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## Poetry.

### A Happy Home.

"Nothing in this world is more beautiful than a happy home." THEODORE TILTON.

Where shall we find a happy home?  
Can pearly rill, or sylvan grove,  
Or cottage roof, or palace dome,  
Mark to the world the favored spot?  
Where long-lived Art and Nature both combine,  
Is there the fond heart's consecrated shrine?

'Tis not in circumstances of place,  
Without affection's holy ties,  
To lead us by the faintest trace,  
To where this beautiful treasure lies.  
'Tis where, like vestal fire, love never dims  
That "happiness" and "home" are synonyms.

Sweet Peace serene, Contentment pure,  
Are found within a happy home.  
In love-light is our cynosure,  
To which we turn whenever we roam.  
And when by tyrant Care we are oppressed,  
Within its walls our weary souls find rest.

A happy home! No dearer name  
Wakens an echo in the heart;  
And oh that every night might claim  
In some bright happy home a part.  
Unto each human soul may there be given  
A foretaste in a happy home of Heaven!

## Miscellany.

### THE RUNAWAY SON.

John, give me that book.  
These words, spoken in a harsh tone by his father, caused John Morton to start in affright.  
Please father, I was only—  
No words, interrupted the father, give me the book!

With tearful eyes and trembling hands, John passed the book to his father, who immediately threw it into the fire.

No, sir, go and finish chopping that brush, and remember, if you quit it again before it is all done, I'll give you a whipping.

Mr. Morton was a small farmer who lived a few miles from the village of M—. A man of no literary taste himself, he could not endure it in others; and for this reason was an unkind and often an unjust father towards John, his second son, who loved books better than anything else in the world.

John was not a lazy boy, but as a farmer he knew no such thing as leisure; he was obliged to do his reading at such times as he could steal from his work, when his father was not by.

George, his elder brother, was his opposite in every respect; he was a good learner, but the dunce at school.

I tell you what it is, John, he would say, I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for all your book learning; but if you like it, go in, if the old man will let you, but as for me, I am bound to stick to the farm.

John had been saving his money for some time, to buy a new edition of Cooper's works complete, which an acquaintance had bought at auction in a neighboring town; and not caring much for it, had offered it to him for half price.

The night before last George commenced, John had procured the long coveted treasure, and in the morning had commenced to read as soon as it was light. For this he was called by his father to chop a load of brush he had just brought in.

Reluctantly John left the book and went to the task, but the departure of his father after another load was too much for him; he left the brush heap and was soon absorbed in his book.

Mr. Morton had gone but a short distance when he remembered some directions he had forgotten to give George, and returned. As he neared the house he missed the sound of the hatchet. When he entered the house there sat John comfortably beside the fire, completely lost in his book. It was this that made him angrily turn his back.

With a burning heart John went to the brush heap and again commenced his work. He worked steadily all day, but spoke not a word to anyone.

George seeing how hard he felt about it, good-naturedly said to him—  
Never mind, Jack, I wouldn't care, let it go, and the next time I go to the city I'll get you another.

And what if you do? replied John, sadly, he will not let me read it. I tell you, George, it's no use, he continued, I am going away where I can have a chance to study as much as I please.

Oh, nonsense, Jack, said George, you will soon get over it. As for my part I can't see what you can find so interesting in books. I'd rather go into the corn-field and work the hottest day in summer than have to get one lesson of any kind.

I know that, said John. It's your nature, but I can't do the farm work, it isn't in me. I was never meant for it, and therefore, to-morrow morning I'm going, come what may.

George tried to change his mind for some time, but finding him determined, helped him to get ready to the best of his ability, forcing him to accept all his spare pocket money, telling him he could repay it when he got rich.

But one thing, Jack, said he, whatever you do, be an honest man. You'll make a smarter man than ever I shall, I'm sure of it, but be honest, don't forget that. And remember, I expect to be here as long as I live. So if at any time the world goes hard with you, don't forget home.

The next morning at breakfast John was missed. An examination of his room showed that he had taken his little bundle of clothes, and gave evidence to his father that he had gone for good.

Never mind, said he, he'll soon be back. Thirteen years have passed since John Morton left the old homestead, and contrary to his father's prediction he had not come back.

In the meantime, things had not gone on smoothly about farm. Farmer Morton had given up the whole charge of the farm to George, who had married a girl in the neighborhood, and was now the father of five children. Years before, in a case of emergency, Farmer Morton had mortgaged the farm to a small amount, and ever since the marriage of George, in spite of all his exertions, the mortgage had been gaining ground, until now the place must be sold to meet the terms of agreement.

This was a terrible blow to George and the old man, but there was no help for it; their friends and neighbors were no better off than themselves, and therefore could not help them had they been ever so much inclined.

It was a bitter cold night in December, and they were seated around the kitchen fire. It was to be their last night at home, for the next day would be the sale, and then they would be houseless.

Farmer Morton sat with his head buried in his hands. At times he would raise it up and gaze upon some cherished article, as if to take a last farewell, and then bowing it again, would sob aloud.

Come, come, father, said George, don't be so down-hearted. Cheer up, cheer up. I am young yet; and if I live, and hard work will do it, you shall come back to the old place yet.

I cannot hope for it, George, returned the old man. It will require years of successful labor; and I am old, and cannot last long. I had hoped to die in the old house, but I am afraid it is not to be. Sixty years I have passed here, boy and man, and it is hard to leave home.

They were interrupted by a knock at the door, and upon opening it, there entered a young man very handsomely dressed. For a moment he stood surveying the group, with tears in his eyes, and then reached forth his hand exclaimed—  
George, do you not recognize me?

Father, it is John! exclaimed George joyfully seizing his hand, and leading him towards his father.

The old man arose, and turning towards John exclaimed—  
John, my son! at the same time stretching forth his arms—then suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, he said, John for thirteen years you have been a stranger to me; and now that time we have known neither where you were, nor what you were doing; can you give me the hand of an honest man?

I can, sir, I replied John, proudly, and the next moment he was folded in his father's arms.

Next followed inquiries from John, as to how things had gone in his absence; and he soon learned the whole story.

As for you, said George, I do not need to ask how the world has gone with you—that cost speaks for itself. But never mind; I have some better clothes up stairs, and you are welcome to take your pick. But what have you been doing, Jack, trying to get a living by books?

Yes, replied John, I have lived entirely by books!

And a poor living you have had, I'll be bound, said the old man; I never knew a book worm yet who turned out much.

But it seems that we shall be equals to-morrow, father, said John, pleasantly.

That's very true, answered his father, rather testily, but had you stuck to the farm with George, this had not been!

Never mind, father, said John, go to bed now, and George and I will try and make some provision for the future.

After the old man had left them, John said he was rather fatigued, and believed that he would retire also.

But, said George, you have not inquired as to our future prospects. Do you not wish to know?

No, said John rather shortly, not to-night, I don't feel interested. And taking his light, with a yawn, he left the room.

George felt hurt. After all, he thought, he has changed. He don't seem to care what becomes of us. Never mind—poor fellow, no doubt he has seen hard times, until they have hardened even his heart.

The next morning found John Morton engaged in a noisy row with the whole of his brother's children. Indeed so far did he carry it that he received a cutting reproof from his father for his heartlessness.

At twelve o'clock the auctioneer appeared, in company with those who were disposed to bid for the place. Immediately upon their arrival, John took the auctioneer aside and conversed with him earnestly for a few moments. Soon after the auctioneer mounted upon the step and said—  
Gentlemen, I have been requested, by the celebrated author, Morton J. Hall, to bid upon this place, for him, as high as thirty-five hundred dollars. If any of you feel disposed to bid higher than that, we will proceed; otherwise, there is no need.

As no one seemed disposed to make any advance upon the bid, the place was declared sold, and soon the family was again left alone.

Well, said the old man at dinner, the worst is over, and I shouldn't wonder if we could hire the place of this Mr. Hall, who seems to be a city man.

Oh, yes, said John, I know you can. He don't care anything about farming. I know him well.

Don't say any more! cried George, jumping up and seizing both his brother's hands, that one expression betrays you—he don't like farming. John, you are this 'Morton J. Hall'! I half suspected it this morning; for you never had hearted when a boy, and you didn't act the part very well.

The old man cried out, I see now, said he, I did not understand you, as a boy, I thought books would be your ruin; but, instead, they have saved me from want.

You are right, father, said John. I am worth, to-day, ten thousand dollars, all earned by my pen; while had I stayed by the farm, I should have been as poor—yes, poorer, than I found you; and George and I are good farmers; while I could never fix my mind upon it; in fact, it is evident that I was not born a farmer.

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The Monkeys at Home.

Florence Marryat gives the following very animated description of a "Monkey-tope," or monkey-grove, near Bangalore, India:

The English children in Bangalore used constantly to petition to be driven out to the "tope," to feed the monkeys with bread; and it was certainly a most curious sight to drive quietly through this road of an evening.

As soon as the last English house had been left behind, the jungle bushes rise up gradually on each side of the hedge which skirted the thoroughfare, until it was thick grove everywhere, and the larger trees met overhead, and interlacing their branches form a leafy avenue for some distance.

When I drove out for the purpose of feeding the monkeys and watching their gambols, this was the carriage was brought to a standstill. I would look all round me and neither see nor hear signs of any living thing, except the whirr of beetles and grasshoppers, enjoying themselves in the hedges.

Then I would direct the horsekeeper who accompanied me (and which long enduring individual had run on foot behind the vehicle the whole way from the cantonment) to call the monkeys in his native tongue.

Advancing to the front, and looking very much (in his blue and white turban, blue coat and short white breeches) like a big monkey just hopped off an organ himself, he would call to the brutes in the Tamil tongue, "Bah! bah!" (Come! come!) and after a few seconds the effects would be magical.

Peering through the leafy branches would be seen one grinning face after another, and then reassured by the voice and appearance of their own countrymen, the monkeys would drop silently from bough to bough, until a whole colony of them stood in the main road surrounding the carriage and waiting eagerly to see what I had brought for them.

Thus viewed, they formed a wonderful subject for speculative thought. I have seen the place covered with them, from the old gray beard, which had seen, perhaps, a dozen or more summers, to the baby-monkey which had just left its mother's arms.

Regarding them as a whole, as a colony or nation, they were just like human creatures. There were the mothers holding young in their arms and suckling them at their breasts, and with the exception that they will occasionally fly up their enemies right over a hedge, or up a tree, regardless of the terrified looks of the little pink-faced creatures that cling round their waists all the time, they behave much as other mothers do.

Then there were the old gentlemen of the party—the "Father Abrahams," as we used to term them; who cultivated white bristles and showed all their teeth and growled when they felt themselves insulted. I used to carry bread and fruit for these brutes, and when I threw a piece amongst the crowd, if a young monkey got he was sure to be pursued by a "Father Abraham" and bitten, until, with a horrid

agony, he relinquished his prize. This coarse injustice used vastly to excite my indignation and my greatest indignation, and my greatest triumph was, when having by dint of much coaxing and many a tempting bait, induced a "Father Abraham" to approach within reach of my driving-whip I was enabled to give him the lash as he deserved.

With one bound he would fly beyond reach and remain there, shaking and growling with rage, as he showed all his teeth and longed for the revenge he dared not attempt.

There was one monkey in the Bangalore tope which used quite to frighten me by her audacity in trying to snatch the bread out of my hands. One day she took off the whole loaf as I was about to break it and I have no doubt, had a fine feast, as she was quite able to hold her own.

She was a mother and perhaps accounts for her boldness; but more than once she laid hold of a piece of my dress, and swung herself into the carriage almost on to my lap, and she was such a formidable looking creature that I was afraid to refuse her anything. She had had her upper lip bitten off, I suppose in a fight which had left all her upper teeth exposed and gave her a most savage appearance.

To see the mother monkeys box their little ones' ears, the "Father Abrahams" cuff the younger fry and even the ladies—for they do not appear to exercise much gallantry in their intercourse with the fair sex—was a most amusing sight, and one over which I have spent many a half hour.

Where bread was in question to distract their attention, the younger monkeys would assemble by the roadside and play games with one another.

I declare I have seen them play leap frog, though perhaps they do not call it by that name, and look quite as pretty and cunning as little native children as they did so, and, as for hide-and-seek, they are as familiar with it as we are.

A fly walks on the ceiling overhead with entire ease and safety, because each disk has which includes the air, and hence the pressure of the atmosphere holds it fast. A large proportion of the insects have this air-pump provision. The common tree toad, very common in the west and south, which hops nimbly from one branch to another in quest of prey, has a complete air pump at the extremity of each toe.

If but the tip of one finger strikes a surface they can tenaciously hold on. Precisely the same mechanical contrivance is found in the arms of the cuttle fish or squid as it is commonly called. It can fix one pad on anything it can hold on with a degree of strength quite surprising. In the East Indies these cuttle fish are represented to attain gigantic proportions, with a corresponding muscular power, dragging down very large animals for prey. It is related that a British ship "lying at anchor in a region where these monstrous animals had a plank along alongside on which eight sailors stood painting the hull down to the water line. Unperceived, a huge cuttle fish threw one of his long air-pump arms over the plank, broke the slings and consequently pitched the men overboard.

Before they could be rescued the monster dragged them all under and probably feasted on their remains. Nothing short of instantly cutting the fleshy air pump in two, with a knife, can favor an escape. The remora, a beautiful Atlantic fish, has an air-pump on its head, while the long eel, hydra, on the coast of Florida, known as the sea-spider, has an air pump at the extremity of each long leg by which it seizes its living food.

A SCENIC COURT.—Hon. David Paul Jones, of the Philadelphia bar relates the following in a late work of his:

A quack's had instituted a suit for medical services against one of his neighbors, and the suit being brought by another, became himself the witness. A Mr. Williams, who was employed to defend the suit and expose the quack and worthless of the services rendered, subjected the doctor to the following cross examination:

Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery? asked the counsel.

By all means, certainly I did, replied the witness.

Did you deplete him, inquired the counsel.

Undoubtedly I did—that was a matter of course, said the doctor.

Did you perform the Caesarian operation upon him?

Why of course, answered the witness, it was necessary, and his situation required it, and it was attended with great success.

Did you, then, still further injure the counsel, subject his person to autopsy?

Certainly, replied the witness again, that was the very last remedy which I adopted.

Well, concluded the lawyer, all I can say is that if you cut off his head dissected him, and

then examined his inside, your treatment has utterly failed, for he is alive and well, and therefore you deserve nothing for your pains.

A case of spontaneous combustion is reported at the Watervliet Arsenal, resulting from the spreading of sawdust, instead of sand, as was ordered on some linseed oil which had leaked from a barrel. The sawdust thus mixed with oil ignited spontaneously in twelve hours in a cellar where it had been placed in a box. The temperature of the cellar was 36 degrees, indicating that a low temperature will cause spontaneous combustion in a mixture of linseed oil and sawdust.

The whole force of the Fenian Brigade engaged in the invasion of Canada last year numbered 9,300 enlisted men, with 15,000 rifles, 16,500 accoutrements, 120,000 rounds of ammunition. In addition there were 1,000 rifles along the border, from St. Albans to Oswego, in the hands of private parties; at Sackett's Harbour, about 2,000 stand of arms, at Platts Point about 1,200; at Oswego, 119, in all about 20,000 rifles.

Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:

"Why, this car isn't going."  
Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of indignation, Waggs was questioned:

"You said this car wasn't going?"  
"Well it wasn't then; it is now."  
The "old" laughed a little; but Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

THE CHEESE FACTORY erected at Sussex, is now in full operation. During the Rifer Competition it was visited by many persons who were interested in making the different processes of cheese-making. The milk is purchased by weight, at about 2 cts. a pound, and the quantity received at the factory in 18 days was 46,142 pounds. The farmers, at first, thought the price very low, but we believe they now regard it as fairly remunerative, and that the erection of the factory will stimulate the production of milk. The cheeses may be seen of all sizes, in progress of preparation for market.

AN ACCIDENT.—Whilst some young men were celebrating the political victory at Yorkmouth on Saturday last, nomination day, a cannon which they were firing was prematurely discharged, blowing one man's arm off, and shattering his face and breast so badly that he died on Sunday; and young Mr. Killam, a son of the member elect, had his left hand so badly burnt that it is feared he will lose it.

A pump has been invented in England which is said to have a power of 17,000 foot-pounds to the point of civil consumption.

AN IRISH LORRY.—When cock fighting was in fashion, a gentleman, having a match up in the country, gave two cocks in charge of his Irish servant to carry down. "Tut, tut, them to, he's in a bag; on opening which on his arrival, he was a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly mangled. Being scolded by his master for putting him in the same bag he said he did not think there was any danger of them hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side."

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—Rev. Mr. R—, of Florence, Mass., a bachelor, meeting, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she had nothing to wear, and said, You are waiting for your spring bonnet I suppose. Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, I haven't seen you at church yet, hasn't that bonnet come yet? Yes, sir, she archly replied. Shall I show it to you? If you please, answered the pastor. Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said very blushing, this was the spring bonnet I was waiting for; did I do right?

Lucy Stone makes the following syllogism:

1. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

2. Women are governed.

3. Therefore, women should be permitted to give their consent, and as the ballot is the mode of consenting, women should have the ballot.

The Shakers seem to be shaking to pieces considerably. Eloping and other forms of getting away are infrequent, and the law is often invoked by both parties to settle their troubles or redress their grievances.

A Western editor in one of his papers, says:—For the effects of intemperance see our inside.