. The mail arrives, and sad to relate, the Hetheringtons, father and son, prove to be mythical personages, and the bills—in the slang of Wall street—bogus.

And now begin those enquiries of who and what D'Arcy was, which should have been instituted previously to giving him the opportunity to defraud so many honest men. From these it so ill appear that these men, D'Arcy and Hetherington—if those by their real names—connected with a man of the name of D—, have been carrying on a regular system of swindling for the past twelve months. The latter gentleman, it is stated, about twelve months since, filled up a number of bills of lading, purporting that several cargoes of produce had been shipped in P. E. I. for the port of New York, &c., and tendered these bills of lading in that city as security for an advance, offering at the same time to insure the cargoes. The advance was obtained, but the vessels have never arrived in New York to this hour. This fellow left for England soon after in company with young Hetherington, as we have since learned. There is one duty which we think incumbent on the mercantile community of Charlottetown, and that is, to publish a description of this man D'Arcy in some of the Colonial newspapers, in each of the Provinces, in the United States and in England, so that others may be on their guard against him, and be himself disappointed of making more victims. If a system of this nature was adopted, it would serve the purpose of a rogue detector in the same way that the Bank note book published in the United States serves to show what forged and worthless bills are in circulation in the commercial world. If ever a scoundrel deserved to be shewn up, and people warned against him, it is this man D'Arcy.

PROVINCIAL MANUFACTURES.—We frequently hear the remark that many articles are imported in this Province which might be advantageously manufactured by ourselves. This is a question that requires an

active as well as serious consideration, and surely, we should not rest satisfied with merely talking about it. Whatever our mechanics take hold of, for which they can receive a remunerative consideration, we know they can accomplish as well as the working men of any other country. So far as our principal exportation is concerned we can point to every description of labor that enters into the construction of ships with that becoming pride which either New Brunswickers, or those who have adopted New Brunswick as their permanent home, are not to be blamed for entertaining New Brunswickers but ships have long since earned a world-wide fame for the carpenters, riggers, joiners, sailmakers, and captain, steering apparatus, and windlass manufacturers, whose services we must not forget our apparatus makers; for where can more symmetrical masts and yards be seen than those of a New Brunswick ship? There is a good deal of the material however, which enters into the construction of ships, that is imported, which could be manufactured in this country, as well, and at a cheaper rate. We are glad to hear that a step is about to be taken in the right direction, and the contemplated enterprise has our best wishes for its success. We learn from Peter Stubs, Esq., Patent Agent, of this City, that he has been recently employed by a gentleman from Boston to take out a patent for certain machinery, newly invented but by no means untried, by which iron and composition spikes and analogous articles can be made. The same apparatus can be promptly adapted to manufacture a number of other articles now imported. The inventor, who visited St. John a few days since, intends "to run the machine," now in construction, if possible, before the month flies. Mr. Stubs also informs us that he is in correspondence with other patentees in the United States, who intend to take out patents here for machinery adapted to

the manufacture of articles now imported, but which can be more advantageously made by ourselves. We are glad to perceive that our Province is attracting enterprise from abroad, and it has our best wishes for its success. We rarely ask an honest, industrious, intelligent mechanic what he most desires of a temporal character, but the emphatic answer is, "EMPLOYMENT." Let him have it.—Courier.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, NOV. 4, 1863.

REGISTER MARITIME for the classification of vessels—commonly known as "French Lloyds"—is becoming very popular among ship owners and builders in the Provinces; the business is conducted on the same principles as English Lloyds, but is more simple, and less expensive. We understand that the "Regate Maritime" certificates are recognised as favorably by the English Insurance Companies, as Lloyd's. W. Crowhurst, Esq., of Highy, is general agent and surveyor for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Mr. O. B. Rideout, is agent for Washington Co., Maine, and County of Charlotte, N. B.

NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.—Mr. S. H. Roper, of Roxbury, Mass., has invented a steam carriage which runs on the common road, and was exhibited at the State Fair at Hartford. The carriage is described as a neat, easy running vehicle, weighing about 500 lbs.; a peck of coal is consumed in running 30 miles, and the carriage accomplishes 100 miles in 10 hours. The steam apparatus, of two horse power, boiler and all, is back of the seat, is easily managed—in fact, a child can guide it, by a simple crank which operates upon the front wheels. The cost is about \$600, and the invention, according to the Hartford papers is a decided success.

The war in the adjoining Republic has had the effect of changing the channels of trade. Many articles which were formerly imported from the States, are now exported there by Provincialists—among them may be mentioned sugar, tea, tobacco, &c. The causes which have operated to bring about this change are attributed to the excessive taxes, and the fear of Confederate cruisers. Several merchants in the States purchase goods out of bond and ship them to British ports, and then smuggle them back; an instance of this description very recently took place in a neighboring city, but was discovered upon the crate of "bags" being landed, some "loyal" citizen having informed the Customs authorities of the fact. Nevertheless there are still large quantities of these articles smuggled into the States, as well as cloth and other manufactured goods. How long the trade may be kept up, depends in a great measure on the termination of the unhappy war in which the North and South are so deeply engaged. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

SKATING.—We trust that the spirited efforts of those who have the Skating Pond under their charge will be crowned with success. A moderate outlay now will secure a good large space for skating, and an amount sufficient to complete the work cannot and should be easily contributed.

SPLENDID PEARS.—Mr. Joseph Donald, nurseryman and florist, from the Ledge, St. Stephen, left this office on Monday last, some of the finest specimens of Bartlett and Swan Orange pears ever seen. The "swan orange" for size, quality, and deliciousness could not be excelled. Any one requiring apple, pear, or plum trees can be supplied by Mr. Donald.

THE CAMPO BELLO FISH FAIR and BOAT RACE, will take place at Welchpool, on the 5th November.

The "Eastern Advocate," is the title of a new paper published at Hillsboro', Albert Co., by John Beatty & Co., under the editorial supervision of Mr. T. McHenry. It is well filled and gives promise of being a useful journal. The editor has had some experience in conducting a paper, and knows well the dangers of partisan rocks and party quicksands; self-aggrandizement must be sunk, if the greatest good to the largest number is the object; pandering to the prejudices of certain political celebrities is sure to work its own destruction. Even-handed justice to whatever men may be in power, commending what is for the public good, and condemning what is put forth for mere party purposes, will be in the end the best course. In a word, "honesty is the best policy."

St. John papers report that the health of Mr. JARLINE is not improving; his services as Chief Commissioner of Railways are highly spoken of, and it is to be regretted that he is so prostrated as to be unfitted for the active duties of office.

TURNIPS.—Large shipments of turnips from the parish to the St. John market are being made.

The following remarks on the benefit of "advertising," and "the influence of the Press" are so apposite that we appropriate them from the Carleton Sentinel feeling convinced of their truthfulness:—

"The vast benefits derivable from the thorough advertising of any business are an acknowledged fact, and although they could not be fully appreciated at once are nevertheless sure to follow. 'The importance of the press, as the disseminator of all useful information is admitted. To the pioneers of our new settlements the newspaper is a welcome visitor; it goes before and is a great assistant to the schoolmaster; it is, as well, the great Emigrant

agent through which many of the settlers have first obtained their knowledge of this country and its advantages, and been induced to seek homes here. To sustain the press free, and encourage, by every possible means, the improvement in intelligence and talent and general character, of the newspapers, should be the aim of Government and Legislature, and money—public money—expended to achieve this object is money judiciously expended, and will, indirectly, if it does not directly, return into the treasury with interest."

FROM THE STATES.

BANGOR, Oct. 30. New York Times reports Lee sent troops to operate against Burnside in East Tennessee.

Whole division Ewell's corps left for Lynchburg last week. Washington Republican announces Gen. Meade is feeling enemy and will soon make important movement.

Richmond Examiner says seizure of rams in England will bitterly disappoint the high hopes formed of their efficiency and influence upon the fate of war by sanguine Confederate minds.

Six boxes torpedoes and field glasses found upon parties arrested in New York yesterday.

Confederates attacked Hooker at Chattanooga, midnight 25th, and were repulsed at all points.

Insurrection spreading in St. Domingo Rebelis attacked and burnt Puerto Platas—New Spanish General declared the whole coast blockaded.

Oct. 31st. Hooker's victory, near Chattanooga, considered very important, as removing obstructions to steamboats at that point and opening full communications for army supplies.

Danger interrupted communications is relieved. Hooker took Lookout Mountain on Wednesday without serious opposition.

Houston papers say Sabine Pass is being rapidly fortified to receive enemy, and that captured Federal gunboat Clifton has been put in good fighting trim.

Condition of Confederate currency causes great uneasiness at South. Charleston despatch reports considerable increase in Federal squadron off harbor and Hilton Head.

Barbarous treatment of Federal prisoners at Richmond again reported. Eight of one hundred and eighty died of starvation on the flag of truce steamer from City Point to Annapolis.

Gold 146. Morris Island despatch dated 27th, says three heavy guns opened on Charleston—one threw Greek fire; two others were open. Other batteries in play on Fort Sumpter, Johnson, &c.

No other news received. Six and half millions five-twentieths sold on Friday.

Washington Star says it is certainly known that Federal prisoners at Richmond never fared so hard before. They are starving and dying of exposure to cold in their nakedness.

Excuse given is that Confederates in field fared scarcely worse. Gen. Butler has been assigned the command of the 19th Army Corps, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, vice Gen. Foster, who is ordered to Washington, probably to have charge of the Washington defenses.

Persons from Richmond report the Confederate Government seizing all boots and shoes there for Lee's army which is almost exhausted.

The Army of the Potomac is advancing slowly and cautiously. It is located in an excellent position, and can be easily concentrated either to advance or repel attack. The principal movements lately have been change of position of different corps.

The impression prevailed at headquarters that Lee was disposed to fight. Some think that any show of such intention is merely a cover for weakness.

Latest Despatch.

BANGOR, Nov. 3. Richmond "Whig" reports terrific bombardment of Fort Sumter on Wednesday.

Reported Federals took possession Tusculumbia, South of Tennessee River, with 15,000 cavalry to operate on Grant's line of communication.

At last accounts half Price's army in Arkansas had deserted. Gen. Franklin's Texas Expedition column entered Opelousas, 23d.

Thirteen Army Corps was at Vermillionville. New Expedition under Gen. Dana was to sail from New Orleans, 26th, supposed for Brownsville.

Extraordinary conspiracy to release Confederate prisoners in Ohio, seize State Arsenal and commence campaign in Ohio discovered and leading parties arrested.

Similar organization reported in Illinois. The New York Sun estimates the cost of conscription in that city at \$11,000,000, yet only 1,000 men will be gained.

Five big French iron-clads, just finished at Cherbourg, are expected to winter in Mex can waters.

The Portuguese Government has built a gunboat. It has one gun. It is named the Terror of the Sea.

There were but four thousand deserters from the American army in September and October. Some months there have been as many as ten thousand.

Latest English

ARRIVAL OF

"China" from Liverpool on the 25th, intercepted evening.

Morning Herald says "Sir Robert Peel" off E. considerable attention is said will be brought up

Ward Heesher has been addressed by the students College and also entertained breakfast in London.

Lord had been seen and defending his country, &c.

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