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Poetry.

Little Lips.

Little lips, so gently pressing,
Little fingers, soft caressing;
Oh, the bosom of a mother
Knows more joy than any other.

Little feet so early straying,
Little will soon disobeying;
Oh, the bosom of a mother,
Knows more care than any other!

Little knees, our still knees shaming,
Little lips, the father naming!
Oh, the father's heart a mother
Knows more truly than another!

Oh, the love-links of a mother,
Stronger far than any other,
God has willed every chain
In the infant's heart and brain!

Miscellany.

Interviewing.

Mr. Jenkins has long been a familiar and sunny figure; but when he descends the rosy path of description of head-dresses and trains, or the august spectacle of high fashion, he makes a mistake. He is a "faveur," not a historian. Yet there is now scarcely an eminent person in Europe or America who is not occasionally visited by Mr. Jenkins, pencil in hand, and solicited to impart his views upon some subject with which he is especially identified, or to state the result of his cogitations upon things in general. The report is daily printed, and usually with a flourish, and with a fine improvement upon the enormous power of the press, and the towering enterprise of the particular paper for which Mr. Jenkins was commissioned to collect the sentiments of the famous. The result is very comical. There is, first, a professional subtlety whether it was the hero or his valet who was seen and what he is reported to have said precisely as reported. Then everybody is conscious that if he did, communicate his views, it was with a purpose of his own, and that he would to a very unwise reader who should suppose that he really knew the sentiments of the speaker.

Interviewing, therefore, which is now the technical term for this kind of proceeding, is of the least possible service, except in two ways; it gratifies the public curiosity about noted persons; and it pleases the desire of a paper to be considered enterprising. But to quote a gentleman or lady as holding certain opinions because of a reported conversation printed in a newspaper would be ludicrous; and to suppose that it is of any historical value is absurd. With all the power of the press—and the Easy Chair would be the last to question it—it is inconceivable that every sensible man always awaits the corroboration of personal statements and rumors in the newspapers. The purveyors of news have not yet impressed the public with any feeling of scrupulous care in sifting rumors. If the correspondent of the best journal telegraphs confidentially to the readers of the paper that the Secretary of State is well known to begin the day by quaffing a Champagne cocktail and troling a comic song, it may be considered a very "spicy item," but it is not believed; and consequently very more plausible statements in a little less believed, and the power of the press is accordingly weakened.

It is not possible, indeed, for an editor to verify every statement that ticks from the telegraph into his office just as he is going to press; but that is not the question. It is always possible for him to exercise his common-sense, and to discriminate in what is offered for publication. What prodigious and palpable falsehoods have been published during the war in Europe! What accounts of interviews with men who apparently maundered like silly school-girls! If a man of importance in the world wishes to say something, he is likely to permit it to dribble through the report of a wholly irresponsible person unknown to him? Mr. Jenkins may present his credentials as the ambassador of the Entawill "Gazette," for instance, and the great Cham of Tartary may express his profound respect for that powerful organ of opinion, and invite Mr. Jenkins to take some refreshment. And we may be sure that Mr. Jenkins will make the most of the occasion. If the Cham dexterously avoids saying any thing, we may depend upon Mr. Jenkins to make him seem to say something. But it would be difficult to indicate any valuable information that has been derived from interviewing.

The method of reporting an interview is familiar. Mr. Sumner, for instance, makes a speech upon the "Alabama" claims, in which he says very distinctly what he thinks. Public attention

is interested, and Mr. Jenkins instantly calls and finds Mr. Sumner—of his trunks—and proceeds to pump. Presently we read in a few columns that Mr. Sumner's house is under the shadow of the Capitol, and it is minutely described, great attention being given to the pattern of the wall-paper. Then the study is sketched for us; and then, the door opening, enter a short, stout, bald, bland gentleman, clad in full black, and Mr. Jenkins touches in the color with surprising agility. When we reach the conversation, it is an echo of the speech. The Senator, is of course, made to say nothing that he has not said in the speech, or which is not a logical deduction from the "speech." In this part of his picture Mr. Jenkins is conscious that the public knows quite as much as he; and he therefore ventures no departure from the text. There is a great flourish at the head of the column, but nothing has been added to our knowledge. If, however, Mr. Jenkins had told Mr. Sumner's views of the "Alabama" question, before he told the public himself—and they had turned out to be correct—then, indeed, the subsequent writings of Jenkins would have been pursued with lively interest and eager faith. But that has not yet happened.

There was a noble opportunity for Mr. Jenkins to do something of this kind at the "surrender of Paris." He has repeated to the public several of his views with Count Bismarck, and has reported the confidences which his friend, the Count, imparted to him. But he gave it and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side and he gave some more masonic signals and the prisoner was quickly surrounded with twenty or thirty determined men who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading men who he was; they organized a committee of investigation; telegraphed to Chicago and verified all his statements; and the local mob sunk away heavily ashamed. Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his masonic friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under that noise. He has brought a suit against the town, and the matter is now in the courts.

The above is strictly true in all essential points. We have the names of parties and places. The young man has one or two brothers living in this city. The man who resuscitated him proved to be an old friend of his father's.—[Portland Argus.

The Impertinence of the Census Paper.

The duties of the public to be performed on the evening of Sunday the 2nd April will be, I suppose, somewhat tedious to the patient; but it must be confessed, that every possible help will have been given him in this task. The Schedule which lies before us, and of which we say nothing of the kind, will be as clear as anything of the kind well can be. But then the puzzling nature of the queries to be answered! First, there is, of course, the name and surname of each individual of the family. That we will suppose still to be very hard, though there will, perhaps, be a little searching of the memory in the case of Totty and Baby and Nissy, whose baptismal appellations have long been merged in their pet names; and when Mr. Whittell's wife, Billy has always been addressed by other visitors as Alphonse, it will be rather painful to describe him as William Stubbs. But these questions are a trifle compared to those in the second column. The occupier or lodger is actually called on to state whether he or she be the "head of the family," or what relation he or she bears to that dignitary. Strange to say, the difficulty is aggravated by the insertion of the words "or wife," as if it were quite impossible to be both one and the other. We rather think we know of a few families in which the conjunction "and" might be happily substituted. Next comes a column in which every person is to be described according to condition, viz. married or unmarried, widow or widower, or young child. After this, a narrow column will be filled in with M's for males and F's for females; and then comes the tug of war—"Age last birthday." Surely this is the fatal column—secure of many a destined battle, and, we fear, of not a few eventual fits—headed by the meek observation that the age of children under a year old should be marked in months.

One comic journal has described the least popular of Mr. Lowe's imposts as an "Income-tax," and another has spoken of these schedules as "Income-tax papers." That the Registrar General is to be permitted to ask any gentleman who still on the near side of sixty, flutters himself that he produces a juvenile effect in Poll Mall, precisely how many years it is since he entered this world of woe; that the lady whose hair is so amazingly black and her skin so beautifully fresh, should be compelled to state facts tending to throw a haze of scepticism about those natural adornments—is it not altogether unbearable tyranny and intrusion into the profound sanctities of the British health and home? Worse than either, perhaps, is the case of the old servants who managed to brush themselves

Masonry Saved Him.

If we are not mistaken we have heard or read somewhere that "truth is stranger than fiction." An instance, strictly true, has come to our knowledge which vividly illustrates that, and also exhibits with almost startling effect the danger of mob law and the benefits of masonry.

A young Maine man who is engaged in the "commercial travelling" business for a Chicago house, was recently travelling out in the far west when he was taken possession of on the train by two men who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him. He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, &c., but all in

vain. No one on the train knew him and there were those who did know the officers. All he could get out of them was that he was the man they wanted. In this way he was taken some 90 miles into the interior. Upon arrival he had no longer to remain in ignorance of his supposed offence, the whole village being out to welcome him with such cries as:

"Here's the d—d horse thief caught at last."
"Let's string him up!"
The officers made some show of resistance, but the excited mob took possession of their victim and marched him into the town near the center of which a noose was already strung over the limb of a tree. Our friend thought it was all up with him sure. Expostulation was received, with decision. Everybody recognized him as a notorious horse thief whose depredations in the vicinity had been long continued and extensive. A horse thief in that section is looked upon as something worse than an average murderer. There was not a pitying eye in the crowd and the universal howl was to lynch him. He tried to pray but the commercial traveling business had ruined him for praying! While waiting under the noose a happy thought struck him! His masonry! He was a Royal Arch Mason.

In all that crowd there must be masons. He gave the Grand Hailing Signal of distress! We are not at liberty to explain how it is done for several reasons, the chief one of which is we don't know! But he gave it and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side and he gave some more masonic signals and the prisoner was quickly surrounded with twenty or thirty determined men who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading men who he was; they organized a committee of investigation; telegraphed to Chicago and verified all his statements; and the local mob sunk away heavily ashamed. Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his masonic friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under that noise. He has brought a suit against the town, and the matter is now in the courts.

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up so amazingly on entering their present service that somehow sixty did not look above forty, and who are now summoned to "master a study" to be solemnly asked, "How old are you?" It is all too cruel and shocking. And yet—may we venture on a bit of advice in earnest—it is not worth telling a lie about.

Nothing is so that ever we could discover, but certainly it is the most foolish that which endeavors to larder the respect due to age for the admiration paid to youth, and which only contrives to lose both the one and the other. The three remaining columns of the census schedules are to be filled in with the rank, profession, or occupation of each person, with the place of birth, and with the circumstances (if any) of special infirmity—such as blindness, deafness, idioty, or lunacy. Numbering the people is a huge work, truly, but one which is infinite service to the nation, and which we trust, therefore, all the members of the nation will facilitate to the best of their power, giving no needless trouble to the officers charged with its execution, and above all abstaining from falsifying any of the returns, and so invalidating the accuracy of the whole. —[Echo

Marriage of the Princess Louise.

The Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 21st March.

The bells chimed all the day and London was illuminated at night.

Windsor was crowded with thousands; the police and soldiers kept a passage open for the invited guests who came from London by special train and were conveyed in the Royal carriage to the Chapel amid the cheering of the people and the ringing of bells.

The interior of the Chapel was magnificently and with knightly banners, gorgeous uniforms, rich robes, diamonds sparkling, and sunshine streaming over all.

Ministers of the Cabinet, Foreign Ambassadors, the Royal Family, and the very cream of English Society were present.

Of the bridal party, the first to arrive was the Duke of Argyll, in full Highland Costume, the Duchess of Argyll, robed in cloth of silver, the Princess of Wales, in a blue satin robe, with train of blue velvet, leading the Royal children, dressed in Scottish costume.

Then came the Princess Christian, dressed in pink satin, trimmed with white lace, and an Indian Princess blazing with scarlet and gold.

A long pause followed, during which Disraeli read the marriage service to himself, and the company chatted gaily.

Then Lord Lorne entered, while the choir sang an anthem. He was attended by his groomsmen Earl and Lord Lovelace-Gower. All three were dressed in the uniforms of the Volunteer Rifles and the Argyllshire Artillery—green trowsers and white shirts. Lord Lorne looked pale and nervous, as he stood by the altar.

After a pause the Queen entered, robed in black satin, very low in the neck. She wore a veil and a coronet of diamonds.

The Princess followed. She wore a dress of white satin, with a white train, lustrous lace veil and a wreath of orange flowers. Eight bridesmaids carried her train. They were all daughters of Dukes and Earls, and were dressed in silk, with necklaces and wreaths of roses. They wore no veils.

The Queen and the Princess Louise knelt at the altar for a few moments, and then the Marquis of Lorne advanced and the Bishop of London, assisted by the Bishops of Worcester, Worcester and Oxford, performed the ceremony. The Queen gave away the Bride. The Princess spoke the responses clearly, but the Marquis's answers were inaudible.

After the ceremony the Queen took the Princess in her arms and gave her a hearty kiss. The Marquis knelt and kissed the Queen's hand. The Royal party then received congratulations and slowly quitted the Chapel.

The crowd cheered and waved wedding favors during the passage to the Castle, where the wedding breakfast was served to all guests. The Royal party breakfasted alone. No speeches were made but there was great gaiety. Two immense gauding cakes were served, and the bride then retired and changed her dress. When she reappeared she was in a charming travelling costume of Campbell plaid.

The bridal party then took carriages for Clarenceau where they are to spend the honeymoon. The road was lined with triumphal arches, and the people cheered the bride and bridegroom all the way to their new home.

There is a married lady in a neighboring city who is in a quandary. She didn't marry Mr. Brown, she says, but his money; and now that his wealth is spent, she thinks she must be widowed. But Mr. Brown doesn't see it that light.

A fair sample of our modern church music may be derived from the reply of a celebrated divine, who when asked his opinion of the music in some of our churches, said, "I attend

a certain fashionable church, where I sat all through the service, wondering how in the world I got in without a ticket."

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir—My friend Josh Billings says—"the live man is a little pig; he is weaned young, and begins to root early. He is the pepper-sass of creation, the alms-giver of the world—One live man in a village is much like a case of itch in the destrict school—he sets everybody scratching at once." It would appear that St. Andrews has at last got one live man amongst them, I hope they will not allow him to quit. I was going to propose we get up a subscription and present him with a piece of plate, the goal that "Voyageur" has already accomplished is perfectly wonderful; it is said that no less than four clergymen visited the Jail before breakfast—the angering after his letter appeared, and that one band for missionary service in the S with Sea Islands on reading the communication, immediately turned his horse's head and has arrived here.

It has often been asserted that authors are not appreciated in the age in which they write, but my friend Josh Billings is an exception to that rule.

Yours, PROGRESS.

Tame Codfish.

Mr. Buckland in a recent number of "Land and Water," gives an interesting account of a visit by him to a pond containing tame codfish at Port Logan, Wigtonshire. The property in question belongs to a gentleman by the name of McDougall, and consists of an amphitheatre about one hundred feet in diameter, the floor of the solid rock by the sea. All egress from this is prevented by a barrier of loose stones, through which water passes freely. On approaching the shore of the pond many cod fish of great size were seen; and when a servant woman who had charge of the fish approached with some mussels, the surface of the water was perfectly alive with the struggling fish. They came close to the edge, and after a little while permitted Mr. Buckland to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Among other experiments tried by him was that of holding a mussel in his hand in the effort to obtain the morsel. These fish furnish to the proprietor an ample supply of excellent food, the latter being considered much superior to that of the cod taken in the open sea. Whenever needed for the table a selection can readily be made from the most promising of those on hand, and the fish is secured without any difficulty.

A correspondent of "Land and Water," referring to this account of the codfish at Port Logan, remarks that when he visited the pond fifty years ago, there was a blind codfish in the pool, which the woman who had the pond in charge used to feed with limpet taken from the rock. When this fish came to the surface with the others she caught it in her fingers, set down with it upon a stool, having a pair of the limpets, shelled, in her lap, with which she fed it out to the pond. The fish seemed to enjoy it to the point. The writer avers this to be a fact, although he evidently scarcely expects it to be believed.—[Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for April.

DIFFERENCE IN THE BLOOD OF THE EUROPEAN AND THE BENGALIAN.—According to Dr. Bird the blood of the Bengalian contains far fewer red corpuscles than that of the European; and it is to a deficiency in these corpuscles that the doctor ascribes the apathy of the Bengalian, and his consequent subjection to the more sanguine European. The difference in question is believed to be due, chiefly, if not wholly, to the circumstances in which the lot of each has been cast, since the habits of swamps and jungles are supposed to be necessarily of lower organization than those of a breezy and well-cultivated uplands. In further comment upon this statement it is remarked that throughout the animal kingdom generally the presence of these globules in greater or less proportions indicates a higher or lower organization, as they are absent from the blood of mollusks, but appear in increasing number at every upward stage in the scale of vitality; and in this way mark one of the physical distinctions between man and a worm. The moral elevation, therefore, of the Bengalian as well as of woman, according to this theory, must depend largely upon some stimulus which may tend to increase the amount of red corpuscles; and this is a problem which ought not to be difficult of solution in this day of extended physiological discovery.—[Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Like most garments, like most crests, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest joy, and by turning it around find the greatest trouble. I have known men who never cast a shadow on both sides at once, nor do the greatest of life's calamities.