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CURED BY

WAYS' PILLS.

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VOLUME 13

# The Standard.

NUMBER 22

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1846.

[15s. at the end of the year

## European Intelligence.

The citizens of Edinburgh have adopted an address to the citizens of Washington deprecating war, and recommending the settlement of the national disputes by arbitration.

**Official Blunders.**—We are disposed to agree with a contemporary, who says, that Sir R. Peel must bitterly rue the day when he converted Lord G. Bentinck from a zealous and unambitious supporter into a daring and determined opponent. On more than one occasion the noble lord has proved that he possesses talents of the highest order, rendering him not unworthy of the position to which he has been advanced by the Country party.

Beside his vigorous language, and his general comprehensiveness of his views, his patient and elaborate investigations into the correctness of the statistical information on which so many of the free trade measures of the Premier are ostensibly founded, mark him out as a leader peculiarly suited to the present exigency. His exposure on Tuesday night of the gross inaccuracies of the official returns relating to the timber trade will not soon be forgotten.

The north of Portugal has been the scene of an insurrectionary movement, originating with the wine growers, who have risen against the exactions of the Government. The country has been put under martial law. The insurgents numbered between 3000 and 4000; they showed some courage, but were imperfectly armed. The constitution was suspended on the 29th ultimo, the liberty of the press was suspended, and military tribunals for the trial of the disaffected had been instituted. If the movement had been more general, it would have seriously embarrassed, perhaps overturned, the Government.

General M. Lacerda died of his wounds at Ferozepore. The Adjutant General of the Bengal army, Sir J. R. Lumley, died also at Ferozepore.

Baronnet Gregory, of the Staff, has been sentenced to eight months further imprisonment for four labels on the Duke of Brunswick.

The *Journal des Debats* mentions a trial speed between two steamers, an English and a French one, in the Gulf of Ginea, in which the French were the victor three several times.

Austria and Prussia have addressed notes to the French Government, relative to the intrigues of the Polish Propaganda in Paris.

The *London Gazette* announces that the Queen has appointed Alexander Stewart, Esq., to be Master of the Rolls for the Province of Nova Scotia.

The House of Commons came to a division on the first reading of the Corbett Bill on the evening of Friday. The numbers in its favor were 274; against it, 125; majority, 149; 31 Whigs voted in the minority.

A daughter of Lord Valentia eloped last week with a Captain Robinson, of the 8th Fusiliers. They were married at St. James's Church, Westminster, London.

Fears are entertained that the cholera will visit Western Europe in the course of the present summer. In Germany, the alarm on this subject is considerable.

The insurrectionary movement in Galicia was a source of annoyance to the Spanish Government.—This resistance, on the part of the people, is entirely owing to the arbitrary conduct of the Government, and the reckless bearing of the Court. The sanguinary brutalities by which the contest is accompanied, is in keeping with the spirit which has ruled too long in Spain.

We have received German papers, from which we gather that Austria Galicia had been restored to tranquillity by the publication of an Imperial decree, graciously issued on the Emperor's birthday, abolishing forced labour and other oppressive feudal claims which hitherto oppressed the peasantry.

Ibrahim Pacha, son of Mehmet Ali, has arrived at Paris. He will be treated with almost royal honours.

The winter campaign in Algeria had finished, and the last advances represented the colony as tranquil.

The Russian government has caused to be laid before all the other governments of Europe a note, asserting that the story of the persecutions of the Abbess Mieczyslawski, is totally false, and citing circumstances to prove its falsity. On her part, the Abbess declares that the Russian government is impudently imposing upon Europe, by statement, a grossly untrue. One of two things is certain—either the abbess or the Russian government lies most confounded.

**Turkey.**—The accounts from Constantinople announce the arrest of Mahmud Pasha, the Paymaster General of the Army, on a charge of having embezzled the public money to the amount of £169,000.

It is said that the fortune of the Rothschilds is not less than £29,400,000 sterling.

**Grammatical Whimsies.**—“Bobby, what's steam?” “Boiling water.” “That's right. Compare it.” “Positive, tail's comparative tailer; superlative, burst.”

## Causes of War.—Capt. Collins, of the Empire, who left the mouth of the River del Norte April 28th, reports that the pilot of the port, who is an intelligent Englishman, and conversant with the officers of the customs, stated to him that a party of two or three hundred Mexican troops had passed across the river, some miles above Matamoros, and had been attacked by a hundred and sixty Americans, whom they killed or took prisoners; and that a party of twenty rancheros, or mounted militia men, had passed over, some distance below Matamoros, and coming upon a wagon with provisions, going up from Point Isabel for Gen. Taylor, the guard for which had stopped behind to dine, the rancheros took the wagon and driver off the road, and returned to the Mexican side. This is the story of the invasion by ever so many thousand Mexicans, upon which we have declared the existence of war. The officers at Matamoros, and at the mouth of the river, would be very likely to be correct, or nearly so; as to the number of their own troops which came over, though the number of Americans was exaggerated or misunderstood, by a hundred. Provisions were extremely scarce at Matamoros, in consequence of the blockade; so that flour was worth thirty or forty dollars a barrel; and there are no supplies of consequence within the country, which could be procured short of two weeks. There are several plantations on this side the river; and if it should turn out that these two or three hundred came over for the purpose of appeasing the hunger of themselves or comrades, by obtaining provisions from these plantations, or even of capturing some of Gen. Taylor's wagons for that purpose, and that this is the invasion upon which the nation has been alarmed by the thunder of war, and summoned to the rescue, will not the whole world have the loudest laugh upon us that ever made the welkin ring?—*Journal of Commerce.*

## Montreal.

By the last accounts, our Legislature, after sweeping away the protection of the Canadian farmer in the British market and placing the United States farmer at once in the same position as the Canadian, was busily engaged in imposing protection for certain branches of trade.—All kinds of skins, and of leather, manufactures come direct from Great Britain and the colonies are to be admitted on a five per cent *ad valorem* duty, while, if they come from the United States or any other quarter, they must pay heavy duties, ranging from fifteen to 25 per cent. We ask sincere admirers of the principle of free trade has not two sides. Sir Robert Peel said he would admit wheat from all the world, at 4s a quarter, and in three years at one shilling. The three years were partly given to prepare Canada for the change as Canada now sends her wheat in at one shilling and a quarter. But our Canadian ministers desire to take the benefit of the three years, and at once take the duty on United States wheat, and let it into the British market at the same rate as our own. Consistency required that if the Canadian farmer was to compete with all the world in his produce, he should have all the world in his purchases laid open to him. No, says Mr. Draper, it may be very proper that we have free trade on one side, but it does not follow that it shall be on the other. With eagerness he threw down the restrictions on American imports to Britain, and with as much eagerness he taxes the shoes and saddles of the Upper Canadian farmer, for the protection of the British or Canadian importers. This is not justice, but it is in accordance with the narrow selfish views of the present ministers. Will the Farmers of Upper Canada submit to it?—*Toronto Globe.*

The *Toronto Patriot* has come out in favour of a government guarantee for the Halifax and Quebec Railroad. This great national work is rapidly gaining friends, but the Government appears to hold back, and it is rumoured through fear of its supporters.—*Id.*

## The Railroad.

We perceive by the Canadian papers that G. R. Young Esq. is using his utmost exertions in Montreal to forward this enterprise. He has written a long letter to the Hon. Mr. Draper which is published entire in the Montreal Pilot and Quebec Gazette, and partially in other Canadian newspapers. The object of this letter is to press upon the Canadian Administration the policy of recommending the undertaking to the consideration of the Legislature, and of pledging the Province to pay for ten years a moiety of the interest of One and a half millions, that being half the amount estimated to be the cost of the Railroad—the other moiety of the interest, for the same period, to be paid by the Lower Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—and to give also a free grant of lands and right of taking materials. It mainly depends upon the action of Canada, whether the project will be prosecuted now—there can be little doubt that if Mr. Young's proposition is entertained, the amt. of money that capitalists would be required to furnish could easily be procured. Whether the Government will grant the other million and a half is another question. A great difficulty in the way of the action of the Canadian Legislature, is the large amount of money required for the completion of the public works already in progress; but we trust they will show an example that will be followed with general advantage by the Legislative bodies of the Lower Provinces at their next Session, with reference to this great national undertaking.—*Halifax Times.*

## American Excuses for Desertion and being Beaten.—The Halifax Times, says:

“In a recent skirmish between the United States troops and the Mexicans on the Rio Grande, several of the former were slain and the remainder obliged to run—the American papers say that the disaster was caused by their powder being wet—good material this for a squib on the national valour. Other papers excuse the desertion of the United States Soldiers to the Mexicans, by asserting that they are chiefly Roman Catholics, and that their General, who is a Taylor, obliges them to attend on the ministrations of a Presbyterian Clergyman, who makes it his business to curse the Pope.”

## The Rev. Mr. King, Chaplain to his Lordship the Bishop of Fredericton, left Fredericton this morning on his way to England.—His health is assigned as the cause of the Rev. gentleman's departure.—Reporter.

**The New Organ.**—This fine instrument recently imported from London for the use of the Methodist Church of this City, was this morning for the first time (in public) tested by Mr. Gardiner, Professor of Music, in the presence of a pretty large audience, including several of the Wesleyan Ministers, who have just closed their District Meeting. We were much delighted with its powerful yet sweet and mellow tones; but not being a Connoisseur in Music, we are gratified to state on the authority of Mr. Gardiner, that it is in every respect a splendid Organ, unexceptionable in its construction and powers.—*Id.*

## Drowned on Sunday last by the upsetting of a canoe, at the Rappid de l'Anse, a few miles below the Grand Falls, a young man named James Malley.—He had been in the employment of Mr. Webster on the St. Francis during the winter.—Id.

## Military Chivalry.

“I heard once,” said Father Phil, “a pretty little bit of an anecdote about the way the French behaved to one of our Irish Regiments on a retreat in Spain. They were going through a river; they were—and the French, taking advantage of their helpless condition, were peppering away at them hard and fast, until some women ran down, poor creatures, to the shore, and the stream was so deep in the middle that they could scarcely ford it; so some dragoons, who were galloping as fast as they could out of the fire, pulled up on seeing the condition of the woman-kind, and each horseman took up a woman behind him, though it diminished his own power of flying from the danger. The moment the French saw this act of manly courage, they ceased firing and gave a cheer for the dragoons; and as long as the women were within gun shot, not a trigger was pulled in the French line, but volleys of cheers instead of ball cartridges were sent after the brigade till all the women were over.”

## MELANCHOLY MISTAKES.

Among the many melancholy mistakes that men are constantly making, may be noted the following:

Persons in trade are daily sending accounts to debtors most absurdly anticipating payment of the same. Money diggers are exhausting their energies, endeavouring to take up specie out of bank vaults, instead of going more sensibly to work, hunting for needles in haystacks. Mouths are used for eating, speaking, kissing, &c., instead of distilling tobacco juice, as nature intended. Noses are also shamefully abused, being employed as simple herald of surrounding odors instead of dust holes wherein to stow snuff. People go to Church, and actually sit listening to the preacher instead of taking notes about new fashions, and other odd matters around them, as food for chat and scandal in the evening. Playgoers have positively given up eating peanuts in the theatres, therefore, denying themselves a choice and refined luxury, just because Theodore Fay once said that munching was an annoyance. How absurd! Everybody goes to somebody's benefit, just because he is a good actor, an old acquaintance, a great favorite, and needs a bumper! Now, what a mistake to give such a man a benefit for such reasons, when there are people coming along all the time, who play only six pirls, and have their names printed in letters twice as big! It is very common now—a days for men to imagine that estimable characters may walk about in shabby coats, a mistake that must put all philosophy to a blush.

## Courage.—It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in everything—

Put a hero on board a ship, at a fire barred gate, and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox hunter on one of the Swiss chamois, over which the mountaineers springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

The following answer to the question published in our last week's impression has been sent us. For want of algebraical signs we are obliged to give the statements in full, in many places. [Ed. Standard.]

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Answer.—Number of young persons present—17—amount spent by each 4 4-4d.  
St. Andrews, May 30.

## Leading Children to God.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, when an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed room, say repeatedly as, if in answer to his sister, “No, I don't want to say my prayers.”

How many church members, in good standing, thought the matter to herself, “often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves, the feeling.”

“Mother,” said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

Good morning, my child.  
“I am going out to get my breakfast.”  
Stop a minute, I want you to come here, and see me first.

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards.

Are you pretty well this morning? said she in a kind, gentle tone.

“Yes mother; I am very well.”  
“I am glad you are well, I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.”

“Did you?” said the boy, in a low tone—half whisper. He paused after it—consciousness was at work.

Did you ever feel of my pulse? asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

“No, but I have felt mine.”  
Well, don't you feel mine now,—how it goes, beating.

“Yes, said the child.  
If it should stop beating I should die.  
“Would you?”  
Yes, and I can't keep it beating.  
“Who can?”  
God.

A silent pause.

You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?”

I don't know,” said the child with a look of anxiety.—and another pause ensued.

So when I waked this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me and all of us.

“Did you ask him to take care of me?”  
No I didn't.

“Why not?”  
Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?

“Yes,” said the boy readily.  
He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Suppose another case.—Another mother hearing the same words, calls her child into the room. “The boy comes.”

“Did not I hear you say, you did not want to say your prayers?”  
The boy is silent.

“Yes he did,” says his sister behind him.  
“Well, that is very naughty. You ought

always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again.”

The boy goes back, pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation and ill will.

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In plain truth, we must have more thinking and more reasoning upon thought, before Agriculture can advance one step. In this all know we must have more experiments made upon the small scale, and that too, by the class best calculated to carry out the experiments in a proper manner. In time present theory presents her noble thoughts—practice won't touch them. The novice steps in, and wildly pushing onward, presents a failure; and why? simply because he had not practice to modify theory to suit circumstances—location, season, soil, &c. Much of Nature's truth has lain dormant, because the farmer wouldn't waive his prejudices to test the matter. Many visionary schemes have been, and still are set afloat, and why the bright dream of fancy is unchecked by practical truth—for as yet there is none of it.

Soil is the surface of the earth. There are barren soils, that will not produce; and there are fertile soils, that will—produce. Some are made of stones, gravel or grit; others of a kind of mixture of this and that—but they are all soils. When we speak of soil, does it convey any distinct idea to the perception of the mind?

Again, loam, or loam, is a mellow earth—a rich, mellow soil—a black, mellow soil, made light and friable by manuring and tillage; or a simple mixture of the earthly materials—clay and sand.—Now, how are we to know definitely what kind of loam our fellow man means in using that term? For all this we hold the farmer to blame—he should realize that, while following Nature's first and chosen pursuit, he possesses a natural right to be heard and respected therein. To be feared with respect, it is necessary to convey distinct and comprehensible ideas to our fellow man, which can never be done in the absence of an established nomenclature. We are told that we want facts, and the farmer adheres to the position. This is all fact. We have been accumulating facts from the year one, but which are truly, like Jacob's coat, of many colors, all for the want of an established mode of expression. Attend a Farmer's Club, and find that one man honestly contradicts another—each knows he is right; but, perchance, neither knows precisely what the other is talking about, and therefore does not perceive that they are both right, and speaking to the one end. Think not that we would label that class of which, in fellowship, we are always one. By no means; yet if this little scrap has been bold enough to seize your thought, go forth to your clubs, and decide upon and fix your standard of distinctive expression. It will then, no doubt, be fairly realized that there are facts enough already, if read aright, to fix Agriculture upon its long sought, natural basis. The truth is in your own possession, but as yet uncomprehended. That truth, when perceived, will not only urge you onward to success, but will likewise tame the ardor of all visionary schemes. Where you doubt test by experiment upon a small scale. If seemingly good ideas are presented to you, test them; in fact, test all where you have even a reasonable doubt, for, be it known, that you are the proper umpire—you must decide which is good, and which is bad.

## The Duties of a Wife.

There is a volume of Truth embodied in the following sentiment which we commend to the attention of our fair readers as worthy of their highest emulation. Ladies can do more by gentleness than they can by force—a tear may sometimes subvert the heart, but a kind word kindly spoken touches the very soul, and renders the lion harmless. The advice is good—let these profits by it that will:

“Never forget that yours is a lofty calling; never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, an example of patience will calm as well as teach him; your recommendations will drive him from you, your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect drive him to desperation. Your soothing will reverse him, and the merry twinkling of those eyes, now shining languidly with priceless tears, will make him all your own.”

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