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E variis dumendum est optimum. - Cic.

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Daring attempt to Murder on the Public Highway.

ST. JOHN, N. B. Nov. 3, 1857.

Mr. FERRY—Sir—You'll confer a favor on the writer by giving the following a place in your paper. As Mr. Samuel Frost, of Norton, was on his way to market yesterday morning, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when within about 13 miles of the city, his horses were seized by a man and stopped at the foot of a steep hill; the horses taking fright dashed over him. Wishing to arrest the man he got out of his wagon, and in the act of doing so, he was set upon by eight or ten ruthless villains with sticks and stones, who abused and beat him shamefully. Having nothing to defend himself, he of course retreated into the woods, the whole crew pursuing him, and being smarter than they, he got clear without further injury, leaving his property at the mercy of the mob; not knowing what to do and being confused, he got out of the woods, which the villain had appropriated to their own use, he got completely lost in the woods, and travelled some miles before he found out where he was. Finally he came to a clearing, and a small house in the woods, the owner of which furnished him with a hat, and put him on the track that leads to Mr. Hayward's about a mile and half further down. On reaching the house he was almost exhausted—One of the sub-contractors being there, and a policeman coming up, they proceeded to the place. Shortly after starting he met Mr. Hayward's, in charge of the Highway Beaters, who had been put in charge by another contractor with orders to leave them at Hayward's until the owner could be found. Report was that some one had been murdered. Mr. Frost not wishing to have his produce spoiled by detention, took charge of his wagon and came to the city, after being detained about eight hours on the road. The sub-contractor of that section of the railroad said he knew the man, or men, and with the policeman went in pursuit of the offenders.

Yours, &c. ROBERT C. FROST.

Things are leading to a pretty pass, truly, in this Province. It will be necessary for every man who travels to carry fire arms, for self defence.

CAPITAL!—We commend the following extract to the attentive perusal of the "Soft-sox." There is so much good-will, accompanied by satire, that it comes home to many—we can say, truly, not to all!

"WHAT IS A LADY?"
I will tell you negatively. She never overdoes. She attires herself with regard to the weather and the occasion, and at no hour of the day, whatever may be her occupation, is untidy. She is civil and obliging to all persons in public whom chance throws in her way, without distinction of rank or class, and is reasonable or humane with her servant. She never, under shelter of her sex, is conversationally overbearing towards the other, to whom the rules of courtesy forbid a reply in kind. She never omits, by a smile or word, gracefully to acknowledge slight favors they tender her. She never solicits gifts from them by going into ecstasies in their presence about "loves of rings," or bracelets, which she saw at Shaw & Co's. She never encourages matrimonial offers, which she has no idea of accepting. (N. B. male flirts excepted!) She makes a distinction in her reception of gentlemen between those who at heart respect her sex, and those who only make a pretence of doing so. She never betrays, from a mean vanity, the honorable love which she can not reciprocate. She never talks or laughs loudly in public, or has the bad taste, and bad manners, to disturb her neighbors in this way at concert or opera. She is reverential at church, or at least respects the feelings of those around her, who desire to be so. She knows when to be silent, when to speak, and how in a word; she has *feet*—I repeat, *feet*, my hearers, without which the most beautiful woman is but a tasteless fruit, a senseless bird, a senseless flower, or, in other words, a blundering nunsell!

FANNY FERN.

MORAL COURAGE.—Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage or independence of mind:

"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth

doing, we must not stand back, shivering and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits, he doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till one fine day he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin, and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

TATTLING SERVANTS.
We often hear complaints of "tattling servants." There is ground for these complaints. A great deal of mischief is done by servant maids retelling from place to place the stock of scandal which they have collected—and it is a "stock in trade" to them. Positive injuries is often done by them to acts and motives alike, as they tattle around among their employers.

But while we admit that there is just cause of complaint as against the evil itself, we hesitate about attributing all the blame to the servants. We fear matrons are in many instances not more blameless.—All wares are apt to find their way to the market where they are most in demand.—This is as true of this species of "small wares" as others. Let us see: The evil complained of arises in a great measure from the habit of listening to tattling servants.—When a housewife gets a "new girl," she perhaps begins by telling her new employer all about the people with whom she has lived—of their houses, furniture, their dresses, their table fare, the relations to each of the various members of their several households, &c. If there have been evidence of discord, they are certain to be retailed. If there has been the slightest "family jar," it is magnified into a regular "family quarrel." The servant's fables are exaggerated, by her glib tongue, into handkerchiefs or glaring sins. It she can find any points of contrast between the manners and customs of her former and present home, which she can use with flattering effect upon the minds of the listeners, she becomes eloquent in her descriptions of them. This, that, and the other was so mean or so incontinent there. Here it is so nicely arranged!

All this has been done to "purr favor." You ought to have detected the notice, madam!—You ought to have discouraged the first word of tattle. It was not just to your neighbors—certainly very far from the golden rule!

But not only so. You ought to know that the servant who thus takes pleasure in tattling to the disadvantage of others, will talk in the same manner about you to the next employer! And you never consider this? If not, consider it now, and remember it hereafter. It is dangerous as well as ungrateful to encourage such a habit as this.—Like the pitiful parent, that was contented to let the great's lips, it is sure to be the fate of the listener to endure its evils in turn. For this reason, it is the part of enlightened self-interest to discourage rather than encourage them.

We speak as unto wise women. Judge ye what we say!

A Good Education.
Parents are generally desirous of securing for their children what they call a "good education." This is a commendable manifestation of parental affection. It would be more so, however, if the motives urging them to provide a good education for their children were somewhat more elevated than their usually are. A good education is too often sought merely or chiefly as a stepping stone to wealth or rank, respectability in the world. There are considerations rendering good education desirable of a much higher and more commendable nature than this.

In desiring a good education for their children, parents too commonly indulge in a very narrow and inadequate conception of what constitutes a really valuable, or good education and also of what influences a child must be brought under in order to secure it. Too many regard a good school, a teacher well versed in the usual branches and apt to teach, with approved text books about all that is necessary in order to secure the good education which they contemplate for their children. It is not generally and too much forgotten, that every conversation which they hear from the lips of their parents, and every action of lofty character, either worthy or unworthy principals, are a part of the education, good or bad of their children.

It is not generally forgotten that every word and every deed of the companions associates of your children has something to do in making their education either good

or bad?—It is not generally forgotten that the temper, the tastes, the habits of their parents, and, indeed, with all whom they come in contact, have a powerful influence in making the education of children either good or bad, according as they are of a happy or unhappy character?

Let our children see their parents, and all whom parents receive to their intimacy, living for high, noble, Heaven-approved ends and objects—such appearing plainly in all conversation and conduct as the ruling purpose of life—and they will then be receiving what constitutes the most essential part of what may be truly called a "good education."—[Albany Transcript.]

History of a Notorious Burglar.
A Boston paper contains the following sketch of the career of Phil Stanley, alias Phil Sandford, who with two of his confederates, was recently confined in the prison for robbing the Central Bank. The second trial's usual luck did not desert him on this occasion, as he and his fellow-robbers were allowed to escape without being brought to trial.

The leader of this trio, Phil Stanley, alias Phil Sandford, prides himself upon being one of the most artful villains in Christendom.—He was born in England, and is over 32 years old. His manner is affable and quiet; yet he is a very devil in hardihood, and gifted with almost unparalleled finesse.

Phil first became known on this continent in the city of Buffalo, where in a single night he committed three burglaries. He was arrested for the crime, convicted, and sentenced to nine years and nine months imprisonment. Unfortunately, his sentence was soon after commuted, and true to his instincts, he hastened to deserve another.

Scarcely had he got out of prison, when he planned a grand enterprise against the Milton Bank, of Dorchester; and one morning the officers of that institution found themselves minus \$22,000. Having succeeded in this project, he carried on his operations in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and Springfield; sometimes alone, sometimes with his associates. But in Buffalo, the bird was caged a second time; the Grand Jury found a true bill of indictment, and he was sentenced to the Auburn State Prison for another period of nine years and nine months. Previous to the Buffalo robbery, Phil married the widow of a Jew who kept an obscure hotel in the city of Albany. When he found himself a second time under the restraint of iron bars and heavy locks, he set his genius to work to devise the means of recovering his liberty.

He drew up a petition to the Governor of the State for his pardon, signed by all the employees of the prison, and having counterfeited the signature of the Judge who sentenced him, sent it on to Gov. Seymour. His Excellency was charmed by the trick; he promptly signed an order for his release, and in a few days Phil found himself outside the prison walls. The fraud was afterwards discovered, and officers were dispatched to find the criminal, and after a long and fruitless search, they listened to the proposals of his wife, who agreed to discover his whereabouts upon certain conditions. The bargain being consummated, Phil got off with two years and six months confinement. This inadequate punishment only whetted his instincts, and gave him new faith in his lucky star; and he soon robbed the Windham County Bank of \$22,000. He next turned his thoughts upon Canada, and went to Montreal, where he committed many robberies with impunity—among others, one of \$1000 from the office of the Grand Trunk Railway.

A police officer, getting a clue to his proceedings, tracked him to Buffalo, where he succeeded in capturing him. He was locked up two or three months, and then let off for want of sufficient evidence. After his discharge he went to New York, where his wife was then living. Scarcely had he stepped out of the car when his cars spied, demanded a fur mantle. Though Phil had not the funds, he was not the man to spoil his dignity by pilfering so petty a thing. To relieve himself of the embarrassment, he signaled the night of his visit to the Metropolitan by breaking into a store and stealing a quantity of rich furs. But unfortunately for him, he had not obtained the article ready-made; and though the skins were magnificent, his wife upbraided him in no gentle terms for this oversight. "They must do," said Phil; they must be made. They were accordingly sent to a furrier, where, as luck would have it, they were seen and recognized by the lawful owner, and Phil was arrested when he called for the articles. "So it has often happened," philosophically remarked Phil, on his way to the Tombs; "I had cursed hables of woman have often ruined great men."—On his way to that venerable penal institution he slipped away from the officers, outstripped them in the race, escaped from the city, and fled to Michigan, robbed the State Bank of \$11,000; went to Connecticut, plundered several jewelry stores in that State; robbed an Indian exchange agent of a considerable sum; plundered several of the principal shops, and joined Jack Rand and Bell Smith. The trio next attempted to rob an oil company. By means of false keys the rascals got into the company's safe, but to their chagrin found the coffers empty. For two or three nights they continued the experiment, but still found no money. Enraged with his ill success, Phil resolved not to leave all this trouble for nothing. Having carefully examined the company's books and acquainted himself with their method of doing business, he forged their name, and personating one of their employees got it discounted and left the city. When the note became due, the unfortunate employee whose name he had assumed was tried for forgery, and sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

The trio then went to New Brunswick where the bank robbery of \$75,000 was committed. In this stupendous affair Phil employed all his devilish genius. With a bit of wax he took an impression of the outside door lock, and from this model they constructed a key. Another night the robbers entered the building and "took impressions of the locks of the drawers and vaults, and made other keys as before; and were now sure of success. It is asserted that Phil has often devoted six months study to the plan of an enterprise, and when it promised largely has not scrupled to spend two thousand dollars in maturing it. At Auburn he made a key for securing the gates and gave it to the jailer, who sold the secret to a house in New York. They got it patented and have realized large profits from its sale. Ordinarily, Phil managed an affair and let his confederates execute it. But in New Brunswick he departed from this prudent custom; and to this negligence he owes his detection.

Our Commercial Affairs.
We cannot expect any great improvement in matters in this country, till we get from England the effect of the suspension of our Banks. As soon as that is received, whatever it may be, progress of recovery here will be somewhat better. The sooner the worst is known, the better. We shall then commence the reconstruction of our collapsed system of credits. The country is so well off that the general recovery must be comparatively rapid. Much, however, will depend upon the effect of our disasters abroad.—With the prices prevailing the past year, we should, the present, have carried our exports from \$360,000,000 to \$400,000,000. If commercial affairs become so much disturbed that they cannot take our produce at the customary prices, our ability to pay will be reduced in like ratio. A great deal of distress is due to the low prices to which produce has fallen, owing to the inability of our merchants to purchase and send it forward. Our people have an abundance of that with which they have been used to pay their foreign indebtedness. If our produce continues to command a good price, we shall soon be on our legs again.

We regret to see shipments of gold from England to this country. With a sound system of finance, we have all that it needed for the purposes of trade and commerce. Gold is as legitimate an article of export as grain is, and may be exported safely with the same regularity. By importing from England we shall soon have an overstock, which is really no more needed than an importation of wheat. It must all soon return, and more with it.—Its importation will have an effect to further complicate the English money market, and by increasing the stringency there, increase the price of money here. The London money market rates that of New York. Still the excessively low prices of our securities must attract capital from abroad, till these run up to something like their value. Such are the inevitable laws of trade. We trust, however, that the recovery in this country will be so rapid as to speedily check the importation of gold. Our Banks have now in their vaults more than they had last midsummer, when they were pronounced remarkably strong, and when their discounts were up to \$115,000,000. They are now as well able to pay specie as they then were. A restored confidence is all that is wanted to enable them to do this. It is somewhat remarkable that gold commands hardly any premium in exchange for the bills of non-specific paying Banks. This is a most favorable feature. It shows that there is no lack of gold in the country, and the confidence in the solvency of the Banks is undiminished. There are, probably, \$200,000,000 of gold and silver in the United States, a sum adequate to all our wants, and constituting a reserve capital, which may be relied upon to liquidate any foreign balance against us.

True Greatness.
Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to the market himself and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen returning at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other.—On one occasion a fashionable young man from the north, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could not get anyone to carry home his turkey.
Marshall stepped up and asking where he lived said:
"That is on my way; I will take for you." When they came to his house, the young man said—
"What shall I pay you?"
"O, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "was on my way and no trouble."
"Who is that polite old man who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the young man of bystander.
"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."
"Why did he bring home my turkey?"
"To give you a severe reprimand, and to teach you to mind your own business," was the reply.

True greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself. His own independence of character depends on his being able to help himself. Dr. Franklin, when he first established himself in business in Philadelphia, wheeled home the paper which he had purchased for his printing office, on a wheelbarrow with his own hands.

THE SHOE-NAIL.
Olinthus, an industrious miller, used to stand the whole day long in his workshop, and hammer away till sparks flew in showers all around.

The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, used to come every day, and often watched him for hours together.

"Come, young gentleman," said the miller one day, "and learn to make a nail for your amusement; for who knows what good it may sometime do you?"

The young gentleman, who had nothing else to do, accepted the offer. He sat down, laughing at the avail, and soon acquired enough of the art to turn out a good, serviceable shoe-nail.

In course of time old Mr. Von Berg died. The son, soon after, lost all his property through the war, and went as a poor emigrant to a far distant village. In this village there lived a great many shoemakers, who used to spend a good deal of money on shoe-nails in the town, and often were unable to procure them at a high price; for, throughout the whole district, many thousand shoes were made for the soldiers.

Young Mr. Von Berg, who was in very poor circumstances, now recollected that he understood very well the art of making shoe-nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers with nails in abundance, if they would assist him to set up a workshop. They helped him to do so, and he now maintained himself very abundantly.

"Well," he would often say, "it is a good thing for a man to make even a shoe-nail. This does me more service now than all my landed possessions, which would not have been sold for a hundred thousand dollars."

An honest handiwork, though poor it be, Proves a resource against adversity.

WELL SAID.—A noble saying is recorded of a member of the British House of Commons, who by his own industry and perseverance had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin saying, "I remember when you blocked my father's boots."

"Well, sir," was the noble response "did I not do it well?"

Mr. Dilid Jones, mate of the Connecticut River sch. Sally Anne, walked aft and addressed the Captain—"Captain Spaner, if you keep the skuner on this course you'll have her hard aground on them flats."—Whereat the captain replied—"Mr. Mate, you just go forward and tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll tend to mine." Dilid went forward, let go the anchor, walked aft, and reported, "Captain Spaner, my part of the skuner is at anchor!"

A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after, the name of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, as will pay twenty-five cents extra, and both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra. Cheap enough for a luxury.

A chap out West, who had been severely affected with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part afflicted. Quite another triump of Homoeopathy.—1134 Green Bldg.