Vol. 13

# The Standard,

No 48

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance.] ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1846. [15s at the end of the Year

## POETRY.

### WHAT ARE HOPES?

What are hopes? I asked the flowers
That bloomed in early spring;
I asked the false and glittering hours,
That rise on pleasure's wing—

The melting smile on woman's lips,
Where perfumes around her shine—
The tender dream which softly tips,
The hill at eve's decline—

The soft, the deep, wild strains we hear—
The sighing melody,
Which bursts upon the sleeper's ear,
From angel minstrelsy.

I asked the dream, the witching dream
Of first love's golden kiss,
Which o'er the gloom of life still gleams
With hallowed, tranquil bliss—

The mother, in whose fond embrace
Her first born flower slept;
But ere its fragile leaves were blown,
She o'er its cold stem wept:

The aged pilgrim, worn with care,
On life's deserted way—
Did he hope's thrilling pleasure spare?
The pilgrim answered, "Nay."

The lonely captive in his chains
Did hope a solace bring?
Did it allay his heart's deep pains?
"He groaned, "A worthless thing!"

I asked Hope's self. She smiled, then fled,
Saying, "Hopes to mortals given,
Are fleeting all, and soon are dead,
Save hopes that rest in heaven!"

### CANZONET.

Love that changes is not love!
True affection never changeth;
Try it, vex it, wound, reprove—
From its cell it never rangeth,
Never had a wish to move!

Love that alters is but hate,
Borne of selfishness, and lasting
Only whilst it can create,
Food for its fruition, wasting
When its appetites abate!

Alter!—Thou wilt find my love,
Changeless still—a bird that cageth
Wilfully, though urged to rove;
Which no prison-bar enrageth,
Tempted by nor fruit nor grove!

*Lamb vs. Sheep.*—A lady whose maiden name was Lamb, but who recently got married, met an acquaintance the other day who thus addressed her:

"Ah Sarah, so you have got married, and changed your name, I find."

"Yes, indeed," replied she, "and in getting married, instead of being a *Lamb* I find I have made a *Sheep* of myself."

*Well Answered.*—Dr. Cooke Taylor, at the recent meeting of the British Association, gave a brief account of the course pursued at Trinity College, Dublin, as to the VIVA VOCE examination of students there, on entering—a system which often produced odd answers. On one occasion the Rev. John Martin was examining a class in hydrostatics, and asked a not very popular student, "Mr. Spencer, what would be the consequence if I thrust you into a pond!" the examiner's object being to test the student's knowledge of the law, that water rises in proportion to the weight of the body immersed. The student not being able to give a solution of the question, it was put to his neighbour, Mr. Plunket,—what would be the consequence if I thrust Mr. Spencer into a pond?" "Pon my word, sir," was the reply, I think it would be very little consequence. Another student being examined on Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity as those which we most neglect, was asked, what relations were most neglected? the youth answered very cooly 'Poor relations.

Love Rhymes.—It is singular how much amatory poetry is written before marriage, and how little after it. One may have but little of "the vision and the faculty divine," but on falling in love he finds that he is not without the "accomplishment of verse."—This lets us into the secret why there are so many unsucessful wooers. "Sir," said a lady to a gentleman who had addressed to her a copy of verses, and who afterwards solicited the honor of her hand—"Sir, I admire your person and esteem your character; your manners are pleasing, and your disposition engaging—but—but *your poetry is execrable.* I could never love a writer of such verses.

A plentiful supply of Charcoal should be allowed to hogs while fattening.

### THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

On a fine summer morning in the summer of 22, a handsome but poorly dressed boy, called at the door of a rich man in L——e square in New York city, and offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house, and though he gazed on her but a moment, the kind look she bestowed on him struck a chord in his heart, which until that moment had never vibrated.

She is very lovely, he exclaimed mentally, but she is the daughter of the great millionaire—she can be nothing to me.

He returned to the fields in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him closely in his rambles.

I am young,—continued he to himself,—would I could make myself worthy of her! But then she is far above me;—and this thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.

A week had passed, and the little strawberry boy again stood, with a palpitating heart, at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of that fair being, whom from the moment he first saw her he dared to love.

She spoke kindly to him, and bade him call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again and again, but the season was advancing and the fruit had become a rarity.

I shall not be able to bring you any more, he said one morning, I am sorry, for it was a pleasure to call here. But we shall meet hereafter.

The young heart which fluttered in the bosom of that lovely girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone, in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that she would remember him.

We shall meet again, when I promise you you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy.

She thought the laughing singular—but they parted.

* * * * * * * *

Three years had elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not reached its flood, and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his splendid carriage along Broadway, upon a fine Sabbath morning, on their way to Trinity Church. Charlotte was "just turned sixteen," and the bright bud was just changing into the open rose. She was fair indeed!

The service had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the church door—the elegant caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—the liveried footman held the door, and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter into the coach, and [illegible] sances of her gay and [illegible]

Why do's she not observe the homage of her thousand admirers?

A young, plain dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door, and her gaze for an instant [illegible]

Who can it be?—She remembers—no, cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and he discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

My dear Charlotte, are you ill?

No, father, no—I am—very well.

They arrived at the door—the stranger was there! They alight—he extends a slight, but respectful bow to the heiress, and moves on.

A blush tinges that bright cheek: she recognises him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but "surely the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him."

* * * * * * * *

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35, and the memorable 16th of December. A fire had broke out in the evening in one of the principal streets of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at an early hour on the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes!

The rich merchant, as he was wont, alighted at the head of Wall street and saw the ruins. He hastened to the scene. Where was his store—his goods—his all? The smouldering ruins before him answered.

But he was insured—he should save something at least. His policies were looked after during the day—they had expired the week previously!

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar! He had a stout heart, however, that "rich poor man," and will he braved the storm. He found, however, that it would be necessary to break up his establishment at home, to meet some immediate pressing liabilities. His furniture was sacrificed—his mansion was disposed of, his splendid horses and carriage were put into other hands; and "Jessie," Charlotte's coal black favourite, was doomed to pass from them under the hammer.

But could not some friend be found who would purchase Jessie, and retain her until the fury of the blast had passed?

No. Every body was poor—Every body was ruined by the "great fire," and nobody had money. Besides, it was expensive keeping horses.

Poor Jessie! sighed her mistress, I hope she will fall into kind hands.

But nobody wanted Jessie, and she was thrown away upon a stranger.

Who did you say was the purchaser? inquired Charlotte of her father.

Mr. Manly, I think, said the father.

And who is Mr. Manly? He was the poor strawberry boy.

"The birds when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,"

* * * * * * * *

"And the friends who hover near
When fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before a storm."

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed misfortune in rapid succession, and the revulsion of '37 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement may be found in papers of that day:

"Will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday next, on the premises, the redemption of the beautiful cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A——r, for $10,300, &c. &c. Sale positive—title indisputable—possession given immediately—terms cash."

The rich man—that was—in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security; the times were hard: they had lost a deal of money; people sometimes lived too fast, it was'nt their fault; very sorry, but could'nt help him.

From bad to worse he had succeeded; and now reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to his beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs, would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune.

But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethren forgot that he had once been one of them. Unfortunately he had no security to offer; the purchasers were few, there was but little competition, and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what was to become of his lonely child? His last home had been taken from him, and the fair child was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated. The daughter wept in silence upon the bosom of her [illegible]

[illegible] his mode [illegible] family he resigned himself to the burden of affliction. He too wept. Oh! it is fearful to see a strong man weep.

But his troubles were nearly at an end.

The day following that upon which the sale occurred, had well-nigh sped. The afternoon was bright and balmly, and the father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the rooms. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon, for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had had an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

A stranger on horseback halted suddenly in front of the courtyard gate, and turning the head of his coal-black steed, he ambles quietly to the door.

"Oh father," forgetting for a moment her darling Jessie, and —— a knock at the door calling her at once to her recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the mansion in L——e square. Before him stood a courteous looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S——.

That's my name, sir; and have the honer of addressing ——

Mr. Manly, sir, now owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from the hands of the attorney, and with your permission I will examine the estate.

Walk in, sir, you are master here, and I shall vacate as your pleasure requires it.—My daughter he continued as the stranger entered the parlor, This is Mr. Manly, the purchaser of our little cottage.

The person whom you once knew only as the poor strawberry boy, continued Manly, as he took her extended hand.

My dear sir, said Manly, addressing the father, I am the owner of this cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit which I carried to the door of the affluent S——, of L——e square. I was a boy, sir, a poor boy, too, but poor as I was, and wealthy as was the lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have travelled many miles; I have endured many hardships, with but a single object in view; that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has been no niggard with me, sir; my endeavors have been crowned with success; and I come here to-day, not to take possession of the cottage alone; but to lay my fortune at the feet of wealth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart that exists but for herself alone."

The astonishment of the parent was unbounded. If Charlotte had not loved before, she now looked upon the handsome and generous stranger with aught but displeasure.—Secretly she had entertained a feeling akin to affection for him, whom she remembered for seven long years, who had crossed her path so strangely; who had purchased the very cottage from which she expected to be driven. But the sequel is soon told.

Charlotte loved and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished, and many times afterwards did she mount her favourite Jessie, and at the side of a fond and devoted husband, roam through the romantic scenes which abound in that far-famed island. The once wealthy Mr. S. is now a happy grandfather; and as he tosses the young Manlys on his knee, he delights in rehearsing the story of—The Poor Strawberry Boy.

At a special Ordination held by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, in the Cathedral Church at Fredericton, on Sunday the 1st inst. Mr. Alfred H. Weeks, A. B., of King's College, Windsor, N. S. was admitted to the Holy Order of Deacon, and licensed as stipendary Curate to the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, Rector of Shediac.—*Chronicle.*

Newfoundland.—The Mail Steamer Unicorn arrived at Halifax on Sunday night, in three days from St. Johns. The town continues rapidly to extend in building, and the town has been re-lit by gas.

The rate of wages of mechanics is spoken of as being extremely high. Carpenters and masons are receiving from 8s. 6d. to 10s. per day. Here is fair encouragement for unemployed mechanics to pay a visit to Newfoundland.

15,000 sovereigns, being the second instalment of the British Parliament in aid of the sufferers by the fire, were received by the Unicorn.

The Hon. Wm Sims, Attorney-General, has been elevated to the Bench, in place of the late assistant Judge Lilley, and E. M. Archibald, Esq. who has lately discharged the duties of Acting Assistant Judge has been appointed Attorney General in the room of Mr. Sims.

*New Invention in Railroad Machinery and Travelling.*—A considerable improvement has just been effected in the application of a propelling power to carriages on railways by an officer at Vienna. The invention consists in making the advance of a whole train quite independent of the adhesion of the locomotive's wheels to the rail on which it moves, and by conveying the propelling power of the engine to the axles of all the carriages—thus own adhesion. Each carriage becomes thus a locomotive only by the circumstance that the motive power is not independently applied but is imparted to it by the engine carriage. The whole train is thus enabled to ascend any rise that may occur above the level of the railroad which the engine, if alone would be able to ascend. The same officer has also invented a break, by means of which a train may be conveyed down hill with perfect safety, and at an equal rate of speed.

Economy in a Family.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs: It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlour—it runs away he knows not how, and that demon waste cries more, like the leech's daughter—until he that provided has no more to give.—It is the husband's duty to bring into the house and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it—nor the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent; not under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved.—A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care; and her greatest ambition carry her on farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labour with his best friend; and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dare not place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end to which she should aim—his approbation is her reward. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance—the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account—and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

*Popular Errors in Medicine.*—Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of of eating only one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roasted or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensible potatoe? What man ever felt the worse for a cut of cod or turbot, followed by a beefsteak, or slice of roast-beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, if one does not eat too much—here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the sea side, to sit down on the cold damp rocks till they cool, before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water if over fatigued, or after profuse and long continued perspiration; but always prefer plunging in while the first drops of perspiration are on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal.—Many nations run from the hot bath and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after the exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

There is a favorite fancy of rendering infants and farther advanced children hardy and strong by plunging them into cold water.—This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it will and often does kill three out of every five. Infants always thrive the best with moderate warmth, and a milk-warm bath. The same rule applies to the clothing of children and infants. No child should have too light clothing, and exercise is all indispensable for the health of the little ones. But above all things their heads should be kept cool and generally uncovered.

Many people so laud early rising as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish, and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to a man as food, and as some do with one third the food that others absolutely require, so five hours sleep is sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men cannot by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in twenty-four; and, therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all who sleep longer. No one should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential to the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates.—Without salt the body becomes infested with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it with her food; the consequence was she became dreadfully infested with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd.

*Destroyed by Honesty.*—A gentleman telling a lady that an Apothecary of her acquaintance had failed, and was obliged to shut up shop, she enquired the cause, to which the gentleman replied—He was so houest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines he advised them to take *wholesome air*, and of course lost the profit which would have arisen from the sale of his drugs.—Poor man, said the lady, he is indeed to be pitied—*he* cannot live on air, though his patients may.

An Irishman's Stomach.—In a letter to Mr. Trevelyan, bearing date March 19th, 1846, Depuy Commissary General Dobree says:—"You are, perhaps, aware that the labourer will eat from 7lb. to 10lb. of potatos a-day, and that this large bulk of food daily thrown into his stomach gives it a constitutional expansion which grumbles very much when it is suddenly replaced by only two pounds of meal. It is to be hoped that the organ will by degrees adopt its capacity to circumstances."

What is the difference between a dragon and a dragon. An answer is requ[illegible]

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