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SNORING OUT A YANKEE.

Reader—do you ever snore in your sleep? You don't? Well I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a snorer?

The varieties of the genius, 'Snorer,' is very extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has a 'good time' at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking, snorer, who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all in the family, and peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) grumbler and grunts and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven any object of pity—due that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed—more than another, commend me to your out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully, you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days' journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left, which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers and after a dreadful jolting you have passed through for the last twenty-four or forty-eight hours—as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively, (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment which nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you.

Your weary head touches the pillow; but an unusual nervousness troubles you, and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is mid-right before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning, and though the night is warm and the vermin are active, you are determined to sleep.

For this, late half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lightning,) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus—your eyes suddenly again, wide open, and as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself—'What's that?'

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place, a miniature eruption of Vesuvius' blast—'whoop—of—p!' and the sound rolls away in a long drawn, unearthly sigh, like the last effort of a suffocated man to recover his breath; and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded Canal Packet.

It was near midnight when he came on board at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been out west, so he said, and was satisfied to go home again!

The cabin was crisscrossed, and an 'upright' was allotted to him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee, and occupied considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting his bed clothes, and caring for his tin—which he stowed away under the pillow.

He finally mounted a piece of furniture, which some lady writer compares to a fence rail, covered with two stripes of tape, and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily his cot muttering to himself something about being 'shelved off between heaven and air,' but he finally turned over as I supposed, for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes, burst out with:

—'Whoop—of—p!'

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached the cabin floor quicker, than he did as it was! And there he stood in his tracks, his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side rails of his cot, as helped out—

—'Whoop—of—p!'

—'Hel low!'

—'Phoo—o!'

—'What's that?'

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentarily, and he vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed at the cabin cautiously, but his fellow lodgers were all asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat, was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I supposed he had at last gone to the 'land of nod,' for the night—another

—'Ker-r—'—'whoop!'

Now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause, a

—'Per—thee—'—'whoop!'

the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprang to the floor, with

—'He-low—I say—'

—'Ah-pee-ee!'

—'Thunder and earthquakes!'

—'Whoop!'

—'Who is it?'

—'Ar-ker-ker—'—'whoop!'

Don't!

Tchoo—

No it ain't me—

Er—y—hou!

Blast your picture—it ain't—

Ab—tish!

I say yer lie!

E—a—hou!

Wy, its you—yesself, continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—and ye're made noise enough to skeer the devil, or stop a camp meetin'?

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's breast, a sudden 'woop' escaped him; and the Yankee could bear no more!

Help, here!

'Help—en!' said the snorer.

Do!

Ab—shoo—

For Heaven's sake!

Hup—k—

Cap'n—help yere! The man's dyin'—I say mister—Murder! help!

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

What's the row neighbor? he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

Road? T'funder and lightnin'!—ain't yer dead yet? Well, I reck'n you're one us um, stranger! Michigan thunder's a fool to yore snorin'—by goshus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night hang my picture! he added—and in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted with the Captain, he declared that he had been powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snorin' beat all the high-pressures he ever heard.

From the *Natural Magazine*.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

He faded, yet so calm and meek,

So gently wan, so sweetly weak!

The bustle of the fight was over, the prisoners had been secured, the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever agitated and unweary mind, the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingling together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

Little Dick, sir, is dying, he said.

As once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protégé of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nature; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with a holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed upon him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his tasks as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since I had quite forgotten to enquire if he was hurt, though, at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet—

My God! I exclaimed, you don't mean it? He is not dying?

I fear, sir, said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, that he cannot live till morning.

And I have been lying idle here! I exclaimed with remorse. Lead me to him.

He is delicious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir, and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm, blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—edded down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom,

as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily.

The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer.

The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this? as he spoke he lifted up a rich gold pocket watch, which had lain upon the boy's breast. He has seen better days.

I could not answer, for my heart was full, here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owned my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour.

They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly.

Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one—when your log's out, he spoke with emotion—to mourn over you.

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around.

Has he come yet? he asked, in a low voice. Why won't he come?

I am here, said I, taking the little fellow's hand, don't you know me, Dick?

He smiled faintly in my face. Then he said.

You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have.

I burst into tears; he resumed.

Doctor, I am dying, ain't I? said the little fellow, for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth.

Can I do nothing for you, Dick? said I; you saved my life. I would coin my own blood to buy your's.

I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk.

Anything—everything! my poor lad, I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly, it was like an angel's smile; but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

It's a long—long way up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from them. Hark! is that music?

and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back; and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead.

Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.

THE SOUL CHEMIST.—I hope, says L. J. Mechi, the time is fast approaching when we shall, for complaints of soil, get advice from proper analytical chemists, as readily as we would for ourselves, so that they may investigate the disease and prescribe a proper remedy, depending on the patient's constitution and the nature of the ailment, whether chronic or transient, whether arising from plethora or starvation or dropsy, (too much water without means of escape), a very usual complaint in earthly patients.

Farmers make frequent mistakes when they trust to their own notions of doctoring; the ready perceive, by the external symptoms, that their patient is in an unsatisfactory state, but make sad havoc with their nostrums. How frequently do we see a dressing of dung forced on an already satiated patient, who cries out for an alternative of chalk or cold clay—Another administers a strong stimulant of lime, where the sufferer is already exhausted by previous excitement, and requires a tranquilizing tonic of good old mellow nature. A third gives alkalis, where acids and phosphates can only avail. They do not consider, that if troubled with stone, gravel, or density of the substratum, a gentle operation with the sub-soiler might give ease by causing a loosening of the parts; or that in cases of scurvy and poverty—light, air, cleanliness, exercise, and good feeding, might prove a restorative.

To be serious, it would be invidious in me to name particular individuals as well calculated to give proper analysis and advice; but I apprehend, every farmer's club and agricultural society will find their interest in seeking and availing of those talented individuals who abound, and would be most happy to benefit agriculture and themselves, by the application of their chemical knowledge to increase the powers of the soil. I hope we shall live to see a complete change in

this respect; and that the fervent demand for such information, will cause it to be given at a cheap and available rate.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave!

Not alone the vile and base,

But the noble wise and brave

Grown that gloomy dwelling place

Here he in the Senate Hall,

Held a people in his thrall.

Fascinating old and young

By the music of his tongue—

Gone! for ever gone his might!

Power unravelled could not save;

Eloquence! how has thy light

Set within the Drunkard's Grave!

Who has filled the Drunkard's Grave!

He, the gifted child of song—

He, whose spirit music gave—

To the hushed enraptured throng—

Feelings that none other art

Ever can awaken on the heart;

Thriving rich and glowing dyes

Of life's dark realities—

He the loved the worshipped one,

Died, the fell destroyer's slave—

He, a nation's honoured son,

Sleeps within the Drunkard's Grave.

Who have filled the Drunkard's Grave!

Heroes of a hundred fights;

Monarchs of the land and wave;

Mitred priests and belted knights—

Men of high and lowly lot,

From the palace and the cot;

Scholars wandering from their books;

Parents turning from the brook

To the fountains of the still,

In their flowing fire to lave;

All have madly rushed to fill

The lost and fallen Drunkard's Grave.

—Canada Temperance Advocate.

KATE'S BIRTH DAY.

Though many will not mention it,

That can't be said of Kate;

For she not only kept the day,

But also kept the date.

If others would but do the same,

What pleasure they'd create!

Allow their friends to keep the day,

And they may keep the date.

Then deem us not inquisitive,

In what we're going to say;

We'll promise not to keep the time

If we may keep the day.

THE PROVERB.

There's a proverb where 'tis said,

The debt is small that's quickly paid;

That love is sold which soon is done,

And woman weak that's easy won.

I do not say these lines are true,

But write them down that you may view.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,

'Like Sampson's my thousands slay'

'Yes,' cried a wag, 'indeed you do—'

And with the self-same weapon too!

IF 'Knowest thou not,' said a minister to a

'hard case,' 'that the wages of sin is death!'

'To be sure I do,' was the reply, 'but I do all my sinning gratis.'

Written for the New York Saturday Emporium.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NUMBER 3.

BY PHILEMON P. PUNCH, D.D.

I shall discourse this morning from the following day.

Take it easy! Life at longest

But a lengthened shadow is,

And the brave, as well as strongest

Dare not call to-morrow his.

Take it easy! For to day

All your plans of wisdom lay.—ANON.

MY HEARERS:—You must learn to take things easy, and not tear your under garments, or get yourselves into a puncheon when a quart pot would hold you, as it would be a waste of room, and to waste anything useful is sinful.

The text says 'take it easy' which by no means implies that you are to settle down in idleness or inactivity, or take your own time to do everything; but, on the contrary, it implies that you should do nothing in a passion, or with too much haste, or without due consideration.

Life is like a shadow, a vapour, an illusion, a momentary mock-substance, which is and is not; we come into the world we know not how, depart we know not when, and go we know not where.

We laugh, we cry, we weep, and cut up

innumerable capers, till Death cuts our suck.

Therefore, lay all your plans, and do your work to day—to-morrow is eternity; and ere

that arrives at its destination on the page of time, we may be sent to fill the vacancy.

My HEARERS:—I am afraid you are prodigal in many things, such as health, wealth,

breath, time and talents.

Your health is wasted by not taking proper exercise, or taking it at the wrong time; persons who sit inactive days and weeks together, (because they think it unclay like to work) with no more exercise than going

from the parlor to the dining room and back, are unfitted to attend parties, balls &c., for the soul stirring strains of music excite the nerves to over action; the whole physical system becomes deranged, the muscles unstrung, consumption sets in, and the persons are rendered as useless for the remainder of their brief existence, as 'a stringless fiddle,' or a warming pan in the West Indies.

But those who have been accustomed to exercise, many 'trip it on the light fantastic toe,' or dance all night 'till broad daylight, without incurring any such danger.

If my feminine hearers, instead of driving

ponies distracted, and torturing tunes into agonies insupportable, or plastering paper with coloured chalk, lounging on the sofa, or taking a siesta, would sweep the rooms, make the beds, do their own washing, and assist their mother in her domestic affairs, would find both health and appetite restored, and themselves free from ennui.

My HEARERS:—It is becoming too much

fashion now-a-days, to educate young ladies in the ornamental and useless, instead of solid and useful branches.

A modern fashionable education consists in a knowledge of 'the logics, 'nomies, 'fics, 'tics, and 'nastics,' which are about as useful to them, as twatals would be to a baboon, or a fifth wheel to a waggon; but nothing about 'the ings—such as card-ing, spin-ning, sew-ing, knitt-ing, wash-ing, bak-ing, and making pudding.

No man of sense would want a wife made up of whalebone, buckram, and brocade, a mere animated automaton, instead of a creature of flesh and blood.

My hearers:—I will now turn my attention to the masculine portion of my congregation a number of which live a life of—shall I call it indolence? It sounds a little harsh yet I think it comes near the chalk as snags, the cause of most of your disagreeable feelings such as want of appetite, indigestion, restlessness, &c. You may be rich; well suppose you are—that is no excuse, when your health depends upon proper exercise and physical exertion.

Occasionally saw your own word, and do your own marketing, and, my word for it, you will find yourself amply remunerated for your trouble.

My young friends, be not blown about on the Great Sea of Fashion, (like a ship, without rudder or sails,) by the ever changing winds of vanity and folly.

No woman of sense would marry a creature of broadcloth, cambric, and cologne; with figure 'a-la-sing,' heard 'a-la-gust,' and a caput containing more hair than brains, the jest of the rabble, the scorn of the wise, and a walking barlesque on the once noble form of the 'genus homo,' and doomed to continue a solitary unit on the state of creation, till spanged out by the hand of Death.

Never put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day, for

'Procrastination is the thief of time.'

Remember this—some on the present.

And in viewing Nature grand sublime

Strive to make your time pass pleasantly.

My hearers:—Deport yourself with affability and kindness, toward those in misfortune; kind words cost no more than wither-d by want, or blighted with the mildew of misery, like a shower falling upon the parched vegetation of the arid desert.

Open your purse as well as your heart, and the sight of the tin will drive the dark clouds of sorrow and despair from their countenances, 'like Broadway bells before an April shower.'

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

The Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance. A board of 'School Commissioners,' who enumerated a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for 'a well disposed moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey.' After a fortnight of this Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine stick in one hand and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:

Well, sir, said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, 'do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school teacher?'

I guess I do, answered Slick, whittling his stick.

[Remember on the fourth page.]

my lap—Lordy, it never could have stood that whump. Who ever seed sich roasts o' sich stages? I wish I was to hum'long with the old wau. Don't catch me to Boston gin, very soon, that's flat. (Another jerk o' the stage.) Meroy! Oh, me! my hand-kerchief will be sovereign Ringers. Here, Mr. what your name—Mr. Dexter—just look at thatre hand-box of mine, and put it in a good place; I don't believe there'll be a rag o'

his age, when interrogated by the inquisitor as to his belief for a Supreme Being replied, pointing to a stair on the floor, "his design, taken from the structure of that stair, he would infer with certainty, the existence of an intelligent Creator.

Knowledge lies deep in a well, but there is a way to draw it up, and diligent scholars find it out.

God has made men one above the rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a mere magnificent building; all the stones are gradually cemented together. There is no one subsists by himself alone.—[Feltman]

The hypocrite and the pharisee, like some beasts, are only valuable for their skin and their fine colors.—[Cudworth]

THE Subscriber is now erecting a Grist Mill, adjoining Messrs. J & R Jarvis' Rope Walk, which will be in operation about the first week in January next. This Mill will grind from 150 to 160 Bushels of Oats per day, as other grain in proportion, and will have in connection with it a well built MILL, with improved Tine head.

Persons bringing grain to this establishment, may rely upon having it ground in a superior manner, by a capable and trustworthy Miller.

At Apeldo, Dec 2, 1821. C. A. BABCOCK

on. Whoever will give such information as may lead to the conviction of the thief, will receive the above reward. The collar was missed on Friday morning last, about 10 a. m.

May 26, 1817. W. R. M. LAW.

BILLS OF LADING,
And other Blanks for sale at this
Office.

N. PATRICK,
 T. GEORGE,
 Upper Falls,
 GRAND MARSH,
 WEDDINGTON.

the Epsons, and
banded them, and
into the race by t
own animal had
run away with hi