

this county, and we trust
lover before the like be
Contrary to the expecta-
and ourselves among the
as far as we have heard,
e bodily injury.—Glen-

TANDARD.

Friday, Jan. 20, 1843.

County Bank.
Hatch, President.
—L. Wilson, Esq.
day.—TUESDAY
ness, from 10 to 2
for Discount must be
ashier, on or before Mon-
they must lie over until

Work Hours.

week.—J. W. Chandler
F. ANDREWS
rance Association.
LANSHAW, President.
N. Esq. Secretary.
week.—W. A. Babcock
day. (Sunday excepted)
till 4 o'clock.

Stephens Bank.
Esq. President.
week.—R. M. Todd
y.—SATURDAY
ness, from 10 to 1.
res for Discount must be
Cashier, on or before
they must remain in his
following discount day.

T DATES.

- 7 Montreal.—Jan. 10
- 4 Quebec.—Jan. 14
- 1 Halifax.—Jan. 16
- 1 New York.—Jan. 16
- 10 Boston.—Jan. 18

FROM ENGLAND.
up England & Rochester,
New York, during last week,
of London data to the
made such selections as

Prince Albert, with the
Prince of Wales and the
Walter Castle for town
hull, and from thence de-
for Windsor Castle. Her
cousin, and the children
health.

re. Many circumstances
r, to render Sir William
object to the Legislature
of much solicitude,
only looked for with more
ity. People were aware
ernment had applied its
extremities to discover
Canada, and from the
ham's vicariously to the
measures which resulted
inquiries then instituted,
iously adhered to, whether
they have been directed by
Administration. The abili-
and the sincerity of
discover what system was
a condition and require-
ded Lord Sydenham to
m. That their successors
of the scope and tendency
fully proved by the proceed-
Bazot; who, instead of
new powers and setting the
rating afresh, retained Mr.
mission Secretary, until he
days of what had been done,
directing the new mea-
ness and an undeviating
he spoke trumpet-tongued
his instructions. It soon
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American Colonies, and
victors of the lower pro-
tructed to avail themselves
sities to prepare the people
of rule predicated on
and rights of the imperi-
was expected that His
d communicate whatever
is nature he had received
Secretary, and as has been
his speech to the Legisla-
object of great interest.

many persons were puz-
zled of some of the sug-
gestions in that speech; yet
into the affairs of the Pro-
testant dedication of his po-
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cording to the instructions.
Let us just
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e Legislature as matters for

tion of those principles of
ment which are recognized
stitution, and adapted to
to people of this Province,
ed into Canada.
tion of the public credit to
of accelerating the impro-
ment of the Province.
oration of a Board of Works
quate powers, and subject
ity.

ment of a Board of Audit
ent of the financial affairs
id to prepare an annual es-
imate of its receipts and ex-
penditures, and to report

VOLUME 10

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1843.

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail]

THE LOST SHIP.

BY MARY DANFORTH

Hark! said a young man to a group, of which he formed a part, sitting around a cheering fire of an inn, and momentarily drowning in gay sallies and boisterous mirth, the noise of the gale without—hark was not that a gun.

Every voice in the company ceased at once and every ear was turned towards the window in eager inquiry. The roar of the neighbouring surf, and the wild tumult of the tempest as it whistled without broke distinctly on the ear, but for more than a minute, during which all listened intently, nothing else was heard.

It was but fancy, Jack said one of the group, you—

The speaker stopped short, for at that instant the deep boom of a cannon out at sea, sounded distinctly and fearfully across the night, so that the hearers started and gazed into each other's faces, as men gaze when they listen to a voice from the dead. Neither the pen of the novelist, nor the pencil of the painter could do justice to that look of horror. The silence lasted for a full minute and was then broken by the first speaker.

There is a ship on the coast—but hark! a third gun, and it sounds nearer than the last!

And the wind is right on shore, and is blowing a most terrible hurricane, said another.

God help them!—but let us hurry to the coast, and see if we can do anything for them ejaculated the first speaker.

With one consent the party moved towards the door, first, however, calling to the landlord to bring lanterns and ropes in case the latter might be needed. As the door was opened a gust of wind eddied into the room and flaring the candles in their sockets and whistling keenly around the corners of the apartment. When the adventurers stopped outside they were almost borne down, for a moment, by the intensity of the gale, which sweeping unchecked across the plain that lay between the Inn and beach, burst on the house with almost incredible fury. It was snowing violently, and the snow came hissing and spinning in the hurricane almost blinding the eyes of the adventurers; but drawing their shaggy coats around them the compassionate travellers bent their heads against the storm, and hurried to the coast, their paces increasing momentarily as the solemn boom of that signal gun rose more and more distinctly on the night.

The shore to which they turned their steps was a bold and, high rocky coast, against which the surf was beating with a violence that shook the cliffs to their very centre, and flung the spray in showers over their edge a hundred feet above the raging deep below.

The party had stood some time, however, on the summit of the rocks before the anxious lookers out could distinguish anything through the storm, although they strained their eyes to the utmost in the direction from which the sounds of the cannon proceeded. At length a light was discernible through the gloom, and directly a dim shadowy object, gradually assuming the outlines of a ship lying before the wind, started out of the misty distance.—For a moment she was driving up towards the spectators. That moment seeming to them an age, was spent in breathless horror that did not admit of words. Each one involuntarily clenched his hands tighter together, and gazed with straining eyes on the powerless craft that was sweeping on with such velocity to the cliffs at its feet. On, on she came, driving amidst the white foam and whiter tempest. A moment more and there was a crash, followed by a shriek that rose even above the storm, and froze even the very hearts of the listeners. It ceased, and the hurricane alone was heard.

It is all over, said one of the listeners.—God have mercy on the souls who have gone to their last account.

Amen! said another.

Again the breathless silence followed, during which each eager spectator listened to hear if there might be any survivors. At length one spoke.

There was a cry.

It sounds like the wail of a child.

From what direction does it come?

Just beneath the cliffs—but now I lose it. Hark! there it was again.

There was no doubt any longer in their minds that a living being was crying for succour from the foot of the cliffs, and a dozen lanterns were immediately lowered over the edge.

The violence of the gale dashed them against the rocks and broke several, but the momentary light they shed on the scene below, revealed to the spectators a white figure which they knew at once to be that of a female, clinging to the rocks, and drenched with every wave. For an instant, and an instant only, by the light of a lantern lowered farther down the precipice, but almost immediately shattered to pieces, the face of a female, had been cast upwards in earnest supplication, and those who had a momentary glimpse of it said it was a young and beautiful girl. But what could be done for her?—The fury of the gale forbade any attempt

to rescue her by descending the cliff; and it was certain that she could not live until morning exposed to the driving snow, the intense cold, the washing of the surf, and the fierce eddies of the gale around the precipice. The spectators looked at each other in dismay.—And when, in a lull of the hurricane, the cry of agony came to their ears, a cold shiver ran through their frames.

Meantime the cliffs were becoming crowded with people, who apprized of the wreck by the signal guns she had fired, poured forth from their houses to render what assistance was possible to the sufferers. A fire was soon kindled on the verge of the precipice, for although the hissing snow-flakes almost extinguished the flames, the efforts of the warm-hearted adventurers at length fanned them in to existence, the lurid volume steamed up steadily into the storm, or dared to and fro in the strongest puffs of the tempest.

As the fire flung its light across the countenances of the group which had gathered around it, there might be traced in every face an expression of the most anxious concern, while each spectator gazed out towards the ocean, striving to catch through the fleecy storm, a sight of the wreck, or peered down cautiously over the edge of the cliff to discover the exact position of the sufferer below, and see whether or not any succour could be afforded her. During all this time persons had been arriving at the scene of the disaster, bringing ropes, tackles, and other appliances by which aid might be rendered to the crew of the dismantled ship.

At length the fire, fed by renewed fuel blazed high up in the air, and flinging its red blaze far and wide around, enabled the spectators to catch momentary glimpses of the wreck. She appeared to be a ship of heavy tonnage, and had run so high upon the rocks that she stuck there as if impaled, her stern falling off seaward, while her bow overhung the boiling vortex on the land side of a sharp rock on which she lay. The racking of the sea, had by this time broken her hull in two, and forward part, crowded with living beings, fell away the gulf below just as the ruddy blaze of the flames enabled the spectators to catch the first glimpse of the wreck. It was a heart rending sight.

At the very moment when the beacon fire informed the sufferers that succour was at hand, just when hope began again to brighten in the darkened bosoms, they were swept into the raging vortex, powerless and hopeless, before the agonized eyes of those who were powerless as the victims! One wild shriek rose over all the uproar of the gale—and then a silence, if silence there should be, fell on the scene.

God Almighty, said the pastor of the neighbouring village, have mercy on their souls! surely he is the Lord, for she deep omen is his power.

The deep hush, unbroken by this ejaculation, continued for several minutes, during which every eye was strained to detect, if possible, a single struggling form in the wild vortex below. But whether faintness of the light forbade it, or whether the sufferers were conformed with the foam below, not a solitary living being was ever seen of all those who had stood on the forecastle of the wreck. Minute after minute elapsed, and still the spectators gazed curiously into the darkness, but as moments slipped away, hope grew fainter, until at length it ceased altogether. At length one spoke:

There is not a soul left alive nor does there appear to be any one on the stern of the vessel. I fear that the sufferer below is the sole survivor. Can nothing be done to rescue her?

For several minutes there was no reply, but each person gazed into his neighbour's face with a sad, hopeless look that told too plainly what was thought. Many shook their heads, and several turned away, as if longer delay at the spot was useless. But when the silence had reigned for some time the young man, who at the inn had been the first to hear the signal gun, stepped out and said:

The only hope is the descending to her aid. I will try it with a rope—so help me God!

That were madness, said one.

You will not live to get half way down, said another.

I cannot die in a holier cause, he answered.

Nobly spoken, my son, said the pastor, and may God be with you in the attempt. He who guided the children of Israel through the desert, and maintained the holy martyrs amid the fires of persecution will not desert you in this extremity.

The words of the venerable man had an invigorating influence on the listeners, and infused new hope into their bosoms. The tackle was speedily rigged, and the fire was replenished, and then the adventurer stood on the edge of the cliff waiting a lull of the gale.

The attempt now to be made was one of the most perilous nature and certain death would be sure to overtake the adventurer, if his nerve should fail him, or his path become impassable in darkness. During all this

time the side of the precipice was nearly perpendicular, but it shelved in perhaps a few yards in its descent, while its surface was broken with fissures and jutting crags, against the latter of which a person descending its side with a rope would run a constant peril of being flung by the violence of the gale oscillating the rope too and fro. The only possible means by which the foot of the precipice could be reached would be by the aid of a pole used with a quick eye and a steady nerve, to fend off the adventurer from the side of the cliff. Even in the day time and during a calm, the descent would have been an exploit that few persons would have coveted, but in the night with a violent wind beating against the face of the cliff, and whirling in eddies around the broken surface, the attempt was productive almost certainly of death, and only to be justified by the extreme necessity of the present occasion. Aided to all this peril, however, was that of darkness, for although the fire on the edge of the cliff was vigorously maintained, the light of the flames shot out horizontally or at least diagonally downwards, so that the face of the precipice was only illuminated by fitful gleams, and never wholly removed from an shadow. How could a person descending the face of the cliff in the comparative darkness, guard himself with any certainty against the numerous jutting fragments of the rock?—or how could he, even if he should effect his own descent, ascend again to the edge of the cliff above with any person.

At length it was arranged that the adventurer should descend at once by the means of a rope, girt around his body and made fast above, while another rope should accompany him down. Then if he reached the foot of the precipice in safety, cloaks and blankets would be lowered to him in order that the sufferer might be protected, as much as possible, against the chilling blasts. When morning dawned, or earlier if the storm abated, an attempt was to be made to raise the sufferer to the top of the cliff by means of a chair and whip.

Every thing having been arranged, the daring adventurer seized a favourable opportunity during a lull of the gale and commenced his descent. The light of the fire as it shivered on the dark face of the precipice, and the wild whirlpool of foam below, gave him an ominous character to all around him; but his heart was a stranger to all fear, and skillfully avoiding the jutting angles of the rock, he reached the foot of the precipice, and with a light leap bounding over an intermediate chasm, stood by the side of the fugitive from the wreck. We shall not attempt to describe her emotions during the dizzy descent of the bold young man, nor the glad cry of joy with which she saw him land on the rock to which she clung. She would have thrown herself at his feet but he would not permit it. Raising her up, he said—

To God alone our thanks are due; let me pray to him that we may escape the peril that yet surrounds us, for I cannot conceal from you that the danger is still imminent, and I scarcely know how we can reach the top of the cliff. But drop not, for I have come to save you or die with you!

The fugitive raised her grateful eyes to the young man, and he then saw, for the first time, that she was a young girl about seventeen, and of unusual loveliness. Even now, with her dress all covered with spray, and the silk foam intermingled with the tresses of her dishevelled hair, her beauty was so startling that the young adventurer could scarcely repress an exclamation of rapturous admiration, and he felt that he could have braved the same thousand times, to win another such grateful glance from the dark eyes of the lovely stranger. But the exposed situation of the rock on which they stood—for every wave dashed the cold spray over them, soon recalled him to the necessity of providing a place of shelter for his companion, until means should be found to raise her to the summit of the cliff. With great difficulty, and aided by the rope from above he succeeded in elevating her to a narrow shelf of the rock some ten feet higher up the face of the cliff, where, however, exposed to the drifting sleet and the impetuosity of the wind, she would at least be safe from the showers of foam that deluged the rocks below.

Oh! can I ever sufficiently thank you? said the grateful girl, your kindness may be in vain; but God will bless you!

Her companion made no reply, but as he looked at her shivering form, he saw that her exposure had almost exhausted her, and that it was with an effort that she had spoken.

Drop not, dear lady, he said, I see that they are lowering down cloaks in which to wrap yourself, and keep out this pitiless storm? If we can only sustain ourselves here for an hour longer we can reach the summit. The gale must lull by that time.

She made no answer except by a disponding shake of her hand. The bundle was by this time swinging overhead, and, watching a chance, her companion succeeded in catching and disentangling it from the rope. He now busied himself in wrapping up the form of the chilled and exhausted girl, and for a

while she revived; but it soon became evident that her fragile constitution was giving way under her sufferings. This the young man saw with agony. Oh! how he wished that the ledge on which they stood could have afforded them a fire, how he prayed that the storm would abate in order that she might be raised to the summit of the hill.

Happily, he had provided himself ere he began his descent, with restoratives, and other necessities, and these he now applied freely to the sinking girl in his arms. He clasped her small fair hand, and made her drink of the life-giving liquid, and besought her to attempt to walk to and fro, supported by him, on the narrow ledge of rock on which they stood. By these efforts he succeeded partially in reviving her, and at the end of half an hour, saw, with a joy unpeakable, that the tempest had begun to lull, and in a few minutes, as if maraculously, the snow ceased, and the wind died almost wholly away. The youth now gave the signal to those above, and soon saw the chair descending. How he trembled with eagerness during the time to elapse ere it reached the rock, lest the gale should burst forth with renewed fury. At length the chair swung on the ledge where they stood. Not a moment was to be lost. Exhorting his companion to rally her energies for this last effort, he bashed her firmly in her seat, and seizing the rope by which the ascent of the chair was to be guided gave the signal. With tearful eyes his companion took leave of him, but he, assuming a cheerfulness he scarcely felt, but he retained her presence of mind, and all would go well.

Oh! it is only for you I fear now. How can you reach the summit when there will be no one below to guide your ascent?

The God who preserved me once, will preserve me, if he sees fit, again.—Ere ten minutes I shall be safely by your side.

With a beating heart the young man gazed at the dizzy course of the chair, and once or twice he trembled violently as he saw it, despite all he could do, swinging in dangerous proximity to the jutting rock. At length he beheld it reach the level of the cliff—and then he knew that his late companion was safe. We will not attempt to analyze his feelings at that moment, but they were certainly as deep as if he had known that lovely creature during a long life-time—so true it is that an hour of fearful peril breaks down the barrier betwixt two hearts which otherwise might take years to remove.

In a few minutes the rope again descended, and the young adventurer, by incredible exertions, reached the summit of the cliff without injury.—The moment his feet reached the cliff, a dozen hands grasped his own, and a long loud shout of enthusiastic applause pealed to the sky. But the first thing his eyes sought was the rescued girl, who, dead to all extraneous, had watched from the top of the cliff until she saw her preserver safe.

Then she fell back, exhausted into the arms of a kind hearted dame, who had left her home and hurried to the shore the instant she had heard that the sufferer was a woman.

The rescued girl proved to be a young lady, the daughter of an opulent merchant in a neighbouring city, who was returning from her education in Europe, accompanied by her governess. Her preserver was a naval officer, a lieutenant in the revenue cutter, which, but a few days before, had run into the little roadstead, a mile or two from the scene of the wreck. It was endeavouring to make that anchorage that the ill-fated ship had come ashore when of all her freight, only this fair girl had been saved.

Need we recount the gratitude of the father when his only child was placed in his arms? Need we say how often that child thought of her preserver, or how the young lieutenant found her at length necessary to his happiness? The grateful father deemed it the happiest day of his life when he placed his daughter's hand in that of her preserver, and gave her away at the altar to one who, by risking his life for her when she was a stranger to him, had proved that he would be a protector to her in after-life when she was known and loved.

A Proclamation.—The Lowell Press publishes the following proclamation, which is just as reasonable, and just as likely to be true, as one half the other excitable matter that is going the rounds of an excitable world.

GREAT EARTHQUAKE!
To all the People far and near,
To dreadful warning now give ear.

Jan. 11, 1843 there will be a great earthquake—three shocks in succession in all the whole world. Let all the people believe and tremble before God—for the time will soon come when the saints will possess the kingdom.

Jan. 31, 1843, the door of mercy will be shut against the whole world. Now my dear friends I would invite you to flee for mercy, while the door of mercy is open. The spirit of God testifies these things, which are coming on the earth.

N. B.—Please forward this in all your papers as much as possible.
LEVI HOUGHTON.
Acton, January 1, 1843.

The following extract from the speech of J. T. Leigh, Esq. president of the Union Agricultural Society, Grenada, Miss., we copy from the Albany Cultivator.

"And while upon this subject [economy] let me say a few words about the ladies. They have it in their power, by prudent, orderly and economical management of their household affairs, to add much to the prosperity of their husbands. 'Tis in vain for the husband to strive, unless the wife supports and aids him by performing well her duty in doors. Let a due regard to her husband's situation govern her wants and desires; not to be governed by what other ladies have or do, who may be placed in a better situation in his life, or who possibly may, by their extravagance, be reducing their husbands and families to difficulties, and ultimately to ruin—though justice to the ladies compels me to say, they generally in their departments perform their duties better than men. They possess more industry, prudence and economy; and have a more lively sense of duty to the interest of the family. To whom ought the husband to go, in matters of importance for consultation and advice: pure disinterested advice? To the wife of his bosom. No matter how important the subject, any life upon it, nine times out of ten, he will find her advice the very best he can obtain. She feels she is deeply interested in everything relating to her husband and his affairs, and she advises under the higher responsibility—that of interest and love."

"But says the bachelor, what shall I do, who have no wife?"
Are you a planter—get one. If you cannot get married, quit—quit farming; for no man can succeed well upon a farm, without the aid, assistance, advice and comfort of a wife. But mark—let your wife be a dutiful daughter of a prudent mother."

A "Patter" Husband.—It is related that Lady Arden, having the toothache and all the usual remedies having been applied in vain, she at length decided upon sending to Edinburgh, a distance of 50 miles, for a dentist to extract the recalcitrant tooth. When the extractor arrived, however, she declared that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation, unless she first saw it performed on her "liege lord." He, good soul, after a few involuntary wry faces, submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw, after which Lady Arden declared that she had seen enough to satisfy her that she could not undergo a similar operation.

Husbands—ye who are petulant and impatient—learn a lesson of forbearance—and endurance from the above little tale!

Some of the Machines, &c. exhibited at the American Institute are thus noticed in the Express—

"Napier's tanning machine is a very ingenious contrivance, by which the hides and skins submitted to its operation receive a general rotary motion through the prepared liquor, being alternately immersed therein, and raised from it. By this machine these hides are also drawn between rollers, which press out from the pores of the hide, a large portion of the tanning with which they are saturated, thus leaving room for the entrance of fresh fluid on their immersion. This machine will save all the manual operation known in the tann yard by the term of 'hand-lung'."

Telling the way the Wind blows.—Wife, which way do you suppose the wind is tonight?

Well, really I don't know, John, but suppose you light a candle and look in our straw bed.

How can I tell by that?

Why, God bless you, don't straws show which way the wind blows?

Go to sleep, you critter.

An I. O. U. is admissible in evidence as a confession of a debt, but is not transferable; an insolvent could not recover from it, as the debt would pass to his assignee, although not included in his schedule.

"Come down from the building you infernal rascal, and I'll knock your head off!"

"You will, will you?" "Yes, you scoundrel, I will!" "Then, I rather calculate, upon the whole, I shan't come down."

Gross and vulgar words will do no more pay a higher respect to wealth than do talent; for wealth although it be a far less efficient source of influence than talent, happens to be far more intelligent.

Honest.—A village dentist advertises that he will spare no pains in his operations to render them satisfactory.

"I won't be read upon with impunity," as the steel trap said to the fox.