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## MY WIFE'S SILVER SPOON.

The late President Judge of the fourteenth Judicial Circuit of Ohio, Judge W., was very fond of practical jokes; and most capital ones he was wont to play in years long ago, before his promotion to the bench. His ready ingenuity and fertile imagination furnished him, at will, with the material for the liveliest humor and the choicest plots of sport, and the court rooms of that circuit have oftentimes paid their tribute to his wit, in echoes to the loud guffaws which his humor and irony have drawn from surrounding auditors.

Many years ago, he was elected to the House of Representatives. His colleague, an older man, was a member of the bar, and elected to the Senate was his intimate friend and participant in the fortunes of the same political party. He was a man of infinite wit and most excellent fancy, and most eminent in stature, as he was in his profession. They started from Cleveland on horse back for the capital.

Their saddle-bags and satchels were slung to the saddle-bows, and as they pursued on the errand of the olden time, they beguiled them of the weary hours with many a quip, quick anecdote and facetious remark.

They alighted one day at a country inn to dine. The landlord sprang before the strangers the best of his stables, and garrisoned the table with the choicest stores. Hunger lent eagerness to their operations, and they charged upon the viands with a spirit which the mounted traveller, the fox-hunter, and the dragon only know. Especially did our tall friend enjoy the repast, and lingered long at the board, before the damage to his appetite became decidedly serious. While he was revelling in the last dishes of the desert, W., whose quick mind was even on the alert, with a dexterity secured the landlord's silver spoon, and bore them off quietly, and slipped them into the pocket of the grey suit of the former, who was quite unconscious of the ruse. Their walking into the bar room, he saw the rural landlord, aside with a confidential look, and asked in a low tone, and that distrustful air which has might have suggested, he inquired his wife's suspicious into O'Brien's hand.

Who is that individual who has just dined with me?

Never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, stranger, responded O'Brien.

Perhaps you know his business? Really, I never saw the man before. Why?

Oh nothing, he overtook me a few miles back; rather too far on short acquaintance. No harm of him, I hope, stranger?

Well, we shall see what we shall see. One can't be too sharp now-a-days.

I say, stranger, he isn't dishonest is he? Oh, my opinion goes for nothing—but he'll keep a sharp look out for him—(in a whisper).

The Senator having finished his dinner, soon came in; the bills were settled, the saddle-bags thrown over the horses, and the friends started off. The landlord being around the door, and wondering if the famous Jim Brown, of spurious currency memory, was not abroad, roused the quarters he had just received of the tall gentleman, fifty times on the stone door step before he could decide their genuineness. From this state of mind he was startled by the cracked voice of his wife, who rushed to the door, crying—

Goodness, gracious! where's them silver spoons?

Silver spoons? Yes, them 'ere spoons we toled clear from York State, and that had been on the table for six months before to day—they are gone!

The deuce they are! And the landlord was gone, too, for the was round at the barn and had a bridle on the brown mare in a good deal less time than 'twoforty—and following the two at a spurring pace, swearing by thunder, that he'd floor that tall fellow or perish in the attempt.

They had rode two or three good miles when they espied a cloud of dust approaching them in the rear. W. was not long in discovering it to be the landlord sweeping on like a locomotive, but he kept this to himself. He proposed that they should increase speed and give the pursuer a show of the animal's blood and bottom. They did so, and the beasts sprang into a gallop. But the landlord laid his whip over the brown mare, and she left the road behind her rapidly. The pursued gave their horses a touch of the steel and they were not to be overtaken. The Senator entered into the race with enthusiasm. Now the sport waxed warm. The Senator's horse skimmed the road like a streak of greased lightning, and fairly outstripped his friend W., who allowed his horse to drop behind; and to be overtaken by the landlord.

The latter told him of the disappearance of the spoons, and of his suspicions. W. seconded them, and told him he was betrayed into the race by the stranger, and how his own animal had become unmanageable, and run away with him, thus accounting for his

own speed and apparent flight. He suggested that he might have some difficulty in taking the stranger and offering to assist him.

They soon came up with him, and the landlord pronounced upon his horse with the courage of a lion, and with aid and oath that would have started a haund out of his boots, ordered him to dismount.

The Senator was confounded. Such a salutation was rather calculated to excite his especial anger, and overcome him like a thunder-bolt, and he was dumb with surprise.

I say, stranger, said the landlord, a little cooler, but most determined, you can hand over them spoons or be put through the darkest course of sports you ever heard tell—take your choice?

Spoons, ejaculated the tall stranger. Well now, that's cool—delish cool—but it won't go down, stranger. If you didn't hook my wife's spoons, then I am a confounded liar, that's all!

Your wife's spoons, sir? cried the Senator, who was getting most dreadfully involved in a riddle.

Yes, my wife's spoons—acknowledge the corn, stranger, or you will catch a touch of peculiar Jesse, now I tell you!

Whereupon the fellow made a charge upon the Senator's coat collar, and nearly brought him to the ground, but in this maneuver the grey suit fell from the saddle bow, and gave a most audible and unmistakable clink as it struck the ground. The landlord pounced upon it, and shook the contents from the pockets. Out fell the spoons. The landlord seized upon them, still reeking with the dinner's condiment, and with triumphant air held them up to view. The Senator was all rapture.

Just at this moment, W., with characteristic coolness, and a gravity that never failed him in an emergency of the kind turned to the Senator, and with an air of wounded confidence exclaimed!

Sir, I had, till now, supposed that I was travelling in company with a gentleman. I must bid you good day. And with a bow which savored much of high consideration, he gave spurs to his horse and rode off at a gallop.

The Senator saw the joke. The landlord, too, was not long in discovering that the stranger was a well authenticated victim, as Carlyle would say, and invited the jokee back to a modest squander at his expense, when he related the adventures of the chase to his wife with much gusto.

The tall man in the grey suit is now Chief Justice of the State of Ohio.

From the *Albion Celebrator*.

## ORIGIN OF THE MORGAN HORSES.

There seems to be some persons who still continue to suppose that there was "French Canadian" blood in the original horse which belonged to my father, Justin Morgan, and from which the excellent stock of "Morgan horses" sprung; while no one who has attended to the clear proofs to the contrary, which have from time to time appeared in your valuable journal, can now justly entertain any such notion.

In the fall of 1795, my father brought the horse, then a two years old colt, from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Randolph, Vermont. Mr. John Morgan, of Lima, N. Y., who, though of the same name, is but a distant relative of my father's family, then lived, as I have been informed, in Springfield, and had every opportunity, as I believe, of knowing the truth in relation to the horse.

Mr. J. Morgan says he was not only well acquainted with my father's horse, but also with the sire of that horse, "True Briton, or Beautiful Bay," and he states that he (Mr. J. M.) kept the latter horse at the time my father's colt was begotten by him. He says also, that he was acquainted with "Traveler," "Diamond," and "Wild Air," and at the time knew them to be English blood horses. Mr. John Morgan further says, that however much may have been said relative to my father having brought the horse from Canada, knows that it was not so. His means of knowledge, and the respectability of his character, entitles his statements to the fullest credit.

The fact that my father died about two and a half years after he brought the colt into Randolph, his children all being young, and the horse having been sold out of the family very soon after my father's decease, may account for his pedigree not being better understood.

I have a perfect recollection of the horse when my father owned him and afterwards, and have always lived where his stock is well known, and well remember that my father always spoke of him as a horse of the best blood. I remember that two running horses—ow, I believe, from Long Island, called "Sweepstakes," the other, I think, from the north part of the state of New-York, called "Silvertail,"—had races with him in my father's life time, when his horse was but four years old, for a considerable sum, for those days, and they were both beaten by him with ease. I was present at Brookfield, Vt., although then but a small boy, and wit-

nessed the race with "Sweepstakes." My father's horse was not only a swift runner, but a very fast trotter. Those who have seen the "Gifford Morgan," will have a very correct idea of the size, shape, style and action of the original Morgan horse, as the resemblance, between them is very close, not only in those particulars, but most others, except color.

The stock, also, of the "Gifford Morgan," with which I have always been well acquainted, is very similar to that of the original horse.

I consider it a very fortunate circumstance that the attention of the public has at length become awakened to the great value and importance of the Morgan stock of horses, in season to save the blood in such purity as we yet have it in some individuals. A few more years of indifference and delay would have insured its loss beyond the possibility of recovery. JUSTIN MORGAN, *Stockbridge, Vt.* Feb. 27, 1847.

## POETRY.

### THE UNHAPPY BRIDE.

BY E. D. BAKER.

She stood at the altar,  
All trembling and fair,  
With a wreath on her hair,  
And a pearl in her hair.

She stood at the altar,  
In a robe tinged with gold,  
And diamonds that sparkled,  
From each joy fold.

She stood at the altar,  
That maiden so fair,  
Her lips uttered vows,  
But her heart was not there.

She stood at the altar,  
But her heart was not there,  
At the thought of the mischievous,  
Rent in her stocking.

### HE STOOD AT THE ALTAR.

BY F. B. GRAHAM.

He stood at the altar,  
(Because he'd no chair,  
With brass rings on his fingers,  
And laid on his hair.

He stood at the altar,  
With a watch in his fob,  
A young wickerado  
As straight as a cob.

He stood at the altar,  
As humanity's guise—  
A pin grazed his cheek,  
And goggles in his eyes.

He stood at the altar,  
As shrewd ones have said,  
Without events in his pocket,  
Or sense in his head.

### BE CHARITABLE.

BY W. O. EATON.

When life is old, and hearts are worn  
With ceaseless torture day by day,  
And pallid cheeks and eyes forlorn,  
Reproachful look at death's delay.

When star and stream and bird and dove  
In happy life before us rise,  
To mock the souls where sorrows lower,  
By sights and sounds of Paradise.

Whip all the human race we doubt,  
Because by men so oft betrayed,  
And turning from the world without,  
We find the inward world in shade.

When, lifting up our gaze in air,  
And falling on despairing knee,  
We beg of God one smile to spare,  
To light the brow of misery.

The silence and continued cloud,  
More deep and dark the more we pray,  
Explain why hearts, where horrid crowd,  
To self destruction rush away.

Oh, blame them not! nor rudely just  
At dissolution's hasty end,  
Mourn at the mourner's lack of rest,  
And may you never wait a friend.

For oh! bethink you ere you elude,  
That there are griefs too great to bear,  
And though your heart they ne'er have tried,  
Uniting in one great despair.

They may be yours, they may be yours,  
And your dark soul for slumber sigh,  
Where death seals his immortal doors,  
And knows and slaves can't be come nigh.

Why marvel if man haste to pain,  
The only hope his frenzy sees?  
Must be forever freer pain,  
And look for leaves on withered trees.

## THE STANDARD.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1847.

### Arrival of the Steamship Hibernia.

The second May Mail, by the Steamship Hibernia, was received here by Stage from St. John, last evening (Friday). The mail was brought by express from Halifax.

Symptoms of an improved trade have been manifested since the sailing of the last steamer, notwithstanding the price of breadstuffs had advanced, which is owing to the smallness of the stocks all over Europe. The importations of foreign and colonial produce had been to pretty large extent since the last advices; but the fear entertained that there may not be a sufficiency in the Kingdom to last until the next harvest, and that enough would not reach England from abroad to make up for the home deficiency, has been the cause of the advance. At Liverpool, Flour met a moderate demand at 4s. per barrel for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Ohio, and 47s. 6d. to 48s. for Western Canal. It is stated that at Auction, New Orleans Flour was sold for 12s. 2d. per barrel, and Western canal at 46s. 6d.

The value of Beef and Pork is much the same as last noted.

Food riots have taken place in the West of England. Exeter, Colyton, Taunton, and Walsbridge, have been the scene of the riots.

Brussels and Tournay had been the theatres of fresh riots.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Bessborough) died on Sunday.

The Irish poor law bill has passed the lower House, and been sent to the lords.

Incidents.—The accounts from Ireland are very awful. Tumultuous proceedings had possession among the peasantry in various parts of the country have taken place, and the military and police have been in general requisition to keep the spirit of insubordination in check.

The reports of the progress of pestilence are quite disheartening, and notwithstanding all the imports of food, and the immense extent of relief in food and money, great destitution still prevails, and the markets are advancing.

Father Mathew is likely to be appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork.

FRANCE.—Very serious food riots have occurred in different parts of France.

The *Reformer* announces, on the authority of a private letter, that serious disturbances had broken out at Cambrai. A black flag was paraded through the streets, the multitude vociferating "Bread at 20 sous, or death."

Every quarter of the town was disturbed. It was attempted to disperse the crowd by a display of infantry and cavalry, but the military failed in their efforts. At 6 o'clock in the evening a detachment of 50 National Guards established a post in the hall of the Consistory, and the firemen, having taken arms, contributed to restore order.

At Lille disturbance of a more serious nature occurred on the 12th. Most of the baker's shops were plundered by the mob, who afterwards traversed the streets, crying "Vive la Republique!" "Vive Henry V."

It was reported on the Paris Bourse on Friday, that a telegraphic despatch from Lyons mentioned the occurrence of similar scenes of disorder in that city.

One-fourteenth portion of the population of Paris is pauper.

The exportation of corn from the Austrian dominions has been prohibited for five months.

The Duke of Argyll proposes to ship a boy 1000 persons from his estate in the Highlands in Canada.

There was a desperate riot near Limerick on Thursday, in which two policemen were badly wounded. Near Enniskillen, in the county Clare, there was another serious riot in which blood was shed.

Suspension of the Duty upon Rice Meal. An order of government, dated 11th inst., has been addressed to the Commissioners of Customs, and by them to the Collectors at all the ports, to admit rice meal free of duty until the 1st of September next.

LIVERPOOL TIMBER MARKETS.—In our last printed circular, we made some observations on the embarrassments under which the trading interests were then suffering, occasioned by the Directors of the Bank of England having found it necessary to contract their accumulated amount of discounts, and by other capitalists following their example in becoming more stringent than usual in their accommodation to the public. The apprehension which thereby at first existed has greatly abated. Discounts are granted more freely and on easier terms. It is to be hoped that as confidence and credit seem now being restored, the accustomed course of trade will not be long impeded. There does not appear to be any reduction during the last few weeks in the prices asked for the various descriptions of wood, yet the sales effected are on a

very limited scale, and when made, have been at a snail's pace under our last quotations; should however, the commercial difficulties be prolonged, a depression in prices may be expected to follow. The demand for vessels to take emigrants to the colonies has in a great measure subsided. The tonnage cleared from hence for the timber ports, from 1st February to this time last year, is more by about one-third than that of this year. No vessels, timber laden, have arrived since the commencement of the month.—*Duncan & Esling.*

The crops in Lincolnshire, although backward, are described as looking very promising.

The Edinburgh Stock Exchange has petitioned government for the suspension for six months of the Bank Act.

There is not a nettle, or a bit of water cress to be found near Dungarvon—the starving strangers consumed them all.

On Wednesday, the London bakers again raised the price of the 4lb loaf 1d., so that the best bread is now sold at 3d. a pound, while bread of an inferior quality is sold at the rate of 10d. the 4lb loaf.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE QUEEN.—The following order was issued on Thursday by the Lord Steward of the Queen's Household:—

Her Majesty, taking into consideration the present high and increasing price of provisions, and especially of all kinds of bread and flour, has been graciously pleased to command that from the date of this order no description of flour except seconds shall be used for any purpose in Her Majesty's household, and that the daily allowance of bread shall be restricted to 1lb. per head for every person dined in the palace.

The viaduct of the Waterford and Kilkenny railway, crossing the Dublin road at Auhunlog, fell on Friday with a tremendous crash. Fourteen persons were seriously—four it is feared mortally—injured.

## SHIP NEWS.

Arrivals from St. John.—May 10th, Ann Hall, Gravesend. From New York, 4th, Woodstock, Liverpool: 7th, Exchange, ditto: 14th, Queen, ditto. From Boston, 12th, Providence, do. From Baltimore, 15th, Charles Walton, do.

## THE SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving-horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilization expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior; the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases, each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race, or its offshoots, more civilized, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilization, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell (the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea)—cultivating the date tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their Caravans.—Each of the oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towers and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig tree, and apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey, with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuaregs frequent the Southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighboring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or for revenge of supposed injuries; but all that is yet known of these singular communities, shows them to be living in a complete consolidated state of civilized society—equally adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people—and fulfilling with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their lives.—[Edinburgh Review.]

A Miss Pumpkin, of Vermont, has lately been married to a Mr. Pye. This comes very near making a pumpkin-pie.