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## The Drunkard frightened by his own example.

The following story, whether new or old, is good enough to be read more than once; and whether founded on fact or not, it illustrates very forcibly what we have no doubt is true—that a drunkard would be alarmed to have his wife and children imitate his example.

Thomas Smeddale is the name that we shall assign to a very worthy, industrious, thriving mechanic, who became a burden to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large in a short, one of the most shameful and abandoned drunkards that ever took the measure of an unmade grave. He was not weaned from his degrading propensity by means which have cured others, but there was one that proved to be successful.

Though he had a wife and five beautiful children, Tom seemed to be unconscious of the fact. He neglected his work, squandered his wages, which daily grew smaller, and spent his time at the pot-house, till the near prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words, "No more trust," warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection.

His children could not go to school because leaping was dear and rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs. Smeddale was obliged to keep at home, as she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last to pay a fine imposed upon her husband by the police court. Misery, utter destitution and famine stared the wretched family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture even had we room or inclination.

Mrs. S. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the grips of famine, and the railing of the drunkard, without repining.

Never had her exertions slackened, never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming; and when he did come, drunk as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a reproach. At length, her courage, well nigh exhausted, she resolved on one last and desperate effort.

At night having disposed of her three eldest children, she took the two youngest by the hand, and bent her steps to the pot-house her husband was accustomed to frequent.

She looked in at the window, and there he sat, in the midst of boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth, and his glass in hand. He was evidently excited, though not drunk. Great was the astonishment of that had company, and enormous Mr. Smeddale's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and bare-foot babes, called for three glasses of brandy and water, and then sat down by his side.

"What in the world brings you here, Mary?" said he, morosely.

"It is very lonely at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like your's, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this," expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God had put together, let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" asked Tom in full astonishment.

"Why not? You say you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give the children such stuff as that?" cried Tom, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire, and bed, and clothing. Drink, you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years. The next evening, as he returned homeward, with a steady step, he saw his eldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "O, mother, here comes father, and he is not drunk!" "Tears came down the parent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling; and as soon as his emancipation from the thrall of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. S., she is one of the happiest of women, and never thinks, without joy and gratitude, of her first and last visit to the pot-house.

The following Report was sent us for insertion some time since, but did not reach the Office. We have much pleasure in publishing it, and assure our friends of the Society, that the mistake was not ours.

## Report of the St. Croix Total Abstinence Society.

The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at the Baptist Meeting House in the Parish of St. Andrews; the meeting was opened by the President, who offered the following report, which was read and accepted.

"Impressed with gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who has sustained us and blessed us with so large a share of health, and prospered this our Society, I present you, with this our First Annual Report."

Our Society at present numbers one hundred and twenty-two members, of whom an equal number are males and females in good standing; still there is an exception, and while we deplore the departure of any member from our established rules, it becomes our duty to admonish them in the spirit of love and friendship, of their sacred pledge given to this Society, and of the dreadful result which inevitably attends such a course of conduct, but in no case give them up to certain destruction, and renew every effort for their salvation from the Drunkards curse.

We feel grateful to the young men belonging to this Society, for the zeal and ability which they have displayed in their various addresses at our stated meetings, and have no doubt the benefit conferred on this Society by their exertions, will have a reflex tendency to establish themselves in the practice of temperance and manly virtue.

By a resolve passed in May 1845, it was concluded that a subscription of one penny per month be taken from one member of each family belonging to this Society, it would be well to have that resolve acted upon at the next meeting, after providing lights, &c. one or two copies of the Temperance Telegraph would be useful, the remainder would furnish funds to meet an occasional Lecture from any qualified person, and be subject to the vote of this Society.

We regret the withdrawal of the names of three individuals members of this Society, and trust they will be convinced, if any misapprehension remains, which led to such withdrawal, and again come forward in this good cause.

To the Ladies "Heavens last best gift to Man" we feel deeply indebted; always foremost in every good work, they have by their countenance and approbation strengthened our hands in this cause, we still hope for their aid, and trust the time will arrive to the young and unmarried, when the appearance of their names on a temperance list, may be the means of procuring them a worthy helpmate, for where can the female character appear to greater advantage than adorning the fair page of Temperance.

I shall conclude this report, wishing that the exertions of our Society may be amply rewarded in realizing the beneficial result which follows the practice of temperance throughout the land.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, and a resolution passed that the Editors of the Standard and Temperance Telegraph publish the report.

W. H. MOWAT, Secretary.

Valuable Manuscripts.—The London Quarterly Review for December, received by the Librarian, contains an interesting article on valuable manuscripts, recently obtained in England from some monasteries in Upper Egypt. In the prosecution of efforts to obtain manuscripts in Coptic for a Coptic Lexicon which he was making, Rev. Henry Tatam, in 1828 induced Lord Proudhon to visit the convents of the Nation Lakes in Egypt. His Lordship did so, and in these convents, which had been visited at times during the last ten centuries by Western travellers, found that there still remained considerable parts of their libraries, which were formerly very valuable. I descended, he says, candle in hand, into a small room where books and parts of books and scattered leaves, in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac and Arabic were lying in a mass, on which I stood.

The existence of such a deposit aroused the enthusiasm of one and another English scholar, and between that time and this, almost all these treasures have found their way to England. The accounts of their purchase by different rogues is very amusing. The monks were wholly ignorant of their value, and had critical knowledge of the languages in which most of them were written, so that it cannot be regretted that they have been purchased, and transferred to places where they may be consulted and studied.

Their ages vary from A. D. 411 downward. A manuscript dated 464 of the Syrian version (Peshito) of the Pentateuch is the oldest biblical manuscript. There are about thirty volumes of this version of different parts of the Old Testament dated about the sixth century. Of the Peshito version of the New Testament there are forty manuscripts of a

bout the same dates.—The age of these, and the authority of this version, will make them of great value to critics.

Besides these there are a large number of theological authors of the same early time. One of these is Eusebius on the Divine Manifestation of Christ, in a Syrian version. Only two or three fragments of this were before known. It is now published in London with an English version. There are translations from Titus, bishop of Bostra, Athanasius, Ignatius, Clement of Alexandria, Basil, the Gregorians, Chrysostom, Proclus, Cyril and later divines. The contributions to Ecclesiastical history will be of great value. These are Syrian versions. There are also several writings by original Syrian authors, among which is the recension of the Old and New Testament by Mar Jacob, bishop of Edessa. Some Syrian translations from scientific works close the collection.

The Quarterly Review regrets that there is in England no body of scholars of sufficient knowledge of Syriac to edit or make use of these treasures. We cannot doubt however that scholars will immediately train themselves for so important and interesting duties. We are sure that in America, or in Germany, there would be no lack of such scholars many months after the call for their labours.

It will be remembered that the Syriac or Aramaic language, is supposed to represent almost exactly the dialect spoken by our Saviour and his Apostles.

We have before us, the proceedings for 1844 and 1845, of the Syro-Egyptian Society instituted in London for the purpose of stimulating researches into these interesting archaeological subjects. The Society already numbers more than a hundred members, and has received several interesting papers and begun a museum and library.—[America.]

## NEW WORKS.

The Comic Blackstone. By Gilbert Abbott Beckett; with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

"WHAT IS IMPRISONMENT?"

Unlawfully detaining a man in any way, is imprisonment; and *semble* that if you take your neighbour by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment. An Omnibus driver, who loiters on the road, and thus detains his passengers, is also guilty of imprisonment.

Every Englishman has a right to live in England; or at least, if he cannot live, he may have the glorious privilege of starving there. The sovereign may not send a subject even to Scotland, Guernsey, or Sark, though George the Fourth sent Brummell to Coventry; and our present Queen has been heard to tell Sir Robert Peel to go to Bath, when he has proposed measures contrary to the welfare and happiness of the people. The third right is the right of property, which the law peculiarly regards, and will not allow a man to be deprived of his property, except by the law itself, which often, says Pletia, "hath a happier knack of stripping him."

It is a beautiful fiction of the English law that no man pays taxes without his own consent; and, from this assertion, it would naturally be supposed that the tax-gatherers were the very idols of the people, who flocked round them, tendering specie and asking receipts for it. By legal imagery, the people are declared to tax themselves; but Bracton, in a learned note, added "hooky" to this assertion; while Mr. Selden, by way of strengthening the comment, has subjoined "Walker," with his customary quaintness.

The right of petitioning is another glorious privilege of Englishmen; but they do not often get much by it. Puffendorf, or somebody else, has said, "They who don't ask, don't want; but they who do want, shan't have; and *semble* that this is the sort of view which Parliament takes of any wishes, expressed or not expressed, which do not happen to coincide with the wishes of the legislature.

Under the laws as it regards husband and wife, or *Baron et Feme*, we find—

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry, unless they are unable; and the fine old constitutional maxim, that a man may not marry his grandmother, ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be made, mixed by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of it. Another incapacity is, want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the new Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parishial

Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called alimony—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary, can come under the category alluded to.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The