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OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their Bill, and ordered their papers to be discontinued. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Standard.

SIR,—Your paper of the 1st instant, contains a letter from a correspondent subscribing himself "J. S. M.," who, in a most gallant and courteous manner, challenges "any person to prove the utility and propriety of Woman's assuming public duties either from History, Scripture, or common sense."

Now, Mr. Editor, I purposely delayed sending any communication in reply, in hopes that the "fair exponent," whose remarks so far disturbed the equilibrium of your correspondent's mind, as to cause him to perpetrate some of the most "unmeaning nonsense" that ever appeared in print—would come forth in her own defence, and show this concealed "J. S. M.," that he cannot make an "unsuccessful attack" on the remarks she made on the occasion to which he alludes, without his being reelected. As she has not done so, I presume, Mr. Editor you will in justice, insert a few remarks I have to make. Your correspondent has certainly discovered his own weakness; and having finished his epistle and posted it, addressed to you, doubtless went home and chuckled over the few "scattered thoughts" (and how happy they are!)—he for the first time committed to paper and joyfully anticipated the complete astonishment, which his lucid and luminous ideas would inflict on all the "feebler sex" as he, one of the "Lords of Creation" will doubtless call us. And certainly there are some features in his logical disquisition that surpass anything that ever came under our observation.

Having assumed an offensive, he immediately shuffles round, and takes a defensive position; thus showing an evident intention of throwing the "labouring oar" upon us, which is certainly very gallant and considerate. If he wishes to be thought well versed in Scripture or History, let him undertake to prove from them, that there is neither "utility" nor "propriety" in "woman's assuming public duties," instead of leaving the impression on the mind of every one who reads his epistle that he is arrogantly assuming that which does not belong to him. To undertake to prove it by an appeal to common sense, would, we fear, on his part be useless and futile. He attacks his "fair exponent" in a most unequalled manner; and having somewhat elaborately, but very illogically endeavored to prove something, he knows not what, calls upon any person to prove what he has vainly endeavored to come at. He cannot suppose that any one would be so pusillanimous as to join in and assist him in proving his own story, which one would think his presumptive erudition would have enabled him to do alone; but one would almost surmise such was his expectation. But what does the whole of his remarks come to? He starts with the intention of giving you some of his "scattered thoughts" on the subject of "Woman's Rights"; and then merely adduces a few texts of scripture which explain to a great extent—what? "Woman's Rights?"—no, he is in doubt about that—"if not the rights at least the duties."

This is certainly logical. In endeavoring to prove one thing, he gives reasons which, he admits, prove another altogether different thing. But, Mr. Editor, I fear I have trespassed too far on your indulgence, and in conclusion, would subscribe to the sentiment expressed in the last paragraph of your short but pithy advice to your correspondent who complains of our "immensely large hats," that Mr. "J. S. M.," would do himself a benefit by minding his own affairs, and "leave the girls alone."

FANNY.

To the Editor of the "Standard."

Dear Sir,—Having some short time ago seen inserted in your paper, an argument upon Woman's Rights, which gave me great cause to think, or rather to suppose, our learned friend had not much else to do, or rather supposed himself something more than he really is. Now I wonder at him being so silly or weak-minded as to bring up an argument of such a nature—to oppose a woman in her maintaining her rights and to quote scripture on the subject. That I cannot object to, but merely wishing to bear in mind, that woman should not be trampled upon with so much disrespect as he indicates. Look at the tender care of woman over us, even from our infancy, when unable to help ourselves. Had it not been for woman we could not have been in existence. Therefore I think woman should have full right to speak in public, so far as it is coming to her. Why should a woman keep silent in the church? Why should a woman be ashamed? Is it because of their being inferior to men? No, but I think they are superior to such men as he is (if he may be

Poetry.

(For the Standard.)
TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

BY ALPINE.
The orbs, that deck the night's Bear,
Round Botes' hand revolving were;
It was the hour of midnight when,
O'ercome with toil, the songs of men,
Of every race, of every tongue,
Were wrapped in slumber, old and young;
Cupid drew nigh, and stood before,
My portal, knocking at the door,
Quoth I, who does that rapping make,
Me from most pleasant dreams to wake?
Cupid replied, pray do not fear,
I, but a little boy am here,
Admit me, for all wet am I,
Wandering beneath the moonless sky,
I pined him, drenched with the dew,
And ran, my taper to renew;
Forthwith, the bolts did backward throw,
And welcomed in the childlike thing,
Armed with a quiver and a bow,
And on each side a tiny wing,
Who sat upon the hearth, and there,
I leomed the moisture from his hair,
And chafed his little hands until,
He quivered recovered from his chill,
Revived with genial warmth, the child,
Said, "come, try, if my bow is spoiled;
Perhaps the damp has marred its use,
Mine arrows it no more may throw;"
And stretching it, he fired a dart,
Which quivered through my wounded heart,
And stung, as does that maddening fly,
The frantic steer, in warm July,
Then leaping up, and laughing, he
Cried, "now mine host, rejoice with me,
My bow being sound I bid you where,
Love's pangs, you must submit to bear."

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

On Monday evening last, at the close of the session of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick, in connection with the Church of Scotland, a very interesting and numerous assembly of the Church was held in St. Andrew's Church here, to allow the members of that Synod, and the corresponding members of the Synods of Canada and Nova Scotia an opportunity of explaining the present state and future prospects of their respective Churches in these Colonies. The following resolutions were ably and eloquently supported by the different speakers, and unanimously adopted.

It was moved by John Wishart, Esq., and seconded by John Waddell, Esq., M. D. that the Hon. John Robertson, do take the Chair.

The Hon. Mr. Robertson having taken the Chair, called upon the Reverend Wm. Henderson, A. M., to open the meeting with prayer and prayer.

The Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks explained the object of the meeting, and then called on the Rev. Dr. McGill, of Montreal, to move the first Resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. John Ross, of St. Andrews, viz:—

I. That this meeting desire to express their thankfulness to Almighty God, for the amount of success that has accompanied the efforts of the Church of Scotland at home and in the Colonies, to extend the cause of the Redeemer, and promote the spread of his Gospel.

It was then moved by the Rev. Professor Weir, of Queen's College, Kingston, C. W., and seconded by Professor Jack, King's College, Fredericton, and supported by the Rev. W. Donald, A. M., and resolved—

II. That, as the Church of Scotland in the Colonies has suffered much from the want of a sufficient number of labourers—this meeting express their approbation of the efforts that have been made and are making for raising up a native ministry.

It was moved by the Rev. George W. Sprout, of Halifax, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. Brooke, of Fredericton, and resolved—

III. That as the successful prosecution of any scheme depends much, under the blessing of God, on combination, this meeting think it highly desirable that a closer connection should subsist between the several branches of our Church in Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, that their respective measures for the advancement of the cause of Christ may be prosecuted in concert. Thereafter it was moved by Robert Jardine, Esq., and seconded by Alexander Balloch, Esq., that the Hon. John Robertson do now leave the Chair, and that John Duncan, Esq. do take it, and that the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Hon. John Robertson for his conduct in the Chair. This being done, the Hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains," was sung by the Choir, and the whole was concluded with the apostolic benediction.—[St. John Observer.

The following paragraph from the Scientific American is copied for the benefit of "Sharp Shooters."

Wash your barrels in spirits of turpentine by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun end into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry. Even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust, as when water is used. I am an old experienced gunner, and found it good.

READY MADE COATS WITH CHARACTERS.

Among other Parisian oddities the New York Home Journal gives the following story, illustrating the influence of dress where an impression is to be made:—

In Paris at present, the immense clothing warehouses inquire the business you are going upon, before they fit you to a coat. A provincial youth, lately arrived at the capital, on his way to visit an uncle at Versailles, from whom he had expectations. A friend looking at him said:—"Why, you are not going to propitiate a rich uncle in that coat?" "Why not?" asked the amazed youth. "Because they do things different now-a-days? Take this address of a tailor, and go and ask him for the article you want. The rural customer did as directed. He handed in the card of address—was passed on to a head clerk to be surveyed—directed to the third story, fourth department of an immense establishment, and there requested to place himself between two mirrors. A coat was about being handed to him, however, when the clerk suddenly stopped. "One moment," said he, "an important particular has been omitted in the statement of your proposed business is it a maternal or a paternal uncle you are going to see?" Having explained to the embarrassed clerk that it was his uncle on his mother's side, another coat was substituted for the one first selected, and the relieved customer walked forth to the street, suited with a coat to make him agreeable to his maternal uncle.

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.

We find in the Courier des Etats Unis, an account of a curious incident which occurred at a charity fair in Paris. A young lady, Miss A., celebrated for her beauty and her wit presided at one of the tables. Among the throng which pressed around the fair vender of elegant articles, was a young gentleman of much assurance, who gazed upon the lady with offensive freedom, and affected to admire the various articles exposed for sale but who bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy, sir?" asked Miss A., with a smile of peculiar meaning.

"Oh," replied the exquisite, with a languishing look, "what I wish to purchase is unhappily not for sale."

"Perhaps it is," said the lady.

"Oh, no, I dare not declare my wishes," "Nevertheless," said Miss A., "let me know what you wish to buy."

"Well then, since you insist upon it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

The lady manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that "the price was five hundred francs!"

Her bold admirer was thunderstruck at the demand but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. He took the hair, paid over the five hundred francs, and with an air of mortification and sadness left the hall!

THE YELLOW FEVER.—From private letters received in this City, and from our American exchanges, we learn that the yellow fever has broken out with great malignity in Norfolk and Richmond Virginia. It appears to be travelling, and is now within a few miles of Pittsburg. It is represented to be the fever in its worst form. The people in the several districts along the supposed line which it is said the disease will take, are panic stricken, and flying in all directions.

REVENGE IS COMMON PASSION: it is the sin of the uneducated. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilization emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man, and nothing so debases him as revenge.

WHO THE STREETS BELONG TO.—There was one thing it was really right to state. When passing along a street, the side pavements were for foot passengers, and the centre of the streets was for carriages, and those persons who wished to cross were bound to watch their opportunity—to use due care and caution; but at the end or corner of the street, if a foot passenger wished to cross, it should be known that the centre of the street belonged as much to the foot passenger as to the driver of a carriage to wait for him as for the driver to make him wait.—(Mr. Justice Coleridge, London, in a late suit for damages, by a lady whose husband was run over.)

The cranberry crop in Barnstable county has been unusually abundant this year.—Mr. Thomas Lathrop of Provincetown, it is stated, has realized one thousand dollars for the produce of his acre as they stand.

DEATH OF THE HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

The Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, died at his residence in that city on Saturday the 18th August, at 14 past 11 o'clock, A.M. Mr. Lawrence, it will be remembered, was Minister to England during Mr. Fillmore's Presidency. He was also one of the merchant princes of Boston. He was aged 62 years 8 months. The Bee of Monday says:—

Wherever Mr. Lawrence was known, and wherever most known, the intelligence of his death will be received with pain. That not only a prominent man and a noble merchant has fallen, but an honored and a good citizen, the general feeling and judgment will agree. It will be a source of consolation that Mr. Lawrence departed this scene of mortal existence, surrounded by his household; and that his last hours were those of the Man and the Christian. For some days preceding his death he had become sensible of his condition, and dismissing hope of life, resignedly awaited the hour of dissolution. At last his immortal spirit sped to its higher home so quietly, that it was scarcely perceptible.

It is the bounden duty of citizens as well as individuals to acknowledge the Providence of God in all things; not only to supplicate His favour or His mercy in times of need or terror, but also thankfully to recognize His bountiful goodness, in return for mercies received. At the present time, the people of this Province in general, and we of this City in particular, have every prospect of abundant reason for gratitude and rejoicing. From all the reports received from every section of the country, it appears that, like our neighbors in the U. S. and our fellow countrymen in the Mother Country, we are blessed this year with unusually abundant and luxurious crops of all kinds; that the beneficence of the Almighty has been purposely manifested towards us, in vouchsafing us a plentiful supply of cereal and vegetable food. In addition to these blessings, that greatly dreaded and terrible pestilence, the Cholera, has thus far been unknown this season within our borders; and we may begin to indulge a rational hope that we shall be spared this year from its frightful visitations. These cheering facts ought surely to excite our most heartfelt gratitude; and not only should every individual among us fervently acknowledge the same, but as a whole people we should publicly and unreservedly offer up devout thanksgivings for such signal mercies. We sincerely hope therefore, that at a later period of the season, when harvesting operations are concluded, and if the present merciful exemption from epidemic disease shall be continued to us, our Provincial Executive will wisely appoint a day to be observed throughout the Province as a season of public gratitude and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good.—[Observer.

The Sultan's favourite dwarf, a little man about forty years old, and three feet high, a few years ago took a notion to marry, and applied to the Sultan for a wife. The latter gave him permission to go into his harem, and take the one whom he could like. The dwarf, like all other short men, was ambitious to have a long wife. While the Sultan's five hundred women, who knew the terms according to which the dwarf was permitted to choose, were laughing at the mannikin, he went up to one of the fillet and land-somest of them, and struck her a sudden blow on the stomach. She collapsed with the pain, and before she could recover, he caught her by the neck and gave her the dreaded kiss. The Sultan kept his word, and the tall beauty is now the mother of the dwarf's children.

TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET.—We find in an exchange paper the following Recipe for preserving a Bouquet, said to be from a florist of many years experience:—

When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soap-suds; this will nutify the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly with the hand with water; replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered.—The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very possible time, but attention to the fact that frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or all will perish.

There farmers in one of the towns of Proboscet county, Mass. have their corn sowed in such a manner as to form a continuous field three miles long. It is estimated that the crop of the three will reach fifty thousand bushels.