THE
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GEO. N. SMITH.

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The Standard.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 5. SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1838. *Number* 52.

MONTHLY ALMANAC

1838. Dec.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Sun. days
Saturday	1	8	15	22	5
Sunday	2	9	16	23	
Monday	3	10	17	24	3
Tuesday	4	11	18	25	
Wednesday	5	12	19	26	
Thursday	6	13	20	27	
Friday	7	14	21	28	

USEFUL MEMORANDA.
Average time of Sun rise this day 58m. after
Do —— —— Sun set —— — 26m. before 1
Moon's First Quarter, on the 24th at 1h. 49
Do. Full —— 1st 40m. befo e
Do. Last Quarter —— 8th—56m. before
Do. New —— 17th 18m fo.
High Water at Full Moon—28m. after n

THE CANADAS.

Quebec, Dec. 10.

We have heard that the Honorable Messrs Justice PANET, and BEDARD, of this city, have received notice of their suspension from their offices till Her Majesty's pleasure is known.—Mr. Justice VALLIERE, resident Judge of Three Rivers, will probably also receive a similar notice, as he also has virtually pronounced an Act of the Legislature to be unconstitutional.—*Nelson's Gazette.*

It is creditable to New Brunswick that its inhabitants are raising money to succour the families of the loyalists who have fallen in the Canadas.—*Ib.*

Eight Canadians, who were sworn to, at the Coroner's inquest on the body of the late Mr. WALKER as having been concerned in his murder, were brought into town on Tuesday, from La Portue, by a party of the 71st Regiment.—After the foul deed, they had fled from their homes and did not return till a few days ago.—There are among the numbers a man named AMBROISE SANGUINET, who has a brother in gaol for the same offence, two called ROBERT, one HAMELIN, one CLEVIS, and one known among the rebels in that part of the country, by the name of Captain JACQUO.

If the Canadians hang any of the young Americans at Prescott, we shall have to hang McKenzie, Theller, and a few such characters.—*N. Y. Herald*

A bargain be it.—*Montreal Courier.*

It is boastingly stated in a Buffalo paper, that Capt Usher was murdered by one whose brother was killed on board the *Caroline.*—*Ibi'.*

Captain *Macdonald* of the Laprairie Volunteers made a seizure, the other day, of four quarter barrels of American made ball cartridges, and one keg of loose balls, which had been concealed between St. Pierre and St. Remi, and delivered them over to Her Majesty's Stores at Laprairie.—*Ib.*

SUICIDE.—The individual named Robert Furlong, whose evidence on the trial of Robinson for the murder of Elias Jewett, cleared the prisoner, has committed suicide, by casting himself into the sea the other day on his passage to Porto Cabello. It is stated that he was insane at the time, and that in a lucid interval he said, that since Robinson's trial, circumstances had come to his knowledge which convinced him that he had sworn untruly, and that Robinson had not been at his store at any time on the night of the murder, although when swearing to it he believed he was telling the truth.

It is said in the "Wing" of yesterday morning that Furlong stated that Robinson subsequent to his trial admitted that he had not been in his store that night.

It was the general belief at the time of the trial, that Furlong gave false testimony.

A Wolf.—The largest wolf ever caught in Penobscot country may be seen at the store of D. Hill and Son, on Main Street. He measures 6 feet from the snout to the tip of the tail. We understand he was taken on the east branch of the Penobscot by Mr. John Turner. On the night he was taken the camp was visited by a family of thirteen wolves, the captive being one of the number. They attacked the pork barrel which set outside the camp, and carried off its contents. Numerous carcasses of deer and that of caribou were discovered in the woods, destroyed, it is supposed, by these ferocious animals.—Speaking of wolves, as Sammy Weller would say reminds us of a bear, weighing about 500 lbs which was taken at Carmel last week, and is now exposed for exhibition at the market house.—*Bangor Whig.*

Saint John Mechanics' Institute.—Mr. Fonlis last evening commenced a course of Lectures before the Mechanics' Institute, upon Chemistry, having kindly offered to deliver them, for the benefit of that body, gratuitously. His first, which was merely introductory to the two which are to succeed, elicited repeated marks of approbation, being admirably adapted to illustrate the principles of the science, and to shew the boundless field of inquiry which lies open to the philosophical observer of Nature. By the attention of the Managers of the Institute, a very large audience was conveniently accommodated on the occasion in the large room of the Saint John Hotel, and seemed highly delighted with the talent displayed by the Lecturer.—*Observer.*

Value of a pound sterling.—The referees, in the case of the trustees of the estate of Joseph and Andrew Brown, who were required to fix the legal standard of value by which a payment due in pounds sterling can be made in the city of New York, so as to discharge the debt, decided that, by the Act of Congress of June, 1834, entitled, "an Act regulating the value of certain coins within the United States," it is provided that the gold and silver of Great Britain, of not less than 22 carats fine, should pass current as money within the United States, and be receivable in all payments, by weight, at the rate of 9 1-4 cents and eight-tenths of a cent per pennyweight; that the value of a pound should be determined by the weight of the sovereign, which is the standard of the pound in the country of its adoption; therefore, as the weight is ascertained to be 5 dwts. 3 qrs and 5 mi., equal in value to 4 dollars 85 cents and 8 mills, this fast sum is the true legal value of the pound sterling in the United States.

One pound of good white beans contains more nutritious matter, and will do more to strengthen the body than three pounds of beef steak. The difference in price is about twenty five cents—the beef costing about 10 cents per pound and the beans but 6 cents 100 pounds of wheat contains 85 pounds nutritious matter; 100 do rice 80 do do; 100 do barley 83 do do; 100 do beans 89 do do, 100 do peas 93 do do; 100 do lentils 94 do do; 100 do meat average, 35 do do, 100 do potatoes 26 do do; 100 do beets 14 do do; 100 do carrots 10 do do; 100 do cabbage 7 do do; 100 do greens 6 do do; 100 do turnips 4 do do.

SOCIABILITY.—To some, perhaps to many, religion and amusement seem mutually hostile and he who pleads for the one, may fall under suspicion of unfaithfulness to the other. But to fight against our nature is not to serve the cause of piety or sound morals. God, who gave us our nature, who has constituted body and mind incapable of continued effort, who has implanted a strong desire for recreation after labor, who has made us for smiles much more than for tears, who has made laughter the most contagious of all sounds, whose Son hallowed a marriage feast by his presence and sympathy, who has rent the child fresh from his creative hand to develope its nature by active sports, and who has endowed both young and old with a keen sensibility of enjoyment from wit and humor, He, who has thus formed us cannot have intended us for a dull monotonous life, and cannot frown on pleasures which solace our fatigue and refresh our spirits for coming toils. It is not only possible to reconcile amusement with duty, but to make it the means of more animated exertion, more faithful attachments, more grateful piety. True religion is at once authoritative and benign. It calls us to suffer, to die, rather than swerve a hair's breadth from what God enjoins as right and good; but it teaches us that it is right and good, under ordinary circumstances, to unite relaxation with toil, to accept God's gifts with cheerfulness, and to lighten the heart, in the intervals of exertion, by social pleasures. A religion, giving dark views of God, and infusing superstitious fear of innocent enjoyment, instead of aiding sober habits, will, by making man abject and sad, impair their moral force, and prepare them for intemperance, as a refuge from depression or despair.—Dr. Channing.

MANIAC WIT.

A witty gentleman, of the name of Doubleday, was taking a solitary Walk when he was rudely accosted by a man in a boxing attitude, whose manner and wild looks declared him at once to be a maniac. The gentleman, thinking to direct the madman's attention to some other subject than fistic, went good-naturedly up to him and said, "I am a Double day," "Well, then," quickly replied the lunatic, "I am a man beside myself, so we are equal, come on."

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy says Mr. Paulding, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

The pleasure arising from seeing others laugh is a common cause of laughter, so common, that it is difficult to refrain, even without knowing the cause of their mirth.—"I was," says Goldsmith, "by nature, an admirer of happy human faces, and I seldom, if ever, enter a merry party without sharing the mirth." Walking, some time since, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I followed a party of chimney-sweepers, who, at the turning under the gateway, suddenly met three Chinese, apparently just arrived in London. It was clear they had never before seen chimney-sweepers, and it seemed that the chimney-sweepers had never till that moment, seen such figures as the Chinese. Each party, and every spectator, was in a convulsion of laughter.—*Thoughts on laughter.*

The Christain expects his reward, not as due to merit; but as connected, in a constitution of grace, with those acts which grace enables him to perform. The pilgrim who has been led to the gate of heaven will not knock there as worthy of being admitted; but the gate shall open to him, because he is brought thither. He who *sows, even with tears*, the *precious seed* of faith, hope, and love, shall *doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him*, because it is in the very nature of that seed to yield, under the kindly influence secured to it, a joyful harvest.—CECIL.

Poetry.

THE DROWNED.

He left his home at early morn,
When all was stillness round;
His eye was bright, his step was firm,
As he strode o'er the ground.
None would have thought to've seen him then
That he was soon to die,
But so it was; in one short hour
His spirit was on high.

He met his death beneath the wave,
The cold, damp, icy wave;
He called for aid once and again,
But there was none could save.
Ah no! the hour of death had come
For God had willed it so,
And he must give his spirit up,
And be resigned to go.

Oh who can tell the many thoughts
Which even at that hour,
Rushed through his brain and filled his heart,
With overwhelming power.
Thoughts of his dear, dear, earthly friends,
Whom he had ever loved,
With changeless love, for that kind heart
With deep affection glowed.

And in that last, wild dreadful hour,
When life was ebbing fast,
Oh who will say but God was near
And gave him hope at last?
Hope of that better, brighter, world,
Where angels spirits dwell,
Where all is holy happiness
And bliss, no tongue can tell.

ANGE LINE

VARIETY
'Tis the very spice o' life.

ANECDOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE.

By Lieut. Col. Cadell, late of the 28th Regiment,

THE OFFICER'S LADY.

We received intelligence of the death of a fine gallant old veteran, Lieutenant John B——t, a lieutenant of 1796. He had been for some time on the half-pay of the 3d Veteran Battalion, but had formerly belonged to the Slashers.* He was for many years Serjeant-major of our regiment, but in consequence of good conduct, and being an excellent soldier, was promoted to the rank of Ensign and Adjutant. The circumstances attending this promotion are somewhat ludicrous.

The moment honest John had received his commission, and stood forth in all the dignity of a new uniform with corresponding epaulette,—his arm unprofaned by crown and stripes, and his *sobriquet* of "Honest John" exchanged for the style and title of John B——t, Esq. of His Majesty's 28th Regiment—the young officers, by whom he was very much respected, immediately went to his new quarters to congratulate him. Mr. B——t received them with all that embarrassment peculiar to one who finds himself suddenly upon an equality with his superiors of the day before. But the Ensign's lady, Mrs B——t, was missing.

Now Mrs. B——t had been for many years in the regiment. She was, in fact, a "child" of the corps, though now grown old in his service, and during her whole life had made herself generally useful, by washing for the officers and attending upon their wives.—By her good humor and smart repartee she was a general favorite with all ranks, and few had wit enough to crack a joke with her. Her original name of Elizabeth had been, in the course of time, curtailed of its fair proportions, and she was then known by the less dignified but perhaps more endearing diminutive of Bet. Thus Bet had become a privileged person; she was on familiar terms with all, and addressed every one, from the colonel to the drummer-boy, by his Christian name. Colonel B——, who lately commanded the 28th, was then a lieutenant, and on paying his respects to the new officer, was the first to notice the strange absence of Mrs. B——t on so important an epoch in her husband's career.

Well, but Mr. B——t, how is this? asked the young officer; where is Bet?—I beg pardon, Mrs. B——t I mean.

This slip of the lieutenant, by the way, was not meant impertinently—it was the result of long habit.

Really, sir, replied the newly made officer, stammering, really I don't [illegible] I asked her to clean herself, and c[illegible] pay her respects to the officers, and [illegible] laughed in my face!

I see Mrs. B——t just now, sir, who had just been made servant to Ensign B——t, and who was then busy in the Barrack-room, and I axed her why she did not do as Mr. B——t told her, and clean herself to pay her respects to the officers, and what does she do, sir, but bursts out in a laugh, and says, 'Me pay my respects to the like of them!—don't you wish you may get it?' Them was the words, sir, of the officer's lady, added the fellow with a grin. A general laugh followed this piece of intelligence in which the ensign heartily joined, for John B——t was one of the best natured of men, and could laugh at a joke even at his own expense. The officers, however, were not to be foiled; away they went to seek the officer's lady, for they were determined to make her do the honors; and at last, after a strict search, they found her in the kitchen, seated on a three-legged stool by the fire-side, and smoking a short black pipe, quite unconscious of the sensation she was creating. She had a soldier's jacket thrown across her shoulders, and her tattered straw-bonnet was put on the wrong side before.

Why, Bet!—Mrs. B——t, I mean, said Lieut. B——, we have been seeking for you everywhere; how is it, on such a day as this, that you are not receiving your husband's brother officers in the parlor?

And is that all you're troubling yourself about Johnny? asked Mrs. B——t of the lieutenant, taking the short pipe from her mouth, then closing one eye, and peeping forth at him most intelligently with the other.

Why of course it is, rejoined the officer; I was anxious to see you do your duty on such an occasion.

I know my duty Johnny, as well as ore a soldier in the regiment, returned Mrs. B——t but no duty o' the like as you say will cheat me out o' my pipe and chimbley corner, and I'll tell you what it is old cock; she added, with the easy familiarity of friendship; the King may make my Jack a gentleman if he likes, but I'm blessed if neither he nor the Sultan of the Ingees can make Bet a lady! So now Johnny you may trot; you've got *your* answer.

* The name by which the 28th is familiarly known in the army.

George Wilson, alias Charlotte Wilson, alias Charlotte Bruce.

This female horse thief and sailor, who despises the habiliments of her sex, and chooses men's cloths and who since her visits to the prisons in New York, has been incarcerated in Maryland, is again at liberty, being pardoned by the executive.—The Baltimore Sun gives the following particulars respecting her:

An English lady of high standing, engaged and paid for her passage in a vessel to England, and in $20 dollars worth of sea stores for her, and sent her $30 in money, for the purchase of clothing. Miss Charlotte was informed of her being pardoned, and the arrangements made by her benefactress—she received the money but positively refused to go on board the vessel, or to leave her cell until she saw fit, and the vessel therefore sailed without her. The next day it pleased her to go forth, and she took her departure. Whither she has gone no one can tell, but it is probable she procured another suit of male attire, and when she is tired of walking will press into her service the first pallroy that suits her fancy. Her whole course of conduct, from the time of her arrest until her discharge, has been marked with the greatest stubborness, and opposition to the will or advice of every one. At the time of her arraignment she was advised to plead not guilty, but she persisted in pleading guilty. Previous to sentence being passed, it was intimated to her that if she would consent to be sent to England a pardon would be procured for her, this offer she rejected, with the observation that she had twice broken the laws of this country, and she deserved to be punished. She was consequently sent to the penitentiary. Previous to leaving the jail, she expressed an earnest desire to regain possession of the man's clothes in which she was arrested and was particularly anxious to obtain the bridle that was on the horse she had stolen. The bridle she said belonged to her, and she might have use for it at some future time, for, said she, you know the old saying, "give a Yorshire man a bridle, and he will soon find a horse." Her demand however, was not complied with, and she was highly indignant at the refusal.—While in the penitentiary she refused to work and no discipline could subdue her resolution. Her unyielding stubborness was fully displayed in her rejection of the means of returning to Europe.

Who this extraordinary female is, and what could be the motive for her throwing aside the habiliments of her sex, remains a mystery. That she is of good family, and that her history is known to some persons in this country, may be considered highly probable, from the circumstance of several Englishmen of rank taking great interest in her, and their ladies affording her assistance.—During her confinement in the penitentiary, the institution was visited by an English nobleman and a member of the diplomatic corps, but as soon as she had intimation of the rank of the visitors, she threw herself upon the floor and concealed her face, refusing to allow them to see any features by which they could recognize her. Her conduct at times gave reason to suppose that she was insane; that however, might have been the effects of her entire loss of the finest feelings of her sex, and her abandonment of modesty of thought, and action; but be she who she may, she is an extraordinary being, and seems determined to set order and law at defiance. Her life and adventures would be a curiosity, and we hope will be given to the world before long.

As a true friend is the sweetest contentment in the world, so in his qualities he well resembleth honey, the sweetest of all liquors. Nothing is more sweet to the taste, nothing more sharp and clensing, when it meets with an exulcerate sore. For myself, I know that I have faults: and therefore I care not for that friend that I never smart by. For my friends, I know they cannot be faultless; and therefore as they shall find me sweet in their praises and encouragements, so sharp in their censure. Either let them abide me no friend to their faults, or no friend to themselves.—*Bishop Hall.*

I have at length learnt by *my own* experience (for not one in twenty profits by the experience of *others*,) that one great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings *we expect*, and too much indifference for those we *possess*. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction, which we might have in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may perhaps never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—What a gift, or rather what a fatal necessity is the temperament which leads to the living out of one's self, and becoming bound up in the existence of another over whose will, passions, and conduct, one has no control! This faculty of devotedness is, I suspect, peculiar to females. It is quite possible that a woman, to whom honour and reputation are dearer than life, should risk them a thousand times for the man she loves (particularly if he be her husband,) to save his life and honor. The attachment of a man, however strong and tender, would not reach this. We women love the person beyond all abstract principle; and the error (for it is an error in morals) is seated in the organization which makes us wives and mothers. Men love principles, and even prejudices, more than the persons they love best; that is, they love themselves best of all, and love themselves on that point of honour on which the world's opinion depends,

"I could not love thee, dear, so well
Loved I not honour more."

Ah! this "honor more." Every woman has the "*cœur aimant*" of Julia; women of gallantry never—coquettis and prudes rarely.—Still, woman may be defined a loving animal, and *tant pis pour elle.* *Lady Morgan's Boudoir.*

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity, unequalled, except by his most venerated Hebrew appellation. They called him "God," which is literally "The Good." The same word thus signifying the Deity, and his most endearing quality. *Sharon Turner.*

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on: for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.—*Marcus Antoninus;*

Common happiness is sustained, not by great exertions, which are in the power of a few, and happen rarely even to them, but by great numbers doing every one a little, every one something in his particular province, to his particular neighbourhood. This is the way in which Providence intended society to be carried on, and beneficence to be exercised.—*Paley.*

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, he is making a ring of one hundred thousand miles in diameter, to revolve round a planet like Saturn, and with the other is forming a tooth in the ray of the feather of a Hummingbird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a miscroscopic insect.—When he works in miniature, every thing is gilded, polished, and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, &c, when viewed by a miscroscope, appears rough, and coarse, and bungling.—*Bishop Lue.*

A Pagan moralist hath represented the folly of an attachment to this world, almost as strongly as a Christian could express it.—"Thou art a passenger," says he, "and life is a ship hath put into a harbour for a few days. The tide and the wind serve, and the [illegible] calls thee to depart, and thou art [illegible] thyself, and gathering shells and pebbles on the shore, till they set sail without thee." So is every Christian, who, bring upon his voyage to a happy eternity, delays, and loiters, and thinks, and acts, as if he were to dwell here for ever.—*Jortin.*

The tendency of Plants to follow Light.—In the spring a potato was left behind in a cellar, where some roots had been kept during the winter, and which had only a small aperture of light at the upper part of one of its sides. The potato, which lay in the opposite corner of this aperture, shot out a runner which first ran twenty feet along the ground, then crept up along the wall, and so through the opening by which light was admitted.

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