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ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1847.

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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 fancy 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 trunks 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 incident.

They alighted one day at a country inn to dine. The landlord spread before the strangers the best of his edibles, and garnished 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 fisher, 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. Then walking into the bar room, he drew the rural landlord aside with a confidential look, and asked in a low tone, and that distrustful air which men might have ascribed to him, if he had not been a suspected man.

"Who is that individual who has just dined with me?"

"Never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, stranger," responded Boniface.

"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, as he shall see what we shall see, one can 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, and 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 ar' spoons we toted clear from York State, and that have 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 'two forty'—and following the two at a spanking 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, 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 offered 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 startled a bandit 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 darnest 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 spoon's then I am a confounded liar, that's all—"

Your wife's spoons, vit' cried the Senator, who was getting most beautifully 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, portured 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 triumph 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 joke back to a modest squander at his expense, when he relapsed 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 Albany Cultivator.

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 these 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. JESSE MORRIS, 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 brow,

And a pearl in her hair.

She stood at the altar,

In a robe tinged with gold,

And diamonds that sparkled,

From each tiny 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 brain was not there,

At the thought of the mischievous,

Reckless of her stockings.

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 fol,

A young wickerer

As straight as a cob.

He stood at the altar,

In his graceful guise—

A pin grazed his cheek,

And goggles in his eye.

He stood at the altar,

As shrewd ones have said,

Without cents 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 seen at death's delay.

When star and stream and bird and flower

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 jest

At dissolution's hasty end;

Mourn at the mourner's lack of rest,

And may you never want 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 memorial doors,

And knaves and slaves can ne'er come nigh.

Why marvel if man haste to pain,

The only hope his frenzy sees?

Must be forever faster 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.

Synopsis 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 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. for Western Canada.

It is stated that at Auction, New Orleans Flour was

sold for 12s. 9d. per barrel, and Western equal at

4s. 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, Colchester, Taunton, and

Wolverley, have been the scene of the riots.

Brussels and Tournay had been the theatres

of fresh riots.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Bes-

borough) 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 and

procession among the peasantry in various

parts of the country have taken place, and

the military and police have been in general

requestion to keep this 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 ex-

tent of relief in food and money, great desti-

tution still prevails, and the markets are ad-

vancing.

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 distur-

ances 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 dis-

play 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 Consist-

ory, and the firemen, having taken arms, con-

tributed to restore order.

At Lille disturbance of a more serious na-

ture occurred on the 12th. Most of the bak-

ers' 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 Ly-

ons 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 Ausrian

dominions has been prohibited for five months.

The Duke of Argyll proposes to ship a

hoye 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 Cust-

oms, 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 trad-

ing interests were then suffering, occasioned

by the Directors of the Bank of England hav-

ing found it necessary to contract their accu-

tained amount of discounts, and by other

capitalists following their example in becom-

ing more stringent than usual in their accom-

modation 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 res-

tored, 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 de-crip-

tious of wood, yet the sales effected are on a

very limited scale, and when made, have been

at a shade under our last quotations; should

however, the commercial difficulties be pro-

longed, a depression in prices may be expec-

ted 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 com-

encement of the month.—Duncan & Ex-

ing.