

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM. - C. 10.

[12 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

N. 30.

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1859.

[Vol 26.]

## THE FINE MAN.

BY GEORGE ROY.

I didna ken hoo it began; somebody said that somebody was a fine man; and auld John Lion catch'd at the words, and gaed on o' his characteristic growls, and held forth in this fashion: I just hane your fine men; I never kent a fine man yet that was na a humbug. A decent, honest man has na occasion to be a fine man; no, he's content wi' bein' simply a man. It's your twa-faced, rotten-hearted, double-dealing, shuffling, dodging, scrubbing, screwing, leech, stealing, everlasting deceptions that are your fine men—my first 'pentice maser was a fine man; and a fine man he was. I ance saw his portrait gone in saw dust, and it was a very good representation o' the entire class. The history of the portrait was this: My neighbor 'pentice bein' ordered by the fine man to set the rat trap, asked whar and hoo it was to be set, and received as answer, that he was just to exercise his own ingenuity, and if he didna set it properly he wad catch it. So the callant set to work and produced the work o'—the portrait of a fine man. The rat, being set rather deep in the sawdust, formed the fine man's mouth; the sawdust lips had the true sinister grin; the nose, rather to the long side, seemed dropping an apology for its obstruction; the cheeks were wrinkled into a cross-breed between a smile and a curse; while the eyes, though he managed to express this in sawdust, has aye been a mystery to me) had that blinking uncertain look, that seemed looking at everything and nothing; there were no whiskers—lang rare hairs; a laigh sloping forehead wi' thin sick hair; it was a perfect likeness o' the fine man. I can truly say of that portrait in the words of the song—

"I saw it but a moment, yet methinks I see it now." It's far mair impressed on my mind, that sawdust creation than any o' the works of the great masters that it's ever been my luck to see; and I never yet see a heartless face, veneered wi' a sinister grin, and polished wi' a frostbitten smile, but it brings to my mind the complacent rat-trap wi' its treacherous snare. I ance took the trouble o' setting the number o' fine men that I met wi' in the course o' a single day. On my way to the town in the omnibus I saw one, and my favorite face, looking out smiling in the usual complacent manner to an o' me g'it' back o' a horse who happened to be sitting opposite.

It was just entering a wide amount o' addition at accommodation was required, or what doubtless bills were to discount, that there was aie an abundance o' soft sawdust grin, when the 'bus door opened, and a big jolly fellow in a gray coat stepped in and sat down shoulder to shoulder wi' the fine man. If you had seen hoo the rat-trap closed, as my smooth friend put his hand to his shoulder, and turning to the new comer, said: "Are you sure, sir, that that coat of yours is perfectly clean, that you sit down so unconsciously amongst respectable people?"

"In quite sure," was the reply, "that there is something very unclean about some o' the coats o' your respectable stomach, for you have a most pestiferous breath!"

"Wise," tobacco, and onions," said the gray coat, "tobacco is strength!" "Gray coat, 'tobacco is strength!" cried the crowd. "It was raining."

"Quite full!" said the fine man. "Plenty o' room," said the gray coat; "I'll stand!"

And wi' that he rose to make room for the lady, and either accidentally or intentionally set his big heel on the fine man's toe. I thought the rat-trap was closed forever; there was a deep groan, to which the gray coat replied: "Ye should keep in your respectable trams!" I left the 'bus, thinking to myself that that fine man would be more respectful to the next gray coat he came in contact wi'. On leaving the 'bus, I stepped into the first haberdasher's shop I came to, to purchase a pair o' gloves, and got free the proprietor a reception as gracious as if I had been gaun to purchase his entire stock at the top figure. I was just beginning to think that surely the plausible haberdasher was another fine man, for he was decidedly over sweet to be wholesome; when a very genteel young woman, stepping inow to the counter, said:

"I, sir, am the person who made application for your vacant situation."

"Oh, indeed!" said the fine man; "for I saw at once by the altered expression o' the rat-trap that this was fine man number two." "Oh, indeed! you are the person—person—"

"I like that—applicants generally announce themselves as the lady who communicated with me, but you are the person; well what experience has the person to fit her for such a situation?"

"I have no experience," was the reply, "but am very willing to learn."

"No experience," said the fine man, "very willing to learn; oh, yes, you are all very willing to learn when making application, but it turns out quite another matter when

once engaged; have you brought a certificate from your former employer?"

"There was water in the lassie's c'e as she answered, 'I have not as yet had an employer; I have hitherto been at home.'"

"Oh!" said my smooth friend, "you have hitherto been merely an ornament of the domestic circle."

"There was no reply."

"Show me," said the fine man, "how you handle the pen."

The girl looked up and said, "The note of application was written in my own hand."

"That may be true," said the fine man, "but I ask you to show me how you handle the pen; so be pleased to do so."

The girl took the pen and asked what she would write.

"Poetry," was the reply. "Poetry, young persons seldom write prose; just write a line from some favorite author, something congenial to your present state of mind. I hope you write with a steady hand, I hate a tremulous scrawl."

The line was written with an easy dash, and the fine man read, "Suspicion haunts the guilty mind."

"Good, good, very good," sneered the fine man, "suspicion haunts the guilty mind." He added with a malignant grin,—"Now, that I remember, your name is Wallace; I was sorry to hear of your father's shortcomings, I see his effects are to be sold to-day. Well, then, let me see," he said, stroking his chin, "I am rather afraid your father's daughter will not exactly suit me; my employees, although poor, must be respectable."

The girl was quietly leaving when a very fine lady, who had entered during the scene, gently detained her, and turning to the fine man, said, in the most formal accents,—"Be pleased, sir, to render my account and it will be paid," then, taking the girl's arm within her own, they left the shop.

If you had seen hoo the rat-trap napt as the fine man said, "I've lost my best customer, and made that impudent girl's fortune."

"I'm vexed for you," said a tailor's apprentice, who was buying a half penny worth o' needles, "ye didna ken that the lady was watching you; if you were in our Sunday school you wad learn that there is aye some body watchin' you who will make you render your own account some day."

The fine man lifted his yardstick. The crowd, in a moment, they were all there, and cried, "Good Mr. Brown, strike me now! you dare it; auld father Belzebub that will furnish the receipt for the settlement of your account—by—one—said—heartless—haunting—signed—Nis-e-k!"

With three howls the trotter vanished. I left the shop, thinking that the next application for employment was less likely to get her woman's heart crushed by that fine man; I could resist the temptation o' stepping in to see hoo the sene was gettin' on that I had heard so curiously advertised. It was a fearful sight; a the bits o' family treasures, packed under the auctioneer's hammer—rings, drink, cursed drink. There was a could shiver ran through even among the brokers when the husband's portrait was put up, and the first bid made by the wife. The auctioneer, as a hint that he wished the wife to be the purchaser, told the company that portraits had fallen greatly in value since the introduction o' photography. The wife had bidden seven shillings, and there being nae opposition, the portrait was just about to be knocked down, when a squeaking voice said, "seven and sixpence." Every eye in the room was turned to the bidder—yes, yes, he was another fine man. "Come, guilewife," said the auctioneer, but there was no answer, so down went the portrait at seven and six pence, the purchaser saying, as he held out his hands for his prize, "The frame is worth ten times the money."

"You haven't bought it for the lady then," said the auctioneer.

"I have bought it for myself," was the reply.

"Take care of your prize, then," said the auctioneer, as turning the portrait cornerways, he let it fall with a crash on the floor.

The frame wasna much worth when it was lifted. There was baith laughter and applause as the fine man repudiated his bargain, and the auctioneer handed it ower to the wife, saying,

"A man a wee cloured is surely better than nae man ava, I'm glad, said the auctioneer, to see that hearts are trump among you,—what card shall I play next? Here is a case o' razors, who bids for them?"

A strong Irish voice said, knock them down a bargain to o' seven-and-sixpence, he woud require them for shaving, hair don't grow on so coo' a soil, but they'll be handy when he takes to cuttin his throat.

They speak o' takin' the bit and the buff, but fine man got the buff and missed the bit, for whenever the brokers saw that the allusion to the razors pleased the auctioneer, they pitched in frae a' quarters. The last thing I heard when leaving the room, was a

female voice saying, "It was a pity the picture frame met with an accident, for that was a right good bargain; that o' Mr. Calcraft miss't; I knowed the o'ul' finisher the minit he said seven and sixpence. On leaving the sale I met with a well known fine man that I hadna seen for a considerable time, he having gone to live a little way out o' town, for the sake, as he said, of the purer atmosphere for his young family. I speer't hoo he was liking his country quarters, and in the course o' our conversation was informed that there were many advantages connected with living a little out o' town. In the first place, it relieves aye from the necessity o' taking an active part in any of the money philanthropic movements of the city; in the second place, household expenditure is considerably diminished, inasmuch as company is entirely avoided, and the family diet greatly simplified."

The circumstance of the husband dining in town removes entirely the necessity for the use of animal food in the home circle; simple bone soup, and nutritious rice, suiting perfectly well for women and children; and in the third place, the household expenditure in such circumstances can be calculated to a farthing, which is a great advantage. When strangers are being constantly entertained at home there is nae calculating the outlay, but when a family live entirely alone, a man can make a *bona fide* contract with his wife for the domestic outlay, and so know how every shilling goes. As this useful information was being communicated, we were drawing near one of the fashionable city restaurants where my friend said he intended to dine. I was curious to see the father, who fed his wife and weans on bone soup and rice, that I volunteered to patronize his dining-room. So in we went; my smooth friend gave the orders. Our dinner consisted of bowls of kidney soup, plates of salmon, plates of lamb and new potatoes, plates of strawberries and cream and glasses of brandy. When our repast was concluded, my fine friend said,—"You can easily see the advantage connected with dining in town; one gets here for a self-tasting of everything in its season at a comparatively small outlay. It would be a very different matter furnishing a family table in such a style; he added, with the look of true paternal affection, "The more simply children can be brought up the better for them. When my John and William

grew up to manhood, they were very likely to be vegetarians, for animal food is a thing they never taste." The waiter, at this juncture, handed my friend a note. I saw the words "no haste" on the corner o' the note; was read and the fine man actually fainted.

"Thinking it might be a matter o' life and death, I lifted the note. Its contents were 'Come home I am badly; John and William have been caught in the act of abstracting a joint of cold meat from a safe in the adjoining cottage!'"

The poor little vegetarians stealing beef! nae wonder; sic paternal treatment is far more likely to produce cannibals than vegetarians. I left the restaurant, thinking there surely wasna mony men so "fine" as my dinner companion. "I can scarcely tell you hoo many fine men I met wi' that day."

There was one other that I'll no forget in a hurry. I met him in the evening—a man well-to-do in the world, has a fixed income o' several hundreds a year besides a good-going business. He was going, he said when I met him on an errand of mercy—he was going to a meeting in behalf o' "ragged schools," which was to be addressed by the great Dr. Guthrie. I said, independent o' the object o' the meeting, he would get a great oratorical treat. He said he was quite sensible o' that; he never missed hearing the Doctor. I said that the Doctor, more than any other o' our modern speakers, came up to my idea o' what our ancient orators must have been; he had such a manly grace in all his tones and movements; he seemed I said, aye to me like a great king speaking to princes.

"He's a grand speaker," said my friend, and putting his hand in his pouch, he asked with an anxious expression o' face if I could favor him wi' twa bawbees for a penny, as there was to be a collection at the door. Oh the fine man! My wife tells me that lang after I fell asleep that night, I kept muttering to myself, "A glorious cause, a great orator, twa bawbees for a penny," and "Oh, the brute!" I could scarcely believe my eyesight, when lifting the papers on the following morning, I found my twa-bawbee friend announced among the first o' the esquires on the platform. I canna say I was sorry when, a few days after, I heard that the same man a son had "boiled" wi' a' the cash he could get his hands on—it seemed to me as natural as the one spoke o' a wheel following the other, that that man's son should turn out a rascal; for I have no hesitation in asserting that the man o' means who can be cooped up at a meeting for such an object, and put a dirty copper in the plate, must be a thief in his heart.

Some one interrupted auld John at this stage o' his tirade, by suggesting that he should put a more charitable construction on the actions of men.

"Charitable construction!" quo' John, "it's a hemp construction that woud fit the kind o' folk best." His closing words were, "I can do wi' a bluff man, and have few objections to a gruff man, and can put up even wi' a rough man; but guide keep me frae much intercourse wi' the sweetie'lla, sneevlin' genus, 'the Fine Man.'"

## A Remarkable and Affecting Incident.

It is seldom we hear of such a remarkable manifestation of filial devotion—a heroism on the part of a child as is evinced in the affecting incident we are about to relate. The age of the child was two years, which point gave us much questioned until our informant gave us the minutes, which he took from the lips of its parents, as they stood over its remains soon after the occurrence. The child is described as being very intelligent, and as possessing a high and broad forehead, such as would indicate a mind of no ordinary mould. But to proceed with the narrative.

On the afternoon of the 4th instant, Mr. Nash, the keeper of the Grinnel Point light, Islesboro, started with a skiff for the purpose of mooring a boat a few rods from the shore. While in the act of casting over a hedge anchor, the skiff capsized, overturning him with it.

Because of his lameness he was unable to swim, and upon rising to the surface seized hold of the gunwale of the skiff, and at once hallowed to his little boy, Elisha, who was looking out of the open window, (the house being but a short distance from the shore,) to give his mother the alarm. Mrs. Nash, who had been confined to the house by illness for a fortnight, heard her husband's voice and at once started for the rescue. Before leaving the house, she charged Elisha to remain on the doorstep until her return. Seeing no hope of saving her husband herself, she ran to the house of a neighbour for assistance. Elisha beholding his father's perilous situation, could remain quiet no longer, and so ran down to the shore and at once began to wade into the water to attempt to help him. His father bade him keep out of the water and sit on the shore until his mother came. Seating himself upon the shore he impatiently waited for his mother's approach.

Mr. Nash, by struggling hard to maintain his position, had well nigh exhausted himself, and while clinging to the side of the skiff it again turned over, and he thereby lost his hold. Bidding his child farewell, he sunk beneath the waves with the belief that he should never arise alive. But to his joy as he sank he caught hold of the rope with which the boat was moored, and by this means drew himself up and got on board. Upon looking for his child he found he had disappeared. The little fellow, thinking to render his father the essential aid betook himself to the water as he saw him sink, and waded out as far as he could, and then reached forth his hands towards his father. The strong tide bore the little hero beyond his depth, and in the quiet of death he relinquished his hold upon life.

When the neighbours arrived, they found Mr. Nash in the boat quite exhausted, and the body of his devoted Elisha floating near the beach.

Our informant who saw the corpse of the child soon after it was recovered, says that its tiny hands were still outstretched and its eyes open wide as if still anxiously looking in the direction of its father. As the fond and heartstricken parents, bent over the cherub like form of the darling one as it was arranged for burial, many eyes like theirs were suffused with tears, because of the pathetic tale connected with its death.

(Belfast (Maine) Age.)

## How they do things in Pennsylvania.

The following is an extract from a letter received by us from a friend and subscriber in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania:

"This is a fine country. The farmers have finished haying, and the most of them have got in their grain. Wheat never looked better. I would like to have some of the temperance men of Gardiner out here and see what progress they would make in the temperance cause. The farmers in this country cannot have a gang of men unless they will agree to furnish them with whiskey. I went out to see a reaping machine work the other day. The machine was moved by two large horses and it took two men to tend it, and sixteen men to tie up the grain; but the best of it was a small boy on horseback hauling a barrel of whiskey, with a dipper hanging to the fence, and every time the men got round the place they would stop and drink. Lighter should have by the barrel, and almost every store keeps it, and sells it at retail. It's a hard pace for a young farmer."—(Maine Rural.)

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

St. Louis, July 16.—The overland mail has arrived, with San Francisco dates of the 24th ult.

Rich discoveries of gold had been made in the Coast Range Mountains, Humboldt Co.

Oregon advices state that the Columbia and Willamette rivers were very high, causing great destruction of property.

Business was extremely dull at San Francisco, owing to the non arrival of several clippers, overdue.

Harvest was progressing, and the yield promises to be more than abundant for home use.

St. Louis, July 17.—A telegram from San Francisco, which intercepted the overland mail at Gelroy, furnishes three day's latest advices from British Columbia. Fraser River has risen twelve feet in four days, doing great damage along its banks. Fort Yale, together with all the houses on the bench, were overflown, and several had been swept away. Mining operations were entirely suspended.

Coal had been discovered near Queensboro.

Gov. Douglass and Col. Moody had made a trip to the north entrance of Fraser river, and found fine tracts of land.

The steamer Forward brought down \$75,000 in gold.

The Columbia river was 45 feet above low water mark between the cascades and the Dalles, and the whole country was submerged from the cascades to Vancouver—not 20 acres being above water.

It is now proposed in Philadelphia to tax the Insurance Companies some \$10,000 for the water used in extinguishing fires. The reason for this is that the city pays \$50,000 annually to fire companies, while all the property belonging to the city is insured—thus making the insurance companies gainers by this expenditure.

An awful soil that was, when the agent of a Cleveland Lumber-manufacture, with much trouble, hunted up a man who had lost his wife. In a subdued voice, he asked the man if he had lost his wife. They man said he had. The agent was very sorry for it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree; in forming the man that what was his loss was her eternal gain, and would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose—at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a little difficulty in the way. "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. Why, yes, I have, said the man, "but no grave-stone ain't necessary; for you see the cussed critter ain't dead; she's scatched with another man." The agent retired.

Beer was first brewed in England about the year 1492; in Scotland it had been known ten years earlier. By a statute of James the First one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny, and two quarts of small beer (better than some ale now-a-days) for a penny.

A SIGHTY DIFFERENCE.—When Horne Tooke returned his income in the property tax schedule as nil, and was asked whence came the means of supporting his carriage and country house, he begged respectfully to draw the attention of the commissioners to the circumstance that these were things inferring expenditure, not income.

AN IRISH ELOPEMENT.—An engine driver in the employ of a railway company, had a sweet heart who lived near the line. She engaged to elope with him one day by the train he was driving and made her escape for the purpose, upon which her father and brother having failed to intercept her, deliberately turned the points of the line the wrong way, and sent the whole train, passenger, driver, sweetheart and all, into a bog that lay "convenient."

TAX SMOOTH.—I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either highways or byways, connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly timber; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient but I feel a desire to exclaim—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, "Sir, you have eaten too much; and you have not taken exercise enough!" The human frame was not created imperfect. It is ourselves who have made it so. There exists no luxury in creation so overladen as our stomachs.

Ninety five clocks were disclosed from the New York Custom House on Wednesday. Their united value makes over \$109,000 a year.