

WANTED.

Wanted, about 15 years
can read and write well, as
Printing business. Those
would be preferred.
July 1, 1840.

OF BRIG ATLAS,
ter, from Sunderland,

a Wallend Coats,
sorted, Crochery Ware,
be sold on reasonable terms.
WM. BABCOCK & SON.
xi

ON SALE.

dy occupied by John Smith
joining land of Mr. John Co-
95 acres, with a dwelling
; about 40 acres, under Cul-
urage. This Farm fronts on
there is an excellent fishery,
sience to obtain rock weed
for manure. This farm will
liberal credit given for pay-
JOHN WILSON.

GOVE.

has received
ish Queen, from London,
ia Saint John.
ACKAGES containing Drugs
Medicines; Perfumery, Colours,
s.c. among which are Epsom
Cream Tartar, whole or retail
perfumed (scented) Soap, Tooth &
a Durham Mustard in Bottles,
aces, Pickles, French Onions—
nits from the best makers. Ver-
Green for Walls which will pro-
green or blue, either for oil or
o &c. &c.
warranted to be from the first
May 15.

BAKING ABISHMENT.

river begs leave respectfully
the Inhabitants of St. An-
dunicity, that he has com-
s in the above line on Tues-
house owned by Mr. Falls &
y's Temperance House, where
eping a constant supply of all
r requir d in his business, viz
Bread, Crackers, Gingerbread,
a Bread; All kinds of Pastry
Cake made in a superior style,
ing carried on the business for
is in the City of St. John, be-
sience in the line of his pro-
fession him to give general satis-
faction him, a reasonable share
age.
ed looked on the afternoon of
Fridays. Merchants can have
ked at the shortest notice.
ove articles may be had for St.
St. George's store.
is sold at the bake-house for

WM. BOOKWOOD.

L & DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Letter from
s daily at 12 o'clock.
and Saint George, by Coach—
nd Saturdays at 7 p. m.
by steam—Mondays; Wednes-
days 3 to 5 p. m.
by Coach—Tuesdays, Thurs-
days.

Depart for
s daily at 10 a. m.
and Saint George, by Coach—
Wednesdays, & Fridays at 7 a. m.
y steam—Tuesdays, Thursdays,
s, at 8 a. m.
by Coach—Mondays, Wed-
Fridays at 10 a. m.

THE
ANDREWS STANDARD
SHEED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
A. W. SMITH.
Office in Saint Andrews,
W. BRUNSWICK.

TERMS.
delivered in town or called for,
when forwarded by mail, is paid
incidental until arrears are paid.
VERTISEMENTS.
ring to written orders, or continued
ad if no written directions
of 12 lines, and under, 3s
n of Do, 4s
n of all over 12 lines 2d per line,
n over 12 lines 1d per line.
by the year as may be agreed on.

AGENTS.

Mrs. S. Connick.
Mr. W. Campbell.
James Allen Esq.
Trist. Moore Esq.
Mr. J. Brown Esq.
Mr. J. Grider.
Mr. David Turner.
Mr. D. Wilmshurst.
Mr. D. Gilmour.
John Knight Esq.
Wilford Fisher Esq.
D. M. Miller Esq.
W. J. Layton.
Mr. Henry S. Book.
Jas. Cook Esq.

PLEASE NOTICE.

advertisement will be inserted
standard unless paid for when
and the number of insertions
Persons having open accounts
office as usual. BLANKS and
ills struck off to order and
delay—per cash down.
18.40 27mm

The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Volume 7.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1840.

Number 27

FILIAL WORTH REWARDED.

"My tale is simple, and of humble birth,
A tribute of respect to real worth."

"You are too parsimonious, Henry," said Mr. D.—to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house, one morning, "give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store." Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. "Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. D. "I would increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient," replied Henry, in a voice choked with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter who was the pride of his declining years. She was dignified as an angel, or as beautiful as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, you had but to become acquainted with, to admire and love her. Such was Caroline Delancy when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he loved her with that deep and devoted affection—and reader had you known him you would not have wondered that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial; they were cast in virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their eyes were too plain to be mistaken. Henry was the very soul of honour, and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer the passion that glowed in his bosom. "I must not endeavour to gain her young and artless heart," thought he—"I am poor—penniless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has always treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful." Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavoured to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle, yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclinations.

He was in the decline of life and wished to see her happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of his daughter's indifference to others, the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that overspread her cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they took more than a common interest in each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks upon the subject, but he was not so displeased at the supposition as the penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ. Mr. Delancy knew nothing of his family, but his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress as well manners, as respectable as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. D. did not think this proceeding from a niggardly disposition, and determined to broach the subject, and if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner we have before related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. As he was returning and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness which convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted her invitation—and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean, that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. D., sat leaning his head on his staff, his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could scarcely have told which had been the original piece.

"That is your father I presume," said Mr. D. addressing the mistress of the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his 83d year; he has survived all his children excepting myself."

"You have once seen better days?"

"I have, my husband was wealthy, but false friends ruined him—he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another until they reduced us to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any remaining children?"

"I have one, and he is my only support—My health is so feeble that I cannot do much,

and my father being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it."

"Then he is not at home with you?"

"No, sir, he is a clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia."

"Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia?"

"Pray what is your son's name?"

"Henry W—"

"Henry W—?" reiterated Mr. D., "why, he is my clerk? I left him at my house not a fortnight since."

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that a mother alone could feel, to all of which Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know our Henry?" said the old man, raising his head from his staff, "well, sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived—God will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather; he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks."

"He is a worthy fellow to be sure," said Mr. D., rising and placing a well-filled purse in the hands of the old man. "He is a worthy fellow and shall not want friends."

"Noble boy," said he mentally, as he was riding leisurely along ruminating on his interview—"noble boy—he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her, and all my property in the bargain."

Filled with this project, and determined if possible to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room the next morning after his arrival home.

"So Henry is about to leave us, to go to England, to try his fortune," he carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave us?" said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hand—"about to leave us and going to England?" she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

"To be sure—but what if he is, my child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing—only I thought we should be rather lonesome," she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. D., tenderly embracing her, "tell me, do you love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never until now, had any thing from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied, hiding her face in her bosom. "I do most sincerely esteem him, but do not for the world, tell him so, for he has never said it was returned."

"Henry," said he, entering the counting house, "you expect to visit the country, shortly, do you?"

"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."

"If it would not be too inconvenient," rejoined Mr. D., "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it will oblige you, I will with pleasure."

"It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about six weeks, and I would not miss of having you attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married, sir?" said Henry, starting, as if by electric shock, "Caroline to be married! Is it possible?"

"To be sure it is—but what is there so wonderful about that?"

"Nothing, sir; only it was rather sudden—rather unexpected, that's all."

"It is rather sudden to be sure," replied Mr. D., "but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector; and the man is well worthy of her. I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad you can stop to the wedding."

"I cannot stay, sir, indeed I cannot," replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot?" rejoined Mr. D., "why you just now said you would."

"Yes, sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go."

"But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in any thing else, sir, but in this respect, I cannot oblige you," said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow—he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an unquenchable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavour to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—Henry," said he, "tell me frankly—do you love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him. "Had I a fortune such as she merits, and such as you, sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I but gain her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the delighted old man—"say not a word about property, my boy; true worth is better than riches." I was only trying you, Henry; and Caroline will never be married to any other than yourself."

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Henry remained silent; but his looks spoke volumes. At last—"I scorn to deceive you, sir," said he, "I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a mother and grandfather who are—"

"I know it. I know it all, Henry," said Mr. D., interrupting him. "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and honour you for it—it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline—so she shall be yours—and may God bless you both."

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until spring, but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much—entirely too much—and he would not endure it: he had told Henry that she was going to be married in about six weeks, and he should not forfeit his word. "But perhaps," added he, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, "perhaps we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling, "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said that you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Henry.

"I know it, I know it," replied he, laughing heartily, "but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time; and that blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

VALUE OF A LIBRARY.

A good library is the true sanctuary of knowledge; it inspires a species of awe and veneration to the very ignorant that enter it; but it cheers and expands the heart of the scholar that understands its worth. It is to him a treasure house or museum of precious gifts, wherein are the effigies, quaintly carved by their own hands, of the great arts of former times; where, laid up in choice vessels, are the essences and fragrant distillations of the meditations of ages; where, by a happy concurrence, we may call up, one by one, the spirits of the wise and good in every generation, and treat with them, and question them as familiar friends. Apart from the devotional season, there is no place whose walls so effectually shut out the turmoil, the chagrin and the anxieties of secular life, or which so soon and so effectually soothe the mind to peace, that has entered with them in itself.

Who should want one?

OUR STAPLE COMMODITY.

There is much wholesome truth in the concluding sentences of the article that we copy below, from the St. John Herald.

"Timber, in all its varied shapes, is now a mere drug in our market. The lumberer who has left his home in search of golden gains in the woods, will find himself most woefully disappointed this season. Ships are now low, timber much lower, and deals lowest of all. There are two circumstances that mainly contribute to produce this depression in trade. The first, the fluctuating state of momentary affairs, both in Britain and the Colonies; and secondly, the circumstances of most of our largest timber ships having gone to the Southward for Cotton freights. In a new country like this, where all are beginning to build, it is quite natural that the settler should fly to the manufacture of such articles as promises the ready penny. But is this politic? Is it wise to do so? We think not. The settler in this country cannot so thoroughly consult the happiness and wealth of himself and rising progeny, as by sticking to agricultural pursuits. The culture of the soil knows no fluctuation. It is a Bank which discounts liberally, and with certainty; and although there may be solitary instances where the lumberman by a lucky stroke, may have succeeded more rapidly than the agriculturist, yet it is a truism not to be gainsaid, that twenty agriculturists have realized for themselves and families a permanent and comfortable home; for one whose occupation has been wood hewing."

"The truth of this axiom is to be found in the present price of Agricultural produce, as follows—hay, £5 per ton; potatoes, 3s. per bushel; butter, 1s. 2d. per lb.; and, 3s. per acre—Measure for carrying away, and neither tax, tythe, rate, nor rent. Who would not turn farmer?"

Cold and Warm Bathing.—If there is a recreation at this season of the year that is more productive of health than any other to the body and mind, we believe that to be the

rapid, warm or cold bath. Of the healthful uses of warm-bathing, says a writer in the Providence Journal, there can be no doubt. Indeed it is astonishing that it is not more generally known and practised; that a clean and healthy state of the skin contributes essentially to promote not only health and cheerfulness, but also longevity; the light and agreeable feeling always consequent on the use of warm-baths, fully confirms this—yes, only from the peculiar softness of the skin which is the result of it, but the muscles and limbs seem to acquire from it increased elasticity.

Some persons imagine that warm bathing exposes those who practice it to "catch cold." Nothing can be farther from the fact. Colds are often produced by impeded perspiration, caused by an accumulation of matter which has filled the pores; warm-bathing opens them and promotes a free and faithful perspiration; and its repetition takes of those impurities which otherwise attach to the persons of those of the most cleanly habits who do not practice warm bathing."

Cold bathing is quite a different thing; with young, strong and healthy persons, it is a bracing luxury and an agreeable exercise; the sick and weakly should never practice it, except under the instructions of their medical advisers.

We learn from a Montreal paper, that a deputation from the St. Patrick's Society waited on His Excellency the Governor Gen. on Wednesday last, with an Address, in which it is stated that great numbers of the Emigrants now assembled in that city are wholly without means of subsistence, and are consequently dependent on casual charity for support. The Address draws a fearful picture of their misery and destitution, and of the consequences that are likely to proceed therefrom unless speedily relieved by administrative measures, which is offered by the Montreal Community; and it presses upon His Excellency's consideration the urgency of providing by immediate legislative enactment for the relief of these indigent Emigrants, and for forwarding them to sections of the country where their labour and energies may be available.

To which His Excellency replied—

GENTLEMEN,—I have warmly at heart the welfare of the St. Patrick's Society, and the interests of Emigrants; I shall always be found ready to afford government relief, where necessary, but I rely confidently on the co-operation of individual benevolence. I shall be ready to do my duty—I hope the public will do theirs.

TEMPERANCE.—This great reformation in the habits of the people, is making giant strides in the Old Country; the present generation may see many of the excellent results which the spread of Temperance is calculated to produce; and it is not too much to hope, that the children who surround us, will, when they occupy our places, find a state of things vastly different from that of the present and the past. There may be three classes enumerated, connected with this reformation,—the philanthropic—whether always wise or not, who are active in urging the principle;—the lookers on, who suffer themselves to be effected by it, and are willing that others should be effected, but who do not feel impelled to act;—and those who stand in opposition to its progress. The latter appear to have become a most lean minority;—the only late exhibition of the spirit that we recollect, is, the shameful—as it appears to us—attempt to give a political aspect to the spread of temperance in Ireland, to afflict an evil significance to that which promises such salutary effects;—to, in fact, call good evil,—as our blessed Lord was charged with being one of "the possessed," when nothing else could be alleged against his character and works.

"Out of nothing—nothing comes."

MECHANICS.—The laws of nature, unlike human laws, can neither be changed nor evaded; and for want of a proper knowledge of simple and exchangeable laws, many men waste immense money in trying to produce great effects by inefficient means.

The mechanical powers, as they are called, do not, and never can, create power—they only modify its application.

The power most easily measured is that of gravity or weight; and it is the cheapest of all powers, or first movers, when as in the case of a water-fall, nature constantly winds up the weight for us for nothing.

Suppose then we have 1000 pounds of water falling ten feet in a minute. No human contrivance can make the water raise more than its own weight to the height of ten feet in the same. It cannot raise quite as much, for the friction of the machinery must waste part of the power; but as it may be a small part let us omit the friction from these calculations.

The effect of the mechanical powers is to enable us, while the original power remains the same, and the rate of its motion the same, to exert a greater power with slower motion, or a lesser power with a quicker motion. But in all such cases, the power produced, multiplied by the speed with which it moves will be found to give the same product.

Thus 1000 pounds falling ten feet in a minute may be made to raise 10,000 pounds, one foot in a minute, the same power being required in such case, but no man can make it do more, for if he did, he would create something out of nothing, which is contrary to a law of nature.

For this reason all attempts to make a mechanical perpetual motion have failed, and never must fail; as such a machine would be equivalent to making a weight raise another weight to itself to the same height in the same time, and enough more to overcome the unyielding friction of the machine, which friction however small, is sooner or later, to stop the motion, unless an additional power is applied sufficient to overcome the friction.

Therefore every man who is trying to make a perpetual motion, or any other machine which he expects to do more than the power applied to work it, is wasting his time and money in that which will be certainly to end in disappointment.—American Farmer's Com.

Character of Reputation.—We know not of any terms which are more often used synonymously than the above; yet they are perfectly distinct in their applications.

Character is a moral attribute which pertains to the individual, of which he is the sole guardian, and for which he is responsible.

Reputation is dependent on circumstances, over which the man frequently has not the most slight control. Misfortune, malignity, slander, or hypocrisy in others, may effectually destroy it, and the victim may walk forth abased, squandered if not hated by society—yet within all may be right.

The character that survives the wreck of the reputation—surviving with calmness the mangled fragments of the latter, as they float in disorder amid the wild passions of men—severed into opposition currents until they are eventually lost.

When, therefore, we say a man has lost his character, we declare him to be devoid of that which amid every trial of life may sustain and comfort him. But when we merely assert that this reputation is gone, we leave him a character that may be perfectly pure above the destruction of man.

The Invention of Printing.—At the last anniversary of the Newspaper Press Benevolent Association, of London, Mr. Leader, M. P., in alluding to the advantages which result from the Art of Printing, referred to the subscription now going forward on the Continent and in England, for a monument to the memory of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, to be erected at Strasburg in 1840. The monument consists of a bronze statue of Gutenberg, with a printing press before him, from which he is about to draw a proof, and of four bas-reliefs representing the benefits of printing in the four quarters of the world. It is designed and modelled by M. David, and is now casting at Paris. At the head of the Auxiliary Committee, at Paris, are the names of Arago, Baron Anthelm, Didot, and twenty or thirty others, of the highest eminence in literature and the arts. An auxiliary Committee is in progress of formation in London.

A Plot has lately been discovered by which a band of swindlers have imposed upon many bankers on the Continent. They have succeeded in getting over £9,000. Their plan was by having forged letters of credit purporting to proceed from Glyn & Co. in Lombard street here. There were fourteen concerned in it, who, by simultaneous action, managed their cards successfully. A banker in Antwerp, however, suspected, and it ended in his putting a man named Perry into custody. This fellow has since made a confession, but so far, the others have yet eluded justice.

A half a million francs has been granted by the French Chambers to carry out the operations against Bannas Ayres. The Chamber of Deputies refused to adhere to the proposition of the Ministry, to increase the appropriation for bringing home the remains of Napoleon from one to two millions of francs. They however voted by 221 to 103, to grant no less liberal an allowance than 22,000,000 for the improvement of the inland navigation of France.

The Algiers expedition is a total failure, and Marshal Vial after an unsuccessful tour across Mount Atlas, with the Dukes of Orleans and Anjou, and it appears, one of his infantry regiments the 17th, severely cut up on his return by a fierce attack of 500 Arab horsemen, under Abd-el-Kader. The Marshal has been recalled.

SILK CATERPILERS.—It is stated in the Constantinople (P.) Telegraph, that Mr. Philipp Phycus is now working in his Highland country, six millions of silk worms, and that he expects to find fourteen millions more, making twenty millions in all, this present season.

We yesterday saw a nice ripe peach. What do you think of that southernmost?—O. J. Farmer, 2d of all, August 1st, 1840.