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Poetry.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Redeem the time, nor moments waste
In slothfulness or folly,
Nor yet in frantic worldly haste,
Nor moping melancholy,
But every moment use with care,
In acts of mercy, love, and prayer.

Your daily toil must be pursued
While health and strength be given;
The wearied frame must be renewed
With sleep, the gift of heaven;
Yet, still, by watchful care, you may
Redeem some moments every day.

Your mind requires mental food
And careful cultivation;
Then store it with what's wise and good
By thoughtful meditation;
So, if improvement be your theme,
You must the needful time redeem.

How many moments have you spent
In pointless employment!
In gossiping, or giving vent
To some depraved enjoyment—
Unthoughtful of the awful crime
Of murdering your precious time?

Redeem the time!—on moments seize,
Because the days are evil;
And slothful men, who sleep at ease,
Are all there by the devil;
So, till you reach your end—the grave—
Each passing moment try to save.

Seek early rest; and early rise,
Your daily task pursuing;
Redeem the time and gain the prize;
Do something worth the doing;
Whatever truth points out as right,
Try to perform with all your might.

The night is coming on apace,
When work must be left over;
Then squander not your day of grace,
But labor to recover
The misspent moments of the past,
And live each day as if your last.

S. M.

COLONIAL PROGRESS.

A gentleman named the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, who occupies the proud position of the Premier of Canada, has been visiting recently his native country, Scotland. His merits have been recognized by his countrymen in a variety of ways, and on Monday he was presented with the freedom of Ayrshire burgh, at a banquet given by the Town Council. Mr. Mackenzie, the chief Minister of Canada, is not what amongst us would be recognized as a Conservative in politics, but he is a very excellent example of the value of our colonies. Forty years ago Mr. Mackenzie went out to Canada with no capital but a strong arm, stout heart, and an honest upright mind. He commenced by felling the trees upon his allotment of purchase. He was then at the lowest round of the ladder. To-day he is the Prime Minister of the Canadian Dominion, a prouder title than that of ruler of many European States, and is receiving in his native country marks of honor seldom accorded except to princes and men of the very greatest reputation. This is one good result of our colonial connection. No one can pretend that if Canada had been a separate State, or if it had been simply a State ruled from Washington, there would have been a career open for men like Mr. Mackenzie. Yet people used to be found to cheer Radical orators when they prated about getting rid of the colonies.

It is a very common mistake to overlook the Conservative forces of our colonies. The colonists see us from outside. They, especially in Canada are well aware of the working of the democratic, or Radical, principle, and we never know a colonist yet who was not eloquent in his denunciation of the disintegrating ideas of Radical politicians. Any swaying of this country towards democracy seems to the colonist simple madness. If he is confronted with our aristocratic constitution, which might be supposed to "exercise" him not a little, he replies as Mr. Mackenzie did at Dundee: "It is true that you have in this country a class who are elevated above the rest by reason of rank bestowed by the royal sovereign; but do not imagine for a moment that class distinctions are peculiar to this country. Go to the Republic of the United States of America and you will find there, I venture to say, more class distinctions created by wealth than you will find in this country by titular distinctions. And it is a matter of moonshine to you or me whether the influence which separates the

great body of people from the few is, as in our country, the possession of enormous wealth and the erection of peculiar social barriers which shut out every one but a favored few; or whether it is as in other countries, the barrier erected by a long process of law and by the exercise of the sovereign power. This, it must be remembered, is the utterance of a man who has called an advanced politician in Canada. There is no question whatever as to its truth and soundness, and it utterly cuts the ground from under the feet of the discontented rabble who, calling themselves Radicals, are simply angry because good laws have made agitation ridiculous and treason a farce. We do not know whether we shall hear much in future about cutting the colonies adrift, but if we do we shall point to the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, and ask what ought to be the punishment for the crime which would make such an honorable and successful career as his impossible. Mr. Mackenzie has, to use a metaphorical expression, fought his way from "axe to crown." He commenced, without advantages, by clearing trees in the forest, and by his native abilities, under the fostering influence of British rule, he has gained the crown of Premiership, the highest position to which a Canadian can aspire. The career is open to all, and similar success might attend the humblest of Englishmen who determined to follow Mr. Mackenzie across the Atlantic.—*Cardiff Western Mail.*

Princely Munificence of the Great Mogul of India.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Nothing but ridicule could have attended any attempt on the part of the Prince of Wales to rival the Mahomedan rulers of India in ostentation and magnificence. In the matter of presents alone his utmost munificence would have been surpassed by a single act of favor displayed by one of the former sovereigns of Hindostan. For instance Jehan Gheer bestowed upon his son, when setting out to take command of the army in the Deccan, "a sword, the scabbard of which was of gold set with stones valued at 100,000 rupees (£10,000), a dagger at £100, an elephant and two horses, all their furniture of gold, set with stones," and a state carriage built in imitation of one sent out to the Emperor by King James I. On his birthday Jehan Gheer was so richly adorned with jewels that Sir Thomas Roe protests that in all his life he "never saw such inestimable wealth together." "The time he continues, "was spent in bringing his greatest elephants before him; some of which being lord elephants, had their chains, bells, and furniture of gold and silver, with many gilt banners and flags carried about them, and eight or ten elephants waiting on each of them, clothed in gold, silk and silver. In this manner about twelve companies passed by, most richly adorned, the first having all the plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, being a beast of wonderful bulk and beauty. They all bowed down before the King, making their reverence very handsomely.

On one occasion when the King honored his Minister with his company at dinner, the road was covered for a whole mile with silks and velvets sewed together, and the cost of banquet was estimated at £50,000. On his birthday Jehan Gheer was weighed against seven kinds of commodities, such as rupees, jewels, cloth of gold, silks, calicoes, spices, honey and butter, which was afterward distributed among the poor. "The scales were of beaten gold, set with small stones, rubies, and turquoises; they hung by chains of gold, and for more surety there were silk ropes. The beam was covered with plates of gold. The great lords of the nation sat about the throne on rich carpets, expecting the King's coming out. At length he appeared, covered with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. He had several strings of them about his neck, arms, wrists, and turban, and two or three rings on every finger. His sword, buckle, and throne were also covered with precious stones. Among the rest I saw rubies as big as walnuts, and pearls of a prodigious magnitude. He got into one of the scales, sitting on his legs like a tailor."

After all, the royal gifts were not in general very costly. When the weighing was over basins full of silver almonds, nuts, and other fruits were placed before the King, who threw them about in handfuls, while his nobles scrambled for them. Observing that Sir Thomas Roe would not stoop to such meanness, Jehan Gheer took up a basin that was nearly full and poured them into his cloak. The courtiers, however, "had the impudence to thrust in their hands so greedily" that the knight had some trouble to rescue these proofs of the royal favor from their rapacity. He had been told beforehand that the King would scatter fruits moulded in massive gold, but to his disgust he discovered that they consisted of

very thin silver, a thousand of them barely weighing £20. Nevertheless "I saved" he says "the value of ten or twelve crowns, and these would have filled a large dish. I kept them to show the vanity of these people. I do not believe that the King that day threw away much above the value of £100."

Bernier, in deed, says that although India was an abyss that swallowed up the gold and silver of other lands, he did not regard the Mogul as being extraordinarily rich. Shah Jehan, for example, after expending considerable thrif for the space of forty years, left only six millions in the treasury, without taking into account, however, the precious stones, of which he confuses there was great store. The value of the throne alone he reckoned at three millions sterling, being covered with the spoils of Patana and Rajpoots, and the voluntary offerings of tributary princes, governors, and nobles.

At times the munificence of the Delhi Emperors savored of reckless extravagance. A singer having delighted the Royal ears, was rewarded with his own weight in silver coin, amounting to 6,300 rupees, and with an elephant to carry his treasure to his house. The famous Noor-ud-din, having shot four tigers with a pair of emerald bracelets, valued at £10,000, while a thousand rupees were distributed in charity. The Great Akbar surpassed both his predecessors and successors in personal wealth. According to Ferishta, that illustrious potentate numbered among his possessions coined silver computed at a hundred millions of rupees; choice rubies, one maul, or 80 lbs. weight; common rubies and other precious stones, ten mauls; uncoined gold, seventy mauls; uncoined silver, 160 mauls; copper piece, fifty billions (four pieces=144); elephants above 5,000; horses, 12,000; deer, 5,000; hunting leopards, over 900; and hawks, 500. It is recorded, probably with considerable exaggeration, that Akbar's treasury contained ninety millions sterling in silver coin and gems of price, and that on one occasion he filled a tank near Futtunpur Sikri with nine crores of rupees equivalent to £9,000,000 which were afterward distributed among the needy.

CALIFORNIA

The Country for Emigrants.

[From the Resources of California.]

So far as the amount of available land is concerned there is an abundance of as productive territory open to the market, at cheap rates, as will accommodate the entire population of two such States as Massachusetts without crowding a family. As to labor upon this land, we do not hesitate to announce that honest effort, backed by a moderate amount of capital, will find a full and adequate market for every article produced, from a blade of new mown hay to a ship-load of wheat. It has been contended that all of the immigration centers in San Francisco, there to repine and degenerate into absolute pauperism. It has been true that the greater portion of our immigrants have come to this locality, and the case is apparent. Here is, and always will be, the center of trade, manufactures and commerce, so long as the Pacific Coast has its existence. While this is the mart for the sale and exportation of the products of the labor of the State, San Francisco is also the natural center to which the profits of the mineral resources of the Coast and the adjacent territories gravitate. Hence, from here information is disseminated as to where certain labor as well as capital can be best invested. Upon these points a stranger cannot be long at a loss as to where he can be the most available to the State, or as to the locality upon which his capital and labor can be the most remunerative to himself. A few facts will demonstrate these ideas. In the first place, the manufacturing interests of the Coast have increased within the last few years to large proportions, and demand increased contributions to meet the exigencies of our trade, which extend to every maritime port in the world. To those who may come here, to become practical farmers, we will suggest that within twenty miles of San Francisco, in a locality in which tropical fruits can be raised, ordinarily, land can be purchased in abundance for from ninety to two hundred dollars per acre. A single acre, if planted with asparagus, which matures to a full crop in three years, will produce \$1,000 per annum. This is an opportunity that no other section of the country affords. This same territory will produce on average eighty bushels of wheat per acre, and from eighty to ninety bushels of barley. In either of these grains the income from the acre will average from eighty to one hundred dollars annually. An acre of this ground in strawberries will net at least one hundred

and twenty dollars per year. Better investments than these can be found nowhere, and there is a vast amount of rich land standing open in invitation to all comers to accept a golden opportunity. In other aspects this same character of property offers the finest inducements to immigration. An acre of ground in this State, almost in any part, will sustain at least five hundred hogs, which will produce an annual profit of from two to three hundred per cent. If used for dairy purposes, the profit is equally inviting. A cow can be obtained for seventy-five dollars. One acre will support three, with ordinary grass crop. If put in alfalfa, an acre will sustain five, with a net profit of at least one hundred and twenty dollars per acre.

Within eighty miles from San Francisco vineyard land can be obtained for a nominal sum, say from five to ten dollars per acre, in localities best adapted to the culture of the grape. This land is cleared, and ready for setting out the plants. To set out an acre of such ground would cost, for vines and labor—say nine hundred vines—about forty dollars. On the third year these vines will produce from five to six pounds of fruit each, if properly cared for. For wine purposes at the ordinary market price, each vine will give from ten to twelve cents income; for table purposes five cents per pound can nearly always be obtained. This shows that an acre of land, costing about fifty dollars, planted with grapes, will, in three years, produce an income of from ninety to one hundred and twenty dollars per annum. Can a poor man, with only a few hundred dollars in cash, desire to have a better opportunity, or can an investment be found elsewhere that will yield such a percentage of income? The great secret of these inducements lies in the fact that for every article produced on this Coast, whether on the farm, the vineyard, or the workshop, there is never-failing unending demand, and to meet this there is an equally pressing call for all the honest, sober labor that can be introduced. These are but a few facts upon the matters that have not been alluded to in detail before, and are offered to demonstrate that the adverse comments of a portion of the press have been as ill-advised as untruthful.

To all who desire to escape from the peculiar adversities over the lot of poor men in overcrowded cities, we say in all sincerity, come one and all, and the sooner the better. A home stands ready for two or three million more, and a charming climate will greet you with a benediction; while our older citizens—those who have carved out the work, and outlined the destiny of our commonwealth, will welcome you with an hospitality, the value of which you can best appreciate, cooperate with you in your efforts, and amply reward you for your enterprise and energy. Again we say, do not listen to the discouragements of those who would mislead, for such croakers lack energy sufficient to amount to anything in any country, no matter how prolific in capacity and soil.

EASY MANNERS.—Recent events have called public attention to the intimate relation of morals and manners. It may be said that there is no greater peril to morality than much that is called free and easy manners. Young men, and even young women, permit themselves a freedom and license of manner which, having all the aspect of impropriety, may very readily acquire its substance. Richard addresses Susan with a loud and jesting familiarity of tone and conduct, which might be expected in the sailor saloons of Water Street or Wapping; but which is repulsive and odious in the drawing room or among refined and gentle persons. Richard and Susan would be amazed to be told that they have not the manners of a gentleman or of a lady, and have the air of demimonde. They think that they are especially common and fast, and that above all others they know what is the rule of high society. But they are merely vulgar, and have the manners of those who are worse than really vulgar. Coarseness can not be guided into refinement. The young woman who habitually calls her young friends of the other sex by their christian names, or who suffers anything that can be called familiarity, although it fall short of actual indecorum, should reflect carefully. "Sir," said a lady to a policeman who took her elbow to pass her over the street, "if I wish you to touch me I will ask you." No woman of a high sense of personal dignity wishes any man to lay his hand upon her thoughtlessly or unnecessarily. Nor will such a woman permit any kind of rudeness in the tone or manner of men.—*Editorial.* EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

Can we Speak English.

In our daily conversation we disfigure it with all varieties of slang, masculine or feminine, as the case may be—one as bad as the other. We disregard its delicate shades of meaning, we do all we can to deprive it of all force by our careless use of its terms, we load it with provincialisms and foreign phrases, and then we scornfully turn our backs upon it as if it were an old worn-out servant who may have been of use to scrub our floors or sweep our barns. We hire foreign nurses for our children, so that the first words they utter shall be either a French or German dialect, and we boast of the fact that these children talk only French or German, and "do not understand one word of English."

Esau sold his birthright, but he hardly considered it a good bargain. We are not so wise as he yet, for we have not yet reached the recognition of our terrible blunder by the mourning which showed that he was in reality not so foolish as he seemed. At present we are glorying in our mess of pottage.

For is this not literally all that we have as the result of our barters? I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the German language, for we owe it too much to be childish. Noble in thought, accurate in construction, musical in its flow, it opens up to its thorough student a mine of wealth which can not be equaled by any modern language, and our own owes its vitality and strength to the self-same tongue. I would not be unjust to the French lexicon, which masters so well the so-called exact sciences, and bends itself with so much smooth facility to every varying mood of thought or fancy.

But what German or what French do our children gain from the nurses and inexperienced teachers to whom they are confided in their first nine or ten years of life? At most they can learn but baby talk, for that is all they are capable of receiving; it is in vain to supply words where ideas do not exist for which they are needed. And even in this what inaccuracies do we not have, what interpolations of English terms picked up from their companions! We might as well—as we do in too many cases—leave the child to be talked to by only an ignorant Irish girl, and then hope to hear her expressing herself in pure English. But meanwhile the child learns English, so called, for she does this in spite of all prohibitions and orders not to use the useless, the unclear things. And what kind of English does she speak? It is unnecessary to answer the question, for we need only listen to the talk of the children around us, in our schools and in our families, to hear for ourselves.—ANNA C. BRACKETT, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

The Dean of a Lost Judgment.

The Dean of Arches gave judgment last week in the Owston case, which involves the right of a Wesleyan minister to be styled "reverend." The case was in the form of an appeal from the Consistory Court at Lincoln, where the chancellor, Mr. Walter Phillimore, had refused a citation, and the Dean of Arches decided that the refusal was justified, not because a Wesleyan minister might not be called "reverend"—he left that point unsettled—but because the vicar's conduct in refusing to allow a gravestone on which a Wesleyan was termed "reverend" was not illegal. The graveyard was his freehold, and he had right of pasturage there. The judge appears to lay down the doctrine that a vicar who permits an inscription that writes it. A Wesleyan, he says, may be socially entitled to be called "reverend," but the cause is surely different when the question relates to the alleged obligation of the clergyman to confer by a permanent inscription in his own churchyard upon another person that peculiar religious title by which he alone has been hitherto designated and known to his own parishioners and his own Church. We thought the friends of the deceased gave the title. The point is important, because if the vicar is held not only to tolerate, but to "confess" every title claimed on a tombstone, he will have a new duty imposed upon him, and ought to pass through the College of Cardinals. Is a vicar lying when a stupid mason deifies a parishioner on his gravestone as Esquire?—*Canadian News.*

The popularity of the idea of woman's inferiority is never more strongly marked than on the street cars. When a man asks the conductor what time it is, the conductor answers: "Nine thirty-five." But if a woman puts the question, he answers in the simpler form better adopted to her limited capacity: "Twenty-five minutes to ten."