

Colored Merinos, Norwiche
Bombazines, black Silk
checked, and figured
Parasatta Cloth, Chilly &
sine Dresses, Fancy Mous-
ette, printed Lama Squares,
Indiana with Velvet Bor-
and Woolen Plaid Shawls,
Bobbin Net; white Blond
Grecian Quilling, Hie lace
read and Gimp Edgings;
ging Wire, ground Gimp,
ret for Head-bands, black
ing Silks, Purse Twist, La-
and colored Lace Gloves,
colored Kid & Silk Gloves,
red and black Kid Gloves,
colored Silk, sewing Silks,
g's; Silk, Chain, & Coat
orated Braid, Cotton night
cotton and Laminis Wool
in Boots, Ladies White,
J cotton Hose, Gentlemen's
Hose, Regatta Shirts,
and Cereals, Flourishing
in Foss; colored embroidery
of and Wergied white and
of woolen Yarn, worsted
myn Fringes, Whalebone,
Silk Laces, Carpet Lace,
Wire Ribbon, Chinty Bed
let and steel Top Tambo-
s, Buckram, Ladies white
Stays, Artificial Flowers,
ry Cloth Caps, Ladies &
strow Bonnets, Umbrellas,
Also, two trunks Ladies
pots and Shoes.

Per Brig
From London,
a Saint John.
AID assortment of Latin,
string Sarsnet, and Gauzy
y variety. Plain figured,
tins and Persians, in vari-
ous Crapes and Dice Border-
Barcelona, Brussels, Ban-
tion Corah Silk Hand-
silk Serge, Hat, Dress, &
ked, embossed and bound
nd Handkerchiefs, check-
nd embossed Scarfs, check-
printed Heemam Squares,
als; Razors, Knives and
ekt and Pen-knives; Sam-
ens hand, cross-cut, and
ongrove fine lighters with
th, tooth; hair, cloth, and
ck and red lead Pencils,
dm and Violoncello strings.

Per Brig
From Belfast,
Black and colored Linen
Thread,
ALL SUPPLY,
by the British American,
acrad, from Liverpool, and
-class.
W. & S. M. GILMOR.
& DEPARTURE OF
LAIS.

rice from
uly at 12 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach—
Saturdays at 7 p. m.
steam—Mondays, Wednes-
days 3 to 5 p. m.
y Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days at 10 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach—
Weddays, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
ram—Tuesdays, Thursdays,
at 8 a. m.
y Coach—Mondays, Wed-
days at 10 a. m.

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OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1840.

Number 47

THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

By T. S. Astor.

John Thompson's wife had a bad fashion of getting out of patience with her servants at meal times, and looking cross and talking cross to her domestics when her husband came home, with the pleasing hope uppermost in his mind of a quiet retreat from the toils and troubles of business. John Thompson, like many of the John Smiths and John Joneses, had rather a troublesome business to manage, and it cost him many hours' sad thoughts each day in pondering over the ways and means of getting safely over three o'clock. But all these perplexing cares were locked up in his bosom, and when he turned his face homewards, it was always with a strong resolution to be cheerful, and make, as far as he was concerned, home a pleasant spot to all.

But he was sadly grrieved to find that, from some cause or other, his wife had snubbed and great troubles with her domestics. Things hardly went right, and she was too often in a very unhappy humor. Patient as mother Job, however, John Thompson never protested against the domestic prerogatives of being cross and scolding. True, whenever Mrs. John Thompson would cut him off rather short, and say things to him in an unkind tone of voice, he would have his own thoughts about the matter. But he said nothing. He would not, for the world, have wounded the feelings of Mrs. John Thompson, although she seemed to have, at times, little regard for his.

Now the reader must not, for a moment, suppose that John Thompson's better half was not a loving wife. She was affectionate to a fault, when in the humour, and would kiss, and 'my dear,' and talk love to him by the hour. True, she would feel a little annoyed at his pulegmatic temper, for he was always as even as a plank, over whose bosom a breeze never stirred. Her little endowments he would receive as patiently as could be, yet all the while he would be thinking of some exhibition of wrong temper, of which, maybe, he did or had done before, she had been faulty. But we must introduce them more in form to the reader.

One morning in May, and it happened to be a Sunday, Mr. Thompson examined his bank notes, and found that he had three thousand dollars to pay. He did not look at his bank book, for he remembered too distinctly that he had checked to within five dollars the day before.

"And now what is to be done?" he said aloud, as he sat down in a chair to collect his thoughts. "Any thing over to-day, Mr. Thompson," said a neighbor, advancing towards the desk, near which he was seated.

"Short three thousand dollars!" replied Mr. Thompson, mechanically.

"No chance for me, then," said the neighbor, withdrawing on the instant.

"Hum! I should think not," soliloquized Mr. Thompson, with an ironical smile. "But what must I do? Borrow, of course, that's the only remedy. But where shall I borrow? that's the question. I owe two thousand dollars borrowed money now, and to-morrow half of that must be paid. I'm hard up with all my borrowing, and I don't know where to turn. What shall I do?"

But Mr. Thompson, like a philosopher as he was, readily came to the conclusion that sitting there was no going to get his note out of the bank, so he called forth, still untroubled as how he should raise the money—being in the dry goods line, he took the south side of Market-street, and commenced a line of calls from Frederick-street up.

"How's the money market to-day?" was his first salutation to a young man he had accommodated.

"He said, as he went into another store, 'Not a you can spare it longer.' 'You should have it longer in welcome, but I must raise three thousand dollars to-day, but don't know no more than the man in the moon, where it is to come from.' 'I will let you have it then by one o'clock.' This was also entered among the memorandums. 'How are you off for the metal to-day?' was asked of another retailer.

"Nothing over to-day, Thompson; sorry for it!" and the man turned to his desk and went on writing.

"Have you a thousand dollars out of town money to-day?" he asked of a partner in a large drapery house near Sharp street, for he had got up this high.

"Come in, and I will see," after running over a large bundle of notes, and speering from them a pretty respectable quantity, the merchant turned to Thompson and said— "Here is one thousand dollars Wheeling and Pittsburgh, which you can have for a week, & five hundred Louisville, which you may have for two weeks."

"Can't you say any better than that?" "These are the best terms. We can usually pass it off even better. But if it will accommodate you, you are welcome to it. 'I will take it then,' said Thompson as he eagerly clenched his money, and passing his two checks, dated one and two weeks ahead.

He was now pretty well through with all the business friends upon whom he could call, & he returned to his store to take soundings. The day had proved intensely hot, and on his return he found himself completely exhausted. It was past twelve o'clock, and as he fixed his eyes upon the face of a large clock, ticking in one corner of his store, the minute hand seemed to move with strange rapidity.

"What is to be done now?" he said half despairingly. "Oh, there is my friend G— in Howard street, who is generally pretty easy. I must see him." So, off he hurried up street, and to his great disappointment, found G— was not. After waiting for him a quarter of an hour he came back without having seen him.

It looked now but a quarter of one o'clock. The second person upon whom he had called, promised to let him have one hundred dollars at one o'clock, so he went in there. This store was full of customers, and his friend seemed aware more about attending to them than to loaning money. After waiting ten minutes, Thompson advanced towards the counter, saying as he passed out, "I'll drop in again."

"Very well," said the man, without alluding to the loaning of money. Thompson's errand.

He next called upon the friend who was to have returned the borrowed money, but he found it impossible to raise over fifty. The two hundred dollars Ohio money was called for also, and received. It was nearly two o'clock when he went in again for the one hundred dollars that had been promised. Mr. Thompson came in. Seats were taken at the table in profound silence. On the part of Mr. Thompson there was no desire to speak, for he knew that all that was wanted was but a single word, when the avalanche would break through all its barriers; and he had no desire to witness its fury. But his heart felt like lead in his bosom. His silence, however, was not to prove an antidote. There was no spit on the table.

"No salt upon the table, I declare," said Mrs. Thompson, in a high pitched voice, ringing her table bell violently. "I can never get the table set right."

"Three and a half per cent a month." Mr. Thompson groaned aloud. "He looked at his watch; it lacked eight minutes of two. 'Can you get it in time?' 'I will give you the money at once, and get it from him myself.' 'Then let me have it quick.' The calculation was made, and as the money had an average of two months to run, the discount was seven per cent, took off from Mr. Thompson's fifteen hundred dollars, the round sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

The clock struck three just as Mr. Thompson set his foot upon the steps of the bank. His note safely in his possession, he retired to his store, and after entering up his cash and making the necessary memorandums of borrowed money, started for home. His head ached badly, and he felt feverish. Visions of home and an hour's quiet retirement, then came up in his thoughts. He remembered the pleasant smile with which his wife had parted with him in the morning; and the sweet utterance of "come home soon, dear father," of his little prattling boy. If ever home was sweet to a man, it is after the racking anxieties of such a day as that through which Mr. Thompson had passed; and he turned towards it with a feeling akin to that of the tempest-tost mariner, when he sees his prow towards the land of his nativity. Nothing was so pleasing to him as the little domestic trials all operating to make his wife irritable and out of temper. His own anxieties have been of a character so important to the peace and well being of his family, that the troubles incident to domestic duties seem like "trifles light as air," in comparison to find his home made unpleasant by them. He was more than he had looked for, and more than he could bear. For the sake of his own domestic peace, and upon a charitable face, while his feelings are under a cloud, to find her unwilling to hear a part, and constantly making his domestic comforts by complaints or quarrels, ten is to irritate and discourage him. It is not to be wondered that some men, under such circumstances become cross, or unpleasant to their families.

But let us follow Mr. Thompson home to dinner. On entering the parlor, he saw at a glance that something was wrong, there was a dark cloud upon the brow of Mrs. Thompson. She rang the bell for dinner without uttering a word, and after sundry delays it was served up about half an hour from the time Mr. Thompson came in. Seats were taken at the table in profound silence. On the part of Mr. Thompson there was no desire to speak, for he knew that all that was wanted was but a single word, when the avalanche would break through all its barriers; and he had no desire to witness its fury. But his heart felt like lead in his bosom. His silence, however, was not to prove an antidote. There was no spit on the table.

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The six o'clock were brought, and Nancy received a small heralding for her closeness. Scarcely had she got fairly back into the kitchen, when it was discovered that there was a large spoon upon the table, and with sundry exclamations of disquietude of mind, the bell was rung again.

"I can tell you what it is, Nancy," said Mrs. Thompson, as the domestic entered. "I've no notion of having things done after this fashion. Here's not a single spoon upon the table; nor no water either; as I live, Nancy, this is too bad! I won't put up with it. Nancy disappeared, and Mrs. Thompson continued.

"The fact is, Mr. Thompson, I'm overdone and completely worn out. I don't see a bit of peace of my life. You don't seem to think it any thing, but I only wish you had it to do. Men think our work nothing."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear? It was easy enough to get the salt, and the spoons, and the water, without getting into a fever about them."

For the first time in his life, Mr. Thompson spoke in a reproaching tone, and on instant his better half took fire.

"Getting into a fever about it! Who's getting into a fever? Mrs. Thompson, what do you mean?" "I mean, Mrs. Thompson, that I was easy enough to get the things without being temper!" "Who's the temper? I'd like to know that. I don't like such observations and won't put up with them. You men think we never have any troubles. You get up in the morning, and have every thing to your head, and go off to your business, and come home again, and every thing is done for you."

"And with a very bad grade, sometimes," rejoined Mrs. Thompson.

This was much for Mrs. Thompson to bear, and bursting into tears, she left the table, and retired to her chamber. It was some time before Mr. Thompson's irritated feelings would allow him to follow his wife, but he soon yielded to better thoughts, and slowly as-

ended the stairs that led to the chamber. He found his wife lying upon the bed, sobbing hysterically. What to do, he did not exactly know; but his better feelings had returned, & he felt that it was necessary to do something. He first of all called her tenderly by her name, but she made no answer. This again irritated him; he had no idea of being taunted with. He was himself a straightforward kind of a man, and when he so far offered terms as to speak kindly first, he very naturally thought that Mrs. Thompson ought to meet him half way.

"Sarah!" he said once more, in a tone slightly modified from its peculiar expression of tenderness. But there was no reply. "Sarah!" he again repeated, in a voice still less affectionate, and a little louder. But still there was no answer. Again his evil genius overcame him, and he said roughly— "Sarah! if you think to play the fool with me, you are mistaken. I have borne your ill-humors long enough, and now you must change a little for my accommodation, or there will be trouble at the wigwam. I have spoken out at last what has been boiling up a long time. Home has ceased to be a pleasant place to me, and all because of your cloudy brow, and continual fault finding. Send your servants in the kitchen, and wear your frowns to them if they do wrong, but don't punish me with their ill-temper!" "And how I am going to the store. I shall expect when I return at night, a pleasant reception than I generally get— So, good by."

Mrs. Thompson had remained silent, when spoken to by her husband, for the amiable purpose of punishing him by exhibiting his sympathies to a painful degree in her behalf, but in this he had failed her. And now that he had already gone, for she heard the street door bang after him, she began to think a little soberly of the consequences of such a state of things, if continued. She really loved her husband, although often disposed to be fretful towards him when things went wrong in her domestic concerns. Pride whispered many spiteful thoughts in her ear, but the ground work of real good sense that was at the bottom of her character, rushed into silence the insidious suggestions. To win her husband back from his strange mood, had become her ruling desire, long before the hour of his return had arrived, and when the door bell rang at dusk, she was instant to answer it, and received him with a calm, affectionate, but sad smile; for she could not banish from her heart the consciousness that he was angry with her, and not without cause.

Mr. Thompson was essentially taken by surprise. He was not prepared to seek a reception. He had expected coldness for two or three days, and he had served himself to go through it like a man. He had resolved to conquer at all hazards. He did not speak at the moment, but took her hand, and with a kind pressure, led her into the room, and seated himself beside her on the sofa.

"Sarah," he said, in a tone of great kindness, "you have no doubt thought my conduct strange to-day. Let me explain it to you. I have great troubles in my business, and often distressing anxieties. Particularly in these times of unexampled commercial difficulties, I find it almost impossible, even with the greatest sacrifices to get along. But with none of these do I wish to trouble you. But you have acted differently towards me. Your difficulties with your domestics have irritated you, and you have too often allowed your own feelings of irritation to expend themselves upon me. Often, when a little attention on your part, would have made everything go right, you have trusted to servants you knew to be careless, and then disturbed the pleasure of a meal by scolding them, or grumbling through it on account of your difficulties."

"My dear Sarah, this is all wrong. This morning I had greater difficulty to get my note out of the bank than ever, and after running through the hot sun, and enduring all kinds of mortifying denials, in my attempts to borrow money, and, in the end, to secure them a hundred and seventy dollars, more than I now make in a month, to get money from a better broker. The clock struck three as I entered the bank. Two minutes later, and my note would have been procured and I returned. With a violent headache, and burning with a fever caused by great mental excitement, I came home at dinner time, anxious for a little quiet of mind, to recover myself. But when I found you ready to chide me about some trifling neglect of the servant, I could not endure it. I should not have spoken if I had reflected a moment, but it may be as well."

Mrs. Thompson made no answer, but twined her arms round the neck of her husband, and looked up into his face, with mild, reproaching eyes, that were running over with tears. It was their first and their last quarrel.

A Steamy Soliloquy.—Gallipoli, Paris Messager gives the following: "The government made a few years ago, but to three criminals condemned to death, the choice of dying on the gallows, or of adopting the following conditions: The first was to take tea (as second coffee, the third chocolate, and to live as long as they could, but were to eat nothing with either—these conditions were eagerly accept-

ed. The last who took chocolate, died in 8 months; he who took coffee lived 2 years; and the tea drinker survived three years. The one who took chocolate, died in a state of decomposition, and so much eaten by worms that during his life his limbs separated one by one from his body. The man who drank the coffee was so disfigured after his death, that one would have said that the fire of heaven had burnt his entrails, and cauterized him from head to foot. The tea drinker became so thin & almost daphnaceous, that it was perfectly easy, with a candle in one's hand to read a newspaper through his body by the intervals which separated his ribs!"

The following story from the Boston Post, created "a great laugh at the time." There is an old story of a footman, who had no objection to family prayers, provided his master remembered it in his wages. Now this fellow — We can't afford to tell any more of this story. It is too good for a newspaper.

Political Courtship.—The New York Sunday Mercury tells the following Yankee anecdote. Jonathan walks in, takes a seat and looks at Sukey. Sukey 'rekes up the fire' blows out the candle, and don't look at Jonathan. Jonathan hitches and wiggles about in his chair, and Sukey sits perfectly still. At length Jonathan catches courage and speaks out— "Sukey!" "Well Jonathan, I love you like pizen and sweetmeats!" "Dew tell!" "It's a fact and no mistake—will you—now—will you have me Sukey?" "Jonathan Higgins, wait an your politics!" "I am for Van Buren straight!" "Well, sir, then you can march straight—um, cors I want have a body that suit for Harrison—that's that!" "Three cheers for old Tip!" sang out Jonathan. "That's your sort!" says Sukey, "when shall we be married Jonathan?" "Soon's old Tip is elected!" "Aum! A—hen!" "What's the matter Sukey?" "Sposin' he suit elected!"

Jonathan didn't go away till the next morning, but whether he answered the last question the deponent knoweth not.—Saturday Courier.

The Estates of Criticism.—An American journalist, speaking of the new actress, Madame S. says, "transcended the sublimated efforts of Mrs. Butler in the softest scenes and only yields up the palm to her in classical passion."

Reveries of Fortune.—The United States Marshal who has just completed the census of Cincinnati, mentions these incidents: "I met a man who had ruined himself by intemperance, and was subsisting on charity. That I knew in Pittsburg in the year 1815, owner of a fine property and store worth \$60,000 at that time. The property alone I have no doubt, would since have brought \$150,000. I found in the person of a day labourer in one of our foundries, a man who had once owned a large iron establishment in Scotland, on the Carron side. He had become involved with others, and rendered thereby insolvent. My sympathies were the more strongly excited here from the simple dignity which forbore repining or complaint, the family manifested in the case. I found also the widow of a distinguished professor in an eastern college, who was at the time eating her humble supper with her daughter, under such circumstances of penury, that their very table was formed of a board laid across an old barrel! I have found in the city two cases of disparity of age between the oldest and youngest brother, worthy of notice. In one instance the oldest brother was 69, the youngest 25. In the other when the father was living, and aged 73 years, one brother was 46 and the other 2—United States paper.

Highly Concentrated Talking.—Waitaw, said a superlative swell at one of our hotels yesterday, "waiter, bring me the nutritive vegetables."

"The what's?" said the waiter.

"The nutritive vegetables, fellow!" "Haven't got a single drop of that brand in the cellar," said the waiter, not wishing to show his ignorance, and uttering it was some rare wine which was called for—excellent Laroze though, sir, and some very fine sparkling back, bring you a bottle."

"Waitaw," said the exquisite, in a tone as drawing as a Methodist minister would pronounce a benediction in "waitaw, you are excessively ignorant, you are—you are an uneducated idea of vulgarity. Bring me the potatoes, fellow!" "Justly, sir," said the remover of heavy dishes, stirring his tongue over every word, "satisfying, didn't understand you when you spoke French."

Agay he flew and in a moment a plate of potatoes was placed before the Lacadialis lands.—Penguin.

"Hallo, stranger!" "What time is it? How high's the sea? What's the price of butter? Post of mail, about how to—waste dear—eleven pence."

"We dabble ourselves we've made a good impression here," as the types said to the paper.