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The Standard.

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MONTHLY ALMANAC

1838. Oct.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Old days
Monday	1	8	15	22	29
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31
Thursday	4	11	18	25	
Friday	5	12	19	26	
Saturday	6	13	20	27	
Sunday	7	14	21	28	

USEFUL MEMORANDA.
Average time of Sun rise this day 0m. after
Do——— Sun set ——— 0m. before
Moon's First Quarter, on the 3d at 38m. after
Do. Full ——— 10th 24m. before
Do. Last Quarter ——— 18th—10m. before
Do New ——— 25th—7m. after
High Water at Full Moon—11m. after 1

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Present position of the Canadas and the North American Provinces.

Two declarations of independence, we think, is sufficient evidence, that there has existed a party in both Upper and Lower Canada, which intended to separate these Provinces from the British Empire. There exists still, a number of persons in all the Provinces, who designedly, or unwittingly, are urging the same thing, under the disguise of "self government"—"responsible government"—"representative government"—"elective, or purely democratic institutions". A number of persons in England have long been promoting, nominally, the same objects. It is obvious, that these objects are inconsistent with the integrity of the Empire. There must be *one* Sovereign; one supreme legislative authority; one superior executive authority, or there can be no unity of empire. The case of Corporations, and of the Sovereign States of the North American Confederation, are cited as examples; but there is no analogy. The authority and powers of the Crown and its Courts of Law, the common law of the kingdom and the legislative authority of Parliament, prevail over all corporations, which are merely companies of men incorporated for local purposes with no powers of selfgovernment, &c., but all subject to the general law and authority of the monarchy ever present and ready to keep them within the bounds of the acts of incorporation. It would be a strange representative assembly of a colony, which could be brought into the Court of King's Bench, by the humblest individual, to have all its doings heard and determined upon, a strange responsible government, whose responsibility would be such an assembly, and the whole offering a curious sample of self government and purely elective institutions! If the "Sovereign" States of the American Union are looked at, they are virtually more, *dependent* than the colonial legislatures under the established system. The Sovereign States are *taxed* by the General Government, and the proceeds (no trifling amount neither—*five* times, at least, the amount of any taxes paid by the colonies,) applied without their consent, to the general uses of the confederation, and then the power and influence of the General Government in each Sovereign state is great, and not easily resisted. Its acts are LAW, in all the States; its courts and officers are everywhere present, exercising power and jurisdiction, and all paid independently of the State. Here is real power, sufficient, we hope, to aid opinion and counter balance faction in keeping the States together. Our colonial system, as at present acknowledged and acted upon by the British Government and Parliament, approaches much nearer to independence than the individual States of the American Union. The Provinces are, in fact, little Sovereignties under the Crown, having nothing but its prerogatives to keep them within the pale of the Empire; and it is these acknowledged constitutional prerogatives that it is attempted to destroy, by making its officers responsible to an Elective Assembly!

Such is the position of the North American Provinces as to their existing Government. There is clearly a hankering after independence among a portion of its active ambitious politicians and those they can bring within the sphere of their influence.

But it is a morbid and premature desire, which has not even the vigour to announce itself, with ordinary manliness. It is deceptive throughout. *McKenzie* talked of the *independence* of Upper Canada; and *Robert Nelson*, of the *independence* of Lower Canada! If they had talked of becoming a portion of the American Confederation, they could have been understood.—The independence of Upper Canada, truly! Without an outlet to the ocean, enclosed on two sides by the population of the United States, with a wilderness and a people they cannot understand in the rear! The independence of Lower Canada, the selvage of a navigable river, open at both ends to the hostile armaments of England and the United States! It would be the independence of a poor feeble individual between two rich and powerful neighbours; he must depend on their mercy; or if he ventures to resist their will and *go to law* with either the one or the other, he is ruined beyond redemption. We all knew how the lawsuits of nations are tried and decided.

But then, we have the three Eastern Provinces, aye, and Newfoundland too, we suppose, to keep out the navies of England, &c. The whole together, scattered over an immense surface, do not make a *third* of the population of Upper and Lower Canada, and *they not being able to understand one another* would have quite enough to do to keep one another in order. Our independence would give some horrible repetitions of the scenes of the independant republics of South America; and the *nearer we approach to independence, the nearer we will be to our ruin.*

People are wandering from the observation of things as they exist, when they go back to the American Revolution. An enlightened and homogenous population of three millions, without any other existing population in North America that could hurt them, was *capable* of independence.

The British Provinces of North America must, and will remain a part of the British Empire, governed as far as is consistent with local circumstances and dependence on the supreme authority, according to the principles of the British Constitution, or be part of the United States of North America.

The general feeling of the inhabitants of the North American Provinces has been, and still is, we believe, in favour of British connexion and monarchial institutions. This was fully proved during the American revolutionary war, and during the war of 1812; but this feeling may undergo a great change. Every thing that leads to agitate and unsettle the minds of men in regard to the future, to diminish their respect for established authority, and their attachment to existing institutions and particular privileges, has a powerful tendency to bring into operation the democratic feelings which are inseparable from every society where the masses enjoy, or can easily acquire, almost entire individual independence. Under such circumstances the spirit of EQUALITY, nearly universally prevails. The more it is indulged by a deviation from the principles and practice of the British Constitution, or from colonial dependence, by an approximation to purely democratic government, the more powerful and imperious this spirit becomes, as the nearer a body approaches to that by which it is attracted, the more irresistible is its progress.

As the independence of the British Provinces is utterly impracticable, the democratic mass once fairly set in motion, will fall into the orbit of the great democratic confederation of North America; and all its resources in *peace* and in *war* be combined against England.

Those whose position enables them to influence the fate of a million and a half of souls in North America, would do well to be wary of their proceedings, and particularly remember that the results of political measures, the most ardently pursued, the most delightful in prospect, have frequently been found to differ materially from those that were intended to be produced.—*Quebec Gazette.*

DESERTION.—A great has been recently said upon the subject of desertion from the British Troops, stationed near the lines.—Now as far as our knowledge extends, we believe the inclination to desert is far more general amongst the American than among the British troops. As an instance, we may mention, that within the last week seven deserters from the United States Army called at Mr. Gowan's office, soliciting employment on the Victoria Macadamized Road; and three of them subsequently stated, that upwards of twenty had deserted from Sackett's Harbour. And the Cornwall Observer, states, "that four crossed last night, and two the night before. Twelve in one body landed at Gray's Creek on Tuesday last. The few remaining at that place are ordered back to the interior.—*Brockville Statesman*

A large amount of English silver has arrived from London. We suppose that the banks or others issuing the same, will consider themselves bound to redeem it, at the same rates as the retailers have during summer, for the convenience of trade, taking the shillings and sixpences at a very high rate of exchange.—*Quebec Gazette.*

We warn the loyalists in time that they will be called to more active duties than last winter, and it is necessary that their fighting irons be in good condition. The dump no of the fatal soon rusts the musket, if not daily looked to. Scour up your pieces, and look well to the polish and oiling of the locks; make additional cartridges yourselves, without troubling government for supplies: run up all the spare lead into bullets, and if that is deficient, cut up nails and then iron rods to supply its place. The day or the hour when you may require them no man knows. But be ready.—[Missiskoui Standard, Oct. 2]

We have been favoured with the following extract of a letter received yesterday from an inteligent gentlemen at New York:—"I can only add, that a spirit exists here that ere long may cause you more danger than you are aware of. You must be on the defensive"—*Herald.*

We learn that Judge Tucker, formerly Chief Justice of Newfoundland, is appointed to the offices of Provincial Secretary and Registrar, in room of Duncan Cameron, Esq. lately deceased.—*Mercury.*

From the Fredericton Royal Gazette, Oct. 10.

BOUNDARY LINE.

Various rumours being in circulation with respect to the proposed *exploration and survey* of the disputed Boundary Line, by the State of Maine, upon its own reponsibility, we feel happy in being able to set the question of intention at rest, by publishing the correspondence which has recently taken place between Governor KENT and His Excellency Sir JOHN HARVEY. His Excellency's reply is conceived in so fair a spirit of acquiescence in reasonable demands, and of resistance even to constructive aggression, as must impress all parties with the conviction that the great interests involved in this important question are safe in His hands.

We cannot refrain from this expression of our satisfaction in finding the object of the Maine Commission to be nothing more than to ascertain by actual examination, the practicability of running the Boundary Line, according to their construction of the Treaty of Ghent.

It were indeed to have been wished that such an exploration had long ago been made—a measure which certainly would have divested the subject of many difficulties by which it has been surrounded; for we cannot learn that among all the parties who have engaged in this controversy, it has ever occurred to any one to suggest the performance of that indispensible preliminary to the right understanding of the question at issue.

If upon such actual examination of the Geographical features of the Country it shall be found (and we entertain no doubt of the result,) that the plain common-sense construction of the Treaty will not support the extravagant pretensions of Maine, it will in a material degree fortify the claim of Great Britain, and will consequently open the way to an early, and we trust, an amicable adjustment of a question, which recently had created no little apprehension for the future tranquility of these Provinces.

Poetry.

THE SILK WORM'S WILL.

By Miss H. F. Gould.

On a plain rush hurdle a silk worm lay,
When a proud young princess came that way;
The haughty child of a human king,
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,
That took, with a silent gratitude,
From the Mulberry leaf, her simple food;
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of dust—
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be,
And that she was not made with nerves so firm
As calmly to stand by a "crawling worm!"

With mute forbearance the silk worm took
The taunting words, and the spurning look:
A like a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside—
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast;
She only wished for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man;
And thus did she lay a noble plan,
That the humble worm was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep and high,
That to carry it out she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from the wounded sight.
In secret then till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her; and when I die,
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon,
To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon
To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil over her scornful face!
And when she can calmly draw her breath
Through the very threads that have caused my death;
When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind, that she walks with pride
In the winding-sheet where the silk worm died!

FAREWELL.

Oh, Anna, do not say Farewell,
Though we be doomed to sever;
'Tis like the sullen passing bell
Of pleasure gone for ever.

Ah, find a gentler language then,
The mournful truth to tell,
Say parted friends may meet again;
But do not say farewell.

It tells of pleasure past away—
It tells of future sorrow;
That summer smiled on yesterday,
And winter comes to morrow.

Around the heart it seems throw
A melancholy spell
Of mingled memory and woe—
Oh, do not say farewell!

THE MAN I LOVE.

I love the man sincere at heart,
I love the man who takes his part,
I love the man who will be free,
I love the man of liberty.
I love the man who loves to labor,
I love the man who loves his neighbor,
I love the man who loves not strife,
I love the man who loves his wife.
I love the man who loves not gold,
I love the man candid and bold,
I love the man who loves his fellow,
I love the man with conscience mellow,
I love the man summer and winter,
Who ne'er forgets to PAY THE PRINTER!!

VARIETY.

AN IMPORTANT ANTICIPATION.—That Her Majesty's marriage is decided upon, there cannot be a doubt. The Ministers have introduced a bill into Parliment to secure more efficiently the revenues of the Dutchy of Cornwall. They therefore look forward, very shortly for a Duke of Cornwall—an anticipation which must be very gratifying to Her Majesty and all her loyal subjects. Preparations like these give signal note that a matrimonial measure has been hatched—the more especially as the bill has been introduced immediately after the departure of "the distinguished foreigners." The Queen, it is said, is determined on marriage—Prince George of Cambridge is the man—*Sunday Times.*

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.—After all, take some quiet sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man: behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking thrugh infinet space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a little speck of the univerce, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death, his soul flows from his body like melody from the string: day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through the labyrinth of worlds, and all the systms and creation of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make; to himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, and to mock at his fellow sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? when he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humality should dweel with frailty and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.—*Sidney Smith*

Reproaches and enquiry have no power to effect either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abondoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable: the man, without firmness to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

Every body condems scandal: yet nothing circulates more readily—even gold itselve is less current.

LIFE.—The certainty that life cannot be long and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of what ever he is desirous to accomplich. It is true that no diligence can ensure success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the satisfaction of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle though he missed the victory.—*Johnson.*

It is a great mark of the corruption of our natures and what ought to humble us exceedingly, and excite the exercise of our reason to a nobler and juster sense, that we cannot see the use and plesure of our comforts but by the want of them.

One of the ancients says that the difference between war and peace is in the time of peace, sons bury their fathers; in the time of war, father bury their sons.

A gentleman visiting the deaf and dumb institution at Paris, asked one of the pupils 'What is eternity?' and recivec for answer, 'It is the lifetime of the Almighty.

"Here you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Dont you know better than that? Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"

The Queen's Printer.—It is stated positively that the patent for the Queen's printer for Scotland is to be broken up and that a dash will also speedily be made upon the patent possessed by the celebrated factionist Sportiswoods. This says something for the ministerial energy and good sense. These patents are highly mischievous, their abolition will be recived by the country as a particular benefit, for the conferring of which ministers ought to receive due credit. It has long been a source of regret to the rebellious portion of the Scottish public that the poor man could not supply himself with a Bible at the necessary cost of production, but had also to pay a tax, amounting to no less than a fourth of the whole price, for the benefit of a monopolist.

Triumph of Steam.—Such is the triumph of steam, that goods from Bristol, England, reached Cleveland, Ohio, in just one month! What is distance where art and genius combine to overcome it? Measured by time, our city is now only thirty days distant from the commercial mart of the world.—*Cleveland (Ohio) paper.*

DEFINITION OF POLITENESS.—Now, as to politeness: many have attempted definitions of it. I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it *benevolence in trifles*, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerse of life. * * * Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with. Benevolence in greater matters taken a higher name, and is the queen of virtues.—*Earl of Chatham.*

THE INDOLENT MAN.—The idle man is the barrenest piece of earth on the orb. There is no creature that hath life but is busied in some action for the restless world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous that are, have their commodoties as well as their annoyances; and they are ever engaged in some action, which both profiteth the world, and continues them in their nature's courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times in fructifying; they leaf, they flower, they seed. The idle man is like the dumb jack in a virginal: while the others dance out a dinning music, this like a member out of joint, sullens the whole body with an ill disturbing lazinesa. Beside it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will banish mischief from the busied gates. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in hand to crown her. Fortune, they said, of old, should not be prayed unto but with hand in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves the noble head unguarded; but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director.

NEW GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.—We have been favoured with the following description of the new great seal, just made by Mr. Benjamin Wyon, chief engraver of her majesty's seals. It is a most beautiful specimen of art, and reflects the highest credit on the talent, skill, and professional taste of the artist:—Onverse; An equestrian of her majesty, attended by a page—the queen is supposed to be riding in state; over a riding habit she is attired in a large robe, or cloak, and the collar of the order of the garter, in her right hand she carries a sceptre, and on her head is placed a royal diadem; the attendant page with hat in hand, looks up to the Queen, whilst gently restraining impatient horse, which is richly decorated with plumes and trappings; the inscription, "Victoria Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina, Fidei, Defensor," is engraved in gothic letters, and the spaces between the words are filled with heraldric roses. Reverse. The queen, royally robed and crowned, holding in her right hand the sceptre and in her left the orb, is seated upon the throne beneath a rich gothic canopy; on either side is a figure of justice and religion; and in the exergue is the royal arms and crown; the whole encircled by a wreath or border of oak and roses.—*London paper.*

AN ABSENT MINDED PARSON.—The following is extracted from the Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, by James Gilman: "The father of the bard and metaphysician was a poor country parson of a very absent mind. It is said of him, that on one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use.—Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused, as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop well acquainted with his absent manners, courtiously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished, guest the consequences of his haste and forgetfulness. On another occasion he dined with the bishop, when the following ludicrous scene took place: The bishop had a maiden daughter, past the meridian of life, who was always glad to see and converse with the "dear, good old man," (his usual appellation, and who was also kind enough to remind him of his little *foregets* in society) and rouse him from his absent moods. It not being the fashion in his day for gentlemen to wear braces, his small clothes, receding from his waistcoat, left a space in his black dress, through which often appeared a portion of his linen. On these occasions, the good lady would draw his attention to this appearance, by saying in an under tone, "A little to this side, Mr. Coleridge," or to that, as the adjustment might require. This hint was as instantly attended to as his embarrassed manner produced by a sense of the kindness would permit. On the day above alluded to, his kind friend sat next to him, dressed as was then the fashion, in a smart party-going apron. Whilst in earnest conversation with his opposite neighbor, on the side next the lady appeared the folds of his shirt, through the hiatus before described, so conspiciously as instantly to attract her notice. The hint was immediately given: "Mr. Coleridge, a little on the side next to me," and was as instantly acknowledged by the usual reply, "Thank you, ma'am, thank you," and the hand set to work to replace the shirt, but unfortunately in his nervous eagerness he seized on the lady's apron, and appropriated the greater part of it. The appeal of "Dear Mr. Coleridge, do stop!" only increased his embarrassment, and also his exertions to depose of his shirt, till the lady put a stop to the titter of the visiters, and relieve her own confusion, untied the strings, and thus disengaging herself, left the room, and her friend in possession of her apron."

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