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## POETRY.

The following verses, composed by the Hon. James Brown, were repeated by him during his lecture in the Town Hall, on the 9th of February, on "Railway Extension." Several persons having expressed a wish to obtain a copy, we now publish them:—

Wild war and discord were combined,  
And roll'd their deadly thunder;  
And on this side the Atlantic main  
Our Empire rent asunder:  
I then forsook my native home,  
Where long I'd been a lodger,  
And in New Brunswick joined my fate  
With many a toil-worn soldier.

And in the wide extending wood,  
I fix'd my habitation;  
Content to claim the British name,  
Through life in every station,  
I chose to rank myself among  
The subjects of our nation;  
And have each want connected with  
Our forlorn situation.

Grim winter's fierce protracted reign  
Most grievously oppress'd me,  
Lank hunger rais'd his pinching hand,  
And sorely me distress'd me;  
My children cried aloud for bread,  
Alas! I'd none to give them;  
I rang'd the wood and swept the flood  
For something to relieve them.

Hard hearted want at length retired,  
And smiling plenty hail'd me;  
I till'd the ground which prov'd a source  
Of wealth which never fail'd me;  
I sung in my cot grim winter's reign  
No longer now oppress'd me;  
Lank hunger rais'd his arm in vain,  
No longer he distress'd me.

I've lived to see New Brunswick boast  
A hardy population,  
Excel'd in no respect by those  
Of any state or nation;  
Her commerce circling far and wide,  
Her wealth and power increasing,  
Her soil supplying nature's wants,  
A source of wealth increasing.

O Liberty! thou goddess bright!  
By mortals toady courted,  
I let thy blazoned name behind,  
Still by thyself supported,  
Thou heavenly form in rustic garb,  
I freely will embrace thee;  
No slaves or tyrants here are found,  
To banish or disgrace thee.

"Long live the QUEEN!" may peace and health  
Through many years attend her!  
From all the bitter ills of life,  
May Heaven still defend her;  
Success to him whose ancient name,  
Renowned in Scottish story,  
We at this time do justly claim,  
New Brunswick's pride and glory.

—J. Brown.

## The Professor on Phrenology.

I shall begin, my friends, with the definition of a Pseudo-science. A Pseudo-science consists of a nomenclature, with a self-adjusting arrangement, by which all positive evidence, or such as favors its doctrines, is admitted; and all negative evidence, or such as is against it, is excluded. It is invariably connected with some lucrative practical application. Its professors and practitioners are usually shrewd people; they are very serious with the public, but wink and laugh a good deal among themselves. The believing multitude consists of women of both sexes, feeble-minded inquirers, poetical optimists, people who always get cheated in buying horses, philanthropists who insist on hurrying up the millennium, and others of this class, with here and there a clergyman, less frequently a lawyer, very rarely a physician, and almost never a horse-jockey or a member of the detective police. I did not say that Phrenology was one of the Pseudo-sciences.

A Pseudo-science does not necessarily consist wholly of lies. It may contain many truths, and even valuable ones. The rottenest bank starts with a little specie. It puts out a thousand promises to pay on the strength of a single dollar, but the dollar is very commonly a good one. The practitioners of the Pseudo-sciences know that common minus, after they have been baited with a real fact or two, will jump at the merest rag of a lie, or even at the bare hook. When we have one fact found us, we are very apt to supply the rest out of our imagination. (How many persons can read Judges xv. 16, correctly, the first time?) The Pseudo-sciences take advantage of this. I did not say it was so with Phrenology.

I have rarely met a sensible man who would not allow that there was something in Phrenology. A broad, high forehead, it is commonly agreed, promises intellect; one that is "rilliantous" and has a huge hind head back of it is wont to mark an animal nature. I have as rarely met an unbiased and sensible man, who really believed in the bumps. It is obvious, however, that persons with whom the Phrenologists call "good heads" are more prone than others towards plenary belief in the doctrine.

It is so hard to prove a negative that, if a man should assert that the moon was in truth a green cheese, formed by the coagulable substance of the Milky Way, and challenged me to prove the contrary, I might be puzzled. But if he offer to sell me a ton of this lunar cheese, I call on him to prove the truth of the caseous nature of our satellite, before I purchase.

It is not necessary to prove the falsity of the phrenological statement. It is only necessary to show that its truth is not proved, and cannot be, by the common course of argument. The walls of the head are double, with a great air-chamber between them, over the smallest and most closely crowded "organs." Can you tell how much money there is in a safe, which also has thick double walls, by kneading its knobs with your fingers? So when a man fumbles about my forehead, and talks about the organs of *Idleness*, *Size*, etc., I trust him as much as I should if he felt of the outside of my strong-box and told me that there was a five dollar bill or a ten dollar bill under this or that particular rivet. Perhaps there is; only he doesn't know anything about it. But this is a point that I, the Professor, understand, my friends, or ought to, certainly, better than you do. The next argument you will all appreciate.

I proceed, therefore, to explain the self-adjusting mechanism of Phrenology, which is very similar to that of the Pseudo-Sciences. An example will show it most convincingly.

A is a notorious thief. Messrs. Bumpus and Crane examine him and find a good sized organ of Acquisitiveness. Positive fact for Phrenology. Casts and drawings of A are multiplied, and the bump does not lose in the act of copying. I did not say it gained. What do you look so for? (to the audience.)

Presently B. turns up, a bigger thief still. But B. has a bump at all over Acquisitiveness. Negative fact; goes against Phrenology. Not a bit of it. Don't you see how small Conscientiousness is? That's the reason B. stole.

And then comes C. ten times as much a thief as either A. or B.,—used to steal before he was weaned, and would pick one of his own pockets and put its contents in another, if he could find no other way of committing petty larceny. Unfortunately C. has a *hol*, instead of a bump over Acquisitiveness. Ah, but just look and see what a bump of Alimentiveness! Did not C. buy nuts and gingerbread, when a boy, with the money he stole? Of course you see why he is a thief, and how his example confirms our science.

At last comes along a case which is apparently a *settler*, for there is a little brain with vast and varied powers,—a case like that of Byron, for instance. Then comes out the grand reserve reason which covers everything and renders it simply impossible ever to corner a Phrenologist. "It is not the size alone, but the *quality* of an organ, which determines its degree of power."

Oh! oh! I see. The argument may be stated thus by the Phrenologist:—"Heads I win, tails you lose." Well, that's convenient.

It must be confessed that Phrenology has a certain resemblance to the Pseudo-sciences. I did not say it was a Pseudo-science.

I have often met persons who have been altogether struck up and amazed at the accuracy with which some wandering Professor of Phrenology had read their characters written upon their skulls. Of course the Professor acquires his information solely through his cranial inspection and manipulations. What are you laughing at? (to the audience.) But let us suppose, for a moment, that a tolerably cunning fellow, who did not know or care anything about Phrenology, should open a shop and undertake to read off people's characters at fifty cents a dollar apiece. Let us see how well he could get along without the "organs."

I will suppose myself to set up such a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Bumpus, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him,—ask him a question or two so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:—

SCALE FROM 1 TO 10.

(Aside observations.)  
Amativeness, 7. Most men love the conflicting sex, and all men love to be told they do.  
Alimentiveness, 8. Don't you see that he has burst out of his lowest waistcoat button with feeding, hey?  
Acquisitiveness, 8. Of course. A middle-aged Yankee.

Approbriateness, 7. Hat well brushed. Hair ditto. Mark the effect of that plus sign.  
Self-esteem, 6. His face shows that.  
Benevolence, 9. That'll please him.  
Conscientiousness, 8. That fraction looks first rate.  
Mirthfulness, 7. Has laughed twice since he came in.  
Locality, 9. That sounds well.  
Form, Size, Weight, Color, Locality, Etc. Average every 4 to 6, thing that cannot be guessed.  
And so of the other faculties.

Of course you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They only go by the bumps. What do you keep laughing so for? (to the audience.) I only said that is the way I should practice "Phrenology" for a living.

## Report of the Board of Agriculture.

The following extracts are taken from the "Fourth Annual Report of the Board," which contains a large amount of useful information to farmers; and is the best proof of the respected Secretary's qualification for the office which he so faithfully and ably fills, and for which he has received the thanks of the Board. The Report before us is a decided improvement upon its predecessors, and must have cost much labor and time to prepare. From the preface we learn that:

"The following report contains the transactions of the Provincial Board of Agriculture during the past year; an Account of the expenditures of the grants to Societies; the exertions made for the advancement of Agricultural interests; and a few hints on some of the more important subjects of interest to the farmer."

The Board of Agriculture has been in active operation for a period of nearly four years, and the interest at first manifested in the election of competent individuals by the various Agricultural Societies, to represent their respective districts, has not in the least abated.

Without giving way to extravagant hopes I may safely assert that public attention is awakened in a much greater degree than heretofore, to the importance of the intelligent practice of Agriculture in our Province.

Among candid farmers confession is freely made of errors and defects, and of culpable negligence in the management of farming in a way to ensure success; knowledge is sought for, and an awakening of thought is more apparent; all indicative of a new era of promise and improvement.

During the past year I devoted a portion of time to visiting some of the Farming Settlements in Charlotte, King's, Carleton, and York, and took occasion of addressing the farmers collectively on such subjects of practical importance as I thought would be most beneficial.

If the farmer is reasoned with, when pursuing a ruinous system of impoverishing his land, he is very apt to justify his doing so, on the plea of necessity, and to assert that he has not the manure requisite to keep up his land, and he must do as best he is able; but when we take issue on these and similar matters, and with the living voice strive to convince him that he has not taken advantage of the means within reach for increasing and saving his fertilizing ingredients, and systematically following his business, he is generally brought to acknowledge he might do better, and to trace his dependant position to his own neglect.

An attempt has been made by the Board during the past year to induce the Agricultural Societies to alter the system of awarding premiums for single samples of any product, and to distribute their funds in a way which will better insure the advancement of Agriculture.

That the moneys of Societies might be better applied, must be admitted; and as the principles of improved Agriculture come to be better known and understood, we may expect in the place of ill conducted Exhibitions that the prizes will lead to the obtaining of information as to results, and an intelligent examination of them.

Mr. Stevens, on moving the Resolution that a committee be appointed to consider the propriety of adopting a more uniform system as relates to Premiums at local Shows, and the principles upon which they are awarded, and to suggest Forms, &c., shortly stated the necessity and advantages of making some change over the old mode of awarding Premiums for single samples of products.

He had already alluded, in the Annual Report of the Board, to this subject, and had offered suggestions there as to this matter. The object of all competitors ought to be to convey information, and he thought the system should be adopted of making written statements whenever practicable, showing how excellence in article or stock has been obtained; and the information thus elicited might be made available for general benefit, by being condensed in the Reports of the Board. He did not intend to make the sys-

tem compulsory on Societies, but wished to prepare such Forms as would make it an easy matter to comply with the desired object, and enable Societies gradually to adopt an improvement in the system of awarding premiums."

## MANURES.

"When we behold the farms in our Province with wide, and it may be, well cleared fields, we imagine the products from such places must be great; but when at the time of taking off the crops we again look, and see the scanty returns, we know the land has been unproductive; and the cause is found not in the nature of the soil itself, but in the almost total neglect of the application of the necessary food for the plant; and wherever we see the ruinous system pursued of successive cropping without adequate returns to the land, there will we find Agriculture in a debased state; and never may we expect to see the farming of our Province assume its rightful position, until the making, preserving, and applying of manures, engages the steady and continuous attention of the farmer."

In Great Britain the barn yard cannot alone replenish the waste of vegetation, and special and artificial fertilizers have diligently to be sought for; but in our Province not only are such fertilizers unused to any extent, but the most culpable waste of the barn yard manure is permitted.

It is vain to talk of improved systems of husbandry, and the advantages obtained from the growth of green crops, until the farmers awake to the duty of making available the means within their reach for maintaining if not increasing the fertility of the land. The farmer must first practice the simplest rules of his art, and regard the fundamental maxims of the science of Agriculture, and in doing this he takes the first step to sure advancement. What he already knows he must put in practice, and the first step he takes to rise securely in his business, is by attention to the manure pile; he must make it a business paramount to all other departments, to save by every means every material which will help to increase his store in this respect."

## TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

"How shrilly the storm whistles around the corners of the streets, or howls down the chimney; and hark to the sleet patter-furiously against the casement! Oh! the poor—what sufferings must be theirs on such a night as this!"

The speaker was one in whom such language would have seemed, to common ears, strange. He was attired with great nicety, almost amounting to foppishness, and his broad forehead and handsome face betrayed none of the furrows of care. Rich, courteous, and as yet a stranger to sorrow, Judson Layton had still a heart open to the miseries of his less favored fellow beings, and now as he sat before the cheery fire in that luxurious parlor, his thoughts turned involuntarily to the homeless outcasts who might be wandering in the streets. His words were partly to a lady, who sat opposite to him on the sofa. She was dressed fashionably and with exquisite taste. Her face was lovely, surpassingly lovely, with regular features, and eyes, eye-brows and forehead of unrivaled beauty. It was evident from the look with which Layton turned toward her, that his heart had been touched, if not overcome, by her beauty. She returned his fond look and replied:

"Yes, poor wretches! I fear enough has not been done for them this winter. You don't know, Mr. Layton, how my heart has bled, during the explorations I have lately been making among the lanes and alleys of the suburbs. Such scenes of destitution and sickness! Oh! I shudder even to recollect them!" and she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. Layton's fine eyes expressed deeper admiration at this evidence of her sympathy; and had they been alone, perhaps his feelings would have hurried him into the declaration he had long been meditating. But there was a third person in the room, whom we have hitherto forgotten, though to be thus put away for her cousin was the usual fate of Ellen Clifford. And yet, when one came to look at her, the causes of this neglect seemed doubtful. True, she was not as splendidly beautiful as Lucy, but her soft, dove-like eyes shone with an expression which seemed more angelic than earthly; and her whole countenance impressed the beholder with feelings of purity and awe. She was sitting at a table a little apart, busily plying her needle, and seemed to take no part in the conversation, though when her cousin answered Layton, she started and looked up at her, then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she remained silent, and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Layton rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to night, Ellen,

but I attribute it all to that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before that you loved embroidery."

"They are not for myself," Layton colored, and it was evident from his manner, that what he heard, was from some cause, disagreeable to him. He looked inquiringly at Lucy, and then answered: "Whoever the person is, Miss Ellen, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to 'your work'; and without waiting for a reply, bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Lucy's eyes."

The instant the door closed on him, Ellen sprang from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Lucy flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her locks, burst, when she had departed, into a clear, ringing exultant laugh. Ellen, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs, locked herself in the room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh! cruel, cruel," she added, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist nurse in her poverty. And Lucy, heartless Lucy! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute, when she will do nothing for our almost second mother, who is now sick in poverty. Could Judson only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Ellen, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress; for the little pittance left her by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was open as day to charity, she had no means of relieving the necessities unless by the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers, on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her words implied, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and who was now in the lowest depths of poverty. She had applied to her friends for assistance, and Ellen was anxious to supply her with every comfort her limited means could purchase.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Ellen's heart. Her love for Layton had grown up insensibly to herself.

He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's, and for some time his attention had been equally divided between Lucy and herself; and his warm heart, high intellect, and extensive acquirements, rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Ellen. She would sit whole evenings listening to his eloquent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Layton until the increased particularity of his attentions to Lucy awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion, but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could remove it.

Lucy had long desired to become the wife of Judson Layton, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune that of a millionaire. She had early seen that he had warred between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded; and at length, by such duplicity, united to her extraordinary beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. The consciousness of this caused the exulting laugh with which she saw Ellen depart from the parlor.

The next day, Mr. Layton called and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Ellen would have declined, but had not sufficient plea; besides, her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Lucy, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Layton saw the action, and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination, glanced at Ellen to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation, he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Layton. "Vill! I have chosen between the two; but, selfish as she is, she has yet

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