

OF ALDBOROUGH
ED BY



AYS' PILLS.

DBOROUGH CURED OF
OMACH COMPLAINT;
the Earl of Aldborough,
ghorn, 21st February 1845
HOLLOWAY.

ances prevented the pos-
t. You before this time for-
ing me your Pills as you
portunity of sending you
int, and, at the same time
d effected cure of a
d Stomach, which, all the
Faculty at home, and all
not been able to effect
ers of Carlsbad and Ma-
another Box and a Pot of
any of my Family should!

and obedient Servant
ALDBOROUGH
RE OF DROPSY OF
STANDING.
m Mr. Thomas Taylor (Es-
ham, 17th April 1845.
OF HOLLOWAY.

ity to inform you that I
the Clerk, a regular, and
his four miles of this place
in Drury for five years,
advice without receiving
your Pills, and I am now
sch surprising cure, and
given them up, being in-
tend to her household
she never expected to
regret, to state that the
cure is incurable. I have
the morning it was a
in her face, but I
his cure is entirely of the

urs, &c. &c.
THOMAS TAYLOR
STATION AND CON-
TIF RAILWAY.
G. R. Wykes, Esq., Es-
of the Battle, &c. &c.
of London, Montgomery
March 3rd 1845.
OF HOLLOWAY.

y duty to inform you that
of which I purchased a
of Newcomb, have cured
and constipation of
of literary pursuits
m. I should suggest to
dionously dispensed per-
your valuable Pills. You
publish this note, if you

not oblige, I return,
R. WYTHEN BAXTER,
MA. AND SHORTNESS
OF BREATH.
the Rev. David Williams
at Beaumaris, Island
Is, January 14th 1845.
OF HOLLOWAY.

I requested you to send
a bottle of your pills, and
took them, was almost
mean of breath, and had
a day when he appeared
a breath in my chest,
and I was now easy,
and using daily in strength.
VID WILLIAMS.

inary Pills will cure any
kind of Bile, however
single the cause may be, even
to the downy bed through
rough and pale legs.
ence can be recommended
ence for any of the follow-

pelma Rheumatism
regularity Retention
of all kinds the urine
of the bladder, or
a blood. Scarcely or
I have Kings evil
ation Stomach Gravel
quitting. The biliousness
of the liver, and
Jaundice Tumors
e complaints Ulcers
ulcers Worms of all
kinds
kness from which the cause
a Medicine can be obtained
AS SIME, St. Andrews
of the rectum; John M.
lic Stomach, and Justin
ge. In Pots and Bowls
ach. There is a non-con-
e large size.
e guidance of Patients
fixed to each box.

TER'S
ks for sale at this
fice.

ANDARD.
ERY WEDNESDAY, BY
Smith.

int Andrews, N. B.
MS.
-if paid in advance.
the end of the year.
ed until arrears are paid
EMENTS
written orders, or contin-
o written directions
ies, and under. 3s
over 12 lines 2d per line.
12 lines 1d per line.
near as may be agreed on
dividuals who have no
ceto be paid for in ad-
bills, &c. struck off on
be paid for on dolls in
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Price 12s 6d in Advance

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1847.

[15s. at the end of the Year

POETRY.

HOW DEAR IS LIFE.

How dear is life when breathing
The sweet, warm breath of Spring!
Where vines are fondly wreathing,
And gaily blossoming.
With naught but peace around us,
And naught to wake a sigh,
With not a care to cloud us—
O, who could bear to die!

When autumn winds are sighing,
When low the leaves are lying—
O, then's the time to die.
How dear is life when dreaming
Some dream of cherished love!
When eyes to eyes are beaming,
And none may dare reprove.
Still is that dream we'd linger—
Nor seek that world's fierce strife—
Till like the syren singer
It charms us out of life.

A THRILLING EFFUSION.

Containing much poetry, but more of truth. A
great temperance reformation is the only hope of
Britain.

WARNING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

I ask the historian. Where now is proud Rome!
And moth-eaten chronicles told me her doom:
When her sons became idle, licentious, and gay,
Her virtue and honor began to decay.

Once, her arms shook the earth, and her fleet
swept the seas,
But her eagles and lions more kiss the breeze
In the days of her greatness; the sword was her
trust.

And her once mighty power now lies in the dust.

I turn to my country with feelings of pain,
For methinks that her glory is far on the wane:
Yet no sword is uplifted—no campaign is planned,
No war-cries resounds in my own fatherland.

But Intemperance rolls on, like a flood fierce and
wild;
Our young men are poisoned, enured, and
beguiled;
Their minds are neglected; their health is des-
troyed;
Their morals corrupted; their time misemployed.

Strong drink has shewn more than the sword of
the Gail,
For thousands each year by its ravages fall;
It damns and destroys; it withers and blasts
The hope of the future, the pride of the past.

But a day-star of hope gleams across my loved
land,
Where the bright banners wave of a brave little
band,
See! the demon is met, and the conflict is strong,
But the bold temperance array shall triumph ere
long.

The following lines were sent by a young lady to
her lover, whose name was Nott, a few weeks be-
fore their marriage. The nuptial knot was tied im-
mediately upon the discerning lover's deciphering
their import.

Why urge, dear Sir, a hasty maid
To change her single lot,
When, well you know, I've often said
In truth I love you, Nott?

For all your pains I do, Nott, care,
And trust me on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife!

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

My bark is rigged, and on the sea
Of life I take my stand!
With gales and calms to rise and fall,
Knock under or command.

O'er rocks and quicksands off we speed,
Ye tempests stir my zeal;
The elements compose my creed,
My conscience is my keel.

The sails of government I guide,
The Upper deck's my realm;
My faith is on the starboard side,
My prayers are in my helm.

I see God's wonders on the deep,
His mercy in the rope,
A watchful angel guards my sleep,
The anchor is my hope.

This week and fragile mass of flesh,
In other worlds may roll;
What matters it—if I but save
The passenger—my soul.

The shortest cruise is after all
The surest and the best;
When ships are ready for a squall,
And anchors are at rest.
[FROM THE LONDON TETOTAL TIMES.

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT- FOLIO. THE ROBBERY AND MURDER. (Concluded.)

But why protract these painful scenes?—
Suffice it to say that I retired from that soli-
tary cell, more than ever convinced of my
client's innocence, and full of admiration at the
generous devotion of that sweet, angelic
wife.

The examination of Stanhope took place
on the next morning—it was only then that I
became awfully aware of the terrible evidence
against. Indeed the chain of testimony was
so thoroughly welded together in every link,
that, for a moment, I not only despaired, but
almost recanted my belief in the prisoner's
innocence. I am sure that I was the only
one present who did not believe him guilty.

The evidence against him was much the
same as that given on the morning after the
murder. Many additional facts, however,
were elicited, which materially strengthened
the case for the prosecution. A purse which
was found on Stanhope's person at the time
of his arrest was identified, by a passenger,
as having been seen in Mr. Howard's hands
on the evening of the murder, when he paid
for a bottle of wine which they drank to-
gether. Mr. Howard's house keeper also knew
the purse. Neither of the passengers could
recognize the murderer's countenance; but
both concurred in making oath that the fi-
gure of the murderer was similar to that of
Stanhope. Here was a mass of testimony
which was sufficient, if uncontradicted, to con-
demn any man; and when the personal inter-
est which Stanhope had in Mr. Howard's death
was taken into consideration, was not his si-
tuation really alarming? And what had he
to oppose to this? Nothing, positively nothing,
except his oft-repeated explanation, and his
continued assertions of innocence.

Meanwhile I spared no effort to elucidate
the mystery which seemed to hang over this
catastrophe. Believing, as I did, in Stan-
hope's innocence, I longed for some clue
which might lead to the detection of the real
murderer. But in vain. As a last resort I
wrote a letter to the most eminent counsel at
the bar, earnestly urging him to join me
in the case. He replied favorably.

Speak to me freely, D—, said Stanhope
to me, the day before his trial, for my wife is
absent now, and I can hear the worst. Am I
without hope? God knows it is hard en-
ough to part with all you love; it is hard
for an innocent man to die a felon's death; it
is hard to leave behind you a stain on your
children's name—but yet, if it is to be, let me
not be deceived. As you would, in my si-
tuation, wish to be done by, so do by me. Tell
me frankly—tell me all!

I hesitated; I evaded his question.
It is enough, said he, with a quiver-
ing lip, God help my wife and little ones,
and, overcome by his emotion, he buried his
face in his hands. It was the first time I had
seen him give way to his feelings. But it
was soon past. He looked up. "This is
weakness," it is over now. My enemies
shall not, at least, triumph in beholding my
agony."

This stoicism was even more affecting than
his agitation. My eyes involuntarily filled
with tears, and I pressed his hand in silence.
God bless you, said he, with renewed em-
otion, "except my poor family you are my only
friend."

The morning of trial dawned without a
cloud. Never had such an excitement pre-
vailed the village. The atrocity of the deed,
the standing of the parties; the high talent
arrayed on the part of the prosecution; and
a rumor which had got about that the prisoner
intended to confess his guilt, had awakened
such an intense interest, that, long before
the hour of trial, the court room was crowded
to overflowing. The whole town seemed
alive. From every lane and street, from every
house and hovel, they poured along, rich
and poor, old and young, crowding and jost-
ling each other, until the court-room was
densely packed with the spectators, and far-
ther admittance was impossible. The widows
were blocked up with the multitude; the bar,
and even the bench were full of people; and
hundreds of eager faces, peered one above
another in the back-ground, until they termi-
nated in the gallery above. The hall with-
out was noisy with the populace, and crowds,
unable to obtain an entrance, waited breath-
lessly in the yard to learn by the murmurs
from within, the fluctuations of the trial.

The prisoner entered with a firm, composed
bearing, and bowing to the bench, glanced
a moment round the room. There was a lofty
pride in his demeanor which I shall never
forget. A death-like silence pervaded the
hundreds there, and scarcely an eye but
quailed beneath that fearless glance. He
then took his seat. A murmur ran around
the demeanor was evidently favorable. Pity
usurped the place of idle curiosity. His
sweet wife's presence did not lessen this favor-

able sentiment. She had insisted on being
present during the whole of the trial, and she
now sat beside her husband, clasping his
hand in hers, and looking up into his face
with a glance which told, that whatever others
might think, she at least knew him to be in-
nocent. Thank God! there is such a thing
in this world as woman's love.

The Jury was impelled; the indictment
read; and the prisoner pleaded "not guilty,"
putting himself, in the words of the law,
"upon God and his country." The attorney
general then arose and opened his case; and
rarely have I listened to a more artful ad-
dress. "The history of the prisoner's love,
his marriage with the daughter of the decessed,
the separation which had ever since existed
betwixt the families, and the natural irri-
tation which the accused must have felt to-
ward the murdered man, and which might
have led to the sudden sacrifice of his life in
a moment of passion, even without any pre-
meditated design against him, were all work-
ed up with such consummate skill, that when
the evidence came to be detailed, the jury
looked knowingly at each other, as if satisfied
that the prisoner was the only person who
could have been guilty of the murder. In-
deed the circumstances were unanswerable.
Look at them. Here is a man wronged,
deeply wronged by the deceased—that a man
is stung to madness by the horrors of ap-
proaching starvation—he leaves his house at
the dead of night and does not return until
morning, and he brings with him on his re-
turn a purse which is subsequently identified
as having been in the possession of the mur-
dered man. Nor is this all. The murderer
obviously committed the crime under a sud-
den impulse, for on recognising the deceased
he made a passionate exclamation, and dis-
charged his pistol. After the deed, he, as
well as his companions, terrified at what had
been done, fled in dismay. They are track-
ed until one of their number left them, and
the footprints of that clue led to Stanhope's
door. What could be more conclusive? Such
was the substance of the argument against
the prisoner, an argument so compact, candid,
and devoid of declamation as to be irresistibly
convincing; and when it was finished I trem-
bled—and not without cause—for the life of
the accused.

The evidence was the same as that upon
the examination prior to the commitment of
the prisoner. There was no discrepancy in
the statements of the witnesses. All was
clear, truth-like, and irresistible. Even the
talents of my colleague failed to elicit any
thing material on the cross-examination, al-
though he subjected the witnesses severally
as to severe a scrutiny as I ever saw exer-
cised. The man especially who testified to
having examined the tracks of the robbers in
the snow underwent the most searching
probing. The efforts of the defence were di-
rected to establish the possibility that there
might have been three fugitives on the first
track even after the separation—in short, to
overthrow the view taken by the prosecution
that the robbers separated at this point.

Did you, said my colleague, inspect the
tracks of the larger body of fugitives after the
supposed defection of one of their number?
The man answered in the affirmative, and
said that he was certain there could not have
been more than two, by the number of foot-
marks.

How far did you follow the tracks?
To the neighboring creek.

And why did you not pursue them farther?
Because the creek being frozen over, the
ice was what is called slip, and the wind had
consequently so drifted the snow off from the
surface, that we lost all sight of the path pur-
sued by the robbers.

Did you examine the opposite bank in or-
der to recover the trail?
Yes—for a quarter of a mile, but to no
purpose. My colleague was foiled.

We opened our case as we best could. The
gigantic difficulties against which we had to
contend almost disheartened us; but one look
at the prisoner and his sweet wife inspired
us with renewed energy. Poor Ellen! how
eagerly she hung on every word, gazing now
on her husband and then on the speaker; and
seeming to say in every look, that though all
the world might desert the accused, she at
least would cling to him to the last.

Our evidence was confined almost wholly
to the character of the accused, although the
account which he gave of himself on the
night of the murder was skillfully introduced
by my colleague, as a portion of a conversa-
tion between the prisoner and one of the com-
monwealth's witnesses, which had been given
only in part by the prosecution. It was in
substance as follows:

Stung to madness on the night of the mur-
der, by the horrors of approaching starvation,
Stanhope had left his home, scarcely know-
ing whither to bend his steps for aid. For sev-
eral hours he wandered about in the watery
night, and at length found himself on the bor-
ders of the creek, back of the village. While
standing there moodily, it began to snow.
All was silent around. As the white flakes
drove in his face, and the biting air swept
over his cheek, his feelings became gradually
rest, excited, and he was on the point of re-

turning home, when he perceived three men
rapidly approaching through the snow-storm.
For the first time in his life he stooped to
beg. The nearest man turned sharply a-
round him as he spoke, seemed to hesitate a
moment, and then, as if by a sudden impulse,
flung him the purse, which was subse-
quently identified as Mr. Howard's. The
men then dashed down the bank toward the
stream, and vanished as rapidly as they had
appeared.

Such was the substance of our defence.
It met with nothing but sneers from the pro-
secuting officer, who, in his address to the
jury, treated it as a story fabricated solely for
the occasion. Too many of the spectators
appeared to agree with him, and when he sat
down, the ominous faces of the jury chilled
my very heart. At this moment, however,
my colleague rose to reply.

Never shall I forget the impression made
by this rejoinder. Few men of his day pos-
sessed so much eloquence, and on the present
occasion it was exerted to the utmost. Skill-
fully availing himself of the course of argu-
ment adopted by the attorney general, he
drew in the darkest colors, the unnatural
conduct of Mr. Howard to his daughter, and
her subsequent destitution owing thereto,
and then, by one of those bursts of passion
for which he was remarkable, picturing her
as she now sat, almost heart-broken, by her
husband's side, he succeeded in awakening
the deepest pity in his audience toward the
accused. Then, by a sudden transition, he
seized upon the testimony of the last witness
of the prosecution, and in a few rapid, light-
ning-like sentences, tore it into shreds. Yes!
gentlemen of the jury, continued my im-
passioned colleague, there is no evidence what-
ever to criminate the defendant. The grand
error of all prosecutions is in thinking a cer-
tain man guilty, and then proceeding to ac-
count for his conduct. But you must proceed
in a manner directly the reverse of this.

You must start with the murder and trace up
from that point, the perpetrator. Take the
present case, dismiss the idea that Stanhope
is the murderer—start afresh on the search
after the guilty man—follow up the fugitives
to the moment when these other footsteps are
met with, and then before God and your own
consciences, is there any proof, that James
Stanhope left the path, or even whyther any
man left it? You start. But here is the gist
of the argument. Here is the broken link in
the chain of testimony against us. Unless
you are satisfied that some one of the robbers
did leave the gang, you must acquit the pris-
oner. Might not the unfortunate man as the
bar have been, as he says, on the spot
when these men passed? The finding of the
purse on the prisoner proves nothing, for
might he not have obtained it in alms?
Would not the murderer, indeed, gladly rid
himself of this tell-tale, in order to divert sus-
picion from himself? The character, the re-
lationship, the honor, the common sense of
my client forbid the supposition that he would
commit so frightful a crime, and yet instantly
seek his home, although the ground was cov-
ered with snow, and he knew that detection,
under such circumstances would be inevita-
ble. Gentlemen, it could not be. On
your oaths you will say it could not be.
As you value a fellow creature's life, as you
value your eternal peace, I conjure you to
remember that the least doubt must acquit
the prisoner. Convict him—and you destroy
an innocent man. Acquit him—and you give
peace to a broken hearted wife. If you con-
demn him, oh! what will be your pang of
remorse when the real criminal is detected.—
I leave you to your God and yourself. I im-
plore heaven to guide you aright.

He took his seat. A dead silence hung
over the vast assembly. The effect was too
deep for words. At length a heavy, long
protracted sigh was heard throughout the
crowd, as if men had held their breaths in awe,
and found relief, only that moment from the
spell which bound them. Oh, how I longed
that the verdict might then be taken. The
sweet wife of the prisoner felt a hope which
hitherto she had scarcely ventured to cherish,
and clasping her husband's hand, looked up
into his face with a love language can ex-
press, while the tears rolled fast and thick
down her cheek.

At length the attorney general rose to re-
ply. Guarding the jury against being led
away by their feelings, he plunged as soon
as possible into the argument, and keeping
constantly before their minds the fact of the
possession of Mr. Howard's purse by the ac-
cused, and the exclamation used by the mur-
derer at the moment of committing the deed,
he soon succeeded in removing from their
minds at least, the impression of the prisoner's
innocence. How my heart sickened as I
saw them turn from one to the other, with
all those significant glances. And when
the prosecuting officer sat down, after his
adroit and effective harangue, I felt almost as
if my own doom was at hand.

The judge proceeded to charge the jury—
Long afterward that judicial effort was talked
of as a model of clear and comprehensive
logic. It was as I feared. He bore terribly
upon the prisoner, treated the story of the
accused as of no credibility; and concluded

by a powerful appeal to the jury not to be
misled by the eloquence of counsel. Yet,
even when thus performing what he deemed
his duty, his eye happened to fall upon the
prisoner's wife, and I noticed that his lip
quivered.

The jury arose and retired. The anxiety,
not to say excitement of the spectators was
wound up to an unusual pitch, and increased
momentarily. Whatever might be the senti-
ment of those who were the arbiters of
the prisoner's fate, but one feeling seemed
to pervade that vast assembly—and a deep,
intense sympathy for the accused, had sup-
planted the almost universal opinion of his
guilt with which the trial had opened. Men
eagerly leaned forward to catch a sight of the
proud bearing of Stanhope, or the touching
demeanor of his wife, and more than one
hand brushed away a tear as its owner beheld
that melancholy group, awaiting the decision
of its fate. As time passed on, the audience
grew restless with impatience, glancing
now at the clock and now at the door
where the jury were expected to enter,—
and when at length the bearers of the pris-
oner's fate, one by one, with slow and so-
lemn steps, like mourners on the shores of
Styx, a deep-drawn breath of mingled dread
and curiosity, was heard throughout the
room. It was an ominous sight to me that
every man of the jury avoided looking at the
prisoner.

As the accused was ordered, according to
the usual form, to stand up and look upon
the jury, I glanced at the face of his wife. It
was pale and red by turns. She seemed
fainting. But the bearing of my client was
as calm and collected as a Roman martyr's.
Save a slight flushing of the face, he betrayed
no emotion. The audience, however,
was lost in the most intense curiosity. Judge,
officers, attorney general—all gazed anxiously
at the foreman. Bending eagerly forward,
they breathlessly awaited the verdict. The
silence of the dead reigns in the room.

How say you, gentlemen of the jury, said
the clerk, is James Stanhope, the prisoner at
the bar, guilty or not guilty, in manner and
form as he stands indicted?
There was a thrilling suspense of a mo-
ment, which seemed protracted into an age.
Then came, in a low and fearful distinct
voice, the foreman, as laying his hand upon
his heart, he said—

Guilty of murder in the first degree.

A half suppressed cry shot wildly through
the apartment, and then followed a heavy sob
at my side. It was the prisoner's wife who
had fainted, and would have fallen, had I not
caught her.

And so say you all? asked the clerk.

The jury nodded, and while the foreman
handed in the verdict, prepared to take their
seats, when suddenly, in a corner of the ap-
artment, a commotion arose, as if some per-
son was endeavoring to make way through
the crowd, but was resisted. The opposition,
however, was only momentary, for after a
murmured altercation, a cry arose of "pass
her on—make way," ending at length in a
prolonged huzzah, and before the astonished of-
ficers of the court could move towards the
scene of the uproar, or be heard commanding
silence in the din, the form of a woman was
seen hurried through an opening in the
crowd, and in an instant she stood within the
bar. She was evidently highly excited.

Stop, she said, turning to the foreman, "in
God's name stop—don't hand in your verdict
—the prisoner is innocent—I can point out
the murderer.

If I could live, throughout an eternity, I
should never forget that moment. Every
man started to his feet. Without waiting
for an explanation, the crowd caught at her
assertion, with an eagerness which could not
have been surpassed had their own fate de-
pended on its truth. A universal frenzy had
seized on the spectators, which showed itself
in long and reiterated shouts, lasting for
several minutes. Even the officers caught the
excitement. The judge himself was visibly
agitated. The prisoner, convulsively, while
his poor wife, recovered from the momentary
shock, grasped my hand as if in a vice, and
trembling violently.

Mr. Clerk—don't record the verdict yet!
said the judge, with an excited voice. Let
us hear the woman first. Swear her.

As soon as silence could be procured, the
woman was sworn. She proved to be the
mistress of the real murderer, and had in-
tended preserving silence, but her conscience,
not yet altogether searced, would not suffer
her to stand by, and see an innocent man
convicted, when a word from her might save
him. She was cognizant of both the robbery
and murder, and now offered to turn state's
evidence. The murderer had confessed to
her his meeting with Stanhope, and exulted
in having given him the purse of the murder-
ed man.

The exclamation of the criminal on dis-
charging his pistol was accounted for by his
having formerly been a clerk in the employ-
ment of Mr. Howard, who had turned him off
on suspicion of a robbery of which he avowed
he was innocent. But the impression could
not be shaken off, and he was eventually dis-
missed.

The judge proceeded to charge the jury—
Long afterward that judicial effort was talked
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