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BIOGRAPHY OF HAYDN.

In an Austrian village, forty miles from Vienna, there lived, a hundred and fifty years ago, a poor wheelwright named Matthias Haydn, who was also sexton and organist of the village church. He had married the cook of the Count who was lord of the region roundabout; and two or three little children, of the twenty who were to call him father, were already playing around his cottage door.

Matthias Haydn and his wife were both fond of music. Music was their chief pleasure on Sundays and festive days, when the mother used to sing, while the father accompanied her upon the lute. The eldest child of this harmonious couple was Francis Joseph Haydn, the composer of the "Creation." When he was five years of age, on a certain Sunday afternoon, while the family concert was going on, he picked up two little sticks in his father's shop, took his seat near his parents, and pretended to play upon one of his sticks, as if it were a violin, using the other as a bow, and keeping time with his head and foot with the utmost gravity. The parents paid no particular attention to the boy; but every Sunday afterward, as soon as they began to play, the boy picked up his sticks, and silently joined in the concert.

Some time after a relation of the family, a schoolmaster from a neighboring town, and a very good musician, paid a visit to the wheelwright, and he observed the exactness with which their little boy marked the time. Discovering that the child had an unusual aptitude for music, he offered to take him home with him and place him in his school, where he would have good instruction in music. The parents consenting, he took the boy home with him on Monday morning, and put him to school at once.

Convinced as the schoolmaster was, he was a perfect martinet; and not only to this boy, but to the whole school. In after years, the great composer used to say that this severity was advantageous to him, for it kept him to his work; so that in three years he learned to read and write, besides a little Latin, and the principles of music. He also attained some skill upon the violin and harpsichord; and at the school festivals it was little Haydn that played the kettle-drum.

But, as he used to say in after-life, I was more beaten myself than I beat my drum, and every day at the school my comrades and myself got more blows than bouillons.

A happy chance rescued the boy from this hard school. The conductor of the music of a cathedral in Vienna visited the school one day, in order to inquire whether among the boys there were any who had good voices, whom he could procure for his cathedral choir. The sweet and sonorous voice of little Haydn delighted him; and he was astonished at the ease with which the boy of eight years could read music at sight. The interview ended with his securing the little fellow as a recruit, and ere long Joseph Haydn went to Vienna, where he sang in the choir, and pursued his musical education in the school attached to the cathedral for the purpose of training its musicians. He made the best use of this golden opportunity. No pupil in the school was so attentive to his musical studies as Haydn, and at a very early age he made some attempts to compose pieces of music. At thirteen he composed a mass, which he showed to the conductor, expecting that his effort would be encouraged and applauded. But the master did not condescend even to look over the leaves, but turned his back to the eager lad, saying carelessly, as he walked away:

"Before thinking of original composition, one must learn to write music."

The boy stood stupefied and dismayed at this unlooked-for reception. But, upon reflection, he perceived that the master was right, and that indeed it was useless to attempt composition without having learned the laws of harmony and the rules of composition. Having no money with which to pay for lessons, he determined to try to master the science of music with only such assistance as

he could get from books. But he had not a florin in the world. In these circumstances, he wrote to his father telling him that his clothes were very much worn and torn, and begging him to send six florins for their repair. The father complying, he bought two works upon the principles of music, and these he studied with an intensity and perseverance of which men of the first genius alone seem capable. So eager was he in the pursuit of musical knowledge, that those nights of study, when he was shivering with cold, and keeping himself awake with difficulty, studying his musical problems by the side of a lattered old harpsichord, were among the happiest of his whole life. He studied sometimes sixteen hours a day, having no assistance but his own indomitable resolution. It was sometimes necessary for him to reflect many hours upon a passage in his books before he could understand it.

Those cathedral schools in Europe contract to maintain and instruct their pupils in music until their voices break, when they are allowed a vacation of two years in order to ascertain whether the voice will retain its good qualities. If, at the end of the two years, the voice is of the requisite goodness and power, the pupil may, if he chooses, enter the choir and remain in it for life, at a salary sufficient for his maintenance. At eighteen Haydn's voice broke, but he was not allowed the two years vacation. He happened to have a new pair of scissors, and as he was going about cutting everything within his reach, it came into his head, in an unlucky moment, to cut off the queue of one of his comrades. The master, who had for some time been jealous of the amazing talent of his pupil, seized this pretext to turn him into the street.

It was nine o'clock of a cold and stormy November evening. The poor lad, without money and without an overcoat, having no friends or relations in the place, wandered all night about the streets of Vienna, almost dead with cold. Soon after daybreak he was met by a poor wig-maker, named Keller, who struck with his miserable appearance, accosted him and asked him what was the matter. Haydn told his story. The wig-maker, who had no lodgings for his wife and children except one room in the fifth story and a small garret chamber above it, offered the shivering child of genius this garret room, and a place at his table.

With joy and gratitude Haydn went home with him, and was at once adopted as a member of the family. The furniture of his little room consisted of one bad straw-bed and one old chair; to which the lad soon added, in some way unknown, an old spinet, upon which he placed his two books upon music. But the wig-maker and his wife made him heartily welcome, and he was soon deep in his musical studies again; "as happy as a king," he used to say. It was not long before he began to earn a little money, and contribute his share to the housekeeping of his benefactor. He earned a few florins by playing the violin at a church orchestra; sang in another sometimes; gave lessons in music; and at length got on so far as to have a piece of music published now and then. Indeed, such immense talent as his could not long be concealed in such a place as Vienna. Various persons of note sought his aid, and gave him employment; and, one evening, when he was playing a serenade under the windows of a celebrated actor and manager, that potentate was so much struck by the composition of the serenade, that he employed him to write a comic opera, which brought a hundred and thirty florins to the composer, and a much larger sum into the treasury of the theatre.

It is wonderful to us who have learned to hold such men in affectionate veneration that, a hundred years ago, composers of the mightiest genius, even a Mozart or a Haydn, were regarded merely as the servants of the princes who employed them. How inconceivable to us such a scene as the following:—It was the birthday of old Prince Esterhazy, at whose palace a concert was given, at which a new symphony by Haydn was to be performed for the first time. Haydn himself being present. At the end of the first movement, the old Prince interrupted the orchestra with the question:

"What is the name of the composer?" Haydn, replied the conductor, at the same time presenting him to the Prince.

"What I cried the old man, staring at Haydn as though he were a wild beast, was what I have just heard composed by that Moor?" Haydn's complexion was somewhat dark, and his person was by no means imposing, being short and of no great magnitude.

"O yes I continued the Prince. I remember your name now. You already belong to my establishment. But how is it that I have never seen you here?"

Haydn, who was extremely embarrassed, knew not what to reply, and remained silent. The Prince resumed:

"Go and dress yourself as a chapel master you must be dressed. I never wish to see you again in these clothes. They do not become you at all; you are too little, too thin. You must have a new suit, a curly wig, a ribbon,

and shoes with red heels, as high as possible, so that your stature may correspond with your talent. Do you hear me? Away with you! My steward will furnish you with all you want."

The Prince then turned to the conductor of the orchestra, and told him to go on with the music. Haydn bowed low, withdrew from the concert room, and appeared the next day in the costume prescribed for him.

Hard as this treatment seems to us, the income of the place small, but sufficient, gave him thirty years of most peaceful and happy exercise of his talent. Having the control of a good orchestra, he could devote all his time to the art which he loved. The only misfortune of his life was his marriage.

He had promised his benefactor, Keller, that if ever he should be well established in the world he would marry one of his daughters. He kept his word, but the union was extremely unhappy; so much so, that at length they separated—he settling upon her a suitable pension.

Few composers have been so uniformly happy and fortunate as Haydn. After composing more than five hundred successful works and filling both continents with his harmonies and his fame, he sat down at sixty to compose the oratorio of the Creation, by which he is now chiefly known to us. He had written his Messiah in six weeks, but Haydn spent two years upon his Creation, being his friends that he was a long time about it, because he meant it to last a long time.

When Napoleon made his illustrious entry into Vienna, he honored himself by sending one of his aides to visit the aged composer, and see that no harm befall him. Haydn died in 1809, aged seventy-seven years, leaving a fortune of about twenty-five thousand dollars, one quarter of which he left to two old servants, and the rest to his nephew, a hitherto unknown native village.

BLACKMAILING.

Some years ago, when novel-reading formed a portion of our pastime, we remember to have read a novel, by Reynolds, in which his principal villain, Ned Canoe, was made to remark that a man was a fool to violate the law, who disposed to act the seconded, because he could be so much menaced and kept within the law. There is something noble about the highwayman, or the burglar, or even the petty pickpocket, when compared to that species of villain that floats in respectable society, and keeps the law on his side. The lowest down of these is the blackmail, and the lowest specimen of the blackmail is the flea-baiter—the man who examines your title papers and finds that the property you have bought and paid for may, by a technicality, be wrested from you. It is not his; it never cost him a cent; but seeing that you have overlooked something or that, perchance, the clerk has failed to record your deed in time he seeks to buy this "law" for a mere nothing. In order to do this he may get over property of him—Humanity is a noble thing, but the property of such creatures, but if the devil don't catch them, he and his dominions may as well be added to him. We would trust the pickpocket a hundred fold quicker than one of this class—that is, in matters where the law is silent, for some thieves, even, have a repugnance to a breach of trust—but the other class never do, except in cases where the law, or Mrs. Gundry, equally would notice it. These fellows attend church regularly, wear long faces, pay the highest price for pews (always provided the price is to be published in the morning papers), and have no charity for the thief who steals a loaf of bread, after a fast of three or four days, or for the girl whom want has driven into a life of shame—they smile contemptuously at all excuses for the violation of the law. If ever we have felt the desire to dip our hands in the blood of beings, created by the human form, it has been when crossed by this—this species of the devil's handiwork—the blackmail, or the fellow who attempts to get that which he knows rightfully belongs to another, through a technicality, or be "brought off"—[American Lead and Law Adviser.]

Many hard stories are told at the expense of the brave sons of "old Ireland." But the following timely repartee we consider an exception:

A tavern keeper in New York, when giving New Year's presents to his help, told one of his porters, a smart Irishman, that he was about the best man around the house, and therefore he should give him the most costly present.

"Sure, and Patrick, rubbing his hands with delight, I always came to do my duty."

"I believe you, replied his employer, and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have staid in from this day to the year."

"Thank yer honor, replied Pat, and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

A man from the back country in Michigan was at Detroit, and went to get specie for some notice of his he had on hand for a long

time. They proved to be on a burst up concern, and the teller told him they were good for nothing.

"Well, now, look a here, mister," said he; "won't you just tell a fellow how you can tell when money's a goin' to a lie?"

Scenes Attending the Wreck of a Mononagario.

John Robinson arrived in New York with an almost irretrievable disaster on the New York and New Haven Railroad early in the morning of the 23rd July. The cages containing the wild beasts, and the tents, and all the paraphernalia had been shipped from Bridgeport on a freight train to New Haven. A passenger car for the accommodation of the porters, drivers, and attendants was attached to the rear of the train. As the train was passing under a road-way bridge, two miles west of New Haven, the bridge fell. The falling timbers first struck the platform cars, on which were the cages. Twelve of the latter were smashed, and six of the largest were swept off in an instant, strewn the track for several hundred feet with their broken fragments.

The driver set up a roar, and their cage was hurled from the car, singularly escaping comparatively unharmed. Next was the zebra cage. It was smashed to splinters, and the zebra, severely wounded and wild with pain, made for the open country.

Next came the monkey cages. The train was still moving, and the falling bridge timbers still crumpling up the cages, which were smashed to atoms. Fourteen monkeys were killed, being either stabbed by splinters, crushed between pieces of wood, or run over by the cars, among the last being crazy Charley, a monkey a large as a two year old boy. A few monkeys clung to the ruins, but nearly all, shouting and screaming with fear or pain, sprang from the wreck, bounded up the embankment, some peeling on fence rails, and others all scampering for trees, many of them clinging to the branches of apple or cherry trees and slyly scattering the fruit.

The cage containing the ostrich, white pen birds, and other rare birds, was crushed to atoms and the birds escaped. The cage with the parrots, macaws, cockatoos, silver and gold pheasants and the vulture was also crushed. Many of the birds, including the vulture, flew to the woods, the parrots and others filling the air with their unearthly screams.

In the variety cage, was a tapir, which was badly hurt. The capra barra also sustained injuries, and its cage was hurled from the car. The tank cage, containing the seal, had its front stove in. The seal set up a frightful barking, adding mutually to the discordant chorus of howling beasts, screaming birds and shrieking men.

The front of the sea lion's cage was stove in, and it is feared that the sea lion is injured internally, for he has been in a torpid state ever since. This is the biggest sea lion ever brought to this country. It is well known in San Francisco, where it was exhibited for years, and acquired the name of "Ben Butler."

The front and back of the cage containing the barb and the African antelope was smashed, but the animals escaped unharmed. A great rent was made in the cage of the Bengal tiger, which is one of the finest and most vigorous specimens in the country. With a fierce roar the tiger bounded for the opening. Equally prompt was a man who threw a plank over the gap and springing upon it to keep it down. Other men were chinned, and after a desperate struggle the beast was chained to his cage.

Another lion cage was broken and the beast made frantic efforts to escape, all the time howling vigorously. Men rushed to the ground and nailed planks over the gaps.

The alligator and snake cage was broken open and some snakes were lost, among them a cobra and a rattlesnake. The cobra, which is probably hidden in the West Haven woods, the ostrich cage was shivered, but the ostrich was secured after a long search.

Several other cages remain uninjured, and the horses escaped almost unharmed, as did the heavy curiosity. One of these last is the big elephant Empress, which was greatly agitated just after the shock Empress began knocking down the other beasts in its car. One after another the poor came to vent down under the terrific strokes from the elephant's trunk. The Empress dealt a feeling blow to the buffalo and out the three-headed ox, and finished by knocking down the only animal then left standing, the sacred ox. They lay in heaps about the floor of the car, while Empress still slashed her trunk wildly about, apparently regretting that there were no more beasts to conquer. Among other animals which escaped were the tapir, a silver lion, the rhinoceros and the capra barra.

The scene above described occupied less than a minute, and all the men were promptly out and at work to secure the fiercer animals, and then the business of hunting up the escaped began. Three or four men started for the zebra, found him, and after a sharp fight got hold of him, and shouted for a rope. The ze-

bra wrenched away before the rope was brought but after another chase he was captured and tied to a telegraph pole. The capra was captured after it had licked down one man who emptied to seize it. This bird was badly scraped on the back. Many of the minor birds were not even to be seen, and the monkeys threw apples, cherries and defiance at their pursuers. Only a few of the monkeys were caught, but those captured included one of the largest and most valuable, Wallace, which was brought in after a lively fight.

The search went on until nearly all the animals had been recaptured. Many strange birds (including the vulture), the twelve-foot anaconda, and twenty three monkeys and a few curious snakes, remained at large, and they will doubtless add to the comfort of the people in West Haven and neighborhood. Several animals and a few birds died after the arrival at New Haven, including a South American river hog, a boa constrictor, a fish, and a cassowary. A fine seal is among the animals injured which are despaired of.

The inhabitants of West Haven were terribly aroused by the unusual and fearful uproar. Many closed their houses in dismay, and others, some in their night clothes, rushed to the scene. Among those early on the ground was Dr. Shepard, who rendered all possible professional aid and attempted to sew up the wound in the zebra's back, but the needle broke and the zebra's back went unattended. One excited townsman hurried after the ostrich with a pitchfork, but when the ostrich turned on him the man with the pitchfork intentionally fled.

For the wounded and sick animals nothing can be done. It depends wholly on nature whether they live or die. While circumstances favor veterinary surgeons, such a person as a general or bird physician is unknown to the profession; for, as a circus man said, "No body shot of Agassiz would know anything about the peculiarities of the different tribes of animals, and when, in addition to that knowledge, he would need a physician's education and skill, why, the man can't be found. If they are going to die it's no use trying to stop them."

There was some excitement in West Haven at night. Sleep was disturbed by the chattering of the monkeys, which spent the night in talking and throwing green apples at each other, and the inhabitants were also in constant fear that they might receive a visit from the vulture, or that the anaconda would call to bid them good morning.

Consistency not a Jewel.

Just as the thermometer has taken on the habit of marking heat in the region of the sciences, newspaper philosophers are resuming their old subject of consistency. The "Pioneer" refers to statements of opinion made five years since by the "Telegraph," and shows how different they are from what the "Telegraph" puts forth to-day. Consequently the "Telegraph" man is shockingly inconsistent, ergo—a villain and a horse-thief. No doubt the necessities of politics have brought out some of this parallel column business. But it is invidious criticism and weak and bad journalism. As a rule, the man who searches old files of a neighbor's newspaper to find something to "pin" his fellow being on, does so because he cannot find adequate arguments against that neighbor's present opinions. He has to put the neighbor against his former self because he feels too weak to say a good original thing against him.

But at its best, it is a miserable charge in that of inconsistency. To say that a man holds to-day the views of a year ago is to say that he has learned nothing, that he is not progressed, or that he is one of those obstinate and egotistical chaps who continues to hold that a thing is right because he once said so. Just as if for instance, a man might not say something and find out he was in error. Must he be consistent then? Are editors infallible? Put the lives of consistent men in parallel columns. How will they look? Hal consistency is no jewel in these things, and the editors who uphold it would do the world more good at some mechanical job. They would not even make good type setters, though they might in a few years make fair devils. But for a man to harp on "consistency" with the thermometer at 98!—[American Newspaper Reporter.]

WHO IS EDUCATED?—Wendell Phillips, in a lecture on Street Life in London, said: There is no doubt that more of American than European can read and write; but it does not necessarily follow that we are better educated. The porter who carries your trunk can speak three or four languages, while here another than our own is an accomplishment. An Italian peasant will explain to his ragged child 10 years of age, their magnificent harvest, unfold their beauty, and analyze it better than ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred could do, and with appreciation and loving admiration.

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