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POETRY.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Our youth is like the hunter's dream
When resting on the hill of heath;
We sleep secure in morning's gleam,
Though thunders rock the world beneath.

From youth to age we dream away—
The oft sought is still unfound,
And to the verge of our decay,
The vision lures us light around.

On in the dance of endless mazes,
Which fools pursue with eager care,
And by the glare of lightning's blaze
We heedless play in ambient air.

Unlovely age comes on apace,
With hoary locks and wrinkled brow;
And when we've run the distant race
Our life seems then an empty show.

Our youth is like the hunter's dream
When resting on the hill of heath
We sleep secure in morning's gleam,
Though thunders rock the world beneath.

REFORM.—The following is a fair hit at our far-reaching modern reformer.

How well it is the sun and moon,
Are placed so very high,
That no presuming man can reach
To pluck them from the sky.
If 'twere nigh so, I do believe
That some reforming ass
Would soon attempt to take them down,
To light the world with Gas!

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The following is an extract of a letter from Tatnagouche, dated the 9th inst.—

"A sad accident" occurred here last evening. A Barn belonging to Peter Tidd, Esq., was burnt, and what is infinitely worse, Mr. Tidd himself perished in the fire. I have not been able to gather the particulars, but as far as I have been able to learn Mr. Tidd was thrashing in the barn by candle light, when some of the chaff having caught fire he went to the mow and threw down some hay thereby attempting to smother the fire but it burnt up so instantaneously that he was surrounded with flame before he could make his escape. Mr. Tidd was very much respected by all who knew him. There were above fifteen head of cattle burnt to death. [—Pictou Chronicle.]

A MERCANTILE ANECDOTE.

An old fellow living at Frankfort on the Maine, sent to a business correspondent at Frankfort on the Oder a large consignment of cotton stockings, and at the same time to another correspondent in the same place an equally large consignment of cotton night-caps, the produce of his own manufactory. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell, but the sum designated was found to be too large, of which fact they took occasion to inform him. He yielded a little in his demand, but still there was no offers for his fabrics. Against the writes, in reply to other letters from his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount; but weeks elapse, and still no sale. At length he writes to each correspondent to make some disposition of his manufactures; if they can get money for them, at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods. Under these instructions, the stocking factor calls upon the night cap agent, both unknown to each other in connexion with their principal, and names his views; he wished to exchange a lot of superior cotton stockings for some other goods; he is not particular what kind, as the transaction is for a friend, who is desirous of closing his stock. The man at first can think of nothing which he would like to exchange for so large a supply of stockings,

but at length a bright thought strikes him.

"I have," said he, "a consignment of cotton night caps, from an old correspondent, which I shall not object to exchange for your stockings."

The bargain was soon closed the stocking factor wrote back at once, that he had at length been enabled to comply with the wishes of his principal. He had exchanged his stockings for a superior article of cotton night caps, in an equal quantity, which he was assured were likely to be in much demand before a great while! The next day came a letter from the night-cap agent, announcing his success, and appended to the letter was a bill for commissions. A Yellow plush would say, "Fanny that gent's feelings."

DREAMING FOR A BREAKFAST.

Down in Aroostook county, Maine, a Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through the almost interminable forest of that region, and by some mishap had lost their way and had wandered about in a starving condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel which was deserted save by a lone chicken. As this poor bird was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly despatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the supper of both himself and Sawney, and therefore made a proposition to his companion that they should spare their chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream would have the chicken, which was agreed to by the Scotchman. In the morning Sawney told his dream—said he thought angels were drawing him to heaven in a basket, and was never before so happy in his life. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed, "Och sure and by Jabsers, I saw you going, and thought you wouldn't come back after the chicken, and—I got up and ate it myself."

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

Stick to your trades, boys, and learn how to work if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half-learned mechanic looking for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and can calculate upon poverty as his portion with a good deal of safety. We have in our mind's eye a lad of 18, who a few months ago was at work in our office at fair wages, but whose parents encouraged him in the idea that he was a man, and should have a man's pay. He left us with a feeling that he should get rich faster in Boston, and since then we have learned of his having been engaged for a short time in three several cities. Of course with his slight knowledge of the business, he could not have permanent employ, and so he has taken up a new trade. A company of travelling actors have enlisted him in their *corps dramatique*, and the last notice we have heard of him was from a handbill announcing his "benefit," when he was to appear as the "Irish Tiger!"

Courtship and Matrimony.—A writer in the Edinburgh Literary Journal gives the following rather cynical view of the way in which one of the most important events of human life is accomplished. He says: Look at the mass of marriages which take place all over the world, what poor, contemptible, common place affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dandling about on each others arms, looking at water falls, making morning calls or guzzling wine and cake; then everything falls into a monotonous routine; the wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband on the other;

and little quarrels, little pleasures, little cares and little children, gradually gather round them. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony."

Support your Principles.—A lad drove his team four miles to a mill to get a load of flour, to haul to the canal. When he arrived, at the mill, the miller told him he had no loadings; the mill was out of repair, but he would help him to a load, so that he might not lose his half days work, which would amount to one dollar, said he, "you may drive across the way to the distillery, and load and I will pay you just the same price for hauling the load of whisky, that we do for hauling a load of flour."

The lad thought a moment, and said "I don't know what father will say, but our horses don't haul whiskey," and so he wheeled them off, and drove home and told his father.

Right, "said the father," you've done right, John. It's money well spent, John. Support your principles any where and every where, and be kind about it but decided.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—The accounts from Ireland represent the condition of the peasantry as in a deplorable state. The poor houses are crowded to overflowing, and the poor in the mountainous and boggy districts are suffering all the horrors of famine. Starvation rages in the counties of Mayo, Cork, Sligo, Kerry, Clare, and Galway, to a fearful extent, and more or less in several other Counties nearer to the metropolis. The European Times draws the following picture of the distress which is prevalent:—

Every day adduces fresh proof of the great social change which is going on. We hear of caronets whose reduced circumstances compel them to accept with apparent alacrity the humble office of poor-rate collector; and a case is put forward of one landowner, who in the course of events has compelled to yield up his estate of £5000 a year, being no longer able to meet the incumbrances,—who, after ineffectually supplicating the Master in Chancery to allow him the small pittance of £10 a year to exist upon, has been necessitated to take refuge in the common workhouses. These are all painful instances of national and individual calamity. The failure of the potato crop during three successive seasons is now working its fatal effects upon the condition of the already embarrassed landowners. There seems an inevitable process through which Ireland must pass before she can disentangle herself from all her difficulties, and be enabled to commence as it were a fresh era in the career of nations.

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE TARIFF OF 1842.—We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce of Wednesday last, that in the House of Representatives, on a motion of Mr Eckhart, a resolution was passed by a majority of 96 to 93, in favor of a "Bill based on the principles of the Tariff of 1842." The Journal Commerce says of this vote—

The demonstration is of no practical importance, as there is not the slightest probability that any such bill would pass the Senate; still, it is of some interest as showing what the Whigs would do if they could. It is thus that without the possibility of any good resulting, in any way, they shake off the reinforcements by which they have gained their recent victory, and without whose aid, they can never gain another, nor retain the ascendancy which they now hold.

The whole city of Mexico is governed by the company of Police, composed of American, Irish and French deserters. Twenty-five of these men are sufficient to keep the city, containing not less than 180,000 souls, in perfect order.