

The Standard. OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1840.

Number 20.

LINKS
SALE AT THE
HARD OFFICE
ST. J. H. H. H.
MEME COURT.
non process; Bailable
ble process; Bailable
Pleas; General Issue; and

IMMON PLEAS
ss, bailable and non-bail-
as, Ca. Sa's, and Fi Fe's;
AGISTRATES.
mens, Ticket, Juror's sym-
subpna, Defendants bond
ment; Ship-master's com-
-committal & discharge.
SCHELLANEOUS.
Warranty deed; Letter of
Letter of Hippresment,
notice for maintenance &
adenures, Bond to pay mo-
judgment. Timber and

OTICE
The record of the names of per-
sons to travel by the above Coach
from the St. John Hotel
to the head of King Street
THOMAS WYER,
President of the Company
Managing Director.
15, 1839-40.

sale & Retail

FAREHOUSE.
S. M. GILMOR,
has the arrival of the following
Wanderer, from Liverpool, via
Saint John,
and Kellogg's Fennell, Red and
white, very fine; Good
Grey and White Cottons, printed
Cambric dresses, rolled
cottons, Selma, blue and white,
blue and white striped and tick,
jean, Checks, Regatta shirts
in Cottons, White and black Wash-
ing, Cambric Pocket Handker-
chiefs, Bookbinder, and bordered
and blue, German Spotted back
Harris ROANS and HATS: Lyon
Isabel bear Russ, Fox Ruffs, Fox
Sled and Sealion Caps, London
Buffs, Ladies and Gents' snow
black satin, leavages, white and
after shies, Gentian and pumps,
and Boots. A very handsome as-
ortment of the Stock on hand and
central assortment of Antiquities
sell for cash and see our price
list, No. 4, 1839.
6th Dec. 1839.

YS WANTED.

State Wanted, about 15 years
he can read and write well, and
the Printing business. Those
who would be preferred.
See No. 4, 1839.

FORLEO H.

WENT TO SAINT JOHN,
Four Horse Team
ARRANGEMENT

ge will leave St. A. news very
t, Wednesday and Friday
ock, and arrive at St. John same
afternoon. Returning, I leave
y Tuesday, Thursday and Sa-
ng, at 10 o'clock, and arrive at
same days, in the afternoon, at
accommodation of the Public,
I drive the whole route from
St. John
be kept at the St. John Hotel,
and at Mr. McAlroy's Hotel,
res. All Duggons at the risk
rs.
WYER,
NORSON,
Directors,
WOODS,
ND KAY,
TO KELL,
n, January 25, 1840.—v15.

Sale or to Let,
5 years, and possession given
immediately.

known Island called Hands Is-
ed to one John Jamieson and by
ed to the late Eliza Andrews
in little L'Etete passage. This
one, upwards of thirty three acres,
m 12 to 15 tons of hay, and is
in every respect well adapted to
the fishing business.
ALSO FOR SALE.
a lot No. 6 in Black letter P, in
son, situate in the rear of the
Alexander Grant Esq. Terms
on application to the Subscrip-
tion.

R. M. ANDREWS,
ews, Sep. 18, 1839 3501e

FARM TO LEASE.

a term as may be agreed upon.
Valuable lot of land fronting on the
River and adjoining the lot at
supplied by Mr. William McCurdy &
known as half Lot No. 41 in the Pa-
ent containing 50 acres more or less
particular (if required) apply to
V. McLEA.

Sugar, Molasses, &c.

red; and for sale by the subscriber
ss Jamaica and Demerara RUM,
ht Porto Rico Sugar,
Molasses
in; barrels Oatmeal
at White Lead
casks, 15 gallons each, Pale Sherry
do, on hand,
London mould Candles 30 lb and 50 lb
ditto Liverpool ditto
London and Liverpool yellow Soap
12, 1839 JAMES W STREET

**THE
SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
A. W. SMITH
At his Office in Saint Andrews,
NEW BRUNSWICK.**

TERMS.
15s. a year, delivered in town or called for.
17s. 6d. do. when forwarded by mail.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Inserted according to written orders, or continued
till ordered to be discontinued.
First insertion of 12 lines, and under, 2s.
Each repetition of do. 1s.
First insertion of all over 12 lines 5d per line.
Each repetition over 12 lines 1d per line.
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.

Legal notices by individuals who have no ac-
count with the Office to be paid for in advance.
Blank, Handbills, &c. sent off at the shortest
notice, to be paid for on delivery.

AGENTS:
St. Andrews, Mrs. S. Connick.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
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St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.
St. John, Mr. W. Cairn.

**ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF
MAILS.**

Arrive from
United States daily at 12 a. m.
Saint John and Saint George, by Coach-
Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 p. m.
Saint John by steam—Mondays, Wednes-
days, and Fridays at 5 p. m.
Saint Stephen by Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days, and Saturdays.

Depart for
United States daily at 10 a. m.
Saint John, and Saint George, by Coach—
Mondays, Wednesdays, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
Saint John by steam—Tuesdays, Thursdays,
and Saturdays, at 8 a. m.
Saint Stephen by Coach—Mondays, Wednesdays,
and Fridays at 10 a. m.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

"Is she not very beautiful?" said Sidney
Randolph to his friend Harry Westcott, at the
same time touching his arm to awaken his at-
tention.
"She—who?" replied Harry, laughing.
"As if I should know by instinct or intuition."
"Nay, Harry, you could not mistake her, a-
mong a thousand, for she possesses more truly
than any woman I have ever seen the es-
sential attribute of beauty—the soul-breathing
inspiration from every speaking feature—
Kindly affections, pure principles, and high
and holy aspirations, have left their impress
upon the sweet and lovely face; we can hardly
help fancying as we look upon it, that she
has just left communion with the angels."
Harry smiled at the enthusiasm of his friend.
"Yes, and if you knew the trials of temper to
which she is subjected, and the patience with
which she bears them, you would be half
tempted to think she was one herself."

"Trials of temper? yet they have left not a
trace upon her placid brow. Who is she Harry,
and can you introduce me?"
"Her name is Catharine Sunderland, daugh-
ter of Judge Sunderland late of Boston, now
a resident in our village."
"Catharine Sunderland—is it possible?"
he paused for a few moments with his eyes
fixed upon her face, and then continued in a
low and earnest tone, "Now I know why, since
my eye first rested upon her, memory, with
her magic pencil has been busy sketching
pictures of the past—pictures shadowy and
indistinct as the remembrance of a half for-
gotten dream—but how they come thronging
to my mind fresh and vivid as the events of
yesterday. The beautiful child rises before
me with her bright clustering ringlets, laugh-
ing eyes, and sunny smile; her merry shout
falls like music upon my ear; I hear again
the pattering of her little feet, as she runs
round the family circle and holds up her sweet
mouth for a kiss; I listen as I was wont to
the lisping of her infant voice, and try to
make out the meaning of the half-formed
words."
"Then you knew Miss Sunderland in her
childhood?"
"Yes, Westcott, our mothers were sisters
to each other; and while they lived, an un-
interrupted intercourse was kept up between
the families. My father lived in the country,
and from my earliest remembrance Mrs. Sun-
derland and the little Catharine spent a few
weeks of every summer with us, and we re-
turned her visit in the winter. Ah! those
were bright spots in my existence even at that
sunny time of life—but they soon passed a-
way. Mrs. Sunderland came to one season
earlier than usual, with her cheeks wan and
sunk, and her fragile form seemed almost
a shadow. My mother's care and the devo-

ted tenderness of her sweet child, were all in
vain; she faded gently and quietly away, like
the hues of a summer sunset, and in a few
weeks slept beside her parents in the secluded
cemetery of our beautiful valley. My mother
survived her but a little time; our fathers
married women who were strangers to each
other, and intercourse between the families
was at once broken off."

It was a bright, soft, summer evening; the
gentlemen had paused in the piazza to enjoy
its beauty; their position commanded a view
of the drawing-room and many fair faces with-
in it, and Westcott seized the opportunity to
make his friend, who was a stranger in the
village, acquainted with the characters of
whom he was about to introduce him. They
entered the house, and when they had made
their bows to its mistress, Randolph, follow-
ing the impulse of his friend, eagerly, yet fear-
fully, pressed towards Miss Sunderland. She
will not remember me, he thought, as he stood
before her with a beating heart—but her re-
cognition was almost instantaneous, while her
sparkling eye and flushing cheek told with
what pleasure it was made; and in a few mi-
nutes they had forgotten the world about
them, and were gathering afresh the flowers
of their happy childhood.

Memory loves to linger about early associa-
tions; and the pulse throbs with a warmer,
quicker motion, as we clasp the hand of a
long absent early friend; in a moment the
years of separation are forgotten, and we pour
forth the warm gushings of the heart, without
distrust or reserve, as if we had never parted.
Ah! it is very pleasant, so to live over
again the sweet spring-time of life—to call
back the verdure and fragrance, and sunshine
of May, amidst the clouds, it may be the storms
of autumn and winter. We are sure Ran-
dolph and Catharine thought so; for they
were yet dwelling upon early reminiscences
when the company commenced taking leave.
"To-morrow you will come and see my
father," she said, as she bade him good-night;
and he did not forget or neglect the invitation
—the morning found him and his friend
Westcott at Judge Sunderland's door.

"You will find Miss Sunderland an original
town studying," said Westcott as they were
waiting for admittance.
"This is gratifying, Hal; pray what are her
peculiarities?"
"Nay, it is your province to find out," re-
turned Westcott, smiling, just as the door was
opened to them.

They were shown into the sitting-room,
where Mrs. Sunderland was reclining upon a
sofa, and Catharine sitting upon a low stool
showing some fine prints to two, this sickly
looking children, beside her. A bright smile
of welcome passed over her beautiful face, as
they entered; Mrs. Sunderland smiled too,
very languidly, and held out her hand, with-
out even raising her head from the pillow upon
which she rested.

To Westcott's inquiries respecting her
health, she replied, "Oh! I am very miserable;
much worse than usual to-day. For Catharine
was out last evening, and I found the care of
the children quite too much for me. You
know they inherit my wretched constitution,
poor things, and are so delicate I cannot trust
them with a domestic. But Catharine they
must be very weakly looking at these prints so
long—let them come and rest themselves upon
the sofa."

Westcott kindly lifted her up, and was re-
turning to his seat, when Judge Sunderland
entered, and leaving the door open, with an
outstretched hand hurried towards Ran-
dolph.

"Pray, pray Judge shut that door," exclaim-
ed Mrs. Sunderland, in evident alarm, "nei-
ther I nor the children can bear such a draught
of air."
"Surely, my love, the air cannot harm you
this fine day," returned the Judge, stopping
mid-way.

"Yes, if it were the finest day that ever
shone," she replied. And he shut the door
of course, before he shook hands with his
friend.

"Mother, I want a piece of cake," said
Charlie, just as they were all comfortably se-
ated.
"I want one, too," said Fanny.
"Will you be so obliging as to ring the bell,
Mr. Westcott," asked Mrs. Sunderland. He
obeyed. And in a few minutes the judicious
mother had gratified the wishes of her dar-
lings.
"Cake, and such pieces, too, to children too
delicate to bear a breath of fresh air, thought
the gentlemen.

ther, in great agitation, "and if they will go
out, put on their cloaks, they will get their
death of cold."

"Now," thought Randolph, as the door
fairly closed after them, "we shall have a lit-
tle quiet," but he was mistaken. The much
enduring Catharine had just sat down, when
screams really alarming were heard from the
yard. The whole party, including the inva-
lid mother, hurried to the door, where they
found Charlie tugging most manfully at his
cloak and screaming in union.

"Charlie, Charlie, what is the matter?" ex-
claimed Mrs. Sunderland.
"I don't want to wear this old cloak; I
can't play a bit in it."
"But my love, you must wear it, or come
in."

"No! I won't. I don't want to, and I won't."
And again he pulled and screamed with all his
little strength.
"Stop, stop, my love, don't exert yourself
so—you will make yourself sick. If you must
take off the cloak, come here, and Catharine
will unhook it for you."

The child did as he was desired, just be-
cause it suited him; and while Catharine
unfastened the offensive cloak, the mother
fondly patted his cheek, and said, "Poor boy,
how hot and tired you look—wont you go in
and rest you, love?"
"No, I won't, I am going to play." And
away he ran.

To be continued.

Portry

From the Lady's Book.

**THE WIDOW'S CHARGE, AT HER
DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.**

By Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

Deal gently thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun
She daily coroll'd, day by day—
The haunt is lone—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
Thy pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her, thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountains clear
She turns, confiding to thy fold;
She roves thy sweet, domestic bowers,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay.
The soul of woman lives in love:
And should'st thou wonder, mark a tear,
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasure'd hopes of heaven
Deal gently with the widow's child.

COVETOUSNESS.—I cannot discover an ad-
equate cause for covetousness. What should
move a man to undergo trouble, anxiety, and
disquietude, in taking up money, for him-
self but another, perhaps a prodigal, or even
an enemy? I, therefore, attribute this pas-
sion to the folly of man; which, we see, may
sometimes rise so high as to make some mis-
ers actually starve themselves. Avarice, in
such a degree, is a shocking disease; and
properly compared to that dropsy, wherein
the more a man drinks, the more thirsty he
grows, and the sooner he dies. Nay, this dis-
ease is like a witchcraft: for the miser does
not possess his money but his money pos-
sesses him. Hence though covetousness be
an odious failing, it seems a characteristic of
man, as a creature that does not know him-
self.

BENEVOLENCE.—When death would de-
prive a man of the possession of his property,
there can be no benevolence in his giving it
away. True, many such bequests are bene-
volent in their operation, and some doubtless
are so in intention, but then the "last will &
testament" must harmonize with the previous
conduct of the individual, or men will get
much credit to the real charity of the
testator.

No truly good man ever waited till he made
his will for an opportunity to do good.

Woman's Sphere.—The sphere of woman
is constantly enlarging, as she becomes qual-
ified by a better education, and is encourag-
ed by Christian philanthropy to exert more
and more, her power of doing good.

of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of
the room, holding the crust in the hand, and
wipe downward with the crumb, about half a
yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the
hangings is completely cleaned all round with
the like sweeping stroke downwards, always
commencing each successive course a little
higher than the upper stroke had extended till
the bottom be finished. This operation, if
carefully performed, will frequently make very
old paper look almost equal to new. Great
caution must be used not by any means to rub
the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning in
the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part
of the bread too must be each time cut away,
and the pieces renewed as soon as at all ne-
cessary.

**Best Preparation of Black Lead for clean-
ing Stoves, &c.** Mix powder of black lead
with a little common gin, or the dregs of red
port wine, and lay it on the stove with a piece
of linen rag; then with a clean, dry and close
but not too hard brush, dipped in dried black
lead powder, rub it till of a beautiful bright-
ness. This will be found to produce a much
finer and richer black varnish on the cast
iron than either boiling the black lead with
small beer or soap, or mixing it with white of
egg, &c. which are the methods commonly
practised.

"In process of time, the ascendancy of
wealth became complete. Its excellence was
universally acknowledged, and power and
honor followed in its train. From the same
era, the decline of virtue may be dated. Po-
verty was now held as ignominious. Inno-
cence of heart and simplicity of manners
were interpreted into a satire on the times—
Thus the youth, taught to look up to riches
as the sovereign good, became apt pupils in
the school of luxury. Avarice and pride sup-
plied their receipts. Rapacity and profusion
went hand in hand. Careless of their own
fortunes, and eager to possess those of others,
shame and remorse, modesty and moderation,
every principle gave way. All rushed into a
prodigality that heeded no restraint, either di-
vine or human."—*Salust.*

We have always considered it an unerring
sign of innate vulgarity, when we have heard
ladies take particular pains to impress us with
an idea of their ignorance of all domestic mat-
ters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to en-
case their empty heads. Ladies by some com-
mon kind of hocus pocus, have got into their
heads, that the best way to catch a husband
is to shew him how profoundly capable they
are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frigh-
tening a piano into fits, or murdering the
king's French, may be good bait for certain
kinds usually found in very shallow water—
The surest way to secure a good husband
is to cultivate those accomplishments which
make a good wife.

DESCRIPTION OF A DRUNKARD.—A Pious
divine of the old school says, "A drunkard is
the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of ci-
vility, the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel
of wealth, the alchouse benefactor, the beg-
gar's companion, the constable's trouble, the
wo of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor; his
own shame, the picture of a beast, and the
monster of a man."

THE STARS.—Weary and faint was Daniel
from his prophetic view of the future, which
so often had robbed him of his strength, and
filled him with terror, when, behold one from
the council of the Watchers at last said to him,
"Go hence, Daniel, and compose thyself un-
til thy end come, that thou mayest stand in
thy lot at the end of thy days." Tranquilly
Daniel listened to the mysterious words, and
said to the man who stood near him in linen
garments, "Meepest thou Lord, that these dry
bones shall become flesh again? And the
heavenly messenger took him by the hand and
pointed him to the heavens full of glittering
stars, "Many that sleep under the earth shall
awake—but the teachers shall shine forth
like the splendor of the heavens, and they
that have done much good, like the stars that
perish not." He ceased, and touched him
with his right hand, and Daniel slept under
the face of heaven and its clear shining stars.
[Translated from the German of Herder, for
the Christian Messenger.]

The Military.—Our brave soldiers, in gar-
rison, have thrown aside the heavy grey coat
and the uncouth fur cap, and are again visi-
ble in all the brightness of cochineal. The
neat forage cap, set jauntily on the head, is a
dandy substitute, for the cap of war. The
streets are made gay by the multitude of red-
coats. Looking at some of the spruce light-
bobs, yesterday we began to calculate, what
chance they would have, if they could catch
an equal number of the respectable heroes of
martial Maure, off their best?—We think the
light-bobs only want a FARM-FIELD.—*Mon-
real Courier.*

Wonderful natural Curiosity.—Blumen-
bach, the great naturalist, has recently died
in Germany. Among his rare collections of
curiosities, says the correspondent of the N.
Y. Star, are three horns, two of them short and

thick and nearly straight, and the other is a-
bout 10 inches long, and as crooked as a ram's
horn. This is round, rough, of brown color,
and half an inch in diameter at the root. They
are round and blunt at the top, and hollow at
the bottom. Blumenbach ascertained that
they had a greater affinity in their composi-
tion to the horn of the rhinoceros than of any
other animal. But these three horns were
worn by—a woman! She broke her head by
a fall, and the longest horn spouted from the
wound. It kept growing for thirty years, and
then she cast it. When it dropped off, a 2d
one came which did not grow to such a length
and also dropped off. On the same spot
sprouted a third, and the woman died while it
was growing. Blumenbach cut it from the
skull after she had died. Uncommon as this
tale may seem, we give it full credence.—
The Star's correspondent says: "It is attest-
ed not only by Blumenbach's statement, but
by other evidence." This curiosity is now in
the Göttingen Museum.

**CHARLOTTE COUNTY BYE ROAD
COMMISSIONERS.**

Saint George.

George McKenzie to expend the following
sums:

£15 for the road from L'Etete Point to the
School House, near M'Nichol's Mill in Saint
George.
£8 from the School House, near M'Ni-
chol's Mill, to Alexander Dick's.
£15 from Philo Seeley's Farm to the Lime
Kilns at L'Etang Harbour.
£15 from Archibald M'Vicar's lower line
to Henry Cook's, at Back Bay Settlement.
Hugh Flaherty to expend the following sums:
£8 for the road from M'Laughlin's Farm
on L'Etang River, to Nathaniel Spiny's.
£15 from Benjamin Hanson's Farm to the
Main Road near the Red Store.
£30 from M'Carroll and Boyd's to Henry
Seeley's, on the eastern side of Lake Utopia.
£8 10s. from Henry Seeley's to the Red
Rock Mill.
£15 from the Upper Mills to Isaac Thorn's,
on the eastern side of the Magaguadavic.
£10 from the Upper Mills to the Red Rock
Mills.

£12 from Philo Seeley's Farm to John
M'Dermid's.
£10 from the Fresh Water Landing, near
Captain Jones' Farm, on the western side of
the Magaguadavic.
£11 to be reapportioned for the road from
James Murphy's to the road leading from
Philo Seeley's to the mouth of the L'Etang
River.
Daniel Gilmour to expend the following sums:
£40 from the Upper Mills to the old Frede-
rickton Road, on the western side of the
River.
£15 from the old Frederickton Road to the
County Line, near the Elme Ridge.
£15 from Pomeroy's to James M'Clyman's
Farm, on the old Frederickton Road.

Painfield.
Isaac Justison to expend the following
sums:
£15 for the road from Thomson's Mills to
the Church in Painfield.
£12 from Hall's Mill to Beaver Harbour.
£15 from Beaver Harbour to Bucknam's
Mill.
£11 from the head of Camp Creek to Tray-
nor's Cove.
£10 from Black's Harbour towards the
Church.
£10 from John Crickett's Jun. towards
Philip Justison's.
Joshua Knight to expend the sum of £35
for the road from Crow Harbour Mill to the
New Settlement at M'Dowall's.
Hugh McKay to expend the following sums:
£18 from Seeley's Cove to the main road
near M'Kay's.
£8 from Bucknam's to Woodland's.
£12 from the Saint John Road to the New
School House.
£8 from Thomson's Farm and the St.
John Road, near Goodall's.

John Crickett to expend the following
sums:
£12 from Black's Harbour to John Cric-
kett's.
£10 from William M'Callum's to Doude's
Cove, near the mouth of Le Proc River.
£10 from the Great Road to Macas Bay.
Simon M'Carroll to expend the sum of £10
for the road from Mrs. Boyd's Corner to the
Saint John Road, eastward.

Saint David.
Edwin Foster to expend the following
sums:
£20 for the road from Edwin Foster's to
the Parish Line in Saint David.
£25 from Chase's Corner in Saint Patrick,
towards Edwin Foster's.
John Nisbett to expend the following
sums:
£10 from John Nisbett's to Simmer's, in
Saint James.
£10 from David Collin's to Garden's.
£10 from Jacob Reed's to the Great
Road.
£10 from Mergas Anderson's to Fergu-
son's.
John Cotterell to expend the following
sums:
£25 from Cotterell's Mill to the head of