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## HELP YOURSELVES.

Alh. Fortune marks out a path,  
Whichever road we take;  
'Tis not in man to shape his course,  
Or Fortune's will to make.  
Yet man may help her if he will,  
And please her as he goes,  
Even as the sailor guides his wind,  
But holds it as it blows.  
As fortune pleases, so her gales  
Blow in their destined track,  
And we, to make them serve our sails,  
Must often turn and tack.  
There is a smile of Fate, methinks,  
To every man accorded;  
There is a hope, time, chance to each,  
Once in his life afforded.  
But we must not condemn the course  
Of Fortune's wildest breezes,  
But try to serve our selves with each,  
Blow any way she pleases.

## The Death of Summer.

No more, oh! wonder-working sun, thy kiss  
Shall warm the roses into life; no more,  
Oh! Summer days, your rare and perfect bliss  
Within my ardent soul outpour.  
No more, with miracles of tufted bloom,  
Impaired with dew, and tinged a thousand  
dyes,  
The dawn comes regally from out the gloom,  
And, in an instant, reddens all the skies.  
Soft winds no longer sigh o'er seas of June  
Their ardent whispers of a Southern clime,  
And underneath the splendours of the moon,  
The night no longer chants her song sublime.  
Dead! At the dawning of September's sun,  
He strews her sepulchre with withered flowers  
And sighs, to think our love could not have won  
Respite from death, through all the sunny  
hours.  
A fitful wall comes sadly on the breeze,  
The streams are moaning dirges all the day  
Where Summer hung her banners on the trees,  
Their bare arms wave and beckon us away.

## POSTING A LETTER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Through the introduction of a mutual friend, I became acquainted with a gentleman whom it suits my purpose to call Henry St. Clare. He was a man of means and elegant leisure, was fond of literature and the fine arts, and had his country seat upon the bank of one of our most beautiful and romantic rivers. While strolling through his delightful grounds, and admiring a hundred pleasant objects, he said to me:  
"And who would suppose the foundation of all this was laid in the simple act of posting a letter?"  
I looked at him inquiringly.  
"Did it never occur to you," he went on, "that if at the beginning a stream had been dropped into the fountain or source of a great river, the stream might have been so changed as to have flown through other valleys, and been the pride and glory of another region? So it is with the fortunes of man. A trifle sometimes changes everything and shapes a career for good or evil. Much of the happiness or misery of life we owe to some little event of no greater moment than the dropping of a stone into the fountain.—My own is a case in point. Sit down here in this little arbor, and I will tell you the brief story.  
My father, pursued Henry St. Clare, died poor, and left my mother with three small children. I was the eldest, and I was nine.—I was a spoiled child, and not unfrequently my mother, to give me a passable education, as soon as I was old enough to reason, as soon as I was old enough to comprehend how much she sacrificed for me, I resolved to assist her in whatever way I could. At thirteen I got a situation as office boy, which paid me a small stipend, and I improved my leisure time in study. I was naturally a good penman, and by adding a knowledge of book keeping, and sharply watching for all the chances, I obtained, during the course of a couple of years, the place of assistant accountant in a large mercantile house.  
My son, said my delighted mother when I had hurried home and told her the news, you seem now to have reached the high-road of prosperity, and I hope and pray you may never leave it. Be diligent, be truthful, be honest, and remember what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; always study to please not only your employers, but all with whom you may come in contact; and when you can do any one a favor without trespassing upon your duties, never fail to do it. Thus

will you faithfully serve those who hire you, and raise yourself up many friends.  
I thought her counsel good, and I made it my rule of action. For two years everything went well, and then my employer failed, and I was thrown out of business. But I did not long remain idle. Through the influence of a gentleman, whose friendship I had secured by following the advice of my mother, I next obtained a clerkship in the city Post Office. There I remained for seven years until, in fact I left to go into business for myself. The cause of my leaving it is the little story I set out to relate.  
I had been in the Post Office about three years, when one day, as I was standing at one of the delivery windows, a stout, rustic-looking man—red, heated, and excited,—came rushing up, letter in hand, and catching his breath between the words, exclaimed:  
"Will you be kind enough to tell me what time the mail closes that is to go out in the packet Albion?"

"It is closed already," said I, glancing at the time, you are too late by half an hour.  
The man turned deadly pale, and looked as if he was about faint.  
"Gracious Heaven! he ejaculated leaning against the wall for support, I have ridden fifty miles since sunset last night, to post this letter, and I am too late at last.  
Is it of great importance? I inquired in a sympathetic tone.  
"Yes! yes! he gasped, glancing at me imploringly, and seeming to catch a ray of hope. Oh, could you—  
"Quick! I interrupted, give me the letter! the mail has not yet gone, perhaps there may be time.  
I almost snatched it from his trembling hand, and darted away with it. I had some trouble in getting it into the proper letter bag, but as a personal favor to me it was done, though another minute would have been too late. The man was waiting for me when I returned, and I shall never forget his eager, inquiring look so full of hope and fear.

Your letter is mailed, I said; it will go, if not already gone.  
Thank you! God bless you! he exclaimed, with considerable emotion, tears filling his eyes. Your name sir, if you please? he added, reaching in his hand, and grasping mine with a fervor there was no mistaking.  
Never mind the name, I returned with a light laugh. It was only a trifling act, and if it has served you in any way you are welcome to it.  
Please give me your name he rejoined: I would like to know it.  
I wrote it down on a card and handed it to him.  
He read it, took out his pocket book, and put it away carefully, and then, as he again shook my hand at parting, said:  
I shall not forget you, Mr. St. Clare. Not one in a thousand would have put himself to so much trouble for a stranger, without any hope of reward. This is a selfish world, sir,—a very selfish world—as I have found to my cost. Good bye, sir. I will not take up your time any longer. You have done me a greater favor than you dream of, and I never forget a favor. It may some day be in my power to serve you, and then I shall remember you. Once more, good bye, sir, and God bless you.  
He walked rapidly away, and I never saw him again. I only thought over the matter to wonder what that letter contained to make it getting out in the next English packet (there were no steamships running regularly then as now) of such vital importance, and then it gradually passed out of my mind, and took its place among the thousand trifling incidents that are forgotten.

The salary of my post office clerkship gave me a comfortable living, and when my next younger brother had secured a place, we managed to put our mother at ease in mind and body. I had been over six years engaged in postal affairs, when one day, to my great surprise, I received a letter, post marked and dated London, which contained these words:  
"If you will send your address, and a card with your name written on it as you were accustomed to write it three or four years ago, you will hear of something to your advantage."  
This was signed by a name I had never heard of before, with a full subscription for the return letter. Filled with surprise, and all kinds of speculation and conjectures concerning wealthy deceased relatives far removed of whom I had never had any knowledge, I lost no time in complying with the mysterious request in every particular, and the next packet carried my missive in safety across the great waters. When sufficient time had elapsed for a reply to reach me, I became very anxious and I looked for the arrival of every English packet with an eager little short of an uninsured merchant expecting a valuable cargo.  
Weeks and months passed away and no news arrived. Then I came to the conclu-

sion my hand writing had not proved me to be the person required, and that I should never hear any more of the matter—more especially as my mother assured me she had never heard of my having any relatives in Europe—tho' such a thing might be, as our family, as well as nearly every other in this country, was of European descent, and of course had had ancestors, a parent stem with branches.  
Meantime a friend of mine, a very ingenious person, who had recently patented an invention of great prospective value, came to me and asked me if I had any money to invest in a profitable speculation.  
Unfortunately, said I, I have not—it takes all my salary to live in a respectable manner.  
I am sorry, he rejoined, for I would rather have you for a partner, than any other man I know of. There is a fortune in my invention—I know it—but it will take some capital, (from three to five thousand dollars,) to get it probably before the public; and as I have not the means myself, I must unite with some one who has.

He then laid before me his plans, and so well satisfied me of the success of his scheme, that I was quite depressed at the fact that I could not join him. Although I really had no prospect of raising the money, I begged him to wait a few days and let me make the trial—which he willingly consented to do. I called upon three different parties, and stated the case, but received only the ordinary regrets that they could not just then accommodate me. One had just left on a journey, he said, lying idle only the week before, and had already invested it in real estate. Another had just agreed to put that amount into the business of a friend, and of course could not break his promise. The third had nothing at his command, and of course expressed more regret than the others. I say of course, because such is the world! Men are generally sorry and sympathetic in the adverse ratio of their power to assist.

In the meantime my friend had found a man ready to advance the capital and become his partner in case I should fail to do so; and believing my efforts to be hopeless, after the third refusal, I went around to his office, with a sad heart, to tell him not, and wait any longer for me. He was not in, and I did not see him that day; and before another day dawned, I received my long looked-for letter.  
I opened it with an eager, trembling hand, hoping it might contain some good news, on which to build a future hope. Judge of my surprise and delight, on finding an enclosed draft for one thousand pounds payable to my order. Could it be real and genuine? Were not my senses deceiving me? To come, too, just at the moment when, as I believed, five thousand dollars would secure me a fortune, made it seem more like magic than reality.

With an almost swimming brain, I read the letter accompanying it. The writer began by calling me his dear friend, but warned me that I should find the name of a stranger attached to the epistle.  
You remember, however, the writer went on, that somewhere about four years ago, a person came to the post office where you were then a clerk, and inquired of you at what time the mail closed that was to go out in the next English packet; and that you told him he was already half an hour too late; and that you pitied his distress at this announcement, and offered to get his letter posted if possible. You succeeded, and received his grateful thanks, and at his urgent request, wrote your name for him on a card. I hope you remember all this, because the writer is that individual, and desires to live in your memory, as you ever will in his. Now, kind friend, let me tell you of the importance of that letter and its value to me.—I had a rich, unmarried uncle, who was in a deep decline. He had been told I was dead, and had willed his vast possessions to other relatives. I heard of this, as it were, by accident, and that he was about to sail for the East Indies, never to return. A letter by the next packet might possibly reach him in England. I wrote it, and rode fifty miles to mail it. But it would have been too late only for your kindness. It did reach him, however, on the eve of his departure, and caused an important alteration in his will, for I was the only son of a favorite sister.—He sailed for India, but died on the passage; and if my letter had missed that packet, he would never have received it. The difference to me would have been a fortune. I was poor then—I am rich now. Will you accept this trifle—not as a reward, but a token of friendship—from one who has ever been, and ever will be, grateful. That one minute of time, which you so kindly improved, made the difference of a world to me, and if it is ever in my power to change your fortune for the better, I am yours to command. I would have sent this remembrance sooner, but there has been some litigation, and I have only recently come into possession

of my legacy. You will, of course, pardon my having sent for your address, and card, to avoid the possibility of a mistake; and my absence in India, on the return of your letter, must be my apology for my long delay in communicating with you since.  
This was the substance of a letter which made the difference of a world to me—for I now had the means of entering into partnership with my friend—and that resulted, as you see, in a fortune and as much happiness as can be found in this sphere of existence. It would be difficult to calculate the changes effected and the persons made happy by that simple act of posting a letter; and if we go down to posterity, and consider the destinies altered by that one thing, we shall perceive how great, under Providence, becomes the smallest deed of our lives. It may be the stone in the fountain.

## The People at the Source of the Nile.

Captain Speke delivered a lecture on the 24th of June on his discoveries in Africa, before a special meeting of the Royal Institution. In the course of his lecture he gave some interesting particulars respecting the character and customs of the people among whom he had travelled.

On the most fertile part of the shores of Lake Nyanzi is the Kingdom of Uganua, which is the most interesting of all the nations of equatorial Africa, being better cultivated and better governed than any other. The customs of Uganua are many of them most irregular. The princes having large harems of women, their progeny is, of course, most numerous. When a King dies all his sons are burned except his successor and two others, who are kept in case of accident until the coronation, after which one is pensioned off and the other is banished to Uganua. Untidiness in dress is a capital crime except the offender possesses sufficient riches to pay an enormous fine. Ingratitude or even neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable. The court customs are also curious. No one is allowed to stand before the king, and to touch him or look at one of his women is death.—They believe implicitly in magic and the evil eye, and the kings are always attended by a certain number of women crowned with dead lizards, and bearing bowls of plantain wine in their hands. The King of Karagwe is the most civilized of these native chiefs; before entering Uganua, Capt. Speke spent many days with him. In manners, civility, and enlightenment, he might be compared with many Europeans. He owes much of this to the influence of an Indian merchant named Moussa Mzouri, who helped him by his advice to conquer his brother, with whom he was at war. Captain Speke was much entertained with many of his questions as to what became of the old suns and why the moon made faces at the earth. He also wanted to know whether England, of which he had heard from the ivory traders, could blow up the whole of Africa with gunpowder. The moment the king heard that he was desirous going north, he sent messengers to the king of Uganua to prepare the way for him. The king was most anxious to afford him every possible information about the country. While at the palace the king took him yatching on Murchison creek for several days, and he frequently went shooting with the Princes of the court, who, when he had shot anything, would rush up to and shake him heartily by the hand—a custom little known in that part of Africa. Before leaving they heard from the King Kamrasi that a body of white men had been sent to the north, who had killed numbers of the natives with a wonderful gun. This made Capt. Speke most anxious to push on, as he supposed the party of white men to be that of Mr. Petherick, who had appointed to meet him. He then started for Uganua, with a numerous retinue. Before leaving King Rumanika's palace at Karagwe he had noticed on several occasions three or four lofty mountain peaks more than 10,000 feet high. The King Uganua sent an armed body of men to meet him, who conducted him through the kingdom. Everywhere they went the people left their huts, leaving their provisions behind them.

The fertility of this part is very great, and the scenery on the shores of the lake most beautiful. On arriving at the King of Uganua's capital Capt. Speke found it necessary to wrap up all his presents in chintz before sending them to the king, as nothing bare or naked could be looked at by his Majesty.—He found the place to consist of hundreds of conical tents, spread over the spur of a hill. Thousands of courtiers and attendants were to be seen engaged in every conceivable occupation, from playing on musical instruments to feeding the royal chickens. On sending word to the king that he wished for an interview, that monarch sent back a sharp message that he was to sit on the ground and wait till he was at liberty.—

Capt. Speke, however, sent back word that he was a prince, and not accustomed either to sit on the ground or to wait. A courier followed him, prophesying all kinds of evils for his presumption. Capt. Speke, however, terrified the whole court, king and all, into submission by merely opening his umbrella, which they took to be a deadly weapon, killing by magic. A chair was subsequently allowed to Capt. Speke, who was received by the king surrounded by his court, and having by his side the women crowned with dead lizards to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The king stared at him for about an hour, at the end of which time his Majesty said, "Have you seen me?" and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. He went into a third tent, and Capt. Speke followed. This time, however, the monarch designed to examine Capt. Speke's Winworth rifle. Capt. Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of that country of which he was a prince to make presents of everything that they possessed. He accordingly left him several rifles and watches and a quantity of gunpowder. He endeavored to engage his majesty in conversation about Petherick's party, and the possibility of opening trade through the north. It was a long time, however, before he gained his confidence. On leaving, the king presented him with numerous very valuable presents.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHINA.  
New York, Sept. 23rd.  
The China has arrived. The most important intelligence she has brought is that the British Government has determined to stop the Rebel Ram in the Mersey. The Florida has been detained at Brest to satisfy French claims. It is again positively asserted that Maximilian accepts Mexican Crown. Russian replies to the notes of the Western Powers were despatched from St. Petersburg 9th inst. Bullion in the Bank of England decreased £148,000. Consols 92½ and 93½. Breadstuffs quiet without quotable change. Provisions steady.

Where is your house? asked a traveller, in the depth of one of "the old solemn wildernesses" of the great West. "House, I ain't got no house."—Well, where do you live? "I live in the woods, sleep on the great government purchase, eat raw bear meat and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi." And he added: "It's a getting too thick with the folks out here. You're the second man I've seen within the last month, and I hear there's a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into the woods again."

AN UNCONTINENT SPEAKER.—The late Bishop of London (Dr. Bloomfield) was a fine Greek Scholar, but an indifferent speaker. It is related of him, in a volume of memoirs just published in London, that when the livings of Great and Little Chesterford on the text: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God!" He preached extempore for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon.—Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation on his way home, how he liked the discourse.—"Well, Mr. Bloomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there be a God!"

It is added that in later life his speeches in the House of Lords were remarkable for what this discourse wanted—clearness; but in that assembly the Bishop never spoke without great previous preparation, the manuscript notes for his harangues having been made with the utmost care.  
A SHOCKING REMEDY.—A well known scientific man in New York city, some years since, found himself annoyed by boys who rang his door bell and ran away. So the doctor ground out a heavy charge of electricity, led a wire to the door-bell knob, and sat down to wait. Shortly there was a terrible howl, a bumping and a falling backward down the front steps. The boy was half murdered by the shock, and the doctor's trouble from that source was definitely ended.

It is said that if the mouth of a brick oven be stopped with a bundle of wet straw, the bread baked therein will have a beautiful gold-colored crust, which renders it extremely appetizing.  
A chap, hearing the phrase "as rich as Croesus" quoted several times, inquired if Croesus was a government contractor.  
Chloroform is recommended as excellent for scolding wives. A husband who has tried it says, "so family should be with it."