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The Standard,

OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

E variis sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

No 13 SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1852. [Vol. 19

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS

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MOST ACCOMPLISHED AND THOROUGH ROGUE.—The Philadelphia papers give some of the adventures of a most daring and successful thief and swindler, who has been operating in that city very extensively for about six weeks, to the loss of hotel keepers, stablers, traders, &c. and who is withal a fugitive from justice in Kentucky. He is described as a man of genteel appearance and gentlemanly address, a little past fifty years of age, and as assuming various characters, and giving different names and residences. His previous history is sketched thus:

His name is G. Reed Thompson. He is one of the smartest, shrewdest, coolest, and most desperate criminals in the country. He is an American of Southern extraction, and is a man of education and extensive travel and observation. His family is highly respectable, and, in his younger days, he made the tour of Europe. He has visited in his day, almost every part of the United States. Once he had wealth, and there was no occasion for him to do wrong to supply himself with pecuniary means. Circumstances, perhaps, made him a criminal. He early acquired a passion for gambling, and played high and risked much.

In 1838, while in Washington city, where he had resided for a number of years, he lost $43,000 at the gaming table. He grew desperate, and perpetrated the first forgery of Treasury notes. For this he was arrested and committed to prison at the Capitol, under the name of Henderson. He broke jail, and fled West and down the Ohio. At Cincinnati, a gambler with whom he had quarelled, informed on him, and had him arrested. He was taken back to Washington, and sentenced to ten years. In 1843, after he had served four years, President Tyler pardoned him.

After leaving the Washington Penitentiary, he went south, and followed sporting. In N. Orleans he married the widow of a well known officer of volunteers in our city, who lost his life by exposure in the Southwark riots.

In 1846 he was arrested in Louisville, Ky., where he had lived for about a year, for some robberies at the Galt House, and other hotels. The money and other property stolen by him amounted to a heavy sum. He made a compromise, and pleaded guilty to a certain number of bills, out of twenty-five indictments against him, on which he was sentenced to five years in the Frankfort Penitentiary. Previous to his trial he broke jail, and was recaptured at New Orleans. His wife, after detection and conviction, procured a divorce from him, and married again.

After serving out half of his sentence he one day threw snuff into the keeper's eyes, and ran out of a gate. They fired at him, and he quickly broke down and was retaken. For this attempted escape he received two years more. Again after serving his original sentence, all to nine months, on the 5th of July last, he, in company with two other convicts, escaped, and had been at large until captured by the Marshal's police. He will now be detained until the authorities of Kentucky can be communicated with.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

The New Orleans Picayune thus instructs people generally:

Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before you throw away a dollar; remember you have another to make for it. Find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation. Buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits.—Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error of a cent trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never 'fly the track.' Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last. Though you should even fail in the struggle you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised. By following these rules, however, you need never say fail. Pay debts promptly, and so exact your dues. Keep your word. Take the papers. Advertise.

KEEP COOL.

To our conception there is something rather tickling to the fancy in the following sage advice as to how to conduct one's self in case of fire. "Whatever may be the heat of the moment; keep cool. Let nothing put you out, but find something to put out the fire.—Keep yourself collected, and then collect your family. After putting on your shoes and stockings, call out for pumps and hose to the firemen. Dont think about saving your watch and rings, for while you stand wringing your hands, you may be neglecting the the turncock, which is a jewel of the first water at such a moment. Bid him with all your might turn on the main!

H. W. Buell auctioneer, of Baltimore, blew his brains out with a pistol, a few days since. He was laboring under menomania and feared that he should come to want, though he leaves an estate worth $80,000.

REAL LIFE--A HIT AT HUSBANDS.

The following is one of the best things that we have met with for a long time. We fear moreover, that it contains more truth than poetry, although of course, there are exceptions. The author evidently has had some experience in the matrimonial line, and while his sketch is true to the life in many particulars, it is quite possible that the other side would furnish a very amusing and instructive picture.—Albany Express.

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

Now girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honeymoons; it makes me sick, it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce—matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons. Nurses. Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honeymoon is as short lived as a lucifer match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the washtub, and your night cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat in this world; when he gets through he will and your digestion, (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought.

Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper that you have not had a chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologises for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday—thinks it doubtful if he can to-day—"so pressed with business." Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice cream with some ladies at Vinton's while you are at home new lining his coat sleeves. Children by the earful day, can't get out to take the air feel as crazy as a fly in a drum; husband comes home at night, nods a "how d'ye do, Fan," boxes Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug-nose grows blue with the cold;—reads the newspaper all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! after which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores, till 9 o'clock. Next morning ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long enough and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, and if half a dollar wont do." Gracious king! as if those little shoes, and stockings, and petticoats could be had for half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap dogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children thro' the measles, chicken-pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever, some of 'em twice over; it makes my head ache to think of it. Oh, you may scrimp and save and twist and turn and dig and delve, and economise and die, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board; but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get; there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world wasn't fools, and t'other half idiots, I do. Oh, dear!

Olive Branch.

SMOKE BUT KNOW WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU.—A scientific writer in the Tribune, comments on the growing rage for smoking, and says:

"Tobacco employed in this way—being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood—not in vivifying but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle and circulates it through the whole system. It produces, in consequence, a febrile action in those of delicate habits. Where there is any tendency of phthisis and tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent in the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach."

THE CLIMATE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Last evening, the Rev. Dr. J. W. D. Gray favoured the Members of the Mechanics' Institute with an excellent popular lecture on this subject. Coming home to every one of us, it engaged, as might have been expected, the close attention of the respectable auditory who were present. The Rev. lecturer looked at each of the Seasons, beginning with Spring, and ending with Winter. He mentioned the astronomical allotment of months to each, but said that by actual fact, confirmed by experience, Summer in New Brunswick was the only season which was fairly entitled to its fourth part of the year, namely, the months of June, July, and August and that Winter had transgressed its boundaries, taking in at its commencement the month of November, and encroaching in its termination the Month of March, leaving only two months to Spring and two to Autumn.—The phenomena of the Seasons he treated in a philosophical and explained in a popular manner, referring them to the goodness and benevolence of the Creator, by which they were adapted to the peculiar wants of the soil and the necessities of man. The average temperature was given as found in the Thermometrical registers kept by our townsman, Mr. Gove, and by the College at Fredericton. The employment of *personification* in treating of the months, and the occasional introduction of a choice poetic stanza from some of our well known British Bards, removed all dryness from the lecture, and rendered it very pleasing; and the manner in which he dressed off our Winter, not only by comparing it with that of other countries, but by shewing its advantages, might, we conceive, have the effect of reconciling us to its length and some of its harsher features. The Doctor, in his conclusion, spoke of the probable amelioration of our climate: and regarding it as very improbable that any of the physical circumstances, such as latitude, solar declination or continental situation, should be so altered as to produce any improvement, fairly inferred from the changes that have taken place in our Parent Country since the days of Julius Cæsar, that the hewing down of our forests and the clearing and cultivation of the soil, will yet cause our posterity yet unborn to rejoice in the possession of a winter less rigorous in its cold and less grasping in its extent. The lecture was well received.—and we would express our hope that the Rev. Dr. will not be reluctant in future seasons to give us some more of such refreshing and pleasing entertainments.—*St. John Observer.*

SUFFERING ON THE COAST OF PATAGONIA.—The missionaries who left England for the purpose of civilizing the natives of Terra del Fuego, arrived in November, 1850, and on the 14th December the ship Ocean Queen left them there being bound to California.—The party consisted of seven persons. Capt. Allen Gardner, of the English navy: Messrs Maidenment, Williams, Babcock, Pierce, Erwin and Bryant. The natives being hostile, they were driven about from place to place, encountering storms and gales, and finally died of starvation. Recently there were found on New Years Island, twelve of the crew of the Danish bark Albaden, who had been cast away for thirty three days, and were living on penguin; and had I not fortunately met them they must soon have shared the fate of the missionaries. It is impossible to show what hardship these men suffered, which they bore with Christian fortitude—they have borne up without a murmur. The writings of the missionaries were very affecting—to see how resigned they were to their fate, knowing that their lives would not be long spared. At the time Babcock died, the 28th of June, (mid winter here, the mountains being covered with snow,) they had but a week's provisions; so some idea may be formed of their sufferings

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—By an arrival at this port yesterday, we have Cape Town papers to Jan. 26. The chief matters in them are the details of the Kaffir war, which seems still to hang upon the colony, with little prospect of a close. The greatest triumphs recorded by the general orders of the British Generals are captures of cattle and slaughter of Kaffirs. On the other hand the natives attacking the colonists at every point from which the troops were removed, and the papers have many accounts of destructive attacks and even massacres. The government troops were concentrated at Butterworth, after a movement, called the Trans Kei expedition, which had occupied six weeks of field operations. Crossing the river Kei gives the name of the campaign, and Lieut. Colonel Eyre seems to have won its principal laurels.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

FAT CATTLE FROM NOTTAWASAGA.—Upwards of 20 Fatted Oxen passed through Barrie for Toronto, on the 25th ult. They belonged to J. D. Stevens, Esq., of Nottawasaga. He informed us that they were all fed on the produce of his own farm, in a large underground cellar. They have been fed on turnips, ground barley and oats, with chopped hay and straw, and are all in excellent condition.—*Barrie Herald.*

KIND OF HAD HIM FOUL.

Some people have an ugly way of laying hands on small trifles that don't belong to them; which cost others money, and which *they* don't think of paying for. Now it is very well known that *groceries* pay about the smallest profit of any other Merchandise, hence the habit some folks have of going into a store to purchase ten to twenty five cents worth of groceries—to be sent home—and and while they wait for the goods to be put up they amuse themselves by a mouthful of sugar, gormandize an apple of two or guzzle a bunch of raisins, figs, slice of cheese, plug of tobacco, biscuit, or whatever else lies around temptingly exposed to view. You may rest assured that people don't trade and traffic for the fun of it, and if you rogue the grocer he will be justified in keeping square with you by sending light weight and scant measure. A facetious old mercantile friend of ours up town, was thus bled by a customer who used to come in daily to order something or other in the grocery line, and who having an amazing sweet tooth in his head, thought nothing of nibbling chunks of sugar bunches of raisins, &c. One morning Nibble came into the store before breakfast, evidently disturbed in mind.

Mr. ——, you sent my quarter bill last night?

Yes, sir, I did.

Well, there's one item I don't understand—nibbles, three months, daily—$3. what the dickens do you mean by that?

You keep a dry goods store, Mr ——?

Yes, I do.

Now suppose I came in every day to buy two or three shillings worth of goods, and each time I should levy on a spool of cotton, a paper of needles, or a piece of tape, which I never of course thought of accounting for—

Oh, ah, yes, yes, I take the force of what you are about to say, these little things do count up. You've got me now.

The bill was paid. The dry, goodist did not take the matter as an insult, and what is still more strange—has quit nibbling.

A "PEMPKIN" STORY.—We (California Gazette) extract the following from a letter received from our obliging correspondent at Sonoma, which we insert willingly, though holding him responsible for its veracity:—

"In agriculture, the 'thine and mine' of this favored vale are *tearing up* a good business for the future. Ploughed fields and fine gardens are to be seen everywhere. For the present, thank Providence, there is no probability of famine with either man or beast.—The people here boast (and I think justly, too,) that they have the most productive soil in the State, for the culture of both grain and vegetables. As an illustration of this fact, I will repeat a story told me the other day:

"A few months since, a stranger, while riding in company with an "old settler," some dozen miles above this infant city, observed at a distance a spherical body sufficiently large to admit a man standing. It was of a yellowish color. He enquired the use of it, and what it was, and was quietly told it was neighbor ——'s house. Among other questions, he asked what materials it was composed of, and why built in that novel manner.

"Why, man!" exclaimed his companion, apparently surprised at the strangers's ignorance; Built! It was never built—it growed itself! You see, they dig out the inside and the rind makes a first rate wagon proof cabin."

"But—but—," stammered the stranger, "what the d—l is it?

"Pshaw! man!" answered the old settler, "don't you see, was once a solid *pumpkin!*"

The story sayeth that the stranger became suddenly thirsty, rushed in the adjacent woods for water, and was doubtless lost, as nothing has been heard of him since.

THE BRIDAL.—AN EXTRACT.—Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was to unite them in bonds never to be torn asunde, stood like an executioner, before the bride and bridegroom, and they bent down their heads like criminals, before him. In vain might the eye wander round that assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance—all was dreary, black, and shrouded in one dark, overshadowing pall of rayless gloom. Ah, joyful ever should be the linking of young hearts together, and heavy must be the fate of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering—even at that threshold which should blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise. Yet the same sombre shade—the same depth of darkness was seated upon every countenance. No sudden blushing of the rose—no swift succeeding lily—no fitful changes, telling of youthful passion and warm hope, was seen in that bride's cheek; but one unwavering shade of funeral gloom possessed the maid—possessed the groom—possessed the select circle of friends—possessed the preacher—in fact they were all possessed. Reader, they were DARKIES.

ANECDOTE OF THE SULTAN.—Late letters from Constantinople relate an anecdote of the Sultan, which is quite worthy of the Arabian Nights. A rich Armenian had lost a portfolio, containing 400,000 piastres, and for which he offered a reward of 40,000.—The portfolio was found, and the reward claimed by a very honest old man; but the Armenian, in order to escape payment, then declared that the portfolio also contained a very valuable ring which the old man must have stolen.—The affair was brought before the Sultan, who, having ascertained the honesty of the old man and the well known avarice of his adversary, decided that, as the Armenian declared that his portfolio contained a ring, this could not be the one he had lost, and that he had better return it to the old man and continue to advertise for his own.

The Contractor of the Richmond Railway has published at the Church door of Richmond that he will shortly require 500 additional labourers and a certain number of carts and horses.—Quebec Chronicle.

The two Italian seamen accused of murder on the high seas, who were sent to England by the authorities here, the courts having no jurisdiction, have been sentenced to ten years transportation having been found guilty of wounding a deceased sailor, named Getland, with intent to do him serious bodily harm.—Ibid.

Extraordinary Instinct in a Bird.—An instance of bird instinct is mentioned by Mr. Schoolcraft, which is worth mentioning. He says:

On one occasion after we had entered Lake Superior, and were leisurely paddling not remote from shore, one of the Indians fired at and wounded a duck. The bird could not rise so as to fly, but swam ashore, and, by the time we reached the land, was completely missing. A white man would have been nonplussed. Not so with the Indian. He saw a fallen tree, and carefully looked for an orifice in the under side, and, when he found one, thrust in his hand and drew out of it the poor wounded bird. Frightened and in pain it appeared to roll its eye balls completely round.

Fire in the Bowery—Man burned to death.—Yesterday morning, about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in the store No. 81½ Bowery, and communicated with the adjoining building occupied by Mr. Lauvelt as a chair factory, and both buildings were soon enveloped in flames. The loss is estimated at $6000. The families occupying the upper stories were unable to escape from their apartments, and at one time it was feared they would all perish. The dense smoke that issued from the windows rendered it impossible to afford assistance to the poor sufferers, and their shrieks were heart rending. Sergeant Ackerman made his way through the smoke and flames into one of the buildings, and saved a child that was lying at the head of the stairs. By this time, a ladder being procured, two men were rescued, but the women would not venture to escape by this means, and their lives were only saved by the exertions of the foreman of Hose Company No. 14, who, at the risk of his own life, ascended the ladder several times, and succeeded in rescuing all the females and children from their perilous situation. After the fire was extinguished, two men, named Henry Miller and Robert Eifler were found lying among the mass of ruins, almost dead from suffocation and the burns they had received. They were conveyed to the Fourteenth District Station-house, where Miller survived a few moments and expired. Eifles was carried to the New York Hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition, and apparently beyond all hopes of recovery.—[New York Express, Thursday.

VULGARITY.

The vulgar is everything which does not speak to the mind, but which takes merely a sensuous interest. There are, in fine, a thousand things which are vulgar from their subject or contents; but, as the vulgarity of the subject can be elevated by its treatment, it is here the question only of the vulgar in form. A dull man will debase the noblest subject by his dull handling of it; a great intellect, on the contrary, knows how to elevate and adorn the meanest subject by linking it to something spiritual, and by discerning a nobleside even in this ignoble subject, to which other men are blind. So a historian of inferior order will judge of the most insignificant achievements of his hero with the same care and gravity as his noble deeds, and pause as long over his genealogy, the fashion of his dress, and his domestic trivialities, as over his struggles and undertakings; his greatest deeds are recited in so spiritless a manner that no reader can clearly see their significance. On the other hand, a historian of intellect and true nobility of soul throws an interest over his hero's private life, and gives force and significance to the most trivial actions. The Dutch, generally, exhibit a vulgar taste; the Italians a great and noble taste.

The Peterboro' *Despatch* states that no less than eight million feet of lumber will be exported from that place during the next season of navigation.

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