

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

En varissumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12s 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE]

No 52]

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1857.

[Vol. 24]

A Scene of Retribution.

A picture representing the sale of a quantity of old furniture seized for rent was exhibited some years back in the window of a dealer in the Place de la Madeleine Paris, and attracted considerable attention. In the foreground was placed a poor woman holding in her arms a child, and watching with a sorrowful eye the progress of the sale. The sweet face of the child stood out in strong contrast to the distressed countenance of the poor mother. Further back were the persons connected with the sale, represented with great vigor. The following is stated by a Lyons journal to be the history of the scene depicted:—

"A few years since, the painter of the picture in question, an eminent artist in Lyons, while approaching a number of persons who were gathered together witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman.

A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she had in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation; but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent, which was due him.

"The artist was much affected by this recital, and inquired who was her landlord. 'There he is,' replied the woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale; and he was recognized by the painter as a person who had amassed considerable fortune by usury, so that to make any appeals to his feelings on behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable daub, which in the summer the poor woman had used to hide the hole through which the pipe of the stove passed during winter. It was put up for one franc.

"The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge of the landlord. He went over, examining the picture with great attention, and then called forth with a loud voice,—

"'One hundred francs!'"

"The landlord was astounded at the bid, but conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double, offered two hundred francs.

"'Five hundred!'" said the painter, and the contest between the two bidders became so animated that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at two thousand and two hundred francs!

"The purchaser then addressing the painter, said,—

"'In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now tell me, sir, at what do you estimate its value?'"

"'About three francs and a half,' replied the painter; 'but I would not give that for it.'"

"'You are surely jesting,' said the landlord, for you bid as high as two thousand one hundred francs for it.'"

"'That is true,' replied the artist, 'and I will tell you why I did so. You, in the possession of an income of twenty-five thousand francs a year, have seized on the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of two hundred francs. I wished to give you a lesson, and man being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize on your furniture for her debt.'"

"The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having announced her good fortune to the good woman, he walked away."

Antipathies.

It is curious to note the antipathies of different persons. Even the greatest and most distinguished people have not altogether been free from certain striking peculiarities. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left leg foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar or under ground, to escape the noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped to any himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and save his meal unfinished.

Story about Honesty.

One evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat together by the wayside, near the gate of a town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and broke it, and gave one half to his boy.

"Not so, my father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father, "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me, but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat."

"Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and you take a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf with you, my son, but eat it I shall not; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from Heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"

The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces to begin their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.

"My son, my son," he cried, "do not touch the money, it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must enquire. Run."

"But father," interrupted the boy, you are poor and needy, and you have us, the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie and say—

"I will not listen to you my boy. I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. I am poor indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O! let us share his goodness and trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker and bring him here, and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

So the boy ran after the baker.

"The old workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, as I thought, but you have made me rich, almost lost your money," and he showed the baker the gold, and how it had been found.

"Is it mine?" asks the father. "If it is, take it away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this poor man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.

"Thou art indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor David, the tax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town. Now I shall tell you of the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or to give it to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing; I sell it to thee as thou knowest, for the last piece in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasure—and certain it is not small—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it."

The poor father bent his head down to the ground, and tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hand upon his neck, and said, "I shall always do like you, my father; trust God and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

Money Lender—"You want a hundred dollars? Here's the money; I charge five per cent. a month, and as you want it for a year, that leaves just forty dollars owing to you."

Innocent Borrower—"Then if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you."

"Grandpa, do you know the United States have been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging Tories?" "Certainly not; what kind of Tories?" "Tories!"

What a Newspaper does without Reward.

The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and "dead heading," to puff and defend more people, and sorts of people without fee or hope of reward, than any other class. They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss; and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a useless gewgaw; yet everybody avails himself of the services of the editor's and printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been created and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and pushed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of the "clever that moves the world;" in short, what branch of American industry, of activity, has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazaars of fashion and folly, the haunts of idleness and dissipation, are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jawing, chicanery, trade orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.—*Cleveland Leader.*

LATEST NEWS FROM INDIA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21st.
The Adriatic, from Liverpool p. m. 9th, arrived this morning.

One week's latest news from India reports Havelock hemmed in at Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell was marching to his relief. Nothing important additional.

The Leviathan was making daily progress to deep water.

The London Money Market was unchanged. Consols for Money 91½ to 91¾.

Parliament would soon adjourn to its regular session.

One thousand pounds per annum settled on Gen. Havelock.

Markets generally dull. Breadstuffs declining. Tea inactive and drooping. Sugar unchanged. Coffee quiet.

RAILWAY PROGRESS.

Tenders were received last week by the Railway Commissioners for the construction of twenty-four miles of Railway, from Groom's Bridge, near Hampton Ferry, to Sussex Vale; and for seventeen miles, of railway from the bend toward St. John.

The portion from Groom's Bridge to the Valley is divided into three sections of 8 miles each; the first of these, from Groom's Bridge to Norton, has been taken by Messrs. Blackie & Henderson of Nova Scotia, contractors on the Halifax and Windsor railway.

The next section of eight miles in Norton and Studholm, has been taken by Mr. Dillon P. Myers of the United States, the contractor near Lawlor's Lake.

The third section of eight miles in Studholm and Sussex, has been taken by Mr. Thomas King, of the well-known firm of King Brothers, mail contractors.

At the other end of the line, the first ten miles from the Bend to Nixon's, have been taken by Messrs. McBean & McDonald of Nova Scotia, late contractors on the Halifax and Windsor line; the next section of seven miles, from Nixon's along the Peticodiac into Salisbury, has been taken by Messrs. Thomas and Charles Walker of Quebec, who at present are executing portions of the railway at either end.

The sections of railway now let, are to be completed by the several contractors in Sept. 1859, at which time, if the work is faithfully performed, we may expect to visit the beautiful vale of Sussex by railway from this city.

The only part of the whole line from St. John to Shediac, not yet under contract, is from Sussex Vale (at or near Shock's) to Salisbury, a distance of about thirty miles, which, if all goes well, may be put under contract next year. Then, to meet the railway through Nova Scotia from Halifax, a section of twenty-six miles only will be required from Shediac to the boundary at Baie Verte. If Nova Scotia makes equal railway progress with New Brunswick in the next two years, we may expect to pass by railway from this city to Halifax in 1860.—*New Brunswick.*

The Siamese Ambassadors at Court.

The Court newsman does not tell us all he might about the presentation to the Queen of the Siamese Ambassadors. The Queen and her Court were assembled in state, and as soon as the door of the audience chamber opened, the Ambassadors and their suite, eight persons in all, appeared.—Having made profound salaams they threw themselves on their hands and knees, and in a compact body went up the room on all-fours to the throne. The royal gravity (her Majesty is known to have as keen a sense of the ludicrous as most people) was surely tried by this proceeding; but when the principal Ambassador, increasing his prostrations, and laid his chin on the step of the throne, and in that attitude commenced to read his address, the trial became painful.—

The exit from the Queen's presence was accomplished by a retrograde movement on all-fours likewise, the Ambassadors keeping their faces always to her Majesty.—There was a luncheon served in one of the state apartments, in the course of which their Siamese excellencies, to the intense horror of the assembled court, lit their pipes and began to blow a comfortable cloud. The Queen herself, however, very sensibly and good naturedly laughed, and said nothing about it, notwithstanding her aversion to the fragrance of the tobacco plant. The Court Journal says—At the dinner party given by her Majesty at Windsor Castle, to the Siamese ambassadors, Phya Muntri Suri Wangee, the first ambassador, being of royal blood, occupied the seat of honor close to the Queen, at the table. His excellency is no mean proficient in English. The Queen entered into conversation with the ambassador, who, on the whole, acquitted himself remarkably well. The Siamese ambassadors have received several small parties to breakfast at their hotel. At these repasts the Siamese do the honors with much *bonhomie*. There is an idea that they are forbidden the use of wine; this may be the case, but they still take care to provide it most hospitably for their guests.

Right is Might.

Passing through life's field of action, how often do we feel that right goes unrewarded, and wrong is attended with great success.—But it is really so. Can we believe that a kind and just ruler permits sin to stalk boldly through the world and quench the holy fire of virtue? Ah, no! Within the secret chambers of our hearts a voice is ever whispering—sometimes, perchance, it speaks but faintly; but yet we hear it—that if we fervently seek to follow the path of right we shall never be forsaken; we shall prosper in all things profitable unto us, and a stronger than ourselves will aid us.

As we look abroad upon the state of society, we see that, and for a season, honest worth may be overlooked, and shallow pretension receive the praise due alone to virtue—but it will be only for a season; a change will come, and perhaps in an unexpected moment, the wheel of fortune, ever revolving, brings the steadfast seeker after truth into the warm sunlight of prosperity, while wrong is left to its appropriate punishment.

How noble is the sight of man buffetted by the waves of adversity, struggling against disappointments, and ever maintaining in his own bosom the consciousness of acting as he believes to be right. Perhaps he thus deprives himself of wealth or blasts the dearest hopes his heart has ever cherished; but oh! he feels in his own heart that it is not in vain. He feels that a greater than man—even the Sinless—suffered the reproach of men, and dwelt on earth "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and He surely will never forsake one humbly striving to imitate his divine example.

Then let us, each and all, strive to live aright, not in hope of reward and honor among men, but that we may do good to those around us, and, at last, as we enter the "valley and the shadow of death," feel perfect peace. Then no gloomy forebodings will afflict the soul as it nears the boundary of the spirit land; but oh! how joyfully it welcomes the approach of the great destroyer.

So, weary pilgrim in the great warfare of life, faint not. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" in all her beauty and glory, and the right shall at last triumph. Right shall be might! Right is might, and shall be forever.—*Waverley Magazine.*

THE NORWEGIAN HORSE.—The following is told of a Norwegian Horse.—The master had been dining at a neighboring town, and when it was time to return had indulged so much that he could not keep a firm seat in his saddle. The horse regulated himself as well as he could according to the unsettled motion of his rider, but, happening to make a false step, the peasant was thrown, and hung with one foot entangled in the stirrup. The horse immediately stopped, and twisting his body in various directions, endeavored to extricate his master, but in vain. The man was severely hurt, and almost helpless, but the shock had brought him to his senses.—The horse looked at him as he lay on the ground, and stooping, laid hold of the brim of his hat and raised his head a little, but the hat coming off, he fell again. The animal then laid hold of the collar of his coat, and raised him by it so far from the ground that he was enabled to draw his foot out of the stirrup. After resting awhile he regained the saddle, and reached his home. Grateful to his preserver, the man did what every good feeling bid him—he cherished the animal until it died of old age.

PARAFFINE OIL.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.—We are now writing by one of the most brilliant artificial lights that is possible to conceive of. It is not the candle, not the common fluid, not spermaceti, not gas, what then? Simply what is designated "Paraffine Oil," extracted from the Albert coal.—

Who imagined, ten or even five years ago, that the small county of Albert would ever give light to the world, but so it is. That dark, hard, glassy substance gathered from the Albert mines is now, by a chemical process, converted into a light quite equal in point of brilliancy to the finest gas, and far superior to all other artificial light that we have ever seen. These Blue-noses are certainly a remarkable race; if any doubt it, let them come and examine the Oil Works in the vicinity of St. John, got up by Mr. J. De W. Spurr, a full-blooded Nova-Scotian by birth and education. These works stand up as a noble monument of his inventive genius, his enterprise and energy. There is nothing like them in these Provinces, and so far as we know, on the American Continent. Mr. Spurr's skill and perseverance, amid circumstances sufficiently adverse to have crased ordinary minds, are now producing results which will be an invaluable blessing to the Provinces, and be ultimately highly remunerative to himself. As to the oil in question, it may be used with great advantage in private buildings, shops and places of business of all sorts, in churches, chapels, and public buildings of all descriptions, and in the street or towns or cities where the gas is not used. We understand that the Corporation of St. John is introducing it into some of the streets not lighted by gas.

These works are now in the hands of a Company, who, through Mr. Spurr, have recently made arrangements for importing any number of lamps that may be required for the use of the oil. These lamps are of excellent quality, and moderate in price.—Persons, therefore, can obtain lamps as well as oil, by making application to the office of the Company, Prince William street, St. John, N. B.

For some time it was found that an unpleasant odor from the oil would prevent it from going into general use; but we are happy to learn that a chemical preparation has just been introduced which entirely removes all unpleasantness of this sort; the oil, therefore, has only to be known to be appreciated.—*Christian Visitor.*

A Magistrate Sentenced to a Year's Imprisonment and a Fine.—

In the Court of Queen's Bench, lately, the Attorney-General moved the judgment of the Court upon Mr. Robert Bellamy, a magistrate of the county of Durham, who had been found guilty of extortion and corruption in the discharge of his magisterial function.—Mr. Justice Wightman read the evidence, from which it appeared that two men were brought before the defendant for poaching on his estate, and he convicted them in a penalty, and in default of payment, ordered them to be hauled off and sent to prison.—Afterwards, he compromised the matter, and liberated them on their paying £1 each, and instead of handing the money to the court he applied the money to his own use. Mr. Justice Coleridge, addressing the defendant, said:—The Court feel that the case is entirely divested of anything that can extenuate the gravity of the offence. They found that at every step of the transaction, from the beginning to the end, you conducted yourself most grossly. The sentence of this court is, that you do pay to her Majesty a fine of 200, and that you be imprisoned for the space of one year in the Queen's prison, with first class misdemeanants, and that you do stand further imprisoned in the same place until the fine be paid.

The little Prince Imperial of France is entered upon the roll of the French Grenadier Guards, draws pay, and his name is called at muster, when answer is made for him. "On leave with his family."

A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that the "pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word in favor of the "scissors."