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The Standard.

NUMBER 43

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1842.

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CANADA.

It is with much regret we perceive, that the sober, loyal, and thinking Canadian population are losing their confidence in Sir Charles Bagot. Disappointed they certainly have been, for they could not suppose that a gentleman of Conservative family and feelings, sent by a Conservative Cabinet, would have thrown himself so entirely into the arms of their enemies. The loyalists had no objection to the government being shared by the French party; but they did not expect that in bringing that party into his councils, he would select those attained of treason. They at least expected that gentlemen of unsullied honour and political integrity would be chosen. They could not anticipate that such persons as Mr. Hincks, Mr. Lafontaine, and Girouard, would be called upon to act as Cabinet Ministers, and much less that Mr. Ogden, Mr. Sherwood, and Mr. Davidson should be dismissed to make room for them. Yet ever patient, and always ready as the loyalists of Canada have been under every trial, to bear all difficulties—we believe that they would have calmly resigned themselves to the new order of things, but for the subsequent outrage of permitting the dismissed and unoffending officers to be sent adrift without any notice, provision, or compensation whatever. When the correspondence that took place between Sir Charles and Mr. Lafontaine, subsequent to Sir Charles's letter of 13th Sept., appeared—the people seemed to have lost all patience; the violent demands of one, and the tame submission of the other, especially in reference to the retiring salary of Mr. Ogden and Mr. Sherwood, seems to have been the last straw that broke the back of the camel. The letter of the 13th was so far conceded so much, and warranted such important principles, that its rejection by Mr. Lafontaine astonished even his own friends and supporters, and fired with indignation every loyal bosom. The moment the overtures to that letter were rejected, his Excellency had but one course to pursue, namely to prorogue the House, and report the whole proceedings to the government and people of England. With the close of Mr. Draper's peroration—even before the echo of his last words had ceased, the mandate of the Governor-General should have been heard at the door. Instead of this prompt and decisive conduct, we find that the negotiations were resumed at the instance of his Excellency, and continued until the 17th, when he surrendered at discretion.

Every great political change, as well as every battle, has its turning point, or crisis; and the crisis in this case, we think, occurred on the 13th. Had Sir Charles, on the receipt of Mr. Lafontaine's refusal, broken off all communication with the French party, the reaction would have been immense, and the cabinet at home would have borne him out in the act, in spite of responsible government, the union, or any consideration. But a different fate awaited Canada; and a new chapter is now open, the end of which no human mind can foresee.—N. Y. Albion.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as the creature of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects and aims, and expectations are circumscribed by the narrow boundaries of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects—that this world with all its pageantry of pomp and power, is crumbling into dust—that the present life is scarcely deserving of a single thought excepting as it forms the introduction to another and that he alone acts either a prudent or a rational part, who frames his plans with a direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and perverted the will, and debased the affections that man never fails to invest some temporal good, with fancied perfection, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desire and fill the capacities of the immortal spirit. Vain thought! How little they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, its purity tarnished and its glory changed, it will always be a prisoner here. Send it forth if you will, to range through the whole material universe and like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place of rest—for it has no resting place but the bosom of God.

Cheerfulness.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundredfold, when his better half moves about with a countenance upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful woman is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble is like one

of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

Forged Bills of Lading: Narrow Escape of a Merchant from a Serious Loss.—A very singular escape recently occurred in this town. A merchant extensively engaged in the corn trade received some months ago, from a correspondent in the Baltic, bills of lading for a cargo of corn which the latter pretended to have had shipped from the Liverpool market. Upon these bills which appeared regular, advances to the amount of £2500 were made. A more than usual time having elapsed and the vessel named in the bills of lading not making her appearance in the Sound, on her voyage to Liverpool, the merchant became rather uneasy; he never once suspected, however, that anything could be wrong, much less that a plan had been made to defraud him by his correspondent. While the matter was in this state, he accidentally met a ship broker extensively connected with foreigners. From him he heard, with surprise, that his foreign correspondent was actually in Liverpool, accompanied by his wife, intending to embark for America. The name of the captain whose signature was to the bills of lading, was mentioned, when it was immediately suspected that there must be some fraud in the transaction, as the captain had sailed hence about ten days before. It became evident in short, that the captain's name had been forged to the bills of lading; that cargo had been shipped by the foreigner of said bills; and that the merchant was one of the several persons whom the foreigner had designed to victimize. What then, was to be done? In the office of the merchant was a shrewd German, he was immediately sent in search of the swindler, whom by good luck he found. At first he proceeded cautiously; but soon found that the suspicion of fraud were too true; that no corn had been shipped, and that the bills of lading were fabrications. He then changed his tactics. He pretended that a man who accompanied him, and who was close at hand, was a police officer, and that if the foreigner (who could not speak English, and who was addressed in German) did not instantly return the £2500 which he had fraudulently obtained, he would order him into custody. The plan succeeded, after some hesitation the money was refunded, and the clever German carried it off in triumph to his employers counting-house. On the same afternoon the foreigner embarked on board one of the British and North American royal mail steamers and sailed for Boston.—Liverpool Albion.

Cape of Good Hope.—Extract of a letter from the Cape of Good Hope.—By the last arrivals received from Port Natal, it seems that the ten days of grace allowed by Colonel Cloete producing no satisfactory results, a conference was held with the Boers at Pietermaritzburg, when the entire body of the insurgents were admitted to a free pardon, excepting Pretorius and four other active ringleaders. This exception is a mere farce—a significant hint to be off, and there appears to be not the slightest chance of a single individual being brought to punishment. The proscribed leaders will be assisted in their retreat by their compatriots, and have only to fall back on Potchefstroom band, which numbers about 600 fighting men, all of whom are now determined to seek some distant location rather than submit to British authority. It is no question whether they will be permitted to retreat into the wilds of South Africa, and to carry on their deeds of violence amongst other Caffre tribes, for the local Government cannot prevent their doing so.

Scene in our Office.—last year—"Mr. Editor, I have stepped in, in order to have my paper stopped. The times are so hard, that the luxury of one newspaper is all that I can possibly afford." "What other paper are you taking, sir?" "Oh!—ah—I don't exactly pay for any paper, myself, but I have the reading of Mr. C's every week, before he wants to use it."

On Equanimity of Temper.—Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a tiff of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.—Watts.

A Hard Head.—An athletic black man, while carrying a load in a building down town, was struck on the head by a large salmon brick which fell from the scaffold near two stories high. Look up dare, how you throw your bricks!—vociferated the loud carrier, "guess you want to kill dis nigger." What is more strange, is that the man was not even stunned, and the brick was broken in two by coming in contact with his head.—Philadelphia Gazette.

The number of Fools.—Duperrier, the French poet exclaimed in a net one day—"It is only fools that do not admire my verses." M. d'Herbelot overheard him, and immediately replied, "Solomon has said the number of fools is infinite."

POETRY.

BE CHEERFUL ALWAYS.

Since life is brief, O never wear
A cloud upon thy brow;
Erase the furrowed lines of care
That made thee gloomy now.

Nature, in glorious smiles arrayed,
Invites thee to be gay—
Nor God's own image thus degrade
By sadness and dismay.

Be cheerful, and the sudden gloom
That thickens in the sky,
Will disappear—and Heaven assume
A golden brilliancy.

We make our daily cares, and bring
The sorrows that destroy—
When, should we smile, be gay and sing,
Life would have no alloy.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A SEAL.

About forty years ago a young seal was taken to Clew Bay, domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew a space, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the family. Its habits were innocent and gentle, it came at its master's call, and as the old man described, was as fond as a dog, and as playful as a kitten. Daily the animal went out to fish, and after providing for its own wants, frequently brought home a salmon or a trout to his master. His delight was in summer to bask in the sun, and in winter to lay before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into the large oven which at that time formed a regular appendage to an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when a disease called in the country the Crappan, a pestilential affection which attacks the limbs of the cattle, attacked some cattle belonging to his master. Some dairy, others became infected and the customary cure failing, a wise woman was consulted, who assured the credulous owner that the mortality among the cows was occasioned by his retaining that unclean beast, the seal, in his habitation. It must be made away with immediately, or the Crappan would continue. The superstitious owner wretched consented to the bag's proposal, and the seal, put on board a boat was carried overboard to the sea, and there committed to the deep. The boat returning the family retired to rest, and the next morning the servant awoke his master, to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal had by night come back to his beloved home, and crept in through the window.

Next day a cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now finally be removed. A Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport, on her return home, & the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him aboard until he had gone some leagues off the side of Boffin. It was done—a day and a night passed—the second evening closed—the servant was raking out the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it must be the house dog—she opened it and in came the seal, wearied with his long and unusual voyage.—He testified by a peculiar cry his delight to find himself at home, and stretched himself by the glowing embers of the hearth, fell fast asleep. The door of the house was immediately apprised of the unexpected return, and in the urgency the bellman was awakened and consulted. She averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and then again committed to the waves. To this proposal the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the effectual and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, and next morning, writhing in agony, taken to the outside of Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the sea.

A week passed over, and things instead of better grew worse. The cattle of the cruel wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that the visitation on his cattle exceeded her skill and care. On the eighth night of the seal's being committed to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was heard at the door—the servants concluded it was the *Blanche* that came to forward of approaching death, and hid their heads in bed. When the morning broke, the door was opened, and the seal was found dead lying on the threshold.

The once plump animal was now a skeleton. The poor beast had perished of hunger, being incessantly *from Clew Bay* to urge his customary trick. It was buried in a shallow grave, and from that moment misfortune followed the progeny of the cruel deed. The old hag was used for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter, while everything about the farm's house, noted as it were with his blood, was blighted—and none of his children came to maturity. He

survived everything he loved or cared for, and died not only miserable, BUT BLIND—Wild Sports of the West.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

There is a paper published in Boston, called the "Rose Bud," edited by a lady. The way she occasionally tips some of her own sex over the knuckles is a caution. She says:

"We are extensively acquainted with female operators; and can safely say that, though generous, confiding, and lovely, they have a great deal more respect for character than those in the higher circles, whose faults, if they have any, are covered with 'golden tapestry,' and thus hid from the vulgar gaze of the world."
In the following, she hits the bachelor. Speaking of women, she says—
"Our aim now is, to defend the rights to a liberal education; and to defend the 'seamstress,' or the woman who takes in work. This class of females have been upon—streeted at by the senseless elite; and their company shunned as if a moral pestilence mingled within their breath!—The fact is, this is the most useful class of females, and ought to be supported and encouraged; and, instead of the poor pittance which they now receive, under the name of wages (!) hardly enough to keep spirit and soul in action, they should be liberally paid, that they might have heart to work, and live comfortably, and happily. A tailor (may be a scamp of a teacher, too) can be paid a price and a half for taking a garment, which he sends to a female seamstress, whom he compels to do the work for one-half price; thus making for himself a clear profit of one hundred percent.—for what? Why, forsooth, cutting a garment!—Are women slaves! If so, let's have an understanding in the matter; and let the lords of creation do the business of master and over-seeer as it should be done! Why let us have any money at all! Won't food and a little clothing do just as well."
"Why, George," quoth Fuz to his friend, "was the wretch Cooper, who was hanged, to be justly regarded as the most bloody minded murderer on record? George indignantly on all the celebrated murderers of antiquity, without finding a case in point. 'Why,' triumphantly exclaimed Fitz, 'didn't he kill 147 politicians!'"

Deceitful Vander.—A man of the world, after having run through the gamut of life, placed the autumn of his existence by writing a book. This book he presented to Prince Talleyrand, and nothing could exceed his anxiety to obtain the opinion of that admirable judge. He called repeatedly on the sly diplomatist, who, as we know, not only thought "that language was made to conceal one's thoughts," but "that a man was a fool who published a book—because every body knew the extent of his information." Talleyrand, who had only glanced at the book of his hero, avoided its author; but still was his perseverance, that at last he was admitted into his cabinet. "Ah!" exclaimed the new votary of literature, "I am delighted to see my little book honored with a place in your study, and the leaves cut." "Your book," said Talleyrand, in his peculiar emphatic manner, "your book contains both new things and good things." "My reputation as a writer is made, though the overjoyed author. 'Yes, it is so indeed,' added the Prince, 'but you must confess that the new things are not good, and the good things are not new.' Here was a fall.

This reminds us of what occurred to a noble amateur virtuoso, a friend of ours. He was acquainted with a highly estimable, but a most tedious gentleman, who imagined that he was a wonderful connoisseur in all affairs of art, and he was always discovering some *sublimis* hidden treasures of virtue in an obscure corner of the town. One day he picked up a vial fiddle at a bookster's in Seven-dials, and immediately brought it to our noble friend, to decide whether it were a Cicero, a Stradivarius, or a Damiani. One of these it must be, of course. The decision of the knotty point was deferred by the much embarrassed virtuoso, who gave orders that the treasure-hunter should be denied when ever he called. But at last he goes in the train of a gifted friend of the master of the house. "Well," he immediately exclaimed, "I am delighted to see you. I am so anxious to know from which of the matchless fabrics you think the violin came." "I really cannot decide," said the persecuted virtuoso. "Well, but how do you advise me to dispose of it?" "What shall I do with my treasured fiddle?" "Sell it," said our friend, "and give the money to the poor." "That will settle all your difficulties, and give you a new class."

A very winter anecdote to the preceding is related of Dr. Johnson. A lady, who was visited by a tragedy scholar, to his judgment, was recommended by him to revise and correct it. Upon which she said—"But, sir, I have already as many poems in the fire." "Why, then," Johnson, reported the great critic, "the best thing I can advise you to do is to put your tragedy along with the poems."

Reading.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting work or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps, too much. It relieves his house of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gay and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the *ills* of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a head-ache. Nay it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he has been reading be anything above the idliest and lightest, gives me something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to. If I were to pay for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world from upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir J. Herschel.

An Unnecessary Question.—"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife, said a magistrate who was placing indissoluble knot of matrimony on a couple mutually attached to one another in Timaru."

"Well, I swear, again," said the male partner to the contrary—a wolfish looking customer, by the way—"Well, I swear again you must be a green one to ask such a question as that sir. Do you think I'd be such a plucky fool, old fellow, as to lose the sport of the bar hunt, and take this gal off the quibbling frolic, if I wasn't conscientiously satisfied and determined to hitch on her? Drive on now with the business, square, and ask me no more such dandy foolish questions as that."

Important decision in a religious controversy.—The English House of Lords have recently made a final decision, in the long contested case known to many of our readers, as Lady Hewley's charity. This case, which concerned a mansion in York, left by Lady Hewley, in the time of Charles the Second, in trust to support "godly preachers of Christ's Holy Gospel." In process of time the trust fell entirely into the hands of Unitarians. Attention was drawn to the subject by the report of the Charity Commissioners, and a bill was filed in Chancery to dispossess the Unitarians. The Vice Chancellor and the Lord Chancellor decided against the latter. On an appeal to the Lords, the opinion of the judges was taken, and they decided that Unitarians do not come within the terms of the trust deeds: Mr. Justice Erskine observing, that those who denied the Trinity were blasphemers and therefore they could not be intended by the term "godly preachers." This decision is final.

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honour to the university of which he was a member. "But he is six," added the father, and tiller; "I have seen his talent in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for the Rev. gentleman's opinion, inquired what was thought of his son? "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners and there is nothing in it."

The Bazaar at Fredericton.—Our readers are aware that the Bazaar at Fredericton, under the immediate patronage of Lady Colman, who is always foremost in every work of benevolence, was advertised to take place on Wednesday the 12th instant—the proceeds arising from the sale of the articles exhibited on the occasion, to be applied for the benefit of the Infant School and Hospital at that place. The Sentinel of last Friday says—"The Bazaar came off this week in very fair style. The room was crowded with visitors, and the Band of the 52d regiment and played several favourite airs. Lady Colman, at whose instance the affair was got up, was present and presided at one of the tables. And about noon, His Excellency, who had returned the previous evening from his tour to the northward, visited the bazaar."

We learn that the sum collected on this occasion amounted to about £200. On this day, a *ball* was given at Governor Montrose, which went off in a splendid manner.

Now, what's that old's name?" "He isn't named yet," said the boy, but I want to call him "Black-uncle," for though he runs in every body else, he won't go of put!"

Shakespeare, a *Shakespeare*.—A Southern paper contains the following—
"I fear on Monday
And I—d—d be where he's before he's hurt."