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on delivery.

ENTS
Mr. S. Connick,
Mr. W. Connick,
James Allen Esq.,
Trotter Esq.,
Jas. Brown Esq.,
Mr. J. Connick,
Mr. D. A. Taylor,
Mr. Wm. L. Smith,
Mr. D. Connick,
Joshua K. Esq.,
Wm. L. Esq.,
D. M. Wilson Esq.,
Mr. J. L. Esq.,
Mr. H. Esq.,
Jas. Esq.

NOTICE
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7th.

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10. 1840.

SPARTURE OF
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int George, by Coach—
days, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
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Coach—Mondays, Wed-
days at 10 a. m.

SCHOONER,

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10. 1840.

F LADING,
at this Office.

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1840.

Number 40.

THE BURNING OF AN INDIAN WIDOW.

Before we quitted this neighbourhood we had an opportunity of witnessing a suttee*, one of the most revolting customs of a besotted superstition to be found in the records of ages. The widow was young and interesting rather stout, but finely shaped, and scarcely darker than a woman of Italy. We had no difficulty in approaching the pile, sufficiently near to see all that passed with a most appalling distinctness. She had an infant a few months old, at which she gazed with a vacant indifference, as if for the mental absorption of a higher duty left her no thoughts for earthly objects; she seemed scarcely conscious of its presence. There was, indeed, a sort of sublime tranquility in the expression of her features, and the frightful preparations that were making around her, which could not but excite my admiration at the firm tone of her mind, and her resolved energy of purpose; yet this was almost neutralized in my breast by a feeling between pity and disgust, and though I could have wept at the contemplation of what she was about to suffer, I could also have railed on her for the brutal apathy with which she seemed prepared to meet her dreadful trial. A considerable interval elapsed before all things were ready for the one great act of immolation, and by this time some change had clearly taken place in her sensations. There was now a manifest confusion and nervous anxiety in her clear dark eye, which gradually became more expressive, but more wild. Her senses had been evidently "steeped in forgetfulness," or, at all events, paralyzed by the too free use of that drug (opium) which is so often employed, and with such fatal efficacy, upon these and similar melancholy occasions, in order to disarm the terrors, and confirm the fortitude, of those miserable victims who are doomed, by the ferocious sanctity of Hindoo superstition, to a premature death, and that too the most horrible. She was rapidly recovering from the partial stupor in which her mental faculties had been involved, and in proportion as her perception cleared, her terrors visibly multiplied. Her actions, which had at first appeared merely mechanical, now seemed directed by her returning impulses, which every moment grew stronger and more distressing. Still, though there was manifestly a fierce struggle within, it was plain to be seen that her efforts to obtain the mastery over her wavering resolution were those of no common mind, and of no common energy; she was, however, so assailed by the tide of emotions which now seemed to rush like a torrent upon her soul, that her actions were often incoherent. She divided among her friends the different ornaments of her dress, with the look and bearing of one who, from the distraction of her thoughts, scarcely knew what she was doing; but, suddenly hearing the cry of "her babe, all the feelings of the mother returned; her eye dilated with a sudden gleam of tender recognition, her lip quivered, her bosom heaved, her breath escaped in short, hard gasps; she sprang forward, and, from the arms of an attendant, clasped it passionately to her bosom. Her convulsive sobs struck upon my ear with a most thrilling potency of appeal, but there was no possibility of rescuing her from the doom to which she had chosen to submit. It was now clear to all the bystanders, that she was inwardly shrinking from the last act of this most horrible sacrifice; she stood before us an image of mute but agonized despair.

The officiating Bramins, seeing that it was time to urge the consummation of this detestable oblation, and fearing lest she should relent, commanded all her relatives, friends, and attendants, to retire. In a few moments a large area was left around the pile, within which stood no one, save the unhappy victim and her sanctified executors. Before the area was cleared, one of these smooth-browed monsters had forcibly taken the child from the mother's arms, and given it to an attendant, unheeding of the cries of the one, or the agonies of the other. The widow—and now she did indeed appear beautiful—knowing what was to succeed, gave way to the struggles of nature, fell on her knees, raised her eyes towards heaven, and clasped her hands in a transport of speechless anguish. One of the Bramins approached her with an air of calm but stern authority, raised her from her recumbent position, then, with the assistance of a companion equally stern and unfeeling, violently urged her towards the pile. She struggled, and the energy with which despair had armed her, enabled her successfully to resist the united efforts of these sleek high-priests of the altar of a most infernal superstition. Upon seeing this, several of these cruel functionaries rushed forward and dragged her towards the faggots, which were well smeared with ghee, in order to accelerate their combustion—a contingent mercy arising out of the policy of securing a speedy termination to the suttee's sufferings, as the quicker the process, the less the chance of escape. The moment her voice was stifled, she uttered a shriek which was heard on the body of the dead Hindoo.

raised, it was drowned in the mingled clamour of tom-toms, pipes, and the shouts of hundreds of half-mad fanatics, who had assembled to see the horrid issue of a devoted fanaticism. Her struggles were now unavailing; she was soon dragged to the pile and forced upon it; at this time she appeared exhausted by her continued exertions. When seated on the faggots, her husband's head was placed upon her lap, the straw, which had been plentifully strewn underneath the wood, was fired, when the flames instantly ascending, enveloped the beautiful Hindoo, at once shutting her out for ever from human sight and from human sympathy. Lest in her agonies she should leap from the pile, she was kept down by long bamboos; the ends being placed upon her body by the officiating Bramins, who leaned their whole weight upon the centre of the pole with which each was furnished, and which each zealously applied to this holy purpose, so that she could not rise. Her sufferings were soon terminated, as the wood, burned with extreme rapidity and fury. This ended the infernal holocaust!

New Musket for the British Army.—About four weeks ago the Master-General of the Ordnance issued instructions that two muskets of an entirely new principle which had been submitted to him by Mr. Wilkinson, a London manufacturer, should have a fair trial. The muskets were accordingly forwarded to Woolwich, and placed in charge of an intelligent corporal, with orders that 1,000 rounds of ball cartridges should be fired from each for the purpose of testing their capabilities, and ascertaining their good or bad qualities. The corporal selected two experienced gunners, and the men have attended every day at the butt in the Royal Arsenal to practice with them. Upwards of 800 rounds have been fired from each musket, and the ease, rapidity, and precision with which they can be used has afforded the greatest satisfaction, and even surprise, on account of the simplicity of their construction. The barrel of this musket is of the same length and thickness as those used by the soldiers of the line at present; the only difference is, that the touch-hole instead of being placed at the side, is under the stock, immediately in front of the trigger, which is secured from the possibility of discharging the musket by accident, even under the most careless circumstances. Instead of flints, percussion caps are used, and the force necessary to ignite them is effected by a steel spring about seven inches in length and so simple, that it can scarcely ever get out of order. Owing to the present muskets, the stock is much weakened by having to cut out a portion for their reception, and 20 screws are required to fix the various parts to each other, and to the barrel. By Mr. Wilkinson's plan, which he has secured by patent, five screws only are required, and there is no cutting requisite for adjusting it to the stock and barrel. This improvement makes the musket a pound lighter, and will be of immense advantage, not only to the army, but also to sportsmen, and every person who has occasion to use fire-arms as the percussion cap being discharged under the stock, the motion cannot be seen by the eye, which renders it peculiarly safe to that organ, and secures the certainty of a good aim and this is greatly assisted by an elevation at the breach of the barrel, about half an inch in height and formed like the letter V, and similar to those used on the large guns of the Ordnance department. When the 1,000 rounds have all been fired from the muskets, a report will be given in to the Master-General, and there is every probability they will be adopted without delay. It is stated that the East India Company have already given a large order for this pattern musket to supply a portion of the troops under their control.

"When at the island of Rhodes," says M. Madmont, "I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious & interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment but so lucrative, that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support for an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustacean animals, which occupy its cavities. The fisherman dives for it at the depth of even a hundred feet and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge collected becomes inconvenient. When they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to the sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for the market by being pressed to dislodge the animalcules it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter."

An Alarming Disclosure.—The New Albany Gazette contains the following alarming disclosure:—"For some time past, an extensive gang of counterfeiters and coiners have infested a large portion of Michigan. Among them are sheriffs, magistrates, doctors, colonels, majors, landlords, and dignitaries. The wife of one of them has made disclosures which will probably lead to the arrest and conviction of many of them, and the dispersion of the remainder."

POETRY.

HYMN OF THE UNIVERSE. Paraphrased from Goethe.

Roll on, thou Sun! forever roll, —
Thou giant, rushing through the Heaven
Creation's wonder, nature's soul!
Thy golden wheels by angels driven;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim with star-dropt wing
Float in thy diamond-sparking rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King!

Roll, lovely Earth! and still roll on,
With Ocean's azure beauty bound:
While one sweet star, the pearly moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound;
And angels with delighted eyes
Behold thy fairs of moon and stream,
From the high walls of paradise:
Swift-whirling like a glorious dream.

Roll, Planets! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed;
What eye shall see your courses done?
Roll in your solemn majesty,
Ye deathless splendours of the skies!
High altars, from which angels see
The incense of creation rise.

Roll, Comets! and ye million Stars!
Ye that through boundless nature roam;
Ye monarchs on your flame-winged cars!
Tell us in what more glorious dome,
What orb to which your pamps are dim,
What kingdom but your angels trod—
Tells us where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne where dwells your God?

Exciting Incident.—We saw a letter, written in a few days, by a young lady who, not many weeks since, was journeying from this place to the West. It narrates a very exciting occurrence which took place on board the steamboat in which she was a passenger, and of which she was an eye witness. In passing down the Mississippi river, our narrator was summoned from the cabin by alarming shrieks and great commotion on deck. On going up she found that a young lady had fallen overboard, and the boat in its progress was fast leaving her behind. A gentleman on board immediately directed himself to part of his clothing, and sprang into the river. He reached the drowning person, and upheld her in the water until a small boat came to the rescue of both. The young lady thus snatched from a sudden death, was the daughter of an elderly gentleman who was on board the boat—foreigners, neither of whom could speak English. On reaching the deck, and recovering from her fright, she passionately embraced her deliverer and bestowed kisses after kiss upon him, as the only way she could express her gratitude and thankfulness; while the father rushing from the cabin eagerly proffered him a roll of bank bills. These being refused, he ran to his cabin and returned with a bag of gold, which he likewise pressed upon his acceptance; nor could neither father or daughter be made to understand, or feel satisfied, why the proffered reward would not be accepted.—*Salon Observer.*

Hints to Mechanics.—Avoid giving long credits, even to your best customers. A man who can pay easily will not thank you for the delay; and a slack doubtful paymaster is not so valuable a customer to dun sharply and seasonably. A fish may as well attempt to live without water, or a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep on and get business by delaying collections. When you lose a slack paymaster from your books, you only lose the chance of losing your money—and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is least prompt in collecting for himself. Nothing will fatten mutton quicker than apples. It is necessary or best, to cut up apples when fed to sheep.

Wheat Flour.—According to Prof. Thompson of Edinburgh, one pound of good wheat meal contains ten ounces of farina, or starch, three ounces of bran, six drachms of gluten, and two drachms of sugar; and it is because wheat contains such portions of these substances, that it makes the very best loaf bread. The farina or starch is the principal nourishing property; the saccharine matter or sugar is also highly nutritive; but in the process of making loaf bread, it serves mainly, by its vinous fermentation, to produce the gas or air by which the dough is raised and the bread made light. The gluten is likewise a very nutritious property, but in loaf bread, it principally serves, by its cohesiveness, like gum elastic, to prevent the gas or air formed by the fermentation of the sugar, from escaping or passing off; and the gas being thus retained, inflates or puffs up the dough and makes it porous and light. The bran with its mucilaginous and other properties, not only adds to the nutritive value of the bread, but also serves to increase its digestibility, and to invigorate the digestive organs, and preserve

the general integrity of their functions.—*Treatise on Bread Making.*

THE NEW MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. "MARSHALL, MAYOR."

"Thou Marshall at in the way that I was going,"
Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
Oh, Marshall Mayor! Oh, Marshall Mayor!
This time you have made people stare!
Is this your sense

Of justice, sir—under a mere pretence
To rob us of our legal fair?
And "Hobler, clerk,"
How, sir, could you be so much in the dark
To sign the proclamation,
Dealing deathblows
To booths and shows

Alack! 'twas a most hobbling piece of legislation,
In former days, indeed,
We read
Of feats like this, when with mistaken zeal,
A bigot Queen cut throats by millions
(Military and civilians)

And, sir, no doubt you want to deal
With us in a like fashion
(Don't go into a passion!)
And break us all upon a Catherine Wheel
For gingerbread and beasts (!)
It seems there is a saving clause;
But by your laws
Shakespeare, and Massinger, and Johnson,
Macbeth and Monsieur Tomson
(Once looked upon as intellectual feasts),
Are doomed to everlasting silence.

Excuse my violence—
But thus to take under your fostering wing
Each four-legged thing
Was a most beastly thought—
I hope 'twill come to naught.
They say the reason
Why Bartlemy Fair was voted treason,
Was from the nuisance to the neighbors round,
But, Sir, it does seem rather queer,
That folks who've lived from year to year
Within the sound
Of bulls and cows,
And such-like rows,
(And not gone mad,)
Should find the noise
Of two or three little boys
So very bad.

No, no; a man like this, Sir, scorns
The notion
Of such a small commotion;
And it is the noise that you'd put down,
Saying your magisterial gown,
Why don't you take the bull by the horns?
What is it you have done?
Why, enough just half our fun;
And how?

Why thus, I vow,
You've stopped the Plays, where we could sit
An hour in quiet,
And driven us to the beer-shops, where there's
Nought but riot,
And drunkenness, and lewdness, and the rest;
No doubt you did it for the best—
But, tell me, please,
D'ye think we gain much by such dram-artists
as these?
Come, come, sir, try again!
Remember, sir, that men
Are only children of larger size—
In short, life's bigger boys.
And when again you make new laws
(But not to choose
Us out of our gurgaws),
Show us a little more, sir, of your Mansionous.

Taking the Census.—"Do you live here, Sir?" said a gentleman of easy address and of some official importance, who carried a blank book in one hand and a silver pencil in the other—"Do you live here, Sir?" he said, addressing the male occupant, as he unceremoniously poked his head into an Irishman's shanty, in the suburbs of the city, yesterday. "Why, thin, sweet bad luck to you every day you see a wooden pavin'-stone, you spyin'-spalpeen," said Pat, apparently much enraged—"where else would I live? Isn't this me own house, and isn't me house me castle?—What right have you to trespass on the premises, and step in without sayin' 'be yer lave, or 'God save all here,' just as if you was the estate gentleman?"

"My dear sir (said the visitor,) I did not come here with the view of unnecessarily intruding on you. I am employed taking the census, and came to take your name and your family's."—"To take my sins? give me a charm! I suppose—put yer conthect on me! Oh! pursuin' to you, you 'deavin' rascal! Do you want to make an emulaw or an ulaw of me? Clear out of my consarous, or I'll be afther givin' you a polibone that'll take your sins," and he made a scientific noise at the stranger, in true Donnybrook Fair style, who requested him not to put his threat into execution, but permit him to explain. He told Patrick that he was employed by the government to ascertain the number of people who reside in the city, and he merely asked, in pursuance of his vocation, to learn how many his family numbered. "And is that all ye want?" said Pat, assuming a less billicent tone. "No more," said the gentleman with the book. "And why the devil didn't you say so at first?" (said Pat)

and I'd tell it while a cat 'ud be anin' a ha'p'orth o' butter. Stay—let me see—(and he began to scratch his head by way of assisting his memory)—there's myself and Nelly—that's one. "You and Nelly are two," said the gentleman, making his memorandum at the same time.

"Well, there's more of yer assurance (said Pat).—Do you know better than the priest? Didn't he tell us the night we wor married that we wor one?"—"Well, I'll not argue the question with you (said the gentleman), proceed."—"Well, thin (said Pat), there's the four gossoons that's livin', and Brian and Teddy that's dead; there's Nancy, that's at home with her gran'mother, in Ireland; and the two colleens that's at home wid us; there's the pig and the coddle-nare, and—"

"That will do, Sir," said the census taker, stopping him, who had by this time taken a note of the actual number of Pat's family.—"Good bye, Sir."—"A safe journey to you, me darlin'!" said Pat. "Won't ye take some thin?"—"Nothing," said the stranger, and he vanished.—*New York Paper.*

Newspapers.—The vast number of newspapers that are constantly being born in almost every section of the country, copies of which we are almost daily in the receipt of, with the request please exchange, is truly distressing. They come in all shapes and sizes, and all hues and shades in politics, and no politics at all. The names are so awful. So fast do they come forth that the language seems to be deficient to furnish a name of any thing that is appropriate, euphonious, or new, and their sponsors are driven to give them any name under heaven. "We have 'The Great Western,' published somewhere, and the 'Mosquito,' near the same place. Then comes a 'Sledgehammer,' and the 'Anvil,' 'The Wasp,' and 'The Hornet,' 'The File,' and the 'Rasp,' 'The Spirit of Democracy,' 'The Spirit of the Times,' and all kinds of Spirits. The 'Dirty Shirt,' but no clean one has yet come to hand, and the last we have heard of is a furious one called the 'Tar-balls.' Some of these are conducted with great ability. Some are managed with great propriety, others outrun all old fashioned notions in that respect. Some may live, but more may probably die in three months, than outlive that venerable ego.—*Boston Transcript.*

Preservation of Cabbages.—The following methods of preserving cabbages for winter use, are the result of experience:—"The cabbages should be gathered before injury is done to them by the severe fall frosts; the heavy outside leaves should remain on the stalk. Fix a string or cord round the stump near the roots suspend from the sleepers with the head downward in a cool cellar, and they are ready and fit for use at times. Cabbages kept in this manner retain all their peculiar flavor and sweetness; the whole virtue of the stump and leaves is concentrated in the part which is used, are handy of access, occupy but little room which would be occupied by other purposes; and seldom, if ever rot; the outside leaves wilt and contract, and in time become quite dry, which form a sort of coating that serves to exclude the air from the inside of the head."

Another method practised by some, and highly recommended, is to cut the head from the stump, pack close in a sack, taking care to fill up the vacancies with dry chaff, thereby excluding the air, and keep in a dry cellar.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Singular Delusion Leading to Suicide.—A respectable Scotch merchant near Pimlico committed suicide. "He fancied the devil was in him, and asserted he could feel him in his throat. On examining the room after death, two wills have been discovered, in one of which he desired his executors to employ a surgeon to open his body, that the devil might be found, secured, destroyed; and in this way, he says, he will be prevented from injuring any one else.—*Winslow's Anatomy of Suicide.*

The Lady had the Larcen, or Detham out-ledge.—An old dame, named Hannah Yeatman, annoyed by a keen cross-examination in the Court of Queen's Bench, became unruly, and exclaimed,—"Don't you go for to vex my wife! I'm not a going to be bothered this way, I'll be d—d if I am, I'm too bold!" Chief Justice Detham—"You must answer the question, or I must commit you." Witness—"Consult your granny! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you hought! The young woman as gay 'g'd deal, and all through you, when there's no kevier in your big wig, and she in 'askers! For shame! (Roars of laughter.)

By the Red.—Mr. Henry Russell, a Highland dog six bushels large, and once a small p'tatoes, from a square road of ground, on the 8th September. They were procured from a lot sold of the ornamental plants in rows two feet apart, and the seed six inches apart in the rows. In the latter part of April, *Far-nath Herald* was called. "And why the devil didn't you say so at first?" (said Pat)