

OF ALDBOROUGH
BY
PILLS
VAYS' PILLS.

ALDBOROUGH CURED OF
STOMACH COMPLAINT
For the Earl of Aldborough
Lecturer, 21st February 1845.
See HOLLOWAY.

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The Standard,

OR FRONTIER AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Price 12s 6d in Advance. SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1846. [15s. at the end of the year]

From Sacred Mountains, by the Rev. J. T. Headley.
PICTURE OF THE FLOOD.

Noah, whose head was whitened by the frost of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes, the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure, that was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on equipping the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses; and Noah, though accounted by all, a very upright and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from the fields, and the city citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's folly."

These more aged and sober, shook their heads wisely, saying, "The old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it, laughed as they drove the nails and heaved the plank. He declared they cared not, as long as the foolish old man was able to pay. Still the ark went on, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was finished, and curiosity satisfied, it was dismissed from the mind as a passing fad.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field, and of the forest, and fowls of the air, even the venomous serpent, and the strong habited lion, coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while, a fresh topic of conversation. At length the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut in the face of the world, and he sat down, on the strength of a single promise, to await the issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills, beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendor and mounted the heavens. Deep within the huge structure, Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without. The howling of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husband man going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage wheels as they hurried past, and sometimes the ribald shout and laugh of those without, as they expiated their sin on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of the event, the idea was preposterous that such a helpless, helpless ark could outstride a wrecked world. Thus day after day passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood—to the world a welcome shower. The farmer, as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, while the city never checked its gait, or the man of wealth his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their mad, drenching bosoms. Wealth was destroyed and lives lost, till men talked of ruined fortunes, famine, and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds till it was like one falling set of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants had sought the eminences round for safety. Yet still the water rose, a pound them, till all through the valley nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then, what fierce struggles there were for life among them! The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak, as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away, till the water swept noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, and that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered—least of all the mountains. To drown the world, it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate.

Oh, what scenes of vice, and shame, and every did that storm witness in the thronged city; and what unhallowed songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by! But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and chafed every tongue in mute terror. It was a distant roar, but faint and fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it, as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the 'ribes of nature' were breaking. Nearer, and louder, and more terrible it grew, till men, forgetting alike

their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm, whispering, "The flood!" The flood!—and lo, a new sea, the like of which no man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crumpling earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach, loomed itself, like a limitless wall, in the clouds above, it came pouring, its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests, and crashed cities, and uprooted mountains, that fell one after another in its passage, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rang even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city, and kingdoms after kingdoms disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror, inconceivable and indescribable. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields, and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxuries of twenty centuries streaming the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements, and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep—one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed; for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows, the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the morning lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The patriarch God ruled that wild scene, and Noah felt his frail vessel quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Uplifted on the flood, the heaven protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled; a globe of water in mid-heaven. I have often wondered what the convulsions were during the long days and nights that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long protracted swell, massive ruins would glimmer by, while forests sink and rose with the billows, while ever and anon an uprooted hill, or, borne along by the reckless tide, it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom.

Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often, in imagination, have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight! To a spectator, what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of a billow, a mere speck of flame amidst the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as it extinguished her oar. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helpless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable; but the sea never rolled that could extinguish that starlike beam that told where the ark still floated. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain, or which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion. Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters still swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcasses that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The top of its snowy wing was heard at the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce panting of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that the earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burial, and was sprouting in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family, and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo! the earth was at his feet, but how changed! Cut into gorges, which showed where the strong currents had swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every past mark of the power that had ravaged it. Noah and his fa-

milys were alone in the world; and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him, as "friend talked with friend," bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top, bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo! God's signet ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and showed as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken.

Baptized by the flood, consecrated by the altar, illumined by the fire fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a sacred mountain on the earth.

A Brisk Place.—There is a good anecdote told in the Pictorial about the little town of Portland, Indiana.—While a certain steamer was about "putting out" from there, not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers, and remarked:

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull but I tell you, it is perhaps a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coal hanging out of a shop door, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a Magistrate—I was tried—convicted—took thirty-nine lashes—and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes—I'll swear! Lieff you, gentlemen, mighty brisk little place is that same Portland!"

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE HUMAN SKIN.

The influence of the skin on the health of the body is the part of the subject next treated of. "The temperature of health," we are told, is a genial summer over the whole surface; and when that exists, the system cannot be otherwise than well. This brings me to the rule of health which I wish to establish; namely, by food, by temperance, by exercise, and by abstinence, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin. Everything below anxious and dangerous. After showing in what way food contributes to the heat of the body, and insisting on the necessity for its softness and freshness, combined with moderation in eating, Mr. Wilson discusses the question of clothing, which in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body. Our garments retain a stratum of air, kept constantly warm by its contact with the body; and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one which fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious: the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing. In the remarks on the suitability of various articles of clothing, we learn that a greater warmth of thick woollen textures over thin ones of the same material, consists in the retention of a greater body of air in their meshes. Linen, though a soft and agreeable covering, has its objections; it is a good conductor, and bad radiator of heat, and therefore the very opposite of a warm dress, which should be a bad conductor and good radiator. Although cotton does not impart that feeling of freshness to the skin communicated by linen, it is far preferable as a covering; it absorbs less moisture, and maintains the body at a more equable temperature. Wool is one of the worst conductors and best radiators of heat, and is on this account a valuable and indispensable means of preserving the bodily heat in the winter of cold climates like our own, and even in the summer it is a serviceable defence against colds and rheumatism.

Mr. Wilson urges the necessity for regulating the amount of clothing in accordance with the season and external temperature; and gives a table to show, by comparison, the greater ease attained by those whose circumstances enable them to attend to this particular. Of one hundred persons of the richer and poorer classes respectively, from the age of eighty, to ninety, the common rate of mortality being nineteen and a fraction per cent, while the whole hundred of the latter did only thirteen died of the former. A fatal effects of cold, both in infancy and old age, are pointed out. The mortality of infants during the first year of their life amounts, in Paris, to nearly nineteen per cent; in the whole of France, to twenty-one and a half per cent; in Philadelphia to twenty-two per cent; in Berlin, to twenty-five per cent; and in St. Petersburg, to thirty-one per cent.

The author justly admonishes on the folly and the cruelty of dressing children as 'young Highlanders,' or inflicting other inefficient and fantastic manner. There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children, 'hardy,' by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. One such of the death of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold. In connection with this part of the subject, we find observations on the dangerous consequences of long exposure to a low temperature, and the suppression of perspiration, in producing derangement of the internal organs. Mr. Wilson has some sensible remarks on the influence of exercise on the skin. His idea of exercise is, that it should embrace the mind as well as the body. What is it, he asks, that makes the difference between the exercise of youth and that of the felon on the treadmill; between the pedestrian in the Isle of Wight, or Switzerland, and the pedestrian from Chelsea to the Bank; between the light and quick footstep wending to Greenwich park, and the dull tread of the nursery-maid at home? Is it not mind? Is it not the young and buoyant joy of the schoolboy that imparts his laugh and his leap? Is it not the novelty or the beauty of the scene, the pleasant weather, or the immunity from customary labour, that gives spirit to the pedestrian's tour, as compared with the dull, desultory repetition of the same single, same persons, same things, and same path from and to business? In mind lies the great secret of beneficial exercise; and with the constitution. The injurious effects of neglected exercise cannot be better illustrated than in the medical history of those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life. In such persons we find a pallid and discoloured skin, depressed spirits, incapacity for exertion, headache, frequently palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, tenderness of the stomach, and general impotency and inefficiency of the alimentary functions. The absurdity of representing the noisy and boisterous sports of childhood as too obvious to require comment. The equally absurd custom of confining young girls in stays, and of repressing their merriment and their appetites, with the view of rendering them 'ladylike,' cannot be too forcibly reprehended.

Walking, when practised with a proper regard to physical condition, bestows all the advantages which are to be derived from exercise. It favours digestion and nutrition, facilitates respiration, stimulates the skin, and promotes its action; increases the temperature of the body, and invigorates the physical and mental powers.

At this point we come to the remarks on the influence of ablution and bathing on the health of the skin, to which the preceding chapters serve as a substructure. We have already seen the scurf-skin is constantly thrown off in minute scales; the clothing, however, retains them in contact with the surface of the body, where they mix with the aqueous and saline excretions forming a crust, which while it collects dust and dirt chokes the pores and impedes transpiration. There is also the risk of absorption of the effluvia matter which remains on the skin, in which case the lungs, kidneys, liver or bowels are called upon to perform double duty, to rid the system of the noxious accumulation, by which means these organs frequently become diseased; while on the other hand, the obstruction of the pores interferes with the chemical processes of nutrition, the animal temperature is lowered, and cutaneous eruptions are engendered.

With such considerations as these before us, says our author, abtution becomes necessary which needs no further argument to enforce strict attention to its observance. Mr. Wilson enters into the subject of the various methods of ablution recommends training to those unaccustomed to wash the whole surface of the body daily, beginning with warm or tepid water, as most agreeable to the sensation and gradually diminishing the temperature, until quite cold may be constantly used. Temporary trials are, however, useless: the practice must be persevered in to insure the whole moral and physical effect. Those with whom it is a daily habit, can alone appreciate the warm glow, while the thrill of health which follows is positively delicious.

Letter from an American in California. SAN DIEGO, California, Feb. 12, 1846. Hospitality of the Californians.—Climate.—A Yankee Emigrant.—Worth of the People.—Toll Trees.—Yankee Enterprise.—Saw Mills and Grist Mills.—Horseman-ship, &c.

This California is a singular country. You may hear and read of it, but to know it you must see it for yourself. A spirit of hospitality prevails over the whole coast; every house is open to any and all that show any signs of respectability. I will tell you how I have passed the time here for the last four and a half months. The forenoon I generally spend on board; after dinner I go on shore, and about 3 p. m. walk into the first house, take a cup of coffee and a slice of bread, and have a chat with the family, and at sunset go off to the ship. Go where you will, a bed, a breakfast, dinner or supper await you—you are always welcome. Indeed, I have no need of an invitation; it is the custom of the country to make your

self at home. What would your money, grabbing Yankee say, should a stranger walk in a year dinner hour, set himself down at table, and perhaps say, "you must give me a bed, as I shall be up all night?" Our clerks and supercargoes go from one end of the coast to the other, and when night comes they step at the first house, call for a bed or something to eat, as may be. We of the ship return the same compliment. Two or three persons whom you have never seen before, will come on board, stop as long as they please, and go when they have a mind to quit. Such a fashion would not do in our country, but here we could not do without it. I called at the house of a friend the other day to get my coffee, when I fell in with one of my countrywomen that came across land, a real specimen of the Western States. It would make you laugh to hear her remarks she made about the passage through or over the mountains. "Well, we had a pretty considerable hard time of it, but I did not mind it until we had to trudge away our plunder; then I felt awful." The tide of emigration is fast setting this way, and I should not wonder if in a few years, Mexico should find a second Texas. It certainly has a fine climate; all it wants is regular rain to make it a perfect place. Some men here have from eight, ten to twelve thousand head of cattle. What would one of your farmers think of four square leagues of land for a farm with ten thousand head of cattle, besides six or eight hundred horses? Here it is not an uncommon thing. Allowing one third for increase, a man that has a stock of six thousand head, will mark two thousand the first year, and more on the next; and if there has been plenty of rain, he can kill one thousand head, averaging eight dollars per head, or \$8,000—a pretty good income.

Last June we were in a place called St. Cruz, and having some spare time, I concluded to take a ride on some of the great trees called red woods, noted for their great size. One measured nineteen feet in diameter, and 350 feet in altitude; while there were thousands that would measure ten and twelve feet. One that was below measured fourteen square feet, while it was 300 or more feet high. A tailor once had his shop in it. There have been two or three mills put up lately; and we have flour equal to any at home. The forte of these people is horsemanship, and in that they are unequalled, but who thanks them for it, they are constantly on horseback from their infancy.

The Supply of Peruvian Guano.—In consequence of the fears which have been expressed that the supply of guano on the islands of the Peruvian Coast, was likely to be exhausted by the immense demand for this article which at present exists and is likely to increase, a survey has been made by Captain Peacock, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's service, the result of which is a report to the effect that on one group of islands alone which has hitherto been principally resorted to for the article, there is sufficient remaining to furnish a supply at the rate of at least 50,000 tons per annum, for a thousand years; while there are numerous other groups which have scarcely been touched yet, and which are perhaps as extensive as this one. So that the supply of Peruvian guano may be considered inexhaustible.—Jb.

Milk of Human Nature.—The milk of human nature appears under as many different modifications in the dispositions of men, as the substance to which it is compared undergoes in the dairy. In some men it is impregnably good humour, it has all the oiliness and consistency of butter; in those of a liberal and generous disposition it has all the richness of cream, in men of a sickly habit of mind it has all the markish insipidity of whey; and in a large portion of the community it possesses all the sourness of buttermilk.—Walf.

Many, the root of all Evil.—The following terrible scene lately occurred in the valleys of Natarre, near France. An individual in woman's dress, entered an isolated dwelling, and demanded hospitality. There were but three individuals in the house—a man and his wife and child. They soon discovered that the pretended woman was a man in disguise, and their fears were naturally excited. The husband, not wishing to be alone at night, with so questionable a visitor, withdrew secretly to procure aid, at the nearest house. The woman, in his absence, could not resist her fears. The stranger seemed to attach himself to her and, to avoid him, she suddenly entered a room and fastened its door. Not being able to open the door, the man decided his object. "You have sold grain for such a day—give me the money you got for it—or I shall kill your child." The mother not believing in the possibility of such a crime, and expecting her husband to come, could not decide to open her door, and when she heard the heart-rending cries of her child, whose throat he cut

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