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POETRY.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR EDWARD L. BULWER.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing mill,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern Labour shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an Angel opens the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender Mercy gave
Thy holy respite to the breast,
To hush the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the Angels escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yesterday were green
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as then, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing mill,
How motionless and still!

So rest, O weary heart!—but lo,
The church-spire, gliding up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go,
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
Thy spirit's moral points on high—
O, Soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old Dominion hild;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altar's wild.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but food for the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known—
Man's world while hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Divs, from thy banquet-hall—
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!

A Romantic Affair.—Quite a crowd was assembled on Saturday evening, at about 9 o'clock, in Tremont Row, near Hanover street, Boston, attracted by the following mysterious circumstances. A young lady of prepossessing appearance and graceful address, was seen to alight from a carriage and enter hastily a genteel resort in that vicinity, evidently bent on some determined mission. Her hurried manner instantly drew the attention of a number of by-standers, when, as is usual, a large concourse of spectators collected. Soon after a violent altercation was heard in the doorway, when it appeared that the fair one and a young gentleman, who is said to be a perfect Adonis, were at "sword's point" with each other, the former threatening to take the life of the latter, and vowing eternal revenge. It was stated that a link was used in the conflict and that the object of her vindictive wrath narrowly escaped with his life. Be this as it may, the combatants were separated, and the lady removed to her carriage, which instantly drove off with several attendants, the fair one, all the while, being greatly excited, and, like a perfect "Meg Merrilies," denouncing on the unhappy youth the severest judgments. It seems, as we gathered from the bystanders, that a *liaison* formerly existed between the young gentleman and lady, which had even gone so far as to result in a promise of marriage. This contract was recently annulled by his betrothing another spouse—hence jealousy, desperation, and other evil consequences which follow in the train of the "green-eyed monster."

LOVE'S FREAKS.—The New-York Herald tells a funny story of a wedding that was not a wedding—scene, vicinity of Washington parade ground, time, Sunday night last. A Mr. S., of N. H., was stopping at Dr. B.'s, in Fourth-street, where he met a Miss N., of the Bowery. Becoming enamored of each other, it was agreed that a clergyman, or an alderman might be sent for, as the case admitted of no delay. Grooms had been provided, friends arrived, and the Rev. Mr. L. was in waiting to perform the ceremony. After waiting about an hour, the company and his reverence were informed, that one of the parties had backed out. Which one it was could not be found out, and the parson and guests went home unsatisfied. Queer, rather.

FROM GODEY'S MAGAZINE AND LADY'S BOOK.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear."
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy, said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face and in an anxious tone of voice. I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him all the time but see no good results.

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills and making a deafening noise.

Incorrigible boy! exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks out of his hand. Can't I learn you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and don't let me see your face for an hour!

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment!

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother, she sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

I declare, I am out of all heart! she exclaimed, sinking upon a chair. It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet.

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of coming out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so, involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

Go back, sir! she said sternly as he burst the dining-room door and sat it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, and see if you can't walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse.

Master Harry withdrew pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of full an inch. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned.

Go up the third story where you first started from and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper.

I don't want to, whined the boy.

Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat.

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly but silently.

There—there, not too fast; you've got plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in.

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but spite of his efforts to do so his hand went over into the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had lifted; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

Put down your hands! harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

Keep your feet still! caused this to cease. After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the table cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

Have'n't I told you over and over again, you incorrigible bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer. Just see what a mess you have made with that clean table-cloth. I declare! I am out of all manner of patience with you. Go away from the table this instant!

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all of his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over dozens of times. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table his eyes upon his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said as he took his seat—Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim, you never can do it without spilling the tea over upon the table-cloth. This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behaviour the boy only grew more and more headless. Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so. I wish I knew what to do with that child, said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; he makes me feel unhappy all the while. I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a world of trouble.

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton, said his wife, a little petulantly. You sit and don't say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss. There is a way which, if you would adopt, I think might do a great deal of good. Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do.

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant, she felt the reproach deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

Speak gently, indeed! she replied. I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard, now, at the top of my voice.

Mr. Burton never contended with his wife. She would have felt better sometimes if he had done so, for then she would have excused herself a little. His words were few, mildly spoken, and always remembered. He had expected some such effect from his suggestion of a remedy in the case of Harry, and was not, therefore, at all surprised at the ebullition it produced. On its subsidence he believed her mind would be more transparent than before, and so it was.

As her husband did not argue the matter with her nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down and her thoughts became active. The words speaking gently, were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct towards her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was, too often, annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

I am afraid I have been unjust to my child, she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

At length she fell asleep and dreamed about Harry. She saw him lying on his bed, sick and apparently near to death; his pure, round cheeks were pale and sunken; his eyes were hollow—the weary lids had closed over them—he lay in a deep sleep.

Mournfully she stood by his side and looked upon him in bitterness of spirit. Sadly she remembered the days past in which she had spoken in harsh and angry tone to her boy, when kinder words would have been far better. In the anguish of her soul, bowed down by sorrow and reproving conscience she wept.

When she again looked up she saw that a change had come over the beloved sleeper; the glow of health was upon his cheek, and his veins seemed bounding with health, but he shivered still. She was about rousing him, when a hand was laid upon hers; she turned—a mild face, full of goodness as an angel's, looked into her own. She knew the face and form but could not call the stranger by name. With a finger upon her lip, and her eyes cast first upon the sleeping boy and then upon the mother, the visitor said in a low, earnest, but sweet voice—Speak gently!

The words sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs. Burton, and she awoke. Many were the thoughts and self-reproaches kept busy

wake for a long time; but she slept again, and more quietly until morning.

The impression made by her husband's reproach, her own reflections and the dream, was deep. Earnest were the resolutions she made to be more gentle with her wayward boy—to make love rule instead of anger. The evils against which she had been contending so powerfully for years she saw to be in herself, while she had been fighting them as if in her generous minded but badly governed child.

I will try to do better, she said to herself as she arose, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some assistance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical—the mother's spirit was subdued.

I will speak gently, she murmured; and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

What do you want, my son, she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face changed in an instant.

I can't find my stockings, mamma, he said.

There they are, under the bureau, returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken.

Oh yes, so they are, cheerfully, replied Harry; I couldn't see them nowhere.

Did you think crying would bring them? This was said with a smile and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again in her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

Do you want any thing else? she asked.

No, mamma, he replied, cheerfully, I can dress myself now.

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own and the heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

At the breakfast table the usual scene was about being enacted, when "speak gently," came into her mind and prevented its occurrence. It seemed almost a mystery to her the effect of words gently spoken on one who had scarcely heeded her most positive and angrily uttered reproofs and injunctions.

Although Harry was not as orderly in his behaviour at the table as the mother could have wished, yet he did it much better than usual, and seemed really to desire to do what was right. For nearly the whole of that day Mrs. Burton was able to control herself and speak gently to her boy, but towards evening she became fretful again from some cause or other. From the instant this change made itself apparent, she lost the sweet influence she had been able to exercise over the mind of her child. He no longer heeded her words, and she could no longer feel calm in spirit when he showed perverse and evil tempers. When night closed in, the aspect of affairs was but little different from that of any preceding day.

Heavy was the heart of Mrs. Burton when she sought her pillow, and the incidents and feelings of the day came up in review before her mind. In the morning her heart was calm and her perceptions clear; she saw her duty plainly and felt willing to walk in its pleasant paths. In treading these she had experienced an internal delight unknown before; but ere the day had passed, old habits, strong from frequent indulgence, returned, and former effects followed as a natural consequence. As she lay for more than an hour revolving and re-resolving to do better, the face of Harry often came up before her. Particularly did she remember its peculiar expression when she spoke kindly, instead of harshly reproving him for acts of rudeness or disobedience.

At these times she was conscious of possessing a real power over him; this she never felt in any of her angry efforts to subdue his stubborn will. On awaking in the morning her mind was renewed; all passion had sunk into quiescence; she could see her duty and felt willing to perform it. Harry too, awoke as usual, and that was in a fretful, capricious mood; but this tripping of the surface of his feelings all subsided when the voice of his mother in words gently spoken fell soothingly on his ear. He even went so far as to put his arms around her and kissed her, saying, as he did so—Indeed mamma, I will be a good boy.

For the first time in many months breakfast was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way

pleasant to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault of manner, but the way in which she did it, not in the least disturbed her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that she said and tried to do as she wished.

There is a wonderful power in gentle words, remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surprises me.

Love is strong. So it seems—stronger than any other influence that we can bring to bear upon a human being.

Whether that being be a child or a full grown man.

True without doubt; but how hard a thing is it for us to control ourselves that the sphere of all our actions shall be full of love. Ah, me! the love theory is a beautiful one, but who of us can always practice it? For me I confess that I cannot.

Not for the sake of your children?

For their sakes I would make almost any sacrifice, would deny myself every comfort—I would devote my life to their good; and yet the perfect control of my natural temper, even with all the inducements my love for them brings, seems impossible. I think you have done wonders already, Mr. Burton replied. If the first effort is so successful, I am sure you need not despair of making the perfect conquest you desire.

I am glad you are sanguine; I only wish I were equally so.

It might not be as well if you were. It is almost always the case that we are most in danger of falling when we think ourselves secure. In conscious weakness there is real power.

If that consciousness gives power, then am I strong enough, replied Mrs. Burton.

And she was stronger than she supposed, and strong because she felt herself weak. Had she been confident of strength, she would not have been watchful over herself, but fearing every moment that she should betray her natural intractability and fretfulness of temper, she was all the time upon her guard. To her own astonishment and that of her husband, she was able to maintain the power she had gained over Harry, and to be calm even when he was disturbed.

But in all our states of moral advancement there are days and nights, as well as in our natural existence. There are times when all the downward tendencies of our nature are active and appear to govern us entirely; when our sun has gone down and all within us is dark. At such times we are tempted to believe that it has become dark forever. That the sun will no more appear in our horizon. This is only the night before the dawn, which will certainly break and seem brighter and full of strength to the anxious spirit.

Such changes Mrs. Burton experienced, and they were the unerring signs of her progress. Sometimes for days together she would not be able to control herself, against all the perverse tempers of her child, her feelings would react unduly. But these seasons were of shorter and shorter duration on every recurrence of them, and the reason was, she strove most earnestly for the sake of that dear child to reduce her whole mind into a state of order.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Burton found the will of her boy ready to yield itself always up even to the control of gentleness and love. With him too, was there a night and a morning, a season when all the perverse affections of his mind came forth into disorderly manifestations, refusing to hearken even to the gentle words of his mother, and a season, when these were all quiescent and truly human, because good affection governed in their stead. These changes were soon marked by the mother and their meaning fully comprehended. At first they were causes of discouragement, but soon were felt to be really encouraging, for they indicated advancement. Faithfully and earnestly day by day, did Mrs. Burton strive with herself and her boy, the hardest struggle was with herself—usually, when she had gained the victory over herself she had nothing more to do, for her child opposed no longer.

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive earnestly with herself and her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy, became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform the fair face of his young spirit.

Whenever mother complained to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has but one piece of advice to give, and that is, to "speak gently."

1888.—In the fifteenth century, the town-houses or Inns, as they were called, of the nobility were of great extent, as might be inferred from the fact of six, even having been sometimes eaten at a breakfast, in the Earl of Warwick's town-house or Inn. He frequently lodged 600 men.