

The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

No 72 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1848. [Vol. 15]

POETRY.

From the New York Weekly Tribune
MY FATHER.

The weight of many a weary year
Rests on my Father now,
And none but silvery hairs appear
Above his furrowed brow;
His quiet life has not been spent
In luxury and ease,
But humble scenes, with sweet content,
Have power his heart to please.

His hands are hard with honest toil,
But they were never stained
With aught of the unholy spoil
By dark Oppression gained;
For kindly thoughts have ever dwelt
Within his open soul,
And his warm heart has never felt
Steer Avarice's dark control.

I never from my Father heard,
Through all my happy life,
A single false, deceitful word,
Or one of angry strife;
For power or place he has not sought,
But for his Country's weal
His heart has always had a thought
Of patriotic zeal.

The world would call him poor indeed,
And pass him proudly by,
But his proud soul will little heed
The glance of haughty eye;
He may be poor, but at his side,
When'er I take my place,
I feel that I can gaze with pride
Upon my Father's face.

ENGLISH MAILS.

Acadia	Nov. 4	For Boston.
Cambria	Nov. 11	For Boston.
Britannia	Nov. 18	For Boston.
Canada	Nov. 25	For Boston.
Niagara	Dec. 2	For Boston.
Europa	Dec. 9	For Boston.
America	Dec. 16	For Boston.

Canada	Jan. 13	For Boston.
Niagara	Jan. 20	For Boston.
Europa	Feb. 3	For Boston.
America	Feb. 10	For Boston.
Canada	Mar. 17	For Boston.
Niagara	Mar. 24	For Boston.
Europa	Apr. 7	For Boston.
Cambria	Apr. 14	For Boston.

DEPARTURES FROM AMERICA.

Europa	Nov. 8	For Boston.
Hibernia	Nov. 15	For Boston.
America	Nov. 22	For Boston.
Acadia	Nov. 29	For Boston.
Cambria	Dec. 6	For Boston.
Britannia	Dec. 13	For Boston.
Canada	Dec. 20	For Boston.
Niagara	Dec. 27	For Boston.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT POKEMOUCHE.—We are sorry to have it to record, that the new Chapel in course of erection at Pokemouche, in the County of Gloucester, was discovered to be on fire on the morning of Wednesday, the 25th inst., which was soon communicated to the vestry adjoining, and the old chapel, situate a short distance from it. The three buildings, in a very short space of time, were reduced to a heap of ashes. The new building was 190 feet long, 44 feet wide and 26 feet high, with a fine tower. The outside was completed, and all the window sashes were in the building, ready to be placed, together with much of the inside finishing. The loss, a Correspondent informs us, cannot be less than £1,000. [Miramichi Gleaner, Nov. 28.]

GENUINE WIT.—Curious and odd things not unfrequently occur "before the Mayor." The other day, on attending to applications for situations in the police force, the Mayor, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a "star," when some of the Irish competitors, outside the railing cried out: "Are ye goin' to pint Pat, yer Honor? He can't write his name, yer Honor." I am only receiving applications to day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the Mayor; and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks. The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office, said to him, as they came away from the Hall: "Now Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you." Pat did as directed; and every night for a fortnight he was seen running on his tongue and swaying his head over Patrick Murphy. Patrick Murphy, in the style of chiropathy generally known as "course hand." When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself "before the Mayor," urging his claim. "Can you write?" said that excellent functionary. "Truth and it's meself that just kin!" answered Pat. "Take that pen," said the Mayor, "and let us see you write. Write your name." He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance; Howl! said Dike, "but small good 'twill do him, he can't write wid it, man!" But Pat did write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand. "That'll do," said the Mayor. His foil rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them. "Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honor," said two of them in a breath. "That's well thought of," replied the Mayor. "Pat write my name! Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it. "Me write yer Honor's name!" exclaimed he, with a well dissembled holy horror; no commit a forgery, and I a goin' on the Pelisse! I can't do it, yer Honor! And he couldn't!—But his wit saved him, and he is now a "star," of the first magnitude.—*Montreal Trans.*

THE BOOK IN THE FORECASTLE.

A horrid oath was uttered by a wild and he-dress sailor-boy, as he dashed a small volume across the forecastle of a whale-ship adding, whoever wants may have it. It was a copy of— which had been placed in his trunk by a pious friend, and which on being taken out, as he was overhauling his things, on a stormy day had been hurled against the wall in the presence of his shipmates, with the expression of an oath as just stated.

The volume, as it fell, was picked up by an officer of the ship, himself a profane, and as to religious subjects, an utterly thoughtless man. With the single remark to the young sailor, that he ought not to treat any book in that way, he put it in his pocket, without even noticing its title, and soon went to another part of the ship.

For days the book was forgotten, until at last, in a idle moment, it was drawn forth by its possessor. At once, as he glanced at its pages, he became interested, and more and still more so, as he went on, until the entire volume was finished before he left it. And it proved to him an arrow from the Quiver of the Holy Spirit; it was blessed of God to his conversion so that in a short season he could rejoice in Christ as his portion. As the voyage wore on, his example and exhortations were blessed to the conversion of one or two of his shipmates; and at its close he was returned in safety to his wife and two children. That wife, like himself, had long been impatient; and nothing could exceed the astonishment she felt, when on preparing to retire for the first night after Mary, shall we not commend ourselves to God's care and ask his blessing? They knelt in deep emotion and as his humble and fervent prayer wa-

shed forth at the throne of grace she wept and sobbed in agony of spirit, feeling that she was a guilty and unworthy sinner, and wishing that she had the blessed portion she saw her husband had toiled. Aided by his counsel, it was not long before she, too, was rejoicing in the Saviour, and after a proper delay for self-examination and prayer, both were received on the same Sabbath, as members of the same Church.

In a few months he sailed on his next voyage, from which he never returned. His body rests beneath the billows of the ocean, his spirit we trust, in the bosom of his Saviour. Years have passed away. His widow still lives leading a life of humble and useful piety; few have done more good in the proper sphere of a woman's influence. His children have grown up to years of intelligence and the eldest has already become hopefully a child of God, and a member of the church. The youngest is the subject of many serious thoughts which may God bless to salvation. How far, through them, the influence of that one volume may yet reach, eternity only can reveal.

PAINTED TEA.—Professor Reid, a practical chemist of New York, and a person to be relied upon, states that, having seen in the shop windows of that city a sample of green tea of a very bright colour, he suspected it was of the class of painted and poisonous teas recently examined by London chemists. He examined the article, and says he has discovered it to be painted tea; that is old stale and exhausted tea, covered with some colouring matter, no doubt injurious to health; and proposed a simple test, which is, to take a spoonful of tea, and put it in a half a tumbler of water, and allow it to stand for five minutes, and then stir it up, when the paint will be detached and form a turbid mixture with the water.

FROM BERMUDA.

The Royal Mail Steamer FALCON arrived at Halifax from Bermuda, with dates to the 22d ult.

Several convicts had escaped from one of the Hulks but had been recaptured.

YELLOW FEVER still prevails at Barbadoes—Assistant Surgeon Montgomery Irvin, M. D., 72nd, Highlanders, and Lieut. Pyne, 66th Regt., were among its victims.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, Oct. 19, 1848.—Our Market has been thrown into a great state of commotion, in consequence of all the Duties being in abeyance. Immense quantities of Gin, Brandy, Tobacco, and all other articles, that, under the old Tariff paid a heavy duty, are being forced into the Market and, consequently, the loss to the Revenue will be immense. There is likel hood of our Colonial Legislature doing anything towards a New Tariff until something decisive comes from the Colonial Office, at home, which cannot be before December. In the meantime our Market will continue to be flooded with every description of Imports.

Accounts from Tortola Grenada, state that the blacks in St Croix are still holding out. By an arrival from Martinique, we learn that considerable excitement prevailed in that Colony, on account of the disorderly conduct of the lately emancipated population.

COALS FROM DORCHESTER.—During the present week a cargo of coals has arrived from Dorchester, Westmorland County, which is of an excellent quality, and ignites very quickly. It produces a very brilliant light and is said to be much superior to the imported article for generating Gas. We learn that a quantity of this coal has been purchased for the use of the Gas Company. It gives us much pleasure to notice the efforts that are being made to develop the resources of this Country, and that in this instance we are indebted to Mr. John Steadman, a native of this Province, for the valuable discovery. [New-Brunswick.]

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