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The Standard.

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AGENTS

St. Andrews,	Mrs. S. Connick,	Waweig
St. Stephen,	Mr. W. Campbell,	Salt Water
	J. M'Allister Esq.	Milltown
St. David,	Trist. Moore Esq.	Dennis. Mills
	Jas. Brown Esq.	Tower Hill
	Mrs. Chalmers,	Oak Bay
St. Patrick,	Mr. David Turner,	Bocabec
St. George,	Mr. W. Bean	Lower Mills
Pennfield,	Joshua Knight Esq.	Letete. Mills
Grand Manan,	Wilford Fisher Esq.	Wm. Cove
St. John,	D. M'Millan Esq.	
Richibucto,	W. J. Layton Esq.	
Miramichi,	Jas. Cain Esq.	
Saturday,	Joseph Reid Esq.	
Fredericton	Mr. F. Beverly	

COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

Mester Prenter,

It is gettin so fashonable to rite letters for you to print, that I am thinkin to be after tryin my hand at it myself, for you may be sure that I can find plenty to rite about as well as other folk, for some of my neighbours give me plenty of reason, and as some rite about temperance, and some about farmin, and some about fishin, and some one thing and some another, I may as well try whither ye'l no print my letters as not; for there is Jack Robinson that was drivin the oxen in the woods a short time ago, and thin learnin the childer to spel, after Paul Dougherty left us, has gone to see his uncle sel groceries, and how the great folk at head quarters lives, and now he is writin you long letters, and I expec he will be after trying to go and help to make laws himself at the next election. I intended to tell ye about my neighbour Sam Slouch, who is tormenting my life out of me, becase he has no fences to keep my cattle out o his field in sumer, and then his dog Rover is for ever drivin my cows that gives milk and butter to the childer, and that makes the wife scold, and me angry, and that makes us all bad neighbours, and I am goin to complain to ye', becase I disijkes Law, for I see plenty of the effects of it with some otherstolk, Slouch had a Law suit at the shore, and may be got gustice, and may be not, however, bye and bye, up comes a constable as long as a Pike, and before ye' could turn rounds, away he drives poor Slouch's best cow, looking as proud as a Peacock, so thinks I, I kapes cleer of Law if I can. Well to go on with my story, when I first come to this place Slouch was trivin away at all kinds of lumberin, and all the hay was taken to the woods, and the cattle at home starvin, and what between hauling provisons, and riverdrivin, and the likes of that, there was nothin done about fencis, except mabe putin up the old roten poles, and as for seed in troth there was very little o'that put in the ground, the oxen were too poor to work in spring—ploughing, and the likes o'that, and so Slouch had to wait till Dennis Snug got his work all done afore he could get his oxen to plough a place for to raise a few prataes on, and thin there was little or no manuer, and to tell truth how could there be! for the poor starvin criters of cattle got nothin to ate but a trifle mornin and avenin, and then turned out of doors in the cauld, when strait they wend com over to my barn yard to pick up what the sheep left, and if I drove them of, away they would go to Snug's barn yard, where they woald stan' shiverin' all the live long days of the coald winter 'till dark night, when the childer tied them up again, in a coald open barn to shiver 'till mornin'—poor poor dum bastes, and so the winter passes on. Well, when sumer cums, ye'may see them in the road from mornin' 'till night, and night 'till mornin', except when they brake in to the field, and to tel truth, I often felt kind o' sory to see so much good manuer as the cattle made washed down the road every rain that cum, or keepin' the road too dirty for a decent person to pas the way, and then if you cum neef, you would see a cloud of flys rase up, as big as a flock of pagins, so if ye' cums this way in the night, take care to ride slow, for fear your horse might get a kapsize by manes of one o' them, and trow you into the dirt; well between the bad fencis, the flys, and the dirty street, I got out o' all maner of patience so I did, well I concluded one day to go over & rason the case with Slouch, like a good neighbour, and offer to help him to put up a new fence on the street, to keep the cattle out o' his few oats and prataes, so after talkin' matters over, says he, Pat says he, I will tell you the whole truth, ye' knows when I was gettin lumber—years ago says he, well, we all worked hard, the boys did all they could, and we thaught we ware makin' a good winter's work, by & by the Surveyor he cum to masure the logs,—well, this one was small, the next was shakey, the next was rotten, and after cuttin of all he could, still I thaught I had plenty to pay all—for there was a great pile intirely says he, but when I cames to settle, I was charged 8 dollars extra on a barrel of flour, one dollar extra on a bag of male and every thing else in proportion, well the logs paid for the good, but the bit of lan' has to go to pay the extras and the per sents, and the boys will not work any more on it, and now they say, if I don't lave it, they will lave me, well the seasons are getting worse, says he, and I termined to go where I can rais bread for the family, and it aint ary use to fence any more. But I must stop or ye'l no' print my letter if I make it any longer this time, bnt if ye' print this I may give you a histore of Dennis Snug in my next, which will prove that all is not the fault of the country after all, so if ye'l no' print this, I'll be after bying a printin' machine for myself, and thin I can print what I likes, and prach my own politics and no thanks to any man.

So I remain
your friend intirely,
PATRICK MEDLEY,
Way back near the Bailey Settlement

N. B. Just plase to ask Jack Robinson, who these men are, that wants to be cum Duks, Marquses, and Lords, by taxin the flour on the poor people, Devels luck to them. I thought we left all such behind in Ireland, but in troth I believe they all go to make laws to raise themselves, and keep down the poor man, or they would not tax bread in a country like this, but never mind, the day is comin' and if the poor people do not turn them out, the devil help them.

Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.—On Tuesday, twenty-six pieces of ordnance, 32 pounders, were proved at the butt, and they were all found perfect. These pieces were cast from the arsenal patterns introduced by Mr. Monk, and present a chaste and light appearance, combined with great strength. Compared with those formerly in use, the saving in weight or metal is considerable, there being a difference of 26cwt. less in a 32 pounder on Mr. Monk's plans, and the experiments made at Walmer Castle during the summer have decided their superiority as the most effective pieces ever introduced in the British army. A piece of 8 inches bore, from which a ball weighing about 80lbs. was fired, carried a distance of three miles and a quarter, and would, consequently, do great execution before our opponents could come within the range of their differently constructed pieces of ordnance. Two large pieces, constructed from Mr. Monk's patterns, weighing about 85 cwt. having a bore of 10 inches, and carrying a ball of 1cwt. a distance of upwards of 3 miles, have been labelled, "Vesuvius," and 2 of the same caliber "Stromboli." They are intended for two steamers about to ply in the Indian Ocean, and will soon be removed from the arsenal for their destination.

Poetry.

The following beautiful lines were sent us for publication a few weeks since, and were mislaid, but we now cheerfully insert them, and trust the hand that penned them, will again favor us with further specimens of native talent.

To ....

Fare thee well! the word is spoken—
Lips have breathed the last adieu—
Hearts have bled o'er pleasures broken,
Pure as friendship ever knew:
Fare thee well—may absence find thee,
Still the same as now thou art—
Treasured thoughts of those behind thee,
Dwell forever near thy heart.

Looks lit up with hope may meet thee,
In some far and stranger land,
Welcome smiles of pleasure greet thee,
Eyes of love and voices bland—
But when brightly pass before thee,
All the joys of fashions train—
Memory's magic charm steal o'er thee,
Bear thee to thy home again.

Hearts drink agony, to-morrow,
Whence to-day, their solace springs—
Chequer'd scenes of light and sorrow,
Mark the course of human things.
Soon alas! the fairest roses,
Lie disrobed of all their bloom—
And life's pageantry discloses
But a pathway to the tomb.

Spirit sentinels protect thee,
Till thy final hour may come;
Faith unwavering then direct thee,
To thine amaranthine home:—
When with songs of joy and gladness,
Friends may walk the pearly shore
And the parting word of sadness,
Stir the depths of grief no more.

St. Andrews, 1840.

COMPLAINT OF S. S. CHILDREN.

A little girl five or six years old in P———, was reading a story about a child, who complained that her Sabbath School teacher never asked her any questions, and never talked with her class. After she had read the story through to herself, she sat a few moments in deep thought, and then said,

"There, ma, I do wish my teacher could read this story."

"Why, what is it?" inquired the mother.

After she had related the story, her mother asked,

"Why do you wish your teacher to read it?"

"Because, *she never asks any questions*, only those in the Question book, and she never *talks* with us."

A pious young lady, walking home from the Sabbath School, in company with a lad, seven or eight years old, asked him,

"Why do you not become a Christian?

"I think I should," said he, "if I only had a teacher, who would talk with me."

It was no excuse for this lad to neglect his soul, and live in sin, because his teacher neglected her duty. Still his answer is an affecting reproof to every unfaithful Sabbath School teacher.

A girl twelve or thirteen years old, went home from a morning prayer-meeting, where the children had been particularly addressed, and bursting into tears, she said,

"I don't think there is enough said to Sabbath School children. *My teacher never asked me but one question in the world.* She only hears me say my lesson, and that is all she does."

That child was anxious about her soul, and her teacher knew nothing of it. Perhaps one short conversation in the sabbath school, or when she met her alone, might have been blessed to her salvation; and as a reward of that single effort to do good, that teacher might have had that precious soul of her scholar to shine in her crown of rejoicing for ever. What new life and interest it must have given to all her prayers for the conversation of the dear children in her class, to have known that *one* was weeping over her sin; and to have seen with her own eyes, the tears; to have heard the anxious inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?" and to have tried herself to direct the mourning child to her blessed Saviour.

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to *your face*, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly arming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank or fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasures in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you to your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave and lodge the dear rememberance of your mutual friendship in his heart as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do this, may be your *companion*—your *flatterer*—your *seducer*—but depend upon it he is not your *friend*.

Proof Positive.—We understand from a gentleman who has made a personal examination, that the statements made by Governor Fairfield, and denied by the British Minister, in relation to the British works and occupancy in the disputted territory, are *true to the letter*.—The works erected there by the British since the agreement made last spring are stronger and more extensive than has been represented or generally supposed, in truth greatly exceeding any similar works in this State or perhaps in New England, except at Newport. This corroborative evidence will be communicated officially forthwith, and will place Mr. Fox in a most unenviable situation; the immediate action of the National Government is called for and it strikes us cannot be avoided.—*Democrat.*

EARLY MARRIAGES.

We happened to hear a long argument the other evening upon the policy of early marriages.—

It is unnecessary to repeat the pro and con—it is unnecessary for us to hear it; because, under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary situations, there can be but one side to the question. As soon as a man's mind is matured enough to make his choice—and at 22 or 3 it is, if ever, he should be ready to be married. The common arguments against early matches, that the husband cannot be "worth enough," pecuniarily, is not only a fallacy in itself, but productive of false calculations and hopes on the part of the bride and of the tendency to produce the very distress it is intended to avert.

When one weds now, it is presumed as a natural inference, that he has the income or expectation which will warrant the couple in extravagance. He may be honest enough to tell his wife to the contrary—and he may have good sense sufficient to indicate to her what is her proper course in relation to expenses. But the whole round of gossiping acquaintance are not so easily persuaded—and the company are thus reluctantly beckoned, persuaded and driven into fashionable extravagance upon first setting out. They strive to step at once into competition in style of living and expenses with people of fortune, and to ape the misnamed hospitalities of those who entertained them in their own state of single blessedness.

If a couple are so weak minded as to think they must pursue such a course as this, it is no matter how late they marry—and be even late than never. If they can make up their minds to a sensible and moderate establishment—if they understand their characters, and have strength of mind to abide by a good resolution, the earlier they marry, the better. The cost of almost any place or family into which bachelors are entrayed, by lack of employment and a home, the follies into which they run to supply that place in their hearts and in their time, which a good wife fills so happily, the unnecessary bachelors exposes in which they indulge from mere ennui, would more than twice support a family.

Marriages in the middle ranks, are much happier than those of the extreme rich or the extreme poor. By the middle ranks, we mean those who have a trade, profession or avocation which offers them a living, income, and an opportunity to make provisions against the day of adversity. Such persons from the great body of our industrious population—the great body of our intelligence—and the true independence of the community. They enjoy the golden mean, and escape the tyrannical dictates of senseless fashion on the one hand, and the [illegible] poverty on the other. [illegible] marriages we [illegible] without [illegible] —and [illegible] with [illegible].

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