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1839

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FFICE.
July, 1839.

States will in future
be office at 111 N.

F. CAMPBELL,
1839. P. M.

THE
ST. ANDREWS STANDARD.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT SAINT ANDREWS,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

TERMS.
15s. a year, delivered in town or called for
17s. 6d. do. when forwarded by mail.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
Inserted according to written orders, or continued
till forbid if no written directions.
First insertion of 12 lines, and under, 3s
Each repetition of Do, 1s
First insertion of all over 12 lines 3d per line
Each repetition over 12 lines 1d per line
Advertising by the year as may be agreed on.

The Standard.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Volume 6.

SAINT ANDREWS, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839.

Number 22.

Legal notices by individuals who have no ac-
count with the Office to be paid for in advance
Blanks, Handbills, &c. struck off at the shortest
notice.—to be paid for on delivery.

AGENTS.
St. Andrews, Mr. S. Campbell, Young
St. Andrews, Mr. W. Campbell, Salt Water,
St. Andrews, J. M'Allister Esq., Milltown
St. David, Trist. Moore Esq., Dennis Mills
St. David, Jas. Brown Esq., Tower Hill,
St. David, Mrs. Chalmers, Oak Bay
St. Patrick, Mr. David Turner, Bonaventure
St. George, Mr. W. Brand, Lower Falls
St. George, Joshua Knight Esq. Knight of the
St. George, Wilford Fisher Esq. 4th. Cove
St. John, D. M'Millan Esq.
St. John, W. J. Layton Esq.
St. John, Jas. Cole Esq.
St. John, Joseph Reid Esq.
St. John, Mr. F. Beverley

Fatal Frolic.—About twenty years ago, a young gentleman, remarkable for strong nerves, was at a party consisting of a few friends, where ghost and supernatural agency became the subject of conversation. After a few remarks by some of the party, the young gentleman's opinion was asked, when he firmly declared he had no belief whatever in such nonsense, and that he would no more mind passing a night in a reputed haunted house, than by his own friends.—One or two of the party determined to try his nerve, and one gentleman in particular offered to wager him a dozen of wine that he would be afraid to set up all night with a corpse. He instantly accepted the bet, provided he was allowed a fire, a pair of pistols, and a glass of grog, and his own house being made the scene of the trial of his nervous faculties. These terms were agreed to, the parties separated, and the next evening was appointed for the decision of the bet.

The next evening came, and every thing being in readiness—pistols, fire, and grog—the corpse was brought in by the party who laid the wager, assisted by a friend, enveloped in a large sheet, and placed in a coffin and set down in the middle of the room. At this instant the young hero was called down from the room to speak to some person on some trifling business, which he instantly despatched and returned up stairs. The parties who had brought the corpse in, after wishing him a good night, were on the point of departing, when he earnestly said to them—“Now if any tricks are attempted to be played with me, I will fire at the corpse, if one it is, for I strongly suspect it is a living being.”

They made him no further answer to his threat than those ominous words—“Remember twelve o'clock.” He was then left alone. He stirred his fire, sipped his grog, and made himself as comfortable as he could possibly do.

At length the solemn hour arrived. As the last stroke vibrated on his ear he distinctly saw the corpse begin to move. He snatched a pistol from the table, advanced to the coffin and exclaimed—“If you stir another step I will fire.” To this injunction he received no answer.

The supposed corpse rose up in the coffin and stopped; he repeated his threat; it still advanced; he fired, and the bullet was thrown back in his face by the supposed corpse. He fell to the floor with a piercing shriek, and rose, a lunatic, in which wretched state he remained till death, which happened about a year after this tragic and truly heart rending scene occurred.

A more lamentable instance of cruel folly perhaps never occurred. Had its victim reflected but for a moment, he would have been saved, but the idea of the bullet being returned or perhaps that of shooting a fellow creature, took such an effect upon his nerves, that reason forsook her empire never more to return.

During the time he was gone out of the room to speak to the person who wished to see him, (who was a party concerned,) the bullets were drawn from the pistols, and given into the hands of the corpse, who was one of the party who was present when the wager was laid. The occurrence is never thought of by either of the actors in this

foolish affair, but it occasions a sigh or pang of remorse.

Excessive Politeness.—Mr. Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred the divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed. “What is the matter there? The Devil seems to have got among you!” A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressed Mr. Hill, in reply, said, “No, sir, it isn't the Devil as is doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry.”—“Oh, that's it, is it,” observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; “then I beg the lady's pardon—and the ‘Devil's’ too.”—[The Metropolitan Pulpit.]

Lady Cork, having one day taken into her head to have a “raffle” or lottery, for a charitable purpose, mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that every body was to win something, Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to the owners—Accordingly (for the raffle took place at a soiree) the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms burdened with the most out-of-the-way articles the eccentric hostess could procure; while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke of their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction, running about with teapots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner in which to deposit their prizes, while young ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat iron. Guinea pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchman's rattles, or Dutch ovens were perplexing their fortunate, or, as perhaps they might consider themselves, unfortunate proprietors; and Lady Cork's raffle was long remembered by those who were present, as a scene of laughter and confusion.—*Monk Lewis's Life and Correspondence.*

A Bachelor's Soliloquy.—A very worthy single gentleman, who had early and snugly ensconced himself in one corner of the Hall to hear a popular lecture, was forced to vacate his seat in consequence of the rush of ladies. On reaching his lodgings, he is said to have delivered himself in this wise:—“Where in grace and thunder do these hosts of women come from? They are on hand in every emergency, and are as gregarious as sheep. They have a hand in every thing, and are in every place. No matter what may be the occasion, the women are sure to muster. Go into our places of amusement, and there you see them as thick as flies in August

Look into our churches, and three quarters of the congregation are women. Go to a public oration, or a charity lecture, or an abolition meeting, or a Graham talk, or a lyceum address—any place where they can congregate—and on a fair average, three-quarters of the people present will be ‘female-women.’ Where in thunder can they come from? Go where you will, this women-rush is tremendous; absolutely tremendous. Why look into families, and in nine cases out of ten, there may be seen six able-bodied women for one man! And take our social meetings: from the most unpretending visits up to the great *Ultima Thule* of modern fashionable life—the Boston Almack's—and 'tis just the same. Women every where preponderate. They are in a majority; and it is ever an active, visible, tangible, interfering majority.—It constitutes, unquestionably, De Tocqueville's celebrated ‘Tyranny.’ And there seems no help for it; not a peg to hang a hope upon. As it is so here, it will be so hereafter. It is so on Earth, and, said he, in tones of utter despair, “it will be so in Heaven.”

Poetry.

DEAREST ONE I LOVE THEE.

By the starlike eyes of brightness,
By the lily hand of whiteness,
By thy step of airy lightness,
Dearest One I love thee.

By the witcheries of thy kiss,
By thy touch-inspiring bliss,
Of other worlds far, far, from this,
Dearest One I love thee.

By the orb that glides the skies,
By the zephyr's murmuring sighs,
That on the breast of evening dies,
Dearest One I love thee.

By that silent placid eve,
When lovers' mutual hearts relieve,
By all the vows that now I give,
Dearest One I love thee.

Saint George, July, 1839.

WHAT IS MAN.

Oh! what is man? Creation's wonder!
An angel, half, and half a brute;
A crown can tear his heart asunder;
A tear can smother his passion mute.

Vice, Virtue, were both his devotion,
Now bound in chains—now rob'd in power,
The king of earth, the king of ocean,
Yet ruled by passions every hour.

From him blooms pleasure's every flower.
But oh! too soon their beauty flies,
A thousand pains and cares o'erpower,
And then he ripens, droops and dies.

To-day his fertile thoughts develop
World's mortal eyes had ne'er surveyed:
To-morrow earth doth seal or wrap up,
And humble him whom dust had made.

Every one can do something.
What if the little rain should say
So small a drop as I,
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if a shining beam at noon,
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Do't not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Dangerous Disbelief. Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite D. D. His eccentricities are of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously odd. One of those restless instigators of every place of worship commonly called Antino-

mians, one day called on Rowland Hill to bring him to account for his too severe and legal gospel. “Do you sir,” asked Rowland, “hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to christians?” “Certainly not,” replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell; and on the servant making his appearance, he quickly added, “John, show that man the door, and your eye upon him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel or any other property in the hall.—Frazier's Magazine.”

The POLYPI is one of the most curious of the animal world, and feeds upon insects. It sometimes happens that two polypi lay hold on the same worm, and when they meet one swallows the other; but their stomachs, like those of all other animals, being incapable of digesting a living substance, after an hour or two, the one which had been swallowed issues out. The manner in which these animals propagate their kind is not less remarkable. First there appears small tubercles on the sides, which in a few days assume the shape of a small polypi. Before it is separated from the parent, the young one seizes its food, and it is often the case that it becomes a parent itself before being detached therefrom. The indestructibility of their life is most astonishing. When cut in two they will join themselves together, and when cut in two and scattered, each part forms a new and entire animal. They may also be turned inside out, and even grafted together. This remarkable power of re-production gave them the scientific name of hydra, in allusion to the fabulous monster of that name.

Wealth.—Wealth in this country may be traced back to industry and frugality; the paths which lead to it are open to all; and such is the joint operation of the law and the customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, the poor in one generation furnish the rich of the next. The rich man who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grand-father; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness and bitterness against wealth, makes war with the prospects of his children, and the order of things in which he lives.—Edward Everett.

Excellent Advice.—Every young man who wishes to preserve his conscience pure and his principles untainted, should avoid debt as he would pestilence; it is as difficult to shake off, as fatal in its effects, as widely devastating in its mischief. Let him remember that every evil is small in its beginning; and let him be careful not to encourage the seeds of mischief, lest to root out the full-grown plant beyond his strength.

Give your Sons a Trade.—Solon enacted that children, who did not maintain their parents in old age, when in want, should be branded with infamy, and lose the privilege of citizens; he however, excepted from this rule, those children, whom their parents had taught no trade, nor provided with other means of procuring a livelihood. “If the devil should lose his tail, where would he get another? D'y'e give it up? In a gin shop to be sure, because there the re-tail bad spirits!”

The editor of the Steubenville Herald says, “a subscriber who has been patronizing us for nearly twenty years without paying, and whose lovely wife, not long since, broom-sticked our collector out of the house for presenting the bill, wanted to know of us last week, why we stopped his paper!”

Prentice's Last.—The “three” Graces were arrested in Georgia, on the 11th inst. for horse stealing.—John Grace, Wm. Grace and Sam Grace. [A graceless trio.]

Frinchlin in his “Reminiscences” tells us, that one of his fellow students, having wasted his allowance, wrote home to his father that he was dead, and begged that money should be sent to defray the expense of his funeral; and the father actually sent money for the purpose, in a letter to the son. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

Some men are like ducks—they like muddy water. A storm suits their temperament. Noise and excitement are their appropriate element. Plain common sense and old-fashioned truths are too tame for them. They love that which astonishes and startles. Such men will generally make themselves famous—sometimes in famous.—*Watchtower.*

“Why don't your father take a newspaper?” said a gentleman to a little urchin whom he caught in the act of pilfering his newspaper from his door step. “He sends me to take it,” cried the lad “an I we are all one of a family.”

“For one person who has remarked or praised a beautiful passage in Walter Scott's works, a hundred have said—‘How many volumes he has written!’ So of Matthews: it is not ‘How admirable such and such parts are!’ but ‘it is wonderful that one man should do all this!’”

Guilt and Virtue.—Guilt though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness.—The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the malefactor. The paths of virtue tho' seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir W. Scott.*

Early Marriage in High Life.—The Countess of Pavao, who has just completed her twelfth year, is about to be married to the Marquis de Fagal, son of the duke de Palmella, the friend and adviser of Donna Maria. The young Countess' fortune is about ten millions of dollars. Worth having!!

Dr. Parr.—The Doctor was very fond of his choir, and always used to encourage them to sing a very long hymn or anthem before the sermon, during which he used to steal into the vestry and smoke his pipe. When they had done, the clerk informed him, and if he had not finished, he would say, “John, tell them to sing the two last verses over again; my people love singing, and I love smoking.”—*Gardiner's Reminiscences.*

A gentleman in the country who lately sent us the death of his wife, adds the following:
P. S.—“Just give her a little puff will you?”—*Chica, go Don.*