

THE
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THE STANDARD.

SAINT ANDREWS, Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1833.

NEW EDITION OF THE PROVINCE LAWS.

An important desideratum, with regard to the right understanding of our provincial enactments, has just been completely answered by the publication of a carefully revised edition of the Acts of Assembly from the year 1786 to 1833, together with a table which enables the enquirer to understand the bearing of subsequent acts of the present time. We are in possession of the first volume of our laws; and of the two volumes which were compiled some years ago as a digest applicable to the times, which left out abrogated and expired acts, and assayed to render reference to the lex scripta of our province simple and satisfactory, but with all due deference to the learned gentleman who dwelt so long over these complicated volumes, we will venture to assert that there was hardly a magistrate, supplied with the Sessional enactments, who would not sooner wade through his blue-backed quartos, than turn to the index of the confused compilation which experience taught him was perplexed and insufficient for immediate reference. Not so with the present publication. Throughout it evinces great care in preserving purity, and devoted attention to arrangement; and the application must have been arduous and the study of the compiler intense, to produce so respectable and valuable a volume. It must also tend to elevate the character of the work in public opinion when it is known through Mr. Berton's modest preface, that the learned gentleman was eminently assisted by the advice and co-operation of His Honor the Chief Justice.

With regard to the typographical execution of this volume, we do not hesitate to pronounce it fit to compare with the English law books on the counters of Murray and Underwood in London. Mr. Simpson has shown both taste and spirit in getting up this large and expensive quarto; and as he has been impressed by the saying of Plautus—"Necesse est facere sumptum, qui querit lucrum," we trust that the public will also be impressed with the courtesy of this advice, namely, that he who incurs such an expense is entitled to reward. We would even go the length of saying that the country should be proud of having so splendid a digest of our laws to refer to, and that every individual who is capable of taking an interest in the right ordering of society should possess himself of this important volume.

FROM PAPERS BY THE HALIFAX PACKET.

The Parliamentary Registration proceeds in the manner anticipated from the lazy indifference of the Liberals and the hopeful activity of the Tories. With scarcely an exception, the latter have succeeded in beating down the numbers of their antagonists, and augmenting their own. Sir Robert Peel, the Times now plainly announces, is only waiting till he can be sure of a majority in the House of Commons, to turn out the present ministry. The Morning Chronicle eagerly snatched at the admission of the Times that the Tories were not yet ready to take office, and asked how they were to get it? Look at the proceedings in the House of Commons, and the process will be plain enough: it is going on now. The Tories are assiduously making a majority; and the work once completed, there will be no longer any coquetting with the whigs, no more shy reluctance to return to power, but an eager onslaught on the enfeebled foe. The way may be opened any day after the meeting of Parliament by the Lords; who, by an Address to the Crown for the removal of Ministers, or the rejection of necessary bills, might compel a Cabinet with a majority of only 15 or 20 in the Commons to retire. Probably this operation will not long be delayed, if the registration goes on as it has commenced.

Meetings of the working classes continue to be held in various parts of the country. Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Brighton, and the district round Trowbridge, and the Liverpool gathering at Wiltshire. Of these, the numbers are not exceeding 2,000; nevertheless, it is probably equal to the expectations of those who summoned it; for Liverpool resembles London in the general absence of strong political feeling among the humbler classes, and habitual submission to the influence of wealth. The Sheffield Universalists mustered, it is said, about 20,000; and in regal, fashionable non-manufacturing Brighton, 2,000 assembled. But the Manchester meeting was really formidable: not only the South Lancashire district, but Stockport, Macclesfield, and

The Standard.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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MONTHLY ALMANAC					
1833.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	C. days
Nov.	1	8	15	22	27
Thursday	1	8	15	22	27
Friday	2	9	16	23	28
Saturday	3	10	17	24	29
Sunday	4	11	18	25	30
Monday	5	12	19	26	31
Tuesday	6	13	20	27	
Wednesday	7	14	21	28	

USEFUL MEMORANDA.
Average time of Sun rise this day 5am. after 5
Do. ————— Sun set ————— 3pm. before 6
Moon's First Quarter, on the 24th at 1h. 48m.
Do. Full ————— 1st 4pm. before 9
Do. Last Quarter ————— 5th 5pm. before 1
Do. New ————— 17th 10m. after 0
High Water at Full Moon—23m. after 12

Poetry.

"PEACE BE STILL."

MARK, IV. 39.
The bark was frail, the shore was far,
The tempest roused the angry deep,
And, 'mid the elemental war,
The Saviour slept, or seemed to sleep.
"Lord, save," they cry—the swelling sea,
And wind which raged so loud and shrill,
At once their master's voice obey,
When Jesus whispered, "Peace! Be still!"

Yes, "peace be still,"—on mortal ear
Fell never yet such sounds of bliss;
Never on earth can sinners hear
A sentence half so blessed as this.
Words may in after life have power
With calmer joy the heart to fill,
But memory must prize the hour,
When Jesus whispered, "Peace! Be still!"

A longer walk with God may shed
A steeper sunshine on the soul,
And brighter glory crown the head,
As saints draw nearer to the goal;
But most they love that first faint light
Which pierced the clouds of guilt and ill,
And deem life's closing joys less bright
Than that which came with, "Peace! Be still!"

For, oh! the soul was passion tost
When God first spoke, and caused a calm;
The heart was sick, and hope was lost,
When Jesus' words dropped health-like balm;
That calm seems most in misery given
Which quieted the raging will,
That health seems most the gift of Heaven
Which came when God said, "Peace! Be still!"

"Thou'rt forgot," a poet sings
"The fairy form first lost to trace";
The world which Mercy's message brings
From memory's book is ne'er effaced;
The Christian thus will long retain,
Through life's exchange of good and ill,
Through after years of joy or pain,
The word which first said, "Peace! Be still!"
The Spars Minutes of a Minister.

STANZAS.

Why should the tears unbidden start
To those dark eyes of thine,
While thus I press thy throbbing heart
In fervent love to mine?
What sudden gleam of doubt or fear
O'er casts thy smiling brow?
If memory wakes the silent tear,
Oh! bid it slumber now!

No thorns should strew the rosy chain
That links us thus in bliss,
The world has hours enough for pain,
We will not yield it this;
Then wipe those falling tears away
And deem no more of sorrow,
We'll give to joy this fleeting day,
Though storms may crown the morrow

When years have furrowed deep with care
This thoughtful brow of mine—
Have silvered o'er my flowing hair,
And parted that cheek of thine—
In ruthless age, in pain or woe,
The cup of life should steep—
When every hope has fled below,
"Twill then be time to weep."

MR. MAURY AND MISS MARY.

Mr Maury and Miss Mary,
Of graver talk grown weary,
Easy to ask their cunning.
In the pleasant sport of punning
Said the former to the latter:
"Far be it from me to flatter,
But certainly 'tis true,
That 'twere not for you,
Most gladly I'd be Mary,
The ready witte I fairy,
Prompt not to be outdone
By any of your friends or mine,
Replied, 'If I had you,
I would be Maury too.'"

VARIETY.

'Tis the very spice of life.

POFFING THE QUESTION.

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handled by an old bachelor in Fraser's Magazine:

"Though it is impossible to say any thing very much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and much observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having, had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only; as nobody ever writes who can speak.—It is usual in all cases of refusals, for the lady to say she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but, feeling only friendship for you, she regrets that she cannot accept your proposal, &c. &c. I have heard the words so often, that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little: it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced that must guide you in forming your estimate of the girl. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow, instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret for having caused pain, which she could not alleviate—it her voice is soft, broken, and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half formed tear, which it requires even an effort to subdue—then I say, you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth having; but though you grieve you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evidently good leprole to build upon.—Do not,

therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal, submit with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship, to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting; kiss it frequently, but quietly; no outre conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without however, attempting to deprive her of the honor of victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence; let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions you will perceive, are not intended for every one, as they require skill, tact, quickness, feeling in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, make love, pursue in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding, and will answer admirably with all ranks, from Almack's to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not answer, and that is the very class worth having.

If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready-made and well delivered speech, which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you calm your excited feelings, and support affliction—if she triumphs, in fact, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bologna's flying mercury, for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snubs at you, as much as to say, "You are an impudent fellow"—which may be sometimes true, though it should not exactly be told—then reply with a few stanzas of Miss Landon's song:

There is in southern climes a breeze,
That sweeps with changeful course the seas;
Fixed to one point—oh, faithful gale;
Thou art not for my wandering sail."

If she bursts out into a bold fit of laughter, as I once knew a lady do, then join her by all means, for you may be sure that she is an illbred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak, grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for."

Two gentlemen standing together the other day, as a young lady passed them, one of them said, "here goes the handsomest woman I ever saw." She hearing, turned back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, "I wish sir, I could in return say as much of you." So you may, Madam, (says he) and tell a falsehood as I did.

On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses, which he was plaintiff or defendant. Plaintiff or defendant! said the sailor, why I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant, I come to speak for that there! pointing to the prisoner. You are a pretty fellow for a witness (says the counsel) not to know what plaintiff or defendant means! Some time after, being asked by the same counsel, what part of the ship he was in at the time? "Aboard the binnacle, my Lord, says the sailor. Aboard the binnacle! (replied the barrister) what part of the ship is that? "Ha! ha! ha! (chuckled the sailor) are you not a pretty fellow of a counsellor (pointing to him archly with his finger) not to know where aboard the binnacle is!"

MARCH OF REFINEMENT. A London collier thus announces his calling:
Surgery performed here upon old boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advise gratis, by B. Marks.

The Undertaker. An undertaker was observed to shed tears at the interment of a quack. A friend asked him the cause of it. "Why," said he, "you see I have just buried one of my best friends."

The greatest men are men of simple manners. Parade, ceremony, show, and a profusion of compliments are the artificers of little minds, made use of to swell themselves into an appearance of consequence, which nature has denied them.

A person's wisdom consists, principally, in knowing the follies and vices of which he is naturally and constitutionally prone, and always guarding and fortifying the weak sides of his character.

Men are apt to throw the blame on nature which belongs to themselves; and are otherwise shipwrecked by bad pilotage than adverse gales.

A truly respectable person does not need fine dress, or splendid equipage to command the reverence to which he is entitled.

What an admirable epitaph on a pious friend.—"Not lost, but gone before."

Lord Bacon said, the four pillars of State are religion, counsel, justice and treasure.

A new Method of Teaching Music.—A Highland piper having a school to teach, desired to crack his brain with the names of semi-breves, minims, crotchets and quavers.

"Here Donald," said he, "take your pipes lad, and give a blast. So, verily weel blaw indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? Ye may blaw for ever, without making a tune o' it; if I didna tell ye how the queer things on the paper mean, hie! Ye see that big fellow with a round open face, (pointing to the semi-breve between the two lines of the bar) he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat an' w' your first and gie a long blast; if ye now put a leg to him, ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll run four times faster than the fellow with the white face: if ye'll bend his knee or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than that white faced chap that I showed ye first. Now when'er ye blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this, that the tighter these fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they'er sure to dance."

Some people take a great deal of pains to be condescending when there seems to be no special occasion for it. They act a good deal like the good woman who went to meeting for the first time in her life when her husband was made deaf. She was late—the congregation had been at prayer, and was just getting up from their knees, at the time she entered, and she said with a sweetly condescending smile, "Pray, keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before?"

A Family Likeness.—Some soldiers who were quartered in a country village, when they met at the roll-call, were asking one another what kind of quarters they had got; one of them said he had got very good quarters, but the strangest landlady ever he had—she always took him off his comrades said he would go along with him, and would take her off. He goes, and offers to shake hands with her, saying, "How are you, Eliza?" (that was her name). "Indeed, sir," says she, "ye has the better of me; I dinna ken you." "Dear Eliza, do ye no ken me? I am the devil's sister's son." "Dear save us," quoth she, looking him broadly in the face, "O, man, but ye're like your uncle!"

Old Scapbook

Moral Advantages of Low Postage.—"The moral advantages of frequent communication by letter, I rate of very high; one the best securities for good conduct, where young people have been well brought up, is the preservation of home feelings in all their freshness, and the nurturing and cherishing of all the pure and wholesome influences that belong to the family relations. Give me a girl who left the parent's roof pure, and as long as she writes freely to her mother, I shall scarcely fear for her virtue. Give me a youth who finds a pleasure in devoting a spare half-hour to the evening to the sister whom he has left behind him, and though he be a hundred miles off, there is a chain upon him, which, if it does not hold him back from evil, will check him in the pursuit of it. Now when one considers the field to which these observations refer, the immense scale upon which the enormous tax upon letters is working mischief in separating the nearest friends, and insulating, during the most critical period of life, those who want every help to strengthen them against temptation, I really feel that the economical part of the question is a quite supererogatory of the moral part; and even if the million and a half of revenue were sacrificed, the gain would be immense. Nobody hates more than I do the common outcry against taxation. As a nation, we do not pay dearly for our social comforts and blessings now; on the contrary, they would be cheaply purchased were we had much more to pay for them. But it is unwise, nay, I must say it is unchristian, for a legislature to say to a whole people, 'You shall speak to your friends, or hear from them, only through the same trumpet, and at the same time to take for every message it conveys a sum immensely greater than the cost of transmission. Those who have opportunities of judging of the moral progress of young persons, know well that when the son becomes indifferent to the correspondence with his family, when his letters are short and seldom, and when the daughter, absent to earn her livelihood, ceases to be regular and long in her letters to her mother—the moral destruction of the child is likely it not near, and society, which has the ready treadmill for the dishonest clerk, and universal infamy for the fallen girl, owes to itself and to justice to remove every barrier between the mind of the boy and the father, the heart of the daughter and the moral precepts of her mother.'—London and Westminster Review.

A negro in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard; which being granted, he asked, "If white men buy stolen goods, why he no be flogge too?" "Well, said the judge, 'as he would.' "Dere, den, is my answer, replied Mungo; "he buy stolen good he know me stolen, and yet he buy me."

Charles Bannister, going down Bow street, met a thief taken with a man in custody, and asking what offence the prisoner had committed, was told that he had been detected stealing a bridle. "Ah then, said Bannister, 'he wanted to touch the bit.'"