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Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

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Martyrdom.

"We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and stepping over the ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear a provoking word."

There is a great deal more truth than poetry in the above, which we cut from one of our exchanges. How true it is that many of the would-be martyrs cannot bear the slightest thing that is annoying. We have seen a man who no doubt thinks he could suffer martyrdom with the grace of a Polycarp, who gets so out of patience if the baby cries more than a quarter of a minute at a time, that he almost flies out of his skin. One pious saint thinks he could go to Africa and die with pleasure, if he could do good to the poor, wretched, sable sons of Ethiopia—who would not walk ten rods in the city of Boston to do good to a negro breathing his last in a miserable dance-hall or a stifled attic.

It is the name, the eclat, the pomp of circumstances often in this world, that make men such willing martyrs in imagination. We believe, however, that there are some real martyrs in the world; some who suffer all the time: who are living every day a martyr's death—if allowed so to speak. There are those whose path through life is indeed hard, wearisome, painful; but let them take courage: there is one who never slumbers nor sleeps; and He will hear their cry.

THAT'S MY WAY.

Yes, I know it is; but why have such a way? How much more does it cost to be pleasant and polite, than it does to be rude and churlish? That's my way! Yes to be sure it is—to hurt people's feelings by speaking to them so roughly—and sometimes frightening the timid ones half out of their wits. But you have no business to have such a way. You ought to change it for a more agreeable way. A man might go along the street striking every individual he met, and when remonstrated with for such indiscriminate assault, say—O, I mean nothing, it is only my way. But would that excuse him in the eyes of those who had felt the weight of his blows? Who would be willing to be knocked down every time he met a certain man, because it was that man's way of doing things? And yet this would be about as interesting as it is, every time you speak to a man to receive a cross, snappish or harsh answer, and then when you complain of it—express any surprise, be calmly told—"it is only my way."

We recommend all those men who are invariably unwell in their conduct toward others, and think it should invariably be overlooked, because it is only their way, to consider seriously the question whether they have a moral right to have such an offensive way.

THE TWO FAILURES.

BY IDYLL.

Fail! fail! Mr. Smasher fa-i-l!!! good gracious! I'm going to faint, and if I don't faint I mean to drown myself. Fail! and the money I set you up with! what's become of that? Fail! and that great store of your's with I don't know how many millions worth of silks and laces, and all that—can't you sell 'em off? I can tell you what, Mr. Smasher, if you fail, you may fail alone—I shall go off and live with my rich relations, and you may live in a log hut if you please. I don't mean to share your disgrace. I've been two well brought up, it cost hundreds and hundreds to educate me like a lady, and here I've been married only three years and you must fail! Don't talk to me about my extravagance; I never went anything less than a five hundred dollar shawl, and I never mean to; I guess my father can afford it if you can't.

Given up every thing! Well if this ain't a pretty business! O! you mean spirited man! oh! you wretch, to abuse me so—me, your poor, delicate wife, that never carried the water to wash her hands! O! to think it should come to this! Why did't you fail like Brake & Co., who live in a handsome house and keep two horses since, when they only used to keep one.

Wanted to be honest! Do you call it honest to beggar your poor wife? Is that honest? Very well, Mr. Smasher, henceforth you and I go different ways. I had a vague idea that I should be supported when I married you; and there's a Dasher I might have had, if I hadn't been a fool—he hasn't failed—he's a man. Dasher is. He wouldn't give up every thing to a parcel of hungry honest—just for the sake of appearing honest—which heaven knows you ain't, thus to deceive a poor, unsuspecting woman. Don't you try to come near me! don't you speak to me! don't you look at me! don't you "dear" me. Fudge on your affection! Peter, stop that ominous, and

look here; if anybody call for me, say that hereafter Mrs. Smasher can be found at her father's residence.

Never mind, Thomas; don't look so down about it. No matter for me; I guess if you can bear it who have the hardest trial, I can. Yes, yes, every thing. Give up house and all, though—there, never mind, that tear was for the happy hours we've spent together here. I'm sure I'd rather go West and live in a log hut, than that your creditors should taunt you with want of integrity.—After all, it's no such dreadful thing—a misfortune to be sure—but, oh! Thomas! it isn't as if you were taken from me, or I from you. Think how terrible that would be! The very thought is agony to me.—Let us see, we can find a couple of rooms or so, and I know I can manage. Perhaps I can earn back the hundreds that poor father spent on my education. I am sure I can teach music. As for my finery, I can sell all that. I can be just as happy under a five as a five hundred dollar shawl. We married for love, you know, dear, and promised for better for worse. Now the worse has come, I'm going to prove how much I love you. Don't stand there in that despairing way—come here; sit down by me, and let me put my arms about your neck.—There now I'll kiss out the wrinkles, every one of them.

Makes you feel worse to see me bear up so bravely? Well, that is a smart speech! What shall I do? faint? go into hysterics? Come, any thing to order? There! now you feel more cheerful! Confess that it isn't so very bad, after all. True, you lose one sort of a good name for a little while, but if you are careful, you can win it back. I'll help you; I know I can. I've been by, extravagant and thoughtless. I don't think my intimacy with Mrs. Smasher has done me any good; but I promise you, I'll be just as economical!

What, Thomas! Mr. Smasher failed!—Mrs. Smasher gone back to her father's!—O! Tom! Tom! don't you pity the poor man? No wife to love and help him! No home to go to.—O! Tom, I'll never leave you nor forsake you! I'll stand on the same round with you, Tom, though it's at the bottom of the ladder. And who knows but my arm may aid you to get to the top again. Excelsior! Tom! we'll begin again, and cry, "there's no such word as fail!"

A Marriage Lottery.

We are not much in the habit of commending or patronizing lotteries. Still, we may not be guilty of a violation of law, in just calling the attention of our readers, particularly the ladies, to a lottery of rather a novel character, that we see announced in an exchange. One of that interesting class of human bipeds called bachelors, who, for some reason, cannot master sufficient courage to "pop the question" "in propria persona," publishes the following, for the special benefit of young ladies and widows:

BRILLIANT SCHEME.—I propose myself as a prize in a lottery to be called "The Old Dominion Marriage Lottery," to be drawn in the usual way. The tickets to be of various prices, in the following order:—Young ladies of 18 to pay the smallest price, those of 20 higher; widow ladies much higher than young ladies of 25, and old maids—I mean those young ladies who have felt the glow of fifty summers—they will have to pay much higher than the widows.

When \$50,000 is raised, the lottery will then be drawn, and the lucky holder of the ticket is to marry my own lucky self, the prize! If after seeing me she should be unwilling to enter the hymenal state, she can annul the contract by dividing the sum between us.

There can be no doubt of a ready sale for these tickets, as each of the ladies will wish to try one, just out of curiosity—nothing else of course. But we think, if the lady who draws the highest prize, should prefer half of the money, rather than to be the man with the whole of it, the lady who draws next to the highest, should have the bachelor, if she should wish.—I.

Ten-Tenths of a Man.

Poor man! I pity him. There he sits cross-legged before that little window from morning till night, stitching, stitching, stitching. I should think he'd be bent nearly double, I'm sure, and I suppose he is, poor little four-tailor. They say a tailor is only nine-tenths of a man. If I had thought so before—which I did not—I should say it was a libel upon the profession, for that man is fully ten tenths of a large measure for that. They say his wife left him last year, and means ran off, I suppose, and three little

children are always in the tailor's one little room. I see him go every morning with his little pitcher full of milk and a big loaf, and then—for I can look right into his poor little sanctum, if I want to—then he unfolds an old newspaper and spreads it over his tailor's board, and picks up each little chicken there tucks something round its throat and sets it to eating. Just about an hour before dinner he goes to the old eating-house over the way, and carries home a nice covered dish full of something good, I know, by the way the little hands clap.

And then on Sundays, he manages to dress them so nicely! and seems so proud of them (though honesty obliges me to confess that they are homely little pugs), but to him they are beautiful as roses, every one of them.

He says, (what do you think) he's not going to marry any common woman to put over his children, he's going to bring them up himself. There's a father for you, and I ask triumpantly, if he isn't ten tenths of a man and two or three tenths of a man and two or three tenths over.—Olive Branch.

Mary and her Mother.

"Mother, why do you read the Bible so much?" said little Mary; "haven't you read it all through?"

"Yes, my dear, a great many times," said her mother.

"Well, then, you must know all there is in it by this time; and yet you read it every day."

"Do you remember, last Summer, Mary, when you were away at Miss Brooke's school?"

"Yes, mother."

"You told me that when you got a letter from home, you used to read over and over till it was almost worn out."

"And so I did, mother."

"Well, what made you read the letter so often? you knew all there was in it."

"Because it seemed a pleasure, and made me think about home, and you and father."

"So, my dear, I read over some parts of the Bible—that I have read hundreds of times before, for the same reason, that it reminds me of my home, of my heavenly Father, and my Savior, and of what he wishes me to do; and therefore I love to read it."

"Is heaven my home, too, mother?" said little Mary; "shall you take me with you when you go?"

"I cannot tell you, my dear; I cannot give you leave to go to heaven, but I know who can."

"Ah, you mean Jesus Christ, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, you must ask Him; and you must read and learn to understand His Book, which is like a letter from Him to us, to tell us all about Himself and heaven."

"When you can, I hope you will love to read the Bible as much as I do."

THE LARGEST MUSIC STORE IN THE UNITED STATES.—We condense the following description of Ditson & Co's new Establishment from Dwight's Journal of Music. It is the most extensive Music Publishing House in America—the largest probably in the world:

Ditson & Co's.—The splendid new store, No. 277 Washington street, which has sprung up in our midst like a palace in the night, as in the bolden days of magic, has become occupied by Messrs. Ditson & Co., and is undoubtedly the most extensive and best establishment of the kind in the country, if not in the world. The building is of granite on the front, five stories high, and from the foundation stone to the top is devoted to the sale of music. The retail department is on Washington street, and is very tastefully & conveniently arranged for public accommodation. In this department, the music, embracing every published note that has come from the press for years, is classified and lettered so accurately, that a demand for a piece of music of remote or recent date, whether foreign or domestic is, instantly answered. The various kinds of music are placed in compartments by themselves—arranged under the system of numbers and letters, and the naming of a piece, with a statement of its character if instrumental or vocal, immediately suggests its locality, and the clerk of the department specified is enabled at once to place his hand upon it. The system is perfect, and its advantages are constantly tested. Below the retail store, in the basement, is the vast stock of reserve sheet music to supply the store above, and wherein is every kind of written musical composition, from the call to be heard, passing up and up, through the five staves, the same excellent method is observable. The second is appropriated to the storage of pianos, of which a large number are constantly let. The third is devoted to the storage of books, comprising mostly the publications of the firm, including the valuable edition of the opera lately published.

All the musical publications of the land may also be found in this department. Farther up, the operation of plate stamping is performed, and again farther up, in the top-most story, is where the printers throw off the sheet music that is prepared for them by the stampers below. Over one thousand reams of music paper are consumed annually in the publications thus prepared. An immense safe, for the reception of the plates after printing, is situated in the basement of the building, which is full from top to bottom. The increase of business to call for this must be very great. We remember Mr. Ditson when he commenced at his old stand, then full commodious enough for his operations, and have watched his increase since with interest. We feel glad at his success, and regarded it as another instance of the power of music.

Bless the Laboring Man.

THE LITTLE TIN PAILS.—The following, from the Springfield Republican, is well worthy of perusal, and will lead every true man and woman to exclaim, God bless the laborers, and those loving wives who put up their dinners for them in the "little tin pails."

At about six o'clock a passenger cannot walk through the quietest streets in the city without meeting men each with a little tin pail in his hand. As the bearer swings it by his side, and raps it against his large buttons, one can readily know that it is empty. Where has he been? What has he been doing? What is the pail for? One may not be able to see any thing in the pail, but, after all, it has a pleasant story in it. Early in the morning that pail is filled. Before the breakfast things are washed and put away, it is placed upon the table by a good industrious woman, who rose before the sun to prepare the morning meal and bathe and dress the children. Her fingers and feet have been very busy all the morning, and now she stops all other work to see the laboring husband off to his work and prepare his noon meal for him. The bread and meat, the large piece of pie, the gingerbread, the pickles, and perhaps some dainty bit which he loves, and placed in the little tin pail, one after another, until it is full and the lid placed snugly on. He, the laborer, stands by and looks on. When all is finished, he gives a kiss to the youngest, says a pleasant good morning to his wife, takes his pail in his hand, and away he goes.

From that he disappears for the day. No one asks where he goes, and few know. He swings the hammer, or pushes the plane, or practices some other handicraft, in doors or out. He toils all day for bread and clothing for himself and family. His arms are strong, his heart is courageous, and his mind content. The rich roll by in their carriages, but he cares not. Gay idlers attract his eye for a moment, but he despises them. When noontide comes and the long whistles sound at the shops, he drops his work and opens his little tin pail. Down goes the meal, with the true zest, and the bread tastes as sweetly as manna, for he has the health which labor brings. At last he reaches the bottom, and his eyes moisten as he sees there a piece of fruit or some little delicacy which the kind wife has smuggled in unknown to him—something which had cost her self-denial. Isn't that a sweet meal? With his appetite, and with the sweet associations which embalm it, it is a feast for the gods.

The whistle sounds again, and again the strong and courageous hearts are at work.—The day is now upon the wane, but he grows little weary. Nor there is a place in his heart that feeds the fire on which labor depends. His eye is lifted to the clock, hour after hour, during pauses in his labour, and down falls the index, until at last the stroke of six runs out, and the whistle of release for the day gives the welcome blast. Before him are twelve or fourteen hours rest! The rough hands are washed, the shirt-sleeves rolled down and buttoned, the coat put on, the little tin pail taken from its hiding place, and he is in the street again.

Now we meet him. Now the streets are full of little tin pails. They are carried by men who have self respect, manly live, who earn and "owe not any man." The little tin pail rings carelessly at their side, the celebration of a day's labor achieved—of hard money hardly won. A thousand children run to meet the little tin pails, and beg the privilege of carrying them all over the city. In five hundred of these the table is already set out, and at the table sits the neatly dressed wife and the hissing teapot awaiting the husband's return. Behold the family group gathered around the evening board! Before these happy appetites how quickly the "hands disappear! And then the good wife washes the tea things where they stand, and the little tin pail is cleanly wiped out and polished off for the next day's service. Thus and thus again the days go round, with so good sleep between.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees his close;
Something attempted, something done,
He has earned a night's repose.

God bless the laborer! God bless his companion the little tin pail. May it evermore be as full of love and all love's sweet associations as it is filled each morn with food, and may the food never fail! Few understand how truly the little tin pail is the index of the prosperity of a community. The more thickly we meet them in the streets the more prosperous do we know that we are growing. Oh, let us feel kindly towards those who bear them; for labor is the truly honorable thing among men. There is not a neatly garded lawn, a pretty garden, or a well-trained tree that does not tell it.

It builds magnificent cities, and builds navies, and bridges, rivers, and lays the railroad track, and form every part of the locomotive. Wherever a steamer ploughs the waves, or the long canal bears the nation's inland wealth; wherever wheat-fields wave and the mill wheels turn, there labor is the conqueror and the king. The newspaper, wherever it spreads its wings, bears with it the impress of toiling hands. Should not the laborer be well fed?—Should he not be well housed? Should he not have the best wife and the prettiest children in the world? Should not the man who produces all that we have to eat and drink and wear, be honored? To us there is more true poetry about the laborer's life and lot than any other man's under heaven.

It matters not in what-calling a man toils if he toil manfully, honestly, efficiently, and contented. The little tin pail should be a badge of nobility everywhere, and in the "good time coming, boys," it will be.

Decidedly Cool.

"Take it all in all, we doubt whether in all its history England has ever known a more terrible month than this October of 1857 must be. Simultaneously with the heart-rending account of the slaughter of their poor fellow countrymen, with their wives in India, and of the utter destruction of British prestige throughout the country which was their proudest boast, the English will learn that the debts due to them in America cannot be paid, and that we, instead of feeding their banks with gold, must draw gold from them to sustain ourselves. Mails from the East, and from the West will arrive charged alike with disaster, misery and ruin. No sooner shall they have recovered from the blow of the loss of a city in Bengal, than a New York steamship will arrive with intelligence fatal to a city in England. Each successive week will have its burden of losses, sorrow, bloodshed. One such disaster as these was enough to any country, however stout her heart and vast her resources; the two combined—the sweeping financial crisis in the United States superadded to the appalling catastrophe in British India—might overwhelm any nation. In these terrible times, it may keep up our own hearts to perceive that after all there are those who suffer even more than we."

For our part (Anglo-Saxon) we think the picture here drawn by the "New York Herald," instead of being matter to "keep up our hearts in these terrible times," ought rather to be subject of shame to "us," seeing that by our inability to pay "our" debts one half at least of the evils of this grim portraiture must lay at "our" door.

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE PUNJAB.

"What wonderful mercy the telegraphic communication has been kept up in the Punjab; here is a use it was put to. A letter intercepted at Pindia, which said, 'Three natives—of high rank (giving names) sit in council to decide what to do against the English.' Telegraph said, 'Let a spy attend report.' This was done, and in a few minutes after, the outlines of the plot were before Lawrence. Telegraph again, 'Hang them all three.' In fifteen minutes they were hung. Short work."

"Wouldn't you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street.

"To be sure I would," he replied.

"Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should to you."

Groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the new married, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends, on his wedding day.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."