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THE POOR PRINTER, AND THE EXCLUSIVE.

On the fourth of July, 18—, Harriet Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor, in a house situated in P. street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women and children, of every colour, class and creed—old men, whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—youthful men in the meridian of manhood, united by and unanimously agreed to “drive, dull care away” and join the jubilee to celebrate the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of liberty, and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst every American heart was brimful of joy and gratitude, there were two generous-hearted, noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow so pungent, and disappointment so bitter, that the soul stirring proceedings of the ever-to-be-remembered fourth could not rise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her sister, William Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic high minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. “Why do you weep my dear Harriet?” enquired William, in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers, which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon her fairy hand. “Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head, while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from her dark hazel eyes, and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. “What can I do,” continued William, “to tear away the drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day?” Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance: she could not vent her thoughts in word, so violent was the temper of excitement by one who had broken up the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R—, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend an anticipated wedding which would probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt, it was as follows:—

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—

“Is it possible that you Harriet, have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?”

Harriet replied, “when I first became acquainted with the man of my choice, I sought the advice of my mother, who happened to be in the city at the time, upon inquiry she discovered that my friend was an honest and honorable man, and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love; we are pledged to each other, and the wedding day is appointed.”

“What is the gentleman's name, Harriet?”

“His name is William Malcolm.”

“Is he a Physician, or a Lawyer, or a Merchant, or a Minister—what is he?”

“He is a journeyman printer,” replied Harriet.

“A Journeyman Printer!” exclaimed her aunt, with great emphasis. “Do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish, and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly; you need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics; you lack common sense or you would not throw yourself away.”

Harriet again replied:—

“William is a respectable, industrious, and an economical man, and he loves me.”

“It makes me think of casting pearls before swine,” continued the old aristocrat.

“You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic?”

“My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an Academy, where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind?”

“William is not an illiterate man, he is a self-taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him.”

“I will pay the expense of your wedding, and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him, and take my advice; there is Squire—, he thinks a great deal of you;—would you not like to have him, or Doct.—, or Mr.—, the merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family?”

“Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic,” replied Harriet.

“Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive land holder; how can you call him a mechanic?”

“I have frequently heard him say,” replied Harriet, “that he earned his farm by diligent

using the saw, the broadax, and the jackplane; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you in younger days used to pound putty, and prime sashes, when uncle R— could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker; it is but a few years since he relinquished that business.”

Impudent creature, how dare you thus insult me in my own house?—your uncle is President of the Bank—; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis.”

“Aunt, I don't intend to insult you, nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shaved wood before he commenced shaving noses—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence.”

“Harriet you must quit my house immediately, and never dare to darken the door again.”

Poor Harriet's feeling were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

On the 9th day of July, Mr. R—, Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following and read it aloud to his wife.

“Married in this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Malcolm to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this city.” On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:—

“Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation, we attended a wedding party; every thing went off with great eclat; the cake, coffee and wine, were excellent; the bride looked more like an angel than a human being, her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her mouth like blooming tulips. The groom we were well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes; he is a talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals.—We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in this city.—May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions.”

Patience reader, allow the author to digress a few moments in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professional men, and the merchant who was selected by Harriet's aunt as a suitable companion for a young lady occupying such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The physician was an inferior looking man, rather ill formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicating eloquence. Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf, but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his attainments were rich and rare, his brilliant talents won for him an imperishable name on the page of immortality.—By marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family—he has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred hand was riveted, and still lives to enjoy it with his genuine companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall graceful man, he had an eye of an eagle, was straight as a pine, and strong as a Hercules; a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance; no artist ever chiselled a better looking mouth than his—his eyes were of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls on his fine forehead. He arose to eminence in his profession—the siren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of 25 he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

Let us leap over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre st., New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man, his eyes are bloodshot, his teeth yellow, his hand trembles, his face is as red as the rising sun—he is a victim of intemperance; if, readers, you choose to look into this dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished and clean as a new pin, a pale female playing that little polished lance, the needle, attracts your attention—she has seen better days;—but now she earns a sub-sistence for herself; her unfortunate husband and three little ones. She is the wife of the liberal and talented lawyer, we spoke of a few seconds since;—the betwixting voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in his society, was a public pet. His friends deemed it an honour to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business was misimproved, his property worse than neglected, his intellect blunted, and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator;—he committed forgery; in Auburn prison—may be seen the man who was selected for Har-

riety by her aunt; fortunately he has no wife or children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history. It was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion; the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell rung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready; a rush was made to the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries which the market afforded; at the head of the table sat a man well advanced in life, the hand of time scattered a few grey hairs on his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife; with an air of affected dignity she looked towards the door, which was opened by the Captain, who politely requested the gentleman and lady at the head of the table, to give up their seats to the Hon. Wm. Malcolm and his lady. If a voice from Heaven, in tones of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised than was Harriet's uncle and aunt when they, in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebeians they refused to associate with ten years previous to that event; to this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honour to sit by the side of this great self-made man; after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the couple. They invited the hon. Wm. M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so; and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the south, the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honourable eminence he now occupies.

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

From the London Polytechnic Journal.

“The love of life is a wise instinctive principle implanted within us. Brutes appear also to be strongly endowed with it. How often do we see persons exhibiting a reluctance to leave this world when they have been deprived of everything calculated to make existence desirable. The man, whose days and nights are rendered miserable by some painful disease, still clings tenaciously to life, and looks upon death with dread. The poor hypochondriac, with a mind tortured by imaginary miseries, cannot think of dissolution without a feeling of horror. Dr. Reid attended a poor patient at a dispensary, who was dying of asthma caused by water in the chest. The man exhibited during the last agonies of death a strong desire to live; he at last confessed that he was ashamed of feeling so much attached to this last rag of life.”

“The case of the great moralist and philosopher, Dr. Johnson, is familiar to most minds. He had always a great fear of death, even when in the enjoyment of perfect health. It amounted to a superstitious feeling. He says in one of his letters to Roswell, ‘I cannot think without emotion of the removal of any one I know from one state to another.’ In a letter to Dr. Taylor, he exclaims, ‘O, my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think of that which I cannot avoid.’ He told Dr. Hawkins that he never had a moment in which death was so terrible to him. He died eventually of dropsy. In order to prolong his life, he procured a lancet, with which he was going to puncture his legs, which were much swollen. He was, however, prevented from doing so; and when he was entreated not to do so rash an action, he said that he would not. Shortly afterwards his arm was seen to be moving under the bed clothes, and upon turning down the clothes his friends found that he had been plunging a pair of scissors into the calf of each leg.”

“The intrepid Marshal Biron, on his death bed, gave way to womanish tears and raging imbecility; and the virtuous Erasmus, with miserable groans, was heard, when in the act of dying to cry out, ‘Domine, Domine, fac finem.’”

Many have, with the notion that the fear of death is beneficial to the mind, done their best to keep the idea constantly before them.—Young raised an artificial idea of death; he darkened his sepulchral study, and placed a skull on his table by lamplight. Dr. J. Donne, the celebrated English divine and poet, is said to have longed for the hour of dissolution. Previous to his death, he gave instructions for a monument, which his friends contemplated erecting to his memory. A carver made him in wood a figure of an urn, which was brought into the doctor's chamber. Having taken off his clothes, he propped a white sheet, which was put on and tied with knots at his hands and feet. In this state he stood on the urn, with his eyes closed, and a portion of the sheet turned aside in order to exhibit his lean, pale, and death-like face.—In this posture he was sketched by a painter.

This monument was kept constantly by his bedside until the day of his death.

“The fear of death acts most injuriously on the mind. If the subject be considered in the spirit of true Christian philosophy, it would not excite such unnatural emotions. ‘Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives,’ says Sir H. Hallford, ‘I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.’ Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrines which our holy religion teaches; such men were not only calm and collected, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that my last end might be like theirs.”

A gentleman in Peterhead, who received and read this paper for not less than three years, on the account for the same being recently presented to him, refused to pay it on the plea that he did not order the journal, that a friend had ordered the paper to be sent to him, and that, owing to some private understanding betwixt themselves, he considered the paper to have been settled for, and held himself in no way responsible for the amount. In consequence of his persisting in his refusal to pay, we were reluctantly obliged to bring an action against him in the Small Debt Court at Peterhead, and a few days since we received a letter from our agent in that place:—“After a strong contest with our debtor and his agent in court, the Sheriff gave decree against him on the well ascertained principle, that the reader of a paper is bound to pay for it whether ordered direct by him or not.”—John O'Grady Journal.

Montreal, June 1.—The arrival of His Excellency the Governor General at Kingston on Friday last, was the signal for a display of feeling on the part of the inhabitants, such as might have been expected from the extreme impatience with which the event has been looked forward to. No sooner had the steamer *Traveler*, in which His Excellency and suite were, made its appearance in the harbor, than a royal salute was fired from the battery, and all the vessels displayed their brightest colours, rendering the scene particularly animated and pleasing. Early in the morning the shops were closed, and the inhabitants seemed to have made up their minds to observe a general holiday. The various national and other societies mustered in the streets and prepared to receive His Excellency, who shortly after one o'clock landed on the wharf, where a Guard of Honour of the 24th Regiment was waiting to escort him to his residence. The coup-d'etat at this moment was very striking, and what with the banners, and the laurels, and the arches showered low much the hearts of the good Kingstons had been set upon the event. The distance from the wharf to Alvington House is at least two miles, and thither His Excellency proceeded on horseback, followed by the various societies and a large body of yeomanry, amounting altogether to not less than 4000 persons. On his arrival an address was presented by the Sheriff of the District, to which a most gracious reply was returned, as had been the case with one previously presented by the inhabitants themselves. His Excellency, we are glad to find, was, though still showing traces of his recent severe indisposition, in good spirits, and went through the ceremonies of the day without appearing to suffer in consequence.

The London, Yarmouth, N. S. at Liverpool, May 9, lat. 43, long. 66, which fell in with the *Paragon*, Liverpool to Halifax, in a sinking state, and took off the crew; May the 12th, lat. 43, long. 50, struck an iceberg and lost bowsprit, foremast, mainmast, &c., and stove in the larboard bow. Shortly afterwards heard a crash, which was supposed to proceed from another vessel running against the ice, and it is feared sunk, but the weather was too thick to distinguish her.

There are now at Fredericton, four miniature vessels of war; two of them are line-of-battle-ships and the others are corvettes. They are completely and beautifully rigged and have brass guns on the deck, with carrounades on the upper; forming correct imitations of the neat and well-fitted vessel of war. They are to be seen, by paying a trifle for admission, at Mr. Segee's; and it is the intention of Capt. Bissell, the owner, to raffle them for a moderate sum, if subscribers can be obtained.—Sentinel.

THE ROHAN POTATO.

Editors of *Calliope*.—I agree with Messrs. Grove, Guthrie and others of your correspondents, that the farming community have been imposed upon and gulled by unprincipled tradesmen and others, by the publication in

agricultural and other papers, of the success (generally under the most favorable circumstances) which have attended the culture of some new importation of roots, grains, &c., while the numerous failures, with the trouble and expense required in their successful cultivation, are too often kept out of view. It is an old saying, that “murder without,” give us the plain unvarnished results, the dark as well as the bright side of the picture; for be assured that the farmer's good judgment and practical sense, will condemn every attempt at imposition, while he is ever ready to patronize and reward the introducer of the useful or valuable. I would condemn all impositions; so far I agree with the above named gentlemen; but the Rohan potato I highly value, and believe them to be a great acquisition.

I purchased in the spring of 1839, one barrel of Mr. Thompson, of Catskill, containing 303 potatoes; these were cut in pieces, containing one eye each, and planted about the 20th of April, on a rich, warm piece of land, highly manured with stable manure. The same land was dressed with salt the year before, at the rate of 8 bushels per acre, and planted to corn. I mention this, as I intend hereafter to give the readers of the cultivator the results of my experiments in the use of salt as a manure. The Rohans covered about two-thirds of an acre. The yield was 340 measured bushels, at the rate of 510 bushels per acre; a great many of the tubers weighed from 2 to 4 lbs. each. The summer was dry and hot, and the potatoes generally, in this vicinity, were a light crop. I offered last spring to furnish my neighbours with the Rohans for seed, if they would give me half of the extra yield over any other kind that they chose to plant on the same soils. But one of them accepted the offer, and he paid dearly for them. The others knowing what my crop was the year before, preferred purchasing them at \$2 per bushel. I have the pleasure of knowing that they are generally satisfied with their bargain. The partial failures can all be accounted for—late planting in some cases, want of manure, or moisture in the others. A neighbour of mine, a good farmer, who does not spare the manure, had 94 bushels from 3 pecks of seed. My crop last year was good, and, like Mr. Grove, I can compare their yield with the Merinos and other potatoes. I planted rows of the Merinos, Mercers, Irish Whites, and Orange potatoes, (all reputed good yielders,) by the side of my Rohans. They were all planted with the greatest care, to test accurately the result. The Rohans came off triumphant, beating the Merinos by more than one-third, and yielding nearly as much again as any of the other varieties. You will readily observe that my experience has led me to differ with the above named gentlemen, as to the yield of the Rohans. My success I can easily account for; I wish the gentlemen to try to account for their failures. I planted good seed upon a good soil, well manured, planted early, and put but two eyes in a hill, which I am satisfied is seed enough, and is the quantity recommended by Bael, Thompson, and others. I am not acquainted with Mr. Guthrie. Mr. Grove I know and respect, and am satisfied that I could account for his failure.

So much for the yield. I have a word or two to say about the quality. I think the Rohans the best of all the coarse varieties of the potato for feeding, and nearly as much better than the Merinos, as they are better than good well-soaked basswood chips. I have fed hundreds of bushels of them to all kinds of stock except sheep, and they all prefer them to the Merinos. I supplied a number of Irish families with them last fall, and they all liked them better than any other kind except the Pinkies. I can sell all I have on hand in this village for a table potato. If an Irishman is not a good judge of potatoes, no other man is; they say the Rohans are firm, hearty, and more nourishing than the other kinds. I am informed by good authority that they make more starch and command a better price at the Bennington Starch Manufactory than any other potato. Mr. Grove says they do not keep well, are hollow, and smell bad. I have raised nearly two thousand bushels of them and never knew one to rot except it got frozen, and frozen potatoes generally smell bad. It is not my intention to attack Mr. Grove, or any other gentleman—but to defend the Rohans. And to show your correspondents who have condemned the Rohans that I am sincere, I offer any of them a small wage, from \$25 to \$100, that I can grow more Rohans than they can Merinos on one acre, and that the same potatoes boiled and fed show will make one-fourth more pounds of work than the Merinos. The winner to pay the money to the Treasurer of the County Agricultural Society to which he belongs, as a donation for the benefit of said society.

JOHN C. MATHER.

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower.—After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain, “never mind,” replied the other, “there are plenty of trees, when this is set through we will go to another.”