

The Standard. OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1840.

Number 26

ON SALE.

ely occupied by John Smith
joining land of Mr. John Cot-
g 95 acres, with a dwelling
; about 40 acres, under Cul-
tured. This Farm fronts on
there is an excellent fishery,
nience to obtain rock weed
for manure. This farm will
liberal credit given for pay-
JOHN WILSON.

G. G. V. E.
has received
ish Queen, from London,
in Saint John.

ACKAGES containing Drugs
Medicines, Perfumery, Colours,
f.c. among which are Epsom
Cream Tartar, whole and retail
perfumed fancy Soaps, Tooth &
ices, Pickles, French Olives—
niss from the best makers. Ver-
green or blue, either for oil or
&c. &c.
varnished to be from the first

May 15.

LET.

tion given immediately.
convenient Cottage situated
Eastern Extremity of Queen
t occupied by Mr. HERRT

JOHN FORTUNE
March 25, 1840—13—t.

OLD OR LET.

slow given immediately.
hed and convenient Cottage
ide of the St. John Road in
of David Mowatt Esquire.
ge Parlour, Bed Room and
s Closets on the ground
rod Bed Rooms up stairs,
t first good Cellar under the
ground for a garden adjoin-
or let with it if required for
e apply, at the STANDARD.

May 16, 1840, 20.

NOTICE.

having any accounts against
ANDREWS and SAINT JOHN'S
H COMPANY, to the 15th
ut, will render them to Mr.
St. John, the TREASURER.

THOS. WYER,
President.

25th November 1831.

DEPARTURE OF
AILS.

rice from
ily at 12 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach—
Saturdays at 7 p. m.
steam—Mondays, Wednes-
s 3 to 5 p. m.
Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days.

parts for
ily at 10 a. m.
Saint George, by Coach—
esdays, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
am—Tuesdays, Thursdays,
18 a. m.
y Coach—Mondays, Wed-
days at 10 a. m.

WANTED.

e Wanted, about 15 years
can read and write well, at
Printing business. Those
would be preferred—
Jan 4, 1840.

THE
NEWS STANDARD

EVERY FRIDAY, BY
W. SMITH

in Saint Andrews,
RUNSWICK.

ERMS.

ered in town or called for.
forwarded by mail.
insured until arrears are paid
TISEMENTS,
o written orders, or continued
lines, and under, 3s
over 12 lines 3d per line,
12 lines 1d per line.
o year as may be agreed on.

individually who have no ac-
ice to be paid for in advance
&c. struck off at the shortest
for on delivery.

GENTS.

Mrs. S. Connick.
Mr. W. Campbell.
James Albee Esq.
Trist. Moore Esq.
Jas. Brown Esq.
Mr. J. Goldney.
Mr. David Turner.
Mr. Wm. Beaufort.
Mr. D. Gilmore.
Joshua Knight Esq.
Wilford Fisher Esq.
D. M. Millan Esq.
W. J. Layton Esq.
Mr. Henry S. Beck.
Jas. Cain Esq.

SE NOTICE

tisement will be inserted
unless paid for when
the number of insertions
is having upon accounts
is usual. BLANKS and
ruck off to order and
fer cash down.
27em

THE LOVE OF A HAT.

Oh Alfred, I have been out shopping all the afternoon, though I purchased nothing; but I called at Mrs. Hall's the milliner, and she showed me such a love of a hat I was completely enchanted; I tried it on, and found it so becoming, I was tempted to wear it home. It is the color of a damask rose, with a splendid ribbon to match, a gracefully drooping snowy plume, and a certain of exquisite blonde a quarter of a yard in depth. I know you would say it was a perfect love; should you not like to see me come out in it?

That is quite a broad hint my dear Sarah, I like to see you in any thing; but what is the price of this so much admired bonnet?

Mrs. Hall said it was worth thirteen dollars; but as she wished to be as reasonable as possible with such a customer as myself, she would let me have it for twelve.

Well she is quite accommodating, but is not that too much to lay out upon an article of dress so soon to be thrown aside? Then you know Sarah, there is your white one, not yet two months old; I had rather see you wear that longer. I do not like to have people say that my wife is extravagant, and we cannot very well afford to follow every new fashion; are you willing to give it up?

The young wife pouted, and was half inclined to cry. It were better if she had, for tears are more excusable than anger.

Oh I suppose I can wear the old dud of a white hat all winter, if you will not allow me a better one; but do not call me extravagant; I am sure a twelve dollar bonnet need not drain your resources. Look at my friend Mrs. Haight, she has a new head gear once a month, I believe. She had a French hat which cost her sixteen dollars. She only wore it twice, and then taking a fancy to alter it, spoilt it entirely, so that it was fit for nothing but paper bags; and not long since she gave eight dollars for a turban which she has never worn, and never will wear. But I see what I am to expect. I did not believe you were so parsimonious.

Sarah was vexed. She tossed her gloves and handkerchief upon the carpet, and drawing her chair towards the grate, sat in sullen silence twirling the tassels of her purple mantle till summoned to the tea table. The meal was hurried through without transgressing the rules of politeness, and the evening hours passed slowly and uncomfortably away; for though Alfred sought to enter into conversation with his wife, she would only answer in monosyllables; but she had time to reflect upon the folly of her conduct, and at last began to feel very unhappy.

Alfred and Sarah had not been long wedded, and this was their first disagreement—

"For oh hour night a cause will show."

Discussions between heads that love."

The wife was young, gay, playful and affectionate, and had been chosen by a man of sense, more for the good qualities of her mind and heart, than her beauty, though that was of the rarest kind; but she possessed a spirit impatient of contradiction; and indulged a fondness for dress which her husband hoped she might overcome, if dealt with rightly. He felt that it was hard to begin a reform, and almost repented having given the first lesson, though more than ever convinced that it was necessary. But Sarah's was an April temper, and she appeared on the morrow with a face all sunshine, and rosy lips dropping kind words, for though too proud to confess herself in fault, she felt that she was wrong, and while no allusion was made to the past, she appeared, by her affectionate manner, to ask a reconciliation, and soon read forgiveness in the eyes of her husband. She seemed content to wear the old dud of a hat, and a few months passed away in undisturbed happiness; but another evil genius crossed their path in the guise of a fifty dollar shawl, which so exceedingly pleased the lady's fancy, that she ventured to ask her lord and master for leave, and money, to purchase it, and here began the second lesson which he saw fit to give her upon that subject. He stood by the window, his hand was in his pocket, and the money in his hand, I verily believe;—for he would much rather have given it than denied her, but he hesitated a moment ere he replied.

Sarah it is hard for me to refuse you any thing; but a shawl is what you certainly do not need at present. Have you not an elegant cloak, a rich Cashmere, a Rob Roy, which if not handsome, is very serviceable, and others of all sorts and sizes?

Don't talk to me about serviceable! I hate the word, and I shall never wear the old horse blanket again; they are only fit for Irish women and Venches. You seem to know all about my articles of dress; I suppose you keep a written inventory of my wardrobe.

On Sarah you grieve me; but look here! see this poor object passing along through the bitter snow storm, with no covering outside her calico dress, to shield her from the weather: I will raise the window and bid her come in if you will run up stairs for your blanket.

You can be generous to every one besides me, but she may have it in welcome.

Sarah was charitable and kind, and as she gracefully threw the shawl over the poor wo-

man's shoulders, the shade of anger on her countenance gave place to a smile of satisfaction. Heaven bless you!—Heaven forever bless you! said the grateful woman, as she turned to depart. You are a young and happy couple—just in each other's affection; and never let unkind words pass between you; they are easy said, but hard to be forgotten. You have wealth, friends, and home! may your riches never take wings and fly away, your friends follow, and your home become the abode of distress. Be of one mind, loving and forgiving always; and once more I say, trust in each other's affection.

Again was the difficulty amicably adjusted, and though as a true historian I must allow that a few similar scenes occurred, yet Sarah soon began to see the error of her ways, and was gradually reforming, when Alfred one day entered and found her weeping over the following letter.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—You have probably learned from public report, that my husband has been unfortunate in business, but his pride has hitherto kept me from informing you of the extent of his losses. He is ruined, completely; without a dollar in the world that he can call his own, and now lying dangerously ill of a fever brought on by exertion, exposure, and anguish of mind. I kept up my courage and spirits till now, but they are fast leaving me. I shrink from poverty, not as the worst of evils, but as one which I at present know of no means to avert; and though my children are not literally calling for bread, they are subsisting upon charity, for we owe it to the kindness of our creditors, that we have a morsel to eat, or a roof to shelter us. Did you think that could ever be brought to this? It is the will of Heaven, and my proud spirit is humbled in the dust. Come to me my sister—console me with your sympathy—help me with your advice. Alfred will not object; he is always kind—come soon.

Alfred read the letter and proposed starting immediately, which they accordingly did; and after two days journey, reached the dwelling of their afflicted sister. Alfred came not to be a passive spectator of their distress, but as an angel of mercy, to relieve. He told his wife that he had saved two hundred dollars by denying her some useless expense, at different times; he had intended to devote it to some charitable purpose, and it was now hers if she wished to present it to her sister. He cheered the heart of the sick man, and inspired him with new courage, till the fever left him, and he was able to adopt the means which his true friend proposed, of providing for the wants of his family. Alfred's influence was exerted, and his purse opened, till the household were again restored to comfort and happiness; and they saw him depart with tears and blessings.

When they were alone in the carriage, Sarah wept upon her husband's shoulder. She confessed her former faults, and implored forgiveness for the wrong she had done him—for the pain she had given his noble heart. She felt that those only can be truly generous, who deny themselves, that they may give to others; no more unkind words fell from her lips, she was careful not to make any unreasonable requests, and she now blessed the day when her husband, to bring about this change, commenced with denying her the love of a hat."

NEWSPAPERS.

It is fashionable in some circles and on particular occasions, to speak lightly of the importance of the newspaper press upon the public, and in general terms to pronounce it as profligate and corrupt. But do such persons sufficiently consider what influences such impressions make on the public mind? Have they made a calculation between the power of oral lectures, printed books, and issues of the periodical press? Suppose to-day that every newspaper press in the land should advocate the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; what would be the effect on the public mind—what the general practise in a few years, under such an advocacy? Certainly the general use of such drink. The waxen state of the mind of youth would receive impressions that would be carried by them to the grave, and influence more or less their whole life. Newspapers are the vehicles of the public thought—of individual reflections for the general good—transcripts of public conduct—pictures of private griefs and blessings—monitors to Statesmen, Divines, Moralists—the people's instrument to thunder their dissatisfaction at oppression and wrong doing in those occupying high stations, and to speak their approval of things that are right, honorable and just. They convey instruction drawn from the meetings of Cabinets of nations—the Halls of Legislation—Courts of Justice—the desks of public and private Sec—the domestic circle—popular associations—private correspondence—the mechanic's shop—the husbandman's farm, and lawyer's office—in short, wherever a man operates by the force of mind or comes in contact with matter, comes also instructions, intelligence and warning to fill the columns of the newspaper.

It is not to be wondered at that such an in-

strument should, at times, be seized upon by the selfish and depraved, to advance their power; and the only security against their influence, is the intelligence and virtue of the people. Political demagogues, having control of the public patronage will always find men enough to labour for their interest, for the amount of money they may be able to give. It is for a wise and prudent people to say whether such shall prove successful.

Just in proportion to the demands of the age, will be the improvement in the character of newspapers; already have the best and wisest men in the country made use of them as a means of conveying instruction to the public on matters of morals, religion, education, temperance, and all the great interests that concern the Welfare of man. And if the people would an support honest, independent, and faithful press. Instead of a corrupt one, they should see to it, that not only such papers as they approve should be subscribed to, but that they also should be paid for.—Almost any one, with any sort of a paper, can get up a long subscription list of nominal patrons, provided the publishers do not demand payment, and thus the good and the bad are alike encouraged to begin, and equally discouraged from continuing their labors; so that, as a practical matter in too many cases, the faithful and the corrupt are treated alike. There is a looseness in the public mind with regard to their obligations to publishers that injures both the press and the public. But if newspapers are what we have stated them to be, this ought not to be the case. The public should support them as a matter of principle, and support only such as on principle they can generally approve for some general features of utility, intelligence or profit.

Recollections.—Time mellow ideas. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified and at the same time endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which when present, we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of tender kind, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite.—The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruin of an ancient building which we remember almost entire: these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures and the ambition of the present moment fade and appear. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than general to the mind.—Of this tender power which remembrance has over us; several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we treat it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

Singular Will.—An English miser, John Piech, lately died in London, leaving the following will: I give and bequeath to my nephew, my old black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece, the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grand-children, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed. The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when lo! a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waistcoat and little earthen pots were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to, cause them an agreeable surprise.

The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably, more good-will than arisen and friendships been founded by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturalist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, become his triumph, which, though often obtained by a chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

To take Grease out of Silk.—If a little powdered magnesia be applied on the wrong side

of silk, as soon as the spot discovered, it is never failing remedy, the dark spots disappearing as if by magic.

Old Weller and the Widow on the Railroad.—"It is was on the rail," said Mr. Weller with strong emphasis; "I was goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage with a living widder. Alone we was; the widder and me was alone; and I believe it was only because we was alone and there was no clergyman in the conveyance, that that 'ere widder did't marry me afore we reached the half-way station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we was goin' under them tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a faintin' and ketchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight locked and perished all escape—Ah! it was an awful thing, most awful!" Master Humphrey's Clock, No. 6.

Protracted Vitality of Seeds.—Without admitting such doubtful cases as those of seeds preserved in mummies having germinated, there are many instances of seminal longevity about which there can be no doubt. Books contain an abundance of instances of plants having suddenly sprung up from the soil obtained from deep excavations, where the seeds must be supposed to have been buried for ages. Professor Henslow says that in the fens of Cambridgeshire, after the surface had been drained and the soil ploughed, large crops of white and black mustard invariably appear. Millar mentions a case of Plantago Psyllium having sprung from the soil of an ancient ditch which was emptied at Chelsea, although the plant had never been seen in the memory of man. De Chandolle says that M. Gerardin succeeded in raising kidney beans from seeds at least a hundred years old, taken out of the herbarium at Tournefort; and raspberry plants have been raised from seeds found in an ancient coffin, in a barrow in Dorsetshire, which seeds, from the coins and other relics met with near them, may be estimated to have been sixteen or seventeen hundred years old.

Natural History.—At Bowes, parish of Terregles, two boys have a small dove-cot and a brood of young, which, after being nearly starved to death, are now thriving finely, whether within doors or in the open air. The said cooing nurslings were only partially fledged when the parent birds disappeared, having been shot, as is supposed, while diligently foraging for the good of others in some of the adjoining sown fields. On discovering this, the juveniles knew not what to do with their doves, but after rumination on the subject, they hit on an expedient which succeeded beyond expectation. In the house hung or stood a roomy cage, tenanted by a jack-daw—a lively, pert, tricky fellow, but who, at the same time, seems not wanting in qualities which may, for anything we know, take the name of docility. Accordingly the bereaved pigeons were introduced into his refectory and dormitory; at first he looked a little askance, but soon took to feeding his destitute fellow-lodgers, with all the care he could have possibly bestowed on his own offspring. The boys were delighted, and after a few days' trial, opened the cage door to give the feathered folks the air. Liberty is at all times sweet, and glad of escape, the whole flew off to the open fields in quest of worms and other food, and the doves, trust to say, have so profited by the instructions of their black tutor, that they are now able to shift for themselves.—Dunfriess Courier.

Temperance in Ireland.—If, 2 short years ago, any one had been bold enough to assert that, by any thing short of supernatural agency, the lower orders of Irish could be induced suddenly to from habits of sobriety, he would have been thought a visionary enthusiast, wholly unacquainted with the manners and habits of the nation; but had he gone on to predict that, in the course of a few months, there would be found, in the province of Munster, thousands and tens of thousands of whisky drinkers, who, without other motive than a conviction of the evils of drunkenness, would yet be willing, nay, eager, to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of temperance, and enrol themselves in the ranks of a total abstinence society, he would have been classed with the eccentric gentleman who desired Mrs. Nickleby to bottle her tears, label them best quality, and stow them in fourteen bins, with a bar of iron on top to keep the thunder off. Yet this apparent impossibility has been accomplished by one man, in the short space of twenty months; a man, too, without the adventitious aid of wealth and power, and who yet bids fair to accomplish a moral and social revolution unparalleled in the pages of history. Our readers will readily anticipate that we allude to the Rev. Mr. Matthew, R.C. clergyman of Cork, who, early in 1838 established a total abstinence society in that city, which, on the 20th Jan. 1840, numbered 500,000 members. This rapid increase is sufficiently remarkable in itself; but it calls for our deepest attention, if it can be shown that it proceeds from a great national movement; a voluntary effort on the part of

people which develops some of the most peculiar features of Irish character.

Autogenous Soldering of Lead.—This new method of uniting lead, which its inventor, Le Vicomte de Richemont, has named "Autogenous soldering," and for which patents have been obtained by Mr. Charles Delbruck, consists briefly in effecting the union of the parts to be joined by fusion of the metal at the joints or line of junction, without the addition of any alloy or connecting metal. The operation is accomplished by means of jets of intense flame, produced by the combustion of hydrogen and common air, conveyed through a caout-chouc tube, so flexible as to be as easily manageable with the hand as any ordinary tool. M. de Richemont has denominated this instrument the "arhydic blow-pipe." The entire supercession of solder by the new method will prove particularly advantageous in the construction of boilers for the making of acids, and for the concentration of saline solutions; in the making of lead chambers for sulphuric acid, the construction of which has hitherto been attended with much difficulty and expense; and in the manufacturing of chemical utensils of all kinds, and even in the invention probably of new ones; by the facility afforded of lining with thin lead, wood, copper, or iron, and thus combining the chemical strength of the former with the mechanical strength of the latter; barrels, for instance, may be lined for the transport of sulphuric and other acids. But perhaps the greatest advantage will be the economy of the process, arising from the total disuse of solder, in comparison with which the cost of hydrogen is inconceivable.

Parliamentary Intelligence.—Among the members of the present House of Commons are to be found the following names, which when arranged in order appear somewhat singular.—We have a Duke, an Erie, a Barron and a Knight, a Master, a Butler, a Hall and a Guest, with Grey and Green Pease and Bacon. There is a Baker with a Bagger, a Round Blunt Bodkin, a Buck and a Hyde, a Hawke, a Finch, and a Martin, a Lynch Law, three Smiths, two Turners, and six different Woods; Curry and Rice, Lemon Peel, a Kirk and a Clerk, a Wilde Hogg, with Manners, Fort 2 Miles Long, with a Musket and Ball. A Scarlet Kase, and a Plumtree, with a Pryse and two odd Prices.

A SPECTACULAR RESULT.—The National Gazette of yesterday says,—"The most splendid result of the Daguerreotype is shown in the human face. We have seen some specimens of it which are marvellous and admirable.—They are of American production, and are rendered by an improved and simplified process, which throws aside many of the troublesome details deemed indispensable by M. Daguerre. The painting is literally divine; the representations immaculate. Thus by a bold and brilliant stroke of modern science, the exact representation of any countenance can be instantaneously transferred to a durable material and preserved for an indefinite period. Posterity to the latest generation may speculate lovingly on the form of incarnate worth traced by the pencil of the Day-God."

AN IRISH REASON FOR NOT ROBBING THE MAIL.—"Let's rob the Mail!" cried Pat to Tim O'Shay, "And such the lads before they reach Kilkenny." Says Tim, "Be say! that same spec won't pay, For now a letter's only worth a penny."

Device of Grattan to wake Himself.—Grattan, the celebrated Irish barrister, was indifferently industrious. He was so anxious not to lose a moment in sleep, which, in his opinion, ought to be devoted to study, that he contrived a singular apparatus to rouse him regularly at day break. A small barrel filled with water was placed over a basin, which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, and the cock of it was sufficiently turned to fill the basin by daylight, so that if he did not then rise, the water flowed upon his person and bedding.

Soap and a Nail Brush.—A Welsh judge, famous both for his neglect of personal cleanliness and his insatiable desire for place, was once addressed by Mr. Jekyll: "My dear sir, as you have asked the minister for every thing else, why have you never asked him for a piece of soap and a nail brush?"

Twain Brides and Bridegrooms.—The following marriages we clip from an exchange paper:—

In Framingham, Mass., Mr. Philip D. Edmunds, of Lowell, to Miss Susan Harriet Willis, Mr. Thomas S. Edmunds, of Lowell to Miss Harriet Susan Willis. The bridegrooms were twin brothers and the brides twin sisters.—N. Y. Chronicle.

The ever fertile brain of the Yankees has invented a new kind of ink, called—the love letter ink." The virtue of this ink consists in its being a sure preventative against all cases of "breach of promise," as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank again in about four weeks after being written upon. The Chinese call the Americans "Englishmen of the second class."