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# The Standard.

## OR RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL RECORD.

Ex aequo est optimum.—Cic.

No 38] SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1851. [Vol. 18

From the London People's Journal.  
SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES TO READ.

A young lady commits a breach of confidence when she reveals the fact that a sighing suitor has offered himself to her, and she has rejected him. Among the rules of law, or of common sense, there is a principle of confidence. A breach of trust evinces a want of that common principle which keeps human society together; but a breach of confidence betrays a more than ordinary share of baseness and depravity. Matters revealed to the bosom of another in a confidential manner should never be brought to private or public notice except for purposes of public justice. Thus in conversation one may say, "This is told you in trust, not to be mentioned to any one." Or, if communicating with another by epistle, and wishing his thoughts to be considered private, he will prefix to his letter the significant term "confidential," or terminate the same by saying "confidentially yours." Now, for one to reveal a subject thus entrusted in the manner described, would meet with the merited disapprobation and contempt of every person professing the principles of virtue and true nobleness of soul. For even in the pagan world a betrayer of secrets has been considered as only fit for the companionship of the vile and the abandoned. Among the ancient Egyptians, to bring to public notice anything related in confidence was considered a capital offence. But there are certain subjects or secrets which should never be divulged, even when these provisos are not made in epistles or conversation; from the very nature of the intercourse it should be held in sacred confidence. Yet in certain instances we have noticed a disregard to the law of general principles of confidence, as in the case of a declined offer for matrimony by a gentleman to a lady. There is not a great breach of confidence committed when a moral, high-minded young man offers his hand and heart to a professedly virtuous woman; and she, from considerations of vanity or pride, or perhaps no motive at all, reveals the same either directly or indirectly. It is not to be questioned for a moment that the lady, after receiving a proposition for marriage, in her own mind, after due consideration, may say, "No;" yet at the same time it may be asked whether, in nine cases out of ten, when matters of love go so far as to call for an open declaration, that she had not acted the part of a heartless jilt who had given her lover every reason to believe that her affections were sincere and ardent. A popular writer, treating on the delicate subject of "popping the question," concludes his remarks by saying: "As a general rule, a gentleman never need be refused. Every woman, except a cold, heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging the man whom she does not intend to marry, before the matter comes to the point of a declaration." But suppose for a moment, dear lady reader, that the term "heartless coquette" may not be applied to you in the least degree, but that you received the visits and epistles of Mr. A— in no other light than that of a virtuous friend. Yet from what principle of refined sensibility and noble action could even this friend be allowed to be betrayed—one who has visited your home for months and for years? Perhaps you may say, it was violated in a private manner to your brother and sister; at the same time you knew that they in turn would have their professed confidants; so that in a little period it would soon become public property. Or perhaps you may say that no request was made to keep the matter secret. Suppose this were the case? Still was the respect entertained for your moral worth, that your lover could not for a moment suppose that you would meanly betray the trust reposed in you. Was the proposal made in a public manner, that the town, or even your own family, might hear of it? Was it not done in private, when you were alone? Should it be the custom for the lady to make the proposition to the gentleman, would you, in the case of a refusal, like to have the same made public? Act then according to the golden rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." But perhaps you may say that no injury has been inflicted upon your friend by making known the fact that he had offered himself to you. But this you are not so certain. If he is a man of a sensitive disposition, and feeling flattered, I have no doubt that the fact of his rejection, and the consequence of his revealing that which was really confidential, although no request was given not to divulge it.

All those ladies who betray in the slightest degree a confidence of this nature generally reap the reward of their own doings. The consequence is, that men are generally afraid of them. We once knew a young man of fortune, intelligence, and great moral worth, who rather fancied a beautiful lady, of agreeable manners, and fascinating address. When some persons saw fit to recommend her, by saying that she had received some two or three offers, he replied: "If she has deceived others, she shall not have the opportunity of doing so towards me. Besides, she cannot have a pure heart, or else she would never have told me." She lived and died a sour, disappointed old maid, notwithstanding her numerous "offers." Let the fair girls and their good mothers understand, that there can be no greater breach of good manners, or a grosser violation of Christian principles, than to reveal that which has been placed in the secret keeping of one person.

There are, however, two sides to the picture; and now we wish to "put in our oar" and "propel" on the subject of coquettes. And we are not going to say anything of the other sex; we shall speak of the male coquette, the meanest and most despicable of the whole tribe. A man, if such a creature can be called a man, enters a house, the abode of refinement, tenderness, and affection, and by assiduous attentions, by temporary devotion to one particular member of that happy family circle, succeeds in interesting and finally in winning the affections of a self-sacrificing, confiding girl, who has nothing to bestow but the wealth of a pure and innocent heart. This accomplished, this selfish destroyer of fair girl's peace, begins to bethink himself that he may have been a "little too fast;" he should have thought of this before he had gone so far; he must relieve himself from this difficulty, and take good care to be more guarded in future. And straightway he sets about contriving pretexts by which he may perfect his villainy; and difficult as is the task, he achieves it, as such a man would, and leaves the victim of his heartless selfishness a prey to regretful thoughts and painful reminiscences. Whip-suck-villains where ever they may be found! A female coquette is an angel in comparison. She leaves her lover free; not so the other. She has trusted and been deceived—her true heart has been given away, and she has no other heart to bestow.

### THEODORE HOOK'S WAY OF GETTING A DINNER.

"By the way," said Hook to his companion, "of course you have got some money with you?"

A most melancholy negative was given by the respondent: "Not a sixpence—not a quid."

Hook was in the same predicament; the last turnip had exhausted his finances. It was an awkward business, what was to be done! Dine they must, and so must the nag, though it might be difficult under the circumstances, to induce him to eat of the "Red Lion," or "Blue Boar," as the case might be to see the necessity.

"Say!" said Hook suddenly reining up, "do you see that house—pretty little villa isn't it? Cool and comfortable—lawns like a billiard table: suppose we dine there?"

The suggestion was capital; nothing could be more to the taste of his friend.

"You know the owner then?" inquired he.

"Not the least in the world," was the reply.

"I never saw him in all my life; but that's of no consequence; I know his name: it's E—w, the celebrated chronometer maker, the man who got the £10,000 premium from Government, and then wound up his affairs and retired from business. He will be delighted to see us."

So saying, up he drove to the door.

"Is Mr. E—w at home?"

Answer, "yes."

In they went. The old tradesman appeared, and after a little staring at each other, Hook began:

"Mr. E—w, happening to pass through your neighbourhood, I could not deny myself the pleasure and honor of paying my respects to you; I am conscious that it may seem impertinent, but your celebrity overcame me in regard for the common forms of society, and I and my friend here, were resolved, come what might, to have it in our power to say that we have seen you, and enjoyed for a few minutes the company of an individual famous throughout the civilized world."

"The flame was lighted, and the moth was on the wing."

The blush of an honest pride mantled on the old man's countenance; shaking of hands followed, a few more compliments, a mutual assurance presently the remarks, "But gentlemen, you are far from town—it's getting late; pray do me the honor of staying and dining, quite as we say in a family way—now pray, gentlemen, do stay." The two visitors consulted gravely for a minute, and then protested that "it was impossible—they must return to town." Hook added a little more of what Sam Slick denominates soft sawder, which served to elicit a still more pressing invitation from the gratified, chronometer maker. The pair were at length graciously pleased to "condescend" to his request, and agreed to partake some ceremony of plain roast, which was already giving odour, and to join him in the discussion of a bottle of "Bantie's best." The dinner despatched, the bottle multiplied by six was emptied, and the host made the while as merry and as happy as a king; nor would he allow his new friends to depart save under solemn pledges.

### POETRY.

#### TO HELEN.

Yes, Helen, I will write for you  
A tale of wondrous love;  
I'll tell how Christ, the Saviour, left  
His home in Heaven above;  
And come to those who loved Him not,  
But sought from earth his name to blot.

He was the Father's only Son,  
Co-equal, God o'er all;  
And from eternity designed  
To break the "middle wall,"  
To bring both Jew and Gentile in,  
And save them from a death of sin.

When Adam sinned, the fallen man,  
No longer dwelt with God;  
From Eden's garden driven forth,  
He felt Jehovah's rod.  
The exile wandered far and wide,  
Increased in strength, in sin and pride.

Jehovah loved the rebel race,  
He sought to win them back,  
And sent his son, his only Son,  
Upon a weary track;  
He sent Him from his throne on high,  
For guilty man to bleed and die.

Now Helen, would we fail to love,  
A God so good and great,  
We too shall be cast out with those  
Whom death and hell await;  
We shall be driven from his face,  
Ranked with the self-destroying race.

O! let us trust his precious word,  
And seek his pardoning love,  
And saved by Christ's atoning blood,  
We shall be hailed above.  
THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD, MOST HIGH,  
FOR WHOM HE LEFT HIS THRONE TO DIE.

St. Andrews, Sept. 8, '51.

#### HONOR THY FATHER.

There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will therefore give an example to the contrary, as displayed by John Tillotson, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury. His father, who was a very plain Yorkshireman, one day came to the mansion in which his son resided, and enquired whether John Tillotson was at home!

The servants, indignant at what they thought his insolence, were about to drive him from the door, but the archbishop hearing the voice of his father, came running out exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father!" and falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Obedience and love to our parents is a very distinct and important command of God, upon which he has promised his blessing, and his promises never fail.

#### JUDGE NOT!

Many years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad forehead shadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way toward the palace of General Zuzonczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but judging by his lugubrious countenance, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislaus Sarszic," Sarszic exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a man, wretched looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of food, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, as it is," replied his companion.

Under this unpromising exterior in hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious sages of Europe. The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipzig and Göttingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brissot and

D'Aubignon; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and finally, returned to his native land stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the government wished to profit by his talents, and Sarszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and derision to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself avenges by calumny; and so Sarszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustaches and fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that he could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a sneering laugh, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest and said:

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what does he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had no funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Sarszic?"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?

"It was Sarszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is on the light of the noon day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life."

During fifty years, Stanislaus Sarszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand Poles flocked round his bier, and sought to touch the face, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

A strange fate was that of Stanislaus Sarszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

THE END OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.

We announced in our last, that Gen. Lopez had been captured and killed, together with nearly all his followers. Further intelligence from Havana states, that just previous to the capture of Lopez, all the patriots deserted him and fled to the mountains. He wandered about alone for some time, but was finally run down by blood-hounds, and captured on the 29th August, and carried to Havana, where he was garrotted on the 1st of September, at 7 o'clock in the morning. His last words were, "Adieu, dear Cuba." Previous to his death he declared that he had been greatly deceived with regard to promised aid in Cuba. Passengers on the Cherokee who witnessed his execution say he died manfully.

The whole number of men that disembarked from the Pampero, at Mariel, was 480. Their first destination was the river St. John, to effect a junction with a force of artillery waiting there; but having been told at Key West that Pinar del Rio and the Vuelta de Abajo had revolted, the course was changed for the latter point. But by a mistake of the pilot, they were carried out of their course, and finally landed at Mariel on the 11th of August, at 11 o'clock at night. This place they found deserted. Leaving Col. Crijalen and 200 men here, Gen. Lopez pushed on to La Posas, the inhabitants fleeing as he approached. Here on the following day,

### LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

Lopez had his first battle with the Spanish troops, who he repulsed with the loss of Col. Pragy, one other Colonel, and about 50 killed and wounded. Finding no sympathy among the people, and that they were attacked by the very troops they expected to join them, they resolved to start for the mountains; but by the treachery of a guide were conducted to the state of Frias, where they had another encounter with the queen's troops, attended with a trifling loss.

The patriots continued their march or flight to Candelaria, where, on the 21st, while at breakfast, their whole detachment, now reduced to 200 men, was surprised by the Spanish forces, attacked and dispersed. Here appears to have ended all resistance on the part of the patriots. They fled to the mountains and forests, when they were hunted out by the country people, and bloodhounds, and delivered up to the troops.

All accounts unite in saying that the natives were the most bitter enemies the patriots encountered. While the invaders were thus being hunted and shot, an order came from the governor general forbidding any further slaughter, and thus were saved the lives of the 1500 prisoners who are now at Havana.

Great decorum was observed at the execution of Lopez. It is denied also that there were any indignities committed upon the bodies of the fifty who were shot on the 11th.

The resources of the Spanish treasury are said to have been furnished by a sale, probably of New Orleans, who furnished \$75,000 to purchase and fit out the Pampero.

### NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

A SUPPLY OF POSTAGE STAMPS has been received from England, and will be on sale at this office on and after FRIDAY next the 6th September. They are of the respective colors and values as under, viz:

Scarlet—Three Pence.  
Yellow—Six Pence.  
Pink—One Shilling.

Supplies will also be immediately forwarded to all Postmasters throughout the Province, and through them to the Way Office Keepers, from whom the Public will be able to obtain them at cost prices, in any quantities they may require.

N. B. The Postage Stamps should be affixed to the face, or direction side of the Letter, at the Right hand upper corner.

J. HOWE,  
Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE,  
St. John, 1st September, 1851.

### Meeting of Courts.

The Courts of General Sessions of the Peace and Common Pleas, for the County of Charlotte, will sit at the Court House in St. Andrews, on Tuesday the 16th day of September next, at 12 o'clock.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Nisi Prius for the said County will be held at the Court House in St. Andrews, on Tuesday 4th day of November next, at 12 o'clock.

At which time and place all Magistrates, Coroners, and Constables of said County, and all persons required to be at those Courts, are hereby Publicly Notified to give their attendance.

By Order of Her Majesty's Justices,  
THOS. JONES,  
Sheriff of Charlotte.  
St. Andrews, August 27, 1851.

### Steamer Nequasset.

THE Steamer NEQUASSET, Capt. CAZAY, having been put in thorough order, has again commenced her usual daily trips between Eastport and Calais, touching at St. Andrews and Robinsons Bay ways. She connects with the Steamer Abnawak, now plying between Boston, Eastport, and St. John on Tuesdays and Fridays, until further notice.

Family Tickets for the Season may be had on application to

ROBERT KER, Agent.

### FOR SALE.

THE lot of Land and premises, with the Cottage thereon, situate on Princess Royal Street in the Town of St. Andrews, formerly occupied by John S. Jarvis.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to

GEORGE D. STREET.

### REMOVAL.

DR. BAYARD.

Has removed to the House formerly occupied by Mr. Sloan, situated between the stores of Messrs. Dimock & Wilson, and Odell and Turner.

St. Andrews, Oct. 22, 1850.

### London Porter and Pale Ale.

Just received  
67 Bots. Brass London Porter and Pale Ale, (Quarts and Pints)

2 1/2 Hds. Pilsener  
1 do. Pale Ale  
Ag. 11, 1851.

J. W. STREET