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OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

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THE FOSTER BROTHER.

BY WM. CARLETON.

There is scarcely a trait of human nature involved in more mystery, or generally less understood, than the singular strength of affection which binds the humble peasant of Irish life to his foster brother, and more especially if the latter be a person of rank or consideration. This anomalous attachment, though it may to a certain extent be mutual, is nevertheless very seldom known to be equal in strength between the parties. Experience has sufficiently proved to us, that whilst instances of equality in feeling have been known to characterize it, the predominant power of its spirit has always been found to exist in the person of the humbler party. How to account for this would certainly require a more philosophical acquaintance with human nature than has fallen to our lot; we must therefore be content to know that the fact is precisely as we have stated it. Irish history and tradition furnish us with sufficient materials on which to ground clear and distinct proofs that the attachment of habit and contiguity in these instances far transcends that of natural affection itself. It is very seldom that one brother will lay down his life for another, and yet instances of such high and heroic sacrifices have occurred in the case of the foster brother, whose affection has not unfrequently triumphed over death itself. It is certainly impossible to impute this wild but indomitable attachment to the force of domestic feeling, because, whilst we maintain that the domestic affections in Ireland are certainly stronger than those of any other country in the world, still instances of this inexplicable devotion occurred in the persons of those to whom the domestic ties were known to be very feeble. It is true, there are many moral anomalies in the human heart with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted; and as they arise from some wayward and irregular combination of its impulses, that operates independently of any known principles of action, it is not likely that we shall ever thoroughly understand them. There is another peculiarity in Irish feeling which, as it is analogous to this, we cannot neglect to mention it. We allude to the 'Parishion,' a term which we must explain at further length to our readers. When the Dublin Foundling Hospital was in existence, the poor infants whom an unhappy destiny consigned to that gloomy and whirling institution were transmitted to different parts of the country; to be nursed by the wives of the lower classes of the peasantry—such as day laborers, cottiers, and small farmers, who cultivated from three to six or eight acres of land. These children were generally, indeed almost always called Parishioners—a word which could be properly applied only to such as, having no known parents, were supported by the parish in which they happened to be born. It was transferred to the Foundlings, however, although, with the exception of the metropolis, which certainly paid a parish tax for their maintenance, they were principally supported by a very moral act of Parliament, which by the wise provision of a large grant, held out a very liberal bounty to profligacy. At all events, the opprobrious epithet of Parishioner was that usually fixed upon them. Now, of all classes of our fellow creatures, one might almost naturally suppose that those deserted and forsaken beings would be apt, considered, as they uniformly were to the care of mercenary strangers, to experience neglect, ill-treatment, or even cruelty itself; and yet, honour be to the generous hearts and affectionate feelings of our humble people, it has been proved, by the incontestable authority of a Commission expressly appointed to examine and report on the working of the very hospital in question, that the care, affection, and tenderness with which these ill-fated creatures were treated by the nurses to whom they were given out, was equal, if not superior, to that which was bestowed upon their own children. Even when removed from the nurses to situations of incomparably more comfort—situations in which they were lodged, fed, and clothed, in a far superior manner—they have been known, in innumerable instances, to elope from their masters and mistresses, and to return to their old abodes, preferring the indulgence of their affection, with poverty and distress, to anything else that life could offer. All this, however, was very natural and reasonable, for as we know that the domestic animal will love the hand that feeds him. But that which we have alluded to as constituting the strong analogy between it and the attachment of the foster-brother, is the well known fact, that the affection of the children to the nurses, though strong and remarkable, was as nothing when compared with that which the nurses felt for them. We shall now relate a short story, illustrating the attachment of a foster-brother. But as we have reason to believe that the circumstances are true, we shall introduce fictitious names instead of real ones. The rebellion of ninety-eight was just at its height when the incidents we are about to mention took place. A gentleman named Moor had a daughter remarkable for her ac-

complishments. Indeed, so celebrated had she become that her health was always drank as the toast of her native county. Many suitors she had, of course, but among the rest, two were remarkable for their assiduous attentions to her, and an intense anxiety to secure her affections. Henry Irwin was a high loyalist, as was her own father, whose consent to gain the affections of his daughter had been long given to his young friend. The other, who in point of fact, had already secured her affections, was unfortunately deeply involved in, or we should rather say an open leader on, the insurgent side. His principles had become known to Moore, as republican, for some time before the breaking out of the insurrection; in consequence he was forbidden his house, and warned against holding communion with any member of his family. He had succeeded, however, before this, by the aid of Miss Moore herself, who was aware of his principles, in placing as butler in her father's family his own foster brother, Frank Finnegan—an arrangement which never would have been permitted, had Moore known of the peculiar bond of affection which subsisted between them. Of this, however, he was ignorant; and in admitting Finnegan into his family, he was not aware of the advantages he afforded to the prescribed suitor of his daughter. This interdiction, however, came too late for the purposes of prudence. Ere it was issued, Hewson and his daughter had exchanged vows of mutual affection, but the national outbreak which immediately ensued, by forcing Hewson to assume his place as an insurgent leader, appeared to have placed a barrier between him and her, which was naturally considered to be insurmountable. In the meantime, Moore himself, who was a local magistrate, and also a captain of yeomanry, took an extremely active part in quelling the insurrection, and in hunting down and securing the rebels. Nor was Irwin less zealous in following the footsteps of the man to whom he wished to recommend himself as his future son-in-law. They acted together, and so vigorous was the measure of the young loyalist, that the other felt it necessary in some instances to check the exuberance of his loyalty. This, however, was not known to the opposite party; for as Irwin always seemed to act under the instructions of his friend Moore, so was it obviously enough inferred that every harsh act and wanton stretch of authority which he committed, was either sanctioned or suggested by the other. The consequence was, that Moore became, if possible, more odious than Irwin, who was looked upon as a rash, hot-headed zealot; whilst the veteran was marked as a cool and wily old fox, who had sometimes the cruelty of the senseless puppet he was managing. In this, it is unnecessary to say, they were egregiously mistaken.

In the meantime the rebellion went forward and many acts of cruelty and atrocity were committed on both sides. Moore's house and family would have been attacked, and most probably murder and ruin might have visited him and his, were it not for the influence of Hewson with the rebels. Twice did the latter succeed, and on each occasion with great difficulty; in preventing him and his household from falling victims to the vengeance of the insurgents. Moore was a man of great personal courage, but apt to underrate the character and enterprise of those who were opposed to him. Indeed, his prudence was by no means on a par with his bravery or zeal, for he has often been known to sally out at the head of a party in quest of his enemies; and lead his own mansion, and the lives of those who were in it, exposed and defenceless. On one of those excursions it was that he chanced to capture a small body of the insurgents, headed by an intimate friend and distant relative of Hewson's. As the law at that unhappy period was necessarily quick in its operations, we need scarcely say, that having been taken openly armed against the King and Constitution, they were tried and executed by the summary sentence of a court martial. A deep and bloody vengeance was now sworn against him and his by the rebels, who for some time afterwards lay in wait for the purpose of retaliating in a spirit prompted by the atrocious character of the times. Hewson's attachment to his daughter, however, had been long known, and his previous interference on behalf of her father had been successful on that account only. Now, however, the plan of attack was laid without his cognizance, and that with the most solemn injunctions to every one concerned in it not to disclose their object to any human being not officially acquainted with it, much less to Hewson, who they calculated would once more take such steps as might defeat their sanguinary purpose. Those arrangements having been made, matters were allowed to remain quiet for a little, until Moore should be off his guard; for we must observe here, that he had felt it necessary, after the execution of the captured rebels, to keep his house strongly and resolutely defended. The attack was therefore postponed until the apprehensions created by his recent activity should gradually wear away, and his enemies might with less risk undertake the work of blood-

shed and destruction. The night at length was appointed on which the murderous attack must be made. All the dark details arranged with a deliberation at least, removed as we now are from the sanguinary excitement of the times, the very soul shudders and gets sick. A secret, however, communicated under the most solemn sanction to a great number, stands a great chance of being no secret at all, especially during civil war, where so many interests of friendship, blood, and marriage, bind the opposing parties together in spite of the public principles under which they act. Miss Moore's maid had a brother, for instance, who together with several of his friends and relatives, being appointed to aid in the attack, felt anxious that she should not be present on that night, lest her acquaintance with them might be ultimately dangerous to the assailants. He accordingly sought an opportunity of seeing her, and in earnest language urged her to absent herself from her master's house on the appointed night. The girl was not much surprised at the ambiguity of his hints, for the truth was, that no person, man or woman, possessing common sense, could be ignorant of the state of the country or of the evil odor in which Moore and Irwin, and all those who were active on the part of the Government, were held. She accordingly told him that she would follow his advice, and spoke to him in terms so shrewd and significant, that he deemed it useless to preserve further secrecy. The plot was thus disclosed, and the girl warned to leave the house, both for her own sake and for that of those who were to wreak their vengeance upon Moore and his family.

The poor girl, hoping that her master and the rest might fly from the impending danger, communicated the circumstances to Miss Moore, who forthwith communicated them to her father, who again, instead of flying, took measures to collect about his premises, during the early part of the dreaded night, a large and well armed force from the next military station. Now, it so happened that this girl, whose name was Baxter, had a leaning towards Hewson's foster brother Finnegan, who in plain language was her accepted lover. If love will not show itself in a case of danger, it is good for nothing. We need scarcely say that Peggy Baxter, apprehensive of danger to her sweetheart, confided the secret to him also in the early part of the day of the attack. Finnegan was surprised, especially when he heard from Peggy that Hewson had been kept in ignorance of the whole design (for so her brother had told her,) in consequence of his attachment to her young mistress. There was now no possible way of warding off such a calamity, unless by communicating with Hewson; and this, as Finnegan was a sound United Irishman, he knew he could do without any particular danger. He lost no time, therefore, in seeing him, and we need scarcely say that his foster brother felt stunned and thunderstruck at the deed that was to be perpetrated without his knowledge. Finnegan then left him, but ere he reached home, the darkness had set in, and on arriving, he sought the kitchen and its comforts, ignorant as were indeed most of the servants, that the upper rooms and out-houses were literally crammed with fierce and well armed soldiers.

Matters were now coming to a crisis. Hewson aware there was little time to be lost, collected a small party of his immediate and personal friends, not one of whom, from their known attachment to him, had been, any more than himself, admitted to a knowledge of their attack upon Moore. Determined, therefore, to be beforehand with the others, he and they met at an appointed place, from whence they went quickly, and with as much secrecy as possible, to Moore's house, for the purpose not only of apprising him of the fate to which he and his were doomed, but also with an intention of escorting him and all his family as far from his house as might be consistent with both parties. Our readers are of course prepared for the surprise and capture of honest Hewson and his friends, of whose friendly attentions they are aware. It is too true. Not expecting to find the house defended, they were unprepared for an attack or sally; and the upshot was, that in a few minutes two of them were shot and most of the rest, among whom was Hewson, taken prisoners on the spot. Those who escaped communicated to the other insurgents an account of the strength with which Moore's house was defended; and the latter, instead of making an attempt to rescue their friends, abandoned the meditated attack altogether, and left Hewson and his party to their fate. A gloomy fate that was. Assertions and protestations of their innocence were all in vain. An insurgent party were expected to attack the house, and of course they came headed by Hewson himself, who, as Moore said, no doubt intended to spare none of them but his daughter, and her only, in order she might become a rebel's wife. Irwin, too, his rival in love, and his foe in politics, was upon the court martial; and what had he to expect? Death; and nothing but the darkness of the night prevented his enemies from putting it into immediate execution upon him and his companions.

Hewson maintained a dignified silence; and upon seeing his friends guarded from the hall where they were now assembled into a large barn he desired to be placed along with them. 'No,' said Moore; if you are a rebel ten times over, you are a gentleman; you must not herd with them; and besides, Mr. Hewson, with great respect to you, we shall place you in a much safer place. In the highest room of a house unusually high we will lodge you, out of which if you escape we will say you are an innocent man. Frank Finnegan show him and these two soldiers up to the observatory; get him refreshments and lodge him in their charge. Guard his door men, for you shall be held responsible for his appearance in the morning.

The men, in obedience to these orders, escorted him to the door, outside of which was their station for the night. When Frank and he entered the observatory the former gently shut the door, and turning to his foster brother, exclaimed in accents of deep distress but lowering his voice, 'There is not a moment to be lost; you must escape.'

'That is impossible,' replied Hewson, 'unless I had wings and could use them.' 'We must try,' returned Frank; 'we can only fail—at the most they can only take your life, and that they'll do at all events.' 'I know that,' replied Hewson, 'and I am prepared for it.'

'Hear me,' said the other, 'I will come up and live with some refreshments, say in about half an hour, be you when I come up. We are both of a size, and as these fellows don't know either of us or very well I wouldn't say but you may go out in my clothes. I'll hear nothing, he added, seeing Hewson about to speak; I am here too long and these fellows might begin to suspect something. Be prepared when I come. Good bye, Mr. Hewson!' he said aloud, as he opened the door; 'in truth an conscience I'm sorry to see you here, but that's the consequence of turnin' rebel against King George, an' glory to him—soon and sudden, he added in an undertone. 'In about half an hour I'll bring up some supper. Keep a sharp eye on him,' he whispered to the two soldiers, giving them at the same time a knowing and confidential wink—'these same rebels are like teels, an' will slip as sly through your fingers—'n' the devil a better one yez have in there,' and as he spoke he pointed over his shoulder with his inverted thumb to the door of the conservatory.

Much about the same time, a crash was heard upon the stairs, and Finnegan's voice in a high key exclaiming; 'The curse of blazes on you for stairs, and presume all the rebels in Europe I pray heaven this night! There's my nose broke between you all!' He then stooped down, and in a torrent of bitter imprecations—all conveyed however, in moek tones—he collected and placed on the tray on which they had been, all the materials for Hewson's supper. He then ascended, and on presenting himself at the prisoners door the blood streaming copiously from his nose. The soldiers—who by the way were yeomen—on seeing him could not help laughing at his rueful appearance—a circumstance which seemed to nettie him a good deal. 'Ye may laugh,' said he, 'but I hold a wager I've shed more blood for his Majesty this night than either of you ever did in your lives.'

This only heightened their mirth, in the midst of which he entered Hewson's room, ere the action could be deemed possible they had changed clothes. 'Now,' said he, 'fly. Behind the garden Miss Moore is waitin' for you; she knows all. Take the bridle road through the broad bog an' get into Capt. Corney's demesne. Take my advice too and go both of you to America, if you can. But say, God forgive me for pullin' you by the nose instead of shakin' you by the hand an' me may never see you more.'

The poor fellows voice became unsteady with emotion although the smile at his own humour was upon his face at the time. 'As I came in with a bloody nose,' he proceeded, giving that of Hewson a fresh pull, 'you must go out with one. An' now God's jessin' be with you! Think of one who loved you as no one else did!' The next morning there was an uproar, tumult and confusion in the house of the old loyalist magistrate, when it was discovered that his daughter and the butler were not forthcoming. But when on examining the observatory, it was ascertained that Finnegan was safe and Hewson gone, no language can describe the rage and fury of Moore and Irwin, and military in general. Our readers may anticipate what occurred. The noble glow was brought to the drum head, tried, and sentenced to be shot where he stood; but ere the sentence was put into execution Moore addressed him. 'Now, Finnegan,' said he, 'I will let you off if you tell us where Hewson and my daughter are. I pledge my honor publicly that I'll save your life and get you free pardon if you will enable us to trace and recouer them.'

'I don't know where they are,' he replied, 'but even if I did I would not betray them.'

'Think of what has been said,' to you added Irwin. 'I give you my pledge to the same effect.'

'Mr. Moore,' he replied, 'I have but one word to say. When I did what I did I knew very well that my life would go for his; and I know that if he had thought so he would have standin' now in my place. Put your sentence in execution; I am prepared.'

'Take five minutes,' said Moore. 'Give him up and live.'

'Mr. Moore,' with a decision and energy which startled them, 'I AM HIS FOSTER BROTHER!'

This was felt to be sufficient; he stood at the appointed place calm and unshrinking, and at the first discharge fell instantaneously dead.

This passed a spirit worthy of a place in a brighter page than that of our humble miscellany, and which, if the author of this lives, will be more adequately recorded. Hewson, finding that the insurgent cause was becoming hopeless, escaped, after two or three unsuccessful engagements of his young wife. Old Moore died in a few afterwards, but he survived his resentment, for he succeeded in reconciling the then government to his son-in-law, who returned to Ireland; and it was found by his will, much to the mortification of many of his relatives, that he had left the bulk of his property to Mrs. Hewson, who had always been his favourite child, and whose attachment to Hewson he had himself originally encouraged.

There are two records more connected with this transaction, with which we shall close. In a northern newspaper dated some 15 years afterwards, there occurs the following paragraph.

'Affair of Honor—Fatal Duel.—Yesterday morning, at the early hour of 4 o'clock, a duel was fought between A. Irwin, Esq. and J. Hewson, Esq. of Moorefield, the former of whom, we regret to say fell by the second fire. We hope the words attributed to one of the parties are not correctly reported.—The blood of Frank Finnegan is here avenged.'

The other record is to be found in the churchyard of —, where there is a handsome monument erected, with the following inscription—

'Sacred to the memory of France Finnegan, whose death presented an instance of the noblest virtue of which human nature is capable, that of laying down his life for his friend. This monument is erected to his memory by James Hewson, his friend and foster brother, for whom he died.'

We would invite the attention of the fastidious to the following article, from the New York Standard. Let them take a lesson from it.

The Printer.—'I pity the printer,' said my uncle Toby.

'He's a poor creature,' rejoined Tim. 'How so?'

'Because, in the first place (continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle) because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps, a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted—and he is ruined to all intents and purposes.'

'Too much the case, Tim,' said my uncle with a deep sigh, 'too-much—the case.'

'An' please your honour,' continued Tim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imploring attitude, 'an' please your honor this is not the whole.'

'Go on, Tim,' said my uncle, feelingly.

'The printer sometimes (pursued the Corporal) hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but alas, sir, who can calculate the human mind! He inserts it and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer.—He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, why doesn't he give us more poetry, marriages, and bon mots—away with these stale pieces. The politician claps his specs on his nose and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. Then the over-righteous who pretend to christianity, must turn up his religious nose, because he happens to spy a speck of blasphemy as he imagines, and oh! it is horrible. He throws down the paper in disgust, because it is irregular. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber, yet after all this complaining, would you believe it sir, there are some men who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that.'

'Never!' said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

Making a Noise after Death.—John Zieka was a distinguished leader of the persecuted sect of the Hussites. It is recorded of him that, in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in a superstitious reverence.