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OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

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THE LADY'S PETITION.

"The heart it has a weary task,
Which unrequited love must keep."—L.E.T.

The Lady of Brackwood sat silent in her chamber; her face—that beautiful face that seemed only made for smiles, was hid in her small white jewelled hands, and now a heart-felt sob burst from her lips. Oh! why should she weep? The world smiled over her, and did not heaven itself seem propitious to her fate? Was she not the wife of the noble Lord Richard Brackwood, and was she not the mother of a beautiful babe, that was heir to more land than could be ridden over by Lord Richard's fleetest courser in a fortnight? And yet she sat weeping! Ah, none could tell the silent grief that wrung that gentle lady's heart; but a few words might have explained the mystery. Well she knew her husband's heart was no longer her's; and oh, the agony of the thought!—she could not banish it; if she took up a book, would not the thought intrude itself, "I was not wont to read alone," or, if she clasped her boy to her breast, could she help thinking, "Thy father loves me not, my own bright boy?" But this grief Lady Brackwood told to none,—she pined in thought.

Like a worm 't the bed, fed on her damask cheek;
But a time was soon to come when that poor lady was to shine forth as a heroine—one who was "true to her early vows."

"Is not my Lord returned, De Vere?" said one of Lord Richard's attendants to his lord's valet-de-chambre.

"No," answered De Vere, "and he will not be here to-night; much my heart mis-gives me for him, but I fear 'tis nothing good keeps him from his castle and his own gentle lady. Did you not observe, Gregorio, how pale she was when she passed to the chapel this morning?"

Scarcely had De Vere given utterance to his too well founded surmises, when a horseman galloped hastily up to the door of the castle, and crossing his sword on the threshold, took possession of the lands of Brackwood in the name of his Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth.

"What means this?" exclaimed De Vere, advancing angrily.

"Why, it means," said the man, throwing himself off his saddle, "why it means, Mr. Waiting-man, that your Lord is a vile traitor, and—bring me a flagon of wine here!"

At any other time De Vere would not have suffered himself to be addressed as "Mr. Waiting-man," with impunity, but now—he brushed a tear from his eyes, and muttering, "My poor Lady!" hastened to break the news to her. Oh! little did De Vere deem that fragile looking creature had a heart so strong—so nerved to meet misfortune—so stored with comfort for every blow of fate.

"I will go to my husband," said she; but De Vere, who was his Lord's confidential attendant, and who had been long in the family, ventured to remonstrate; "They will not let you see him," said he, "so my dear Lady, be content to remain here!"

"It is no longer my house," said the Lady.

De Vere sighed; "There are houses and homes enough to shelter you—to give a home to the good, the benevolent Lady of Brackwood. I will arrange for you to leave Brackwood this very evening."

The Lord of Brackwood's conscience smote him not a little when he found himself imprisoned in the Tower of Edinburgh, and every thing prepared to convey him to London as a traitor. He had been drawn into traitorous schemes by his cousin Roland de Courcy, a leading character in the Babington plot, and the fear of impending danger. The secret meetings of these wicked men had been the means of withdrawing his love from his wife, who was willing to lay down her life for him. Now, in the silence of his prison did his thoughts return to her: "She will now, no doubt," thought he, "resent my past negligence; I cannot hope for her again to love the traitor—Richard Brackwood, without titles, friends, or land!" How little did he know her patient endurance of injury, and more than all her devoted love for him.

The Court of Queen Elizabeth was assembled. She was surrounded by a crowd of flattering lords and obsequious ladies, when a murmur was heard among the crowd—the stream of people that are ever flowing to and from a presence-chamber, divided, and a young female figure, attended by a small number of women, simply dressed, and supported by our old friend, De Vere, advanced to the throne, she then knelt before the Queen, and raising her veil, discovered the lovely features, bathed in tears, of Amy—Lady of Brackwood; she was now a petitioner in the room she had so often graced: a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, but each sound was hushed when the lady strove to speak—sobs interrupted her speech; she could only clasp her hands, and in the most piteous tone of entreaty exclaim, "Spare my husband!—he is sentenced to death; but save him—Royal Lady, spare him!"

"The Lord of Brackwood," said the Queen, "is a traitor; for your sake, I grieve for him;

but the law must take its course!"

"A wild shriek burst from the Lady Amy's lips, "Oh, save him!" she cried, "for my sake!—save him for the sake of his infant son! save him; let him be an outcast from society!—let him be portionless and homeless—I will welcome beggary—only save his life!"

Most of those around her were now in tears, and a hundred voices were ready to describe Lord Brackwood as weak—as easily drawn into sin; but as true in heart to his Queen.—Her Majesty turned to the Lady Amy; "He is pardoned!" said she, "his wife has saved him!" Shouts of applause followed her speech, but the Lady Amy had fallen at the foot of the throne senseless.

De Vere turned to Her Majesty, and bending his knee, said, "You have saved her, Royal Lady; she would have died with him!—and unable to restrain his tears, De Vere wept aloud. There were men there—many men who had faced danger unmoved—that did not refuse a tear. It is said, that Elizabeth herself was much affected.

Lord Richard sat in the prison he was now confined in, sad and heart-broken, when his jailor entered, "there are visitors for you below, close with the Queen's warrant, to see you; so be ready," and with this gruff introduction, he admitted Amy to her husband! he clasped her in his arms, "My own Amy," he exclaimed, "Are you come to say a last farewell to your unworthy husband?"

"No so—my own Lord," said Amy, "You are free!" and, in the fullness of her heart, she wept. But none could tell the joy of that faithful heart, "I have saved my husband," was her only thought.

Lord Richard's titles and estates of Brackwood were returned to him, and we can assure our readers that his conduct in future was such as to afford his affectionate wife the greatest satisfaction, and to ensure him the esteem of all who knew him as well as the favor of his Sovereign, who, to mark her perfect forgiveness of his fault, created him Earl of Devonshire; and, for many years the noble Earl and his beautiful Countess trod that room in which the Lady Amy had made supplication for her husband's life.

Delirium Tremens.—This is a most frightful malady consequent upon the abuse of vinous and spirituous drinks. It has recently been carefully traced and minutely delineated by some of the most eminent medical men of the day, and said to bear with it a train of symptoms quite melancholy than even hydrophobia. Some time previously to the development of the worst features of this disorder, there are observed weakness, languor, and emaciation. There is no appetite for breakfast or dinner; there is a peculiar slowness of the pulse, coldness of the hands and feet; a cold moisture over the whole surface of the body; cramps in the muscles of the extremities; giddiness, nausea, vomiting. To these signs succeed a nervous tremor of the head and likewise of the tongue; the spirits become dejected, a melancholy feeling pervades the mind, the sleep is short and interrupted;—this may constitute the first stage. After this a second comes on, attended with the highest degree of nervous irritation; mental alienation is its marked feature. There is a great restlessness, a constant excitement, objects of the most frightful nature are present to the imagination, the de acquires a most striking wildness, the individual cannot lie down, he fears suffocation, he talks incoherently, he fancies he sees faces of extreme hideousness before him, beings bent to enter into a conspiracy against him. One medical writer, who has very ably discussed the subject, witnessed a very distressing incident of a patient, who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil at the ceiling above his bed, and as the devil, which terminated fatally, increased, befriended the evil spirit approached him with knife to cut his throat, and he actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal infliction.

Squeezing the Hand.—It is but lately that we have understood those strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. With some persons it is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love, this is very surprising indeed. When take hold of a lady's hand like a hot potato, afraid of giving a squeeze, least we should burn our fingers. Very fine, truly! Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze very hard we got in our clutches, especially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that we never have been sued for a breach of promise? We would not give a scuppernott for one of our "old" formal shakes of the hand. Everperson who produces one or two fingers for your touch, (as if he were afraid of catching some cutaneous distemper) should go to school while John Quincy Adams. He shakes your hand with a vengeance—and shakes you body with it unless you should happen to be as thick-set as himself. Well there is nothing like it; it shows a good heart at any rate, and we would rather a man should crush thones of our fingers, and shake our shoulder out of joint, than that he should poke out a fustian paw,

as if he were about to come in contact with a bear or hyena. The ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession; and that, he has a heart smaller than a grain of mustard seed.

POETRY.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir,
By giving the following simple lines a place in a corner of your paper, you will doubtless please many, who will feel gratified by seeing a public token of respect paid to worth, which they longer and better knew, but not more highly valued than did,

Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
O. U.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER M'DOWALL.

Flow fast my tears! bedew the new-raised mound!
For here, beneath this narrow spot of ground,
Lies, husband—father—brother—friend,
In death's embrace!
Methinks I see his venerable face,
Lit by that heart-felt smile that well could lend,
To virtuous age, the amaranthine grace,
Of vernal youth.
His friendly voice yet lingers on my ear;
And now forsooth,
That time seems present, tho' almost a year.
Has fled, when first, beneath his pleasant dome,
I marked his green old age, his pleasant smile,
And, tho' a stranger, felt at once, at home,
And owed his powers, the sacred heart to beguile.

Ah! more and dearer far, I felt I ween,
The names: sway the Spirit exerts unseen,
Each outward kindness to remove,
And kindly draw,
By love's alluring law,
His children's hearts in unity and love.

But thou art gone!—forever gone!—and left,
That cheerful home, which now bereft,
Thy presence is one scene of gloom:
From every room,
Where once was heard, the grateful voice of mirth,
Ascends the wail of woe,
Almost too big for birth,
Which drinks the fever'd tear, it forced to flow.

Adieu! a long adieu, departed friend!
O may thy sorrowing wife and children prove
The potent balm which piety can lend
To heal their sorrows, and their grief remove!
My friendship too shall lend its feeble aid,
To cheer the sorrowing wife, and son, and weeping maid.

Thou man of sorrows once! forgive our grief,
And what of self comings with our woe;
Faith in thy conquest be our sure relief,
And holy hope forbid our tears to flow,
Who drained affliction's deep,
Forbids us not to weep.

That once, himself, o'er friendship's grave,
Wept, and forgot his power to save.

Parish of St. Andrews, July 21st 1841.

From the Kingston Herald, July 13th.
Although the fore part of the season, and indeed until a very late period, the prospect of the harvest was gloomy in the extreme, yet lately a repetition of fine showers has effected an astonishing improvement in the appearance of the crops. If the frost does not make its visits early in the fall, we may look for something near average crops.

We learn from the country about Hamilton Gore District, that the wheat crop generally looks well, but the spring grain and hay will be light. The cutting of hay commenced there about the 5th instant.

We learn by the Hamilton Journal and Express of the 9th inst. that a number of poor emigrants who lately arrived at that place, finding no chance of employment, have left for the States. They said they did not wish to go—but what could they do? They were not willing to starve. The cruelty of inducing so many persons to emigrate without providing means for their employment, is becoming every day more apparent.

It was reported in town yesterday evening that Mr. Derbishire, the member for Bytown, had called out an individual named Turcotte, who happens to be a member of the House of Assembly, and that the latter made an humble apology for his backward language addressed to the former in the House. We are sorry that Mr. Derbishire took so much notice of the wretch, as the proper punishment ought to have been a sound kicking inflicted by Mr. D's, shoebuck. Turcotte is too contemptible to be noticed by a gentleman.—*Montreal Herald.*

We can assure the Montreal Herald that

there is not a word of truth in the foregoing. We are credibly informed that the whole is, as was the memorable moon story, a hoax; and, like a great many others which the malicious tory editors propagate to the prejudice of reformers, without the slightest foundation. The readers of the Montreal tory press must be on their guard, for its assertions are not to be depended on, even though they be truth.—*Kingston Herald.*

LYNCHING IN CANADA.—The Cobourg Star of June 30th describes a horrible outrage committed in that town on night of the 13th—Sunday—which it is actually an injustice to "Lynch," as practised in our Western wilds, to call even by that name of terror. A colored man named Carter, who keeps a grocery store in Cobourg, had married a white woman whereupon a party of young men assembled at the house of Carter, broke open the door, destroyed all the poor man's goods, and drove him and his wife naked from their bed into the yard outside, where, having first shamefully abused, beaten and robbed him, horrible to relate, they seized the unfortunate woman, threw her to the ground, and it is sworn to that, regardless of her piteous cries of mercy, four of the infuriated demons, we cannot call them men, gagged and held her fast, while at least four others, of the party brutally assaulted and violated her person, and all this in presence of the miserable husband. Humanity sadders to think of such atrocity, and we are lost in shame and wonder at its enactment in any civilized community.

Warrants were issued against the monsters, but all had absconded save one, who after examination, was held to bail for trial. The authorities of the town are censured by the Star for not taking earlier and more effective measures to secure the guilty.

A liberal subscription has been made up in Cobourg to repair the loss of Carter, so far as it can be repaired by money.

A Laughable Adventure.—The New Orleans Picayune tells a pretty good story of the catching of a newspaper thief. After describing a book devised for drawing papers from under doors, the editor says:—

This brings to our mind a laughable adventure that one of our subscribers told us of some time since. He happened to be up taking a snuff of morning air through the blinds very early, when he detected one of these juvenile thieves grappling very earnestly for the newspaper under the door. A large catfish line and hook happened to be handy and in an instant it was noiselessly dropped out of the window over the boy, who was on his knees immediately beneath. Here was a novel sort of fishing and grappling going on!—The boy had just hooked the paper, and was cautiously drawing out the corners from under the door when up went his heels and down his head upon the door step, as the big catfish hook caught in his pantaloons, which were fortunately strong enough to hold him up without tearing. The little thief gave out a sudden scream, for the surprise came like lightning, and the knock upon his head upon the step had frightened him half to death.—Our friend lifted his strange fish just high enough from the ground to prevent his hurting himself, should his pantaloons tear, and then tied him, "alive and kicking," while he quietly went to bed again. The young thief screamed and kicked till he alarmed the whole neighborhood, when he suddenly tore his trousers, and ran off as if a legion of devils was at his heels. He's cured of hooking for the rest of his born days, or we're mistaken.

As a general principle, almost every thing that grows thrives best in a rich soil; there are few exceptions, but they are so trifling, that this rule may be laid down for all practical purposes; therefore make your ground rich; decayed vegetable matter from the woods is best for a flower garden; dig and turn it well over, and make it level; then rake it smooth; if it is well dug, it will be perfectly level, therefore the raking is necessary only to make it smooth and fine. In small gardens, where there is no space for picturesque delineations, neatness must be the prevailing characteristic. A variety of forms may be indulged in, provided the figures are graceful and neat, and not in any one place too complicated. An oval is a figure that generally pleases, on account of the continuity of its outlines; next, if extensive, a circle. But hearts, diamonds, or triangles, seldom please. A simple parallelogram, divided into beds running lengthways or the larger segment of an oval, with beds running parallel to its outer margin, will always please.

"CHEMISTRY is not only valuable as an art which supplies many of our wants, our comforts and luxuries; its objects are sublime and beautiful in another point of view. It removes the veil from the fabric of nature, and makes acquainted with all the phenomena which happen around us—it affords pleasure to the senses, and calls into action a twofold capacity, which characterizes the mind of those who are of a scientific turn,—exciting at the same time a spirit of rational

inquiry, which produces the most beautiful and striking phenomena, well calculated to serve as an instructive and rational amusement."—*Professor Accum.*

Remarkable Tree.—Mr. Agricola, at Golt, in Altenburg, has in his garden, an apple tree, which in the year 1836 bore 263 sort of apples and other fruit. In fact, the tree has on it above 300 sorts: but those grafted have not yet borne fruit. This gentleman has effected this curiosity for his amusement by inoculating and grafting, and has fastened to every branch a little board, with the name of the sort of apple it bears. The tree has a strange appearance, from the various shapes and colours of the leaves, blossoms, and fruits. Some years ago, the Russians bivouacked near this tree, and were so surprised at the strange shape of it, and the number of little boards, that they did not injure it, though they cut down there fruit trees for firewood.

Intemperance.—A modern writer, speaking of the distillation of grain, says: "Man has acquired the art of transmuting, he turns good into evil: the good gifts of Providence are transmuted into a delicious fluid, the fluid is poured upon a virtuous soil, and there springs up a harvest of tears, and agony and crime."

Keeping Farm Accounts.—Let any farmer make the experiment, and he will find it as interesting as it is useful, and both interesting and useful, to know from year to year the actual products of his farm. Let everything, therefore, which can be measured and weighed, be measured and weighed; and let that which cannot be brought to an exact standard, be estimated as if he himself were about to sell or to purchase it. Let him likewise, as near as possible, measure the ground which he plants, the quantity of seed which he uses and the manure which he applies. The labor of doing this is nothing compared with the satisfaction of having done it, and the benefits which must arise from it. Conjecture, in these cases, is perfectly wild and uncertain—varying often, with different individuals, almost a 100 per cent. Exactness enables a man to form conclusions which may most essentially, and in innumerable ways, avail to his disadvantage. It is that alone which can give any value to his experience; it is that which will make his experience the sure basis of improvement; it will put it in his power to give safe counsels to his friends; and it is the only ground on which he can securely place confidence in himself.

Wonderful Structure of the Heart.—The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day, for eight years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder, and weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time, without disorder, is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness, is still more astonishing. Never, for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labor, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never seems fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perished. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator in so constructing it can in nothing be exceeded but His Wisdom!

Wings of Insects.—The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure, that 50,000 of them placed over each other, would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.

Newspapers.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things that are familiar to him. A newspaper in one year, is equal to one quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of a family being one of its heads, and having more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent in mind, pure in language, and always cheerful in circumstance. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed.

Credit is often a dangerous temptation.