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## EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

From *Willmar & Smith's European Times.*

### SCOTLAND.

There is some prospect that the Non-Industralists will be in a minority at the next meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A recent decision of the Court of Session against the competency of ministers of *quoad sacra* parishes, (parishes separated by the Church, from larger parishes—a sort of district of chapels-of-ease), to act in the affairs of the Church, has had a considerable effect. Many Presbyteries have obeyed the decision, and excluded the *quoad sacra* ministers from the election of their representatives in the Assembly; and in others defections from the Non-Industrial ranks have been numerous. The *Edinburgh Observer* says—

"Scarcely had the tidings of the rebuke given them in the House of Lords reached the different provinces of Scotland, when they received mortal blows in the house of their friends." Of these, the most disheartening, perhaps, was that inflicted at Auchterarder on Tuesday last; when 'our morality,' that had stood out for years against the authority of the law, dwindled into a helpless minority, and deserted their post and their colours in a state of utter impotency. Every arrival of the post during the past week brought tidings either of defeat or of defection in the different Presbyteries of the Church, in the election of Commissioners to the ensuing General Assembly; and it is now quite evident, that when that Assembly shall meet, the Incendiaries and Destructives of the Church will be in a most decided minority."

### FRANCE.

"The opening of the whole line of the Paris and Rouen railroad to the public," says the *Presse*, "is positively fixed for May 3." Viscount Dubouchage presented on the 3rd inst. a petition to the Chamber of Peers, signed by several persons at Bourges, complaining that the Infante Don Carlos was detained as a state prisoner in that town, and praying that he might be set at liberty to change his residence, or leave the country. Private letters state that Don Carlos is detained at Bourges against his will, however it may suit the French Ministry to deny the fact. He cannot leave the country without passports, which the government refuse, and he cannot go to a certain distance from Bourges without being exposed to the interference of the police.

The *Echo de la Frontiere* of the 7th inst. announces that, on the preceding evening, the old belfry of the Cathedral of Valenciennes gave way, and fell with a tremendous crash, burying under its ruins a number of workmen engaged in repairing it, and destroying several houses contiguous to the church. The number of persons injured was not yet known; eight had been already taken from under the ruins, and the two regiments of the garrison had been called out to clear away the fallen materials, in order to rescue several others whose groans were distinctly heard.

The disorders that had broken out in St. Domingo have caused some alarm in France, independently of financial considerations. The Minister of Marine had forwarded orders to the Maritime Prefect of Brest to dispatch two men-of-war to Hayti to protect the French residents.

The *Tulouanais* of the 6th inst. states that the Emperor of Morocco had given satisfaction to the United States for the insult offered to their Consul by the Governor of Tangier. The latter had been superseded in his post, and the flag of the Union having been hoisted on the Consular house, was saluted by the batteries of the place."

### SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes were opened on the 3d with great pomp and formality. A detachment of cavalry and six carriages accompanied the Regent and the young Queen from the palace. The Regent read the royal speech. After alluding to the zeal of the magistracy, and the penury of the treasury, the speech states that the late insurrection had paralyzed the economical schemes of the government, and created an additional debt, in consequence of the necessity of raising a large military force. The speech concludes by stating that—"The fortunate moment has come when the Cortes and the Government will find a glorious opportunity (which their patronism will not suffer to escape) of fulfilling the wishes of the nation and the duties which we owe to the august and youthful princess now seated on the throne of her ancestors. Laws which will consolidate the state on its basis—laws calculated to open the sources of public prosperity, behold, gentlemen senators and deputies, they which the country desires that which is worthy and becoming of the nation, and of Queen Isabella for this country, having been unable to effect II. May her Majesty, with the Brazilian Government, although at the moment of just prior to the packet's departure, an application had been made by the officials to our Ministers to detain the Linnet for three days, longer, which request has been refused. An announcement of the failure of two influential houses for very large amounts has been received by this conveyance, and which events were followed by the defalcations of several coffee dealers. The exchange was firm at 27, the first house having appeared anxious to draw at that rate, and the amount of transactions for this packet has been considerable.

## POETRY.

For the Standard.

### ODE TO SPRING.

O Spring, sweet Spring, thou art surpassing fair!

Thou dost thy melting, magic garland fling  
O'er mountain, river, ocean, earth and air;  
And gladness spreads her downy wing  
O'er every heart, and every living thing.

The Boreal blasts and freezing storms are gone,  
Those howling ministers of breath and dread;  
Once more, I feel the warm enlivening Sun,  
And see his glory burst above my head,  
Not as when storm and cold around his disk were spread.

Awakes my harp as from a grave entombed,  
Exults in life as once again 'twas young,  
No more in dark Eolian cave entombed,  
Where reached by gelid winds it careless sung,  
Frost-shattered, voiceless, desolate, unstrung.

Awake, awake to God, the rapturous lay,  
And pour forth all thy soul in grateful song  
To Him, who rules the natal, mortal day,  
Or bids man die, or doth his life prolong—  
Praise Him to whom life, light, and truth belong!

Stern Winter, thou hast swept with harshest hand  
Of howling storm, keen wind, and raging flood,  
O'er the flint frozer, snow-heaped groaning land,  
While near thee, haggard, night pall'd  
Death hath stood,  
His dart triumphant dyed in human blood!

methinks I hear that loud blast whistling  
still,  
As fatal gusts swept o'er the icy moor,  
And hark the dying shriek rise wildly shrill,  
(The quenched in still silence shall be still)  
Of strong and brave who yield life's precious boon

Nor yet on storm-riven ocean's frightened breast  
On wintry wood, or frost-entrusted cave,  
Alone has thou lift up thy gloomy crest,  
O Death!—no tender care had power to save;  
And many a heart weeps o'er its loved one's grave!

Once more 'tis Spring! and bursts triumphant forth  
From wintry death—believing mourners sing!  
Look round, and see the season shadow forth  
The sacred triumph of Immortal King;  
Faded the grave, and death has lost his sting.

Those tender buds whom late ye wet with tears!  
All pale in death, shall bloom in deathless clime;  
"I am the life," the soul exalting heirs;  
And springs beyond the bounds of lagging time,  
To hail the glories of the eternal prime.  
O. U.  
May 1, 1843.

**Extraordinary Power of Recognition in a Tiger.**—One day last week, a singular occurrence happened in Wombwell's Royal Menagerie corroborative of the retentive memory of the forest tribe, the tiger. A sailor who had been strolling round the exhibition loitering here and there to admire and identify some of the animals with those he had seen in far distant climes, was attracted by the strange noise made by a tiger who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which he remarked became more boisterous the nearer he approached the animal, the keeper replied that the behaviour of the tiger indicated either that he was vastly pleased or annoyed; upon this the sailor again approached the den and after gazing at the tiger a few minutes, he discovered it to be the same animal brought to England under the especial care of the weather-beaten tar. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted as it appeared the tiger was in thus recognising his old friend, and after making repeated applications to be

permitted to enter the den for this purpose, as he said, of shaking a fist with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do, the iron-door was opened and in jumped Jack to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers on.

The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction, and when the honest tar left the den the anguish appeared almost insupportable.—*Davenport Independent.*

ST. ANDREWS

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

from 27th April 1843, to 10th May, 1843.

(both inclusive)

April & May	Barom at Ther. at	Wind at
1843	A. M. P. M. A. P. A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.
Tuesday 27	29.86 29.23	41 40 SSW S S W
Wednesday 28	29.41 29.44	33 36 N E N
Thursday 29	29.70 29.95	32 31 N N E
Friday 30	30.00 30.33	39 39 S E S E
Saturday 31	30.00 29.94	38 45 S E E
Sunday 1	30.11 29.92	40 40 S S W
Monday 2	30.12 30.43	41 41 N W N W
Tuesday 3	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Wednesday 4	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Thursday 5	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Friday 6	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Saturday 7	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Sunday 8	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Monday 9	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W
Tuesday 10	30.30 30.33	40 40 N W S W

REMARKS &c.

A. M. Light, thick fog, dazzling rain. P. M. Mod. cloudy, rain.

A. M. Mod. fine, cloudy, par. clear. P. M. Mod. fine, clear.

A. M. Light, fine, clear. P. M. Mod. fine, clear.

A. M. Light, overcast. P. M. Mod. cloudy, par. strong.

A. M. Fresh, cloudy. P. M. Moderate, cloudy.

A. M. Light, fine, cloudy. P. M. Light, cloudy.

A. M. Light, cloudy. P. M. Mod. cloudy, par. fresh rain.

A. M. Fresh, fine, clear. P. M. Mod. fine, clear.

A. M. Mod. fine. P. M. Fresh, fine, clear.

A. M. Light, fine, clear. P. M. Mod. fine, clear.

A. M. Mod. cloudy, light, rain. P. M. Light, cloud.

A. M. Fresh, cloudy, small rain. P. M. Mod. cloudy, rain.

A. M. Light, cloudy, rain. P. M. Moderate, cloudy.

A. M. Light, fine, clear. P. M. Light, very fine.

Thurs. 11th, this morning the Thermometer stood at 40°—Barometer 30.01

### MOMENTS OF TERROR.

A small schooner was chartered in New York, in '37, to take a company of players to Texas. I forget the managers name, but he was with his troop, and contemplated a junction with Corri, who is of some standing as a public caterer in the young republic. Among the company were Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Messrs. Page, Dougherty, and Williams, with the manager and several others. The little craft was caught in a gale off Cape Hatteras; a heavy sea struck her stern and forced her head into the wind—her bows were seized by the gale, and she went down stern first. Being light freighted she soon rose to the surface, keel upwards. The captain, with all his little crew, and some of the passengers who were on deck were swept away like so much chaff; but the suddenness of their destruction was mercy compared to the sufferings endured by the unfortunate in the cabin. The companion-way had been left open, and the rushing water soon engulfed the inmates, already sorely bruised by the loose furniture and luggage that knocked against them in the capsize. When the water in the cabin reached its level, it was found that by standing on the beam or roof, there was a vacancy in it, of about six inches between the top of the water and the bottom of the cabin overhead. Consequently full grown persons could find breathing room by holding their faces in a horizontal position, but were liable to lose their standing every instant from the rolling of the vessel in the trough of the sea. But few of the passengers could avail themselves of this tantalizing assistance for any length of time—the weak-bodied and short-sized men gradually sunk, maugre all the assistance that the strongest class could render. The husbands fought with death most manfully in behalf of the wives—but were unable to save them. One of the ladies had an infant, and intent upon its salvation, literally drowned herself in endeavoring to hold her babe above the water. Thrice did her husband dive and rescue all he held dear on earth and three was he compelled to let them sink. Now, I affirm that no imagination can picture a scene of more perfect horror than this floating chamber of death presented to the survivors, who were struggling to maintain life for a few seconds in almost hopeless agony. Without a ray of light to cheer them—dashed from side to side as the vessel gave to the fury of the sea, with the dead bodies of their wives, and comets rolling about them, the howling of the storm without rendering the despair within more terrible, by forbidding the hope of rescue—the occasional moments of silence interrupted by the muttered prayer or agonized supplication of the sufferers, with the bubbling struggling deaths of the victims, as they writhed about the limbs of the survivors—all this is truly horrible;—no romance can equal it, and the annals of suffering cannot afford a parallel case.

Death was gradually dwindling the numbers of the passengers, when one of them proposed to dive down under the companion ladder, swim along beneath the bulwarks, and come up in the open sea, by the side of the capsize hull. The attempt was difficult to a practised swimmer, and but two of the survivors were able to swim at all. There was also the chance of being caught in one of the sails, or getting entangled in the rigging—and, supposing all these difficulties conquered, what certainty, was there that the swimmer would be able to secure a holding-place on the hull, in that fierce, raging sea? But, on the other side, the scene afforded a hope of escape—while certain death awaited them inside. The best swimmer volunteered to make the first essay; and if successful, he was to knock loudly upon the upturned keel. He made several attempts before he was able to clear the ladder; at last, he succeeded in getting out of the cabin, but they waited in vain for the encouraging sound. One of them declared he heard a wild shriek mingle with the gale shortly after the adventurer disappeared. Another ventured, and was fortunately thrown on the hull by a wave as soon as he reached the surface. He kicked loudly against the side of the craft, and in a few minutes beheld another of the sufferers struggling furiously to reach the hull—he was successful! The third and last appeared and also gained a hold upon the vessel; but he was too exhausted to remain. He fell off in the course of the night, and Williams and Dougherty were the only survivors of that ill-fated company and crew.

For four days, these poor fellows were tossed about, clinging to the upturned vessel, and suffering from famine, thirst, fatigue, and cold. A brig, bound to New Orleans, rescued them, but Williams never recovered;—he was too exhausted to speak, when picked off the wreck, and died shortly after he reached the brig. Dougherty still survives.

Cows.—The following is from one of our exchanges—it is good advice. The point at which farmers are most at fault, and that for which our correspondents and hundreds of others blame them, and with reason too, is that they overstock their farms—only half feed their animals—let skeleton cow-frames drag themselves over the premises, and complain because the dry bones do not give milk abundantly. Wherever cows are kept for the dairy, it is possible and proper—yes, it is a duty, to keep them well.—This can be done. If you cannot keep four well, try two; the two, well kept, will give more income than four half starved ones. The goodness of the cow is determined partly by her native properties—but the food also has much, and very much to do, in making her good or otherwise. Keep no more than you can feed well—very well.

Pruning Fruit Trees.—It has been my humble lot to spend the most of my time in the spring and fore part of summer, in engraving and pruning fruit trees, and my experience goes to prove that the best time for pruning is when the leaves are full grown, and the tree is in a vigorous and growing state. For at this season, when the sap has been spent in the foliage, and the pores of the wood are filled, so that when the limbs is taken off, the sun and warm weather will dry the end of the limb and close the pores of the wood against the weather, and the sap will keep the limb alive to the very end, and the healing will be perceived immediately.—[Boston Cult.]

Sir J. Newport, on Thursday, breathed his last, at his seat, Newport, near Waterford.—Sir John was upwards of ninety years of age. He was a distinguished member of the Irish parliament, in which he advocated the claims of the Roman Catholics, and in fact every thing which was agitated in that assembly. The parliamentary and public career of Sir John, after the Union, is a matter of public notoriety in England. He was the recipient of a pension of £1,000 a year, since his resignation of the Comptroliership of the Exchequer.

Lieutenant Murray, in his "Drings in China," gives the following proof of the aptitude for civilization possessed by the juvenile branches of the celestials.—"The children are very intelligent and sharp; they pick up English easy. Almost all the young Blackguards about this place could swear in very good English."

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