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the Board of Directors.
D. D. MORRISON,
37||vi Secretary

LING OFF !
UCED PRICES!
is selling off his large and
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ns—30 pieces of white and red
lisbury and Swansdown do—
vy Kersies do—2 bales Blank-
4 4 to 8 4—Counterpanes and
s of different colors—64 pieces
4 to 3 4, glass bleached white
pieces of Orleans & Saxonies
and patterns, Orlains de Floras
ors—250 pieces of prints suit-
pring—furniture cotton, checks
illed jane and lining cottons,
ine Regattas—table covers blue
and brown cloths do—Ladies
dkerchiefs, silk Handkerchiefs
hite and brown do—woollen &
lors—cotton Warps white and
Boots and Shoes, carpet & kid
d morrocco walking Shoes—
Berlin do—Lambswool Hose,
do, Bobbinetts and Laces, ja-
di Muslins, Bishoplawns and
n Bobbinetts, Quilinetts and
ver and silk Hats, fur and lileth
oil cloths and covered hats,—
f ready made clothing, 50 pieces
rent qualities, frock coats and
coats, gaunsey frocks, red and
variety of other articles in the

RE AND CUTLERY.
Scissors large and small, of an
azors, pocket and pen knives,
do. bake pans and covers, fat.
fire shovels and tongs, long
shoe and scrubbing brushes.
OCERIES.
st white Soap,
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ur and corn meal, pork & fish.

bted to the subscriber either by
, are requested to call and ar-
with and save expence.
C. BRADLEY.
February, 1842

ANCY STORE.
L SUPPLY.
respectfully informs the Ladies
n of Saint Andrews that she
LL SUPPLY of GOOD, con-
sisting of
& Fancy Goods
on, and at the Lowest Prices
general selection of
OCERIES,
se of on Reasonable Terms.
M. SHEALOCK.
-44||

THE
REWS STANDARD
D EVERY FRIDAY, BY
W. Smith.
Saint Andrews, N B.
ERMS.
livered in town or called for
forwarded by mail.
nued until arrears are paid
TISEMENTS,
o written orders, or continued
no written directions
lines, and under, 3s
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l over 12 lines 3d per line,
12 lines 1d per line.
e year as may be agreed on.
individuals who have no ac-
ice to be paid for in advance
&c. struck off at the shortest
for on delivery.
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VOLUME 9

The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

NUMBER 27

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1842. [17s. 6d. sent by Mail.

THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY BRADLEY.

Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine.

The story which we have abridged for our present number, is from the pen of the talent ed author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' and though we esteem it inferior to the great portion of his other writings, still we can by no means consider it altogether unworthy Mr. Carleton's pen. There is a fault in nearly all his productions—a waste of words in description—and, in many instances, overdoing the work, by making too much of a trivial incident. These faults are very perceptible in the story before us, and we think it will be allowed to be much improved by the pruning we have given it in copying.

There are few villages in Ireland that does not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdotes or story telling. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose faces he reaped, with the greatest dexterity, their week's crop of beard. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work and scorn comfort. When you came close to the house you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for be it known to you he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade-work, nor agricultural labour of any kind; but devoted himself on the contrary to the light employment of life.

Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also whenever they required it, or rather, whenever he himself tho't it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every man, now-a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription, as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half a crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a threefold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered glauber salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes. Sometimes for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite *theory*, which was in the mean time, dreadfully *practical* to his patients.

Still Barney was a great favorite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which was surely a proof that his heart retained no malice. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey.—He was, from the nature of his pursuits, a wandering character; to-day at one extremity of the parish, strapping a razor; to-morrow at the other, bleeding a friend or doctering a horse, perhaps both. Of course no man was more visible—Wherever you went you met him. Any odd sight was to be seen in the country side, he saw it—at least he always said so. Any strange story that was to be heard he heard it. He was an eye witness to all fights, cock-fights, still hunts, fox-chases, weddings, drivings, auctions, and all the other great little events which keep parish rumour afloat. Neither was any man more ready to take a part in a passing spree than Barney, for which reason he has often come home to the wife in rather a queer condition. Many a drubbing he has got at the hands of his patients; and many a drubbing on the contrary, have they received from the same Barney.

He was one of those men whose ruling passion still is strong in drink; and, of course whenever he was tipsy, he could not be five minutes in any man's company without taking out the lancet, and feeling his pulse. It was then a little after four o'clock, that going somewhat unsteadily up the street of Ballykippeen; he met a large, comfortable, corpulent farmer, called Andy Murtagh.

'Andy,' says Barney, 'how goes it?'

'Why Barney, man alive—no but Docthur—I b'lieve Surgin's betther—why Surgin Bradley, how is every inch of you, not forgetthin your lancet?'

'Faith the ould cut Andy;—still mixin' the *style* and the *dulce*: did you hear the cure I made on Darby M'Fudge?

No Barney—I did not; let us hear it.—But what do you mean by the *yew—yewt*—Phoo! what the dickens do you call it? I suppose it manes the whiskey an' wather, am I at it Barney?

Faith you opened the right vein there, any how—divil a nater explanation could be put to it. But Andy, did ever any man livin' remember such healthy weather? Bedad it's a killin'ason, the Lord be praised?

'Killin'!—why it's the healthiest season, Barney, widin' memory, instead of that.'

'Andy, you have but one failin'—you'd contradict St. Pether if he said the same thing. I tell you it *is* an unhealthy time, an' that if the people don't take warnin' they'll die in scores like rotten sheep. What does Jack Simpson's weather glass say? *For the next three months there's to be a mortual number of deaths!*

An' conthradiet the weather-glass too, Barney.

Why, do you mane to say that you're well yourself, at present?'

'Faith, I'll swear it, Barney, in spite of you an' all the weather-glasses in Europe.'

'Then sorra a worse sign could be about you than that same. It's always the fore-runner of ill health—Sure you never heard of a man bein' sick yet, that his health wasn't good before it.'

'Barney, how is your ould patient, Darby M'Fudge? Ha, ha, ha!'

'Come, come, man, don't be a coward; I tell you, your nose is a little to the one side, an' that's another sign. There's a complaint. Andy, that twists the half of a man's face towards the left ear, an' nothin' cures it but flaybottomry. Devil a thing. Now don't be an ass, Andy; you know as well as I do that you're out of order. You're unwell; that's the short an' the long of it.'

'Unwell! why what'd ail me? Sure you see nothin' wrong wid me?'

I'll teel you what, Andy—as sure as you're stan'in' there you want flaybottomry. All the blood in your body's in your face this minnit. Be asy; let me feel your pulse. Oh thundher an' turf! you're—you're Andy, follow me, It's nothin' else than a downright blessin' that I met you.'

The good natured farmer had not time to resist him, so without saying a word, Barney led him across the street into the back yard, where after planting him in a stable, he proceeded with his dialogue.

'Now, Andy, be a man, an' don't fear a drop o' blod; have you half-a-crown about you?'

'For what, Barney?'

'Because, if you have, better laid out money never left your pocket; I'll save you're life—not that I want to alarm you—all I say is that you're widin' a turn of having a fit of perplexity—sorra a less it is!'

'A fit of perplexity! if that's a complaint, I've had it often in my day Barney.'

'A fit o' perplexity, Andy, is what they call the knock down complaint.'

'Troth, surgin, an' I have both got an' gave the same complaint in my time,' said the stout farmer laughing—'I tell you Barney. I've given many a man the falling sickness afore now, an' that's well known. Are they related?

'They're cousin-jarmins, any how, man alive—if you go to that. But this perplexity you see is——'

'Look to yourself, Barney—if ever a man had an appearance of it you have. You're black-in the face this minnit an' your two eyes is set in your head.'

'Why, man,' said Barney, 'your pulse is fifty-six, that's six more than the half hundred—strip immediately, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences.'

'How could you bleed me here, you nager?'

'Right well: I have the ribbon and every thing—as for a plate we don't want it. I'll bleed you with your face to the wall.'

'Well, come, hit or miss I can't be much the worse of it so I don't care if I loose a trifle: I think I do want to get rid of it—I always bleed in May, any how.'

He stripped and in a short time Barney had the blood spinning out of his arm against the stable wall, to his own manifest delight, and not much to the dissatisfaction of honest Andy Murtagh. It might be an hour after this, that the attention of the crowd was directed to a fight between two men opposite the public house to which the stable, wherein Andy had been phlebotomized, was attached. One of them was evidently in a state of intoxication, and the other had only the use of one arm; as he appeared, by the dexterity with which he handled his cudgel, to be left handed, or *kitthogue*, this circumstance was not such a disadvantage as might be supposed. The fight lasted but a short time, for the more drunken of the two received a blow which laid him senseless on the street.

Our readers need scarcely be told that this was Barney and his patient. The former on receiving his half crown insisted on giving Andy a treat, at which some dispute arose that caused the keeper of the public-house to put them both out into the street. Here they fought, and the result is known. We cannot at present trace him further; but we must request our kind readers to accompany us to the head inn of the town, where with the apothecary and doctor, the country coroner, a vulgar man who loved his glass, was seated at lunch or dinner, if you will, upon a cold turkey and ham, both of which they washed down with indifferent port. The coroner was in the act of putting the glass to his lips, when the door opened, and two men in evident distress and alarm soon entered.

'What's the matter? said the coroner laying down the glass; you look as if you were—were—eh?—what do you want?'

'We want you, Sir, if you plase,'

'Why what's wrong?'

'One Barney Bradley, Sir, that was *kilt*.'

'Kilt! by whom was he *kilt*?'

By one Andy Murragh, Sir, that hit him a *polthogue* on the skull, Sir, and kilt him.

'Right—right,' said the coroner—'all fair gintlemen will you have the goodness to come along *wid* me, till we set upon the corpse.—Your opinions may be necessary, and I shall order the waither to keep the lunch safe till we dispatch this business. Between you and me, I'm not sorry that that fellow's done for. The confounded scrub has bled me out of business—ha! ha! ha!'

On arriving at the public house they found considerable difficulty in making way to the room in which Barney lay. The coroner's name, however, was an open sesame to the party, who in a few minutes found themselves ready as the coroner said, to enter upon business. After having surveyed the corpse, the judge of the dead requested his medical friends to try if any symptoms of life remained. The doctor consequently felt his pulse, and shook his head.

'Ah' said he, 'its all over with him!'

The apothecary looked into his face—Ah!' he exclaimed,' it is so, but isn't that a villianous expression of countenance? That man, doctor—that man, Sir, had—a—a that is, independently of the violent mode of his death—had—I think, the germs, doctor, the germs—of seed of death within him. Am I right Sir?'

'You are positively right, Sir. That man would have died most decidedly, especially when we consider that—'

'Gintlemen,' observed the coroner, 'it dosen't signify a horse-nail how or whin he might have died.—The man is dead now, and that's enough—or rather he was kilt by a blow on the scouce; so our best and only plan, you presarve, is to swear a jury to thry the merits of the case. And, gintlemen I'll take it as a particular 'fever,' if you will have the civility to make no reflections, on the corpse, for every such reflections, gintlemen, is unbecoming, and dangerous, according to the present law of libel, and extenuation probably against myself. Let 'day mortises nill neesy boreum' be our rule in this unhappy case—hem!

(*Conclusion in our next.*)

SHABBY GENTEEL

Oh! think not my trowsers were always as bad
As these are this moment upon me you see,
For age on their beauty has influence had—
Time whitens not only the head but the knee.
Then turn not aside with derision and scorn;
They're seedy, I own both behind and before:
Like the heart of the wearer, 'tis true they are torn—
Like his bosom they've suffered full many a gore.
"But never despair," says the confident sage,
And I, even I, am encouraged to hope;
For I found by the paper's advertisement page
There's something still left us on earth, besides soap.
Yes, here is the balsam that gladdens my eye—
Oh! can the alluring announcement be true?
A patent reviver—a species of dye
Which makes an old coat look quite equal to new!
Oh, why in the world should we further go on,
When the lights are all out that illumined our way,
When the tailors who trusted are bankrupts and gone,
And cold ones insist upon punctual pay?
No, rather the garments I have I'll still wear,
Than ask of the "cold ones" a boon they'd deny;
They will not give credit!—at once I'll repay
To the mart for the patent reviver—and dye!

The N Y. "*Sun*" says:—A German has just arrived in this city, who possesses the power of learning common fleas to carry and draw articles of some thousand times their own weight. He harnesses them in small golden carriages.

A SHORT SERMON.

By Dow, Junr.

The text from which I will preach on this occasion, is the following:—

If ye are honest, honourable men,
Go ye and pay—the Printer.

My hearers,—There is many seeming trifles in the world which you are apt to overlook, on account of there unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their charactar into inextricable degredation. Among these ostensible trifles, that of neglecting to pay our honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. It takes off all the silken fur from the fine threads of feeling, creates a kind of misanthropic coldness about the heart, skims off all the cream that may chance to rise upon the milk of generosity and makes man look as savagely on his brother man as does a dog upon one of his species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed, that he who owes a man a dollar is sure to owe him a grudge, and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter than on the former. Oh, my friends, to be over head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as a person ought to be in; but to be so deeply in debt that you can't sleep at nights without being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia.

My dear friends, the debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due to the printer! It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs a printer out of a single cent can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other. He will be sure to go down to the grave ere time shall bedeck his brow with the silvery blossoms of age, and the green leaves of hope will fall before the fresh bud of enjoyment has expanded. It is true that the mushrooms of peace may spring up during a short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither under the scorching rays of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness and the cruelty to cheat the printer, when you consider how much he has done, and is every day doing for you? He has poured into the treasuries, of your mind some of the most valuable gifts that any thing short of a God can bestow—aye riches which you would not part with for the possesion of the whole world.

With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened the iron-cased doors of human understanding—dispelled the darkness of ignorance and lit up the lamps of knowledge and wisdom. That mighty engine, the Press, is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its effulgence extends all over the broad empire of the mind, illuminating the darkest avenues of the heart; and yet the printer, the man that toils at the lever of this soul enlightning instrument, is often robbed of his hard-earned bread by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage and placed in a paradise to lay off and grow fat upon the fruits of his labours!

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts moistened with the dews of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. It there be one among you whose accounts are not settled with the Printer, go and settle them immediately, and be able to hold up your heads in society like a giraffe: be respected by the wise and the good, free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed *wolves* the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and PAY the Printer. You will not wait for the morrow; because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary receptacle of unredeemed promises; an addled egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I do not suppose you will ever pay the printer as long as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain, and no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles, and you will never enjoy the blessings of health! * *

Patronise the Printer, take town paper, pay for it in advance.

My hearers, pay *all* your debts, and keep an honourable reckoning with your fellow men; but above all, keep paying, by daily instalments, that everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to Him from whom you obtained the capital sufficient to begin the first transactions of life, as that when you come to balance accounts at the day of general settlement, all things may appear fair and above board. "So mote it be."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The American Exploding Squadron, consisting of the ships Vincennes, Oregon, and Porpoise, has returned to the United States The expedition sailed in August, 1838, and has consequently been absent nearly four years, during which time the vessels are stated to have sailed about one hundred thousand miles, and examined and surveyed a large number of Ports, Reefs, Islands, &c &c.

Queer Defence.—The Richmond Star states that an agent of a line of stages refused payment of a hotel bill, in Baltimore, because stage agents have a *right* to live in what house they please, in consideration of the custom they carry with them. This custom did'nt exactly suit mine host, so he *swited* the agent, by the aid of a lawyer. It was proved in the defence, that in some places agents were paid, in addition to free board, $10 and $20 per month, to stop at particular houses, for the benefit they carried with them. Nevertheless, the law books made no mention of such rights, and the *free* liver was mulcted.

The Hindoo Girl.—At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could surpass in delicacy and fineness of texture the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloth. In England, cotton has been spun so fine, that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound, but the Hindoo girl had, by their hands, constructed a thread which would require to be one thousand miles to weigh a pound, and the Daccalle muslns of her manufacture, when spread on the ground and covered with dew, were no longer visible.

A point of Honor.—There was something very noble in the reply of the banished Queen of Denmark who was suffering, charged with a crime of which her answer alone would prove her innocence, when solicited by her husband to return, and be reconciled. "No" she replied, and she sacrificed a throne to the majesty of her resentment, "No! if the accusation be just, I am unworthy of his bed, if it is false, he is unworthy of mine" Her accuser, who could send her a homeless wanderer into the world, was unable to deprive her of the consciousness of her integrity—and that feeling supported her.

Gratitude of a Lady.—Mademoiselle de la Champagne, a French lady of property, who recently died in the town of Avranches, in Normandy, bequeathed £1,200 to the British nation, in grateful acknowledgement of the liberality and kindness which she had experienced from the government and people of England during her residence there as an emigrant at the time of the revolution. The Mayor of Avranches solicited permission of Sir Robert Peel for the application of the money towards building a ward in that town hospital, to be appropriated to the relief of British sailors shipwrecked on the coast, or of other destitute English persons. The premier consented. This spirit we should ever wish to see cultivated by both nations.—*London Paper.*

Two Horns.—"The Alphine horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains takes his horn——."—*Ex. paper.*

The New Orleans "horn" is made of gin and sugar, and sometimes rum and lemon-peel, or else peach-brandy and honey.

"When the first rays of the sun gild" the cupola of the St. Charles Exchange, the loafers who inhabit the neighbouring "diggins" step in, and take their "horn"

The latter is the best for a *blow out!*"—*New Orleans Crescent City.*

"Peter, never go to bed at night, without knowing something which you did not know in the morning. "Yes sir—I went to bed *slewed* last night; and I did not dream of such a thing in the morning."

Incendiarism.—An attempt was made on Saturday night last, to set fire to the dwelling house of Ralph M. Jarvis, Esq, in germain street. A quantity of charcoal, several bunches of matches, and other combustibles were found in the porch, at the hall door on Sunday morning, which had evidently been set fire to and by some fortuate accident became extinguished. A pannel was also broken out of the lower part of the porch apparently to give air to the fire. A reward of £25 has been offered by Mr Jarvis for the conviction of the offenders.—*chronicle.*

MR. NELLIS—*Born without arms!*—This very extraordinary personage has arrived in St. John, for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful acquirements, divested as he is of the most useful members of the human frame. It is stated that the difficulties which he has overcome, by the use of his Feet and Toes, as substitutes for his hands and arms, have been subjects of general wonder and conversation. To the Faculty, who have visited him night after night, he has been an object of surprise and admiration.

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