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S. M. GILMOR.
1840-11

REPOST.

GOODS

RE

TREET.

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venient to his business, has
reinstated STOKER
in his office, and
has removed the
other employees
to the Pension Agency
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has to stand again,
duties if possible,
will be given in
his Sale.

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The Standard.

FRONTIER GAZETTE.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1840.

Number 39

He had displaced my lines. There were
three advertisements—a sheriff's sale, a
wedding, and a wife eloped from bed and
board. I read the sheriff's notice with that
interest which these documents usually
excite. It discoursed of lands, messuages,
tenements, designated by a line, begin-
ning at the northwest corner of Mr. Jenkins'
house—running thence north seventy-
three chains, fourteen links—thence east twenty-
three chains, eleven links, to a stake and
nail—and so on, to the end of the chapter.
Yet the notice filled me with exceeding
delight—I sent it to Emily. I told her
it was myself, but begged her not to
mention it to a third person. She kept her
secret as women usually do—in three days it
was all over town that I had a piece, that I
made out of my head, coming forth in the
next week's newspaper, addressed to Emily
Aikenhoff.

Never did seven days roll more slowly
and that the week's interval which followed
foregoing notice, in the publication of the
Lucidator of Freedom, and Tocsin of the
people. When it did finally come out, I sent
it an affectionate note, with a copy of the
poem, assuring her that the poem contained
real sentiments. I determined not to
distract myself until I visited her in the even-
ing. By great self-denial I kept my resolve,
and when the young moon arose, bent my
steps towards the mansion of my mistress.
She received me coldly. I was surprised
and abashed. "What is the matter, Em? I
darely inquired; 'did you get my billet-doux
I the verses to-day?'"

"Yes—they came safe."
"Well, how did you like them?"
"The note was kind and good, but the
verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense."
"I was thunder struck. I asked to see the
poem. Emily rose and handed it to me,
setting down by the vine-clad window,
her little foot angrily on the floor.
"I opened the Lucidator and Tocsin, and
d my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem! what
I give the effusion as it was printed, and
I the devil?"

"TO EMILY B."
"Dear Girl! an angel soon thou art,
The mille of every spell;
That brays o'er trumpets to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell."

"And oh damnation o'er thy cheek
Its reddest bluster bends;
And thy clear eyes for ever speak
A welcome to thy friends."

"Alas! if fate should bind us fast,
Life would be rough with me;
A road would rush upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee."

"Where could I meet a lamp so fair
In Nature's open passage?
Oh thee the barbarous flower compare
And own my grief a sacrifice!"

"I love my bore, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
I the devil?"

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POETRY.

From the Washington Metropolis.

JOHN SMITH.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
Or see thy person stand before me,
The first in honor or in shame,
The first to scorn me or adore me—
From Sable's Isle to Indian Key,
From Sable's Port to Rappahannock,
John Smith! John Smith! thou art with me
O'er buttered toast or Indian bannock.

Now hung for staling roaming horses,
Now highest in the list of fame,
Now hording wealth, now meeting losses,
Now ridless, and now with a dame,
Now ruling boy with pudent knowledge,
Now captain of a rustic band,
Now President of some great college,
And now too ignorant to be a d—d.

John Smith! John Smith! thou art a wonder,
The urchins laugh to hear thee speak—
Now hailed the autocrat of a blunder,
And now the conqueror of a Greek;
Now skipper of a Yankee schooner,
And now the savior of a whale,
Now hapschard or spinnet tuner,
And now the keeper of a jail.

Now grinder of creation's razors,
Now pedlar of domestic tin,
Now vender of new emson blazers,
Now taster of the mug—of gin,
Now maker of new o'th glasses,
Now patentee of shes and churuses,
Now leader of a trait of asses,
And now the closer of concerns,

And last of all, surpising story,
An Editor I find you art—
A writer, crowned with leather glory,
Whose gizzard tabs the place of heart—
Now editing a monthly journal,
And now a *Lofted* penny sheet—
Hail D. editor! General! Captain! Colonel!
John Smith! John Smith! you're hard to beat.

Temperance.—"he following beautiful and
touching appeal, young men we select from
the Christian Mirror:
A stranger stood upon the shore of the
mighty ocean, leaves the coast of Holland.
A storm had broken the barrier that confined
its tremendous power within the limits pre-
scribed by nature, the tide swept over the land,
burying in one undistinguished ruin the la-
bors and hopes of years. Yet the passengers
of those once fir-felds did not sit down in
hopeless despondency. Before the traveller
that scene of desolation, the young and
old were banded together, with the firm pur-
pose of making the ocean retreat before them.
The stranger looked on with unbelieving won-
der, as he saw man in all his weakness daring
to contend with that element on which his
mightiest efforts had never yet left the trace
of a footstep. He left them;—and when at
the lapse of a few months he returned, the wa-
ters had disappeared, and verdure, and beau-
ty again bloomed in that region which ocean
so lately claimed as his own domain. What
had accomplished this wonderful result? Un-
ited persevering efforts.—Young
men, such a task is yours! A tide more de-
solating has swept over our own fair land,
whelming beneath its dark and turbid waters,
national and individual wealth alone, but
domestic altar, the sweet and charities of
the cheerful firesides of New England.
Here and there indeed the flood has been
ayed; but it is again rising in its fearful
power, menacing destruction to all we hold
dear. The wife from her

"Dreadful post of observation,
Darker every hour,
atches its desolating progress, and awaits
th agony of spirit, the moment when the
barrier between her and utter hopeless-
ness, shall be swept away. She sees how
weak and feeble are the efforts to stay its course
as she presses her little ones to her bo-
m, her soul sickens at the thought that those
accout ones in whom are garnered up all
earthly hopes, may tread in the footsteps
their misguided parent. She may not tell
her woe, Friend tells not such to friend,
her appealing looks are turned to you—
a knows full well that you are to form the
character and the habits of our community,
that unless you arise in your strength and
secrete to the cause of temperance the
and vigor of your fearless and elastic
the warnings of the aged, and the un-
influences of the physician, the jurist and
pastor will be unavailing. Much indeed
has been already done. But ask that trem-
bling whose first born son, her hope
stay, has been enticed to taste the fatal
cup that has already carried desolation to her
and her home, and she will tell you that
yet remains to be done. She looks to
and shall the appeal be made in vain?
have never refused to respond to the call
of country, nor of suffering, oppressed
unity. Here then is a cause worthy of
the devotion of patriots, of those who would with-
estimation "pledge their lives, their for-
tune and their sacred honor," in defence of
native land.

Overwhelming Argument.—Dr. Lathrop,
in one of his sermons, says—"If it were true
that there is no God, what evidence can the
Atheist have that he shall not exist at all?
Whatever was the cause of his existence here,
may be the cause of his existence hereafter.
Or, if there is no cause, he may exist without
a cause in another state, as well as in this.
And if his corrupt heart and abominable work,
make him so unhappy here, that he had rather
be annihilated, than run the hazard of a fu-
ture existence, what hinders that he may be
unhappy forever? The man, then, is a fool
who wishes there were no God, hoping thus
to be secure from future misery; for admit-
ting there were no God, still he may exist
hereafter as well as there; and if he does ex-
ist, his corrupt heart and vices may render him
miserable eternally, as well as for the pre-
sent."

The Cotton Crop.—Mobile.—On Satur-
day last, six bales of the new crop were re-
ceived by the steamboat *Fedla-Rookh*. The
appearance and quality of the samples shown
us, taken from both lots, are alike inferior,
and fall far short of the first arrivals last year.
The evidence of a wet season are indubitably
impressed upon the staple, being both stained
and napped, and the staples short and weak.
The classification is about equal to Liverpool
middling, and we hear that four of the bales
have been sold at 8 1/2 cents. The first bale
received last year, was on the 14th of
August, classed fully fair to good.

agent, has closed a contract with Mr. Norris,
of Philadelphia, for two hundred locomotives
engines, forty of which are to be delivered
each year, for which the Emperor is to pay
\$1,400,000. These engines are principally
to run upon the great rail-road now in con-
struction between St. Petersburg and Mos-
cow."

Horrid Murder on the Delaware.—The
particulars of the following dreadful occur-
rence were made known at the Mayor's office,
yesterday morning, by Capt. Benjamin Rey-
nolds, master of the schr. *Oread*, of Eastport
Maine:—
The schooner was bound to Bristol, Bucks
county, for a load of coal. About 8 o'clock
on Tuesday evening, when abreast of Frank-
ford, a strong ebb tide, compelled them to
drop to anchor. After doing so, and mak-
ing all secure, the captain and mate turned
in, leaving one man and a boy, beside the
cook, on deck, and requesting to be called
when the tide turned.

Sometime in the night, the cook, whose
name is James Morris, fell upon the man that
was left on deck, killed him, and as the body
was not to be found, the presumption is that
he was thrown overboard, then struck the boy
on the side of the head with an axe, wound-
ing him severely, and depriving him of his
senses. After some time he recovered, and
the cook came to him and told him he would
kill him if he spoke, or if he made the least
noise.

Soon after it is supposed he left the vessel,
as the boy, fearful that all on board had been
killed, remained in the fore-castle, until relieved
by the captain and mate.

The watches of the captain and mate were
both stolen, as also the clothes of the hands.
The boat in which the cook made his escape
was left ashore.

The name of the boy was Edward Pine, a
resident of Eastport. He was taken early yester-
day morning to the hospital, where his
wounds were dressed, and all attention will be
paid to him.

The villain who perpetrated this deed of
blood was shipped in this city, only yester-
day.

Mayor Swift immediately despatched some
of his officers in pursuit of the murderer, as
also a posse to search for the body of the mur-
dered man.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, we
have conversed with Capt. Reynolds, who
states that there can be no doubt as to the un-
happy fate of the man above referred to. The
forward part of the deck was covered with
blood, as also the night-head, toward the
bow.

Snakes in New South Wales.—The follow-
ing fatal occurrence took place at Paterson
River, and shows the necessity of using the
utmost vigilance with respect to snakes.—
A small brown snake, with a yellow belly,
about 18 or 20 inches long, was observed by
several persons to glide under some planks;
one or two of the men went to remove the
planks to get it out; as they were so doing,
it darted between the legs of one of the men,
a Herculean fellow, who exclaimed, "my
word! but I've had a narrow escape; I declare
it just touched me with its tail." The snake
was killed and no more was thought about
the matter, when a half an hour afterwards it
was found that the unfortunate man who had
been touched was dead. On examining the
body two extremely small punctures, barely
perceptible, were observed just above the in-
step; in two hours more the body was in a
livid state of decomposition. It appeared that
in this case not fifteen minutes had elapsed
from the time the man was bitten to his death
so fearfully virulent was the poison of the
snake.

Our city is again becoming a nest of rob-
bers and assassins, and gambling rages with
all the fierceness of long-subdued pas-
sions. From the highest officers of govern-
ment to the lowest grades of the people, all
are intent upon Monte—a game prohibited
under the severest penalties by Tacon. Even
the Capt Gen is a professor, having lost in
one night, a short time since, 600 ounces
(\$500) to Count Santovina. This state of
things naturally begets robbing, and scarce-
ly a day passes but we hear of people being
stopped in the street and despoiled; and such
is relaxation of our government, that a negro
who lately killed a soldier, by stabbing him
to the heart has been released—his defence
being that he had taken out his knife to fight
another negro, and the soldier in clasp him
in his arms to arrest him, ran upon the knife
and killed himself. The country is in a ter-
rible state—a band of robbers having assau-
lted a small town, and robbed it of \$14,000.—
New York Express.

It is said that a Yankee down in the Old
Bay State has invented a kind of musical
clock, that he has attached to a cradle, hung
on pivots. The pendulum rocks the cradle,
and the musical department sings the baby to
sleep.—*N. Y. Star.*

Mechanics.—Farmers are said to be the back
bone of the country. What then are the me-
chanics? Are they not the stout hearts and
strong hands of the land? The men who la-
bor for a livelihood—they who handle the
hammer and axe, are fast learning to think
and act for themselves, and to take their stand
among the lawgivers and statesmen of the age.
Our reading institutions, and the free dis-
tribution of books, offer every advantage to the
industrious young mechanic. The road to
honor is as open to him as to the rich man's
son, who passes through college, and procures
the title of A. B. or M. D. to his name. Idle
and dissipated habits are less common among
the working classes than with those of more
sedentary occupations—or, more properly
speaking, with those who have nothing to do.
—*Boston Traveller.*

Blarney.—This is the name of a castle
about three miles from Cork. Adjoining to
the inhabited mansion, there were formerly a
large square tower, with a winding stone stair-
case to the top, the floors were all gone, but
the stone roof was entire; it was the custom
for all strangers who ascended to the top
of the tower, to creep on their hands and knees
to the corner stone of the highest pinnacle
and kiss the same; by virtue of which, the
parties ever after were endowed with extra-
ordinary powers of loquacity and persuasion.—
Though nobody could have believed that kiss-
ing the stone had any such effect, the custom
was followed, through innocent mirth, and it
accordingly became a common saying at Cork
of any prattling fellow, 'he has been at Blar-
ney,' and hence the phrase, 'none of your
blarney.'

Gallant Act.—Rescue of three Ladies from
Drowning. The N. Y. Star says, while the
elder Mr. Burnham, aged about 60, was fish-
ing off his dock at Bloomingdale, three young
ladies, daughters of Mr. Reed of Blooming-
dale, who were bathing at the next dock, were
accidentally carried out by the swell of the
steamboat which was passing, into water be-
neath their depth, and sunk. Mr. Burnham
dove in after them with great promptitude,
and bore two of the ladies to the shore, and
then again dove down after the third, caught
her by the hair of the head, and brought her
also safely to land.

Pour water hastily into a vessel with a nar-
row neck, little enters; pour gradually, and
by small quantities and the vessel is filled.—
Such is the simple figure employed by Quin-
tillian to show the folly of teaching children
too much at a time.

Death of another Member of Congress.—S.
H. Anderson, a Representative to Congress
from Kentucky died at his residence, near Lan-
caster, in Gerard county, Ky., the 11th ult.

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