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22—From New York  
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House  
N A C.

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# The Standard.

## OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

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**LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS**  
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### POETRY.

#### NEAR THEE.

I would be with thee—near thee, ever near thee—  
Watching thee ever, as the angels are—  
Still seeking with my spirit power to cheer thee  
And thou to see me, but as some bright star,  
Knowing me not, but yet oft-times perceiving  
That when thou gaze'st I still brighter grow,  
Beaming and trembling—like some bosom heav-  
ing  
With all it knows, yet would not have thee  
know.  
It would be with thee—fond, yet silent ever,  
Nor break the spell in which my soul is bound;  
Mirror'd within thee as within a river;  
A flower upon thy breast and thou the ground!  
That, when I died and unto earth return'd,  
Our natures never more might parted be;  
Within thy being all my own inured—  
Life, bloom, and beauty, all absorbed in thee."

### THE SNOW.

This silvery snow—the silvery snow—  
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;  
And the trees with their diamond branches appear  
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;  
While soft as music, and wild and white,  
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,  
And sparkles the river and fount as they flow;  
Oh who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!  
The silvery snow, and the tinkling frost—  
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;  
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,  
To live in a purer and holier clime!  
A new creation without a stain—  
Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain!  
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,  
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The custom of choosing Valentines is of very long standing, and like many other of a popular nature, is no more than a corruption of something similar that had prevailed in the times of paganism. It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februus, Februus, and Februus. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the lives of the saints, the Rev. Alban Butler. It would seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions; and accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing names would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen should be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place. There is another opinion on the origin of choosing Valentines, which has been formed on a tradition among the common people, that at the above season of the year birds choose their mates, a circumstance that is frequently alluded to by poets, and particularly by Chaucer, yet this seems to be a mere poetical idea, borrowed in all probability from the practice in question. Again, it has been supposed that the custom originated in the following manner. During carnival time which usually happens about Saint Valentine's Day great numbers of knights assembled together in the various courts of Europe to entertain the ladies with feasts and tournaments, when each lady made choice of a knight, who usually en- listed in her service for a whole year, during which period he bound himself to perform, whatever was consistent with propriety. One employment was the writing verses full of tenderness, not that it was requisite for the heart to be at all concerned in the matter. A little reflection, however, may serve to show, that even this practice is only derivative from the elder one.

It is presumed that the earliest specimens remaining of poetical Valentines are those preserved in the works of Charles Duke of Orleans, a prince of high accomplishments, and the father of Louis the Twelfth of France. He was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agin-

court, and remained a captive in this country twenty five years, during which time he wrote several thousand lines of poetry, a few in English. Many of those poems are written on Saint Valentine's day, and in some of them his mistress is called his Valentine. In the Royal Library of manuscripts, now in the British Museum, there is a magnificent volume containing probably all that the Duke wrote whilst in England. It belonged to King Henry the Seventh, for whom it had been copied from some older manuscript, and is beautifully illuminated. In one of the paintings the duke is represented in the White Tower sitting at a writing table, with guards attending him. In another part of it he is looking out of a window; and in a third he is going out of the Tower to meet some person who has just alighted from his horse. At a distance is London Bridge with the houses on it, and the curious chapel, all very distinct, and probably faithful copies. Besides the above work, this fine manuscript contains some composition by the celebrated Chaucer, and other matters of less consequence.

In one of Duke's poems he feigns that on Saint Valentine's day appears to him with an invitation to the temple of Love. On the same day he devotes himself to the service of several ladies, according to what he states to have been the custom in England. It appears that when Ash Wednesday happened to fall on Saint Valentine's day, the knights and their ladies assembled only in the afternoon, the morning being necessarily devoted to pious purposes.

A MOTIVE FOR STUDY.—One of the best motives of rendering study agreeable is, to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts. Nothing short of some such powerful motive, can drive a young person, in the full possession of health and bodily activity, to such an unnatural and such an unobvious mode of passing his life, as study. But this is the way that intellectual greatness often begins. The trophies of Milvades drive away sleep. A young man sees the honour, in which knowledge is held by his fellow-creatures, and he surrenders every present gratification, that he may gain them. The honour in which living genius is held, the trophies by which it is adorned after death, it receives and enjoys from the feelings of men, not from their sense of duty; but men never obey this feeling without discharging the first of all duties; and increasing the dignity of our nature, by enlarging the dominion of mind. No eminent man was ever rewarded in vain; no breath of praise was ever idly lavished upon him; it has never yet been idle and foolish to rear up splendid monuments to his name; the rumor of these things impels young minds to the noblest exertions, creates in them an empire over present passions, inures them to the severest toils, determines them to live only for the use of others, and to leave a great and lasting memorial behind them.—[Sydney Smith.

### SPEAK KINDLY.

The politeness is the offspring of good nature and a good heart. It is as far from the studied politeness of a fox as the flower of wax is from nature's own fragrant rose. Yet a good heart needs cultivation to be productive of good manners. How often have my own feelings been injured by a rough uncalled remark, when kind words could have been as easily spoken! There are times for sarcasm and rebuke; but these, in no case, should be so frequent as to form a habit of blunt and careless speaking. Some are led to such a course by attempting to be frank and open hearted, forgetting that the most severe and unwelcome truths can be uttered in the kindest and most polite language. "Words are empty," but important things. One heedless saying may destroy a valuable friendship, may sever hearts whose union would have been a blessing through time. It is useless to say "it was spoken in sport"—a spark of fire unintentionally thrown upon powder will ignite it as soon as one thrown intentionally. The motto of Friendship should be, *kind feelings, kind words, and kind acts.*

A destructive hail storm recently visited Patten, (Me.) the small hail covering the ground in most parts of the town, white as winter; but the scene of destruction was a half mile wide, where the hail was about the size of hens' eggs, of the hardest size, in a round form, pouring down in such quantities with a furious tempest of wind, that in a few minutes the ground was covered on a level three or four inches deep. The roar without, and the shaking clatter of houses was such that windows were not heard to break, though the glass was struck in all directions. The storm seemed to mark a certain width for destruction, and took almost every green thing, and within one rod of such complete destruction nothing was injured.—[New Brunswick.

### FRENCH FAME IN IRELAND.

A Monsieur, travelling in Ireland, put up at a house of entertainment in the country, and as the time for dining approached, his host ventured to ask his guest—"may I make bold to ask your honor, what is it you'd be wanting for your dinner?" The Frenchman's appetite prompted his natural apishness, and he, therefore, guessed the purport of Pat's query.

"Any peageons?"  
"Oh, plenty of them; yes, sir."  
"Very well, mon ami, you get me some peageon for my dinner?"  
"Why, then, to be sure I will yer honor, and welcome."

Away went the host to obey these foreign orders, without a remark louder than he thought in his own mind of "Blood and ounce and that's quite taste enough." Up came the dinner, and down it went into the secret caverns, of French digestion. Next morning Paddy appeared before his boarder with—

"What'll yer honor have for dinner to-day?"  
"Ah, my friend—your peageon ver good, ver good indeed—I shall have more peageon to-day, eh?"

"Oh, to be sure ye shall, your honor—an welcome—more and more if it like it." On went the week, and each day was the unvarying taste of the epicurean tourist supplied with "more peageon." Saturday came, and with it came the faltering host.

"Oh, then, what'll honor have for dinner to-morrow, Sunday, you know?"  
"Peageon, ver fine!" cried the Frenchman, smacking his lips, "you any more peageon?"  
"Truth, and the devil another pushen is left in the parish, barrin yer honor'll sit the old tom cat himself!"  
"Cat—Thomas Cat—ch? I said peageon, my friend."

"Sure ye did—and the devil a thing else have I given you but pushen."  
"Peageon that fly, I mean."  
"Well, our pushens will fly at ye, too, if you read on their tail."

"But replied the trembling Frenchman, you did say something about one cat?"  
"One cat! Why, by the head of Saint Dennis, 'tis not one, but six cats yer honor has ate."

"Eat six cats? yelled the petrified tourist.  
"What, me eat six cats! I asked for peageon."  
"Well, pushen is what we call little kittens—wee cats."  
"I did mean peageon with wing and fedders!"

A light here gleamed in upon Paddy's knowledge box. "Oh, by my soul and conscience, I believe 'twas pious yer honor wanted."  
"Oul, yes—to be sure, my friend."

"Ah, then, why the devil don't you French people learn to talk plain. Sure you do air such queer things as frogs, snails, and rats; bad luck to me if I saw anything strange in your calling for little cats."

"Leetle cats I have ate one, two—zix leetle cats!"  
"Devil a doubt of it."

The grimace which followed the certainty of this fact, may be more easily imagined than described. The Frenchman quickly packed up, and as quickly made away from a country that knew no difference between cats and pigeons. We do not know whether he ever published his Thoughts upon Irish Miseries—if so, they were never translated.

### CENSUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Census has just been issued, from which it appears that the increase in the population of England and Wales, in the last ten years, is in round numbers, 2,000,000. In Scotland the increase is 200,000. The population of London is now 2,363,141, being an increase over the population in 1841, of 414,980, the population having been in that year 1,948,161.

INFANT GIANTESS.—There is at present exhibiting in this place a young girl not five years of age, whose size and weight are almost incredible. Her height is 4 feet eight inches, and she weighs something over 100 lbs. She is well proportioned, and appears to have no malformation. She is accompanied by her mother, who is a woman of small size and rather interesting appearance.—[Pictorial Chronicle.

THE BOAT RACE which was put off on Friday last, owing to some misunderstanding, took place on Saturday, and the Indian Town boat came in first, it appearing that the Carleton boat gave up the contest on account of the boats having come in collision three times while behind Partridge Island. The Carleton crew protested against the race, and the matter was referred to the umpires, who decided yesterday that there was unfair play on both sides, and ordered that the race should be run over again, or the money returned to the parties who staked it.—[New Brunswick.

### A MINE UNDER THE SEA.

The following description of a visit to Bottalack copper mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Rail-roads." In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their belts, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders along dripping wet rock passages, fathoms down into pitchy darkness. The miner who guides them calls a halt; and their exact position with reference to the surface of the "terraqueous globe" is thus described—

"We are now four hundred yards out, under the bottom of the sea, and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work, and there are galleries deeper yet even below that. The extraordinary position, down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface at Bottalack is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines, under the land, but under the sea."

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads, and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a cove of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance, from some far, invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful, and still so ghostly and impressive, when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue insensitively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange feeling of astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf breaking the rocks of a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so that the sound is low, and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height; when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor. All ascend to the surface to breathe upper air and stand on the firm earth—dreading, though no catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the cavern below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy, and flaring our candles higher and higher in the darkness, can see the bright, pure copper streaking the gallery in every direction. Lumps of some of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is salt water percolating through invisible cracks on the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains and will always remain, untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is part and a great part of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea and which has been so far worked away here that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pickaxe on any part of it."

NO BUSINESS OF HIS.—A correspondent says—"Coming from Aberdeen one day, by the Dundee and Perth and Aberdeen Railway, I was amused by a laughable incident which occurred in the carriage in which I had taken my seat. An old woman was sitting opposite me; and as we came near to Montrose, the guard looked in as usual, and said, "Any one here for Montrose?" There was no answer, and we were a good way on our road to Forfar, when this old woman inquired of the gentleman who sat next her if she was near Montrose yet? "Near Montrose! We're near Forfar; did you not hear the guard asking if there was any one for Montrose?" "Hoo! awa, laddie," said the old lady, "wha was gaen to answer thon impudent scoundrel! Fat business had he faar I was gaen."—[Perthshire Advertiser.

### IMPULSE AND REASON.

There are moments in the life of every one, when some sudden and unexpected change hurries us rapidly through a bustling and exciting scene when we are called upon to decide and act, suddenly upon unforeseen conditions, and then leaves us to pause and reflect in solitude and silence upon what we have just done. The effect is strange, as all men arrived at mature life must have felt, when, left to our own thoughts, we scan the busy moments just passed, doubtful whether impulse or reason have guided us aright. Often the answer is, "Yes," and often "No;" and when it is negative, man, with his great skill in covering his own faults and follies from his eyes, satisfies himself by shrugging up his shoulders and saying "I acted for the best." forgetting too often how much of the guilt he would thus pollute is attributable to the evil habit of not making reason his ever present and ready guide. Exercise thy daily, use her upon all occasions, and she will act at the first call. Neglect her for an hour; she falls asleep, and requires time to be roused. All very true, but do any of us remember this as much as we ought!—G. P. R. James's new work, "Heavy Smeaton."

We are informed, that a number of persons have gone on a Gold hunting expedition up the Casapedia river. An Indian tradition, that a Gold Mine was discovered many years ago, by a couple of Micmac hunters, has lately met with many believers, from the fact that a yellow colored and shining substance has again been found by a lumberer. We have not had an opportunity of seeing any of the supposed precious metal, but others who have, are quite confident it is the real Simon Pure. We hope they may not be disappointed, or verify the old proverb:—"That all is not gold, that glitters."—[Gaspé Gazette.

SCOLDING CHILDREN.—A great deal of injury is done to children by scolding. Many children have been driven from home by it, and have become wanderers and vagabonds in consequence. It sours their temper, so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your own temper, likewise, provided it is sweet, which is a question. If you scold, the more you'll have to scold, because you become crosser, and so do your children. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it they cannot love you, as well after you have rated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision—you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences and they feel the justice of your conduct, and love you, notwithstanding all; but they hate scolding.

ACUTENESS.—STUPIDITY.—Blackwood once observed, that, if the acuteness of man was searching, his stupidity was often profound—so profound, indeed, that we are continually hearing of men (and even women!) who hunt out an escape of gas with a lighted candle! The latest illustration of this stupidity was afforded on the 20th ultimo, in Great Queen Street, London, by Mr. Wilson, a broker, who, smelling a leak, sought it out with a light, and had his house blown up for his pains, with loss of sight to his shopman, and injury to all the inmates, not excepting poor puss.

GALLANT.—A gallant wag was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, turned to her and asked her why she was like a tailor. "Don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting beside a goose."

A REASON.—An old bruiser was overheard, the other day, advising a youngster to get married, "because then, my boy you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home drunk."

CURE OF INFIDELITY.—A celebrated French infidel, being introduced to the pious Fenelon, and spending some time in his society—witnessing the loveliness of his manners and conversation, was constrained to say to a friend: "I must not stay in the presence of this holy man; if I do, I shall be compelled to renounce my infidelity; so much purity, so much amiable, proves religion to be of heavenly origin."

CONSEQUENCES.—He who considers consequences with too much attention is ordinarily a man of no courage.

PREFER solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon manners, not anything that offends modesty.

Of all employments, quarrelling about religion is the worst. He that quarrels about religion, has no religion—worth quarrelling for.

IMPORTANT FACT.—It has been found that men who pay promptly for their newspapers, rarely have to call in the doctor, so calm are their minds and so healthy is its influence.