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THE COCK OF THE SHOP.

Every large workshop has its pet—a character whose very follies serve to keep the workmen together. His opinion, although perhaps of no great value, is invariably taken on every subject interesting to the workers. He is at times the buffoon, the adviser, and the sage. Among those classes of tradesmen who indulge in a draw on the Mondays, he is always the foremost, always the first to propose an adjournment to the "big shop,"—which means a shop in the neighbourhood of the work-place where they can chink up to any amount—and he is the last to leave it. However much his cronies may laugh at, or with him, they never fail to say behind his back, that "he's a real clever chief." In those work-shops where social drink-drinking is not indulged in, he is a dry wag, a thorough-paced radical, or an out-and-out republican.

The pet, or the cock of the shop among the cabinet-makers, for instance, is a married man about forty-five. His family are all grown up, and out at other trades. Every thing is comfortable at home, for he has got a thrifty wife, who keeps all his trig and tish there. His shirts are always clean, his stockings are neatly darned, and his shoes well brushed.—When he goes home to breakfast, he does not require to wait upon the cooking of his porridge.—He has a cup of tea after, and a bit of ham or a fine new salted herring, by way of relish. He converses but little with his wife, for, like all other "cocks of the walk," he hangs up his fiddle when at home. He speaks his pipe after breakfast, however, a short black cutty, which he has carried so long in his pocket that it would be hard for him to tell when or where he got it. This pipe is an object of some importance, as it is his companion within doors, the digester of his meals, as he believes, and under the volumes which issue from it, he tickles his brother workmen, jokes with them, or banters them as it suits his humour. One pipe discussed, he hurries back to the work-shop. It is here where the cock crows best.

The cock we are at present attempting to describe, is a man about the middle size; he is dark complexioned, has a pair of twinkling, intelligent eyes, and wears a smile about his mouth which sometimes looks like scorn. He has what some one has called an iron countenance. The lines in his face are so much cordage. His nose is well-formed, but slightly turned up, which seems to give effect to his jokes—which are but of rare delivery.—He speaks quick, sometimes snappishly, and always as if he knew himself to be the cock of the shop. There is a subordinate character to him, who works at next bench; a man with one idea; upon whom he occasionally plays the banterer. When these two begin a conversation, business is not altogether suspended, but almost so. Those at the further end of the shop will take to sharpening their tools, laying aside the hammer, that they may catch an inkling of what is going on.

The cock starts his neighbours one idea. He draws him out bit by bit, now encourages him and now gives him a rap on the knuckles. His one idea-friend takes it all in good part, until the jeer and the laugh a round him put him out of patience. Now is the time for the cock to show off. The one enforces his words with a thump of a hammer, while the other very coolly takes off their effect, while he pretends to be deeply intent upon a minute piece of work. The discomfited talker now gets sulky. He will reply to nothing, takes no notice of what he hears, and he is told for the ten thousandth time by his neighbours, that he should never begin with Archie, for he has no chance with him at all.

Archie may be termed a proper specimen of the unsocial cock. He never laughs at other people's jokes, and seldom at his own. His hits are too hard to be relished by those who feel them, and as every one is liable to them, they are not always laughed at by others. One has a red nose, and Archie wishes, once or twice a day, to light his pipe at it. This is a never failing joke, and as it is Archie's duty to keep the fire up for the glue pot, he sometimes lets it go out altogether, just to make his joke tell the better. Another has a bandy leg; Archie has lost his picker, and he wants the loan of the bandy leg to rip his pipe with. A third has a large mouth, and Archie proposes to make it the post-office. A fourth squints; and Archie tells him, he never dared to look a man in the face in his life. He is equally severe upon the absent, and has a number of such current expressions as these, "the grey mare's the better horse," "light a candle at both ends, and it will soon burn done," "fools mak' feasts and wise men eat them," &c.

With all this the unsocial cock could not well be spared. His neighbours have got so accustomed to him, that they would miss him much were he dropping off. He is their rallying point, and they like to speak of him, and to repeat his sayings in company.—Should he be confined to the house with illness, for a day or two, they make the most anxious enquiries after him. Should he be

afflicted with rheumatism, every one proposes a remedy worth all the doctor's prescriptions in the world. He gets better, and he is hailed like an emperor on his return.

The unsocial cock is generally an excellent workman, and he gets the best jobs put into his hands. He has always been with a good master, and he never intends to leave his service. Thus he has ever professed the greatest contempt for strikes and trades' aid unions. He knows nobody wiser than himself, and he thinks those who pretend to be so either fools or impostors.

The social cock is vastly different from the unsocial. He is to be found among painters, tailors, and all those classes of workmen who eschew temperance societies. He is generally a bachelor of middle age. He has a powerful constitution, for he has gone through more spees than any dozen ordinary men you could name. He has been in the police office repeatedly, he has slept on a stair all night ere now, and thousands of times has he heard the "chimes at night." He has been knocked and battered about all his life, and yet there he is, sitting at the head of the table, surrounded by his cronies, singing some favourite drinking song. Look at him, see how his little eyes sparkle with delight at the poetry, and sentiment of the lines at which he is bawling forth at the very pitch of his voice. He is a perfect enthusiast just now, and you would never conceive that that man could be unhappy. To-morrow morning he will be in the blues, however, enjoying the luxuries of the "horror."

The social cock is sometimes a bit of a poet or politician, one who was a smattering of knowledge on every subject.—The poets are to be found among those who follow some sedentary occupation. They talk with astonishing familiarity about Rab Burns, Rab Tannahil, and Watty Scott. This excessive familiarity is not confined to the names and persons of the poets, but extends to their productions—which are treated of in fine critical style. The cock will tell you that Rabbin Burns couldn't write six gude sangs as Tannahil, and that Watty has produced some gyanic novels; but, with the exception of Tam O'Shanter, and the Flower O'Dublanne, and maybe Evanho, Jeemie Hogg, has written just as gude things—if no better—as any name that could be mentioned. To dissent from this is to seem grossly ignorant of what every body knows. Your social cock, when he is serious, is as imperious as a Quarterly reviewer.

The social cock is eminently profound in politics but no one can tell his creed. Yesterday he was abusing the Tories, to-day he will abuse the Whigs, and to-morrow he will speak with contempt of the radicals. Once and again, he says, it is measures not men, he cares for. He is suspicious of every one who sets up for a patriot, and works for nothing. He cannot understand why people will go to parliament gratis, and spend their fortunes for the good of their country.

In many things this character may be termed liberal to an excess—and liberality is sometimes a vice; but where it injures no one but himself it is commendable, and why should we be displeased with it? For instance, he will not quarrel with the amusements or follies of others, and he considers—and rightly too—that no one should quarrel with his.—This is one of the great secrets which philosophy should teach us; but example does not always accompany precept. Miss Mitford lashes herself into a fury at the thoughts of her fine, fat butcher, in Belford Regis, enjoying his pipe and tankard! Did he ever blame her for jending her flowers? If he had, he would not have been one of Nature's gentlemen—such as she has depicted him.—"Pleasure to those who like it, in the way they like," should be the motto of every generous mind, and they who adopt it, will look with charity on the improprieties, the failings, and the follies of, even, the social cock of the shop.

The world inclines to veneration, and if we have not legitimate idols we will make them for ourselves, and set them up for worship.—The schoolboy singles out a fellow-pupil whom he shall look up to, and of whom he shall be proud. He becomes the idol of the school. They boast of him and brag of him over all the schools in the neighbourhood. And why, or for what? Why, he is the best fighter, or the biggest tyrant, or the most reckless spendthrift, or he beards the teacher, or he tells the most monstrous lies, or he is foremost at robbing an orchard, or he trips up every old woman's stall—in a word, he is the cock of the shop!

Newspapers.—A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but who comes to you of his own accord and talks to you very briefly every day of the common weal, without distracting your private affairs.—Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary in proportion as men become more equal, and individualism more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom, would be to the diminish importance: they maintain civilization.—Dr. Toqueville's Democracy in America.

A little man observed that he had two negative qualifications—which were, that he never lay long in bed or wanted a great coat.

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!

Sung by Mr. Russell.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now;
Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And woud'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound tree;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd,
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear,
But let that oak stand.

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree, the storm still brave;
And woodman leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

Translated for the Halifax Morning Post.

There lately arrived at Bombay, on board the ship *Bucephalus*, a young girl whose romantic courage has created the most lively interest amongst the inhabitants of that place. This beautiful young creature, whose father is an officer in the British army, having been deprived of her mother by death, and was sent to a convent at an early age. It was the intention of the family that she should take the veil, and confine herself to the rigorous seclusion of a nunnery.

A young gentleman, at this moment an officer in this presidency, and whom she had first met in Dublin, inspired her with a passion so ardent, that she shortly began to conceive an utter disgust for a conventual life.—Tormented and persecuted by the Superior of the Convent, she finally absconded, and adopted the bold resolution of going to India in pursuit of her absent lover.

With this view she disguised herself as a sailor, and after having encountered almost every species of suffering and discouragement, she persevered in her daring nature being directed to the accomplishment of her unyielding purpose, she at length succeeded in getting employment on board the *Bucephalus*.

A few days after the ship sailed, the Captain observed that there was something very strange and singular in the appearance and manners of the young sailor, and upon pressing a few enquiries, discovered the whole truth. Touched with an instance of such enthusiastic devotion, and struck with admiration alike for her beauty and her courage, the gallant captain instantly assigned to the lovely adventurer one of the best apartments on board the ship, and extended towards her during the remainder of the voyage, the respect due to her sex and situation.

We are glad that the firm constancy and devotion of this adventurous young lady was gratefully rewarded by an immediate union with the object of her affection, for whom she had encountered so much toil and peril.

A Speech worth Hearing.—The Quincy (Illinois) Whig, contains the following report of a recent speech in the Senate of that State, on the bill for repealing internal improvements:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise, sir, not to make a speech—speech-making is not my trade, but to tell the friends of the repeal, that I am for them, altho' I hate railroads as bad as any man on this yearth, perhaps, and I have a good reason to hate them, yes I shall vote agin repealing them, because all my constituents on this side of the river bodisiously are for them, and a good many on the other side too.—It is a fact, Mr. Speaker, I know very little about railroads, but I guess I know as much as some other folks do. We have a railroad in Clinton for some years, across the bottom there at Carlyle and one over Crooked creek bottom, in Marion, and of all infernal roads in creation, for roughness they bang the better—gentlemen may laugh—but its no joke,—my constituents have lost, in the single item of breaking of eggs, sir, a hundred some fortunes. Soss, who keeps a tavern in Carlyle, and gets seven two, not one of your Springfield greas trees, but a right jam up chicken fixen tavern, told me, that

no mortal man could tell the eggs that had been broken in bringing them to market, across that infernal railroad, and Tully told me the same thing exactly about Crooked creek railroad, some smashing of eggs. You know Huey, Mr. Speaker? I wish you could have 'hearn' Huey curse the time his carriage was jolted up into eternal smash crossing this same railroad. [Here the Speaker, unable any longer to control his risible faculties, laughingly observed, 'the gentleman must confine himself to the question, and to the rules of the Senate.' Well sir, as I was saying, he cut and he swore, and fairly snorted agin, but still, he's for railroads. These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and I could not sit here without belching it out! [Here the orator turned his head, and in an audible voice addressed a Senator to his right—Uncle Peter, what's the name of our Wolf bill? But receiving no answer, he then, straightening himself up, again addressed the Speaker.] As I am now up, Mr. Speaker, I will give you my notions on Uncle Peter's wolf bill. [Here the Speaker interrupted him again, by reminding him that the wolf question was not now before the Senate, and therefore its merits could not be discussed.]—You're mistaken in your man, Mr. Speaker: I'm not a cussing character, and if I was, I should be very far from cussing Uncle Peter's wolf bill. No, sir; I want you and all this here Senate to understand that I am no Jupiter Iscariot, in this or any other matter, I'm for that bill head and ears, no mistake in shave tail.—I go it, sir, on the loud.—One more thing, Mr. Speaker, and I'm done—the gentleman from Shamrock county—I don't think that's the name exactly either—but the two headed gentleman over there said the other day—(here the Speaker, assuming as much gravity as possible, called the gentleman to order, and requested him to take his seat.) After looking the Speaker steadily in the eye for at least twenty seconds, with a wink of asskance, he said—Are you in rale yearnes, Mr. Speaker, if so be you are, your'e into me about a feet, I s'pose you think, but sir—look out—I warn you, sir, to keep a skind' eye for terrapin trags and moccasin tracks.—I have rights, sir, as the two headed gentleman over there, (pointing to the gentleman from Hancock) said the other day, that shall not be trodden on nor treated with disrespect—I'm done, sir—I would, however, before I got down, say to my friend from Union, not to look so serious, when he tells his funny stories, in his speech, but to give us a sort of a smile, as I do, when he comes to the 'nub,' or laughing part, so that we may know when to laugh too. I have now got all I was arter, Mr. Speaker, and I will conclude this speech."

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Proposition.—That atmospheric air is indispensable in the production of light, both natural and artificial.

I believe the opinion is universal among men that the sun's rays light up the whole of creation, as well the vast extent of space, as also the innumerable material bodies which float in ether. But I humbly conceive that this is, at least in part, an erroneous idea; and I submit, in support of my opinion the following brief considerations.

It is quite evident that, if the sun's rays are intrinsically light—luminous—they would, in their transit through ether, illuminate it in a degree equal to the brilliancy of daylight.—But to satisfy ourselves that this is not true, we have only to reflect upon the consequences of such a state of things.—Thus we know that night is produced by the absence of the sun's rays, or, if you please, the presence of the earth's shadow; and, while enveloped in this shadow, we are enabled clearly to discover that tributary planet to our earth—the moon. Now, if the sun's rays falling upon or passing through the wide field of space between the earth and the moon, illuminated it, it would, unquestionably, prevent our seeing the latter body at any time. And it is only upon the supposition that darkness intervenes between the earth and the moon, we can philosophically ascertain how its reflected rays reach our earth, and this is equally inferential of all other heavenly bodies. For, was all ether as brilliantly lighted up (and this, it seems to me, would be the case if the sun's rays were essentially luminous) as day, we would be utterly deprived of the beauties of the "starry firmament" at night—nay, the earth's shadow itself would be annihilated, and we would live in eternal day!

If, then, we most admit, the rays or color of the sun pass through all space, or ether, and, as we have some reason to believe, they do not contain light intrinsically, at any rate, do not illuminate this vast region, we may fairly infer that atmospheric air is indispensable in the production of light; and the corollary is inevitable, that no part of creation vast extent is illuminated but those places where air exists—all other places being enveloped in utter darkness!

Upon what principle light of the rays of the sun and air, or, color and air, combined and unite together and thus produce light,

I am unable to say. But I feel well assured, that a just consideration of the subject will create the presumption in the mind of every one that it is by a contact or union of color and air—perhaps these alone—that light, both natural and artificial, is produced.

The position here assumed may be illustrated and supported, to some extent, by a familiar case thus:

Suppose a beacon light to be situated on the opposite shore of the Hudson river, at Jersey City, and the city of New York was enveloped in darkness equal in degree to that of night. All will admit that the light of the latter city would readily discover the light on the Jersey shore. But suppose a sheet of light as brilliant as day and as broad as the Hudson river to intervene between the New Yorkers and the light at Jersey City, would they then be able to discover it? I trust not. The brilliancy of the intervening light would so effectually fill the eye as to prevent the rays of light beyond, from reaching it.

And so it would be, I apprehend, if the rays of the sun (supposing that they united with and illuminated ether,) intervened between the earth and any of the heavenly bodies. In such a case we could not, by any possibility, discover the innumerable worlds which bespangle the firmament at night.

If I am correct in my theory of light, as here merely hinted at, it will enable us to explain the phenomena of those luminous appearance of belts, discoverable by large telescopes, which accompany some of the planets belonging to the solar system. It will probably be found that they are dense bodies of atmosphere, illuminated by the rays of the color of the sun. And, while it is pleasing to reflect that these singular appearances in nature may, perhaps, be thus clearly explained, it will at the same time, almost demonstrate the truth of my philosophy.—Correspondent of New York Evening Post.

Prince Albert, under the act of Parliament assumed the office of Regent, until the Queen's convalescence should be declared.

Present to the Queen.—The Duchess of Kent has ordered a splendid Corset for the infant Princess Royal, to be used at the christening. It is to be of green satin, lined with white silk, ornamented with flowers and richly embroidered.

The servants of the Royal Household were on Sunday furnished with a bountiful supply of caudle and cake to celebrate the birth of the Princess Royal. The old custom of giving caudle to the public on the birth of a Prince or Princess was not observed on the present occasion.

Prince Albert's Eleventh.—Col. Moser Cooper, in reply to a correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, writes thus:—"I will state that the true reason and circumstance of my leaving a regiment wherein I had passed twenty-one in number I left it on account of the overbearing conduct and mendacious insolence of its commanding officer, which rendered the term of my commission insecure, and from experience I hold the opinion that no captain or subaltern of ordinary spirit and gentlemanly feeling is safe under the command of Lieut. Colonel the Earl of Cardigan."

On Monday, the City authorities, celebrated the Lord Mayor's day, in the usual brilliant manner.

The old and respectable house of Johnston & Co. of London, had failed in consequence of the dishonesty of a person with whom they were connected in business.

The boy, Edward Jones, who, it will be remembered once before, intruded into Buckingham Palace, was found there again, Dec. 24. He has been sentenced to 3 months in the house of Correction.

A son has been born to the Duke of Orleans (the son of Louis Philippe.) By the King's orders, the "Prince," receives the names of Robert Philippe Louis Eugene Ferdinand of Orleans, Duke of Chartres.

A marriage between Princess Augusta, of Cambridge, and the hereditary Prince of Weimar, is spoken of.

Hugh M'Intosh, the great Railway Contractor, has just died, and left a fortune of \$3,000,000.

100,000 men are engaged on the fortifications of Paris.

Good and Ill Fortune.—The world is generally unjust in its conclusions. It is continually crying out upon fortune. Fortune is to be won of all, but only by wooing. It is like a coy maid that requires to be plied closely. In nine cases out of ten it is industry and perseverance that causes "good fortune," and in the same ratio it is idleness and inattention that causes "ill fortune."

There are more Cobble tuckers just now in the United States than any other trade.

Severest Protection.—Let a man be ever so mild and patient in his disposition, yet if you stick the toe of your foot in his mouth, poke smutty tongs in his whiskers, whip off his coat tail with your parkife, or put half brick in his soup, ten to one he will resent the indignation.