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From our Correspondent Jack Robinson!

FREDERICTON, 9th March, 1846.

MR. EDITOR,

The Bill to provide for the Registration of Electors was discussed last week, and rejected on Saturday afternoon by the casting vote of the Speaker. As this Bill was considered by many as a measure absolutely necessary to accompany the present Election Law, I shall give you a brief outline of its provisions, in its amended shape, at the time of its rejection.

It required the Assessors of Rates for the several Parishes, under a heavy penalty, to make out a list of the voters in each Parish, and to post up three copies of the same in public places for one month, and also to leave one copy with the Town or Parish Clerk to be kept open for public inspection. After the expiration of the month, the assessors, and the town clerk, were to meet and enquire into any objections that might be made by any of the inhabitants of the Parish with regard to the names on the list—and then and there make out a new list in the same form as the other, leaving out the names, if any, of persons who were not freeholders, and adding the names, if any, of freeholders previously omitted. Of this "final amended list" four copies were to be made out, two of them to be posted up in the Parish, and left with the Town Clerk for public inspection, and one sent to the office of the County Registrar. This process was to be repeated every year, and the Assessors and Town Clerks were to be paid by the day out of the Province Treasury.

On receiving the writ to hold an Election, the High Sheriff of the County was required to obtain from the Registrar's office exact copies of the lists for the several Parishes, and to hand them to his Under Sheriffs and Deputies to guide them on the days of Polling. All persons whose names were on the list were to be allowed to vote, and no others; there was to be no challenging of votes, nor administration of oaths to electors, except where the person coming forward to vote was suspected of calling himself by a false name.

These were the prominent and leading features of the Bill; in addition to which, there were various details intended to give full effect to the whole system of registration as therein provided.

On the part of the supporters of this measure, it was earnestly contended, that the future Elections were to be held in each County in one single day. That a great number of Deputies, Poll Clerks, and other persons, all without experience and unaccustomed to preside and preserve order at Elections, would necessarily be appointed; that only eight hours were allowed to keep the Polls open, and that there would be great danger of getting into confusion unless a list of the voters were furnished, and the delays of challenging abolished. It was also urged that the proposed remedy was cheap and simple, and although not so perfect as the Bill proposed last year, it would disfranchise no man though it might in some few cases admit non Electors to vote.

On the other side it was contended, that the bill was complicated in its machinery, and would in fact be attended with great expense. That it was very imperfect, and turned over to three ignorant men in each Parish the whole power of deciding who should and who should not vote for members to serve in General Assembly.

As it was however, this question has been discussed at greater length, and with more eagerness, than any matter that has hitherto come up during the present session.

The Rail Road Committee made a Report on Saturday afternoon, and offered a Bill for the establishment of a Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls.

The Agricultural Committee had a meeting, and I believe agreed upon the distribution of £2000 to buy seed potatoes. I am told that they intend £300 of the sum for Charlottetown, but as they have not yet reported this information may prove incorrect.

Yours,

JACK ROBINSON.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR,

AS mere education possesses no moral qualities to restrain the propensities of men, it is obvious that moral is as necessary as mental culture. And the only true rule of morals is the Scriptures, which their Divine Author has commanded us to search, for in them are the words of eternal life, and they are they which testify of him. Unless the doctrines and morals of the Bible are instilled into the minds of our young, as carefully as are the rules of grammar, of arithmetic, or the principles of physical science, much of the efforts to secure universal education, are of questionable utility. The most thoroughly educated minds of the last century, were among the atheists, the anarchists, and the

Jacobins of the French revolution. Education is power, but it requires moral principle to make it powerful for good.

Objections may be raised to the strength of the foregoing, by saying that the Sabbath, or the Sabbath Schools, and the family circle, are the places for religious instruction. But alas! When the six days of the week are permitted to pass away in utter forgetfulness of God, what will the instructions of the seventh avail? The period of life spent at schools is the forming period of our character; the hours there spent, and those in which we receive deepest impressions, so that, if there is any place where the whole truth and nothing but the truth should be impressed upon the youthful mind, it is the place of daily instruction. Banish Bibles from the daily school, and I doubt not but the great and busy enemy of man will easily project a way of driving it from the hearth of many a family.

I have been led to these reflections, from learning of the despotism of the Bible in the Grammar School in this town, for upwards of a year past, which is attended by boys of seven to fourteen years of age. Why will not intelligent men see that there ought to be such a recognition of Christianity by the government or community as would secure, in the schools, the imparting of a knowledge of Christ and repentance, and faith, and gospel utility.

Yours, &c.

PATER.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR,

I observe in your paper of the 21st Jan. a communication signed "A," the writer of which has made some remarks upon my letter of the 17th of same month. He very honestly acknowledges his inability to discuss the subject, but it seems he possesses ability enough to make misrepresentations; he says I asserted, that temperance societies are not founded upon the word of God, nor authorized by it, and that they are in direct opposition to its precepts, and that I have perverted several texts of Scripture to support my views. Now sir, where does he find one word about temperance societies in my communication? there is no such thing in it—and have I perverted any Scripture by quoting a few texts, and requesting an explanation of them?—Strange definitions! I am as much opposed to drunkenness, as he possibly can be—and how could I or any other person be otherwise, while the Bible, experience, and common sense, clearly show it to be a great evil. But he calls upon me to predict, "which out of ten moderate drinkers, will not be a drunkard?" Can he predict which out of ten sellers will not be an extortioner. I might go on asking such foolish questions until I exhausted the patience of myself and every one else; but what nonsense—he says that one moderate drinker, although silent on the subject, or should be advocate temperance, will do a greater amount of injury by his example than ten drunkards. Queer logic, when, by his example, all should be sober. I agree with him that we should do all the good we can, especially to those that desperately use us, and if our enemies are naked to clothe them; if they are hungry, to feed them; and if they are thirsty to give them drink, but not put the bottle to their mouths to make them drunk, and also that we should bind up the wounds of our neighbours, pouring in oil and wine, &c. Again, "it is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor any other creature, whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak or offended." Those articles, alluded to by St. Paul, had been offered to idols. Does Mr. "A" suppose, that St. Paul meant to be understood, he would starve himself to death, (and thus be guilty of suicide), when he said he never would partake of any of these things so long as the world stood, rather than offend his weak brethren. If he had had the most distant idea, that there would ever have been found a brother, or sister, or any thing in the shape of humanity so weak as to understand him thus, he no doubt would have been more guarded in his expressions. Now, Sir, I want no better argument than this already manufactured one he speaks of—the Bible—to bear me out in the moderate and temperate use of liquors, (whether wine or strong drink), and shall continue to buy such things as are sold in the shambles, and to eat and to drink such things as are set before me, asking no questions for conscience sake.

Yours, a real friend to temperance, but

NO TETOTALER.

Jan. 26, 1846

There is quite a snarl in the New York

State among the democrats—one wing, termed "Baraburners," the other named "Old

Hunkers"—and a very pretty sort of a malignant fight it is. The champion of the "Baraburners" is Col. Young—while the

"Old Hunkers" are represented by a Mr. Wright. In the mean time the people have

to pay the piper, while the political mountebanks have out their dance. We live in a

country of extensive freedom—of the largest possible liberty.—A/any Knickerbocker.

The following expresses the feelings of an English gentleman, (a member of the University of Oxford, and in politics, a "philosophical radical,") who, after an extensive tour in the United States and in this Colony, visited Washington:

The debates in the Congress of the United States on the subject of Oregon, are unparalleled for their wickedness and folly, in the experience of civilized Senates. Our columns are open to any historical Yankee who may venture upon the refutation of the above

conclusion. We take our stand upon the file of the Congressional Globe, from the 12th of December to the present time, and defy the world to produce so large an assortment of trash as so small a bundle. The amount of zoological knowledge expended upon the British lion and the American eagle is truly wonderful; and though the review is a partial one, we think the real characteristics of that magnificent beast and that obscene bird are developed more clearly than ever.

Bancome, in short, has been keeping carnal; and Heaven only knows when his constituency, whose name is Legion in the United States, will return to the Lenten diet of common sense. Heretofore Bombastes Furioso has been considered the chief d'œuvre of the braggadocio school, but your Simses and Bakers, and Allens and Chipmans play the fool quite as bravely as he without troubling themselves to dress for the character.

What adds to the joke is, that neither themselves nor their audience appear to have the least idea of the nature of their performance, but believe that they are enacting a solemn and important role on the great stage of the world. "There's my sentiments," says Chipman, the future conqueror of Canada, (the man who is to take Canada in ninety days, give it back, and take it again!—and sits down overwhelmed, not with laughter, but with applause. A gentle buzz of approbation steals over his long ears from the Ladies' Gallery; while the gigantic expectations of his regimenteral peers bear witness to the self-denying silence with which they have listened to his patriotic harangue.

It was observed to us, the other day, that the proceedings in Congress are like unto those of a pack of schoolboys when the master is out, but we think the comparison altogether unjust to the rising generation. The Americans, it is true, are very young and very foolish, but there the resemblance ends. They have all the mischief of children, but none of the fun; they are never surprised in to urchin pranks of generosity, never known to make a rash division of their pocket money or to share their last cake with a beggar.

Their tricks are too full of spite for mirth, too childish for anger, and excite no feeling save that of sorrowful contempt. But the plea of infancy, whether for debts or other delinquencies, cannot always avail a nation any more than an individual; and the world is surely not so fit to attain its majority as quickly as possible, and learn better as it grows older.

Perhaps the very naughtiest of the boys in the Capital debating Society at Washington is Master John Quincy Adams, the rather because he is an "old boy," and is looked up to by the rest as a sort of monitor. However, he not only sets the example of robbing orchards, but as the amazing impudence to quote Scripture in justification of the deed.

A New Agricultural Wrinkle.—A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired in the country and "gone to farming," as the saying is. His land, albeit well-situated and commanding sunny romantic prospects, is not so particularly fertile as we have seen—required scientific culture and a liberal use of guano of some sort to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time, as the story-book says, our friend, being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time.

There were some eight or ten barrels of them and they were "just going at fifty cents per barrel," when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea. "Sixty-two and a half," said our friend. "Just going at sixty-two and a half-third and last call—gone," retorted the auctioneer. "Cash taken them at sixty-two and a half per barrel."

To have them shipped for his country seat was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages to use a common expression, were, "getting no better very fast." "To have them safe underground, and out of the way was his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—so, here was just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geopoetics. One "link" of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of

hills of corn and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all. Now, after premising that several days have elapsed since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbours.

Neighbor. "Well, friend, have you planted your corn?"

Friend. "Yes several days since."

Neighbor. "Is it up yet?"

Friend. "Up! yes; up and gone; the most of it."

Neighbor. "How's that?"

Friend. "Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in Orleans the other day, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure, if nothing else. I brought the lot over commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, placed a sausage in each hill, and—"

Neighbor. "Well, and what?"

Friend. "And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days after I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments."

Neighbor. "Why, what was the matter?"

Friend. "Matter! the first thing I saw, before reaching the field, was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it. There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set my eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after sausages. Somehow or other, the rapidly-whipped had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could see every dog of them on that auctioneer I'd be satisfied."

Securing.—Whatever fortune may be made by prejury, I believe there never was a man who made a fortune by swearing. It often happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive whose honor or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced in dignity because he is expert in profane swearing? Low must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has without reason no passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups—the lecher his mistress; the satirist his revenge; the ambitious man his preferment; the miser has gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he sells his soul for naught and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all plea it is not the offspring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body; nor any how allied to our frame. For, as Tillson expresses it, "Though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man's oaths were born of a swearing constitution."

"I am glad to see you." There are more lines contained in these few words than in all the written speeches of a law shop, and yet the expression is on tip-end of almost every one's tongue. Take an instance: Madam has pickles or preserves to make, and is up to the ears in pots and kettles when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones, all dressed off as neatly as if they had just been for six months imprisoned in a band box. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you! It's a shaver, it's a ducky right lie. In her heart she wishes her and all her brood to the—"

We like to say it. When we hear a person say, "Do call again and see me," it sounds so much like John show the gentleman the way out." There is no such thing as politeness. To be what the fashionable world terms "polite," we must necessarily be a hypocrite. The true characteristic of sincerity is bluntness, and a sincere man will never have the backache.

ANCESTRY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—It is not very generally known that the name of Wellesley was formerly written Wesley, and that the family was the same as that of John Wesley, the preacher. If we mistake not, the Duke of Wellington, in his earliest commissions, was styled "Arthur Wesley." The name of Wellesley was merely assumed by the Duke's grandfather, Richard Colley, Esquire, (afterwards created Lord Mornington, on his succeeding by bequest, to the estates of his cousin, Garret Wesley, Esq. of Dangan, son of his grand aunt, Elizabeth Colley. Their illustrious descendant, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was born on the 1st of May, 1769, (a year celebrated for the birth of many distinguished men—Napoleon, Soult, Mehemet Ali, and Walter Scott, the third son of Garret, Earl of Mornington, and Anne, his Countess, daughter of Arthur, first Viscount Dungannon. His birth-place was Dangan, near Trim, in the county of Meath, Ireland.—From Bell's Life in London.

The London "Times"—Many years ago a joint stock company was formed for the purpose of establishing a London daily journal. The journal was named "The Times." On its first appearance it was a small, dingy looking sheet; but as it possessed talents

which forced it into notice, it soon attracted public attention, and gradually increased in size, power, and influence. The property is, at the present time, divided into twenty-four shares—sixteen belong to Mr. John Walter. The political opinions of the journal are directed by the majority of votes on the part of the shareholders; and thus, as Mr. Walter possesses two thirds of the entire property, his voice alone controls the bias of the journal.

The "Times" is, of course, excellent property. It is said that Mr. Walter gave his daughter, as her wedding portion, the profits of the first column of advertisements in the first page of the journal—a splendid fortune. It never grants credit to any one, and is, in every sense of the phrase, a ready money concern. Every notice of a death or marriage is charged for—the simplest announcements not being inserted for less than seven shillings and sixpence, nearly two dollars. The value of the "Times," in a purely commercial point of view, is £212,000, each share being worth £13,000. The annual profit of the "Times" is about £45,000, of which Mr. Walter receives, as his portion, £30,000—a very pretty little income!

ONE AT A TIME.—In a western city, which shall be nameless, a sheriff's deputy in attendance on the courts of justice, was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began at the top of his lungs—

"John Bell and Elizabeth Bell!"

"One at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time—one at a time—ONE AT A TIME!" shouted the crier.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge, out of patience.

"Now you've done it—now you've done it—NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!" yelled the deputy.

There was no standing this; the court, bar and bystanders broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished crier.

SUCCESSFUL LOVE.

There are men who rise from a low station to a throne; and it certainly must be a grand and triumphant sensation that they experience when they first sit in the seat of sovereignty, and feel their brows pressed by the golden circlet of command with the great object of ambition attained, the struggle up the ascent to power accomplished, and the end reached for which they have fought, laboured and watched through many a weary day and night. But the exultation of that moment, great as it may be, is nothing to that which fills the heart of youth in the first moments of successful love. The new throne usurper must be well nigh weary of repeated triumphs; for the step to the throne is but the last of many a fatiguing footfall in the path of ambition. He, too, must foresee innumerable difficulties around—how many distance others but he must still run on.

Too Bad! Really.—A collector from the city of New York, rather fastidious in his taste about what he eat and drank, happened lately to be on a tour through the Sucker State (Missouri), and stopping one day at rather a comfortable looking log house, he inquired of a respectable looking elderly lady if he could procure dinner there. "Well," says she, "I think you may get it easy if you're get enough to pay for it." He showed her that the needful was in his possession, and she bade him "git off his horse and tote himself into the house." He accordingly did so, and sat himself down to await its preparation. Every thing was set out in perfect good style, and he promised himself a perfect royal feast. The hostess brought in a pan of new milk to drink, and commenced dipping it out into bowls with a gourd; as she filled her guest's bowl, she discovered that she had dipped up a small mouse, and taking hold of it affectionately by the tail, she stripped down the milk off into his drinking cup, heaved a sympathetic sigh, tossed it through the window, and exclaiming—"poor thing!" set the bowl before the Yorker. "Why, madam," said he, "you don't think I am going to drink that?" And why not? inquired the hostess, "well I declare if you city folks ain't too nice to fire—our boys, bless you, don't mind 'em no more if they was musketoes!"

NOTICE.

A subscriber is desirous to contract for 25,000, pieces CEDAR, to be delivered at Chamcocks Dock, on or before the 1st day of June next, to be 9 feet long square barked with a saw, none under 9 inches nor over 12 inches diameter at the small end, to be sound, fresh, free from bark and straight as possible.

The above for Railroad purposes.

JOHN WILSON,

Chamcocks,

or

DIMOCK & WILSON,

St. Andrews.

Chamcocks, Oct. 22, 1845