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THE BROKEN LEG.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Bonnard appeared at all times, and every where, before midday, a prudent and amiable man; but after dinner, and in the evening he was not always precisely so. In fact, he was a true son of the ancient Germans, so often reproached for a love of drinking, and knew no greater enjoyment than that of giving, amidst convivial friends, the inspiring songs, "Enjoy the charm of life,"—and of emptying out a flask of good old Hock, as an accompaniment. Had he been satisfied with one flask, nobody would have a right to say anything against him, especially as his income permitted it; but one flask was sure to call for another, even to a sixth or seventh.

The mother, sisters, and brothers, with whom he resided, had the mortification of seeing him return home, six evenings in the week, perfectly intoxicated. Their most urgent remonstrances were fruitless, and they began to think that his drunkenness was incurable. Laura, his sweetheart, thought so too; for, after innumerable quarrels, a breach was at length made between the lovers, who, indeed, were almost as much as betrothed. Hitherto he had, from a respect to Laura, maintained at least the outward appearance of good manners; but now he became a shameless and notorious drunkard. Almost every night, he either had a scuffle with watchmen, or slept off his intoxication in a round house. His health thereby began visibly to be injured, and his fortune to melt away. In short, he was upon the brink of ruin.

Two of his friends, who, although they often drank with him, always kept themselves within the bounds of moderation, were much grieved at his conduct, and resolved to reclaim the drinker, by a method not the most common in the world. With this view, they one evening accompanied Bonnard to a public wine cellar and appeared in particularly high spirits. Old Hock was called for, and they encouraged him to quaff as much of it as he liked, and that was no small dose. He drank himself into the clouds.

About midnight, the two friends began to yawn, shut their eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. Bonnard, delighted, for he could now drink another flask without being reproved by them. Before, however, he had finished it, intoxication reached its highest pitch, and he at length fell, deprived of reason, into a sound and death-like sleep.

His friends instantly started up from their pretended slumber, shook and joggled him, and to their great joy, found that he exhibited no symptoms of wakefulness. By a sign which was previously agreed upon, they now called in a surgeon, who was waiting in an adjoining apartment. He immediately entered, bringing with him plasters and other implements for a broken leg, and soon faced up the right limb of the sleeper, as tightly as if it had been most dangerously fractured. They then sprinkled water upon his face, and gave a fearful thundering cry.

The sleeper started up, seized instantly his leg which the splints squeezed, and wished to rise from the chair; his friends however held him fast, crying out, "Hold on! hold on! stir not—you have received a serious contusion.—We had scarcely time to get you when attempting to go down stairs you fell, broke your leg and fainted. We awakened, raised you up, and caused you to be dressed. In Heaven's name, stir not for your life! We have ordered a litter, and it will be here immediately to carry you home."

Bonnard was delirious; his fancy magnified the pressure of the splints to the pain of a real broken limb, and never once imagining that he was deceived, he permitted himself to be borne home lamenting.

There, his family received him, as was concerted, with tears and wailings. For four weeks he continued to be visited by the surgeon, who kept his leg squeezed into a case, so that he could not move himself, and did not doubt the reality of the alleged accident. So long an imprisonment was intolerable;—he cursed wine as the cause of his misfortune, and made a solemn vow never to get drunk in future.

At the expiration of a month, the surgeon informed him the cure was completed. He went as if upon eggs, to save his broken leg, and his first walk was to the house of his sweetheart, whom he anxiously entreated to forget the past, and once more to reanimate him in her affections. She promised both on condition of a temperate year's probation.—He kept it manfully, and then became the husband of his Laura, and continued, during the rest of his life, an orderly respectable man, who never, at any one time, drank more than he could carry.

After several years, Bonnard, for the first time, discovered the trick that had been played upon him, he thanked his friends heartily for it, and began once more to tread firmly on his right leg, the straining of which he had always until then most carefully avoided.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

DARING ATTEMPT TO DESTROY ST. JOHN BY FIRE!

In part of our last edition we inserted a letter from a Correspondent in St. John, giving a brief account of an attempt to fire that City; we now publish the particulars from the *New Brunswick* of the 2d inst.

"We have just escaped one of the deepest laid and most extended conspiracies for the destruction of a whole city that was ever conceived by the midnight incendiary. Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, an alarm of fire was sounded which was found to proceed from Lower Cove; in this direction a number of persons directed their steps, but the fire was got under before doing any material damage. It originated in an out-house in the rear of Mr. Frith's dwelling. From the facts gathered on the spot it appears that no fire was kept in the building, and that it was almost impossible for any person to gain admittance without being perceived. While we were revolving this circumstance, a report was circulated that *Trinity Church* had been set on fire, which proved too true, for on approaching the spot, we learned that the torch of the incendiary had been applied to this sacred edifice, which the half-burnt curtain and the scorched wood work, plainly indicated. Singular as it may appear, one of the windows near the end of the building had been forced, and some combustible materials placed inside. But the timely discovery of the fire frustrated the designs of the miscreants who applied the torch.

Scarcely had the fire been extinguished in the Church, before another alarm was given, and the citizens not knowing when or where these fiendish attempts were to terminate, hurried with the greatest precipitancy, to the scene of new alarms.—The third place which had been visited by the wretches, proved to be the *Mechanics' Institute*, and when we approached the building, a volume of smoke was issuing from different parts of it, and serious fears were entertained for the safety of this state edifice. A few of our most active citizens, who were early on the spot, acted with the greatest promptitude and precision; a line was formed to a well near by, which gave a supply of water sufficient to keep the fire from spreading, until the Engines were brought into operation, which, with a supply of water from the Pile of the Company's Works at King-street corner, subdued the flames without serious damage being done to the building.—In order to make the work of destruction sure, the incendiaries entered the new addition to the building, and there crept under the main building, thinking, no doubt, that when discovered, all human interference would be in vain. No clue has been found that will enable the miscreants to be brought to justice, although a woman was taken up on Tuesday night on suspicion, having been found in the porch of the Rev. I. W. D. Gray, with a bunch of matches in her hand.

The events of the last fortnight have sufficiently demonstrated the frightful fact, that there is indeed in our community an organized gang of abandoned miscreants, to whom the desolation of a whole city, and the ruin and distress of thousands of inoffensive inhabitants, are as nothing, when weighed against their diabolical thirst for plunder, and the lust of enriching themselves by the miseries of their fellow creatures. The mystery which enveloped the origin of the tremendous conflagration of the 15th ult. is now laid bare, and stands forth in terrible and hideous truth; the astounding events of last Tuesday evening, having incontestably proved the existence of deep-laid and organized conspiracy, and of an infernal band of ruffian incendiaries within our civic boundaries; and thus removed all shadow of a doubt, that the awful calamity of the 15th was the work of the same miscreant combination, whose more extensive and systematic schemes were so providentially frustrated on the night of Tuesday last. The simultaneous ignition of *Trinity Church*, the *Mechanics' Institute*, (which was, no doubt, intended to ensure the destruction of "St John's," or the *Stone Church*) and of private property in other, and distant parts of the city, in situations and under circumstances where fire could not possibly have existed, unless wilfully and maliciously placed there, indubitably prove, not only that the whole train of catastrophe was the premeditated work of incendiaries; but that there has been an extensive and systematic plan, devised by combination, and executed by simultaneous co-operation, to fire the city at various distant points, and thus, by dividing the force and distracting the attention of the suffering inhabitants, to ensure an abundant field for merciless plunder in the general confusion. By the merciful supervision of a gracious Providence, these hellish designs have been frustrated; as the whole of the diabolical attempts of Tuesday night were discovered, in time to prevent the mischief from advancing far; but had the contrary been unfortunately the case, we must now have inevitably been recording the total destruction of the greater part of the city, and the consequent utter ruin of a large portion of its inhabitants.

POETRY. TO THE SEA.

Speak on, speak on, thou mighty One!
I love the rushing sound
That cometh from thy curling waves,
As to the beach they bound!
There's music in thy swelling voice,
There's language in thy roar,
And endless song to him who marked
The limits of thy shore!

Roll on, roll on, thou spacious One!
I love each snowy crest,
Lifting its proud head to the wind,
That agitates thy breast!
There's beauty in thy lucid depth,
—There's beauty in thy shade;
Thy charms are everlasting charms,
Thy glories never fade!

Live on, live on, thou lasting One!
And tell to every clime
Distance and time are nought to thee,
For thou art all sublime!
Ages and nations pass away,
But thou art free from trace,
As when God's Spirit first did "move"
Upon thy liquid face!

Flow on, and ebb, thou restless One!
And show thy Makers might!
Thou wast recede and flow again,
As day must follow night;
And other eyes unborn will see
In some far distant day;
Thy billows lave the strand as now
When I have passed away!

FALLING LEAVES.

BY O. ZELOTES ADAMS.

Ye fading honors thickly strewn
By Autumn's chilly hand;
Around my woodland pathway lone,
A spirit-stirring band,
Bathed in the sunlight's mellow beam,
So sad and mournfully,
To Fancy's musings ye seem
Fruit Life's epitome!

Youth hath its falling leaves! sweet sing
The birds the live long day,
And Eden flowers in freshness spring
Beneath its morning ray;
Love breathes soft rapture in its ear,
The streams in music run;
Time passeth on—its leaves are scar,
And falling one by one.

Stern manhood hath its falling leaves!
Ambition's frenzied eye,
Each airy dream to promise weaves,
And counts the harvest night;
Time lays its expectations low,
Blasts many a vision fair;
While Disappointment's gathering brow
Tells, leaves are falling there!

Age hath its falling leaves! how fade
Fond memories from its breast!
How friends that round youth's pathway
Stray'd,
Death garner's to their rest.
How sunnier'd tie on tie! till left
Companionless in grief;
Of all its outward joys bereft,
Age mourns its latest leaf!

But Spring's bright smiling hours will come
With sunshine o'er the plain;
The naked woodlands bud and bloom,
In living hues again;
And so, Life's toilsome journey through—
Its wayside trial o'er,
The heart shall bud and bloom anew;
But bloom to fade no more!
North Carolina, 1839.

The Duke of Richmond was one of the kindest-hearted sportsmen I ever knew. His untimely death, as every one knows, was owing to a bite from a pet fox that had previously become rabid. I shall never forget my first interview with his Grace. Shortly after I joined the 5th (we were then quartered in Dublin), I was on duty as an officer of the guard at the Castle; his Grace was Lord Lieutenant; the Board of Green Cloth held its sittings, and the officers on guard were strange hands just arrived. We were in the room assigned us near the Castle gates, when a careless, free and easy sort of half sportsman, half grocer, strolled in to us, and sitting down to our table, began to talk of the sports of the season and the fun then going on in the Irish metropolis. I did not care to interrupt him; but Delville, a young cornet of Dragoons, looked at him through a glass, and made one or two very contemptuous replies to the stranger's observations, which, so far from being affronted at, the other took in great good humour, chuckling with laughter, and kicking his legs under the table as if actually dancing with delight. At last Delville deliberately rang the bell. The orderly answered it. "Orderly, who is that fellow?" asked Delville. "Judge how he felt when the reply was 'His Grace the Lord Lieutenant!'" "Good day, gentleman! Good day, gentle-

man!" said his Grace, laughing heartily as he went out of the room.

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived at that castle a noble gentleman, who we shall call Baron—. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but was a blessing to all who lived on his father's farm.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as the gentleman came into the castle he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood: on which the old man reproved him, saying, "are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said, he knew nothing about God, for he never saw him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about the castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much; and said, "Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew this picture," said the Baron. "Then your son must be a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and forest trees.

"Who has the order of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron, "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in the house looked so innocent and happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "what he said to the Baron, 'what a happy man you are to have so good a son!'"

"How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be good and clever if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know from his works that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power and goodness."

"The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks."

RHODE ISLAND GIRLS.—The Bristol Phoenix gives the following instructive anecdote touching the true system of American female education:

Some years since, the following dialogue was held between a wealthy citizen of— and his daughters.

Father.—Although, my girls, you are not now obliged to earn your own living, there is no knowing what may happen—and I think it would be a good plan for you to learn a trade.

Daughters.—What trade, Father?

Fath.—The milliner's, for instance.

Daugh.—Are you in earnest?

Fath.—Most certainly, I am.

Daugh.—If you think it best, we are perfectly willing.

No sooner said than done. They served the usual time—learned the trade, and to this day, are able to see why the daughters of a man worth three hundred thousand dollars, may not be indolent and useless as well as others.

FORGIVENESS.—A gentleman relating the particulars of an injury, to Sir Eardly Wilmot, asked him if it would not be mainly to resent it. "Yes," said the knight, "it will be mainly to resent it, but it will be Godlike to forgive it." The hearers, themselves, saw the reasonableness of forgiveness: it becomes a man, says the emperor Antoninus, to love even those who offend him: a man hurts himself, says Epictetus, by injuring me; and what then? Shall I hurt myself by injuring him? Another heathen, when angry with one near him, said, "I would not beat you, but I am angry." "Resist not the injurious person," says our Lord.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.—When Ireland boasted of a Parliament of her own, there flourished therein, in the reign of George III., a certain Sir Lawrence Parsons, who, among other accomplishments, was gifted with an extraordinary quickness of memory. This gentleman, on the night of an important debate, happening to sit by the side of a friend

who was, like himself, a ministerialist, observed protruding out of his friend's pocket a manuscript, which he adroitly abstracted, and retiring to a committee room to examine it, he found it to be an elaborate speech prepared to be spoken in defence of certain measures of government, which were that evening to be called into question by the opposition. On a perusal, Sir Lawrence got this speech by heart; and, returning to the house, he took the first opportunity to rise and to deliver it with due emphasis, eliciting loud tokens of applause from the partisans of the administration. During this process, the author of the speech sat in bewilderment and astonishment, which emotions were not mitigated when Sir Lawrence, having finished speaking, drew the manuscript out of his own pocket, and, returning it to him, said, "Thank you, my good sir, you have just proved yourself to be a friend in need, which, as the proverb says, is a friend indeed."

A lawyer was once accused of disgracing the bar, by taking silver of a client.

"I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold, but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

EMIGRATION.

The Irish Emigrant Society of New York have just issued an Address to their countrymen at home which contains a good deal of excellent advice on the motives which ought alone to determine men to relinquish the chance of success presented in their native land for the doubtful prospect of advancement among strangers. At the present moment the publication of a document of this kind is the more important, as it may serve to do away with an impression which has long existed that the advantages presented by Emigration to the States are greater than elsewhere. Nothing can be more erroneous than this. The market for labour in the United States has been for a long time most depressed, and it is only by resorting to remote districts, far away from the populous cities, that the emigrant is enabled to find employment, more laborious perhaps and worse paid than that which he has voluntarily relinquished at home. This truth is not disguised by the Emigrant Society of New York. They state that which the misery of thousands shows to be correct, and they add moreover that for every other class besides the mere mechanic and labourer emigration is not only useless but downright madness. Referring to those who have not been brought up to the details of a regular business they say,— "Their fate has been in many cases deplorable. Time would fail us in recording the hapless history of the many noble-hearted, well-educated, and tenderly reared young men who, incapable of providing for themselves in this country have been victims to penury in its direst forms."

Religious Belief.—I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be it genius, power, wit or fancy, but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed.—Sir H. Davy.

Reading aloud in a full, but not too much an elevated tone of voice, should constitute a daily exercise of the lungs.—*Ticknor.*

Dr. Dewees says, that he has often seen infants, when seeming to suffer exquisite agony, rendered perfectly quiet and easy by a draught of cool water.

Education.—The less that children, under eight years of age, are predisposed to consumption, or any form of scrofula, see of the inside of a school-room the better. This, to some, may seem strange; but it is no more strange than true; and whoever disbelieves the doctrine and persists in treating their children like hot-house plants, forcing their intellect at the expense of the body, may prepare themselves to follow their children to an early grave, and in after life, may suffer from self-reproach for having been the cause of their untimely death.—*Dr. Ticknor.*

The Latest "Joachanism."—A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gunpowder magazine by the sentinel, on the ground that he was a spark.

Mechanics' Institutes.—There are 216 mechanics' institutions in England, comprising 26,651 members and subscribers, of whom about 155 belong to the class of workmen. The average number of members, therefore, is 119. The number of lectures delivered yearly in these institutions is about 1,198.

Improve the remnant of your wasted span, And, having lived a trifle, die a man.