Vol. 15 **The Standard,** No 26

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance] ST. ANDREWS N. B, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1848. [15s at the end of the Year

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF THE ENGLISH MAILS.

A Schedule showing the probable days on which the Mails from England will arrive at the St. Andrews Post Office, and the days on which they will close for England between March 1848, and January 1849.

Due at St Andrew	Close at Saint Andrews.
TUESDAY	
8th March, 6 p m	Friday 31st March 5 a m
11th April "	Tuesday 17th April
25th "	Friday 28th "
2d May	Tuesday 9th May
9th "	Friday 12th "
16th "	Tuesday 23d "
23d "	Friday 26th "
30th "	Tuesday 5th June
6th June	Tuesday 12th "
13th "	Tuesday 19th "
20th "	Friday 23d "
27th "	Tuesday 4th July
4th July	Friday 7th "
13th "	Tuesday 18th "
18th "	Friday 21st "
25th "	Tuesday 1st August
1st August	Friday 4th "
8th "	Tuesday 15th "
15th "	Friday 18th "
22d "	Tuesday 29th "
29th "	Friday 1st September
5th September	Tuesday 12th "
12th "	Friday 15th "
19th "	Tuesday 26th "
26th "	Friday 29th "
3d October	Tuesday 10th October
10th "	Friday 13th "
17th "	Tuesday 24th "
24th "	Friday 27th "
31st "	Tuesday 7th Novem'r
7th November	Friday 10th "
14th "	Tuesday 21st "
21st "	Friday 24th "
28th "	Tuesday 5th Decem'r
5th December	Friday 8th "
12th "	Tuesday 19th "
19th "	Friday 22d "
2d Jan'y 1849	
16th " "	

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

Subscribers who do not give *express notice* to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

If Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them *till all arrearages are paid.*

If Subscribers *neglect* or *refuse* to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have SETTLED THEIR BILLS, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If Subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The Courts have decided that *refusing* to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing, and leaving it uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of *intentional fraud.*

Watches, Jewellery. &c

Just received and for sale by the Subscriber, a assortment of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery &c., which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

—AMONG WHICH ARE—

Patent Lever, Le Pine and Vertical WATCHES,
Gold, Plated, and Silver Watch Keys,
Gold, Silver, German & Silk & Indiarubber Guard
Ladies gold and fancy set BROOCHES and Ring
Gold, silver, and German Silver Pencil Cases,
Gold and plated Earrings, Red and White Cornelia Earrings, gold mounted;
Ladies Companion, in silver and other fittings;
Silk, and Russia Leather PURSES,
Pocket Books & Tablets, Card cases & Needle book
Hat, hair, nail, tooth, and shaving BRUSHES,
Silver mounted and Plain 2 CENT Bottles,
Bronzed Ink stands, Letter Clips,
Red and Fancy Sealing Wax, Thermometers,
Plated and Britannia Metal Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays, Key Rings,
Razors and Razor Strops, Tea Bells,
Pocket, Lush, and Fine Combs,
Telescopes, Lead Pencils, silver, Blue steel, and German silver mounted spectacles,
Pocket Jack & Pen Knives, snuff Boxes
Nail, pocket & Table scissors, Percussion Caps,
F. Scleavers celebrated fancy Toilet soap,
Backgammon Boards, &c. &c., Galvanic Rings
Clocks, Watches, Jewellery cleaned and repaired
Quadrants, Compasses and Log Glasses adjusted,
Expected Daily—a very fine 14 Day CLOCK,
Cash, and the highest price given for old Gold & Silver.

G. F. STICKNEY.

JUST RECEIVED.

Ex. Schooners "Nelson & Defiance" from Boston.

BBLS. & Half Bbls. S. F. FLOUR, Buckwheat Flour, in small packages. Indian Meal, Boston Hams (new,) clear Pork—Cheese—ground Coffee—small kegs Soused Tripe (a nice article)—P. Leaf Mats, Cattle and Horse Cards, a variety of Wooden Ware, &c. &c &c.

—ALSO—

Mens, Boys & Youths coarse and fine Boots & Shoes—Womens and Misses and Childrens Kid, Morocco and Leather Shoes. Mens and Womens India Rubber.

W. WHITLOCK,

POETRY

INS AND OUTS

I'm out of cash, and so, of course,
Ive pocket room to let
I'm out of patience, just because
I'm never out of debt.
Beside, I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt
Which is the greater evil, that
Of being in or out.

I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun,
And if I wasn't out of funds,
I'd pay him out of fun.
He always gave me, "fits," he said,
"But Heaven bless his eyes!
I would put him in a fit I guess,
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out at elbows, in distress—
Ah! mine's a sorrow tale!
I'm out of favor, out of sorts,
But then I'm out of jail.
My landlord says my time is out,
And thinks I'd better "shin,"
I'm such an "out-and-putter," he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get pay in some day;
If I don't run for something soon,
I'll have to run away.
I'm out of spirits, and I'm out
Of more than I can think;
I'm out of temper; hang the pen;
Ye gods! I'M OUT OF INK!

FEARLESS AND FAITHFUL.

Labor fearless, labor faithful,
Labor while the day shall last,
For the shadows of the evening
Soon thy sky will overcast.
Ere shall end thy day of labor,
Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
Strive with every power within thee
That the appointed task be done

Life is not the traceless shadow,
Nor the wave upon the beach,
Though our days are brief, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.
Life is real, life is earnest,
Full of labor, full of thought
Every hour, and every moment
Is with living vigour fraught.

Fearless wage life's earnest conflict,
Faithful be to thy high trust
It shall have a memory cherished,
And a path bright as the just.
Labor fearless, labor faithful,
Labor until set of sun,
And the welcome shall await thee,
Promised plaudit of "WELL DONE"

WHAT ARE COMFORTS?

BY MARTIN DOYLE.

A few months ago I had the honour of passing a day in England with a gentleman of considerable property, who took the trouble of showing me a very extensive park and village farm near his manor-house, around which every thing indicated good taste and abundant wealth in the possessor.

It has rarely been my good fortune to view more beautiful scenery than that which the demesne of F——possesses within itself, or a place in which it would be more difficult to find a want, either in the nature or extent of the landscape: yet as we walked along, and were admiring some undulating land about six miles distant, Mr. F——suddenly stopped, and remarked "that he had long wished for that hill, in order to plant on it a clump or two of trees, as a picturesque termination to his prospect: it would be such a comfort to have it! I have offered forty years purchase for that land," said he; "but the possessor is an obstinate fellow, and won't part with it."

I ventured to suggest that he should endeavour to prevail upon the owner of the hill to plant the desired clumps; but to this he gave a decided negative, saying, that it would be very uncomfortable indeed to be indebted to such an unaccommodating person for anything.

At dinner, the lady of the house, after asking me if I had been pleased with Mr F——'s farming, and proposing some other questions of that nature, which she considerately accommodated to my capacity, in order to relieve me if possible from the embarrassment natural to a man of my station in life when sitting at table with his betters, and surrounded with luxuries quite new to him inquired with great suavity of manner, if I did not think that the owner of the hill property was very "tiresome" in refusing Mr F——the little comfort on which his heart was fixed; and in the course of the dessert informed me that the governess was a very "comfortable person to have about children: that the King of the French had "comfort" in his ministers, and must find the attempts upon his life very "tiresome" indeed.

Having got over the dinner business, during which I had been really uncomfortable from the dread of doing something very awkward, I became composed and familiar by degrees, and asked questions in my turn; and was assured that there is very little comfort to be had in a mere country life without a first-rate bailiff and gardener, newspapers, new publications, a billiard table, and society of a certain class within visiting distance; that hot baths are indispensable comforts within the house, and that one adjoining the stables is also a great comfort to a hunter after a hard day's work.

It was also among their comforts to have the nursery in a remote wing, where the cry of a child could not reach the seniors of the family in their apartments, and a very great comfort to have a pew in the church with a fireplace in it.

My host, who would not allow me to leave Castle F——that night, passed much of the evening in reading the papers of that day, standing at intervals with his back to the fire, which comfort he seemed to enjoy extremely, while I threw in a word now and then to him or his lady, to whom I detailed the receipt for making catsup from nettles, as it appears in my Cyclopædia of Agriculture. "This economical method of making catsup," she was pleased to say, "would be a great comfort to the poor;" and so it would, as I ventured to observe, if they had any thing to eat required such sauce

I was conducted at night to a bedroom, with large mirrors, a pair of wax candles on the dressing-table, a luxurious chair placed opposite the fire, and an immensely high bedstead, curtained with damask satin. Being subject to the nightmare, I mounted this (by a step-ladder) with fear and trembling, lest I should roll out in the night; and the apprehension of this calamity in a strange house, and among great people, kept me from sleeping all night, and rendered me extremely uncomfortable.

I could not help thinking what Mrs Doyle and the children would say if they saw me tucked under such fine bed-clothes, and stretched under such a grand canopy; and to tell the truth, I wished myself safely out of it, and in my own crib at Ballyorly. Yet to the obliging inquiries of my entertainers, on the ensuing morning, "if my bed had been comfortable?" I was unable to say No. But what are comforts? thought I to myself all the time. Indeed, the consideration of this question has occupied my mind a good deal since; for I find the nations attached to the term "comfort" are infinitely varied.

When I left Castle F——, the weather was cold; I mounted, however, the roof of a coach, and proceeded with many other passengers for Salisbury. We had not gone far when rain fell in torrents, driven by a piercing blast; umbrellas and coats were not waterproof, and when we alighted at the inn-door at Salisbury, there were none of the outsides who were not more or less wet and miserable.

Four of us determined to remain at the inn all night; and as we threw off dripping cloaks and mufflers, and approached a blazing fire in a small snug parlour, where a cloth, and knives and forks, and a plate-warmer, gave indications of a hot dinner, we all agreed that this was true comfort; nor was this opinion changed when seen afterwards we sat in dry clothes by a fire, with—but let no one mention this to Father Mathew—a hot tumbler of brandy punch before each of us.

But though we were unanimous on this occasion, I soon found that the utmost difference of opinion prevailed on other points, as to real comfort. One of the gentlemen, who sat at my right hand, whispered to me in confidence that there was no comfort in a single life, that his house was cheerless, his servants great plagues from want of a mistress to keep them in order, and his furniture going to destruction. My companion on the other side, whose wife I understand to be a virago, gave a groan, shook his head two or three times, and whispered to me, "If the gentleman wishes to enjoy comfort, he will leave matrimony alone."

Having occasion to hire a good brickmaker to bring over with me to teach my workmen how bricks ought to be made I went into several cottages inhabited by labourers in Shropshire. In the first into which I went, and this was very well furnished, were a man and his wife at breakfast. They had tea and sugar, a white quartern loaf, and some crock butter. Very good, said I to myself; these people are exceedingly comfortable. The man was a common field labourer, and earned twelve shillings a week the year round. They had a piece of meat every day at dinner with their greens or potatoes, and bread into the bargain, and bread and butter in the evening.

There stood a little boiler in a back kitchen, which I understand was for brewing small beer occasionally; and nothing seemed wanting in the way of comforts to this couple.

I was not offered a chair, nor did either of them ask me to sit down, but they answered such questions as I put to them.

I'm glad to see you so comfortable, said I. 'May I ask if you have any others in family?'

No, we're only ourselves. We ha'n't no children, boys nor girls, said the woman in rather a dissatisfied tone.

Well, then, I rejoined, you have the less cause for anxiety. Children are uncertain blessings, though certain cares: and depend upon it, you are much better off than many parents who have them.

That is very true, replied the woman; 'but still a child or two would be a great comfort to us in our old age.

Their next-door neighbours had four noisy children and the same weekly wages Here I was told by the parents, who were also at a tea breakfast, that their childless neighbors were far better off than they, as they had comforts beyond their own reach. We can't drink no beer, said the man—(this was a lie, by the way, for he spent a shilling every week in the jerry-shop to the real discomfort of his family), nor eat no good wittals, nor have nothing comfortable.

In short, in every house into which I went there was something wanting to constitute comfort.

In the dwelling of an artizan it was the want of a hot joint and a pudding on Sundays, or the substitution of an occasional dish of potatoes for bread or meat; and sometimes it was the house itself which was uncomfortable from some cause or other. One or two of the very poorest families which I visited were disposed to think they would have comforts in the Union house which they could not afford under their own roofs, although those who were within that establishment declared that they had no comforts at all.

An old woman in one of the cottages complained to me that John Snook had stolen one of her geese when it was just ready for the market, and that it would be a great comfort to her if John Snook could be taken and transported.

A parish schoolmaster assured me that he had no perfect comfort except in vacation time; the boys when at school were so unruly that he had little peace or comfort except flogging them. The boys, on the other hand, derived no comfort from being flogged.

A sick man told me that a bowl of wine whey would be of the greatest comfort to him; and a woman recovering from fever, whose bed linen had been just changed, spoke within my hearing to her sister of the comfort which she felt in consequence.

I hired a brickmaker in the course of that tour, and set off with him for Ireland. When I reached Liverpool, a steamer was about to leave for Wexford. Into this I entered. The steward showed me a comfortable berth, in which I was dreadfully sick during a passage of twenty hours, loathing the sight and smell of food; yet he often came to ask me if there was any little comfort in the way of meat and drink that he could supply.

A few days after I had reached home, I went into the cottages of my own workpeople and there the distinction between them and those of the corresponding class in England in their estimate of what is comfortable, struck me very forcibly

Although the principle which leads most of us to desire something more than we possess in the way of comforts, as they are called—but of extreme luxuries in many instances—operates in the Irish labourer as among nine-tenths of his fellow men, his notions of what is comfortable are truly moderate.

One of my ploughmen was at breakfast, as I walked into his house. He and his family were seated round a table—it had no cloth I must admit—helping themselves at pleasure from a dish of stirabout, and dipping each spoonful into a mug of milk. This I thought a far more suitable breakfast for them than weak and adulterated tea and white bread, at a much greater expense than an oatmeal diet.

I asked Pat what he would think of bread and tea every morning and evening, to which he very sensibly replied that it wasn't fit for him nor the likes of him! but that a cup of tea and some bread would be very agreeable to them every Sunday evening, especially so to his old mother, who would think a little tea now and then a great comfort. As to meat, he would like that once or twice a-week, but was not so unreasonable as to wish for it oftener. As long as the potatoes and the milk stood to him, he had no reason to complain!

Then what are comforts? I again asked myself.

Returning home, I called at the house of a dying widow whose character I had long respected. She was very poor, but always contented, though she could hardly be said at any time to have enjoyed what are considered the blessings of this life. I asked her if she wanted anything that I could send her—any little comforts The word excited her languid spirit. "I have wanted for nothing," said she, that was really needful for me; and now, O God! thy comforts delight my soul.' After a little time she said, "Blessed be the God of all comfort;" and again, "I am filled with comfort."

These words gave another turn to my thoughts: the subject was placed in a new point of contemplation. Let my reader now in his turn, entering into the widow's application of the term comfort, ponder upon the question, "What is comfort?" and I am much mistaken if he does not discover that it is something which the world cannot give.

☞ As a gentle hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visiter, when a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoilt child. Not at all, madam,' was the reply. 'I am always delighted to hear such cry.'—'Indeed! why so?'—'Because in all well-regulated families they are immediately sent out of the room.'

From the Railway Record.

RAILWAYS IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

A Colonial correspondent, who sends us a St Andrew's paper ("the Standard") from which we perceive that the new prospects opened up for their railway project by the late enactments of the legislature, engross the public attention there, observes:—'Every packet brings out instructions from the Colonial Office to the Lieut. Governor to bolster up the long line (from Halifax via the northern boundary); but it is an absurdity, and the money we have granted for the survey is literally money thrown away. The Halifax people, however, I am glad to say, have made a grant for the survey of a line from Halifax to Windsor and Annapolis, to communicate with the St. Andrew's line; and our legislature have done the same for a line from St John to Shediac." The St. Andrews Company have powers in their Act to construct the greater portion of the long line if they choose; but as it passes away from the three centres of population, and is exposed to tremendous snow drifts which pass with such fearful violence over the wide expanse of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, no capitalists will ever think of undertaking it. "A timely calling of public attention," says the St. Andrew's paper referred to, in commenting upon some articles which have appeared in this journal, to a subject of all-absorbing importance to these colonies, might have some effect to prevent the local Government from committing itself to a scheme which might, in a great measure, defeat the very object which ought steadily to be kept in view—viz., a commercial connection between the upper and lower colonies by means of a railway. To accomplish this object in the most effectual manner, the shortest and cheapest line must be adopted. In the face of American competition, the necessity of this is imperative. Patriotism, not partizanship, demands it. We require the adoption not of our line, but of the best line, which, without controversy, the western line is."

VALUE OF IRISH RAILWAY SHARES.

A Friend of ours, who is in Ireland at present has made many inquiries amongst the mercantile gentlemen whom he meets from time to time, as to the reasons of the peculiar depression which exists in the quoted share prices of many of the local railways, whose character and prospects have been generally regarded as of the first class. Some of the answers he has received refer to the unsettled state of political affairs, and to the panic inspired by the violent proceedings of the "Young Ireland" agitators. Others ascribe it chiefly, or solely, to the monetary and commercial dilemma that still exists, as the legacy of the "fever and famine year." More lay the blame on the want of knowledge, among English capitalists, of the advantages and security of investment in first-class Irish lines.

While in Cork, lately, he took notice of the low quoted prices of some concerns in that neighbourhood, of which the opinion of the local community appeared very high. He pursued his usual investigations; and from amongst the communications he received on the subject are one or two that have been forwarded to us, and from which, as they appear to be candidly written, we shall extract a few paragraphs, for the consideration of our readers:—

It would be wonderful indeed, in times like the present, when such deep depression extends itself to every branch of industry in the kingdom, if railway property alone had passed the trying ordeal wholly untouched.

Look, for instance, at the Great Southern and Western, magnificent work, embracing a country possessing as many of the prime qualifications for active traffic as it is possible to imagine. So far as it has been opened, even in the late and present dreadful seasons, it has worked steadily, effectively, and progressively—giving all the indications of yelding, when completed, an abundant harvest to the shareholders.

Then there is our own peculiarly local railway—a gem in itself—the Cork and Passage—one of omnibus lines of all work, which are most fruitful in lucrative resources. This will be an elegant line when finished. It commands the immediate view of the beautiful and picturesque river of Cork from end to end, and touches at three watering places along its course. Property in these parts is rapidly rising in value. It is supposd the line will be thrown open for traffic next June twelve months.

The Morning Herald states, that the committee of the House of Commons on national distress, have rejected, by a majority of two, a motion condemning Sir Robert Peel's bank charter act of 1844.

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