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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1845.
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COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

O. Smeaton—Sir,
I observed an article in the Standard, newspaper, to which your name is attached. I cannot believe you to be the author of it, because it is notorious that you are about as capable of building the temple of Diana, as of writing for a public journal. No matter whether you are or are not, the author I will examine its truthfulness. Even admitting your explanation to be true, what does it amount to? It exhibits most clearly a degree of arrogance and presumption altogether indefensible. If there is an Act investing the Commissioners with power to alter contracts at pleasure, then I have nothing more to say on the subject; but if not, where was your authority to direct the master of the nature of an auction and make it to all intents and purposes a private sale? Perhaps you will say it was for the same reason that the jumping of a little swamp near Mr. F. Robinson's was not performed according to contract; for the labour was not performed where it was agreed to be done, as I can prove by the affidavits of several respectable men, as well as several other instances of the same nature; thus blunting respect, and riding roughshod over the dearest interests of your country—the very interest which you were appointed to protect.

The plain statement of the case was this, at least as I got it from your brother-in-law, a man greatly your superior in candour and integrity—That you first measured the bridge and as you were about to sell it in two lots, the awful operation of dividing by 2 must be performed, and such are the intricate details of arithmetic that the result came out 10 rods wide of the truth; but although division is alone your comprehension, yet you can calculate commission with wonderful dexterity—quite a paradox truly, but not the least true for being funny. You say, "the work speaks for itself" and "what there is not a better piece of road in the Parish." I do not speak for itself truly and gives the impression of a painful proof of its inequity; but there is not a better piece of road in the Parish? However true this may be, it is a goodly road made by the appropriation of the general, nothing can be a more judicious falsehood.

You endeavour to exculpate yourself by representing me in the absence of argument, you indulge in personal abuse, a course of action which no gentleman would adopt, and can only tend to weaken the position you have taken.

I am now to speak of what I had intended to treat with liberal neglect, namely, the article which appeared in the "Guardian" and upon which you seized with eagerness, intending to make it tell to my prejudice. It is true that the "Guardian" so far forgot its pristine dignity that it lent its columns to be the vehicle of slander, baselessly slander, which it is probable I would have repelled at the time, had I not then been growing under a complication of domestic afflictions. But there is contained no specific charges, hence appears the cowardice of its author; to fight an enemy in the dark is a species of warfare for which I have no inclination. Had he come out boldly and stated what "circumstances" then he would have been entitled to a reply. We disagreed, but our disagreement was of a private nature, and he impelled by private spite, endeavoured to wound me in the tenderest point.

But let me ask you, Sir, was I not reared from infancy beside you; if there were any discrepancies in my character, surely they were not unknown to St. James, and although some assaults have been made upon me, yet I remain unscathed, and the darts fell at me with the most skillful malignity till blunted to the ground. I challenge you, Sir, and therefore were no less active than yourself in slandering me, to produce evidence of one solitary fact derogatory to my character. And when you next write confine yourself to facts, which admit of no perversion, and which cannot be distorted to suit any purpose. In the meantime I have the honour to be,

Your humble Servant,

D. MORRISON.

St. James, Oct. 8, 1845.

THE SIMOON.

The first day after passing the night under the tents of El Henni, we rose with the sun and went out to saddle our dromedaries, but found them, to our great amusement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the Bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoon, which would not long delay its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible two or three hours beforehand of the approach of this terrific scourge of the desert, and turning its

face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand; and neither force nor want can move it from its position, either to eat or drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should be for several days.

Learning the danger which threatened us we shared the general terror and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined on us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their heads covered and their ears stopped, they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine and subtle sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stopping up every crevice with extreme caution; and having provided themselves with water placed within reach, throw themselves on the ground covering their heads with a mantle, and stir no more till the desolating hurricane has passed.

That morning all was tumult in the camp; every one endeavoring to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Bedouin mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind were succeeded by clouds of red and burning sand, whirling round with fierce impetuosity and overthrowing or burying under their drifted mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch the flesh is as if a hot iron had been passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness was quite hot, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually sunk for the following six; another hour, and we must all have been suffocated. When at length we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us; five children, two women, and a man, were extended dead on the still burning sand, and several Bedouins had their faces blackened and entirely calcined, as if by the action of an ardent furnace. When any one is struck on the head by the simoon, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. We thanked the Lord that we had not ourselves been surprised by this terrible scourge in the midst of the desert, but had been preserved from so frightful a death.

(From the Cultivator.)
A KITCHEN GARDEN—FRUITS & FLOWERS.

Reader, if you want to see something in the vegetable kingdom a little earlier, and a little later, than you ever saw it before in this climate, just drop into the fruit yards and gardens of Elezer Burroughs, Esq., and his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Thompson, at Aurora Cayuga Lake.

Only one mile east of this place, 400 feet above the level of the Lake, nearly every thing of the fruit kind has been cut off this season, by a biting June frost; but here, directly on Aurora Bay, under the warming influence of this never freezing lake, the tomato, the egg plant, the tender grape, and the peach, are in luxuriant progress; corn planted in April, begins on this 22nd of July, to glaze; early potatoes, very much pinched by drought, are now ripe; most other kitchen truck is in great perfection.

Here are ornamental trees, deciduous and evergreens, and flowering shrubs of every hue and variety; to say nothing of the earlier berries, cherries, gooseberries, &c., &c.; here is the Bon apple fully ripe, as is also the luscious little apple of Eve, on this tiny bush-like tree; the delicious Suckle pear tree is so thickly beset with its ripe blood-red fruit that its leaves are thrown into the shade. Apricots, nectarines, plums, peaches, and clustering grapes, are giving an earnest of early fruition, such as but few, even in this fruitful land, have it in their power to enjoy.

But how shall I describe the flower garden, with its winding, circular, any thing but straight gravelled walks; with borders of stone crop, Philox, and *Buxus sempervirens*; its conical, crescent-shaped, many sided beds; its underclerk to name the genus, let alone the legion variety of these beauties of the floral creation, which now bloom here, is more than my poor pen can compass; suffice it to say, that here are flowers indigenous and exotic, from every clime.

Where woman smiles or sighs?

That which occurred to me first, was, how so much labor could be done at so little expense; the absence of every weed, the finely arranged soil, the extreme good taste in the arrangement of the flowers and the house plants, in their rustic boxes, the picturesque disposition of the beds, and the flowering shrubs; above all, the order, beauty, freshness, which pervaded all; was *prima facie* evidence to me, that no mercenary hand, no clodhopper foot, had been tolerated here. It was evidence positive that the result here produced was the effect of that labor, and those combinations, which enthusiasm alone can originate and direct. Mr. Burroughs himself is too far in the "here and yellow" to lend his physical aid to the work, but Dr. Thompson finds both mental and

physical renovation in the labors of the fruit yard and garden; here is also a single young man, a servant of all work, an Englishman, but not the dull, leaden-eyed, stupid, obsequious, serving man of old England; I am told, that he spends much of his leisure time in Dr. T's library; here under the doctor's instruction he has learned something of geology, agricultural chemistry, and botany; this "little learning," pronounced so "dangerous" in the old world, has come to be, under our republican institutions, the best "support to the throne," the only guarantee to popular civilization: the parent of that exalted enthusiasm, without which there is no upward progress; nothing to separate the intellectual laborer from that biped drudge of grossness and ignorance, who has too long been honored with the title of a laboring man.

S. W.

By A. De Lamartine.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

In olden times when the small pox was considered an unavoidable evil, and the pest house was regarded as indispensable to the safety of the community, the following circumstance occurred:

The Rev. J. C., of E., Mass., had decided on going to the pest house with his entire family for the purpose of having the small pox. The day before they were to leave home, a kind neighbour came in to inquire if he could be of any service to them. The minister told him that all the arrangements were complete except that they had made no disposition of their dog; they were unwilling to have him killed, for he was a great favourite in the family, but it would never do to suffer Bosc to follow them to the pest house, for he would be sure to get out and carry the contagious disease through the neighbourhood. "I should hate to kill so good a dog," said the neighbour; "don't you think he would stay with me?" "I fear not," said Parson C., "for he is very much attached to our family, and would be quite sure to find it out; there is no way I fear but to kill the poor creature." Well, said the neighbour, I was going down to M.'s and on my way back I will call and kill the dog for you. So he left them. After a while, the neighbour returned to fulfil his promise; but nothing could be found of Bosc. They then remembered that while they were talking over the business, the dog, who had been lying under the table in the room, got up and went out. A general call was made, but no dog came; so the neighbour was compelled to go home without fulfilling his promise of killing Bosc.

When neighbour Clark reached his house what was his surprise to find Parson C.'s dog ready to receive him. There the dog remained during the whole time that the family were in the hospital. He occasionally visited their old house, but never offered to go to the hospital; he followed his new master wherever he went, making his house his home. Thus he continued to do until the day that his old master and family left the pest house, when he returned to the old house, and welcomed the family with exuberance of joy, and never more left them except for an occasional visit to his temporary master.

The above is a perfectly true story. It was often related by the late Dr. C., who was an eye and ear witness of the circumstance, and was confirmed by the family of Mr. Clark. Others may adopt what theories they please to account for these singularities, but we must believe that dogs understand something more of human signs and sounds than is generally supposed—*Boston Traveller.*

Hunger in Cold Weather.—In the summer season the air is greatly rarefied by the heat, and the amount of oxygen taken into the lungs is comparatively small;—the carbonaceous matter of the blood therefore, is slowly burned, and a return of hunger as slowly follows the gratification of the last appetite. In so far we resemble our fires; they burn slowly and feebly, because there is not a sufficiency of oxygen to encourage their blaze. In winter, the air is more dense, especially in clear, frosty weather, and every inspiration we make conveys into the lungs a maximum quantity of oxygen, which acting there, and throughout the capillary system, carries off with remarkable rapidity whatever material it can combine with. The wastes being rapid and abundant it follows that the supply must be proportioned to it, and hence, in healthy vigorous subjects, hunger is an almost constant claimant in cold weather. If this hunger be not satisfied, the body wastes with fearful rapidity. In fact, the analogy is sufficiently close for us to say, that the body, in respiring this dense pure air, consumes as much faster than does a fire on a clear frosty morning burn more brightly and rapidly than in the sunshine of a hot summer's day. These facts and their reason, explain to us why there should be such difference, both of appetite and

digestive powers, between the inhabitants in the town and the country.—*Medical Times.*

POETRY.
LABOR.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow,
Oh, while we feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow,
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now,
But while we feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who plough the sea's blue field—
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave,
Oh, while we feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day
Aid half the weary night,
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right,
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho, all who labor—all who strive!—
Ye wield a lofty power,
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower,
Oh, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true,
A weary, wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do.

By Mrs. Sandford.

GOOD TEMPER.

Good temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over every thing. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings us burthen. The husband goes forth in the morning to his professional studies; he cannot foresee what trial he may encounter, what failure of hopes, of friendships, or of prospects may meet him, before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate there the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it might be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. It is the interest therefore, as well as the duty of a woman, to cultivate good temper, and to have ever ready some word or look of cheerfulness, of encouragement, or at least of sympathy. A really feeling heart will dictate the conduct which will be most acceptable—will teach the delicacy which times a kindness, as well as renders it, and forbears all officious attentions, whilst it ever eagerly is a readiness to oblige. It need scarcely be said that this temper is of more value than many more brilliant endowments; that it is among the first recommendations to a woman in every domestic relation; and that especially in that tie, which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effective cement of affection. It is not, indeed, so much a means of attracting or exciting love, as it is of securing it. In fact, it is scarcely known, until familiarly drawn aside the veil of social restraint, and the character, with its real faults and virtues is unfolded in the privacy of home.

By the Rev. Dr. Harris.

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD.
GOLD is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single hypocrite; and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where was his slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions, for while the former operates only with the local and sifful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and increasing. Indeed, war itself—what has it often been but the art of gain practised on the largest scale?—the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its sub-

jects to deeds of rapine and blood! Its history is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries Africa, one quarter of the globe, has been set apart to supply the monster with victims—thousands at a meal. And at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast?—the mine, with its unsatiable draggery, the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery, the plantation, with its imbrued gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances—these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and throned at its disposal. Among its counsellors are kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its natives? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay; and Science, a votary at its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its lost stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold.

From the Midsummer Day's Dream.

OUR PROGRESS IN LIFE.

What a blessed order of nature it is, that the footsteps of time are inaudible and noiseless, and that the seasons of life, like those of the year, are so indistinguishably brought on in gentle progression, and so blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows except from a faint and not unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old. The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man in his prime on his grey-headed sire, each on the other as in separate existence—in a separate world; it seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common; that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain. But as the hours, days, weeks, months, years, go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave. In this, how nature and man agree, pacing on and on, to the completion of a year of a life!

Home.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those slight intervals of unblended amusement, in which a spin shrinks to its natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by virtues who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity, for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Simp's Cure for Stammering.—Mr. Wakley M.P., at an inquest he held yesterday, stated that a few days back the summoning officer told him that it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stammered so excessively that he could barely articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakley, however, had him called, and telling him that as shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder or air, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had other powder, viz., air. He told the lad to breathe air, or draw in his breath strongly, and the lad having done so, Mr. Wakley asked, "Can you talk now?" The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly, "Yes, I can, sir, very well." The Coroner added that inhalation, or self-inflammation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty has not until lately and even then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation.

Singular Coincidence.—A few days ago, while the Messrs. Thorburn were unpacking a chest of orange pekoe tea, imported in one of the late arrivals from China, they discovered between the lead lining and the bottom of the box a copy of the *Edinburgh Calenderian Mercury*, of the date of the 22 September, 1796, (exactly 45 years ago,) containing a letter from the senior Mr. Thorburn, the venerable partner of the firm, regarding the tea trade of that period. The chest was packed 1500 miles above Canton, where the newspaper, which is in excellent preservation, must have been put in; and no explanation has been given to promote the mystery. It has been preserved and transmitted back nearly half a century after its publication—*Calenderian Mercury.*