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C. BRADLEY.
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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1842.

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THE STANDARD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1842.

CHAMCOCK CHAPEL OF EASE.—The corner stone of this Chapel was laid on Friday last the 26th ult. Divine service was previously celebrated and an appropriate sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Alley, Rector, from the 127th Chapter of Psalms and 1st verse. After the service, the ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed, which was laid by John Wilson Esq. and the following prayer offered by the Rector.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, gracious and merciful, long suffering, and of great kindness unto all who call upon thee, we thy sinful creatures, under a deep and humble sense of thy greatness, and our own littleness, of thy purity, and our own sinfulness, humbly approach the throne of thy grace, deeply bewailing the manifold sins, both of thought and word, as well as of deed, by which we are continually provoking thy divine majesty. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father, for thy dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past. Grant unto us thy servants grace that we may hereafter serve thee in newness of life to the honor and glory of thy holy name: We humbly beseech thee, O Lord! to accept of the imperfect services of thy creatures, and of the offerings which they make to thy divine Majesty. Inspire, O Lord, continually we beseech thee, the Catholic Church, with a spirit of truth, unity and concord. We beseech thee also, to save and defend all those that are in authority, particularly Victoria our Queen, that under her we may be godly and quietly governed. Upon all Bishops and Pastors we beseech thee O Lord, to pour the riches of thy grace, (particularly upon the Bishop of this Diocese,) that both in life and doctrine they may set forth thy true and lively word, and rightly and duly administer thy holy sacraments.

Upon the work which we this day commence, pour, O Lord, thine especial blessing. Thou, O God, hast given the ability and disposition to build this intended house of prayer; to thee be all the glory. Here, may thy name be hallowed; here may prayer and praise be offered unto thee, by all them that dwell around, here may generations yet unborn, delight to learn thy will and to profess their faith in Christ, to magnify thy love in the redemption of mankind through him, and to offer themselves a lively sacrifice, acceptable unto thee for his sake! May this house, O God, be so built up by thee, that the worshippers may be a congregation of saints, holy upon earth, as they way to be happy for ever in Heaven! Accept, we beseech thee, our hearty and humble thanks, that thou hast offered unto us, through thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, to make us part and portion of thy heavenly Church. O let it be our joy to belong to it! O, let it be our delight to help to bring in many to complete it! Finally, O Lord, we beseech thee, in behalf of all, who shall hereafter worship in this Chapel, do thou make them fervent in prayer, earnest in thanksgiving; give them a hearty desire to pray; give them a due conviction of all their wants; give them a due sense of all thy goodness, and let their lives as well as lips, glorify thy name. Grant that all who may be here baptized, may be baptized with the Holy Ghost; and, that all that may here receive the Holy Sacrament of Christ's body and blood, may partake of it, to their everlasting joy. Grant, O Lord, these our prayers and supplications, for the sake of Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Savior. Amen.

A Dreadful Affair.—A schoolmistress in Lynn, named Beckwith, we learn from a gentleman belonging to that town, tied a son of Mr. Meads up by the heels on Saturday, and whipping him, striking him several times on his head. When the school was out, the lad, who was about eight years old, went home and told his parents that he had been punished, and that his head ached; but there being nothing in his appearance to excite alarm, little notice was taken of what he said, and he went to bed: upon going into his room on Sunday morning, he was found lifeless upon his pillow.—Boston Post.

Large Steam Ship.—A large and magnificent Steamer, called the Hindostan, was lately launched in Liverpool.—Her length of keel is 220 feet, length over all 250 feet—burthen 2000 tons, and her engines are 500 horse power. She is built for the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and is intended to ply between Suez and Calcutta direct, calling at Aden and Point De Galle, in the island of Ceylon. It is thought that when the Hindostan gets fairly at work, the whole distance from England to Calcutta will be performed in 30 days!

A little girl recently died in Rahway, N. J., without her physician being able to ascertain the cause of her death. The parents were prevailed upon to allow a post mortem examination, when 130 cherry pits were found lodged in her stomach, having been there nearly a year, and which were obviously the only cause of her death.

THE STUDENT'S ADVENTURE; A SKETCH FOR THE MARVELOUS.

BY OLIVER BUI.

'If ever mortal yet has been a ghost,
We care not what your fate, he was the man.'
Augustus Haines and Henry Mortimer were familiar friends and academical students, in a pleasant little village situated as far back into the thinly settled regions of New Hampshire, as such an institution may be found. They loved each other with a depth of affection seldom noticed between young men in their situation. Indeed they appeared to be so closely allied one to the other, that, like the Siamese twins, one could not exist without the other.—How happy would it be for us poor mortals, if each could boast the one great blessing of one such real friend!

Haines and Mortimer spent much of their time, particularly evenings, together—and as they lived apart, that this might be accomplished, it became necessary that, by turns, they should visit each the other.

'Augustus,' said Mortimer, as they were leaving the Academy one afternoon, each turning to look back upon the other.—'Come over this evening, and if you will bring your board, we will try again at chequers.'

'Very good,' answered Haines, who prided himself considerably for his skill at the game—and he sure,' he continued, 'you will never find me backward in accepting such offers. But what time shall I come?'

'Oh, at most any time,' said Mortimer; 'let me see—say—'

'Set it early,' interrupted Haines, 'as he saw he was about to name the hour.'

'Well, I think I can arrange things so as to see you by half past seven of the clock, and if you please,' he concluded, 'we will call that the appointed time.'

'Very well,' replied Haines. 'I would have liked it better had it been an hour earlier; but never mind, there's time enough after that; and at the same time both turned and walked briskly toward their homes.'

It is superfluous to say, that by or before the appointed hour, Augustus Haines and Henry Mortimer were sitting together beside a crack fire, enjoying themselves by their familiar conversation and the addition of their game at chequers.

'Augustus,' said Mortimer, when they had proceeded considerably into the evening, 'did you come round the grave yard to-night?'

'No indeed, Henry, I did not,' said Haines, half as if in anger at the doubt his friend expressed; 'I came my old way, directly through.'

'But,' said Mortimer ironically, willing still to pique his friend upon his courage, 'did you not tremble? Did not your blood run cold through your veins, as you passed the haunted spot?'

'Come, don't be so foolish,' answered Haines, a little irritated; 'it is your move.'

And now while they are speechless as to every thing aside from their game, I will embrace the opportunity of saying a word by way of explanation to the above.

The grave-yard which is spoken of, lay immediately between the dwellings of Henry Mortimer and Augustus Haines. The distance from one to the other would of course be less across the yard, than it would be to follow the squares of the street. There was a rumor very prevalent among the credulous people of the village, that the grave-yard was haunted. One of the peaceful villagers in sober earnestness averred that he had for three successive nights, and at the same hour, seen from his sleeping-room window a white being, of the human form, rapidly crossing the burying-ground, pausing and wheeling in the air at particular tombs, and finally disappearing, as if he sunk into one of the vaults. Another, with a seriousness no less solemn, declared that he was awakened at precisely twelve of the clock at night, by a loud, harsh scream; and upon looking forth, saw something white pass over the graves, followed by a large bird. A third was passing late at night, and when opposite the ground, he happened to turn his head towards it, when lo! he saw with his own eyes—'those eyes that never failed him'—at least a dozen beings, clad all in white, frisking and curvetting in all directions, and never touching their feet, unless upon the tops of tomb-stones. Many others declared their firm belief of these facts, which they thought were corroborated by their own experience. Some happened to recollect of bad dreams; others of a difficulty of breathing, together with strange and evil forebodings.

The reader, doubtless, would not be surprised, with the above before him, if our young student had avoided crossing this ghostly spot. But no! Augustus Haines was among that number who seem to take pride in daring anything which betokens fear. Frequently had he been seen, and even placed himself in situations where his life was in imminent peril. In wrestling battles his name was not seldom sounded as the champion. In short, when feats of agility, strength or daring were to be performed, his was a part to act.

Let us again return to that chamber. They are not gaming now. The board has long laid upon the shelf, and they have relapsed to that higher pleasure, which a communion of thought and feeling yields. The evening until late has passed, and with a pace hard for them to regard. Not even when the old time-keeper which stood erect before them had pointed and struck his eleven strokes, are they willing to cease their flow of sweet communion.

Half as if by instinct, Haines has adjusted his neck-shawl and otherwise fitted himself for his walk home.

He has started. Now do the grave-yard taunts of Mortimer return to his mind. Do the thoughts bring fear upon him? The opposite. 'When,' said he to himself, as he buttoned his coat and quickened his pace, proving that he was not insensible to frost—'When will the wild, blind superstitions of this world be done away? When will man consult his reason without regard to dreams, or the tales which fancy conjures up?'

Mounted upon the wall, he has paused to contemplate for a moment the solemn beauty of the scene before him. The sky, save here and there a white transparent cloud, is clear. The moon looks brightly down. Now the light wind waves and rustles the over-grown, dead grass, which, reed like, stands among the graves. The weeping-willow, which above here and there a tomb is bending, swings its loose branches with the breeze. The church whose antiquity of structure, and defaced beauty, like the spot over which it towers, speaks of the changes of time. The old clock, looking out from beneath the belfry, and even now with solemn intonations, tolling forth the midnight hour, seems to speak a death-warning for his ear. Now the fitful breeze dies; and the wild murmur of the rushing brook, which like the stream of life, over rough and smooth, flows onward to the mighty gathering, contrasts rather than mars the silent beauty of the scene. 'How passing fair! What an emblem,' thought he, as he gazed around and above him, 'is this, of God's mysterious, heavenly whole!'

He descends from the wall; and lightly treading, as if his footsteps murred the scene, he threads his way towards his home. Ere he half passed the yard, he paused, he bowed to the grave of a departed brother. The moon shone clear upon the pale marble slab. Again and again he reads his name and epitaph. 'The memory of the virtues of him who is gone, in bright succession pass before him. Looking upward, the moon shining full upon his face, showing that tender emotions were working in his bosom, whispering he said—'But why should I complain? His matchless spirit soars'

'Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance and death expire!'

I cannot, should not, wish him back; but hope to meet him there! Then wiping the tears of affection from his cheeks, and mastering his emotion, he stood erect.

Once more he started; but before he had gone many paces, he stopped as suddenly as if he had received an electric-shock; a wild, dead, unearthly groan burst upon his ear. He listened. 'Was it my fancy? he seemed to say. Again, again, and yet again it was repeated. What could he do?—Flee from the spot! His pride forbade it. He turned, and as he turned, he saw or thought he saw, something bound over the wall before him; but still that moan was left. He proceeded until he saw before him new dug earth. It then occurred to him that the hand of the resurrectionist had been there. He approached and stood before the new dug vault. Now each successive groan struck quick and sharp upon his ear. He bent his form, and looked into the unclosed earth. He started back, and for once his firm limbs trembled! He looked again. 'And has the uncovers dead found new life?' thought he. 'It must be so! Life there! He heard the groan—yes, more—even the breathings were audible. He saw the very struggles. 'Oh, heavens!' he exclaimed; 'what may this mean? He passed the wall, and to the sexton's house. The house was dark; in fact the whole village was asleep. He knocked; no answer. Again, and louder. 'Who's there?' the old man (for he was old,) cried from his half-raised window. Haines briefly told his tale.

'You cannot trick me, boy. Go thy way,' the old man said, and at the same time closed the window.

Haines disappointed, stood in silent thought. Alone, midnight, and such feelings—how unenviable his situation! 'I'll try again,' he said. 'He is a miser, and I'll offer money.' He did so. With much noise and persuasion, he again led the disturbed grave-digger so raise his window. 'I'll give you that—but come!' he said, as he tossed his purse into the sexton's clutches.

'I will go,' he growled; and he deliberately examined the prize.

'Be quick!' said Haines, as in his impatience he saw the old man's sluggish movements.

Soon the old man, partially attired, made his appearance at the door, with a lantern in his hand. 'Now, foolish boy,' (foolish, he called him, for he was still, as well he might

be, incredulous,) lead where thou wilt, and I will follow.'

Haines now rapidly retraced his steps—indeed, so rapidly that it was hard for the limbed sexton to keep pace. Soon they were upon the grave-yard confines.

'It is not gone—I hear it still!' said Haines, as he raised himself upon the wall, and stopped a moment for his accomplice. The old man heard. Now he believed, and trembled too! He faltered, and half turned, as if meditating flight. Haines saw, and snatched the light from his hand, muttering, 'it shall be done!'

Once more he was beside the grave. His feelings were now worked up to that height which determined him to know no obstacle. As if dreading to look down, he placed the lantern upon the ground, aside from the vault, and descended into the earth in darkness. It is horrible to tell, much more to do, what Haines did.

'I have not been dreaming,' he thought, as he grasped the bony, yet warm limbs; and oh, terror of terrors! he exclaimed, and with the strength, his wildness increased, at one effort raised the body from the grave, and again ascended—when lo! before him stretched at full length, still clad in its white robe, a living, breathing struggling—'sheep! which, rambling, had fallen there!'

To conclude, and explain 'The Student's Adventure,' the grave was dug for some one who had died recently, but was not yet buried.

Augustus Haines told his tale to his honor. None after this credited the ghost stories of the grave-yard—for they all acknowledged that

'If ever mortal yet has seen a ghost,
We care not what your tale, he was the man.'

and it was very evident to all that he had not.

How many there are, who have been made firm believers in the existence of ghosts, who had much less to give them their belief than Augustus Haines, had he let his weaker feelings overpower him when he first saw the struggles, or even when he first distinctly heard the groans!

WATER SPOUTS.—BY DR. LARDNER.

The physical phenomena to which I now wish to direct your attention, is the 'water spout,' with which you are, no doubt, more or less acquainted already. In the production of this phenomenon, a mass of vapor forms and seems to descend from the cloud from which it issues towards the earth or water beneath it. It is attended by a circular or gyratory motion, and a progressive movement also, and is faintly represented in the whirlwinds of dust which you all have observed in dry roads. It is beyond question an electric phenomenon, and is attended by flashes of the electric fluid, like the ordinary lightning. Trees that have been struck by it are blighted, and sulphurous, precisely as they would be if stricken by lightning.

Many theories have been suggested to account for water spouts, but the only correct one is that which attributes their formation to electricity. It is very evident then, from the luminous flashes which they throw off, and the rumbling noise which generally attends them, and they are caused by a concentration of positive electricity in the clouds, which naturally attracts the negative fluid in the waters beneath them. The former descends and the latter rises, by the force of their mutual attraction, and, meeting, from the spout through the agency of the rapid whirling or circular movement of the former. In the supposition of this theory it has been shown that they only affect good conductors of the electric fluid, while they leave non-conductors untouched. A remarkable instance of this was exhibited in France some time ago. A chateau was struck by a water spout, which displaced the roof of the building, and destroyed every electric conductor in its reach. Among other things, it destroyed a closet in which a quantity of china was stored, but the latter being a non-conductor, was left uninjured.

Water spouts are never formed in storms, and are usually exhibited in dead calms—They occur in an even temperature of the atmosphere, and in a state of repose. But notwithstanding their calm and quiet origin, they display a power of destructiveness and a fleetness of speed of the most astonishing character; and while they travel with the velocity of lightning, whirl the trees from their roots, houses from their foundations, and some times carry up animals, and fling the whole in a mass of ruin, to an almost incredible distance. The doctor here concluded his lecture with another apology for its brevity, on the ground of his indisposition. Much of the interest of this part of the report, the reader necessarily loses a great portion of that interest. A sufficient sketch of the theory is, however, given to explain the phenomenon.

It is stated in the London papers that Dr. Ralph has been officially appointed Emigrant Agent in Great Britain, on behalf of the British North American Colonies.

Last evening, three Candidates for the Christian Ministry were solemnly set apart for that holy and important work, in the Centenary Chapel. Never, perhaps, in the whole history of Methodism on this side the Atlantic, was there experienced a more highly interesting season, than on this occasion. The above large and commodious Chapel was literally crowded with the most respectable and profoundly attentive hearers, and the platform was filled with Wesleyan Missionaries, (with the exception of two Baptist Ministers, whom we were much pleased to see associate with them at this extraordinary and gratifying service.) The ordination service was conducted by the Chairman of the District, (Rev. Mr. Temple,) and the Candidates Messrs. McMasters, Rice and Pickard, gave a clear, full, and pleasing account of their Christian Experience, their call to the work of the Ministry, and their particular views of the Doctrine of the Gospel.—The Charge which was delivered to the Young Men, by the Rev. Mr. Busby, was of the most appropriate and interesting description, and the concluding Address to the Congregation, by the Rev. Mr. Bimford, was equally impressive.—The assemblage was dismissed at about 10 o'clock, all being deeply interested in the services up to the last moment.—Obs.

French Beggars.—The beggars by profession begin, as soon as you are in sight with a monotonous drawl of set words, all pronounced on one key, and precisely the same to every passerby. Perhaps it is well for their own interest that they generally ask you to give for the merit of the gift, on the prayers they promise to breathe for you, for certainly there is nothing in themselves to prompt it. How different have I often thought it was for the genuine eloquence of Irishbeggary which makes the heart ache so bitterly that it would be almost a relief to give one's last six-pence! The begging in France is simply asking for money, while the beggar often looks all the time as comfortable and well-fed as yourself. It is true they ask only for one sou, but in the valley of Campan, when you have given them that they make no scruple to ask you for another. Nor is this only on the public roads. There is scarcely any place so retired but you hear the pattering of little bare feet behind you, then loud breathing which diffuses around you the perfume of garlic, and as soon as you look round, the demand is persisted in for a length of time proportioned to the ability of the suppliant to keep pace with you.—Mrs. Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

Royal Visitor Expected.—Extracts from a letter of an officer to his brother in Cleveland, dated U. S. Ship Vincennes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition.—'We have on board Vindoba, the King of the Fejee Island, as prisoner, who killed and ate eleven of the crew of a Salem vessel, in 1835. I suppose he will be shown about like Black Hawk, and then be sent home. He says I am his best friend, and wishes to live with me when we reach the United States. How would you like to have him for a messmate?—He is a fine looking fellow, very tall, and wears his hair half a yard long. He would be worth \$5,000 to show about the country.'—[New Bedford Mercury.]

Annual Meeting of the Western Missionaries in the New-Brunswick District.—Twenty-five members of the British Conference assembled in Germain-street School Room last Thursday morning, to give reports of their labours for the past year, and enter into consultations for the establishment and extension of the interests of this section of the Church of Christ, committed to their pastoral care. There are now in the District 3,743 communicants,—with 328 on trial; increase to full membership during the year, after making up deficiencies occasioned by death, removal, and exclusion, 374. We understand that throughout the whole of the Circuits, religious influence is exerting increasing beneficial results.—Observer.

Sir Allan McNah, writing from London to his friends at Hamilton, under date of the 13th April, informs them that he has been appointed Chief Commissioner in the Association of Scotch and Nova Scotia Baronets, who have leagued together for the purpose of promoting the Colonization of these Colonies.

A Husband for Anybody.—'Deare Sur, I hop you will oblige Me and I wil cal when i do cum to York and Sattusfy n Hine bin disspointed havin a wif I went to bristol last week to be marrd and the pur was marrd to another man and if u wil ples to put my name in yur paper as sune as u can fur any young woman that wil bow Me & She must bring hur carrier with hur and that is al I do want for I hav plenty for both to live on.'

Report says that Lord Morisset is the author of the work entitled 'The Glory and Shame of England,' written in answer to the Rev. Mr. Lester's 'Glory and Shame of England.'