VOLUME 9

# The Standard,

## OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

NUMBER 451

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1842. [17s. 6d. sent by Mail

...est Family Newspaper in the UNITED STATES.

E NEW WORLD.

EDITED BY PARK BENJAMIN.

NEW VOLUME—OCTAVO EDITION,

*Commencing January 1, 1843*

*TERMS THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.*

In announcing the Prospectus of the SIXTH VOLUME OF THE NEW WORLD, the Proprietors cannot omit the expression of their thanks to their numerous readers and friends, for the liberal encouragement afforded to their enterprize, thus far.—Neither trouble nor expense will be spared in rendering the ensuing volumes worthy of the high reputation which the NEW WORLD has acquired of being the

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*LETTERS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,*

AND DOCUMENTS CONNECTED WITH HER PERSONAL HISTORY,

*Now first published, with an introduction,*

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

WE have received this long expected work by the Great Western. It is published in London by Henry Colbourn, one of the most eminent of the English booksellers,—at about $6 a copy. No work has appeared for many years, which has excited such general attention and admiration. In the fate of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots, all the civilized world is to this day deeply interested; and here is the correspondence, which actually passed between herself and Queen Elizabeth, and here also in her private letters in numerous topics, now first brought to light and edited by this accomplished lady. There is this attractive feature," says Mrs, Strickland, "in all the letters of Mary Queen of Scots, they are full of domestic traits and the natural feelings of her heart. Trifles from her pen assume a grace, and delights us, because of the unaffected simplicity with which she writes."

☞ PRICE—25 cents; or $16 per Hundred. Orders solicited.

*Cut your Fodder.*—A very considerable saving may be made simply by cutting fodder. Hay, stalks, straw &c., if cut and mixed with meal constitute an excellent and nutritious feed for meat, stock, sheep, and horses. Machines for cutting are now in the market, and may be purchased for from $2 to $5 each. Being durable, they will last many years with care, and save to the owner, annually, 3 times the sum they cost. The usual method is to cut the kaulm, straw, stalks &c, and mix with meal as above mentioned, but it is better, perhaps, when convenient to cut the fodder over night, and immerse it in wheat pickle. In the morning before feeding, meal and a sufficiency of warm water to render it of a proper consistency should be added before feeding. This is an excellent feed.

The New York American publishes the account of a dog having returned from Missouri to Maryland, after the death of his master, and adds the following:—

A more touching instance than this of canine fidelity, occurred recently in the neighborhood of this city. A gentleman had a pet spaniel, who was almost inseparable from him. Whenever the gentleman came to this city, the dog, which was not permitted to accompany him, was restless and dissatisfied till his return.—Some weeks ago, the gentleman died suddenly in his bed. Amid the confusion and grief of an attached household at so sudden a bereavement, little notice was at first taken of the dog; but he, too, perceived that something was wrong, and displayed his uneasiness by running up and down stairs, to and from the chamber of his master. His sleeping place was on a rug in the dressing-room adjoining this chamber, and while the body remained there, the dog kept his place; but on the day of the funeral, when sorrowing relatives and numerous friends were gathered to pay the last honors to the deceased, and when the body was removed, the dog disappeared

Search was made next day in the neighborhood, and rewards were offered, but no tidings were had of the animal, till many days had elapsed, when his body was found in a field not far from the house, stiff and stark, but without a wound. He would not survive his master, and had probably died of a broken heart.

IRELAND.

*National Testimonial to V. Rev. T. Mathew*—On Monday evening last, a preliminary meeting of a few select friends and admirers of the grest apostle of temperance, was convened by Peter Purcell, Esq., in the Imperial Hotel, Sackville-street, Dublin, to make arrangements for a public meeting of all who have expressed their desire to establish some lasting testimonial to the merits and labours of this truly great and good man. Amongst the nobility and gentry from whom letters of concurrence in this great deserved memorial were received, are the following:—The Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Anglesea, Marquis Conyngham, Earl of Wicklow, Earl of Charleville, Earl of Glengal, Earl of Meath, Earl of Shannon, Earl of Arran, Earl of Gosford, Viscount Duncannon, Lord Lucan, Lord Mayo, Lord Stuart de Decles, Lord Talbot, Lord Lurgan, Lord Templetown, &c. &c. The great object of this memorial is intended to be something calculated to record the mighty efforts of Father Mathew in the cause of mankind, and at the same time to perpetuate the moral movement in favour of temperance, so dear to the heart of the apostle. The time and place of meeting will be determined when the requisition now signed shall have been published. There is no doubt but it will be a meeting honourable to the man and to the country.

FARM WORK FOR DECEMBER.

It is most agreeable to the feelings of a feeling farmer to see all his animals comfortably sheltered and provided with winter fodder. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast" and he who provides not for his own stock is worse than an infidel

Barns and sheds should be so well finished that drafts of air cannot *pass through* them—the north and the west sides should be perfectly tight, then if the south is entirely open cattle may be comfortably warm. But no cattle can bear a cold wind, or a cold rain storm; keep them from these and they will not repine.

We dislike to see cattle tied by the head and compelled to lie on a naked oak floor. The hair on their fore legs "was given for a covering" but a bed of oak planks will render their knees more naked than some dandies leave their own chains. We would raise buck wheat straw for the very purpose of making a cow bed, before we would see them lie on a naked floor.

One of our subscribers in the town of Lexington, wishes to know the best mode of reclaiming a bog medow, a peat bottom and no sand or gravel on it. He hesitates between planting and carting on gravel.—If he wishes to exercise his men and his team this winter he will be likely to succeed best by carting on gravel. In some cases it is advisable to plant; particularly when the land may be rendered dry enough for potatoes, and where gravelly banks are distant so that it would be too expensive to carry on large quantities of gravel sufficient to bury all the vegetable growth on the surface. For in case he subdues by planting he will need but little gravel comparatively.

Wood can better be hauled in the fore part of winter than latter. Snows lie more quiet in December than in February and March; and you can cut your wood closer at the stump than when the snows are deep. Cut all clean and let every new shoot have a fair chance to become a tree. Let all the slender twigs have an equal chance.

If you practice carding your cattle, be careful and not scratch off much of the hair. The natural warmth afforded by this, is better than all the blankets in creation. Blankets make a horse's hair look sleek, but a blanketed horse will not have so good a coat of his own, as one will that has no blanket. Considering the manner in which blankets are used, it is probable that more colds and diseases are engendered with them than without them. Horses will be warm enough in good stables without blankets.

THE COPPER FARTHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JEST AND EARNEST."

In the tap-room of the Black Bull, seated at a table, on which foamed a newly drawn pot of porter, were Tom Doyle and Frank Evans.

They were youths approaching manhood; of nearly the same age and the same wordly station, but in aspect most different. Friends were they of three weeks' friendship; and they sat at the tap-room table talking of their affairs, in a confidential and friendly manner.

Tom Doyle was known by that unceremonious appalation to a large but doubtfully respectable circle of acquaintances. He had passed his whole life in London, and the greater part in the streets of London. He had received such an education as the streets of London supply, but very little other. The shifts of poverty had given him cunning—cold, heat, hungar thirst, contempt, ill usage and disease, had given him fortitude to bear whatever should happen. He had a young look, and seemed an unnatural combination of the boy and the man, the careless follies of immaturity with the calculating vices of maturity.

Frank Evans had been brought up away from towns. Fresh air, green fields, spreading trees, clear streams, were familiar to him. He had not been accustomed to walk continually in crowds, and tread his way through lines of eager, unprincipled faces. Money making was less constructively carried on, and the great struggle of one human being with another for existance was not so palpable. He was healthful, rather simple, not very industrious, and of undecided character. Totally ignorant of what he called the "world," he was about equally liable to be turned to good or evil. Hitherto he had been chiefly subjected to beneficial influence, but a three weeks' intimacy with Tom Doyle had not been without its effect

The intimacy was brought about thus:

Doyle was one morning standing on London bridge, with his hands inserted in his pockets, and whistling as he contemplated the departure of the Margate steamer from the wharf below.—While so engaged, an other spectator placed himself by his side and gazed on the proceeding with an earnest curiosity that contrasted remarkably with his unenjoyed languid glance. The spectator was Frank Evans. A conversation ensued, by which Doyle learned from the communicative stranger that he had come to London only a few days before, that he had run away from his native village in consequence of a quarrel with his parents, and that he was now staying with an uncle at Bermondsay, who was exerting himself to make up matters.

From this day Doyle and Evans often met—The London youth undertook, with great kindness to instruct this country friend in some of the ways of the metropolis; the latter undertook to furnish the money as far as his own resources and his uncle's bounty would allow. But now an epoch had arrived in their intercourse. Doyle wished Evans to join the coterie of Ned Roper, an enterprising individual, who had much business of an illegal but productive character. This he more strongly urged, as he had himself resolved, after some scruples, to enter on the business himself. To this proposition Evans objected, in the first place, that he did not like it abstractedly, and in the second place, that his uncle had offered to procure him the situation of light porter at a merchant's house, which might lead to a seat in the counting house itself, and that to opulence and consideration. They agreed to discuss the matter quietly over a pot of porter in the tap room of the Black Bull.

'Why, Frank,' said Doyle, 'I'm as named of you—roast me to a cinder if I ain't. What's the odds if there is a danger or so with Ned?—It's a blessed sight better than being a muff of a porter in an infernal old cheating counting house.'

'Come, Tom, no bad language,' said Evans, you may be right, but I don't feel so sure of it. If I refuse to take this situation my uncle will turn me out of doors—that I know.

'And what of that?' said Doyle; other people has doors I s'pose. I'd pretty soon turn myself out of doors if it was me.

'Well, Tom, said Evans, 'I'll tell you what I'll do to settle it in one way or other. We might talk here all night, and I shouldn't make up my mind. I'll toss you for it—heads, I go for the merchant's; tails, I go for Ned!—lend me half-penny.

'I lend you!' exclaimed Doyle' a likely thing I can lend you! I lost my last half-penny at skittles two hours ago!'

'And I paid my last half penny for this pot of porter, said Evans, and my uncle has sworn to give me no more unless I'm obedient. Dang it, I shall be obliged to go to Ned for the want of a toss up to give the counting-house a chance.'

He fumbled in successive pockets with the view of placing his destination beyond doubt. He found each empty, untel in the last of all, the left waistcoat pocket, in the extreme left corner, his figer encountered something having the feel of a coin. He drew it forth, and displayed an old, battered, verdigris covered farthing. It had remained there unnoticed for a long time. 'Ah ha! exclaimed Evans joyfully, here is what shall tell us. Now see fair play! Remember, head is for the merchant, and tail for Ned: and here goes!' The coin spun in the air and descended on the table; it was head.

'The merchant forever!' exclaimed Evans.

'Toss again and hold your noise! said Doyle sullenly

The coin was spun in the air and descenced on the table; it was tail.

'Ned forever!' exclaimed Doyle.

'Now for the last,' said Evans.

His heart beat fast—the room seemed to swim a round with him—and his knees trembled. His previous reckless calmness had disappeared, and he was wound up to an intense pitch of anxiety. He did not allow himself to wish either way, or if so it amounted to but half a wish. He tossed up the farthing for the last time.

The coin spun up in the air and descended on the table; it was head.

'Damnation!' muttered Doyle through his teeth.

Evans spoke not a word. He was very pale, and his eyes were fixed on the ground.

'Hang it, man,' said Doyle, you don't mean to call the thing settled because the cursed old farthing came heads instead of tails—come, we'll talk it over.'

'No, Doyle, said Evans, 'I am fixed. I swear solemnly that if the result had been contrary. I would have acted on it as rigidly. Our fates would have been one and the same; as it is, we must see each other no more. A dirty brass farthing has decided my course of life.

And at the door of the Black Bull that evening Tom Doyle and Frank Evans shook hands, parted, and went in different directions. They never met again.

Tom Doyle took petty larceny; from that to burglary; and one night having drank to much, quarreled with his comrade, and struck him so heavily on his head that he never moved afterwards. Tom Doyle was afterwards hanged at the Old Bailey, at 8 o'clock on a misty morning, to the great amazement of a select company of both sexes.

Frank Evans became a light porter, afterwards a clerk, and afterwards a partner. His industry was exemplary; his honour was unimpeachable; and a paper bearing the signature of Sterling & Evans was taken with as much confidence as that issued by the Bank of England.

Great is the reward of virtue and striking is the punishement of vice. Tom Doyle lies dead and unprayed for; and Mr. Francis is alive and rides in his coach. Yet, if on that memorable evening at the Black Bull, Francis Evans had been a little more persuadable, or the farthing turned up tail, he might have had been hanged like Tom Doyle, and might now be dead and unprayed for, instead of being alive and riding in his coach.

*Kingston*, Nov. 26.—We have ascertained from good authority, that his Excellency the Governor General has received by the Acadia, Dispatches, highly approving of his policy as regards his recent Ministerial changes, and sustaining him to the fullest extent.—(*Chronicle.*)

The Private Secretary of the King of the Sandwich Island, has arrived at New Orleans, in company with the Rev. Mr. Richards, on his way to Washington. The New Orleans Picayune says of this native prince—"He is an exceeding intelligent, well-educated and fine-looking individual, gentlemanly in his manners, and speaks the English language fluently. Before returning, he contemplates making the tour of this country and Europe. His name is Halilee.

*Cure for Love.*—Take a grain of sense, half a grain of patience, one drachm of understanding, one ounce of disdain, a pound of resolution and a handful of dislike. Mix them together, fold them in the limbee of your brain for twenty four hours, set them on the slow fire of hatred, strain it clear from the dross of melancholy, stop it down with the cork of sound judgment, and let it stand nine days in the water of cold affection. This is the most effectual cure in the world.

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