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## Scenes in the Life of a Showman.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A Showman meets with strange sites.—He sees human nature as she is, unmasked and without no close on, and he must be steeper nor a dead kab boss, if he duzent stock his Branes with several kind's of nollage.

The undesigned wont Boste. I'm a American sizeran. I go in for the fastallin, snug-bit & full-mand skener United States which runs herself, she duz, & and whose decks I was in as good's ather man, & fre- quently more so if he conducts himself strate. To use a Shakspearian frase, I'm nativ & to the mannere born, & don't want to put on airs simply becaws I've met with great sukses in the show perfeshun (which I've bin into goin on twenty-2 years) My worthy projnytors was unable to give me a cuspal eddycashon, & all I nose I picked up.

As I saled, as I saled, to kots from Capting R. Kidd, the seller-brated pirat. But thank Hev'n my sire and adress gave me a good name, & I put with feelins of prid & pleasure to the fact, that son of our family was ever in Congress or on the New York perlice, or Arms hous Guvner.

The ensonin, sons in my chucked kar- eer is respectfully submitted:

### WIMIN'S RITES.

I pitch my tent in a small town in Injany one day last season, & while I was standing at the dore taking nunnies, a dep- rission of ladies came up & sed they was members of the Bankumville Female moral Reform & Wimin's Rites Association, and they axed me if the cood go in without pay- in.

Not exactly, said I, but you can pay with- out goin in.

Dew you know who we air? sed one of the wimin—a tall & feroush lookin critter with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm.

Dew you know who we air Sur.

My impresshon is, sed I from a karsery vew, that you air females.

We air Sur, sed the feroush woman,—we belong to Society which bleaves in razen her proper speer,—which bleaves she is in- dowed with much intellect & manly tyty- ty & thichin & spakens & votin for herself.

Which will resist henneth & forever the intercomments of proud & dominicrin man.

Durin her discourse, the excentric female grabl me by the coat-kollar & was swingin her umbreller willy over my hed.

I hope marm, sez I startin back, that your intensions is honorable? I sue a lone man hear in a strange place, Besides, I've a wife to hum.

Yes, eride the female, & shes a slave!—Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyty- ty & thichin & spakens & votin for herself? Doth she ever think of these here things.

Not bein a natral born fool, said I by this time a little riled, I kin safely say that she dothnot.

O what!—what! screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, O what is the price that woman pays for her speer- anse!

I don't know marm, sez I; the price to my show is 15 cents per individoual.

& can't our Society go in free? asked the female.

Not if I knew it, said I.

Crooll, crooll man I she eride, & bust into tears.

Wout you let my darter in? said anoth- er of the excentric wimin, takin me aloek- shunly by the hand. O, please let my darter in,—shes a sweet gushin child of na- tur.

Let her gush roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tagnal noncents: let her gush! Whereupon they all sprung with the simul- taneous oobarsashun that I was a Beest.

My female friends sed I, bet you leave, I've a few remarks to remark: was them wall. The female woman is I of the greatest insti- tution of which this land kin boote. Its responsible to git along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I shoold scarcely be wimin in my unparallel- ed show on this very horsephishin occashun.—She good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O woman, woman? I eride, my fellyns worked up to a hi pettic pitch, you air a angel when you behave your- self: but when you take off your proper ap- parial (& mettyfociously speaking) git into pantyloons—when you deart your fressides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites nosh- ungs round like roarin lions seekin whom you may devour sumboddy—in short, when you up betake to play the man, you play the devil, & air an euafatic noosance. My fe- male friends, I continued, as they was indi- gnanly departin, w wall what A. Ward has sed.

A large number of vessels are fitting out at Yarmouth, N. S., for the fisheries.

## Importance of Agriculture.

Agriculture has been amply styled "the nursing mother of all the arts." It is the basis, the soul of our national prosperity.—Commerce and manufactures conduce, in a great measure, to wealth; but the cultivation of the soil ever has been, and ever will continue to be, the fountain-head of the streams, of a country's resources.

There can be no strength in state, and no moral health among the people when the tillage of the land is neglected. We can date the decay of power and virtue of many nations from the decline of their agricultural industry. In Rome, for instance, when the wise policy of fostering agriculture was pursued, a healthful spirit prevailed the whole state. Then the laws were impartially administered, and justice done to all. Then labor was accounted honorable, and statesmen, and generals, and philosophers cultivated their farms with their own hands. It was then that from among the tillers of the soil arose a Regulus, a Cincinnatus, and an invincible soldiery. It was then that the "sevenhilled city" breathed defiance to her enemies, and caused nation after nation to yield to the resistless power of her legions, until the Roman eagle waved over the known world.

But when the largeness of corn was bestowed upon an idle populace, when agriculture was neglected, and war laid waste the fertile fields of Italy, then Roman virtue and Roman vigor fled. Soon intrigue, vice and venality took firm hold in the state, until finally the "pale mother of empires" was abandoned to her enemies, and palaces of the Cæsars echoed the tread of the victorious barbarian. History abounds in examples illustrative of the important fact, that the enduring greatness of a nation is mainly founded upon its agriculture, and rulers will do well to increase the prosperity of those who swing the scythe and hold the plow.

That country which does not possess with- in itself the means of affording subsistence to its own inhabitants, is, if we may trust the voice of experience, destined to sink to early ruin. National power based upon commerce alone, unsupported by a flourishing industry, which ministers to human wants and gratifications, must fall to the ground.—Merely commercial states, dependent upon contingencies for their very life-blood, and imbued with that spirit of speculation which tends to enervate the body and corrupt the mind, contain within their own bosoms the seeds of dissolution. Phœnicia, Carthage, Genoa, Venice, and Holland, of sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all bear witness to this fact. There is much truth in these verses of Goldsmith:—

"Trade's proud empire hates to swift decay, As ocean waves the faded laurel sweep; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

To her unsurpassed agriculture, England is most indebted for her support in the midst of those tremendous pressures which so often have threatened to crush her. It is the unparalleled cultivation of her soil that has enabled the British people, placed upon a rock-bound island, to excel the world in every article of fabric, to maintain an unrivalled navy, and plant their power in every quarter of the globe. Firm are the foundations of the strength of that nation, which in time of peace is nourished from the resources of its own industry, and in war can rely upon the strong arms and undaunted hearts of its yeomanry, to sustain its rights in the din of strife or in the roar of battle.

Never Jost with Sacred things.

Not long since I heard a Christian gentle- man, while urging the impropriety of young men's entering even the vestibule of a church with lighted cigars, make use of this langu- age: "These are a sort of burning and shin- ing lights that I never wish to see in the courts of God's house."

Shortly afterwards I heard a minister, in a sermon on the Power of Christian Influence announce as his text the words of our bleas- ed SAVIOUR concerning John the Baptist, "He was a burning and a shining light;" and though the sermon was unusually solemn and impressive, moving me frequently dur- ing its delivery even to tears, yet as from time to time the Minister would repeat the words of the text, the ludicrous application I had so recently heard made of it would force itself upon my mind, making it difficult often utterly impossible, for me to bind my- self down to the solemn sense in which the text was used by Him who "spoke as never man spoke;" and by the effort required to do so, much of the beauty and harmony of the discourse was lost.

Such is doubtless often the effect of coupl- ing some thoughtless jest with words of Scrip- ture, and the result can be only evil. This practice is a criminal trifling with things sacred, and by implication at least, a daring impiety towards the Divine Being itself.—Let every approach to it be avoided, and whenever we take upon our lips the words of

Scripture let it be with reverence towards their Author, and fervent gratitude for the priceless boon granted us in this fountain of infinite wisdom and truth. Such emotions will nip in the bud any rising inclination to jest with God's word, and fit us alike to enjoy and profit by its sacred teachings.

### From the Royal Gazette Extra

The following Despatch is published by direction of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor for the information of the Mem- bers of the Legislature and the Public:—

Downing Street, 19th April, 1860.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Despatch, No 31, of the 22nd March last, enclosing a Joint Address from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, praying that the Province of New Brunswick may be honored by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the Prince's intended visit to British North America.

I have laid this Address before the Queen and Her Majesty was pleased to receive very graciously the expressions of loyalty and at- tachment which it contains.

The Queen has commanded me to instruct you to assure the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, that it will afford the Prince of Wales great satisfaction to include New Brunswick in the tour which His Royal Highness is about to make through British North America, and that it was from the first intended that his visit should embrace all the Provinces of British North Ameri- ca.

(Signed) NEWCASTLE. His Excellency The Hon. J. H. T. MAN- NERS-SUTTON, New Brunswick.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—It is a com- mon remark with discerning travelers, who are either musical professors or amateurs, that no people possess so many musical instruments as the people of America. You can scarcely pass a house, in city, town, or village, without hearing the sound of the piano; the churches are supplied with or- gans; the farmer's cottage boasts its melode- on; the mechanic has his flute or violin; the apprentice has his accordion, or jews-harp; and yet, melancholy confession though it be, we are not possessed of music corresponding to all this show, or rather to all this noise. In other words, it may be said that we have "great cry, and little music."

If ours were a nation measuring its progress by centuries, this might be al- leged to our disadvantage. As it is, con- sidering the youth of our prosperous repub- lic; young not only in years, but young in high educational progress, with no leisure for the beautiful, with scarce time enough for the necessary; with forests to fell, riv- ers to bridge, rails to lay, ditches to dig, steamers to build, precious mineral wealth to search for, the products of all climates to cultivate and distribute; cities and towns to plan, and settle; new religious and po- litical institutions to establish; inventions of every sort to study and apply; no miracle that we have not perfected ourselves in the highest arts.

Let us not, however, undervalue their importance, nor, like the Roman soldier, hardy by birth, poor by education, rough from choice, cast away, as valueless, the pearls Fortune throws in our path, while we board with eager thirst the leather bag which contained them.

Not to speak of Painting, of Sculpture, or Architecture; of Poetry, and of kindred art of every name; as regards music we need not fear. Musical enthusiasm is al- ready ours, it only requires a proper direc- tion. The very number of musical instru- ments among us is an earnest of what the future is destined to witness of progress in this exalting art, this divine science.

Of the grand structure which is now rising, the organ is a corner-stone. every piano a noble slab, each smaller instrument a brick; nay, even the apprentice's jews- harp a nail; all destined to take their place in the monument which is to honor Ameri- can musical taste. Of this monument the foundations are broad, the several parts far separated, and the present aspect, as con- sidered with this particular stage of erection, necessarily unsightly, but in the words of the song, "wait a little longer." Time will show whether musical apprentices and jour- ney men appreciate the craft they have ac- quired; and time will repay their faithful toil; and the work once completed, its fair pro- portions will attest their genius and their skill.

A QUAKER.—had his broad-brimmed hat blown off by the wind, and he chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridi- culous zeal. At last, seeing a raguish-look- ing boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him:—

"Art thou a profane lad?" "Yes, sir," the youngster replied that he sometimes

did a little in that line. "Then," said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thou may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents' worth."

POLICEMEN TURNING OUT TO BE PLUN- DERS.—Fourteen of the Police of the City of Boston have undergone examination upon a charge of being concerned in a series of burglaries in that City. It resulted in seven being discharged from the force, three suspended, and four exonerated. The fol- lowing we clip from the Atlas & Bee:—

"The examination of those under arrest was commenced in the Mayor's private room before the Mayor, the Committee on Police, consisting of Aldermen Atkins, Amory, and Crane, Judge Wells of the Police Court, Mr. Coburn, Chief of Police, and Mr. Ham his deputy. The session extended from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M. Some of the scenes are re- ported as extraordinary. Accusations and recriminations were made and exchanged, leading to a supposition that the hall has not yet been told or hinted at even in rumors.—

There was a good deal of rough talk and no little shoulder hitting, in a verbal way. We regret that the sitting was a closed one, since much that was said would no doubt have been richly relished by the public.— Perhaps, however, that it is quite as well. Men, when in the heat and tumult of passi- on, often give expression to what they would not do in cooler moments, and which they never fail to regret. The mode of in- vestigation was somewhat after this style: Each officer was conducted to the room, in- formed of the charge against him, and al- lowed to make his own statement in relation to it. He was then confronted with Mr. Hutchins, and the latter allowed to interro- gate him. These were followed by questions from the official investigators in chief. Many of the charges extended back several years, and related to pilfering from stores, or par- ticipation indirectly in such petty robberies. Some denied the charges entirely; others confessed to sundry iniquities. From these it appears that they have entered the stores of Messrs. John K. Rogers; Broadhead & Co. on Tremont street; Jackman & Merrill, Dock Square; Bean and Clayton; Merriam; Henry Atkins & Son, South Market street; Bates and Goldthwait; Coburn, on Court street; Lyman Tucker; Hopkins, &c., and took therefrom little articles, such as tea, cigars, sugar, boots, rum, &c.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely ex- ceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long- lived. Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very val- iantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription:—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun."—This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30.—An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200.—Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

Now, I will not stop to suggest the cure for all these evils. I might say that the best cure for nervous species or nightmare horrors, is to get a light, or to look at some- thing familiar and real; and the best cure for sceptic doubts is to look at the Bible itself.

BEAUTIFUL.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cusp by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothing- ness. Else why is it that the glorious as- pirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rain- bow and the clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mock- ing us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thou- sand streams of our affections to flow back

in Alpine torrents. We are born for a high- er destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our possession forever.

### THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The Reciprocity Treaty will probably be brought to the attention of the House next week. It is said that the President and Sec- retary of the Treasury, together with a number of the members of Congress, are op- posed to it. While it is charged that Cana- da has violated the spirit of the treaty, no complaint is made of the other British colo- nies, who are, equally with Canada, parties to the arrangement.

ANOTHER DEFAULTER.—New York, May 18. The transfer clerk of the Pacific Mail Company is reported missing, and a default- er to the amount of \$50,000.

It gives us great pain to record the sud- den death of the Hon. Hugh Bell, who de- parted this life a few minutes after 12 o'clk. noon, yesterday. This sad event took place in the Supreme Court Room, whither the lamented gentleman had been subpen- ned to give evidence in a case under trial, Barron v. Connor. Mr. Bell was in the en- joyment of his usual good health down to the very moment when the Angel of Death breathed upon him, when he passed away without a struggle or a groan.—[Halifax Chron., 17th inst.]

We announced a few days ago the receipt of a neatly printed volume entitled "Poems and Lyrics," by Wm. Murdoch, and have since scanned it more attentively.

The Author of these Poems is a native of Scotland, and has been a resident of this city for some years past. Although in humble circumstances, and obliged to toil with his hands for the support of his body, Mr. Mur- dock has yet contrived to make good use of his brains, as the volume before us abundantly proves. His verses breathe the true spirit of poetry, and we trust will bespeak for the author that patronage of which he has pro- ved himself so deserving. Like all true poets, Mr. Murdoch seems to retain a lively attach- ment to his fatherland. The "Verses sug- gested by the recollection of a Scotland Spring," and kindred pieces, are sweet and touching. His patriotism also finds vent in more heroic strains, while love and friendship possess a due share of the Poet's regards.— Politics, too, are handled with freedom that shows the Author to have been observant of local events during the period of his sojourn among us. In the "Two Owls" in imi- tation of Burns' "Two Dogs," he gives us a specimen of his ability to handle such sub- jects, cleverly hitting the Government for obviating the claims of a countryman of his own, who has done good service in as- sisting to introduce reform measures into the Province.—[New Brunswick.]

### SELECTED MISCELLANY.

If you do not keep pride out of your soul and your out of pride, God will keep your soul out of heaven.—Dyer.

Sins are like circles in the water, when a stone is thrown into it; one produces an- other. When anger was in Cain's heart mur- der was not far off.—P. Henry.

As even a watery mirror cannot wash from the countenance the speck, which reveals, if merely looked into, so a self-survey in the clearest sermon will neither erase the blem- ishes from your character, nor expell the sin- plague from your soul.

A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the sake of a note from another lady, inquiring the way best remedy. The friend had just recovered to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—

"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

He that will not flee from the occasions and allurements of sin, though they may seem over so pleasant to the eye, or sweet to the taste, shall find them in the end to be more sharp than vinegar, more bitter than wormwood, more deadly than poison.—B. Cook.

Advices from Peru state that the cities of Lima and Callao were badly damaged by an earthquake on the 22d of April. In the for- mer city 257 buildings were damaged, in- volving a loss of a million dollars. The water- ing-place near Lima, called Chorillo, was en- tirely destroyed. Many people were killed, and a very large number seriously injured.