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Poetry.

A Girl's Girl for A' That.

Is there a lady in the land
That boasts her rank and a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that.
For nature's charm shall bear the palm—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck,
With lolly's gear and a' that,
And gaily ride in pomp and pride;
We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts no such part—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
A lowly lass and a' that,
A pretty face has more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that;
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

"Yang" is the title of a humorous poem dedicated to Mr. Burlingame, just published in New York. The material dedication contains a speech of Mr. Burlingame's before the members of the Massachusetts Senate several years ago on the occasion of presenting a hat in their behalf to Mr. Myron Lawrence of Belchertown. Mr. Lawrence weighed 400 pounds; the speech is as follows:—

"Before me I see
The greatest man in the nation.
That chair of state,
Frontal throne of the great,
Through many a long generation.
Has been worthily filled
By the learned and skilled,
When before I was born you know, sir,
But never before.
From the days of yore,
So completely filled as by you, sir."

Old Nick.—When Nick Biddle was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro, named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey:—

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"
"Harry, sir—old Harry, sir," said the other, touching his shaggy head.

"Old Harry," said Biddle, "why that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"
"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, sometimes old Harry and sometimes old Nick."

Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then if I should eat it now?"

The Baptists of the United States number 1,121,588, an increase of 12,662 since last year. California fruits have become quite common in the Chicago market and are sold at very reasonable prices.

A Mississippi boy went out to fly his kite, when the kite flew him, and he was landed in a tree twenty feet from the ground.

A certain Virginia town does not allow old maids. When the girls reach 30, the young men crawl into, and the lucky ones make up a purse for the victim.

HYDROPHOBIA.
Most people have a nervous terror of hydrophobia, and, knowing very little about the disease, believe that the bite of a mad dog is inevitably fatal. This is very far from being the truth. Of persons bitten by mad dogs, a very large per centage experience no harm except the temporary pain of the wound; and even in cases where the injured person is subsequently attacked by hydrophobia, he is by no means beyond hope. There are a number of well-attested cases in which the disease in the human subject has been cured. Nevertheless, some people insist upon regarding every dog as rather more dangerous than a rattlesnake, and when bitten, even by a perfectly healthy dog, immediately give themselves up for lost, fighting themselves into hydrophobia in the shortest possible time. A horrible instance of the effects of this morbid fear upon the mind of the ignorant occurred a short time since in Wisconsin, where two children, a boy and a girl, who had been bitten by a dog presumed to be mad, were deliberately put to death by a neighboring physician—the boy being bled to death and the girl smothered

with pillows. Unquestionably, the physician under whose advice this atrocity was perpetrated saved the children any possibility from dying of hydrophobia; but inasmuch as they might never have had the disease, and as they might have survived it even had they been attacked, his ounce of prevention was hardly necessary.

Interesting Tale.

TIME VERSUS MONEY.

A Sketch for Tardy People.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Well Susan, I'm in luck at last! I've got Abner Lapham, entering the kitchen where his wife was at work. He threw his hat upon the floor, then sat down by the stove and pulled out his pipe. I'm a made man after all this time. Richard Groom has bought the Thorsley farm, and will sell to me the land this side of the road. What d'ye think of that?

Mr. Lapham's eyes grew bright, and a pleased expression lit his face. The land of which his husband had spoken was a beautiful piece of dry, rich meadow, lying along the southern line of his farm, and geographically belonging thereto. Not only was this land necessary to make up such a farm as Lapham wanted, but it lay directly between him and the main road, and he wished to open a passage that way. He had on several occasions offered far more than the land was worth to any one else, or more than it was worth in the market, but the former owner would not sell.

"Mr. Groom?" repeated Susan, queringly. He is the man who has bought the old Curtis estate?
Yes?
O, I'm glad, Abner, you are to have that land. It should never have been sold from this farm. You are sure of it?
I am if Mr. Groom is a man of truth. You can depend upon that, I am positive. And what do you know about him, Susan?
Why, I heard him speak at our Conference last Sunday evening; and I know he is a true man. There are men who can deceive you—bad men who can appear to be good—but I never knew a really good man to appear bad. If you have Mr. Groom's word you may depend upon it.

I have it, said Abner, whose pipe was now well lighted, and as he spoke he tipped back at his ease. Have you turned the flax, Abner?
Not yet. You are losing a glorious sunshine. I must have my smoke first. But—about this land—I have the refusal of it until Saturday; and am to have it for twenty dollars an acre. Only think, I offered Thompson thirty dollars for it.

That is certainly cheap, Abner; and I hope you won't let it slip from you. How can it, if Mr. Groom is a man of his word?

That's the very thing, said Mrs. Lapham seriously. And she came out and stood by stove. Mr. Groom is not only a man of his word; but his word is his bond. Do you remember the subject of his remarks at the Conference?
No—I wasn't paying particular attention. Ah, Abner, there it is. You will invariably let slip the very things you most need, if you hear a funny story at the village store, you are sure to remember it; but a word of sound philosophy of life you do not heed.

Well, well, and what did Mr. Groom say that was so wonderful?
Not wonderful, Abner, but simple and common-sense. He spoke of the value of Time, and of the need of Punctuality. He said Time was of more consequence than Money. He would much rather a man should fail to pay a note at the appointed time than fail to keep an appointment in person. Money not paid when due might be subsequently collected, and with interest, too; but Time lost was lost forever. He said that the man who robbed him of his time did him full as much practical wrong as the man who should rob him of money. And he closed his remarks by saying that the man who habitually came to his business appointments behind time was one with whom it was unsafe to deal. At all events, he said, you could never depend upon such a man; and with one upon whom he could not depend he preferred to have as little business relation as possible.

Very good idea—very good, admitted Abner, puffing forth a dense cloud of smoke. And one by which a certain individual of my acquaintance might profit, ventured Susan.

Bah! Don't be hitting there again! Mr. Lapham knocked the ashes from his pipe with an impatient movement, and then went out to his neglected work. For he knew that Abner Lapham was very apt to neglect his work. He was a procrastinator—

He was of the very class which Mr. Groom had condemned. He always allowed his own work to accumulate on his hands, thus raising a serious obstacle in the way of punctuality in his engagements with others.

Saturday came. What time did Mr. Groom appoint for your meeting at the Thorsley Place? asked Mrs. Lapham. Abner took his pipe from his mouth, and reflected. I think it was somewhere about ten o'clock. Take care, Abner. If Mr. Groom set a time be sure there was no "about" in the appointment. If he said TEN, you may depend upon it he is there at this very moment ready to transact his business.

Mr. Lapham looked up at the clock. It was already fifteen minutes past the appointed time. Was there any arrangement made for delivery of the land?

Yes, there was something said about my sending over one of the boys if anything should happen to detain me, but I haven't answered the farmer.

And have you sent one of them over?
No—I never thought of it. But I'll be there myself shortly.

Mrs. Lapham shook her head sadly, while her husband went out to do a few chores at the barn which he could not leave undone till noon.

At eleven o'clock Abner Lapham came puffing up to the piazza of the Thorsley House just as Mr. Groom was stepping into his carriage.

Ab, friend Lapham, what induced you to change your mind?
"Me—Change my mind?" gasped Abner, in alarm.

Yes. Why did you give up the meadow? Give it up? repeated the farmer's agent. Certainly, you have not come at this hour to buy it?
Why—yes, sir. I—I—

Really, Mr. Lapham, if you have come at this time, thinking to find our business agent, your ideas of the nature of an especial appointment are very different from mine. You said if you could not come yourself you would send me word. My time is valuable.

But sir, put in Abner, only an hour. Sure I can be no great loss in that. Ah, replied Mr. Groom, mildly and yet sternly, you forget that I had no knowledge of the time you were to take from me. When the appointed hour was past, and the minutes had dragged their heels into almost another hour, how was I to judge what you meant to do, except I assumed the one evident cause of delay—that you had given up the bargain?

And, my dear sir, let me assure you, were I to discover that a man had stolen from me a dollar, I should conclude that he would, under like circumstances, take all he could get. And so with time. When a man robbed me of an hour, I can only judge that he is full as likely to rob me of a whole day if I place the time at his disposal. Mr. Hamilton has purchased the whole estate. I held back the meadow lot for you, as I promised. Hamilton was very anxious to have it remain with this estate, and was willing to pay more than I asked for it. He and I were here at precisely ten o'clock; and here we waited almost an hour, giving you the benefit of so much time lost to us. You did not come, you did not send, and I concluded that you did not want the land. So I sold it to Mr. Hamilton.

Abner Lapham turned away sorrowful and down hearted. For a week he was angry, and almost sick with disappointment and chagrin. On the following Saturday Mr. Hamilton came to see him. He had heard of the poor man's suffering, and was willing to help him. He offered to convey to Lapham that half of the meadow bordering on his farm, and also to open a permanent right of way over the other half to a country road.

This made Abner Lapham happy; and with his happiness came a disposition to be reasonable; and one of his first other conclusion was that he who robbed a man of his time might as well take money from a neighbor's pocket; and he made a resolve that he would thenceforth pay more attention to the keeping of his appointments.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLE MELODIES. Henry Ward Beecher is right upon the music question. He says:—"It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when a choir is put up to recite words that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs, which were brought over by a fresh troupe of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies, that stirred prophesy has long ago driven from the church, but which have gone forth among the people and rung out gloriously among the camp meetings shaking the forest leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty people; or which, more gently, have filled rural schools and humble lecture rooms and village churches, not yet corrupted by the false pretences of 'classical music'—these sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear, and not feel his heart beating within his bosom all the faster for the sound—are become the radicals and

contempts of men who think that God must be very making an advance, or is only assuming new forms without changing the substance of its condition, remains to be seen. What is apparent on the surface is, a prompt and extensive surrender of imperial power in the interests of constitutional government. Louis Napoleon appears to have heard the real voice of the late elections, and to have obeyed it gracefully. He has conceded to the legislative branch of the government—heretofore the passive register of his will—the right of self regulation, of controlling the finances, of selecting Ministers from the Chambers, of submitting tariff modifications, and of addressing questions and demands of the government. Ministers will be present at debates, and may be impeached by the Senate. Amendments will be passed to a committee, communicated to the Emperor, returned to the Chamber with remark, and then finally voted upon. Taxes, also, are to be reduced, and education extended.

Constitutionalism in France.

All this sounds admirable upon paper, but there are already not wanting those who contend that it is a cheat and a delusion. Who grants these reforms? they ask, and will not the power that gives them takes them back whenever it is convenient? Is not the same iron hand still controlling the immense army of France, and cannot it now break up parliaments and imprison all opponents as easily as it could in 1852? Well, it is easy enough to ask any number of such questions, but for the answering every one must take his own impression from events as they occur. For our own part, we look upon these governmental reforms as a great gain to France and a cheering sign for the future. Granted that Louis Napoleon is not a direct ruler, after the pattern of Washington, and that he did not make these concessions of his own will and pleasure. It is something, then—indeed, it is a great thing—that, in such a matter, he should be obedient to the will and pleasure of the French people. He might have disregarded them and taken everything at his own risk, as he did upon his accession to the throne. It is a good thing to others, if not creditable to him, that the progress of time, the situation and prospects of his own dynasty, constrain him at length into the path of constitutional government, and away from the despotism, the caprices and dangers of arbitrary rule.

In taking this view of the matter we look more to the future than to the present. These concessions have immensely strengthened the French people in their best qualities. They will see now that in order to secure an increase of liberty it is not necessary to run the old rounds of revolutionary outbreaks, unbounded license and returning slavery to arbitrary power. They will see now how to do it to manifest their will in a temperate manner at the polls. If Louis Napoleon should want to play false to his subjects hereafter he will be at a great disadvantage as compared with he would have been in the absence of these reforms. His aggressions will seem more unprovoked, more inconsistent and startling, and they will encounter a more united resistance on the part of the better classes of Frenchmen. This, of course, is on the supposition that the concessions are wisely used by the people of France for their own development and happiness. If this is not the case then they will proclaim their standing need of a master, and Louis Napoleon is as good as one as they ought to have. But we anticipate neither recency on the side of the people nor further usurpation on the side of the Emperor. He has, we think, been brought to a pass where it is for the interest of his dynasty to share his power with the nation, and the latter will resume its own with a judgment greatly enlightened over that of the past.

Bold Robbery of a Freight Train.

A very bold robbery occurred in Concord on the 8th inst. As Officer Jones of the night police was walking up Main street, between 4 and 5 o'clock, he noticed a man coming up from the railroad through a passage-way that opened into the street, near the jeweler's shop of Ivory Hall. What attracted the officer's attention was the fact that the man was literally loaded down with ladies' shoes, tied in pairs and slung over both arms. Mr. Jones started for the individual, but the latter noticed the movement, threw down his load and started at full speed toward the interval.

The officer succeeded in catching him, and held him till a assistance came. It was soon ascertained that one of the cars of the National Dispatch line to the West, waiting on the track and filled with shoes, had been broken open and a large amount of them carried away. The thief proved to be John Jackson, a man about fifty years old, and heretofore a daring and successful railroad robber. He says

he came from Manchester to Concord last evening. He hired a team at a stable, where he left some clothing. The team he undoubtedly intended to use in carrying off his plunder. About two boxes of the stolen shoes were found with the thief and discovered laid out on the grass by the side of the track. The goods were thought to have been loaded at Boston, and were consigned to Fargo, Fales & Co. of Chicago.

THE BAPTIST AND PRESBYTERIAN. In one of the villages of Kentucky, recently, a Baptist minister and a young Presbyterian clergyman preached in the same house "night about," both preachers being present at each meeting. One evening the Presbyterian, after a discourse on infant baptism, proceeded to baptize several babies. The little candidates made a great cry which, of course, was noticed by the Baptist man. Next day a number of the converts of the latter were immersed in the river near by. At the appointed hour a large concourse gathered on the banks, the Presbyterian being one of the number, and standing close to the water's edge. After the candidates had been immersed the Baptist took hold of his Presbyterian colleague and said:—

"Now sir, I will immerse you."
The latter, amazed, demurred.
"Come along; I am in a hurry!" replied the dumpy divine, and dragged his brother into the water.

Alarmed and indignant, the young Presbyterian declared at the top of his voice that he did not believe in immersion, was opposed to it and would not submit to it.
The audience were much excited by the scene. The Baptist released his hold and said:—
"Young man, I will not immerse you today; but if ever again I see you baptizing little ones against their will, and in spite of their cries and kicks, as I saw you do last night I will dip you into the water as sure as there is a God in Israel! You bet."

Harper's Magazine.

A NEW SYSTEM OF BANKING.—A recently discharged soldier of the regular army arrived in this city a few days since, with several hundred dollars in his possession. He drank and spent money freely, and while in his cups made the acquaintance of a stranger, who cautioned him against carrying so much money while on a spree, and advised him to take out what he would need for a "good time," and put the rest in a bank. His suggestions being favorably received, the stranger developed his plan by informing the soldier that he was a bank agent, and offered to take charge of his money. The soldier consented and deposited \$300, taking a receipt from his banking friend. After spending what he had left of his pile, he got sober, and began to look about for "the bank," but on inquiry found that he had been mercilessly fleeced. The name signed to his receipt is fictitious, and he says he should not be able to recognize the banker if he should see him.—[Worcester Spy.]

The innocent flirtations of married woman is one of the abominations of modern society. Even a desire for promiscuous admiration is wrong in a wife. The love of one and his approval should be all that she ought to desire. Let her be ever so beautiful, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see her decorating that beauty for public gaze: to see her seeking the attention of senseless fops around, and rejoicing in the admiration of other eyes than those of her husband. Her lenity should be for him alone, and not for the gaze of fools that flutter around her. There is always among the states and wise a sensation of disgust when a married lady attempts to ensnare or entrap young men by a profuse display of her charms, or an unbecoming outburst of her smiles are too loose to the indifferent beholder; and the tread of the serpent is over them.

WHAT COFFEE WILL DO.—A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup, and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected. Try it.

"James? James?" cried an author's wife. I have been calling you this half hour, and dinner's giving goodly call. "Oh is it? Well, you know, I have just killed the cruel old uncle. His property, of course, comes to my nephew, Charles, and I am marrying him. Emily! Keep the notion till the ceremony is over, there's a dear."

A Cape of Good Hope paper says that the great diamond found in South Africa, and valued at £100,000 is about the size of an ordinary walnut with an unspotted surface, though irregular outline, and no flaw to detract from the value. At first sight it does not appear especially brilliant—not so bright, perhaps, as other diamonds which have come down from the same neighborhood; still when cut, it is rivalled even the famous "Koh-i-noor" for beauty, although not equalling it in size.