



Y'S PILLS,

FORBODEN CURB OF
MACH COMPLAINT
of the Ear of Albiborough
from 21st February 1845
HOLLOWAY

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of Carboid and Ma-
other, but and a lot of
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and obedient servant
ALBIBOROUGH
OF HOLLOWAY
STANDING
Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chas.
17th April 1845

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Vol. 14

The Standard.

No 25

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1847.

[15s at the end of the Year

DICK TROT AND HIS YANKEE CLOCK.

Well, sir, said Dick to me one day, about five years or better ago, I bought a wooden clock from a Yankee pedlar named Tom Jones, who used to travel through this country, droppin' one at almost every house. 'Twas the last one he had, and I paid him fifteen dollars for it. She was a perfect goer of a clock—and then such a beauty! Her little, squat, dumpy figure dressed out in her painted case, just filled my eye exactly to a gnat's heel. I set her on the mantle shelf, so I might allers see her. Her little penum would swing back and forth pickin' at a proper rate. That she'd roll it, peckin' day after day, and week after week, dead bent on keepin' up with the sun, and determined that, nary time piece in the settlement should get ahead of her. She'd jig at the hours, never stoppin' to catch breath, but just firin' away in admirable style. I'd wind her up of nights, and then go to bed, puttin' my confidence in her, and bein' perfectly satisfied that she'd do her duty faithfully, although I wasn't watchin' her, and wouldn't allow the sun to be up before she'd put her hand to the hour for sunrise. And, then, when I'd be restless and couldn't sleep, or when I was sick, then what company she was to me. To be sure, she couldn't talk to me—just call me by name—that's all. Though sometimes she'd say "Dick," so plain I'd look up at her, and almost expect her to lead off a regular built chat. Well, sir, she continued to be good for five years, and my heart's delight. In fact, I may say that she hit on longer than that, but 'twas about that time she began monotonously to exclaim old Dave Wilson's wife—you know how she was?

"Can't say, I do, exactly."

"Why, sir, I thought you know'd. Old Dave used to say that his wife was a charming creature: one of the best of women; that he didn't believe from old Mother Eve down to the present generation, a better woman ever throwed a petticoat over her head. To be sure, he said she had her ways; (here Dick snuffled in imitation of old Dave, whom I knew very well); she would have her ways and such ways she did have! Well, sir, my clock got to be the same way; some of her works got out of fix; and for spite she done just as she pleased. Striked yes, sir, she did, like old dignation! She'd take a notion to bingle off sometimes, and she'd ring in on them, wites one hundred and fifty times. At first I was tickled at it, and would set and laugh at her for bein' such a fool as to be cuttin' up them extrays, what didn't hurt nobody but herself. But at last I began to get tired of such foolery. It seemed to me, when ever I had a tough job before me, and wanted to study it out, or whenever I was right sleepy, then she'd pick her chance to come them big bingles! I put up with it a long time; didn't do nothin' to her; and thort by lettin' her have her fun out, she might get tired of it herself, after a while. But she didn't; she still hit on stouter 'an ever. On last Saturday, I went up here to muster, and as I allers have done on such occasions, tack ray-ther too much of the tech-me lightly. When I got home, I thort the best place for me was in bed—so, to sleep of the boozey. I pulls off and gets in bed; but no sooner did my head touch the pillow than up starts the clock—ch-r-r-ring—I determined to put a stop to any such capers that night. I got up loaded my old musket, tuck a cheer and shot down right afore her.

Now, old lady, sez I, yer after the spite game agin, are ye? Jist go on of ye like it; but dar' to strike a hundred this time, and ding me like yer one bit; she struck away, 'pearly like soon got up to ninety—ninety—one—two—three—four—five, six—I sez ye givin' it, sez I, and I cocks the old musket—ch-r-r-ring—I puts it to my shoulder—ch-r-r-ring—I takes my sight—ch-r-r-ring, I lays my finger on the trigger—ch-r-r-ring, sez she stouter 'an ever, and was starting with another ch-r-r—when I flames away, and in half a seckin' finds myself flat on my back, in the middle of the floor.

As I picked myself up, I heard the old lady still goin' it; and darn me, if she didn't strike fifty times more, although twenty-five buckshot took effect all among her countenance, and both of her hands were taken smooth off. I hain't wound her up sense; for with the pluck she's got, there's no knowin' what she might do, of she had a chance. She's without exception the best game I ever seed.

MORAL.—Although it may be well to take Time by the forelock, yet it would better not to do so rashly.

Decidedly UNPLEASANT.—An officer who sailed up a river on the coast of Guinea, furnishes the following attractive picture of the face of the country:

"We were thirty miles distant from the sea, in the country altogether uncultivated, overgrown with water—surrounded with thick impenetrable woods, and overrun with slime. The air was so vitiated, noisome, and thick, that our torches and candles burnt dim, and

seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

EXCELLENCE NOT LIMITED BY STATION.

There is not a more common error of self-deception than a habit of considering our stations in life so ill-suited to our powers, as to be unworthy of calling out the full and proper exercise of our virtues and talents.

As society is constituted, there cannot be many employments which demand very brilliant talents, of great delicacy of taste, for their proper discharge. The great bulk of society is composed of plain, plodding men, who move "right onward" to the sober duties of their calling. At the same time the universal good demand that those whose nature has greatly endowed should be called from the ordinary track to take up higher and ennobling duties. England, happily for us, is full of bright examples of the greatest men raised from the meanest situations; and the education which England is now beginning to bestow upon her children will multiply these examples. But a partial and incomplete diffusion of knowledge will also multiply the victims of that evil principle which postpones the discharge of present and immediate duties, for the anticipations of some distant above the labors of a handicraftsman, or the calculations of a shopkeeper. Years and experience, which afford us the opportunity of comparing our own powers with those of others, will, it is true, correct the inconsistent expectations which arise from a want of capacity to set the right value on ourselves. But the wisdom thus gained may come too late. The object of desire may be found decidedly unattainable, and existence is then wasted in a sluggish contempt of present duties; the spirit is broken; the temper is soured; habits of misanthropy and personal neglect creep on and life eventually becomes a tedious and miserable pilgrimage of never satisfied desires. Youth, however, is happily not without its guide, if it will take a warning from example. Of the highly-gifted men whose abandonment of their humble calling has been the apparent beginning of a distinguished career, we do not recollect an instance of one who did not pursue that humble calling with credit and success, until the occasion presented itself for exhibiting those superior powers of which nature occasionally bestows. Benjamin Franklin was as valuable to his master as a printer's apprentice, as he was to his country as a statesman and a negotiator, or to the world as a philosopher. Had he not been so, indeed, it may be doubted whether he ever would have taken his rank among the first statesmen and philosophers of his time. One of the great secrets of advancing in life is to be ready to advantage of those opportunities which, if a man really possesses superior abilities, are sure to present themselves some time or other. As the poet expresses it, "There is a tide in the affairs of men"—an ebbing and flowing of the unstable element on which they are born—and if this be only "taken at the flood," the "full sea" is gained on which "the voyage of their life" may be made with ease and the prospect of a happy issue.

But we should remember, that for those who are ready to embark when their tide is at its flood, that tide may never serve again; and nothing is more likely to have a hindrance at such a moment than the distress which is certain to follow a neglect of our ordinary business.

ANECDOTE OF DOGS.

Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shows the sense, and I am almost inclined to add, reason of the Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, who was attending a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent their dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.

A gentleman had a Pointer and Newfoundland dog, which were great friends. The former broke his leg and was confined to a kennel. During that time, the Newfoundland never failed bringing home bones and other food to the Pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend.

During a period of very hot weather, the mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets should be secured by the police, and removed to the prison yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a ship owner, of the port who, with several others, were tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then heaved the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined them, and had succeeded in

three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the jailor.—Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs.

POETRY.

I NEVER COULD SEE A GOOD REASON.

I never could find a good reason,
Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
And all the bright joys of life's season,
Be driven unheeded away.

Our eyes would shake no more emotion,
Were we to our lot but resign'd,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

The world has a spirit of beauty,
Which looks upon all for the best,
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest;

That spirits the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than the rose.

THE WEATHER.
The far in June, the last of June,
The month of leaves and roses:
And pleasant sights should meet the eyes,
And pleasant smells the nose;
They say that time is on the wing,
And on the autumn raining;
But who would know it, when it is
Perpetually raining?

I got my summer pantaloon
A month ago on Monday
And I have never had a chance
To wear them on a Sunday.
It's time for all the pleasant things,
For walking, riding, training,
But there is nothing in the world
But raining, raining, raining!

The weathercock has rusted east,
The blue sky is forgotten,
The earth's a saturated sponge,
And vegetation's rotten.
I hate to see the darkest side,
I hate to be complaining,
But hang me if my temper stands
This raining, raining, raining.

Lines to a Lady in answer to the questions
"WHAT, WHEN, AND WHERE IS LOVE?"

"Say what is love?"—a spirit blest—
A something undefined,
That lingers in each tender breast,
And fills each pure mind.

And this is love—a still small voice,
That whispers "I am sad,"
When'er the some-one of my choice,
Seems otherwise than glad.

"Say when is love?"—when scarce we dare,
The tender thought impart;
When hope still struggles with despair,
For empire in the heart.

And then fair Lady, one oft feels
Love's raptures most divine,
When one the nectar'd treasure steals,
From lips as sweet as thine!

"Say where is love?"—where is it not?
'Tis now within thy breast,
And when thou'lt change thy single lot,
'Twill make thee doubly blest.

And such is love—a joy remote—
A curse—a blessing too,
A kind disease whose antidote,
'Is happiness in view.

'Tis gentle woman's ruling power;
A sceptre kindly given;
A light that cheers the darkest hour;
An attribute of Heaven.

DECISION.

Decision is an admirable trait in the character of a young man. To the faintest whisper of error—to the slightest smile of guilt—to the softest touch of shame—be decided in your resistance. What if jovial companions put the glass to your lips—breathe impurity to your tongue? Be determined to resist temptation. A decided negative at the first approach of sin, wins half the victory. Irresolution has paved the highway of life with thorns and briars, and clothed the sky with sackcloth. It has whitened the regions of death

with the bones of those who have perished by yielding to the demands of sin. Be decided and you will be safe.—N. Y. Organ.

ORIGIN OF THE GULF STREAM.—A writer in the Knickerbocker for April throws out the unproved and original ideas regarding the origin of the Gulf Stream:

Some of the peculiarities of that great and powerful current known as the Gulf Stream, are its temperature and colour. Its colour is the blue of the Pacific, and not the green of the Atlantic. Its temperature is higher than that of the other tropical seas. The color is not that of the turbid Mississippi and the other large rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, out of the fathomless depths which the gulf stream flows. Its temperature is not that of the neighboring waters. Whence, then, are color temperature derived? According to this correspondent, the color is derived, with the stream itself, from the Pacific. He affirms to be far down beneath the Great Isthmus, separating that ocean from the Gulf. He maintains that the Isthmus was tunneled by the action of volcanic fires, still maintained in that vicinity; that the stream is of a higher temperature because it has been charged with the heat of volcanic fires rising beneath the tunnel of their own construction that the waters are made to rush through this great tunnel and from the Gulf Stream by the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and the ever-existing fact that the waters of the Pacific, resting against the western side of the Isthmus, are 12 to 15 feet higher than those of the Gulf of Mexico; that the reason why the stream is of the highest temperature about Key West, is that there the greatest current from the Pacific and through the Gulf first emerges to the surface and has mixed less with the colder waters through which it is projected.

NOURISHMENT.—The following table of the amount of nutritious matter in different grains, is well worth preservation for reference.

100 lbs. Wheat contain	55 lbs. nutritious matter.
do Corn	97
do Rice	90
do Rye	80
do Barley	83
do Beans	89 to 92
do Peas	93
do Meat, average	37
do Potatoes	55
do Carrots	14
do Beets	11
do Greens & turnips	8
do Bread	80

THE ATTENTIVE GALLANT.

The Baltimore Western Continent tells the following good one, combining gallantry and greenness:

Some two weeks since a young gentleman from one of the southern States came to Washington, to endeavor to obtain an appointment in one of the new regiments about being raised for Mexico. It was his first trip to the north, and having travelled straight through from Atlanta to Washington, without stopping on the road, he had better opportunity of feeling than seeing the effect produced by a change of climate. On the day after his arrival he was introduced by the member of this district to several young ladies with one of whom it fell to his lot to walk from Cradley's to the Capitol.

The lady was provided with a ponderous muff, now so fashionable an article of dress at the north. Our hero was in a dilemma—what to call it or for what purpose it was used he did not know. But one thing he did know, and that was it was anything but polite for a gentleman to allow a lady to bear such a burthen. He scrutinized it with much uneasiness for some time—he could not divine what it contained but he was perfectly familiar with the "kiver," and unable longer to restrain his gallantry, he extended his hands, saying,

"Miss Julia, 'low me to toot your bar skin for you!"

Thank you, sir—don't trouble yourself, replied Miss Julia, blushing very red.

Oh, 'tain't no trouble in the least! replied our hero, insisting on relieving her of her burthen.

The merry girl at last consented, rather than enter into so embarrassing an explanation; and taking the muff under one arm, our hero offered the other to his fair companion with whom he marched boldly along the avenue to the Capitol to the no small wonderment of the passing crowd.

It is needless to add that he soon discovered his mistake, or that he has from that hour, held all ladies rigidly in utter abhorrence.

PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—To make a plain rice pudding, boil a pint of rice until it is quite soft. Mix two ounces of butter and four table-spoonsfuls of sugar, a quart of rich milk with the rice, boil them up together and let them cool. Beat five eggs until they are quite light and stir them into the rice. It should take about an hour.

MOUSE, VS. RAT.

Mr. and Mrs. Battle were a fond and loving couple in the town of N—, who, for about a twelve month, had dwelt as "one flesh" in law matrimonial, and whose union thus far, it a shade less blissful than "turtle doves," had afforded an example of conjugal felicity as edifying, to say the least, as the generality of matches. It happened one winter evening that having exhausted all their usual themes of chat, they had been sitting in silence together, luxuriating in the communicating muteness of fishes, when suddenly with a piercing shriek, Mrs. Battle sprang from her chair and jumped upon her side table, crying out at the top of her lungs, "Lord of Mercy! Oh, that horrible being—Kill him Mr. Battle, kill him!"

The husband, quick as thought, seized the poker, and though half frightened out of his senses, raised it firmly over his head, and placed himself bolt upright in an attitude of defence. For some moments he stood speechless, with mingled wonder and awe; then casting a glance at his wife, who stood leaning against the wall, pale, shivering and half frantic with terror, he at length recovered his wits and the use of his tongue, so far as to ask in a voice faint and husky, who—where—what is he?

There! there!—husband, don't you see—there! It isn't no man—it is a horrible great mouse! Oh, dear, I shall faint away, certain! There he comes again, this way—Merciful heavens! Oh! oh!

Mr. B. breathed a little more freely, after his last information; for, to say the truth, he was by no means a Hercules in strength or stature, (being only four feet eleven in his boots, and weighing but just one hundred and five pounds, even after dinner,) and supposing it was some huge robber or cut-throat who had hidden himself in the room that had caused his wife's fright, his knees had begun to knock together, a little a la Belshazzar notwithstanding his great show of bravery. But, now, regaining his faculties, he advanced boldly in the direction indicated by Mrs. B.'s finger, and with a courage and presence of mind worthy of an Alexander, succeeded by the aid of a poker, in stretching a most ferocious-looking young rat lifeless on the floor.

After a few moments, peace and order were again restored, and Mrs. B., having succeeded in an astonishing degree of self-control in quieting her nerves, was again seated at her work table, busily plying her needle, when a loud ringing of the door bell was followed by the announcement of Mr. Pry. Pry had popped in as he said, to see how they all did, and to have a little social chat, but as it turned out (unfortunately for the peace of our excellent couple) he was just in season to hear from Mrs. Battle's lips a relation of what she called her frightful adventure with the mouse.

"Not my dear, interrupted Mr. B., 'a rat.'—Excuse me love; but 'twas a mouse. But I assure you, Madam, it was a rat. I beg your pardon, sir, notwithstanding you assure me, I am quite sure it was a mouse."

Don't tell me, Mrs. Battle, do you think I am a fool, not to know a rat from a mouse and in my own house, too? Keep cool, Mr. Battle; don't get huffy just because I spoke a word. Somehow or other lately, I can never open my eyes before you, but you must fly into a pet. And then you must be twit—twit—twitting me all about your house, as if you were lord of everything here, and I were only your humble servant. I declare Battle, and as unreasonable as you can live.

Mrs. Battle you are enough to provoke a saint. Three times you have contradicted me, and—

All because I said a mouse wasn't a rat. A mouse aint a rat, and you know it, Battle.

Mrs. Battle, there's no standing this—No! nor I won't, stand it any longer. I'll have a divorce, if there is one to be had in the country. I will not live with such a termagant. No I won't Mrs. Battle, and that's the long and short of it.

Here Mrs. Battle fell back in her chair, and burst into a flood of tears. Pry, finding matters getting a little too hot, crept slyly out of the room, and ran for home as if from an hornet's nest. Mr. Battle paced the room hurriedly to and fro, for the space of five minutes or more, with blanched cheek, and lips quivering with rage and finally seated himself by a window, and with an air of affected unconcern, began to whistle Yankee Doodle. He had not been seated but three or four minutes, when his wife, suddenly rising up, came across the room, thrust her arms effrontly about his neck, and buried her head in his bosom.

My dear husband, My dear wife I have offended—deeply offended you—Can you forgive me? Yes, sweet—a thousand times. How foolish I was to dispute with you, I fear one about such a trifle.

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