

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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E caris sumendum est optimum. — Cic.

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[Vol. 24]

## European Intelligence.

### Arrival of the Atlantic.

**IMPORTANT NEWS FROM INDIA.**  
LUCKNOW RELIEVED!  
FINANCIAL TROUBLES IN ENGLAND,  
FAILURES, &c.

New York, Nov. 23

The Atlantic arrived last evening. Advice is telegraphed from India fort-nite later. Delhi was in complete possession of the British. The King was spared. His two sons were shot. Lucknow was relieved.

Financial troubles continue. The Bank of England raised the rate of discount to 10 per cent.

Numerous failures are reported, amongst them the Western Bank of Scotland, the Glasgow Bank, and Dennistoun & Co. Consols for account closed on Wednesday at 89½ to 90.

Breadstuffs very dull. Flour declined 1s. Wheat 3d. Corn 6d. Coffee lower. Sugar dull. Tea lower. Cotton quoted at 1s.

It was rumoured in Liverpool on Wednesday that the Bank of France had suspended.

### THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

Services had commenced in the neat, little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the pulpit and Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus attracted not only the attention of the true but of the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that thrilled on the balmy, golden air, which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed in that holy place.

The first syllable of the second line was trembling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A male searching or deal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, a nudging of elbows there was—aye, how many whispers too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D.—sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no thoughts or eyes for anybody else, but the widow, and the widow E.—'s young, genteel, and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning? And, in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman!

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two, how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying the elaborately wrought chemise, drapery-trimmed sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, under sleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with orange bud flowers, white kid gloves, and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly on the fair creature beside him?

Yes, he did go, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E.—had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on her bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place. To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced widow E.—and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement he offered his arm

very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautifully soft coat sleeve as they passed on.

What a morning was that in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brain not only of gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something new under the sun; a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it.

"O, widow E.—, didn't your ears burn all that day?"

"We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson."

The Revd. Mr. D.—preached to a crowded house that afternoon: no compliments to him, though. Everyone was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody again was disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires.

The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually seemed too as though the lady tried to make as much talk as she could.

After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out, widow! your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next day with him rambling off to the mountains, and the next with him off in a carriage to the station-house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What! in broad day-light!" exclaimed grandma W.—"Well, if I ever heard of or saw the like on 't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself, whether it really was any worse in broad day-light than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too.—We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was when the bundle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the door-way.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which later had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-quilt. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in; but her pleasant countenance raised the most fearful, and everyone longed to commence a personal attack. Old grandma W.—was the first to commence. She meant to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity.—So she began by praising Mrs. E.—'s dress.

"Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In New York, last Spring."

"O, you did, did you? but I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!"

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, as she answered:

"I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha; what made you?"

"O, I have good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked, and looked very expressively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extra-

gance, and she was determined to do it, too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E.—'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about her beau before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him, for a fortnight or more."

"Why, do tell if you had then, and you never told on't neither. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

"I didn't mean that—I—I only thought—"

"O, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came to see me."

"O, widow E.—, how did your good name go down, then? Be careful what you say, or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap."

"He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else, then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question.—"Well, well, he is a real, good looking man, any way."

"I think so, too; and he is not only good looking, but he is good hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! but is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, do tell if he is! why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Henry Macon."

"Macon—Macon! Why that was your name before you were married!"

"It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, du tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the later been done, the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. E.—and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps, (mind you, we only say perhaps) they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing, and profession of the widow's beau.

### A SIX SHOT AT THE INDIANS.

We question whether in the history of "hair breadth escapes" a superior to the following can easily be found. The story was told us by an old and valued friend, now residing in the country, but whose early days were spent near the tragic adventure here recorded.

We give the story as related to us, in the words of the hero:

"It was about the year 1805 that I settled in Virginia, near the fall of the Kanawha.—The country at that time was unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians—numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood."

"I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverance being then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest, which I had planted with corn and which promised an abundant yield."

"One morning, after we had dispatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the corn-field."

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the corn-field."

"But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense. I listened—the sound was repeated. 'That,' said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, 'was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indian who desires to draw me into ambush.'"

"Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, (I had no rifle,) and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field toward the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, there, in a cluster of bushes, crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy-bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached, without discovering myself to him, until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead."

"Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to the cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port holes in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed."

To add to the danger and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left. I could but make one shot, and then if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power."

Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the last charge of powder and put it into my musket, and then waited for the approach of night feeling confident of an attack. Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe the movements of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was some 2 hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of cleared ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole, on that side of the cabin."

"I had previously placed my rifle on the cross-pole in the low chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance into the cabin, she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I entertained no hope; but determined not to be taken alive, I resolved to sell my life dearly."

"With breathless anxiety I watched at the port-hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground towards my cabin. One—two—three—great Heaven! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone opposed them, with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick yet stealthy step, in close single file, they approached, and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight alteration in the movement of the forward Indians altered the position of the entire six, so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered. They were in a range our aim would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired—"

As the smoke cleared away I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well. Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared."

"Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning. There lay the bodies of five Indians, undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other. Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trace whatever."

From the amount of blood which marked the trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body falling into the hands of his white foe, I had groined his way to the river, and thrown himself into the current which had borne him away."

"The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been utterly willing to have made greater sacrifices. I was well provided by means of arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians—in case of a second attack, but this fortunately proved to be my last adventure with the savages."

Not one of the band escaped to tell the tale and incite his brethren to avenge the death of his other comrades."

"Ah! exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes at the memory of that eventful night, that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made."

The hero of this adventure lived to see the

rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields and peopled by hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by the presence of his old time foes.

### The Indian Minor and the Priest.

Remarkable anecdotes are related to illustrate the pertinacity of the Indians of Peru in concealing their knowledge of the localities of valuable silver veins from the whites and others. Some of these are ludicrous enough, and others tragical. Of the former is one relating to a certain priest, who was kind to the Indians but prodigal in gambling away his money. An Indian whom he had befriended, when calling upon the priest, found him sorrowful and almost in despair. Learning that his sorrow arose from heavy losses in gambling, the Indian, after some deliberation addressed the priest, and assured him that he would now befriend him in turn, by taking him to a valuable deposit of silver ore, of which he might bring away as much as he could dig and carry in an hour. But to prevent discovery by others the priest was to be taken blindfold, and by night, to the mine. At the appointed hour of night four or five Indians arrived, and having carefully bandaged the eyes of the priest, they had led and occasionally carried him a long journey. At length he was unbandaged, and found himself in a cave, not deep, but formed upon a fine vein of silver. He was soon at work with such tools and by such lights as the Indians furnished to him; and, having loaded his bag he was again blindfolded and led out away, an Indian relieving him of his burden. It had occurred to the wily priest that he might retrace the course, if he could drop some small articles at intervals as he returned; and he had provided himself with an ample rosary, the beads of which he continued to drop every now and then for the whole way home.—This he did, so secretly, as he thought, that no notice was taken of the device. Having reached home he was profuse in his grateful expressions to the Indian who deposited the bag in his chamber, and retired. The morning had not, however, passed away, ere one of the Indians knocked at the door, and entering, said "Reverend father, I have now collected, and do restore you all the beads of your rosary, which you unfortunately dropped last night.—London Quarterly Review

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## INDIA.

The intelligence from India reached London on the morning of the departure of the steamer. It was embraced in two dispatches—the first addressed to the Foreign Office, viz:—

**ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 5.**—The Hindostan arrived at Suez, from Calcutta, on the 5th inst., with Calcutta dates of October 9, Madras 14, Galle 18.

Delhi, which fell into our hands on the 20th Sept., was entirely occupied on the 21st, and the whole of the enemy expelled. In the assault of the 14th, 61 officers and 1178 men—being one third of the storming force—were killed and wounded. General Nicholson had died of his wounds on the 21st.

The old King, said to be seventy years of age, surrendered to Captain Holman and his cavalry about fifteen miles south of Delhi. He was accompanied by his chief wife. Their lives were spared. Two of his sons, and a grandson, also captured by Captain Hodgson, about five miles from Delhi, were shot on the spot, and their bodies brought to the city and exposed at the police office. Two movable columns were dispatched from Delhi on the 23d in pursuit of the enemy.

By accounts from Agra, one column appears to have reached the neighborhood of Allypore, and the other that of Mattra, on the 28th of September.

General Havelock, with 2,500 men, crossed the Ganges from Cawnpore Sept. 12, and reached Lucknow Residency on the 25th, just as it was ready to be blown up by its besiegers. On the 26th the enemy's entrenchments were stormed, and on the 29th a large part of the city was taken—430 killed and wounded.

Gen. Neill was killed. There has been a slight rising of the rebels near Nasseck in the Bombay Presidency, in the suppression of which Lieut. Henry of the Police was killed.

Madras troops defeated the mutineers of the 52d near Kumbler, and killed 150.

A native of Ricer and a Sepoy, having been convicted of treason, were blown away from the guns at Bombay, on the 15th Oct. Predatory tribes in the Punjab, between Moulton and Lahore, have given some trouble lately; but the disturbance seems to have been suppressed.

The following dispatch was received at the India House:—

**ALEXANDRIA, Thursday, Nov. 5.**—Delhi was entirely in our possession Sept. 20th. The King and Queen were captured on the 21st by Lieut. Hodgson.

Two of the King's sons were killed. The mutineers have gone toward Rohilund and Muttra, and some to Oude, being followed by our troops.

Mr. Greathed, Commissioner of Delhi, died Sept. 19th of Cholera, and General Nicholson, on the 23d, of wounds received in the assault.

Lucknow was relieved Sept. 25th. Our loss was severe—about 500 killed and wounded. General Neill among the killed. The relief just in time, the enemy having advanced their lines, which would have placed the garrison at their mercy. The Malwa country is in a disturbed state. Bhopal has been burnt. Forces are moving towards Mhow. All is quiet in Scinde, but the state of the frontier is not satisfactory.

**THE CIVIL WAR IN YUCATAN.**—According to the latest accounts the war of parties in Yucatan is carried on with barbarities greater than that which attended the Indian war in the same country several years since, and the horrible excesses committed rival those which have occurred in China and Hindostan.

Campechy still holds out, and the revolutionists declare they will perish to a man before giving it up. A letter gives a dreadful account of the excesses of this most unnatural war, on both sides.

Neither party gives up to front the common enemy, (the Indian,) but tears each other to pieces with equal fury, all participating in the horrors of civil war. The troops of the Governor have attacked the suburbs of Campechy, marking their way with bloody deeds. On the entrance of the troops to one of these suburbs, a murdering fire of artillery with grape shot swept the streets, penetrating the buildings and killing innumerable innocent persons who were on the scene of action and unable to make a retreat into the city.

Men, women and children, without regard to age or sex, were sacrificed either from the cannon or the brutality of the soldiery, who, we are told, were allowed to perpetrate the most abominable deeds.

On the other hand, the revolutionists, especially on the island of Carmen, have resorted to equally base measures.

**CHARACTERISTIC.**—It turns out that the "present" made by President Buchanan to the Captain of the Norwegian bark which rescued some of the passengers of the Central America was paid for out of the Treasury, and not from Mr. Buchanan's own pocket as was represented. Congress appropriated some \$20,000 for rewarding officers of foreign vessels who rendered aid to American vessels, and from this fund the present was made.

**ANOTHER ARREST FOR MURDER.**—On Sunday last police officer Hobson arrived here from Boston, having in charge the young man Smith accused of the murder on the Marsh road in July 1856 of which he spoke last week. He is now in jail awaiting his trial. —Courier.

**GENERAL HAVELOCK** is a small man, with grey hair, and lively energetic manner. What he does, he does at once; there is no indecision, no fumbling—he forms his column into shape in a second, and had he only cavalry and horse artillery, I think he would drive his men through a stone wall; but I have seen those confounded bullocks which draw his cannon become frantic, rushing at the drivers and scattering all round in confusion. The rebels have horses—government horses!—to their guns, and can do much to harass us by the rapidity of their movements.

The wife of Herr Schoenhofen, of Toronto having presented him three sons at a birth; in the joy of his heart, the lucky man has sent a memorial to the Queen, in celebration of the event, and for the information of her Majesty, that the three children are to be called Victor, Albert, and Edward.

**CHATHAM LIT WITH GAS!**—On Wednesday morning last, the gratifying announcement was made to our townspeople, that on the evening of that day, Chatham would be lit with Gas. Accordingly, about 3 P. M., the works were put in complete operation, and the stores were illuminated with that beautiful and cheap light. We sincerely congratulate the Directors and Superintendent of the Gas Works, as well as the people of Chatham on the successful issue of their enterprise. —Colonial Times, Nov. 26.

**THE RAILWAY.**—We are gratified to learn that the Railway between Moncton and Shediac is doing an excellent business. An immense deal of freight passes along the line daily. The receipts average £60 a week, while the expenses of running do not exceed £10. The cutting at the rock this side of Lawlor's Lake will be done, it is said, by Christmas. At the other side of the Lake the men are laying down the iron rails. Altogether, we are told the work is progressing briskly. We trust that the Board will see that the contracts are all completed, up to time, between the "nine mile house" and Groom's Bridge; if not penalty must be exacted. It will not do to allow the old system to be recognized under the new management. —News.

## Violence in Westmorland.

On Monday evening, 16th instant, shortly after dark, Lewis Ayard and John McLeod were driving from Port Eglon to Shemogue, and soon after leaving Port Eglon they were shot at by some person or persons unknown, but fortunately escaped untouched, although they put fifteen shot into their carriage. They saw to men at the time, and heard them uttering something, but could not understand what it was. It being very dark, and they being unarmed, did not think it prudent to catch them. It is a pity they could not be found out, and made to suffer the penalty of the law. This is the second attempt of this kind, and at or near the same place, which has been made this fall. The attempt we allude to being made upon a Frenchman, who, when returning home, was shot at. Murder and plunder, no doubt, was the object of those who fired. Could not some plan be devised to decoy these villains into a snare, before they do some mischief, and allow them to find they had caught a Tartar. —Borderer.

## A Ministerial Crisis.

The Toronto Colonist of the 24th says:—"We are able to state on authority that the Hon. E. P. Tache has tendered his resignation as Premier, and that it had been accepted by the Governor General. The formation of a new Administration follows as a consequence, and we understand that His Excellency has charged the Hon. John A. Macdonald with the task. The previous retirement of Mr. Chaceon from the Commission-ship of Crown Lands, and Mr. Terrill from the office of Provincial Secretary, affected the relative position of the two sections of the late Cabinet. The balance will be restored by the reconstruction of the Lower Canadian section, which will take place immediately."

**FIRE.**—The Machine Shop a short distance above this village, owned by Messrs. John Balloch and Stephen L. Parsons, caught fire about noon yesterday, and with the greater portion of its contents, totally consumed. A few sleighs, wagons, and Farming Mills, and some other unimportant things, were saved; but all else, including the whole of the workmen's tools, were burned. The loss is estimated at £1500, no part of which is covered by insurance. Much sympathy is felt and expressed for Messrs. Balloch and Parsons; and great as is their loss the loss of the public in this useful establishment is scarcely less. —[Woodstock Sentinel.]

"Well," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she was engaged with her knitting work, "I wonder if I shall ever be able to express myself correct. It seems to me that I never can use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my foot in it!" and, a long sigh as she spoke, indicated that her mortification was inexpressible.

An old farmer of Cortland county, New York, says, that if farmers would put one dry, well burnt brick to every five bushels of grain stored away in bins, or in the center of a barrel of flour or meal, it will not grow musty. In the absence of brick, a common stone of a few pounds weight would be beneficial; but a brick, being a better

absorbent of moisture, is preferable. It will certainly cost but little to try the experiment.

At Montreal on the 25th the weather was very cold. Thermometer four degrees below zero. The Beauharais canal is frozen over.

## Visiting, Invitation, and other Cards struck off at short notice.

## The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, DEC. 2, 1857.

## LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamer Fulton, which sailed from Havre on the 17th, and Southampton on the 18th Nov., arrived off Cape Race, Newfoundland, at 5 P. M. on the 27th Nov. She has 81 passengers and \$220,000 in specie, with boxes of rich freight.

The Europa arrived at Liverpool on the 16th.

The Money Market was firmer. The demand for money on the Bank of England was less pressing. The Bank of France was about to extend its circulation.

The Wolverhampton Staffordshire Bank had stopped payment, which caused great excitement. Liabilities estimated at from £400,000 to £500,000.

Several iron making firms had called their creditors together.

More failures are reported. Nothing new from India.

Liverpool, 17th.—Wheat and Flour met slow retail at decline of the week of 4d. to 6d. per 70 lbs. Flour is 6s to 2s per bbl. Sack Indian Corn little inquiry.

London, 17th.—Great fall in grain Market Lane yesterday, which caused panic in the extending circulation.

**LAND DAMAGES.**—There is quite a discussion going on in the St. John papers arising out of letters written by W. R. M. Burtis, Esq., and published in the "Morning News" in which he complains of the manner of appraising damages for land taken by the Railway Commissioners for Railroad purposes. We have read Mr. Burtis's statements carefully, and are acquainted with the location of his property, which is within five minutes walk of the Market Square, the most central place of business in St. John and are fully convinced that he has just claims for the price he asks for his property, viz: £2,200. He proves the justice of his claim by giving certificates from highly respectable and disinterested persons of the value not only of his land but property adjoining. It is somewhat remarkable, that a member of the Government, (the Solicitor General) should act as Solicitor to the Railway Board, in a matter between the Government and a private citizen, when it is well known, that the appraisers of their appointments in part to him. It is still more astonishing that the Board will not receive the testimony given in by Mr. Burtis, but appears to be guided solely by the advice of the Solicitor General. We are personally acquainted with some of the Appraisers, and know them to be honorable men, who, if their own private judgment was exercised would give Mr. Burtis the full amount he claims. There is a wide difference between the sum awarded him £800, and his claim, £2,200. We feel convinced that Mr. Burtis has been unfairly dealt with; and that the only course left for him now, is to seek redress by an appeal to the Legislature. He must feel sore indeed, to know that the men whom he laboured so faithfully and successfully to place in power, should play the adder!—a better term by far, than the one they have adopted.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.**—Messrs. L. Scott & Co., of New York, have sent us the October number of the Edinburgh Review, the contents of which embrace the following articles:—

Spedding's Complete Edition of the Works of Bacon.  
Napier.  
The Mediterranean Sea.  
Henri Martin's History of France.  
Landed Credit.  
Lives of the Chief Justices of England.  
The Highlands—Men, Sheep, and Deer.  
Hartford's Life of Michael Angelo.  
The Indian Mutiny.

The paper on India is highly interesting—embracing a review of eight books and pamphlets by different authors, giving an expose of the causes which led to the mutiny, and the proposed remedies to prevent a recurrence of such a fearful calamity. The article is deserving of an attentive perusal, is like all the articles in this Review ably written, and occupies 26 pages. Want of space prevents our giving extracts from the Review.

A panther was killed lately within ten miles of Woodville, Miss.

Notwithstanding the dull times and commercial depression, we noticed while in St. John last week, that considerable business was transacted; and that City improvements were being made. Several new and elegant buildings are in course of erection, and old ones have been improved. Among the latter we noticed particularly one shop in King Street fitted up by Mr. H. S. Beck, bookseller, with much taste; the "Freeman" alluding to the shop says:

"Beck's Bookseller, Stationer and Book-binder's shop, corner of King and Cross-streets, is now one of the neatest, best looking, and most attractive shops in the city."

Mr. B. keeps constantly for sale all the standard works of the day, together with School Books, Drawing paper, and every article in the stationery line. Connected with his shop, is a small Binery, where work of that description is executed with a neatness not surpassed in the colonies. — See Advertisement.

## Encourage Domestic Manufactures.

Persons who require well made and nicely finished Waggon, or Sleighs, will find them at Stenford's carriage and Sleigh manufactory, equal if not superior to the imported articles.

**REVERSIBLE CARS.**—We beg to refer those who wish to purchase a neat article in the shape of a Cap, to A. A. B. SMITH's advertisement in another column. His patent Reversible Cap, is one of the most useful inventions in wearing apparel we have seen for some time. He also keeps for sale a choice supply of Furs, Gloves, and Hats.

**ALMANAC for 1858.**—We have received from the Publisher, a copy of the above named Almanac. The typographical appearance is good, and in addition to the calendar and astronomical calculations it contains a business directory for St. John.

**STEAMER EMPEROR.**—This steamer will discontinue her trips for Portland, during the present month. Since she commenced running, we understand she has been well patronized, and performed her passages in good time. Her commander, Capt. Chisholm, is a gentleman for many years connected with steamers, and is universally respected by his numerous acquaintances; his kind and courteous disposition and thorough knowledge of his profession, admirably adapt him for commander of a steamer. On a late trip to Portland, during one of the greatest storms which has taken place this fall, the passengers presented him with the following merited and handsome address:

To HUGH CHISHOLM, Esq., Captain of the Steamer Emperor.

Dear Sir,—The undersigned cannot allow themselves to take leave of you at this place, without expressing our high and grateful appreciation of the very able, and at the same time courteous and obliging conduct which has marked your command of the Emperor during the trip that is now ending.

A most violent gale, direct ahead, interrupting our progress, and protracting our voyage to a length unavoidably tedious, every step on your part in this emergency seemed taken with a single eye to the safety, comfort, and enjoyment, of the numerous passengers who had the good fortune on such an occasion of being entrusted to your judicious and faithful keeping.

We desire also to tender through you to Mr. Bishitt, the zealous and obliging clerk of the Emperor, our cordial thanks for his constant exertions to procure every thing, and render every attention necessary for the comfort of the passengers.

While wishing you and the efficient steamer under your command every possible success, we are satisfied that nothing will be wanting on either part which that success could be desired.

Signed by W. O. SMITH, and 88 others.  
Portland, Nov. 1857.

**CENTRAL BANK.**—A despatch from Fredericton says, that the Central Bank would suspend specie payments on the 1st inst. Its notes have been refused by the St. John Banks.

On the 23d ult., the steamer Queen, on the passage from Eastport to this place, when off Clan Cove Head, fell in with a boat which had been capsized in the gale of that day. A boat was immediately lowered from the steamer, and a man named Stover, and a boy, residents on Deer Island, were picked up, and landed at their homes. Their boat was towed to the shore by the steamer's crew. Much praise is due to Capt. Michener, and the Officers and crew of the Queen for their noble conduct on the occasion. —[Provincialis.]

## Married.

At Loch Lomond, Parish of Simonds, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Drisbrow, A. M., Rector, Mr. Nathaniel H. Upham, of the Parish of Upham, to Jane Jordan, daughter of Mr. Robert Roberts, Merchant.

of St. John, and grand-daughter of John Jordan, Esq., of Loch Lomond.

**DIED.**—At St. John, on Saturday, in the 80th year of his age; John Gillies, Esq., a native of Bute-shire, Scotland; and long a Merchant in Liverpool England.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst., at his residence in Princess Street, St. John, George Sutherland, Esq., Merchant, of that City, in the 45th year of his age.

## Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

Nov. 23.—Schr. Julia, J. Waycott, New York—general cargo.

Arrived at St. George.

Nov. 2.—Schr. Helen, Dunham, Yarmouth.

4th.—Brig Waredale, Shackford, Eastport—Prescott & Lawrence, ballast.

Schr. Mary Jane, Meating, Eastport—ascorted ed cargo.

13.—Barque Rival, Killam, Boston—Prescott & Lawrence, ballast.

14.—Brig Spartan, Campbell, Boston—J. F. Hanson & Co.—ballast.

18.—Schr. John, Donagan, Eastport—J. F. Hanson & Co. ballast.

19.—Schr. Sabine, Holmes, New York—Master, Bent, &c.

Dec. 10.—Schr. Julia, Clark, Boston.—B. Randall's time.

19.—Schr. Sabine, Holmes, St. John—master, Bent, &c.

On Sunday last, the sch. Zephyr, from Nova Scotia, (supposed from Cornwallis,) bound to St. John, with produce, went ashore on Foond's Head, to the East of Quebec, and became a total wreck. All hands lost.

## UNION STORE, ST. ANDREWS.

THE Subscriber thankful for the patronage given to the Union Store since its opening, begs to announce that he has just received an excellent lot of—

MEAL, FLOUR, OIL, &c.

Crackers, Dry Pick, Ladies, Misses, and Young's Boots and Shoes, Men's fine and strong boots, which together with a well selected stock of Groceries and other articles usually kept in a Union Store, will be sold at low prices for prompt payment.

J. R. BRADFORD, Agent.

Dec. 2, 1857.

By order of the three Principals.

HIBERNIAN

ENCAMPMENT.

THE Annual Meeting of Hibernian Encampment of K. T. and K. M. will be held at Freeman's Hall, Water-street, Saint Andrews, on Wednesday the 10th inst., at half past six o'clock P. M.

A punctual attendance is requested.

Dec. 2.

By command of the M. A. G. C.

H. S. BECK,

Bookseller, Stationer, and

Bookbinder,

211 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he will keep constantly on hand a large and carefully selected stock of BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND FANCY GOODS, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices!

The following comprises the leading Articles of his present Stock:

WRITING PAPERS, of every description and colour, Music and Tissue do.

Parchment Drawing Papers, Quills,

Black Lead Pencils, Blank Books,

Memoranda Books, Envelopes, Folders,

Mathematical Instruments, Colours,

Visiting Cards, Writing Desks,

Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Ink Powders,

INK, of various colours, Parallel Rulers,

Pen Knives, Water Colours of the best makers, FRANKLIN'S TABLE, &c.

BOOKS—Bibles, Testaments, Church Services, Psalm and Hymn Books,

Sermon Books.—Such as are in general use, English, Greek, Latin, and French.

H. S. Beck keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOKS in the various departments of Literature.

Bookbinding and Copperplate Card Printing neatly executed and at short notice.

Books imported to order from England and the United States.

BOTTLES.

A liberal price paid, for empty Ale and Porter Bottles at the Patent Steam Brewery.

Aug. 31, 1857.

CHAS. A. THOMPSON.







