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The Standard.

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COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

Saint Stephen, Sept. 13, 1839.

MR. EDITOR,

There is such a man as A New Brunswicker in London; at least, so says the Saint John Courier, of August the 31st. That he is a very distinguished man, and writes letters to his transatlantic friends, is, I believe, beyond doubt. Whether A New Brunswicker, a Colonist, *et hoc genus omne*, write when they get to London for the sole purpose of enlightening their countrymen, and doing a public service; or whether they are straining after popularity, and trying to subserve the interest of a party, I cannot pretend to determine. Doubtless they have motives: what these are must remain a secret.

A New-Brunswicker's letter published in the Courier, certainly contains a great many remarkable things. At present, however, I shall only advert to the Nova Scotia deputations.

The business of the two deputations, A New Brunswicker believes, "is merely, if not quite concluded,"—that "the honourable gentlemen from the Legislative "Council, have had, so far as he "can learn, the decided advantage" —and that "the gentlemen of the "Assembly, are likely to take nothing by their motion." Judging from a New Brunswicker's peculiar sentiments, and situation in London, we may rationally conclude that he was in no very favorable position to view both sides of the question. However, he prudently qualifies his assertions with a *believe*, and *so far as he can learn*. In a short time, we too shall be able to learn how matters stand.—I would just remind a New Brunswicker of the Address that, on a former occasion, was despatched by the Nova Scotia Assembly, and the Council's Reply, which was considered by all genuine tories as a complete refutation of the Address. Predictions as to the fate of the former, were not wanting; but the result somewhat disappointed the expectations of such as a New Brunswicker in London. The same thing may occur again.

Under a lively impression of the impending evils to Nova Scotia, he with becoming propriety, expresses a regret, that the Assembly should "send a deputation, "charged with such slight and "frivolous matters!" It would seem that a New Brunswicker understands the business of the Nova Scotia Legislature, better than they do themselves. It may be a slight and frivolous matter, that a denomination, comprising but a small part of the population of Nova Scotia, should be represented in the Councils to the almost utter exclusion of every other sect. It may be a slight and frivolous matter, that the aristocracy of Halifax and their creatures have an overwhelming sway in the Councils. It may be a slight and frivolous matter, that the Assembly have no adquate control over some, at least; of the revenues of the province. These matters, and more of the same kind that might be mentioned, may be slight and frivolous to some,—but others are of a different opinion.—The complaints of the Nova Scotia Assembly, need not here be recapitulated. They are too well known, and too justly founded, to be quieted by the epithets of *slight* and *frivolous*.

But, what seems to deepen this regret so feelingly expressed by our countrymen, is the fact, that the aforesaid 'slight' and 'frivolous' matters were urged at a time, "when the Assembly of Novascotia had *justly* gained so much "credit, by their *spirited* and *noble* "*conduct* at the time of the disturbance on our frontier." If the remonstrance of the Assembly was right, its presentation at a time when their public credit was highly estimated, could not make it wrong. If it was wrong, their previous *noble conduct* could not make it more than wrong. The good action, one would suppose, rather tended to counterbalance the bad one, and to diminish instead of increasing the magnitude of the supposed crime. Let us enquire how this 'public credit' has been gained,—in what this 'noble and spirited conduct' consists.—First, there was a note of one hundred thousand pounds, which they knew would never be called for, and if it had been, they could not have paid it without seriously embarrassing the Province already groaning under a heavy debt.—This would have been too hazardous an experiment. May we not rather suppose, that the members of the Assembly knew the sum voted would not be expended? They knew, if the sum voted had been taken from the provincial treasury for the purpose of defending the Disputed Territory, the next general election would have made a sad change in their Honourable House. Next,—eight thousand men were to be drafted. They knew that they could not oblige a man to march on military duty out of his own province; or, if they did not know it, the people did, and would not have complied with any such order. Except a few volunteers that might or might not have been procured, not an individual would have stirred.

The country did not at all respond to the enthusiasm real or pretended of the House of Assembly. And this is the *noble* and *spirited conduct* by which Nova Scotia had acquired so much credit in London!

A New Brunswicker in this part of his letter, loses sight of the delegation altogether. He is carried away with a new theme, which he pursues in a most singular strain. We are informed that he himself, has figured conspicuously at 'public banquets' in London,—that "the most lavish compliments have "been paid to the inhabitants" of these provinces,—that (nothing of great consequence) "their conduct "has been highly approved of in "Downing street,"—and that (listen to this) "he had several times "heard it said that the bold and "determined front of the people "of New Brunswick and Nova-"Scotia, had been *mainly instrumental in preventing a war with* "*the United States*!" O my conscience! When the insignificent State of Maine alone convinced the blue-noses aided by Her Majesty's troops, that 'discretion was the better part of valour,' and that it was not exactly prudent to carry into execution a certain threat which was made at the beginning of the disturbance,—strange to tell, this *noble* and *spirited conduct* of standing at bay frightened the general government of the United States and "almost completely changed "the tone of their communications!" Add to this the hint, that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick jointly, were, in consequence of this 'noble conduct,' enjoying A HIGH AND PALMY STATE OF GLORY, and the climax completed.

But the *glory* was *too high and too palmy* to continue. That unfortunate delegation! "Oh how fallen!" Fallen "like Lucifer, never to hope again!" The glory has departed,—their name is Ichabod!

Admitting, however, that a New Brunswicker's statement is literally true, what a picture does he give of the accuracy and justice to be found in Downing Street! a little needless fuss made at the right time, raises a colony to a *high and palmy state of glory*!—a delegation for redress of grievances, reduces it to the lowest degredation!! A New Brunswicker adds "happy would it have been for "Nova Scotia, its House of Assem-"bly, and the gentlemen compos-"ing the delegation, if their visit "to Downing street had never oc-"curred." As matters stand therefore, they must be miserable,—they have committed the unpardonable sin;—and unless the Yankees out of sheer pity, display their 'bean poles' and 'corn stalks' on the Aroostook next winter, and give the Novascotians a chance of another '*hurra*' for their lives, their doom, for aught I can see, is irrevocably sealed. The tender mercies of Downing street, are lost for ever to Novascotians, particularly to the unfortunate delegates. The *fox* notwithstanding his cunning, has been *trapped*, and the *bear* is *fairly up a tree*. The *stallions* however *cover the ground* well, and will, it is expected *win the race*.

Another thing that deserves notice, is the close intimacy which subsists in the imagination of A New Brunswicker, between going to London on a delegation or otherwise, and obtaining advantage *personally* in Downing street. The delegates from Nova Scotia were not sent to England to secure personal benefits, and base would they indeed be, did they sacrifice the public interest to their own aggrandizement. I agree with a New Brunswicker that unflinching integrity to the public welfare, is no favourable recommendation in Downing Street.

Should the business of the delegation, end as has been predicted, it is not wonderful, when we know the great influence which the Councils have always had in that execrable place called *Downing Street*; but it is absurdity to suppose that a failure here stamps the complaints of the Assembly as slight and frivolous, and, folly to imagine, that they will ever rest satisfied,—until they gain those rights for which they are so *nobly* contending.

Of the Honourable Alexander Stewart I should wish to say something, but my letter, like a New Brunswicker's, is already too long.

Yours, &c.

A NEW-BRUNSWICKER AT HOME.

Original.

We have been furnished with the answers to the Charades published in the last Standard, by too correspondents in St. Andrews, but insert those of our friend W. of St. George which are exactly the same.

1st.—Light-house. 2d.—What (Watt.) 3d.—Wellington 4th—Walton. 5th—Wardlaw. 6th—Forster. 7th—Garnett. 8th—Ellman. W.

St. George, Sept 17, 1839.

Poetry.

THE EARLY DEAD.

They go, a fresh and beautiful band,
To the sunny sky of the "spirit land."
To the music soft of an angel choir,
They hymn their joy on a golden lyre;
Gladly, oh gladly, they soar away,
As a bird uncaged, or a child at play.

They go while the rainbow of hope is fair,
Its arch unbroken by sin or care;
While the rosy tint of their life's young glow,
Is as bright as a sunbeam on beds of snow:
And they pass as gently, as softly off,
As the snow-flake melting, till all are gone.

They go while untouched by the opening blast
Which withering time on the old heath cast,
While fancy painteth the amethyst hue
With the diamond glittering and blending through,
As the nightly host in the mildest beam,
Or th' impassioned trust of the lover's dream.

They go—and why should they linger here,
Outliving all gifts that are sweet and dear,
Till the crystal drop of the morning flies,
And life's fair stream at its fountain dries?
Ah! mourn for the things that to earth are wed
But not, oh mourn not, the early dead.

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a lie," said he, "for if I move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

Tight Lacing.—"I think this practice is a great public benefit," said a gentleman.

"A great public benefit," exclaimed a friend, "why, how can that be; do you not see that a great many of our young ladies are ruining their healths, and losing their lives by it?"

"Yes, yes," returned the other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the *fools*, and we shall have all wise ones by and by!"

SPANISH PROVERB.

For him who sleeps his time away
His property is made to pay.

A person once telling an extraordinary story to rather skeptical hearers, one asked the narator, "Sir, if you had not seen the circumstance yourself, could you have believed it?"

"Indeed," replied the other, "I could not."

"Then," rejoined the first, "you will excuse me if I don't believe it neither."

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

At a late term of the court of sessions a culprit pleaded "guilty; but I am not the one."

TWO REASONS.

Two reasons are given, both equally good,
Why the credit of Henry's so bad—
For paying he has not the means, if he would,
Nor is he inclined, if he had.

Among the fashionables, a coachman remarked, that a sociable was all the ton during the honeymoon, and a sulkey ever afterwards.

TIT FOR TAT.

A saucy blockhead once said to a maid.
"Your children will be fools, I'm sore afraid."
"No doubt they will, replied the little shrew,
If I am fool enough to marry you."

Unexpected cut.—An alehouse girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asked her what was her name?

"La, sir," said she, "how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry, ten times in an evening, 'Nan, you slut, bring us another pot!'"

Use of a Hat.—The whole use of a hat is probably not generally known—it is of more use than covering the head. If, when a person fell overdoard, he had the presence of mind to instantly take off his hat and hold the brim of it to his chin so that the hollow would be upwards, it would keep him above the water as long as ever he could hold it. This has been tried, and actually proved correct.

Curious Detection of a Robber.—At the Stockport petty sessions, on Saturday week, two men named Partington and Hurst were charged with a burglary in entering the house of Mr. Lingard, of Stockport. The principal piece of evidence against Hurst, who is a soldier on furlough, consisted of the *mark of his teeth in a pot of butter*. He happened to have a broken tooth of very peculiar form, and having whilst plundering the house indulged himself with a mouthful of butter, he had left the shape of his teeth so distinctly imprinted upon the remainder, as to leave no doubt about his guilt.

Gravity of Breakfast.—Whether breakfast in the most serious and silent meal, because it is first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say; but it does generally pass without much talk, or, at all events, without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long-winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business, an affair of life and death, because people did not break their fast they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week; but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.

Affectation.—One of the most affected women ever known, said to Mrs. Chapone once, in a tone of the utmost languor, "You know one had better be dead than be affected." Thus all condemn what they expect to be admired for; and hope, against all reason and probability, to impose on the world by the same arts, which they can themselves so easily discern in others, and so readily join to deride.

Rouge.—A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales, on the lawfulness of using rouge,—"Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it. I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

Modern Philanthropy.—Modern philanthropy may be well described under the figure of an allegorical personage, who is so busily employed in searching for distant objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim, who came to solicit immediate assistance.

'Look hea, Sam Jonging, you knows a ting or two. Doesn't you tink from the cloudificatiun ob de atmosphere dat we'll hab rain today?'

'Well, I declar Pete Gambo, I doesn't zactly understand astronomity, but I does tink it looks bery omnious.'

'Well, dat's jest dis child's opinion, but I had not de larnology to 'spress it. I neber studied skyology.'—*Pic.*

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