

The Standard.

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 68

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1848. [Vol. 15]

The following article is worthy an attentive perusal. We will be happy to hear again from our friend D.

NECESSARY THINGS.

Well, what are they do you ask? Why, a sickle if you are to reap; a knife and fork if you are to eat; and—books, if you are to study. People never think of reaping, or eating, without the appropriate instruments; but as regards studying, many at least seem to think that it needs no instruments. This is a fair inference from their actions. They send their children to school without books, or without anything like an adequate supply. But sickles and knives, are no more necessary to the employment for which they were made, than are books for education. This is a simple truth, but rarely thought of by some people. They will send their boys to school, year after year, with an old spelling book and testament—and not unfrequently with but one or two of each, to three or four scholars; and imagine that they are providing sufficiently for their education. If the necessity for a few new books is represented by the teacher, and urged strongly upon them, they are at once displeased with him, and conclude that he is full of whims and new-fangled notions, growl over it awhile, and finally refuse, or, if they at length procure them, do it with ungrudging reluctance. This is no fiction. It is truth, and a strange one too. All of these parents profess a wish to educate their children. They know that if they are not educated they have not that kind of intellectual armor which will fit them for the fierce, hand-to-hand struggle which is every where going on, and into the midst of which they must be thrust. They know that in these times, and in this country, where honor and success are not the cheap fruits of rank, but won only, or chiefly, on personal effort, education is of the first importance; that without it they are not on a footing with their neighbors, and start in the great race before them at a disadvantage. They know that if education will not be a substitute for talent in their children, it will be a great aid to talent; that without it their resources will be few; that with it they will be less able to take advantage of circumstances, and cross their fortunes in the face of the world. Yet with all this before them, they will hold on to their money, or squeeze out a dollar, for a book which will open the world itself to a boy's gaze, with a face which strongly reminds one of—pickles! There is nothing which has astonished us so much as this. It is economy sadly misapplied. It is saving, when giving would be gaining. Withholding books, is withholding education, and the result is little thought of in such cases. A few dollars judiciously expended in books for a boy, may alter the current of his destiny, and give a brighter coloring to his whole life. If parents are so poor that they cannot do this, at the present price of books, they are indeed to be pitied, and should be assisted. If they are able to do this, they are inexcusable if they fail to do it. But if they are indeed poor, the reason why they should furnish their children with books and an education, increases in strength. They cannot send them out into the world with fortunes in their pockets; but they can better work harder, and live cheaper, if necessary, for a short time, in order to provide their children with what will brighten their whole life even if they are poor, and set open before them the door to honor and affluence. They cannot give them wealth, but they can give them the key to wealth, and furnish them at little expense, with a power that shall unlock the storehouse of Fortune. Money thus laid out is well invested. Economy here, is in them the height of extravagance, since they let slip so great a bargain, which can be purchased so cheap.

The evil alluded to is no shadowy evil. It is a real one, an extensive one, and this we know from personal observation. We have thus briefly alluded to it, as schools are now commencing for the winter, and because we

hoped it might set people to thinking, who have been thus deficient in their duty.

POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY EMMA BLOODWORTH.

We remember! all the sunshine
Of long long passed away.
We remember, till we half forget
The shadows of to day.
How often when the brow is grave,
And all is dark around,
The heart from some sweet memory
An inward joy hath found.
And better far it loves to dwell
Midst those visions of the past,
Than to watch the changing splendour
Upon the present cast.
We remember! all the sorrow
That met us in our way
When our path seemed midst the flowers
Of the long summer day.
And often when the eye is bright
And on the lip a smile
We feel the heart's pulse sinking
With some hidden woe the while
So we nurse perchance the brightest thought
Amid a thousand fears—
And we have not always done with grief
When we have done with tears.

ADVENTURES WITH ALLIGATORS.—Having encamped one evening when travelling in the interior at a place, called Onissage, where alligators abound, the Indians in clearing the game, left the entrails of the animals on the sand beach. The scent of them attracted an unusual number of alligators to the spot. The moon shone brightly, and they were seen moving under water by the waves occasioned on the surface, the people having retired to rest I was reading under my tent in the canoe, and was convinced that these voracious creatures were assembled in great numbers, from the strong musk smell that was given out from beneath the water. Presently one came up close to my canoe, drawing his breath, which in the stillness of the night sounded terrific. I started on my couch and wishing to get a peep at the creature, drew aside the little curtain, but he had sunk; a few minutes after, I felt the canoe moving, and thinking that one of the alligators had got into it, I grasped a cutlass which was near me, and, seeing my curtain move, I was just about to give a violent blow, when the thought flashed across my mind, perhaps it is some of the people; I therefore asked, Who is there? "John," was the answer. What do you want? "I see," said he; that there are "guburu camianu," that is, many alligators around you, and I have come to take care of you." Most thankful was I for not having struck the blow; and after recovering myself a little, I tried to persuade the Indian to go and lie down in his hammock, which he had slung high under some trees; but he positively refused. He sat down on a bench before the tent, with a spear between his legs, and there he remained till break of day. After the excitement was over, I fell sound asleep, and when I awoke the Indian was still sitting there. Alligators abound in the Upper Essequibo, and more especially in the creeks. I have seen as many as ten at one time, basking themselves in the sun, and swimming on the water like logs of wood. They are afraid of man and quite harmless; provided they are left unmolested; but when they are deprived of their young they are very ferocious. Eric, who accompanied me, told me that there he lost one of his people. The Indians in order to see to fish more distinctly in the dark waters of the creeks, are accustomed to climb on the trees which line these banks, from which they shoot them when passing by. One of his people when drawing the bow, slipped off the branch and fell into the water, when an alligator bit off his leg. He bled to death in a few minutes.

At another place higher up the river, Eric called my attention to an amusing incident which occurred to one of his people. Falling off the tree in the manner just described, he fell upon an alligator's back. The Indian no sooner perceived what had happened and felt the creature moving under him, than he placed himself in a riding position, and clasped his hands round the alligator's body. He was now dragged through the water across the creek, where the creature climbed up through the bush, by which the Indian's back was much lacerated; he returned to the creek and dragging him through, tried to climb up on the opposite bank. This being rather steep he was slow in affecting it, and the Indian observing this to be a favourable moment to make his escape, threw himself backward, and swimming across saved his life. It may be easily conceived that both the rider and his horse were equally glad of getting rid one of the other.—Beru's Missionary Labours in British Guiana.

GOLDEN SANDS OF THOUGHT.

Some one says "there is nothing so prolific as a little, known well," and there is weight in the remark.
Love is humble, and secures the respect and friendship of others; but a haughty man is disagreeable to all.
The delicate hand of a princess may launch a man of war, and the voice of a peasant bring down an avalanche.
The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forgive an injury, and to make good use of one's leisure.
Never despise trifles. The nerve of a tooth is a little thing, but disturb it, and it may drive a Webster crazy.
A pin-scratch is but a trifle, yet it has some times led to death.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND, LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Savings Bank for the Widow and the Orphan, EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT. CAPITAL, 600,000, Sterling; Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000, Sterling.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY. Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund. Loans—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years; which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the policy at the death of the assured.

Low rates of Premium.—The rates of premium are low as any Society of equal standing.

Division of Profits.—The Bonus in this Society are declared ANNUALLY, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of premium, or in addition to the sum insured, the Bonus are PERMANENT.

Premiums may be paid annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of all policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application may be had at the office of the Subscribers, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

Local Directors at St. John.

EDWARD L. JARVIS, Esq., Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq., Robt. F. Hazen, Esq., Wm. Wright, Esq., John H. Gray, Esq., WILLIAM J. STARR, Esq., Managers.
FREDERICK R. STARR, Esq., Agent.
Medical Examiner at St. Andrews, Dr. Gove.
GEO. D. STREET, Sub-Agent at Saint Andrews.

A. CAMPBELL, Sub-Agent, St. Stephens.