

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

Beati sumendum est optimum. - Cicero.

ONE CENT PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

24

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1857.

[Vol. 24]

IN THE BUILDER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

It is most assuredly one of the crowning oracles of our own fair land, that the fates, called, do not exercise now so much needless sway over the destinies of men, and as in the days of Grecian Mythology and superstition. No star rising at one's birth is ever visible above his horizon, ominous of disaster and ill success. No murky atmosphere, laden with prophetic destruction envelops him within its chilling folds. No ominous foreboding in harsh discord with the delicious harmony of nature, bears to his startled ears the soul stirring message that he is doomed; doomed to meet with disappointment and calamity at every step of his toilsome pilgrimage; doomed to witness his hopes, however high and holy, blasted while yet in the embryo of their existence; to behold the buds of future promise, dimly shadowing forth perhaps glory, fame and honor, (triple guardian of a man's toils) withered by some scorching blast of adversity. No unwelcome voice, as from the dark regions of fell despair, brings the sad presentiment that he will lie down in the grave unhonored and unwept.

No dark image of superstition steals involuntarily into his soul, and pens some horrid inscription upon its walls, or hangs some tragic paintings within its inner chambers. No atom of spirit, brooding like midnight over his tiny vessel, leaving upon time's restless billows, forebodes the coming tempest. No, thanks to the light which Christianity has thrown around us, we are not left to the sport of ill winds, nor to be sacrificed upon the cruel altars of the fates, and our blood mingled with their inhuman offerings.

Ours, if so we choose, is a far higher, nobler destiny. To our keeping is committed the material from which our fortune is to be framed, (if framed at all), and as the potter may mould the clay into whatever shape he desires, so may we mould this material as we choose; for us it is left to decide whether this material in process of time, shall rise into a noble and magnificent edifice, or decay and sink into oblivion. To our care is entrusted the precious gold, dear, perhaps, as in its native mine, and it is for us to determine whether it shall be analysed, refined and polished, to glitter amid the broad sunlight of a glorious day, or rather itself to be the run of some revolving system, or lie buried to all eternity beneath the unseemly rubbish which covers it. How truly has it been said, "If we are underlings the fault is in ourselves, and not in our stars."

The highway to eminence lies freely open to all, who refusing to be lured by the momentary beauty of wayside bower, keep their earnest eye fixed with eagle gaze upon the ample disc of their glorious aim, plod their way onward with firm and steady step, with a heart that never falters, and a soul that never tires.

Thus, of the noble edifice which we term honor, honor is its highest base, man alone must rear the superstructure, and decorate it with his own hands. How numerous and conclusive are the evidences that throng upon us, as witnesses of this truth. The past, replete with lessons of practical wisdom and instruction, opens to us her rich treasury of those who have inscribed their shining names far up on time's lofty mountains; and they invite us to scan their lives from the cradle to the grave, and to gather whatever of good may have been exhibited. As in reading the history of one who was illustrious for talent and virtue, we learn more than by the finest rules and precepts of morality; so by becoming conversant with the motives which stirred the bosoms of those who have become eminent in any capacity, will be of more avail than the simple assertion of truth, how ever palpable, embodied only in theory; for those truths are the most tangible which we have seen exemplified in the lives of characters that stand out in clear and bold relief on the past, as unmistakable evidence of the truth of our statement. - *Waverley Magazine.*

LIABILITY OF TELEGRAPH COMPANIES. - Yesterday before Judge Bolton, the case Randall, Cook & Co. vs. Lake Erie & Michigan Telegraph Co., was heard. Plaintiffs were extensive wool dealers in 1853 and on June 15th of that year telegraphed to their agent at Meadville, Pa., to buy certain lots of wool at forty cents per pound. The Telegraph Company delivered the dispatch with an alteration in the price to forty-five cents, on which instructions the agent acted; buying large quantities at that price, which was five cents over the market. Damages were estimated at \$2000. The jury was charged that the telegraph companies receive pay for transmitting messages correctly and are therefore liable for damages incurred by their negligence, or by delivering incorrect dispatches. Verdict for the plaintiffs, damages \$1681 25. - *Cleveland Herald.*

GIVE HIM A TRADE.

If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unflinching resource through life, give your son, equally with a good education, a good, honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is ample field for the adaptation of every inclination, in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its possessor choose to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labour-crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades, the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind, cannot be dispensed with; they, above all others, in whatever repute they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the ear of human progress, or all is lost. But a few brown-handled trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they possess.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always be independent; and better is independence with moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be, ordinarily, no difficulty in securing both the education and the trade of every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood, defeat of those obstacles which infatuated so many tradesless, professionless, young men. Such are the peculiarities of fortune, that no more outward possession can be counted as absolutely secure or protective to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day, and their once possessed left with neither the means of independence nor of livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian king who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades, or be cut off from their princely inheritances. They obeyed, but one obeyed the decree. In time he reigned in his father's stead. In time, also, revolution came upon and overthrew him, and he fled disguised, wandering and companionless, save his wife and children, his sole resource for livelihood a needle and thread. He chose his humble, but honest and useful trade. The sons of the rich, as well as the poor should be strengthened by this possession. If never used beyond the learning, no harm is done—while possibly it may be of incalculable good.

A MAN AND A BROTHER.—The following little incident at the Exhibition is from an English paper:—"From every corner, opera glasses were pointed toward the dais in the transept, where the American and Belgian Embassadors had already taken their seats. Mr. Dallas, a tall, gray-headed man of determined American features, was dressed in an old blue top coat, with velvet neck. The Belgian Ambassador, M. Van de Weyer, was decorated with numerous orders and medals, and was walking about, chatting in the most fluent English. An amusing scene happened about this time (1 o'clock), which we expected we kept a sharp lookout to see in full. The Ambassador from Hayti, Baron Damier, is a black of the first water, with a greasy skin and as plump as merry a face as well-to-do blacks usually have. He had been promenading during the morning, and we anxiously waited to see how he and Mr. Dallas would treat each other when they met, as report says the Haytian noble delights to bother the Citizen Dallas by proving, on all public occasions that he is 'a man and a brother.' At length they met. Dallas (standing), and Van de Weyer (sitting), were on the dais conversing in the presence of the vast assembly. The black Ambassador came up the steps, and his Belgian Excellency, with the politeness of a Frenchman, rose and shook him by the hand. The Haytian glanced at Citizen Dallas, as if he expected a similar greeting; but a wave of the hand directing him to pass by, was all that the representative of that republic which declares that all men are equal, could give to his black brother. The sight caused many smiles and droll remarks unfavorable to our American cousins."

The hard case of a young widow with \$20,000, compelled to give up her property if she married again, has been going the rounds of the papers. To offset it, the Sandy Hill Herald relates how a gentleman residing in the town of Granville, Washington county, died recently, and willed his wife a handsome sum—stipulating in his will that in case she again married the sum was to be doubled! "And," pathetically adds the Herald, "may the grass ever be green upon his grave!"

Frank's suggestion in anticipation of the fact that he was bestowed upon the Queen's play, seems to be correct, that he is dubbed Lord Delamere.

BASHFUL MEN.

We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though they may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet command them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out, perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful, although they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet. We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brains with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthiest man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame; it is not he who boasts of conquest, or dares to talk glibly of feelings that exist in imagination alone; his cheek will blush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of women coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine?—The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sit flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word he would profess to lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother; it is he who desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is thronged; it is he who trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes—all under the mask of a gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers at your approach, consider them so many signs of exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces. - *Mrs. Denton.*

A PICTURE OF SUNDAY LIFE IN CHICAGO.—Here is a specimen of Sunday life in Chicago, furnished us by the Times.

"Here in Chicago, on Sunday, we have 56 churches open during the forenoon and evening; but at the same time there are no less than 80 ball-rooms, in each of which the band plays from morning till midnight, and the waiting goes on without intermission. In addition to these 'festivities,' we have two theatres, each with its performers in tight and very short garments, rivaling Ellsler in their graceful evolutions. Saloons have their front doors close by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side entrances."

A little bad luck is beneficial now and then. If Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard of as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence, for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoe-making. He cut his bristles and staked his "all" on the "right of man."

The consequence was that the same individual who found it bootless to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our revolution.

A thing in the shape of a man was glorying in his atheism, avowing that the present life was all of a man—that he had no soul, and no hereafter.

And so you have no soul? asked a gentleman in the group, evidently desiring to reason with him on the subject.

No, replied the atheist, not a whit more than a pig.

The gentleman was about to enter into argument with him, when an elderly Scotch lady spoke as follows:

Sir, I hope you don't spend your breath in reasoning with the creature; by his confession he has one more soul than a pig, and we need not argue with pigs.

Certainly not. And the man has designated himself as such.

A Beautiful Incident.

A correspondent of the Preston (England) Chronicle gives the following anecdote:—A good white dog which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the Chronicle Office is situated, and then he would come to the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across.

After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they went; but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go of the string, by making believe to bite him he dashed into the river, brought out first his coat, and then all the rest in succession.

Charlie dressed and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what had happened, and she told him that the dog had saved him. His mother told him that he had done very well in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go in the river, he would most likely have sunk and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he knelt down at his mother's knee, and thanked God; then getting up again, he threw his arms round his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go!" Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

A Miser's Trap.

A gentleman visited a rich but miserly old nobleman, and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl, and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of the singular sport.

"I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke. "I want to ascertain, if possible, if the servants steal the sugar."

HOW OUR BODIES ARE MADE UP.—The following is a forcible illustration of the way we supply the natural waste of the body:—Let it be remembered that to take food, is to make the man. Eating is the process by which the noblest of terrestrial fabrics is constantly repaired. All our limbs and organs have been picked up from our plates. We have been served up at table many times over. Every individual is literally a mass of vivified winds; he is an epitome of innumerable meals; he has dined upon himself, and in fact, paradoxical as it may appear, has again and again leaped down his own throat. Living states that an adult pig that weighs one hundred and twenty pounds will consume five thousand, and one hundred and ten pounds of potatoes in the course of a year, and yet, at the expiration of that period, its weight may not have increased one single ounce.

ACCIDENT AT DORCHESTER.—On Tuesday last, C. Boultonhouse, Esq., on his way to Dorchester Island to meet the Steamer, was rapidly passing Mr. A. Weldon's when his horse suddenly started towards the stable, and as the carriage was apparently capsizing, Mr. B. sprang out, but unfortunately fell and dislocated his right shoulder. Dr. Wilson, near whose office the accident occurred, immediately set "all right;" and it affords us sincere pleasure to add that our active and enterprising townsman is not likely to suffer much, more than the inconvenience of being detained from business. - *Dorchester.*

INDUSTRY AND ITS BLESSINGS.—People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life but heed them not. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race, but the athlete still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

A FALLEN SENATOR.—The Hon. Parker Burnell, formerly State Senator from Nantucket County, Mass., is now in chains, owing to Valgarism, having been sentenced for robbing the mail. He may be seen daily in the streets of that city with a ball attached to his leg, working with his fellow convicts. He was indicted several years since for embezzling the funds of the Nantucket Bank, but escaped the punishment due to his crime by leaving his country.

A Boy Killed by Leeches.

At the village of Montigny la Mare, near Paris, M. Lemping, a druggist lately established a nursery of leeches for medical purposes, in a marsh or pond, where he was accustomed to feed them by driving an old worn out horse, purchased at a knacker's yard, every morning into the muddy water, and allowing the leeches to fix and gorge themselves with blood at the expense of the horse's legs. His son, a boy of thirteen, used to ride the horse into the pond; but a few days ago, the boy having gone alone upon that errand, the family were terrified by the horse coming back without its rider; his legs were bleeding profusely, and covered with leeches that stuck to their prey. People went to the pond to look for the child, and found him immersed there struggling feebly to extricate himself from the mire, and to defend himself from the hundreds of voracious creatures which had crawled under his clothes (for he wore no shoes or stockings) and had fixed upon every part of his body. He had probably been thrown off the horse's back by the restlessness of the tormented animal. The poor boy was quite exhausted and speechless when he was got out, and died in a few hours.

If the following story is true, Walker and his officers are brutes as well as filibusters:—

"On the 30th day of May, while General Walker, without the knowledge of his men, was negotiating his capitulation, knowing that he was to surrender the next day, one of his soldiers, contrary to a general order, went outside of his lines. He shortly after returned, he only having gone out to get a bottle of aguardiente. Walker called him up, when he acknowledged his fault, and prayed forgiveness. 'If you have any message to send to your friends,' said Walker, in his mild but sarcastic way, 'you had better prepare it for at sun-down you die.' Punctually at sunset a platoon of soldiers was drawn up for execution, and just as the order was given to fire, the soldier appealed to his comrades: 'Boys you wouldn't shoot a fellow soldier for such a thing as that, would you?' They raised their rifles, and fired over his head. The poor fellow broke and ran, when he was brought to his knees by Lieut. Col. Rogers, who figures in the list I send you, by a pistol shot. Stepping up to the man while in this position, Rogers placed his revolver at his forehead and blew out his brains!"

A SMART WAY OF DOING IT.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months.

A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him.

"I should like to know, my friend," said he, "your secret of ready husband making with such success."

"Pooh!" said the other, "no secret at all. Make it a rule, after a young man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and civilly ask him to choose between death and matrimony!" "You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two he preferred!"

"Very civil question, indeed, and no mitigation at all in the case."

A man named Peters died a few days ago at Arrheim, (Netherlands) at the age of 112. He was born at Louwarden in 1745, and served in the Swiss army for some time; subsequently he entered the French service, and made the campaign in Egypt under Napoleon. He possessed all his faculties up to his last hour.

A distinguished Georgia lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a sample:—

On the Sea.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like spring best; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death! The end.

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air, on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem, upon the rain-drop that refreshes the spring of moss that lifts its head in the desert,—has written upon its deep chambers, upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all His works, he hath written His law, both for man and beast.