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EVERY FRIDAY, BY
W. P. Smith.
In Saint Andrews,
N. S. W. I. C.

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The Standard.

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SUPERNATURALS.

I have often heard it remarked that very few of the mass of mankind are possessed of that strength of nerve, or mind, or whatever it may be called—which nine out of ten possess to have, and that it is difficult to find one, who, if put to the trial, would cheerfully pass a night in a church; or even in a grave-yard, alone. I am aware that many will smile at this conceit, and feel ready to disprove it. I have, nevertheless, adopted it, and do believe, that few will be found to try it, and none who would pass a second night in the same manner. This is not a vague belief, it is founded on my own experience of the feelings. There are many reasons I might adduce to show, that almost every mind is fettered, if not with a supernatural fear, yet with a feeling very nearly allied to it. The nursery tales, which all men, more or less, drink in, in their childhood, make an impression deep and lasting on the mind; and although when arrived at manhood, the realities of life, and the exercise of mature reason do certainly tend to weaken their force, yet their effect is never altogether destroyed, and we cannot be aware how powerful that effect is until brought into exercise by the trial—I have experienced it, and I know. The following incidents, whose correctness I can vouch for, clearly establish the fact, and although in their nature dissimilar, yet they were in their issues so much alike, they fully confirm the truth that the strongest minds, may suffer from like causes, to the same extent with weaker ones.

THE THIGH BONE.

If I were to point out from among my acquaintances, one I thought the most fit subject for an experiment on which strength of mind, or firmness of nerve depended, it should be Harry S.—the subject of the incident I shall now relate. About ten or twelve years since, Harry S.—, was in England, just returned, if I remember rightly, from foreign travel.—He had formed a small circle of acquaintance peculiarly his own, for he was chosen in his society, though few were better fitted to mix with and adorn the very first and highest. With those friends he frequently occupied his leisure hours in the day, in rambles, which had for their object, instruction as well as amusement, and they generally dined and spent a social evening together. On one occasion, as they sat, a dozen or so in number, discussing their wine, and with it several topics of the day, the conversation turned on the subject which I have introduced this article, and one of the party alluding to a vault he had descended a few days before, asked if any one remembered his particular notice, it lay, he remarked, at a distance from the entrance of the vault; Harry S.—, mentioned his recollection of the circumstance, and added "what would I think should I go and bring it higher?" This question was passed without the most remote idea of its leading to anything, but it induced an argument on the subject, and a wager was finally proposed and accepted by Harry S.—, who immediately proceeded on his mission to the vault, not very agreeable task we must admit. I had since, more than once, inquired of him the result of his feelings whilst accomplishing this task, and he has always given me the same account of them,—he as usual me he had never known what fear was, and I believe he never had; but he said, that after he left the lighted hall and the social board, and saw and felt the darkness around him, a new and indefinable sensation crossed his feelings which he was unable to describe. When he had descended the vault and advanced a little distance on his way, he looked back and beheld the appearance of two large eyes glaring apparently at him, undaunted, however, he returned to examine the startling object and discovered it to proceed from two oval openings in the lower door of the vault, thro' which the moon was shining and threw forward her light against the wall. Re-assured by this discovery, fearlessly and unhesitatingly he pursued his course till he reached the place of trial; it was at the farthest end of the vault, at around was dark and still as death could render it, and his very breathings seemed to chide him for disturbing with his tread the silent place of the dead—he reached forward to feel for the spot, his foot caught, he stumbled, and fell into the arms of a Skeleton! Oh God! he felt it press him—his hand convulsively grasped the cold, smooth, icy, thigh bone, he recovered his footing and retraced his steps, and as he hurried onward they echoed and re-echoed along the lone and dismal habitation, as if the dead were chasing him.—he passed the door, ascended the steps, and reached the place where his assembled friends were anxiously waiting his return—he threw the object of his daring on the table before them, and sank down senseless on the floor himself—during that night he awoke not from a state of insensibility, and many weeks passed away ere reason again resumed her government; ere his mind, and yet, that time was one of the strongest

and most accomplished ones I had ever known.

Mr. O'Connell and the Ladies.—On Wednesday week, an address was presented to Mr. O'Connell, from the ladies of Kilkenny. In reply, Mr. O'Connell said—"During the lengthened period of my existence, I have been in many relations with the higher and nobler sex. I am a grand father, and know what it is to hear the chirping of a grand-daughter to an old man's ear. One of them, the eldest, is a bright eyed girl, just entering into all the happiness which life can give to a young heart, bearing its first affections, and a kindlier glow never warmed my heart than when she clasps the neck of her grand-father. I did enjoy the affections of a sister, who loved me more than I deserved, and when I could not love her-half so much as I do now. I wept over the grave of my sainted mother, who early instructed and brought up my infant mind to the possibility of failure, but the impossibility that the lessons I received could tarnish the morals or virtue of her son; and I do sincerely believe that, when at her last expiring breath her sainted soul poured forth a blessing on my head, whatever success I have had through life was owing to the efficacy of her last pleasing though melancholy lesson. I have had the pledges of a wedded love in those daughters whom, perhaps, with the erratic instinct of parental affection, I have deemed the fairest, as they are certainly among the gentlest and best of the sex. I have been a happy husband—did I say I have been?—Oh, no—I am her husband still—the grave is between us—but the link that binds our souls is immortal, and my hope of eternal happiness, to which I fondly look, is linked with hers. [The honourable and learned gentleman on delivering this sentence was deeply affected.] I can, therefore, appreciate what they are who have done me the honour to address me; for never did man love or respect the purity of the sex more than I—a purity which stripped them of vice, and made celestial all the tender affections which so peculiarly belong to them. Oh! they watch over our childhood—soothe the cares of youth and the sorrows of manhood—cheered and supported old age, and even smoothed the dreary path which leads to the grave.—The poet has been mistaken when he sung

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
That is a calumny upon thy virtues; but he does them justice when he adds—

"When pain and sorrow wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Sir, I do protest, in the language of chivalry, I swear by the ladies of Kilkenny, that Ireland shall be a nation." Mr. O'Connell delivered this address with a tone of exquisite pathos which cannot be described, during which the vast assembly seemed spell bound; but when he concluded, a burst of acclamation followed, which was the more enthusiastic because of the restraint they had been subject to from the solemn tone and manner in which he replied.

Marquis of Waterford.—The health of the Marquis of Waterford was among the toasts at the dinner to Mr. O'Connell in Carrick-on-Suir on Thursday. In proposing, the chairman (James Power, Esq.) said I am going to give you the health of a nobleman whose name was unpopular, but who is now becoming popular every day—he has as good an Irish heart as any man in existence—he has a princely fortune—he spends it at home—he is master of a large pack of hounds (cheers) and gives much sport to the gentlemen in this neighbourhood (cheers)—his expenditure is great in this country and in the town of Carrick. Gentlemen I will give you the Marquis of Waterford—(great cheering.) There was a loud call on several sporting gentlemen in the room; but their diffidence prevented them from responding to the toast. Mr. O'Connell at length rose and observed that he could not allow the toast of a brother sportsman to pass without acknowledgment (cheers and laughter.) For a great period of his life he did not suppose that any thing like this should take place—that he, who had so long fought the family to which the noble Marquis belonged, should stand up at a meeting in Carrick-on-Suir to speak to the health of a Marquis of Waterford, (loud cheers.) It showed at all events that the times were changed—for good he admitted in that respect. This was one step towards Repeal—the Marquis was surrounded by the geanty of the country to whose amusement he ministered, whereas in London he was nothing (hear.) Let us have the Repeal—the absentees back, and they will assume their station in their own country (laughter.) He called for a loud tally-ho for the Marquis (loud cheers and laughter.)

The Marquis of Waterford seems to be gaining golden laurels on his estates in county Waterford, where his arrival has been hailed with every mark of esteem and respect. On his arrival at Thurles, his Lordship received an address from the inhabitants expressing their joy at his arrival amongst them: Rockwell and its neighbourhood is in future to be called New Melton, and the

extensive stabling recently erected eclipses that of our hunting metropolis in Leicestershire. The "eccentric marquis," as he was once called by his aristocratic friends of the west, is spending his princely fortune, with true Irish freedom, amongst his fellow countrymen.

POETRY.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

My father! thou hast not the tale denied!
They say that ere to-morrow
Thou wilt bring back a smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow,
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing,
I think of my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
To-morrow still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting,
She will heed me not in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;
Ah, little heed has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nuptial gift I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter,
My eye e'en now on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other;
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother.

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And guests our rooms are filling,
The calm, meek gaze of those hazel eyes,
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their own giving,
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has passed
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond, departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revelations,
Of her mild and commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness;
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant me at once, to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
To remove this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber's still seclusion,
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, dear father, in pride and
glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But woe on earth remains to me,
Save this sad, silent token:
The husband's tear may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings, in unchanging truth,
To the image of her mother.

OLD IRELAND.

The annexed exquisite little gem is from the pen of "Phazina," (Mr. Field,) of the N. O. Picayune.—
Old Erin, green Erin has scattered o'er
earth,
Wit, poetry, wisdom and music and mirth,
The Emerald ever, though chained in the
sea,
Yields lustre to brighten the climes of the
free.
Her statesmen, her warriors, her patriots
roam,
And her prophets find honor in every land;
White Erin, poor Erin, still set in the foam
Of Old Ocean, yet weeps 'neath despotic
command.
She's the birthplace of genius, but never the
home,
She still rocks the cradle, but builds not
the dome.
Ever, like the green jewel, dispensing her
rays,
Through a diadem slave for a conqueror's
gaze.
Yet proud and yet bright shall thy destiny
be,
First flower of the earth and first gem of
the sea.

Sell your Stock During Winter.—Cattle of all descriptions, while confined to the barn during winter, should be liberally supplied with salt.

It not only induces an appetite, but is highly beneficial as a preventive against sickness, to which animals are restricted for a long period, to dryness, and in confined situations, are invariably exposed.

A little attention to this important subject, on the part of our farmers would prevent much needless trouble and expense, and be a means of almost incalculable comfort and advantage to their stock. Sheep, whose condition through their long confinement to the fold during the inclemency of the winter is

often rendered one of incredible suffering and wretchedness, are found to be no less essentially benefited by its free administration, than the ox or cow. They partake of it freely and gradually, on all occasions, and testify to its healthy & salutary effects by their vivacity & superior plight. The demands of nature, it should be recollected, are imperious mandates, and he who neglects or refuses implicit obedience to them, must not be surprised at the fatal consequences which his negligence is sure to entail.—Yankee Farmer.

Disadvantages of Feeding entirely on Dry Food.—Horses and cattle fed on chopped oats, or rye straw, in its dry state, will obstinately refuse to take up all that is in the troughs and what they consume will be less nutritious than when slightly fermented. The process is the following: to feed on a cheap plan, and keep stock in better health and general condition, than with any other system: Have a box of sufficient size to contain all the food for your animals for one time feeding, cut oats, rye, or even wheat straw, and mix with it one half gallon of Indian or rye meal for each beast, sprinkle in a little salt, with water enough to moisten the whole mass, let it stand before feeding, at least twelve hours, or till it acquires a slight acid taste; then give it to the stock in the proportion you measured in, and your horses and cattle will be so fond of it, that they will lick up every straw, keep fat and do well. By this mode I have found, from three years' experience, that horses and cows will do better than upon all the corn and dry fodder you can give them.—Agriculturist.

From the Irish Penny Journal.

The Military or Heroic Husband.

My brave fellow soldiers, we are now on the eve of encountering the enemy. See, there he stands in hostile array against you. He thinks to terrify you by his formidable appearance—But you regard him with a steady hand and fearless eye.

Soldiers! the world rings with the fame of your deeds. Your glory is imperishable; it will last forever.

Regardless of wounds and death, you have even been foremost where honour was to be won. Recollect then, your ancient fame, & let your deeds show this day that you are still the same brave men who have so often chased your enemies from the field; the same brave men who have ever looked on death as a thing unworthy a moment's consideration,—and on dishonour as the greatest of all evils.

Band of heroes, advance. On, on to victory, death, (wounds, honour, glory and immortality. Hurra, hurra, general Fudge for ever!—lead us on general, lead us on!)—Lead ye on my brave fellows. Would to heaven your duties would permit me that chivalrous honour. But it would be too much for one so unworthy, Alas, I dare not. My duties call me to another part of the field. I obey the call with reluctance. But my confidence in your courage, my brave fellows, enables me to entrust you to advance yourselves. On, then on, my band of heroes, and fear nothing! (General raises his hat gracefully, bows politely to his "band of heroes," and rides off to a height at a safe distance, from which he views the battle comfortably through his telescope.)

Father Mother's Roll.

A gentleman who lately visited Cork, says: "I was disappointed in my wish to meet Father Mathew who was in Dublin, where he had enrolled great numbers. I looked over the books at his home. They are very neatly kept, and resemble large ledgers. The number registered was above *One Million and a Half*; and there are immense numbers taken in the country and registered. I believe the total may be fairly stated at *Two Millions and a Half*."

From the third series of the 'Clock Maker.'

For, oh! Sam, said he, the fountain of love lies in the deepest recesses of the human heart. It may cease to gush over, as it does in youth, when it is fed by a thousand rills of emotion. The wintry frosts of old age may dry up some of its springs, and the lacerations of ingratitude may drain off and limit its supply; but deep and far down is the well, Sam, where summer-heats and wintry frost cannot penetrate, and its water, what little is left of it in old age, is as pure, and sweet, and pellucid as ever, and there it remains till the temple that covers it, (that's the body, you see, Sam,) crumbled and mouldered by time, tatters to its fall, and chokes it in its ruins. But, oh! Sam, if our friends, them that we dearly loved, basely desert us at last, and meanly betray us; if them we admitted to our confidence, and folded with affection to our bosoms, pour into that fountain the waters of bitterness, and pollute it at its source, better far, better that we had died first. I could have met my end as became my vocation and my principles, had the blow been dealt out by enemies, Sam; but, oh! it came from my friends, from them that I loved as brothers, as children. It was too much for my nerves. It overpowered my strength, and I hid my face in my hands, as Caesar did in his manhood, and wept like a child.

Corruption, according to that beautiful idea of Scripture, will assert its claim to kindred, and the worm proclaim himself my brother. Alas! where now are the gay and thoughtless crowd that thronged to witness the gorgeous and solemn spectacle of a young beautiful, and innocent sister, assuming that veil that was to separate her from the world for ever? Where are the priests that officiated at the altar?—the sisterhood that rejoiced in receiving?—the relatives that grieved at surrendering this sacrifice?—and they, too, whose voices pealed forth the hymn of praise, and poured out the tide of sacred song to the echoing aisles, where are they? All, all have passed away! and none, no not one, is left of all that assembled crowd, to disclose her lineage or her name. Their rolls have perished with them, and all that now remains is this unclaimed, unknown, nameless one.—Poor thing! has indignation humanity asserted its rights? Hath the vindictive world rejected thee, as thou rejected it? O, why art thou here alone, unshowered and unknown? Alas! is there no distinction between the galleys and the cloister? Is it fitting that thou, whose life was a life of penance and of prayer, whose pure mind commended only with the heavenly objects, should now consort with convicted criminals, and that thy fair form should be laid with the headless trunks of traitors? Ah, me! thou hast returned, poor houseless thing! to thine own, and thine own knows thee no more!—I have seen the grave open to receive its tenant, and the trowel saw its dead, and the green turf and the billow wave fold them in its bosom, and the sleep that knows no waking. All have their resting-place, save thee! Ambition has its temple, and wealth its tomb, while even the poor are cared for; but thou, how is it, fair one, that thou alone of all thy sex should be left the "unburied one?" The greedy sexton's show, and the vile scoffer's viler jest. Who art thou? History can find a place for treason and for crime; could it afford no space for self-deceiving virtue such as thine! Was there no proud-day to grave thy name on unpretending, monumental stone? None of all thy father's house to perform the last sad rites of affection—to restore to the earth what was earthy—to the dust, dust—and ashes to ashes? All, all was silent! and even tradition, garrulous as it is, has but one short word for thee—a nun!

It is rumored that Lord Barham will be created Earl of Gainsborough on the christening of the Princess Royal.

The Brighton Gazette states that it is the intention of the Governments to increase the naval force in the Mediterranean to 25 sail of the line.

The London Times of the 18th has a long article about the sulphur dispute between Great Britain and Naples, from which it appears that the said dispute has not been thoroughly adjusted, as every body supposed. An arbitration to France was agreed upon, to be sure, but in the meantime England and France have got into a quarrel, and the Times appears to apprehend that an impartial judgment is hardly to be expected.

A Toulon letter states that Admiral Hugo has been ordered to sail immediately with 6 ships of the line, to the coast of Morocco, to demand satisfaction for the insult offered to the French consul at Tangiers. Some steamers are to go with the squadron, and if satisfaction is refused, the place is to be bombarded.

The appeal of Madame LaFarge, from the judgement of the Court at Tulle, in the poison case, has been rejected by the Court of Cassation. Seven grounds of exception were taken every one of which were overruled.

There was quite a commotion at the entrance of Buckingham Palace, on the 15th of December, occasioned by the attempt of an insane lady, calling herself Countess of Resteritz, to stab the sentinel on duty. On her subsequent examination it appeared that she was decidedly out of her mind, laboring under the delusion that Prince Albert owed her a large sum of money, that she owned the Palace, &c. She was the wife of a foreign officer, but had separated from her husband.

The Prince Royal of Denmark has demanded and obtained the hand of the Duchess Caroline of Mecklenburg Strelitz, second daughter of the Grand Duke. The grand Ducal family has received the felicitations of the authorities on this occasion.

The chronometer which was in the Bounty at the time of the mutiny has at length been discovered, and given up to Captain Herbert of her Majesty's ship Calliope.

We have reason to believe that Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester are to be the godmothers of the Princess Royal, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, the King of the Belgians, and the Duke of Saxe, the godfathers. It is not expected, however, that the christening will take place for some time.

A Hint.—It is generally rumored (says the Globe) in the Clubs that amongst the honours and promotions which her Majesty will be advised to grant after the approaching settlement of the Eastern affairs, Viscount Palmerston will be raised to the rank of Marquis.

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