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# The Standard.

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**Dipping a Lamb.**—Charles Lamb was at one part of life ordered to the seaside for the benefit of bathing; but not possessing strength of nerve sufficient to throw himself into the water he necessarily yielded his small person up to the discretion of two men to plunge him. On the first morning, having prepared for immersion, he placed himself, not without trepidation, between these huge creatures, meaning to give the previously requisite instructions, which his particular case required; but from the very agitated state he was in, from terror of what he might possibly "suffer" from a sea change his unfortunate impediment of speech became greater than usual; and his infirmity prevented his directions being so prompt as was necessary. Standing, therefore, with a man at either elbow, he began: "I—I—I'm to be di-i-ipped!" The men answered the instruction with a ready "Yes, sir!" and in they soused him! As soon as he rose, and could regain a portion of his lost breath, he stammered out as before, "I—I—I'm to be di-i-ipped!" Another hearty "Yes, sir and down he went a second time. Again he rose, and then with a struggle, (to which the men were too much used on such occasions to heed,) he made an effort for freedom; but not succeeding, he articulated as at first, "I—I—I'm to be di-i-ipped!" "Yes sir!" and to the bottom he went again; when Lamb, rising for the third time to the surface, shouted out in desperate energy, "O—O—only once!"—Memoirs of Matthews.

**Adventures on first Landing at Alexandria.**—At the very port, donkey-drivers wait for travellers, live the hackney coaches and cabriolets on the stands of Paris. In fact they are everywhere; at the square tower, Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and it must be confessed that they surpass our coachmen and cads in foresight and tenacity. Before I had time to make selection, I was seized, carried off, placed astride on a donkey whipped off, hurried to another, tumbled from that on to the sand amid shouts and blows exchanged so rapidly that I had not time to offer the least resistance. I profited by the moment of re-spite which the battle over my prostrate body afforded to look around me, and I perceived that Mavor was in a still more critical position; in fact, he was a prisoner, and, in spite of his entreaties, was carried off at a gallop by the donkey and its driver. I ran to his aid, and succeeded in rescuing him from the infidel; we then hurried down the nearest lane to hide ourselves from this eighth plague of Egypt; but we were soon overtaken by our tormentors, who, for greater speed, had mounted their quadrupeds, and thus had over us all the advantages of cavalry over infantry. I do not know how matters would have ended this time, if some good Moslems, recognizing us as Franks by our dress, had not taken pity on us, and without saying a word, or even warning us by gesture of their good intentions, came to our rescue, and put our officious assailants to flight with heavy blows from hippopotamus thongs.—Alexander Dumas.

**Economy in Candles.**—If you are without a rush-light, and would burn a candle all night, unless you

use the following precaution, it is to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the houses:—This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly burnt candle, when if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed chamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt and consumed in the wick.—The Economist.

We admire the ladies because of their beauty,—respect them because of their virtue,—adore them because of their intelligence,—and love them because,—we can't help it!—Dublin Monitor.

**Caution to Persons Writing on Newspaper Covers.**—Mr. H. Naghtan of Manchester, having put his initials on the cover of a newspaper which he had addressed to a gentleman in Ireland, the postage of the paper was charged £1, 13s., and as the gentleman refused to take it in, it was returned to Mr. Naghtan who also refused to receive it. He was in consequence summoned before the Magistrates of Manchester, who enforced the penalty.—Worcester Journal.

**Tea best in the Evening.**—Tea, as the morning beverage, when breakfast forms a good substantial meal, upon which the powers for the day of meeting the various chances and changes of life depend, provided it be not too strong, is much to be recommended; but when individuals eat little, coffee certainly supports in a more decided manner, and besides this, tea without a certain quantity of solid aliment, is much more likely to influence the nervous system. Some persons, if they drink tea in the morning and coffee at night, suffer much in animal spirits and in power of enjoyment of the pleasures of society; but if they reverse the system, and take coffee in the morning and tea at night, they reap benefit in the change; for the coffee, which to them in the morning is nutrition, becomes a stimulant at night, and the tea, which acts as a diluent at night, gives nothing for during the day.—Dr. Sigmond on Tea.

**New Fish.**—Mr. Strickland, of Yorkshire, has communicated to the British Association an account of the capture of a new species of fish, at Burlington Quay, on the 11th of August last. It was of the shark tribe, but it differed with those that are usually met with.—It was seven feet and a half in length, and three feet three inches round the girth. The skin was smooth and shining, and on the upper part of the back it had sharp spines, not large in size, and about one inch asunder. Its eyes were large, and hung over the mouth, and between the eyes were placed the nostrils. It was of a reddish slate color when taken, but assumed a redder cast before it died.—The author then described the anatomy of the fish, the result of which convinced him that it was a species not hitherto taken on the British shore. Mr. Yarrell thought it would be found to resemble one brought from Africa by Dr. Smith, and to belong to the genus—Say-

binum of Cuvier; but Dr. Smith had found it necessary to subdivide that genus, and this animal might be referred to the group thus separated from the species originally placed in the genus.—Locke's New Era.

**Poetry LINES.**  
Like dew-drops to the parching flower,  
Like water to the Bereant's bowl,  
Like roses to Love's summer bower,  
Is music to the soul!  
Thoughts that have number'd long or slept  
In the deep labyrinth of the mind;  
Bright memories of past moments kept  
Like relics fondly shined.  
Kindle to life at music's call,  
Like water gushing from the stream,  
(Long claimed in writers' icy thrall,  
When kindled by summers' beam.

**THE PRINTER.**  
Who's it, "Gentle Reader," who,  
That labours hard in pressing you,  
By telling all that's strange and new?  
The Printer.  
Who is it brings you from afar,  
Intelligence of civil war,  
Or feats of some immortal tar?  
The Printer.  
Who is it that with erick and aule,  
Chastises well the knave and fool,  
And keeps in awe the party tool?  
The Printer.

By whom is it that learning's got,  
And genius to perfection brought—  
O! Reader, say, is it not  
The Printer.  
Who helped the gospel light to shine,  
Gave glory to the Lord divine,  
Nor bow'd down to the Virgin's shrine?  
The Printer.

Then in no case should you delay,  
(Though many do from day to day.)  
With punctuality to pay—  
THE PRINTER.  
We would recommend the last verse of the above lines to the particular attention of our Subscribers.

**UNFADING BEAUTY.**  
He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from starlike-eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.  
But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts, with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-fading fires.  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

**ON SLANDER.**  
Against Slander there is no defence.  
Hell cannot boast so foul a friend.  
Nor man deplore so fell a foe.—  
It stabs with a word—with a nod  
—with a shrug—with a look—with  
a smile. It is the pestilence walk-  
ing in darkness spreading contagion  
far and wide, which the most  
wary traveller cannot avoid. It  
is the heart searching dagger of  
the dark assassin. It is the poison-  
ed arrow whose wound is incur-  
able. It is the mortal sting of  
the deadly adder. Murder is its em-  
ployment—Innocence its prey—  
and ruin its spoil.—Anon.

**A Rhyme.**—A London poet, some years ago, offered fifty pounds for a word that would rhyme with "porringer." This was done about the time the Duke of York gave his daughter in marriage to the Prince of Orange. The next morning after the offer, the papers contained the following:  
"The Duke of York a daughter had,  
He gave the Prince of Orange her,  
You see my friend I've found a word,  
Which rhymes with yours of Porringer."

**Editorial Independence.**—The truth is, there is a vast deal more servility than even the bread and butter plea will excuse. Few pa-

pers would lose, by their conduct, assuming a more independent tone. It is an exaggerated cowardice that makes the press so crouching and time serving. The people are not so intolerant as their timid servants imagine. The tyranny of public opinion in the country is magnified. An editor writes an unpalatable article: rebuked for its hardness by some three or four discontinuances, directly he accuses the public of intolerance; when, perhaps, there are hundreds more of his readers, who, though displeas'd with his sentiments, who have never thought of persecuting him. The editor is to blame. He suffers himself to be put in terror by three or four malcontents; and then to excuse his own meanness in yielding up his right of free utterance, would make the world believe that his readers are too liberal to tolerate his occasional independence.—Philanthropist.

**Eloquence.**—It has been remarked that the writings of importance among nations have been preserved more from their beauty than from any other circumstance. On this ground, we may anticipate immortality to the writing of Erskine. He was not an eloquent man, but an eloquent Scotsman.—An Englishman goes to the point at once, casts a look of importance at the audience, tells them that he will not trespass on their time beyond what is necessary, and also, that they shall not pick his pocket; in short, he is not a man of words, but of action. The Irish and Scotch are more prolix, but the prolixity of the Irish is very different from that of the Scotch, both in manner and cause, in the Irish it arises from the buoyancy of fancy; in the Scotch, from a strength of logic. The Irish would almost make you lose yourself in a bed of flowers; the Scotch, in a bed of metaphysics. The lecturer then gave a few examples of each.

O'Connell, in Dublin, being told by a gentleman, that the ferocity of his eloquence consisted in death's head and cross bones, replied, "And yours in calf's head and jaw bones." Again, two scotsmen, being at a church in Glasgow observed the minister so deeply impressed and bowed down with the weighty importance of his subject that he wept much: the one said to the other, "Weel; John, I wonder why the minister greets sae sair;" to which the other replied, "Weel Robert, I think you would greet too, gin ye were stuck up in his place, an' had so little to say for yourself' as he has." Again, a huge lawyer once said to Curran, the Irish barrister, who was of small stature, "I could put you in my pocket." Curran retorted quickly, "Then you would have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head." Mr. Clerk, the celebrated Scotch advocate, when in London, pleading his cause with his usual great eloquence, but in his broad Scotch tongue, was interrupted by his opponent, who happened to be a dandy English Lord, who told Mr. Clerk, "I do not understand you sir." Clerk replied, "I dinna ken whether ye understand me or no—but weel I ken every man o' common sense will understand me."

Cheat the doctor by living temperate, and the lawyer by keeping out of debt.

**Heroism in Humble Life.**—During the late storm, a French vessel was wrecked in the dead of the night in Weymouth Bay. A coast guard-man, named John Mantle, thinking he saw human beings moving on the deck, jumped into the raging sea, and swam to her. On board he found two boys and the Captain, who had broken his leg on her deck. Mantle took the boys safely to shore, and then returning to the wreck with a rope, which was made fast to the shore, he slung the captain in a running tackle, and he was safely landed. The gallant fellow then groped in the cabins to find if any living being remained, and afterwards jumped into the sea and swam to the shore in safety. On Monday last Mantle attended at the Town Hall, Weymouth, when the mayor delivered to him the silver medal and £5 from the Royal Humane Society; a like sum of money, and a bronze medal, from Lloyd's; a beautiful watch, with a suitable inscription, from the inhabitants of Weymouth; £20 by vote of the Lords of the Treasury; and £5 from the Shipwreck Association. Mantle, whose officers have promoted him for his courage, was informed that the French Government was about to reward him with a gold medal, &c. In returning thanks for the various rewards given to him, this brave man, with great modesty, assured the gentlemen that the results of his endeavours was his richest reward.

### BOSTON NOTION.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.  
The spirit of the age is utilitarian. Progress is stamped upon the face of everything. All the useful arts are progressing with unparalleled rapidity, and the art of printing is coming in for its full share of the common improvements. Determined not to be outdone in any thing that pertains to his profession, where there is a fair chance for exertion and enterprise, the undersigned has determined upon issuing a sheet TWICE the size of the Boston Weekly Times, (and to take the place of that paper) and will contain eight columns more matter than the Bostonian. This sheet will be called the BOSTON NOTION, and it is determined that it shall fully sustain a reputation as that of being "said to be" interested with the established character of the Bostonian. It will be the LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD—with no exception—and will be printed on a sheet four inches by five and a half inches, and will contain three thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight square inches, or nearly seven square feet of print in the type; and a single number will contain more reading than an ordinary book of one hundred pages. These great dimensions will enable the publisher to draw largely upon the most popular periodicals and magazines of the day, both American and Foreign, and as the selections will be made with great care, it is believed that the paper will be a welcome NOTION to every family. Besides a full synopsis of the current news of the day (as published in the Boston Daily Times) it will contain Poetry, Popular Tales, Tracts, Sermons, Fables, and other Court Reports, Humorous articles, &c. &c.  
The whole world of literature will be ransacked to fill it. From the study of the philosopher down to the Police Court, through all the regions of science, poetry, and story, and the thousand records of life, we shall glean from the past and present, and from all nations, as present as glowing as useful a combination of recorded thought and current history, as the world ever produced. This is our "BOSTON NOTION."  
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GEORGE ROBERTS, Publisher.

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Subscriptions for the sheet received at this office.