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GET MARRIED.

The Editor of the Norwich Aurora asks of his readers the very important question, "What is the use of getting married?" A few thoughts will give our readers why all men should get married.

The great object of human life is happiness. To this end, man bends every action and gives birth to every thought. If he toils, he toils for the accomplishment of this object only; if he rests or bestows favor—if he receives or administers the blessings of fortune—if he courts popularity, seeks for fame, or spends his whole life in accumulating wealth, he has but one grand active principle within him, ever prompting to thought and deed and that is a desire for happiness.

Man is a social being, formed for society and intercourse; and the elements of his nature are opposed to a life of solitude and "single blessedness." He delights in having one boon companion, in whom he can confide with all the faithfulness and freedom of his own breast. It is therefore with a view to his social and domestic happiness, for the enlargement of his comforts, that he selects that companion from the opposite sex. The sexes are treacherous among themselves but seldom to each other.

A certain writer remarks, that "marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest, easy, and the marriage where both meet happy." It is even so. But there are cases where men are so blinded by the object of their pursuit as to overlook the discrepancies and disarrangements which afterward prove vexatious—is it a reason that there is no use in getting married? Man has the elements of happiness within himself, which, when rightly exercised, never fail to produce it. It remains with him altogether to comply with the requisitions of nature, and support her institutions, to fulfill the laws of God, and effect the great object of his own being. In complying, however, he is assured of a happiness which he cannot otherwise enjoy, and which he cannot otherwise obtain. Therefore, if he values his happiness—if he is not selfish and misanthropic, he will act out the principles of his nature and get married. There is no man but feels the influence of woman, delights in her society, and worships, to a certain degree, at the shrine of her charms and personal beauty, and brilliant mental acquirements.

Nature has given her an influence over man more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death he takes health and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life, her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

Setting aside individual happiness, and all the pleasures of the social circle, the comforts of the domestic life, the cheering of the smile and voice that greet the husband and the father, the nature of society urges strong reasons why men should get married. Because human improvement, the good of the world, depends upon woman in her proper sphere. Our first lessons are from her lips, and our first impressions are taken from her examples. Thus it is that we carry into society her influence which extends throughout all ranks and classes of mankind.

Woman's influence, therefore, not only sheds a mild and cheering lustre over the hearts of her friends, around the fireside of her family, and within the narrow sphere in which nature has placed her, but upon the whole world. It enters the haunts of vice, and draws forth the victim of the bowl, dashes it from his lips, and restores him to reason and virtuous life. It prevents the prostitution of those qualities which ennoble, dignify, and elevate man above all other things.

It prevents crime in its thousand forms, and makes man virtuous when he would otherwise be vicious. It carries peace and prosperity where trouble and adversity would reign, and gives birth to a thousand pleasures that would otherwise never exist.

The young man who is fond of the society of virtuous ladies, has a better capital for his character than a birth of wealth could give him. He is looked upon as a moral and virtuous young man; because, generally speaking, only such take pleasure in the refinement of female society.

Take it all in all, therefore, marriage is necessary for man's happiness, for the true formation of his character, for the peace of his home, the comfort of his heart, the joy of his youth, and the solace of his years.

Let us, a man who becomes a member of society until he is married. Unmarried, he is looked upon with distrust. He has no home, no abiding place, no anchor to hold him fast, but is a mere piece of drift wood on the great sea of time. His interest is not with society, but in the accomplishment of some social

object is concerned, and he cares not for the welfare of the generations springing up around him, and who are to live after him. He becomes embittered in his feelings against all mankind, misanthropic, parsimonious, morose, and irascible.

To our friend of the Aurora, and to all the young men who are looking after happiness, we say, therefore, "GET MARRIED."

If you are desirous of wealth, get married, for a good wife promotes habits of industry and economy and prevents a great many unnecessary expenses which cannot be avoided in single life.

If you are looking for stations of distinction and honor, get married, for a good wife will seek to advance her husband in the prosecution of all honorable purposes, and lend him aid and encouragement which he can derive from no other source.

If you would become a good citizen, get married, for he is alone worthy the title, who is connected to the great family of man by the ties of husband and father.

If you are fortunate get married, for a good wife will increase your prosperity, and render you "twice blessed," in the enjoyment of your riches.

If you are unfortunate get married. The cares of the world are lessened by having a wife who takes pleasure in sharing them with you.

If you are in business, get married, for the married man, has his mind fixed on his business, his family and is more likely to succeed.

If you are young get married. Doctor Franklin advocated early marriages because a man who marries young, can have the satisfaction of raising and educating his children before he dies.

GET MARRIED.—Let your plans and purposes for future life be what they may, the business of getting married is one that should be attended to first, as it neither interferes with your plans, nor prevents their execution.

GET MARRIED.—Live soberly, be industrious, engage in nothing that will deteriorate your character as an honest man—a pure patriot and a kind husband; take our advice, and with all your gettings GET MARRIED.

GREATEST FARM IN ENGLAND.

The correspondent of the Boston Transcript furnishes the following account of the Manor of Mr. Coke.

Holkham Hall, Norfolk, England.

This place is renowned throughout England at least as the seat, and especially as the farm of old Mr. Coke, the father of the farmers of Norfolk, and I am happy, therefore, to have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing the estate. I shall not probably find in Great Britain, a better specimen either of the style of life of a good old country gentleman of this realm, and of the ancient school, or of the management of a first rate practical proprietor's estate. Let me begin by giving you some idea of the latter; promising that this is the same Mr. Coke, who moved in the House of Commons the discontinuance of the American war of '76; and who having carried it in the great and excited body by a majority of one, was himself, at the suggestion of his friend, Mr. Fox, at the head of the committee to take up an address to his Majesty, George, III, in pursuance of the vote.

Well now for estate; and first, merely as a farmer's. The land is about 3,500 acres: nearly the whole of it is enclosed by a neat high brick wall, extending about a circuit of ten miles. This comprises the "plantation of wood," and a beautiful "lake." Nothing could appear more originally rural than its borders which are completely overshadowed with forest, and as wild altogether as if I had discovered them and the lake itself in the depths of some solitude of Michigan. All the woods have been planted. The species of trees, in copse, in acres of forests and avenues. Instead of a mere park in one body, it is as one wants it—everywhere an ornament and a shelter—over hill and dale—about no where in excess, nor yet in the way of the farmer. Immediately around the mansion (of which hereafter) indeed, are only gardens, walks, and a wide extent of velvet lawns on every side; but even these latter are marked with their own schemes of practical utility. It is not only the pheasant I see shuffling about there in the cool shades. It is not alone the graceful deer that browse and bound along the soft lawns. These are charms to the eye, and I like the taste which allows them this sweet free range, and which saves the poor beautiful creatures from all harm. Here are the woods too. As I rode through their long winding lanes to-day on horseback, the air was filled with the perfume of forest flowers, and with the chirping and fluttering of birds. The yellow-hammer whirled on his gay speckled wings as we trotted up to him; the shining blue jay glided "like the javelin by;" and "the woodpecker tapped at the hollow beech-tree."

Two remoter lawns are spotted with little flocks of sheep, of which over three thousand are kept on the place. Of the famous South Devon breed. One meets also in the pasture these fine, sleek, bright looking Devon cattle, browsing in herds. There are more than three hundred of them, including an enormous dairy besides, of Scotch cattle. Beyond the lawns, one gets at once into the cultivation; and a

ring of this, skirted and sheltered here and there with avenues and copses of trees, encircling the whole estate. I rode along the edge of a field of one hundred acres of barley in one place. In another were sixty acres of wheat; and there were two fields of peas, of twenty-five and twenty-seven acres. The arable land is divided about equally between these grains, turnips and grass, which four crops, sometimes having grass for two seasons constitutes the routine of the succession of tillage on the same ground. There are in cultivation at present about four hundred and thirty acres of wheat and barley each, and in fine condition. The head farmer told me, that thirty bushels an acre is rather an indifferent crop, and 40 and 50 more are "the right thing." It must be borne in mind when I say this, that Holkham has been completely made over by Mr. Coke. When he succeeded to the estate it was but a mere desert. There were no trees here even, and it was hardly believed the land would let them grow. Mr. Coke says the rabbits were the only creatures who could live on it, and they were starving. Now what a triumph! Go with me to-day in this village of Holkham, which all belongs virtually to the estate, and lives by it in one way or another. Here are five hundred persons probably, besides those sent off, well provided for elsewhere. Their cottages are a curiosity of rural neatness and comfort. Little gardens surround them, and flowers hang out of the windows, and climb over the door-ways.

Some one hundred and fifty persons are employed on the farm alone. Then in the gardens, the light acres of which are surrounded with a wall, one thousand four hundred yards long, and fourteen feet high, are perhaps forty more; in the brick-yard twenty in the blacksmith's shop; and some wheelwrights and game-keepers; I dare say a little army of servants of course! for in the mansion, when the family are here, twenty females alone are employed. The women do some work also on the farm; such as weeding the grain, which as well as the peas, and in fact all the crops, is drilled. I saw twenty women in one field weeding. Beyond that, and outside of the walls of the regular estate, we came to a "little bit" of a plantation of only six hundred more. Here they were hard at work. In one field, where turnips were sowing, all the process went on at once. There were twenty men and boys spreading manure out of five or six carts, drawn by three horses each; (of which there are a hundred on the place,) five or six ploughs drawn by two; who ploughed without a driver; two cast iron round rollers by two; three or four harrows by one; two drill machines self-ploughing, by two, and then the harrow again brought up the rear. I ought to speak of the alms-house for the old, and the schools for the young, and of the farming system in detail, but there is no room. I will only add, that young farmers come here from all quarters to learn the science. I saw four of them riding over the grounds this morning, who are under the care of the manager. The whole place is considered a model of both the science and the art of farming.

A minister, who has a false set of teeth, was preaching on Sunday last, in a chapel not one hundred miles from Preston. Not having his exotic ivories properly fastened, they gave way and frequently incommenced the reverend gentleman who in spite of the utmost efforts, could only deliver his discourses in a whistling key. Tired at length, with his fruitless and oft-repeated endeavours to arrange the troublesome occupants of his mouth, he was obliged to confess to the congregation the cause of his annoyance, and begged of them to sing a hymn while he fixed his teeth securely; which being done, he managed to preach the remainder of his sermon without further interruption.—Manchester Chronicle.

A Broad Hint.—A publican who was ill served by his brewers, wrote them the following laconic remonstrance:—"Gentlemen do please come and taste my beer, for nobody else will."

Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue for when Commodore Ayson, was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday; while they were dancing a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

At a shop window in Upper Rathbone st., Oxford street, a bill is exhibited on which is written:—"A Splendid Octave Square Piano-Forte For Sale. Musical Instruments Purchased. A Out door apprentice Wanted."

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the order of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel organ," interrupted a raucous.

Adversity barrows its shippest sting from our impatience. Our good and evil proceed from ourselves. Death appeared terrible to Cicero, indifferent to Socrates, desirable to Clio.

It was blowing very hard on Sunday last.

IBER 25, 1840.

GOODS.

Per Ship
US \$1.50 From London.

Colored Merinos, Norwich black Bombazines, black Silk colored, checked, and figured Paramatta Cloth, Cholly &aine Dresses, Fancy Mouselotte, printed Lama Squares, and Indiana with Velvet Bort, and Woolen Plaid Shawls; Bobbin Nets; white Blond Grecian Quilling, Isle, lace bread and Gimp Edgings; dging Wire, ground Gimp, dret for Head-bands, black ing Silks, Purses, Twist, La-a and colored Lace Gloves, colored Kid & Silk Gloves, lored and black Kid Gloves, d colored Silk, sewing Silk, nges; Silk, Chain, & Coat worsted Braid, Cotton night cotton and Lambis Wood ian Boots, Ladies White, ed cotton Hose, Gentlemen's alf Hose, Regatta Shirts, and Crewels, Flourishing en Fairs; colored embri-lol and Worsteds, white and nd woolen Yarn, worsted rman Fringes, Whalebone, Silk Laces, Carpet Lace, wine Ribbon, Chinty Bed, d and steel Top, Tamms, us, Buck m, Ladies white, y Sows, Artificial Flowers, oys Cloth Caps, Ladies, & straw Bonnets, Habbell's, Also, two trunks, Ladies out and Slacks.

Per Brig.

From London,
in Sack's John.

NDID assortment of hats, soring Sarsnet, and Gauze y Variety. Plain figure, rans and Persians, in vari- ma Grape and One Bar de. Barcelona, Brusele, Rom- itation Corah Silk, Hand- silk Serge, Hat, Dots, & ked, embossed, and and. Hascherichs, blond and embossed Scarf, check- rmed Human Squares, ets; Razors, Knives, and eket and Pen-Knives; Sol- ens, hand, cross-cut, and longrove fine lighters, with th, tooth, hair, comb, and ck and red lead Pencils, tin and Vornicelly strings.

Per Brig.

From Belfast,

S Black and colored Hosen, Thred's.

ALL SUPPLY.

by the British American, aerald, from Liverpool, and a blast.

W. & S. M. GILMOR.

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1 Saint George, by Coach

saturdays at 7 p. m.

steam—Mondays, Wednes-

ys 3 to 5 p. m.

y Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-

days

parts for

aily at 10 a. m.

Saint George, by Coach—

ndays, & Fridays at 7 a.m.

am—Tuesdays, Thursdays,

4.8 a. m.

y Coach—Mondays, Wed-

idays at 10 a. m.

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