

# The Standard.

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## POETRY.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of a Mother, is from the pen of Miss Margaret Belches, sister of Mr. D. M. Belches of this place. We have seen several poems published by this young lady, but the following piece is superior to anything which has yet issued from her pen.

From the Republican Banner.

### A MOTHER'S SMILE IN DEATH.

We saw thee die, we marked a heavenly smile  
Of angel brightness play around thy lips,  
That like a ray of glory shone awhile—  
Which death's stern majesty could not eclipse.  
Was it that Heaven burst upon thy view,  
O'erwhelming thee with rapturous joy sublime—  
Realms of unthought-of glory, oh how new—  
Regions unsullied by the breath of time?

Or didst thou hear the symphonies of Heaven,  
Woke by angelic hands in measured roll,  
Which but in death to mortal ear is given—  
Thrilling the deep recesses of the soul!  
Or was it shining angels hovering near,  
To bear thy trembling soul o'er death's pale foam  
Did Jesus smile on thee, to sooth thy fear,  
And point the starry pathway to thy home?

We know not—but we feel that thou art gone,  
And time can ne'er efface the agony  
That thrilled our hearts, when thus the star that  
shone

Of thy pure love, first left our clouded sky.  
We miss thee, Mother, when the spring's first  
flowers

Come forth to deck the smiling earth again—  
We miss thee, in the summer's twilight hours—  
When autumn's chilling breeze sweeps o'er the  
plain.

When gathered round the winter's joyous hearth,  
When jest and mirth goes round, our hearts are  
lone—

They all, to us, have lost their wonted mirth—  
And music, too, is sad in every tone.  
We miss thee at the holy hour of prayer—  
With tearful eyes we view thy vacant place,  
But fruitless is each glance—thou art not there—  
We see not, now, thy meek and holy face.

And when athwart our path misfortunes lower—  
And when with life's dark shadow we are pressed,  
We pine for thee in sorrow's lonely hour,  
And long to share with thee thy place of rest.  
But we shall meet with thee, when time is o'er,  
To share again, thy fond, undying love—  
Through faith, we hope to meet, and part no  
more.

Before our Father's throne, in bliss, above.

MARGARET BELCHES.

### THE CHOLERA.

The general state of health both in the metropolitan districts and throughout the kingdom is in a satisfactory state. The number of deaths in London during the past week is 171 less than the average of the corresponding weeks during the last five years. The fatal cases reported of cholera amount to 45. The disease seems to be hovering over many isolated parts of the country. Instances of individual cases are cited from widely distant districts, but at present they are so inconsiderable compared with our immense population, that in a national point of view they do not create any especial apprehension. In Edinburgh, Leith, and Newhaven the malady seems still to exert a malignant influence to a considerable extent. The deaths are far more numerous in that quarter, compared with the population, than elsewhere. They amount to 112 since the 4th instant. Hull and Sunderland furnish also, from day to day, occasional fatal cases. Upon the whole the pestilence has not increased in virulence; the relaxation of the quarantine regulations has not led to any unfavourable results; and we earnestly

hope that the angel of terror will pass over our islands, without leaving behind the calamitous traces of death and desolation which have marked its path through the eastern countries of Europe.

### MR. MEAGHER'S SPEECH.

The following is the speech which was delivered by Thomas Meagher, after his conviction by the Clonmel jury:—

"It is my intention to say a few words I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration, nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear, that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of these sentiments, and that conduct, in a light, I think, far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and perhaps the sentence, you my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever may be the language in which that sentence will be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honoured. In speaking thus, I accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made for what I conceived to be a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for them any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever so happen, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak their efforts may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With the country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I was indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment against them; influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they, perhaps, could have returned no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations upon it I sincerely feel would ill-befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord— you who preside upon the bench—when the prejudices and the passions of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it—was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever done—to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with a lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here—here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust—here in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounded me, and from which I see an early grave in an unappointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is—the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England I know this crime entails the penalty of death. But the history of Ireland explains my crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—(and turning round towards his fellow-prison-

er M'Manus)—you are no criminal (and to O'Donoghue) you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt—is sanctified as a duty—will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty—having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to still—whose intellects I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart: and with that life all the hopes, the honours, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to hear it, and meet its execution. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness, as well as of infinite justice will preside; and where, my lords, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed."

A Perth paper relates that strawberries and green fruit are daily gathered in several gardens around that city; and that the husbandmen in the neighbourhood are cutting the spring sown wheat, although the Grampian hills are covered with snow, and every indication of approaching winter perceptible.

DREADFUL LOSS OF SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA.—The effect of the catarrh in the sheep at Port Philip has been dreadful in the extreme. One gentleman has lost as many as 19,000—another 20,000!—some 10,000 up to 15,000! inflicting ruin upon their owners. An entire flock died in the course of a night from the complaint. The writer of a letter states that he was at the time surrounded by 36,000 dead sheep, and in momentary dread of the infection (catarrh) spreading to his own flock.

The Wesleyan Methodists have come to terms with the educational committee of the privy council, and consented to take advantage of the education grant.

It is stated that the works of the new houses of parliament are to be entirely stopped during the winter, in consequence of a recent strike of the masons employed upon them.

PARIS, Thursday, 11-30 A. M.

A meeting was held last night at the Rue de Poitiers, which was numerously attended, and at which most unexpected resolution was taken, amounting to nothing less than a reversal of the former decision of the party in favour of the immediate election of the President of the Republic. M. Mole contended that the attributes given to the president by the constitution were utterly incompatible with those conferred on the Assembly by the people, that the co-existence of two such powers must lead to fatal and disastrous conflicts. In fine, M. Mole insisted that the present provisional arrangements should be continued until the organic laws are passed. The meeting finally divided on the question, about two-thirds of the members present voting in favour of the proposition of M. Mole.

A decree was passed by the assembly yesterday, the effect of which will be to restore to the Orleans family, including Louis Philippe, their private property, subject, of course to the claims of their private creditors.

Last evening M. Mathieu (de la Drome) gave notice of a motion to issue notes of the Republic for 400 millions of francs, in amounts from 50 to 100 francs, these notes to be received in the payment of taxes, and to be guaranteed by national property of double their value and to be declared a legal tender.