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Price 12s 6d in Advance

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1847

AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL

15s. at the end of the Year

SNORING OUT A YANKEE.

Reader-do you ever 'snore' in your sleep? You pon't? Well I suppose not! I never

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a 'snorer' The varieties of the genius, Snorer, is very extended. There is your quiet, sighing an absorbance who always has a good time at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheeling, chuckling squeaking, snoner, who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all in the family, and peraduction.

Wy, its you—yerself, continued the Yan-stood beside him holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook breast, a sudden woop? escaped him; and would have spoken, but the hear who keeps it all in the family, and peraduction.

of pity-one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed-more than another, commend me to your out and out

To appreciate his qualities fully, you should be fatigued and resiless yourself—eller a three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall rumathwart him, where the steam-boat connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left, which you find signified in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers and after a dreadful josting you have passed through for the last twenty-four or forty eight hours—as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively, (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment which nature's sweet restorer has in reserve

an un isual nervousness troubles you, and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is mid-

exing to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lighting.) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the tyou are atraid of lighting.) and at the instant two have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus—your eyes suddenly once more relapsed into midnight quiet and super wide open, and as your brow is slight repose. I saught my hammock and son fell you, Mr. Danforth.

Is a sleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever you saved my life. I would coin my own

In such a plight and at such a time some Little Dick, sir, is dying, he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He in the cabin of a crowded Canal Packet.

It was near midnight when he came on board at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio riboard at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio ribo

and occupied considerable time in undressing, he had little to say; for they were rude and and, litting his unger, he seemed and sensitive. Often a moment. He fell back; and the old vete-securing his watch, adjusting his bed clothes, and caring for his in—which he stowed away when they jeered him for his melancholy, he when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He of the indeed hear angels' voices? God

Help, here'

Ah-shoo-

-en! said the snorer.

Little Dick, sir, is dying, he said.

is your wheezing, chuckling squeaking, sno-ner, who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all in the family, and perad-venture, anneys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasa! grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!)

But if there be under Heaven, any object

Your weary head touches the pillow; but night before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning, and though the night is warm and the vermin.

are active, you are determined to sleep. For the last half hour you have been list-

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of xplosion takes place, a minature eruption of Vesuvins' blast—whoo—of—p!' and the sound other things mingling together as figures in a long drawn, unearthy sigh, like the last effort of a sufficated man to reconstruct the breath; and all is silent again.

In a long drawn, unearthy sigh, on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the place, and all about it, in my trunk.

Anything—everything my poor lad, I ansured the last effort of a sufficated man to reconstruct the last effort of a sufficated man to recons

shelved up between fleaven and airth, but he finally turned over as I supposed, for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the dobt, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes, burst out with:

Ara—whoo—whio—u?

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldnt have reached the cabin floor quicker, than he did as it was!

And there he stood in his tracks, his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side rails of his eot, as helped out—

What's that?

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentally, and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed slout the cabin cauti
And I have been lying idle here! I exclaimed with remorse. Lead me to him.

He is delirious, but in the intervals of lumantally and as the man had been say the asks for you, sir, and as the man had been say that the capine and prescribe a proper removed would for ourselves, so that they may investigate the disease and perscribe a proper removed by outlet he deadly blow. In the burry say depending on the patient's constitution and the nature of the ailment, whether chronic or transient, whether arising from plethora the burry and confusions since I had quite forgotten.

It was that the readily preserves. It was with a pang of reproperhul agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—

My Goo! I exclaimed, you don't mean it?

He is not dying!

I feat, sir, said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, that he cannot live till morning.

And I have been ly

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentally, and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed slout the cabin cautiously, but his fellow lodgers were all asleep

apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat, was all hat now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the mo-

as white as that of a girl, was open and ex. this respect; and that the fervent demand for \*\*Bon't!'

Tchoo—

No it ain't me—

\*\*Biast your pictur—it ain't—

Blast your pictur—it ain't—

Blast your pictur—it ain't—

Blast your pictur—it ain't—

Blast your pictur—it ain't—

Ah——ush?'

Let —a—hou!—

E —a—hou!—

\*\*E —a—hou!—

\*\*A battle stained and gray-haired seaman is tood, beside him holding a dull lantern in his tood, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave! \* Blast your pictur—it ain't—

The surgeon said—
He is going fast—poor little fellow—do
you see this? as he spoke he lifted up a rich
gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's

\*\*For Heaven's sake!"

"Hup—kir—"

"Cap'n—halp yere! The man's dyin'—I say mister—Murder! help'

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for light, unprotected child—lying before me, By this time the cabin was in a roar—lor the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

What's the row neighbor? he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

Raoce? Thinder and light nin! — ain't Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore

yer dead yet? Wall, I reck'n you's one uv you have wished for so long. But there'll you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out, he you're' snorin'—by grashus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night hang my picture! he add a and in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

The deck we have rected.

The latest and in the captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he land d-and, as he parted with the Captain, he declared that he had here, said I, taking the little fellow's heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snorin' beat all the high-pressures he said.

I am here, said I, taking the little fellow's heard, don't you know me, Dick?

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said.

you have been kind to me, sir-kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless From the Natural Magazine.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

"He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak,"

The bustle of the fight was over, the priland have.

I have no way is shown by grantury you will take the Bible you will trunk. It's a small offering, I kn
all I have.

I burst into tears: he resumed. you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's

soners had been secured, the decks washed

wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever agitated and unnerved me: the late strife, the blood to buy your's. I have nothing to ask-I don't want to live hardships of my early life, and a thousand

Anything—everything my poor lad, I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly, it was like

The cabin was crainmed, and an 'upright' often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, to say that I would meet her there. How was aloued to him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee, and occupied considerable time in undressing, he had little to say; for they were rude and and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for securing his works.

under the pillow.

He finally mounted a piece of furniture, which some lady writer compares to a fence rail, covered with two stripes of tape, and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily his cot muttering to himself something about being shelved up between floaven and airth, but ing the finally turned diver as I supposed for the for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was.

He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir, and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the suffered with the sub-soiler might give ease by causing a loosening of the parts; or that in care.

ment I supposed he had at last gone to the stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open open hatchway, and laid there in a little open open hatchway, and laid there in a little open open hatchway, and laid there in a little open open hatchway, and laid there in a little open open mow got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause, a syn, seen through the opening overhead, and the gromter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprung to the floor, with 'He-low I say 'Decesionally a light current of wind hot how deliciously cool in that pent-up held hatchway, and litted the floor, with 'Wh-e-w'.'

'Wh-e-w'.'

Wot is it?'

Ar her-ker - sloo - oo - 'Stars and good feeding, might prove with a powerty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the surfices and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, air, cleanting a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurviness and poverty—light, a

Not alone the vile and base,

But the noble wise and brave Growd that gloomy dweelling place Herwho in the Senate Hall, Held a people in his thrall; Fascinating old and young By the music of his tongue Gone! for ever gone his might! Power unravelled could not save :

Eloquence! how has thy light

Set within the Drunkard's Grave. Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave ! He, the gifted child of song,-He, whose spirit music gave—
To the hushed enraptured throng— Feelings that none other art E'er can waken on the heart;

Thronging tich and glowing dyes O'er lifes dark realities He the loved the worshipped one, Died, the fell destroyer's slave,-He, a nations honoured son, Sleeps within the Drunkard's Grave,

Who have filled the Drunkard's Grave ! Heroes of a hundred fights; Monarchs of the land and wave; Mitred priests and belted knights ;-Men of high and lowly lot, From the palace and the cot: Scholars wandering from their books; Parents turning from the brooks

To the foutains of the still. In their flowing fire to lave; All have madly rush'd to fill The lost and fallen DRUNKARD'S GRAVE. -Canada Temperance Advocate

KATE'S BIRTH DAY. Though many will not mention it, That can't be said of Kate; For she not only kept the day, But also kept the date.

If others would but do the same, What pleasure the'd create ! Allow their friends to keep the day, And they may keep the date.

Then deem us not inquisitive, In what we're going to say; We'll promise not to keep the time If we may keep the day.

THE PROVERB. There's a proverb where 'tis said. The debt is small that's quickly paid; That love is cold which soon is done, And womans weak that's easy won I-do not say these lines are true. But write them down that you may view

Jack, eating rotton cheese, did say, Like Sampson my thousands slay "Yes," cried a wag, " indeed you do-And with the self-same weapon too "

II "Knowest thou not," said a minister to a hard case," " that the wages of sin is death !" To be sure I do," was the reply, " but I do all my sinning gratis."

Written for the New York Saturday Empor SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY PHILEMON P. PUNCH, D. D.

I shall discouse this morning from the fo

Take it easy! Life at longest But a lengthened shadow is

means' implies that you are to settle down in idleness or inactivity, or take your own time to do everything; but, on the contrary, it imidleness or inactivity, or take your own pands to do everything; but, on the contrary, it implies that you should do nothing in a passion, the committee aforesaid.

Well, sir, said the chairman, eveing the committee foot "do you possess"

We laugh, we cry, we weep, and cut up, innumerable capers, 'iill Death cuts our stick. Therefore, lay all your plans, and do your work to day—to morrow is eternity; and ere hat arrives at its destination on the page of ime, we may be sent to fill the vacancy.

My Hearers:—I am afraid you are prodigal in many things, such as health, wealth, breath, time and ments.

Your health is wasted by not taking proper exercise, or taking it at the wrong time persons who sit inactive days and weeks together, (because they think it unlady like to work,) with no more exercise than going from the parlor to the dining room and back, are unfitted to attend parties, balls &c., for, the soul stirring strains of music incite the the soul stirring strains of music incite the nerves to over action; the whole physical system becomes deranged, the muscles unstrung, consumption sets in, and the persons are rendered as useless for the remainder of their brief existance, as "A strangless fiddle," or a warning pan in the West Indies.

But those who have been accustomed to exercise, many "trip it on the light fantastic toe," or dance all night 'till broad daylight,

without incurring any such danger.

If my feminine hearers, instead of driving pianos distracted, and torturing tunes into agonies insupportable, or plastering paper with coloured chalk, lounging on the sofa, of taking a siesta, would sweep the rooms, make the beds, do their own washing, and assist their mother in her domestic affairs, would find both health and appetite restored, and

themselves free from ennui.

My Hearers:—It is becoming too much themselves free from ennui.

My Hearers:—It is becoming too much the fashion now-a-days, to educate young ladies in the ornamental and useless, instead of solid and useful branches.

A modern fashionable education consists in a knowledge of "the 'ologies, 'onomies, 'fics, 'tics, and 'nasticks," which are about as useful to them, as two tails would be to a baboon, or a fifth wheel to a waggoon, but nothing or a fifth wheel to a waggon; but nothing about "the ings-such as carding, spinning, sewing, knitting, washing, baking, and

No man of sense would want a wife made up of whalebone, buckram, and brocade, a mere animated automaton, instead of a crea-

ture of flesh and blood.

My hearers:—I will now turn my attention to the masculine portion of my congrega-tion a number of which live a life of—shall-I call it indolence? It sounds a little harsh yet I think it comes near the chalk as ans, the cause of most of your dissagreeable feelings such as want of appetite, indisgestion, restlessness, &c. You may be rich: well suppose you are—that is no excuse, when your health depends upon proper exercise and obvious exertion.

physical exertion.

Occasionally saw your own wood, and do your own marketing, and, my word for it, you will find yourself amply remunerated for

My young friends, be not blown about on the "Great Sea of Fashion," (like a ship,

without rudder or sails.) by the ever changing winds of vanity and folly.

No woman of sense would marry a creature of broadcloth, cambric, and cologne; with figure "a-la.singe," beard "a-la gont," and a caput containing more hair than brains, the jest of the rabble, the scorn of the wise, and a walking burlesque on the once noble form of the "genus home," and doomed to continue a solitary unit on the state of creation, 'till spunged out by the hand of Death.

Never put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day, for

"Procrastmation is the thief of time."

Remember this—seize on the present; And in viewing Nature grand! sublime! Strive to make your time pass pleasant.

My hearers :- Deport yourself with affa-lity and kindness, toward those in misforbility and kindness, toward those in misfor-tune; kind words cost no more than wither d by want, or blighted with the mildew of mi-

by want, or oughted with the minew of hissery, like a shower falling upon the parchod vegetation of the arid desert.

Open your purse as well as your heart, and the sight of the tin will drive the dark clouds of sorrow and despair from their countenances, "like Broadway belles before an April shower."

And the brave as well as strongest

Dare not call to-morrow his.

Take it easy! For to day

All your plans of wisdom lay.—Axox.

My Hearbes:—You must learn to take things easy, and not tear your under garments, or get yourselves into a puncheou when a quart pot would hould you, as it would be a waste of room, and to waste anything useful is sintul.

The baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance. A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little willage in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine stick in one hand and a Cape Cod

the necessary requisites for a public school

I guess I do, answered Slick, whittling his

[Ri-mainder on the fourth page.]