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day excepted, 8.30 A. M.  
George, daily, 7 A. M.  
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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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**BANK OF  
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MANAGER, St. Stephen.

**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  
et music. Music was their chief pleasure on Sun-  
days 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 con-  
cert 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 ut-  
most gravity. The parents paid no particular at-  
tention to the boy; but every Sunday afterwards, 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  
marinet; 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 at-  
tained 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 bounties.  
A happy chance rescued the boy from this hard  
school. The conductor of the music of a cathed-  
ral 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 aston-  
ished 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 educa-  
tion 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 con-  
ductor, expecting that his effort would be encour-  
aged and applauded. But the master did not con-  
descend 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  
unexpected reception. But, upon reflection, he  
perceived that the master was right, and that in-  
deed 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 perse-  
verance 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 prob-  
lems 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 vaca-  
tion 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 stays, 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 No-  
vember evening. The poor lad, without money  
and without an overcoat, having no friends or re-  
lations 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 ap-  
pearance, accosted him and asked him what was  
the matter. Haydn told his story. The wig-  
maker, who had no lodgings for his wife and child-  
ren 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 or-  
chestra; 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 con-  
cealed in such a place as Vienna. Various per-  
sons of note sought his aid, and gave him employ-  
ment; 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 em-  
ployed 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 ques-  
tion:

"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  
should dress. 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 in-  
come 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 misfor-  
tune 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 daugh-  
ters. 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 com-  
posing more than five hundred symphonies  
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. Haydn  
wrote his Messiah in six weeks, but  
Haydn spent two years upon his Creation, re-  
vising it from time to time for a long time  
before he meant to last a long time.

When Napoleon made his first triumphant  
entry into Vienna, he honored himself by  
sending one of his aides to visit the aged com-  
poser, 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 be-  
lieved a hereditary right to his native village.

## BLACKMAILING

Some years ago, when novel-reading formed  
a portion of our pastime, I had occasion to  
have read a novel by Reynolds, in which his  
principal villain, Ned Canoe, was made to re-  
mark that a man was a fool to violate the law,  
when disposed to act the second-best, because  
he could be so much meaner and keep 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 blackmailer, and the lowest  
specimen of the blackmailer is the flaxman—  
the man who examines your title papers and  
finds that the property you have bought  
and paid for, by a technicality, is "wasted  
from you. It is not his; it never cost him a  
cent; but seeing that you have overlooked some-  
thing or that, perchance, the clerk has failed  
to record your deed in time he seeks to buy  
this "flaw" for a mere nothing. In order to  
make you buy your own property of him—  
Humanity can take no offence 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 hun-  
dred fold quicker than one of this class—that  
is, in matters where the law is silent, for such  
thieves, even, have a repugnance to a breach  
of trust—but the other class never do, except  
in cases where the law, or Mrs. Grundy,  
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 war 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 in the human form, it  
has been when crossed by this—this species of  
the devil's handiwork—the blackmailer;  
of all the fellows who attempt to get that, which  
he knows rightly belongs to another, through a  
technicality, or be "brought off"—[American  
Laid and Low 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, said Patrick, rubbing his hands with  
a grin, I always name to do me duty.  
I believe you, replied his employer, and  
therefore I shall make you a present of all you  
have stolen from me during 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 notes of his he had on hand for a long

time. They proved to be on a burst up con-  
cern, 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 gait to a lie."

## Scenes Attending the Wreck of a Mon- nagerie.

John Rolfe's circus met with an almost  
irretrievable disaster on the New York and  
New Haven Railroad early in the morning of  
the 3rd 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 performers, 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 in-  
stant, leaving the track for several hundred  
yards with their broken fragments.

The circus set up a roar, and their cage  
was half a flight the air, singularly escaping  
comparatively unharmed. Next was the zebra  
cage. This 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 tim-  
bers 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 as large as a two year old boy. A  
few monkeys clung to the ruins, but nearly all  
clattered and screaming with fear or pain,  
sprang from the wreck, bounded up the em-  
bankment, some perching on fence rails, and  
others clinging to the branches of apple or  
cherry trees, and wildly scattering the fruit.

The cage containing the cassowary, 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 capybara 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 materially to the discordant  
chorus of howling beasts, screaming birds and  
shouting 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 Ben-  
gali tiger, which is one of the finest and most  
vigorous specimens in the country. With a  
three roar the tiger bounded for the opening.  
Equally prompt was a man who threw a  
plunk over the gap and spring upon it to keep  
it down. Other men were hurled, and after  
a desperate struggle the beast was chained to  
his cage.

Another lion cage was broken and the  
beasts 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 big constrictor twelve feet long, which is  
probably hidden in the West Haven woods.  
The ostrich cage was shattered, 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 agi-  
tated just after the shock Empress began  
knocking down the other beasts in its car.  
One after another the poor camels went down  
under the terrific strokes from the elephant's  
trunk. The Empress dealt a feeling blow to  
the bull by hitting 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 Em-  
press still slashed her trunk wildly about, ap-  
parently regretting that there were no more  
beasts to conquer. Among other animals  
which escaped were the tapir, a silver lion,  
the cheetah and the capybara.

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  
beasts. 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 cassowary was  
captured after it had kicked down one man  
who it emptied to size it. This bird was badly  
scraped on the back. Many of the minor  
birds were not even to be seen, and the mon-  
keys 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  
sassafras, 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 box turtle, a fish,  
and a cassowary. A fine seal is among the  
animals injured which are despatched.

The inhabitants of West Haven were ter-  
ribly aroused by the unusual and fearful ap-  
pearance. 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 un-  
mended. One excited townsman hurried after  
the ostrich with a pitchfork, but when the os-  
trich turned on him the man, with the  
pitchfork ineffectually fled.

For the wounded and sick animals nothing  
could be done. It depends wholly on nature  
whether they live or die. While circus men  
employ veterinary surgeons, such a person as an  
animal 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 know-  
ledge, 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 chatter-  
ing of the monkeys, which spent the night in  
talking and throwing green apples at each  
other, and the inmates were also in con-  
stant fear that they might receive a visit from  
the vulture, or that the sassafras 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  
science, newspaper philosophers are assuming  
their old subject of consistency. The "Pon-  
ner" refers to statements of opinion made five  
years since by the "Telegraph," and shows  
how different they are from what the "Tele-  
graph" puts forth to-day. Consequently the  
Telegraph man is shockingly inconsistent, er-  
go—a villain and a liar. No doubt the  
necessities of politics have brought out some  
of this parallel column business. But it is  
invidious criticism and weak and bad jour-  
nalism. As a rule, the man who searches old  
files of a neighbor's newspaper to find some-  
thing to "pin" his fellow being on, does so be-  
cause 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 origi-  
nal thing against him.

But at its best, how miserable a charge is  
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 pro-  
gressed, or that he is one of those obstinate and  
egotistical chaps who continue 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. May he be  
consistent then? Are editors infallible? Put  
the lives of consistent men in parallel col-  
umns. How will they look? Has consis-  
tency no jewel in these things, and the edi-  
tors 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 News-  
paper Reporter.

Who is Educated?—Wendell Phillips, in  
a lecture on Street Life in London, said:  
There is no doubt that more of Americans  
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 he  
and other than our own is an accomplished  
man. An Italian peasant will explain to his ragged  
child 10 years of age, their magnificent his-  
tory, unfold their beauty, and analyze it bet-  
ter than ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred  
could do, and with appreciation and loving  
admiration.

The art of making people happy is to in-  
fuse them with contentment.