

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

PRINTED BY J. W. SMITH.

£2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No 26

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 28, 1876.

Vol 43

TO A TEA-ROSE.

Deep faded flower, for me your race
Bears what no kindred bloom has borne,
That gleam in memory's vistas—
A charm, a chastity, a grace
The lowliest roses have not worn,
Of all your lovely sisters!

Half tinted like some dim yellow peach,
Half like a shell's pink inward whorl
That sighs its sighs after,
Your creamy oval bud lets each
Pale outer petal backward curl.
Like a young child's lip in laughter!

And yet no mirthful trace we see;
Rather the grave, serene repose
Of gentlest resignation;
So that you sometimes seem to be
(If one might say it of a rose)
In pensive meditation!

Ah! how many earthly words express
This placid sadness round you cast,
Delicate, vague, unspoken?
As though some old progenitress,
In some old garden of the past,
Had had her young heart broken!

MEET WHO HAVE BEEN FROM THE PIT.

When Lord Elcho addressed the East Lothian colliers, he named several men who had raised themselves from the coal pit; and first of all he referred to Mr. Macdonald, member for Stafford. "The beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Macdonald," he said, "was when I was told that a miner wanted to see me in the lobby of the House of Commons. I went out and saw Mr. Macdonald, who gave me a petition from this district, which he asked me to present. I entered into conversation with him, and was much struck by his intelligence. He told me that he had begun life as a boy in the pit in Lanarkshire, and that the money he saved as a youth in the summer, he spent at Glasgow University in the winter; and that it was where he got whatever book learning or power of writing he possesses. I say that it is an instance that does credit to the miners of Scotland. Another instance is that of Dr. Hogg, who began as a pitman in this country; worked in the morning, attended school in the afternoon; then went to the University for four years, and to the Theological Hall for five years; and afterwards, in consequence of his health failing, he went abroad, and is now engaged as a missionary in Upper Egypt. Or take the case of Mr. (now Sir) George Elliot, member for North Durham, who has spoken up for the miners all the better for having had practical knowledge of their work. He began as a miner in the pit, and he worked his way up till he has in his employment many thousands men. He has risen to his great wealth and station from the humblest position; as every man who now hears me is capable of doing, to a greater or less degree, if he will only be thrifty and industrious."

Lord Elcho might also have mentioned Dr. Hutton, the geologist, a man of much higher order of genius, who was the son of a coal miner. Berwick, the first wood engraver, is also said to have been the son of a coal miner. Dr. Campbell was the son of a Lomond collier; he was the forerunner of Moffat and Livingston, in their missionary journeys among the Bechuanas in South Africa. Allan Ramsay, the poet, was also the son of a miner. George Stevenson worked his way from the pit-head to the highest position as an engineer. George began his life with industry, and when he had saved a little money he spent it in getting a little learning. What a happy man he was when his wages were increased to twelve shillings a week. He declared upon that occasion that he was "made man for life!" He was not only enabled to maintain himself upon his earnings, but to help his poor parents, and to pay for his own education. When his skill had increased, and his wages were advanced to a pound a week, he immediately began like a thoughtful, intelligent workman to lay by his surplus money; and when he had saved his first guinea, he proudly declared to one of his colleagues that he "was now a rich man!"

And he was right. For the man who after satisfying his wants, has something to spare, is no longer poor. It is certain that from that day Stevenson never looked back; his advance as a self-improving man was steady as the light of sunrise. A person of large experience has indeed stated that he never knew, amongst working people, a single instance of a man having out of his small earnings laid by a pound, who had in the end become a pauper. When Stevenson proposed to erect his first locomotive, he had not sufficient means to defray its cost. But in the course of his life as a workman he had established a character. He was trusted. He was faithful. He was a

man who could be depended upon. Accordingly, when the Earl of Ravensworth was informed of Stevenson's desire to erect a locomotive, he at once furnished him with the means for enabling him to carry his wishes into effect.

Sunday in the Centennial City.

The stranger who has come from the other end of the country or of the world to the Exposition will very likely grumble at the Commission for having shut up its wonders to Sunday quiet, leaving him for entertainment to such variety as Philadelphia streets can furnish. He does not choose to go to church, perhaps, and he finds the streets monotonous. Yet, if he have the nimble brain of the average American, he may find a significance in every trifle about him, and read sermons from the flutter of a flag which will touch him more nearly than any preached in church or meeting house. Outside of his window most probably the leaves of a tree rustle, or a patch of grass shows green, by means of which the searcher after new ideas, kept idle all day against his will, can allay himself to any past age he chooses. Adam in the Garden broke off a leaf sometimes, as our friend does now, and it was the same leaf; it had drawn to an atom the same substance from the soil of Eden as has this leaf from beneath the cobblestones of Philadelphia, turned the same shape and color to the sun, and stained the fingers of the first man with the same bitter sap as that on the hand of the Bostonian or Chinaman who finds it growing on Chestnut street. Old Job, when the world was young, found that the white of an egg required salt precisely as our guest did at the hotel this morning. The Arab exhibitor, going with his scarlet fez and stockinged feet, could tell him that the same wind and the same salt blew heavy with death to-day, in Job's old home as when, four thousand years ago, they came from the wilderness and smote his house, and left his children dead beneath. Suppose our idler does not hear a sermon. The blade of grass is part of this eternal Nature, and by means of it he can lay his hand upon an inexorable awful stability and quiet and draw there repose for his own restless brain of unsteady life.

If he chooses to look beyond the tree, there is sure to be on the other side of the way a red brick house, hopelessly modern, convenient and unpicturesque, from whose windows flutter flags of all nations. The obliquity of the right strikes him as laughable; the sacred white elephant of Siam, or the royal ensign of France, or the dragon of ancient China belacking the roof-front of a greengrocer or tailor. But underneath the absurdity he sees that it means that the respectable shopkeeper or mechanic below, in his poor way, holds out hands of brotherly welcome to all the world, both Christian and Pagan; that he means to learn from them and to teach them what he can; and that when the "six months' schooling" is over the fellow "prentices in science and art" will shake each other heartily by the hand, and bid each other God-speed on their way. The idea suddenly comes to our idler's observer that if Nature has been unaltered during these many ages, man has not. He goes back to those old days of Job, for example, when the highest aim of the wisest and greatest of men was to raise cattle, to eat them, and to keep his neighbors from stealing them. Nations in those days were so many predatory bands that devoted each other's substance. Or, if he lets his mind drop down to later ages, the pictures before it are but little brighter or less bloody. Representatives of all nations poured into the streets of Imperial Rome, or, under the Caesars, into Paris, but they came as captives with the yoke upon them to swell the triumph of a conqueror. Boasted chivalry did not teach the brotherly heartiness which impelled the greengrocer yonder to put out the little flag. The Crusader's hand was red with blood; he was a brute in his treatment of his serfs, and of all women save his mistress; he roasted the Jew for his ducaats, and taught or was taught civility to other men only at the sword's point. Neither did scholarship back it, nor yet devotion to the arts. The patrons of Michael Angelo, Titian, and of Petrarch trampled their subjects under an inexorable iron heel. Florence has not yet lost the marks of their brutal tyranny. The woman who more than any other fostered literature and art in the Middle Ages, sat smiling at her window while 50,000 men, women, and little children were butchered at her command.

He had been in the habit of grumbling at the inefficiency of Christian teachers as civilizers of the world, but now he goes suddenly back to the first Great Teacher. Was it not this very brotherhood of man which He came to bring to the world? Can it be that the de-

spised Nazarene who has made this fraternal greeting of all nations possible to-day? When would a poor mechanic have taken equal part in the national banquet; hung out his cheap signs of welcome, and looked upon emperors and princes as a host upon the guests who have come to admire and share for a time his pleasant home? There is not a cheerful, intelligent face among the thousands that crowd the streets of Philadelphia, Caucasian, Asiatic, or negro; there is not a friendly courtesy exchanged among them which does not tell with a force beyond that of any sermon how wide-spread is the influence of the doctrine of humanity, of mutual help, forbearance, and peace. It may not be the Christianity taught in the sects, but it is that preached in the manger and on the cross. We may call it civilization or enlightenment until some day He asks, "Have I been so long with you, and yet you have not known me?"

Where Science Lies.

Great things are not the thing on which the life and happiness of the world depends. We do not gather our crops from the peaks of the mountains, but from the fertile valleys and far stretching meadows of the level ground. And though the occasional brilliant actions of exceptional men are more startling at the time, and more beautiful to look upon, as impressing us with what lies within the scope of humanity, they are not to be compared, for their effect on the aggregate happiness of mankind, to those myriads of hourly familiar duties which belong to the lower and ordinary plane of existence. It is not by the sudden and sporadic jerks that the business of life is kept going. It is by the masses of ordinary men and women doing their ordinary work in their ordinary spheres, according to the measure of their abilities, and under a sacred sense of duty.

That some spheres are more important than others—more influential, and even, in some sense, more honorable—need not be denied. But all true work is honorable, and contributes its share to the good of society and the life of the world. And the man who looks down with contempt on a fellow creature who is honestly and faithfully doing his duty, simply because his sphere is a humble one, and his occupation is a humble one, is a barbarian at heart, whatever he might be in outward appearance.

As with the general business of the world so with its happiness. That happiness depends far more upon small things than upon great. Suppose you have a cheerful and loving heart—suppose that you abound in all the little kindnesses and courtesies of life—suppose that you are tender and considerate to the feelings of those around you, willing to oblige, mindful of others rather than of yourself, and in all things exercising yourself to have your consciousness void of offence toward God and toward men—your presence will make sunshine wherever you go.

The Block Islanders.

In colonial times the land-owners were comparatively few; their estates were large, and houses somewhat pretentious; they were waited upon by slaves, and in the habit of exchanging formal visits with the great proprietors on the Nararaganset shore. In the modern times, however, we find the land so cut up and subdivided that a farm of hundred acres is rather a novelty, while the largest proportion range from two to forty acres, and the largest on the island contains only one hundred and fifty acres. Contrary to the common belief, about three-fourths of the inhabitants are farmers, and the remainder fishermen. The houses of inhabitants are generally after the old New England model, one story and a half high, always built of wood, and, very rarely, painted white; the barns, however, which are neat well kept, are frequently built of wood combined with stone walls; the stone fences which surround or cross and recross the plantations are noted for their substantial character; and the grazing lands, off account of their neatness and beauty, are invariably attractive.

A more complete colony of pure native Americans does not exist in the United States than is to be found on Block Island. They are a clanish race; think themselves as good as any others (in which they are quite right); they love their land, because it is their own; their ambition is to obtain a good plain support from their own exertions, in which they are successful to a man; they are simple in their habits, and therefore command respect; they are honest, and neither need nor support any jills; they are naturally intelligent, and a much larger proportion of them can read and write than is the case in Massachusetts, the reputed intellectual centre of the world; they are industrious, and have

every needed comfort; and kind-hearted to such an extent that they do not even laugh at the antics of those summer visitors who have a habit of making themselves ridiculous. In their physical appearance the men are brown and hardy, as it be comes those who live in sunshine, mist, and storm, even from the cradle; and the women are healthy, with bright eyes and clear complexions, virtuous and true, and yet without the pale of the bluish tints and corruption of fashion.

While storing away, with a liberal hand, a supply of all the necessities of life for their own consumption, the Block Islanders have an eye to trade, and send over to Newport and Providence, to Stonington and New London, large supplies of cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, grain, poultry and eggs, as well as cod livers for oil, and large quantities of sea-moss, receiving in return not only money, but all the necessities of foreign growth or production.

THE BATHOMETER.

In physics a noteworthy event has been the presentation to the Royal Society of a paper by C. W. Siemens, describing an instrument to which he gives the name of bathometer, and by which the depth of water at any point in the ocean may be ascertained by simple inspection, without the use of a sounding-line. It consists of a vertical column of mercury enclosed in a steel tube having cup-like extensions at its ends. The lower is closed by a corrugated steel diaphragm, the weight of mercury resting upon it—which is of course affected by the force of gravitation, being balanced in the centre of the diaphragm by the elastic force of four carefully tempered steel springs—which is independent of any variation of gravity. Being open to the atmosphere both above and below, the instrument is unaffected by variations in the pressure of the air. The peculiar form of the column was given to it in order to render it parathermal, or independent of temperature. The reading is effected either by electric contact or by means of a spiral graduated tube fixed on the top of the instrument, and communicating with the space above the mercury, which contains a liquid of less density partially filling the tube. The graduations are empirical, since this is much easier than calculation. Experiments on the *Faraday* with Sir William Thomson's sounding line gave 85 fathoms at 12 204 fathoms at 1.08 P. M., and 69 fathoms at 2.20; the bathometer showed 82,218, and 78.—*EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD, in Harper.*

French Perfumes.

Putting aside all vain disputes about the nature and sanitary value of perfumes, the fact that most French scents are made at Grasse, in Provence, is an item of knowledge worth bearing in mind, for the flower gardens there are among the most beautiful in the world. Paris is of course the chief market where French perfumes are sold, and they are not only said to be the best but the most innocent known in commerce, the scents of the East being generally unhealthy, and those of the North too coarse and pungent to be agreeable. The produce of Grasse is bought wholesale by Parisian tradesmen, and then put into those pretty boxes and bottles which are among the best liked of French exports in every city of the globe.

The prices current at which perfumes are sold by the shopkeepers of the capital are just double those paid to the provincial manufacturer, according to an immutable rule of the trade; and this large slice of profit added on to the first cost of them is justified by the assertion that perfumes waste greatly in potting and bottling. The defenders of the commercial practice also, being usually persons of considerable vivacity from constant contact with volatile essences, are apt to evince much irritability if you go too closely into figures with them. More ver, it is prudent to bear in mind that the classical and other acquirements of Grasse may be at once knocked out of time by such words as "ratanhia," "double virginis," "liquid lightning," "quadruple water," "spirits of angels," and "volcanaria,"—which all belong to this line of business—had better look to his argument before he ventures upon a rash discussion with a man of Paris on the road to Grasse. The present writer ventured to neglect this precaution, and was instantly flooded by reasons wrapped up in language which he has been unable to translate unto this day. He never remembers to have held any converse with so excitable a person as the perfumer who pronounced this malediction all in one breath at the close of an energetic discussion on France, strongly flavored with Marseilles dialect.

THE MOVEMENT OF STORM CENTRES.—In Meteorology, the most interesting paper recently appeared is that by W. C. Ley, published in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*. Mr. Ley presents an attempt at a philosophical explanation of the movements of storm centres; but it is his statistical researches that are of especial value, since, like those of Loomis, they pave the way for a correct understanding of the subject. He states that he himself belongs to those who believe that a cyclonic system is not to be treated as an eddy in the prevailing currents, and that its westward or eastward motion is not wholly due to the force of these currents. He finds from his extensive studies that the mean tracks of storm centres show a general coincidence with prevailing winds, and individual depressions show a tendency to travel around temporary local areas of high barometer, keeping the latter on the right hand in the European storms. A suggestion of Mr. Robert Tennent seems to have led him during the past year to examine whether there is any connection between the movements of the storm centre and the position of its steepest barometric gradients. He finds that of 890 storms passing near Great Britain during nine years, the large majority had a tendency to move in direct parallel to the trend of the steepest gradients; thus when the isobars are closest on the southeast side, the tangents trend towards the northeast, and fifty-five per cent. of these storms move in the same direction. He finds also evidences of a less important depressing force tending to make the depressions move toward the northeast by east. It would be interesting to compare Ley's rules with the behaviour of American storms. We can see no reason why they should obtain for the storms occurring between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic coast.

SAM ADAMS AND THE REFRACTORY SCOTCHMAN.—As an instance of Samuel Adams's skill in dealing with mankind, an anecdote related by his daughter is worth placing. At a meeting of the Assembly, where over two thousand persons were present, a committee reported that one Mr. Mac—, a stubborn Scotchman and a large importer, had refused to come into the non-importation association. An angry spirit was manifesting itself, when Mr. Adams, with that *suaviter in modo* which always distinguished him, arose and moved that the Assembly resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, wait on Mr. Mac—, and urge his compliance. This was met by an affirmative, and the business of the day proceeding, suddenly from an obscure corner, not relishing such a possibly massive argument, came a speaking voice in a Scotch accent, "Mr. Moderator, I agree! I agree!" This unexpected interruption from the diminutive "protesque figure in a reddish smokiedried wig drew all eyes upon him." His sudden conversation, and the manner in which it was obtained, brought thunders of applause. Mr. Adams, with a polite, condescending bow of protection, pointed to a seat near by, and quitted the discreet and frightened Scotchman.

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

Of many a young man of to-day whose life is irregular, if not flagrantly criminal, fond friends are saying, "Oh he is only sowing his wild oats." So he is, but not in the sense of sowing them, but sowing them as the foolish seeds of a more terrible harvest. It is false, young man, that you can transgress great moral laws and form vicious habits, and on arriving at manhood cast them off as easily as you can change your dress. The law is that you will reap in manifold what you sow in youth—that and nothing else.