

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

STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1843.

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

Work Hours.

Week—J. W. Chandler

ANDREWS
ance Association.
LANSHAW, President.
N. Esq. Secretary.
Week—W. Babcock
day. (Sunday excepted)
till 6 o'clock.

Robinson Bank.

Robinson, Esq. President.
R. M. Todd,
Secy.—SATURDAY
Days, from 10 to 1.
ness 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. 14
- 1 New York—Jan. 16
- 10 Boston—Jan. 18

FROM ENGLAND.

up England & Rochester,
New York, during her week,
of London dates to the
made such selections as

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

re. Many circumstances
to render Sir William
object of much solicitude,
only looked for with more
ty. People were aware
the government had applied its
resources to discover
Canada, and from the
harm'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-
decided on the measures
Lord Sydenham in
m. That their successors
of the scope and tendency
fully proved by the proceed-
Balog; who, instead of
new powers and setting the
renewed, retained Sir
mission Secretary, until he
dignity of what had been done,
directing the new mea-
ness and an undeviating
spoke trumpet towards
his instructions. It soon
at ministers were desirous
neral rules of government
American Colonies, and
vouchers of the lower pro-
structed to avail themselves
sities to prepare the people
of rule predicated on
and rights of the imperi-
was expected that His
communicate whatever
nature he had received
Secretary, and as has been
his speech to the Legisla-
object of great interest.

many persons were puz-
zled in some of the sug-
gestions in that speech; yet the
into the affairs of the Pro-
vocate promised to be of
justly and generally ac-
Colebrook. Let us just
the topics which he then
Legislature as matters for
n.

ication of these principles
ment which are recognized
stitution, and adapted 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
to prepare an annual es-
imate of its receipts and ex-
penditure resources and re-
lations.

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 cheer-
ing 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 distinct-
ly on the ear, but for more than a minute, dur-
ing 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 in-
stant 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. Nei-
ther 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 ano-
ther.

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

With one consent the party moved towards
the door, first, however, calling to the land-
lord 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 blind-
ing the eyes of the adventurers; but drawing
their shaggy coats around them the compas-
sionate 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 dis-
tinctly 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 axi-
ous 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 fly-
ing before the wind, started out of the misty
distance.—For a moment she was driving up
towards the spectators. That moment seem-
ing 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
white 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, dur-
ing which each eager spectator listened to
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 suc-
cour 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 be-
low, revealed to the spectators a white figure
which they knew at once to be that of a fe-
male, clinging to the rocks, and drenched
with every wave. For an instant, and an in-
stant only, by the light of a lantern lowered
farther down the precipice, but almost imme-
diately shattered to pieces, the face of a fe-
male, had been cast upwards in earnest sup-
plication, and those who had a momentary
glimpse of it said it was a young and beauti-
ful girl. But what could be done for her?
The piracy of the gale forbade any attempt

to rescue her by descending the cliff; and it
was certain that she could not live until morn-
ing 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 crowd-
ed 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 al-
though the hissing snow-flakes almost extin-
guished 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 flared to and fro in
the strongest puffs of the tempest.

As the fire flung its light across the coun-
tenances of the group which had gathered
around it, there might be traced in every
face an expression of the most anxious con-
cern, while each spectator gazed out towards
the ocean, striving to catch through the fleecy
turbidness of the wreck, or peered down cau-
tiously over the edge of the cliff to discov-
er the exact position of the sufferer below, and
see whether or not any succour could be af-
forded 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-
dy 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 over-
hung 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 specta-
tors 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 neigh-
bouring village, have mercy on their souls—
surely he is the Lord, for she deep omen
his power.

The deep hush, unbroken by this ejacu-
lation, continued for several minutes, during
which every eye was strained to defect, if
possible, a single struggling form in the wild
vortex below. But whether faintness of the
light forbade it, or whether the sufferers were
confoundled 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 re-
scue 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 rained 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 answer-
ed.

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 be-
come impassable in darkness during all the
while she revived; but it soon became evi-
dent 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 o-
ther 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 suc-
ceeded partially in reviving her, and at the
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speakable, that the tempest had begun to lull, and
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he dashed her firmly in her seat, and seizing
the rope by which the ascent of the chair
was to be guided, he gave the signal. With
tearful eyes his companion took leave of him,
but he, assuming a cheerfulness he scarcely
felt, bid her retain 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.

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more he trembled violently as he saw it,
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N. B.—Please forward this in all your pa-
pers 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, or-
derly and economical management of their
household affairs, to add much to the prospe-
rity 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 ex-
travagance, be reducing their husbands and
families to difficulties, and ultimately to ru-
in—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 econo-
my; 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 disinter-
ested advice? To the wife of his bosom. No
matter how important the subject, my 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
relative 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 can-
not 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 Edin-
burgh, a distance of 50 miles, for a dentist to
extract the recalcitrant tooth. When the extrac-
tor arrived, however, she declared that her
nerves were unequal to submitting to the opera-
tion, unless she first saw it performed on her
"liege lord." He, good soul, after a few in-
voluntary 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 un-
derrate a similar operation.

Husbands—ye who are patient and im-
patient—learn a lesson of forbearance—and ca-
durance from the above little tale!

Some of the Machines, &c. exhibited at
the American Institute are also noticed in
the Express—
"Napier's tanning machine is a very in-
genious 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 tannery by the term of 'hand-
ling'."

Telling the way the Wind blows.—Wife,
which way do you suppose the wind is to-
night?
Well, really I don't know, John, but sup-
pose you light a candle and look in our straw
bed.
How can I tell by that?
Why, God bless you, don't straw 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 infer-
nal rascal, and I'll knock your head off!'
'You will, will you?' 'Yes, you soulder,
I will!' 'Then, I rather calculate, upon
the whole, I shan't come down.'

Gross and vulgar words will do you no
higher respect to wealth than do talent; for
wealth, although it be a far less efficient
source of pleasure 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.

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