

THE
ARLOTTE COUNTY
NATURAL SOCIETY
winning Premiums for the Crop of
1842, Viz:—
quantity of merchantable
ed on any one Acre £3 0 0
Ditto 2 0 0
Ditto 1 0 0
quantity of Oats not less
to the Bushel raised on
Ditto 3 0 0
Ditto 2 0 0
Ditto 1 0 0
quantity of Barley not
less to the Bushel raised
Ditto 2 0 0
Ditto 1 0 0
quantity of Potatoes Do 3 0 0
Ditto Do 2 0 0
Ditto Do 1 0 0
quantity of Turnips Do 3 0 0
Ditto Do 2 0 0
Ditto Do 1 0 0
it of the Applicant and one ses-
sion will be required as proof of
each description of Grain and
er notice will be given as to
will be received and the Pre-

of the Board of Directors.
D. D. MORRISON,
—37— Secretary

LLING OFF! UCED PRICES!

er is selling off his large and
1 Stock of FALL and WINTER
much lower prices than heret-
in the market. The goods
imported; and of the best qua-
siting of
invisible green and elaret Broad
and duffles do, blue, black and
y. Buckskin, Sattinette, Mole-skin,
sians—33 pieces of white and red
s, Salisbury and Sarsaparilla do—
heavy Kerseys do—2 bales Blank-
n 14 to 18—counterpanes and
stings of different colors—44 pieces
n 4 to 5 4, green and white
—44 pieces of Orleans & Saxony
es and pattern, Orleans de France
colours—250 pieces of prints autu-
nd spring—turtleneck cotton, che-
ka twisted, jute and lining cottons,
d fine Kerseys—table covers blue
and brown cloths do—Ladies
landkerchiefs, silk Handkerchiefs
white and brown do—woollen &
s colors—cotton Wares white and
er Boots and Shoes, carpet & id-
r and motturo walking Shoes—
d Berlin do—Lambrook Hosi-
and do, Bobbinets and Laces, ju-
mail Machine, Bedquilted and
rton Bobbinets, Quilts and
sewer and silk Hats, fur and hith-
er, of cloths and covered hats—
it of ready made clothing, 50 some
different qualities, flocks, ted and
eak coats, gunsey tracks, ted and
a variety of other articles in the

ARE AND CUTLERY.

is, Scissors large and small, of an
Razors, pocket and pen knives,
kettles, lake pans and covers, flat
o, fire shovels and tongs, lung
s, shoe and scrubbing brushes.

PROCEDES.

elast white Soap,
lagow do
lon and Liverpool ditto,
lon moud and dipt Candies,
dile refined Lost Sugar, from 4 to
s, for family use,
green Tea,
ground Coffee,
se, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pepper, Al-
ce, and Salsaparilla,
Grapes
wing,
of Black Lead,
n brooms—Lamp Oil,
a window Glass 7x3 1/2 10x12,
Flats and cow-moel, pork & fish.

debited to the subscriber either by
unt, are requested to call and ar-
rithwith and save expense.
C. BRADLEY.
14 February, 1842

and Coals,

large Brunswick
piced from Liverpool.

wholesale Liverpool SALT
reasonableness for prompt pay-
ment of the vessel.
STRELL
WILLIAMSON } Committee
WILLIAMSON }
one 24 1842.

THE DREWS STANDARD

RED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
C. W. Smith.

in Saint Andrews, N. B.

TERMS—
delivered in town or called for
in forwarded by mail,
continued until arrears are paid.

RTISEMENTS,

g to written orders, or continued
if it no written directions
12 lines, and under, 3s
over 12 lines 3d per line,
ver 12 lines 1d per line,
the year as may be agreed on.
ny individuals who have no ac-
Office to be paid for in advance
s, Ac. struck off at the shortest
id for on delivery.

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VOLUME 9

Price 15s. in Town]

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1842.

[17s. Gd. sent by Mail]

THE FRUITS OF CRIME.

A PLAIN TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

In a town bordering on the ocean, in one of the Eastern States, is an old one-story house, connected with which are associations that invariably introduce themselves to my mind whenever I pass it. There is nothing peculiar in the house itself, unless it be its deserted and poverty-stricken appearance. Though originally a respectable looking country habitation, it is now so much decayed that it hardly deserves to be ranked as a human dwelling. Indeed, when inhabited at all, it is only by some miserable outcast, who may not have it in his power to find a more comfortable shelter from the pitiless storm. Thistles and other rank weeds have undisputed possession of what was formerly a neat front yard; the fence, that stood around the house, is decayed and fallen, and the well curbed and wooden bucket bear also the same marks of desolation.

About the year 1788, this house was inhabited by a family, consisting of four persons—Robert Thornton, his wife and their two children. At the time referred to, the eldest of the children was a sprightly and active boy of twelve years; and the other, an interesting girl of ten. The standing of the family as well as their connections in life, was considered very respectable; and none knew, or even suspected, that they lived otherwise than comfortable and happy. Passing by late one night, however, the attention of a neighbour was suddenly arrested by a frightful outcry proceeding from the house, resembling the noise of violent contention. Hesitating whether or not to enter the house, he listened and distinctly heard, as he thought, the sound of blows. Doubting, still, what course to adopt, he remained in the highway a short distance from the house, some moments, until at length the noise ceased. Stopping several minutes longer and all seemed tranquil, without ceasing to ascertain the cause of the singular occurrence; he passed along to his own residence, thinking it possible that his doubts were without foundation.

But the following morning brought to light a most heinous spectacle! In that house lay the mangled and lifeless form of a woman—the wife of Robert Thornton! The children half-distracted, weeping for the loss of their mother; but the father could not be found! Neither of the children could give any account of him; they had not seen him the evening previous, when they retired to rest in a remote part of the house, nor until they rose in the morning, had they the least knowledge of the dreadful tragedy by which they had thus so suddenly become orphans.

Immediately search was made for Thornton, resulting successfully. He had not left the neighborhood, but, on being charged with the murder, not only peremptorily denied all knowledge of it, as he affirmed, being absent from home during the whole night, but manifested the deepest sorrow and grief for the loss of his companion. But notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, he was examined on the charge of murder and committed for trial. On examination, his clothes were found to be stained with blood, which fact together with the circumstances of being unable to show where he was on the night in question, was deemed violent presumptive evidence of his guilt.

The day of trial arrived. The court room was filled to overflowing, all anxiously awaited the appearance of the prisoner, who attended by the proper officers, soon entered and took his seat at the bar. His countenance exhibited the appearance of one laboring under extreme indignation, pale and haggard. Being apprized in a formal manner, usual on such occasions of the charge on which he was arraigned, and required to answer to it he pleaded *Not Guilty*. The trial continued nearly two days, during the progress of which much testimony was introduced by his counsel, intended to satisfy the court and jury of his former respectable standing in society, and of his uniformly good reputation up to the time when the deed for which he stood charged was committed. On the part of a few of his friends, the utmost efforts were made to procure his acquittal. Indeed, by a considerable degree of sympathy was excited in his favour among the spectators generally. But the evidence of his guilt was of too substantial a nature to allow of his going free. The free testimony, even of his own children was against him—showing as it did—not only that he was at home on the evening of the night in which the supposed murder was perpetrated, but that he had in fact, not unfrequently, under the influence of passion, inflicted several blows upon the person of his wife. In short, the jury after mature deliberation, unanimously concurred in returning a verdict of *Guilty*, and he was sentenced to be executed.

The day of his execution being fixed a month distant from the time of his trial, no one, who observed the debility of the prisoner believed he would survive for the sentence to be carried into effect; and indeed, but few days elapsed before the news of his death was announced—intelligence welcome to all,

save those desirous of indulging the savage curiosity of witnessing the agonizing struggles of a fellow being upon the gallows.

The children, James and Mary Thornton, or the death of their mother, were taken in to the family of an uncle—where they were carefully provided for and kindly treated. After remaining two or three years with his guardian, James chose the profession of a sailor, and embarked on board of a merchant vessel for the East Indies. Healthy and robust, he was full of spirit and activity, seeming to have nearly forgotten the loss he had suffered. Not so with Mary. The more sensible she became of the inestimable importance of a mother's unceasing kindness and care, the more she mourned her loss. Indeed, shortly after the departure of her brother, she began to decline, and continued to grow more and more ill until finally, at the age of about sixteen, she was relieved from her sufferings by the hand of death. Two plain marble slabs, denoting the place where her remains were deposited, may at this day be seen in the church-yard, near the sea-shore, in the town of her nativity.

"Bright, glorious flowers, above, it springs,
Beside it leaps a softer wave;
The wild bird drops on plangless wing,
And chains sad music o'er that grave."

But for the loss of her mother long might she have lived in the enjoyment of health and happiness—the delight of her friends and an ornament to society. Alas! many but too highly appreciate a mother's love and watchful care, while in the enjoyment of so great a blessing.

James continued to follow the sea, and at the age of twenty years, he was entrusted with the ship *Enterprise*, the vessel in which he first embarked as a sailor, being still employed in the East India trade. On his first passage from this country, as master, he encountered, near the Cape of Good Hope, a most severe gale, which for some time, threatened the entire destruction of the vessel. In the midst of the hurricane, he discovered at some distance off, human being clinging for life to the shattered fragments of a vessel. He sought to rescue them, but succeeded in saving only one of the number—the rest were supposed to have perished, being never after heard of. The storm soon subsided, all were now interested to learn something of the history of the stranger, thus so unexpectedly introduced before them. His hair was long and shaggy, his head of year's growth, and his general air downcast and surlly. In a scabbard attached to a wide belt around his waist, he carried a poniard, which to his other peculiarities, rendered his appearance altogether frightful. Indeed, in the minds of both the Captain and crew, the strongest suspicions were entertained that they had been instrumental in saving the life of a pirate!—one who in all probability, had the opportunity been offered, would readily have plundered their ship, and put them all to death. But he was now in their power; and with the view of learning his real character and history, Captain Thornton entered into conversation with him.

Well friend, said the Captain, addressing him, you are safe at last! rather narrow escape for you, this.

Aye, aye, Captain; you and your brave crew, are entitled to my everlasting gratitude for your successful efforts in my behalf.

From what port did you hail? continued the Captain.

New Orleans, sir. We were bound to Spain, but, by some means got widely off our course, or we might have steered clear of the dreadful gale which stove our vessel to pieces.

Aye—wide from your course, indeed, replied the Captain, with a look, plainly indicating the doubts of so improbable a story. What may we call our named, friend?

Perhaps you wouldn't credit me were I to inquire where you are from, and what's your name?

Certainly, responded the Captain. We hail from the port of—, in the State of— My name is James Thornton. I have been employed in the East India business for the last five years. Now, sir, may we have the pleasure of knowing your name and something of your life?

On hearing the name of the Captain announced, the stranger was observed to manifest great agitation. But, suppressing his feelings and composing himself as much as possible, he replied, I would freely inform you of my name and history, but for fear of exciting in your mind reflections of the most uncommon nature! I could give the desired information, only by bringing to your recollection deeds of your own father, of the darkest and most horrible character!

Doubting still, whether to make himself known or plunge a dagger to his own heart—thus putting it beyond the power of all to search into his history—he fixed his eyes intently on young Thornton, and remained silent; astonished by what he had heard, the latter hastily replied:

My father, I know was a murderer! He was tried for the crime, proved guilty, and sentenced to be hung. But before the day for his execution arrived, he died to avoid the gallows! These are the only dark deeds of

which I ever knew of his being guilty.—Painful, most painful reflections, it is true; but staining his hands with the blood of my mother, he was no longer my father! James, exclaimed the stranger, writhing in agony, I—I am the base wretch you describe! I was your father!

What! Robert Thornton? Impossible!—The murderer of my mother, it may be, but not my father! Speak! was my father indeed innocent of this awful crime? and was he to be executed in place of the wretch who committed it!

He alone was guilty of the crime, replied the stranger; and he it was who should have suffered the penalty attached to it! But the juror was bribed, and the murderer fled! Yes! I am the wretch! Here! take this dagger, and thrust it to my vitals, revenge the death of your own mother!

Horror-struck at the astounding declaration, young Thornton, gazing at the terrible figure before him stood in silent amazement.

But the tale was soon unravelled, showing not only the truth of all the wretched man had acknowledged, but confirming the suspicions previously excited of his being a pirate!

He declared that in a fit of rage, he took the life of his wife; that, by the aid of money and a few friends, he induced the juror to practise a deception, by which he was released from prison; and that he fled on board a vessel in readiness for the purpose to one of the West India Islands. But, though his life was saved, there was no place for him in existence!

After living a wretched vagabond for the space of two years, incessantly harassed by the spectre of his bleeding wife before his eyes, and the constant fear of death, joined a band of pirates, and gave himself up to all the enormities of predatory life! Thus becoming hardened in deeds of rapine and blood, and supported by a band of assassins as vile as himself, he endeavored to exclude from his heart every feeling of humanity.

—Obdurate, however, as he became, he was nevertheless an evidence perpetually of the fact, that,

"The heart may be a dark and closed up tomb,
But memory stands aghast amid the gloom!"

Indifferent, finally, to his fate, he remained on board the *Enterprise* until her arrival at the East Indies, where, being recognized as one of the blood-thirsty gang of pirates who had long been a terror to the Indian Ocean, he was condemned and executed.

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

HAPPY GIRLHOOD.

"Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!"

We were not a little gratified a few days since, at a rich picture of youth, beauty and pleasure. The scene was in the vicinity of our goodly city, and the actors were about fifty girls, "just let loose from school," or, rather, in the enjoyment of a holiday in June. They were on an excursion of pleasure—only enough control to keep them, out of danger. Such a cluster of happy faces—such bright eyes, and rosy cheeks—such graceful forms and jocular, laughing, thrilling voices—such rich and flowing ringlets—such taste and artlessness, and innocent coquetry! Even the eloquent pen of a poet would fail in the effort to describe them. Happy—happy girlhood! as we gazed, what visions of coming time passed through our imagination. The sunny brow, robbed of its youthful brightness and glory—the bounding step, restrained by disappointment and care—the ruddy cheek pale with sickness and sufferings. But all was sad and shadowy. Love, mingled in the day dream, and with his eyes of light and lips of joy, drew pictures of bliss at which the heart thrilled and dilated with sincere delight. We saw the altar and the bride—the blushing maid, and the manly lover—the affianced one and her betrothed—the young mother bending over the cherub features of her first born—the happy father, proud of his only boy! As the years flitted by, how many were the changes! Before us stood Youth, and Hope, and Loveliness, and Joy. Beyond—how varied, how chequered the scene!—Laugh on—laugh on, we inwardly exclaimed! Pleasure is but a bubble—a gilded, sparkling bubble. Youth passes like the rosy dreams of the morning! Enjoy the glad hours then while they last! Innocent—artless—happy days of girlhood!

"Play on—play on—I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring."

DEATH.

This is a world of sorrow. Man is made to mourn; the truth of which is every hour verified by the words, actions, and habits of almost every individual. Not that his Creator brought him into existence for the express purpose of inflicting punishment upon him, but because of his fallen state, Sin brought death in to the world and all

our wo." The various and innumerable crimes, which are so prevalent, degrade a large portion of the human family into the deepest misery, and almost fill the earth with one loud and united cry of lamentation and distress.

But, aside from those causes of sorrow, which are nearly, if not all, brought upon the sufferers by their own, or the vicious conduct of others, for

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."
there is another, and prolific source, whence springs, alike, the grief of the openly profane, the morally honest, and the truly pious. True they do not all sorrow to the same degree, or is their grief exactly to the same nature, although produced by the same cause. While on sorrows without any alleviation, and ceases not to give full vent to the bitterness of his soul, "another sorrows not as those who have no hope," but under the keenest pangs that flesh is capable of enduring, can say, and feel the consolation the thought imparts, from having a well grounded assurance of its reality.

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then I shall sigh and weep no more."

Death, insatiate, unspurring death, is the cause of this universal amount of grief and pain. The husband is robbed of the partner of his bosom; the wife of her only earthly comfort; children's minds orphans; friends separated; the fondest earthly ties cut asunder; the liveliest expectation disappointed; the fairest prospects blasted; and the most mature plans frustrated, by this un conquerable enemy to human happiness. To-day we may be basking in the mild sunshine of pleasure, with the light of joyful anticipations playing upon our brow, and surrounded by those who are interested and anxious for our welfare; to-morrow we may be shrouded in all the gloom and melancholy of one bereaved of his nearest relative, or oneself encircled in the cold embrace of death. No situation in life, neither friends nor fortune, honor nor fame, love nor hatred, can shield us from his matchless power. The young and the aged, the freeman and the slave, the learned and illiterate, all of whatever character or influence, in society, all must yield implicit obedience, when called upon to hear their final and eternal doom. In view of these impressive and all-important truths, and the conduct of men in general in reference to this subject, how forcible is the sentiment that "all men think all men mortal but themselves."

only that fluid which trickles down the bright sides of our own American mountains—others into rills in the woody uplands, then rolls into broad, beautiful, transparent rivers—spreads into lakes, the mirrors to reflect all that is dark, or soft, or bright, or deep in the unfathomed firmament above. Give me these crystal streams—these cool, fever allaying waves, in health or sickness, when the thirst of the last fatal fever shall assail my vitals—give me these waters, untortured and free, until that moment when I shall drink the waters of eternal life!"

A beautiful Extract—However dark and misconsolate the path of life may seem to any and, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heeds the spirits of striving triumph, or responds to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet those countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall not be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away—the last great battle shall be fought; and then a small voice at first not heard, shall rise to a tempest, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear His voice.

A vigilant justice of the peace, who resides in a borough on the banks of the Tees, has a vigilant Newfoundland dog, no less renowned for sagacity than his master. The other day, a lady was on a visit to the worthy justice's house, and the dog observing her talking her departure in the evening, he rushed after her and seized her garments to arrest her steps. She endeavored to release herself—it was a fruitless effort. The dog would not allow her to walk in any direction excepting that which led her once more to the door of the magistrate's residence; and even a woman's will (proverbially tenacious) was compelled to yield to a dog's. The lady complied with his wish that she should return to the house. He was then delighted and wagged his tail with great glee, as he conducted her into the presence of his master, a ministerial master. The secret of the arrest was then explained; the lady being apprized of the coldness of the night, had borrowed a shawl from one of the inmates, and the watchful brute had apprehended her for felony!

Smoking—All physicians agree in pronouncing the use of tobacco to be injurious. There is no people among whom it is used intemperately as it is among the Germans. And their most eminent physicians have declared that the practice of smoking is one of the most efficient causes of the tendency of that nation to the diseases of the lungs. It is estimated that one half the men, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, who die, are killed by the practice of smoking. Let smokers think of this—*Lowell Ad.*

A handsome donation.

We understand that a most gratifying tribute of affection and esteem has been made to Mrs. Noble, wife of the Rev. James Noble, minister of the Gaelic Chapel in Edinburgh, by the females of her husband's congregation. It consists of a tray, with an uncommonly handsome silver tea service, each piece of which is engraved with an appropriate inscription. This token of heartfelt regard cannot but afford the highest degree of pleasure to Mr. Noble and his amiable wife.—*Witness*

The old town clock in the steeple of the 1st Presbyterian church in Newark, N. J., appears to have been seized with the spirit of the age, says the Newark Daily Advertiser, and is going ahead of its contemporaries about half an hour.

The Crescent City has given vent to the following ominous paragraph.—A QUESTION.—The emigration from England into this country, is greater than has ever been known, and our affairs, it has been said, are getting critical again with that country. Are these pauper emigrants soldiers in disguise, or ready to be made such on a declaration of hostilities? We only ask for information.

Below Par.—The Detroit Advertiser states that the state of Michigan is in pressing want of Rail Road iron to complete thirty or forty miles of rail road, to enable her to use her public works; but her credit has fallen so low that nobody will guarantee payment.

Water versus Rum.—In a lecture recently delivered by Professor Maffit the following beautiful apostrophe to water was introduced:—"The strength of rum! Give me only the pure water, which nature brews down in the bright crystal alembics of her cloud-crested mountains. Give me when I would assail with strained nerves and the arduous outlay of bones and sinews some amount of opposition, reared full and impassable in my path—give me only that pure flow which followed the stroke of the Prophet's rod—give me that gush cool and clear that bubbled up before Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. Give me