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Vol

Poetry.

Give us back the Tails.

If, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things, hath not
As yet the matter ended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such time as they,
Who had no rest of house or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion did not make
Of monkey-girl a slave.
So the olden way is the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they,
No bolting breakfast down,
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss's frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
And let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep,
And no defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way is the happiest way;
The new condition fails;
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.

—[Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine.]

Count Cavour.

Generous and conciliatory in his bearing toward all parties, and prompt to recognize the good qualities of his opponents, he practiced largely, as he says of himself, the "penultimate precept of Paternoster." His adversaries of to-day became his allies to-morrow. In truth, he regarded political friendships and animosities as a contradiction of terms, and without hesitation would renounce the one and excuse the other, simply on the ground of state policy. With a strong taint of Machiavellian blood in his veins, he did not recognize the idea that the rules of morality, which ought to govern the intercourse of individuals, are binding upon societies, or applicable to international relations. The dangerous maxim that "the end justifies the means" is painfully conspicuous in his political creed. He would create a necessity, or precipitate a crisis, then plead in extenuation of his subsequent policy. He could affiliate with strange bedfellows when it suited his purpose, though frank enough to tell them jocosely that it pressed diplomatically he would "deny them like Peter."

Among modern English statesmen he probably most resembled Peel in his domestic and Palmerston in his foreign policy. In some respects a singular combination of strange contradictions, even these seemed to contribute to his final success. Moderate in his pretensions, though inexhaustible in his resources, he was pronounced radical, not withstanding his conservative dress. Persevering and laborious in spite of constitutional proclivities, what appeared a political instinct in the marvelous ease and rapidity with which he solved the most difficult problems of state policy was simply the result of a conscious and laborious process of ratiocination. With much to create, much to destroy, and more to transform, he was an iconoclast as well as an organizer. He aided progress by the removal of barriers to a natural development, and built up new systems in demolishing old. He made political mistakes, and acknowledged them, but no one knew better than he how to extricate himself from their legitimate consequences. When you imagine he has committed a fatal error, and is irretrievably lost, by some bold and skillful movement upon the diplomatic chess-board he checks-mates Europe, and compels the great powers to accept political results, not only in open violation of solemn treaties, but in direct contravention of international law.

In his personal appearance Cavour was of medium stature, with a tendency to corpulency; quick and energetic in his movements; with a forehead broad, high, and spacious; his eyes partially closed by weakness, and still further concealed by spectacles; his mouth not well formed and somewhat voluptuous, over which played an ironical smile, the joint offspring of wick and disdain. Nevertheless, the "tout ensemble" of his countenance was expressive of benignity. Simple in his manners, though dignified in his bearing, he would have been recognized anywhere as a subordinate gentleman familiar with the usages of the court. Though of an irascible, phlegmatic temperament, he rarely or never lost his self-control. Generous in his estimates and liberal in his friendships, he was chary of his confidence and

exclusive in his intimacies. It may be that he was devoid of faith and affection, but he certainly loved Italy, and believed in his own mission. Doubtless he had genius, but it was not the prismatic genius of the poet, clothing the heavens with rainbows and decking the earth with flowers. In truth, he was lacking in idealism, and wanting in sentiment. Without an ear for music, he constrained Verdi to accept a seat in Parliament, though he did not hesitate, at the same time, to affirm that, as for himself, it would be easier to regenerate Italy than to compose a single sonnet.—[O. M. Spencer, in Harper's Magazine.]

Interesting Case.

JACK ROCHESTER'S WONDERFUL FORTUNE.

[Continued.]
The poor widow, Mrs. Hoyerley, and her daughters were now utterly unprovided for, and they must have starved had they not been secretly helped by Squire Rankley, the rejected suitor. This man, whose every motive appeared good, and who, indeed, endeavored to do an honest thing, stood the widow's friend in more ways than one, and that so unobtrusively, that she was half tempted to induce her daughter, on her knees, to marry him, for she said to herself—and what she said was natural enough—if our poor Jack doesn't come back, if he be dead, what will become of my girls and me? Whereas, if she do marry Mr. Rankley, we shall be provided for for life.

Mrs. Morton now once again tempted Mrs. Hoyerley to bring about the marriage, urging that if this was done, she would unquestionably provide for the widow for life.
So that Jack's luck appeared to be waning at home, whatever might be going on abroad. But his lucky star was true to him, for it takes two to make a marriage, and Molly vowed, that whether it was selfish or not, she would never wed any other man than poor Jack Rochester, until she knew he was dead; or he'd write. Why not take up with the old Squire?

Mrs. Morton relaxed in her severity, and helped to maintain the ferryman's querulous widow, but she never relaxed in her endeavors to induce the girl to marry the Squire.

Once, poor Molly herself had turned up in the lily, and said, Why should you urge me to marry Mr. Rankley? It can't benefit you that I should have him! and know nothing about my Jack!

Mrs. Morton blushed, and turned the subject. Meanwhile, the question arose, had Jack's good luck deserted him? By no manner of means. Through those two years he had beaten up bravely. He took the pressing even with a cheerful heart, and finding that it could not be avoided, he made the best of it. At twenty-two, and after he had been in the navy-two years, he had struggled up to be a petty officer, and was generally liked by officers and men.

He never told his troubles to any one; how he had written home so many letters; how he had never received an answer from any one; and how he heard some of them, if not all, were dead. Why didn't they answer his letters? But of this he remained certain—that while Molly lived, she would be faithful to him; and, acting under the force of this conviction, he found the days, weeks, months, speedily went on.

At the end of those two years, the vessel had one or two brushes with the enemy, but had never gone into pitched battle.

So far very little luck had been Jack's; but he steadily worked, and as steadily paved his way.

It was to come, however.
Upon one particular day, when the channel fleet was anchored off the coast of Barbary, a fearful storm set in, and the damage done to the vessel was immense. In the midst of the warring of the elements there was a loud crash upon the land, and an older and experienced seaman said, "Lay to—there's a thunder bolt fell!"

What then? says Jack.

Why, it's deep in the ground, and will have to be dug out, says the sailor.

Where do thunderbolts come from?

They say they come down from the moon.

What are they?

Oh, a sort of metal, says the tar.

And here some order from the captain called to part company.

Now it will be recalled that Jack had a firm belief in making his fortune, and that his friend Whitehead had taught him how to distinguish gold from all others metals.

He fell pondering.

If thunderbolt came from the moon, and was a sort of metal, it might be one metal as well as another—gold, as reality as iron, or lead, or tin. This thought ran in his head.

Tom—this was to the sailor with whom he had the previous conversation—Tom, could you spot the point where the thunderbolt fell yesterday morn?

Ah, lad—just by yest's dead palm.

And would she be deep in the ground, Tom?

About ten feet.

Didn't the skipper say as we was to go on shore for fresh water and dates?

Aye.

I'd like to dig that thunderbolt up.

Jack's luck was with him again, for he was one of the party told off to go ashore; and asking permission to dig up that thunderbolt, to take home as a present for his sweetheart, he being a steady and willing seaman, permission was given him, together with a broad grin.

From the ship's deck they could see Jack Rochester digging up that thunderbolt. He was at it for about an hour, when those on deck saw him haul up a something which appeared not a little heavy.

They then saw him stoop down and "mumble about" whatever it was he had picked up. Then they saw him, through the clear African air, give a great jump.

When the boat returned to the ship, Jack Rochester had his thunderbolt; and though all his shipmates were chaffing him cruelly, he stuck to his treasure, which, in fact, lay lovingly placed between his ankles in the bottom of the boat.

Jack Rochester's present for his sweetheart was the joke of the whole ship's company. Every body examined it, and everybody found it was a great, big, ugly, rough, black stone, with no redeeming quality, weighing about sixty pounds.

Mind you, I know what my sweetheart likes.

And that was all he said openly.

But upon a bit of slate he made this calculation—

60 pounds of gold

30 guineas to the pound of gold

2400

All I hope is, says Jack, as we shan't go down, or be taken by the French—which ain't likely, for I shan't like my own true sweetheart to lose her thunderbolt—which I know her taste, and well pleased with it she will be; and I do wish as there was peace declared.

Jack's luck stood by him again. In that year (1861) there was a sudden and short peace patched up with France, and Nelson returned to his pleasant country house at Merton.

The majority of the vessels in the navy were ordered home, and Jack Rochester's among them. When he parted with his shipmates, he was particularly anxious about his chest, in which the thunderbolt had been stored; and he gave five guineas down to his mess-mates, to drink to his sweetheart's present.

The ship's company said Jack Rochester was off his head.

He was off home.

His luck attended his every footstep.

When he reached Chatham, poor Molly, quite worried out, and her mother having fallen ill, had promised to marry the Squire at the end of the month if a letter from Jack was still wanting.

Two whole years had passed without a line from him, and they could get no information from the Admiralty.

And quite at the right moment he turned up.

What!—not letter from him? He had written fourteen.

What!—Molly thought he was dead?

Nonsense if he had been dead, his ghost would have appeared to her.

Aye; find he was worth between two and three thousand guineas, and he meant to make it more, for he had got a new trade in hand.

He was much too good and generous to punish any man; and, therefore, when it came out that Squire Rankley had bribed the post-master of a certain district to stop all foreign letters addressed to the Hoyerleys, and had conspired with him to make the mother and daughter believe him dead, he was much too generous to punish the man.

Why, bless you! he said; he hasn't parted my Molly and me. He couldn't do no damage to my luck. My luck is wide as oceans—and let him go free. It was my luck to pick up a gold thunderbolt, and nobody cried "share," because it looked black and ugly; and now it's sold, and I'm a rich man—let him go free.

But the offended dignity of the law would have no such considerations for the criminal, against whom it was further proved, at his trial, that it was he who had bribed the post-master to seize Jack Rochester.

Let him go, says Jack; for if I hadn't been pressed, I shouldn't have found the thunderbolt.

But the law would not hearken to this proposal for mercy—and went on with Rankley's trial.

Rankley pleaded in his defence that Molly Hoyerley and Jack Rochester were hopelessly poor at the time that he separated them;—and that he did so, and tried to keep them apart, that he might save the girl, who was like his own and only child, a daughter who had been dead many years. He urged that he was justified in any means to save the girl from a wretchedly poor marriage by inducing her to become his wife, and thereby obtain a good position in life.

But a jury did not see his proceedings in this christian light; and the judge, approving their perspicacity, it is to be feared that Mr. Rankley was sent across the sea in a state of transportation. In fact he left his country for his country's good.

But there was another question to answer. Why had Mrs. Morton been so desirous of depriving Jack Rochester of his bride and his happiness?

They only discovered the cause a month or two after they had been happily married, and when all the family were located in a pleasant house overlooking the Sittingbourne Road.

The rich and respectable lady, came hurriedly to the house one day, and desired to see Rochester alone.

He left his carrier pigeons, to which he had begun to devote much attention, and made his best bow in the bright little parlor.

She had a miserable tale to tell. How she had fallen when she was a girl; how she had contrived to keep the truth from her father; how she had exposed her child in it; and how, how then she, weaned until she was free and rich. Her father compelled her to marry Mr. Morton, who must have learnt something of the truth. On dying he left his property provisionally to his brother, on condition that he could prove the wife's guilt. He being paid a large income meanwhile. Now the brother was dead, her riches were safe, and she had come to claim her son. As to his father—

Stupid man, says Jack Rochester; the only father as ever I'll acknowledge went down to the bottom of the Medway; and the only mother as I'll know is she who reared me up and loved me when my own mother had shipped me off. What—yeh held to your riches afore you held to me? Yeh never helped me a bit with a spare five guinea.

I was so wretched, urged the miserable woman.

And now, when you have all the riches you can get, you want to add to them the son as you despise.

Despise—no! What mother could despise so handsome a son as you?

So, if I'd been ugly, I might have gone by the board, eh? Mother!—a pretty mother, who left me as a bit babe to strangers, and then tried to break my heart by getting my sweetheart from me.

I did not want my son to marry a common waterman's common daughter.

Common enough to have some love in her, mum.

But would you not know who was your father?

No more than he have cared to know. My father's my mother, he continued; taking the waist of the old woman, who now entered—And here's the mother as I mean to love and hold by. Don't 'ee come back ma'am; we don't want 'ee. We've done very well with our 'ee, so long; and I'll go bail we'll get on without your help. And do 'ee mind the door—tis three steps.

So the explosion to which she had submitted her son was refined her in kind; he expelled her.

She never dared to seek him out again.

And as for him, he would never claim the fortune she ultimately left him by will, and in which she had, abjectly begged that he would pardon her.

He wanted no questionable money. He had invented a trade. He had become possessor, at Gibraltar, on his homeward voyage, of half dozen peculiarly gifted carrier pigeons (the telegraph of the times of Nelson and Wellington), and these he increased, and educated, and trained, until he became the great carrier pigeon merchant of his day.

It is even said it was one of Rochester's pigeons which brought the news to the British child, based so much of their colossal fortune.

Rochester lived to a hale old age, his son's being even older when he died, not so very long ago—not a score of years. The Rochester's—fr he never changed his chance name—were a promising race, and several of John Rochester's descendants are duly rising in their various lines of life. There seems to be little doubt one or two of them will be famous.

Jack Rochester's wonderful fortune is still talked about; and certain grandsons of his are not a little proud of the man who beat his way up from being a foundling in Rochester High Street, to a good position in citizen life; and who left behind him a race whose seems to be that which every man should put upon the door of his life—to try and leave the world better than he finds it. Most men can do this, if only in a small way. Many a little makes a muckle.

Chinese Labor in Cuba.

Large numbers of chinamen are sent to labor on the sugar plantations immediately after their arrival in Cuba. They prove themselves laborers; and as they have no expenses, command very good wages, they accumulate a very few years funds sufficient to carry the cherished project—a return to their native land. The Chinese, however, are born gamblers; and many a poor fellow who comes from Havana from the country to purchase his ticket for home loses the savings of years in single night, and dooms himself to still harder toil; or, turning to a life of crime, he spends his days in the city prison, or chain gang, living the drama of his life in a close on the gauntlet of the law. The fear of death deters no Chinaman from a crime, for he regards it as a short way of reaching the land of his fathers. So strong is his faith in this, that some poor fellow, being led to the gallows, has been loaded with letters and keepsakes by his countrymen for delivery to friends at home.

The moral portion of the Chinaman's nature appears as yet to be wholly undeveloped. He will lie on the slightest occasion, and with a steadiness of voice and countenance, which almost forces one to believe in him in spite of the plainest facts to the contrary. He stands whenever he has an opportunity, and if he succeeds in his operation, and remains undetected, seems to consider it rather a virtue than a sin. We recollect our servant coming to us in great delight, with the information that a friend of his had at last succeeded in purchasing a ticket home. Knowing him to be a lazy, gambling fellow, we asked in some surprise, how he obtained money enough. He told it was the quietest self-satisfied reply. It is unnecessary to state that after that we took special care that our own purse was safe from the touch of light fingers.

As cigar and cigarette makers, the Chinese are unsurpassed, and they contribute largely to the success of that branch of industry in Havana. The celebrated cigarette factory of La Houdouze employs a great number of Chinamen for the preparation of its dainty wares. The workmen are, for the most part, lodged and fed in the building. Their sleeping apartment is like the cabin of a large emigrant ship, full of bunks in tiers, with passage ways round among them, but everything arranged with great regard to cleanliness and ventilation. By many of the bunks hang emblems of various devices and printed cards in Chinese—probably charged to secure undisturbed repose to the occupant. Going into the long work rooms in this establishment, one is singularly impressed by the curious appearance of the workmen, who at first sight—indeed, at second sight too—appear to be all women. Dressed in long blue or napken gowns, with hair braided and wound round and round the head, their almond shaped eyes steadily fastened on the work in hand, they appear like long rows of automata all worked by a single wire, rather than living, thinking men. To what extent they are thinking men is still an open question. The problem of poor John Chinaman has been proposed to this generation, but a more difficult subject was never brought forward. Unless Johnny himself works it out by quiet, persistent labor, we fear the solution will always remain in the future. —From "Life in Cuba," by Mr. Helen S. Cusumant, in Harper's Mag. for Aug.

THE ANXIOUS PASSENGER.—One of the cleverest of our Brooklyn contemporaries thus alludes to the strange habits of the statesmen of that city:

One of the best known politicians of that third city of the republic, noted for his vagary (that is the politician, not the city) stepped the conductor of an Albany bound train on which he was journeying last winter, and asked innocently if the next station was Poughkeepsie. No, said the conductor. On his next fare conducting round the conductor was again asked if the train was nearing Poughkeepsie; to which he again replied negatively. Again, and again, as the official made his rounds, the same question was asked by the anxious passenger; until at last the man of checks replied, with some little irritation in his tone:

No, sir, we are not yet near your stopping place. Pray trust to me, and I will let you know when we get there.

The passenger thereupon relaxed into silence, and the official, engrossed with other duties, forgot his case until the train had left Poughkeepsie about half a mile to the rear, when, recollecting himself, he hastily backed the cars to the station, and rushing up to the troublesome passenger cried out:

This is Poughkeepsie. Hurry up and get off. We are behind time.

Oh, thank you, deliberately drawled the quondam questioner; but I am going through. My daughter's ditioned me particularly to take a pill at Poughkeepsie. That's all.

The pill was taken—and so was the joke—by the passengers.—[Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for August.]