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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, 2s.  
Each repetition of 10, 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, OCTOBER 19, 1830. Number 43.

Legal notices by individuals who have no  
business with the office to be sent for in advance  
Blanks, Handbills, &c. struck off at the printer's  
notice, - to be paid for on delivery.

AGENTS  
St. Andrews, Mrs. S. Connick, Warrin  
St. Andrews, Mr. W. Campbell, Salt Water  
St. Andrews, J. M. Allison Esq., Millers  
St. David, T. M. Moore Esq., Devils Mill  
St. David, Jos. Brown Esq., Tupper Hill  
St. Patrick, Mrs. Chalmers, Oak Hill  
St. Patrick, Mr. David Turner, Bonkle  
St. George, Mr. W. Brown, Lower Falls  
St. George, Joshua Knight Esq., Keweenaw Hill  
St. George, W. J. Fisher Esq., W. C. Co  
St. John, D. M. Nelson Esq.,  
Richmond, W. J. Layton Esq.,  
Richmond, Jos. Cam Esq.,  
Daychert, Joseph Bond Esq.,  
Frederickton, Mr. K. B. Smith

**The Matrimonial Market.**—Wives are in great demand in Texas. Some ladies in Mobile, it is said, addressed a letter to "Honest John Gladwin," the editor of the Galvestonian, requesting information in relation to the wife Market there, and on the reception of the letter, he called a meeting of the bachelors who unanimously agreed to take at least one apiece. One fellow, however, whose bump of amativeness was rather large, agreed to take six. An important query with those ladies was whether the three hundred acres of land promised, are comestible or not. Gladwin answers that the ladies can come at it, and will find it "as good as ever lay out of doors, and well adapted for raising soldiers, cabbages, lawyers, potatoes, pumpkins, cotton, sugar, dandies, ladies, babies, pigs and chickens." Is not Texas a land flowing with milk and honey?

**Pumpkin Sugar.**—It is said that an important revolution is about occurring in France, in regard to the manufacture of sugar, and that a large capitalist intends to erect an extensive establishment for the manufacture of sugar from pumpkins, experiments having shown conclusively that it may be obtained from this vegetable in abundance, and of a superior quality. —*Newcastle Daily Ad.*

**Sir John Leman.**—This gentleman, who till very recently, was a stocking weaver at Nottingham, and who persevered with remarkable energy in the recovery of his title and immense estates, died last week, when only a simple formality remained to confirm his long withheld rights. His death is ascribed to exhaustion of mind and body consequent upon his indefatigable exertions.

**Custard without Eggs.**—One quart of new milk, four table spoonsful of flour, two do. sugar, season with nutmeg or cinnamon, and add a little salt. Set the milk over the fire, and when it boils, pour in the flour, which should be previously stirred up in a little cold milk. When it is thoroughly scalded, add the sugar, spice and salt, and bake it either in crust or cups.

The preservation of the Holy Scriptures can be viewed in no other light than as a miracle. If they had not been under the care and protection of Jehovah, how could they have come down to us from the times of their composition in their ancient purity and genuineness?—Thrown, as they have been, into all quarters of the world, exposed to the corruption of designing men and liable to have the conceits of human fancy mingled with them, is it not wonderful, that they have maintained their existence, separate and apart from all other productions, associating with none, and outliving all? Libraries, rich and extensive, have been consumed, but they have escaped; volumes have been lost, but they have remained in the hands of mankind. Language has been constantly changing, knowledge has been fluctuating, literature has flourished at one period, and been almost unknown at another; and yet, amidst all this the Holy Scriptures have been preserved. Cats of learning have been destroyed, but it has not been destroyed with them. The glory that rested on the hills of Rome, and covered the temples of Greece has fled; the land of Judah

has been turned into a waste, and Jerusalem has expelled her children and received the Infidel into her bosom; through the crumbling beneath their occupants, and authority has passed from hand to hand; the world has been shaken by convulsions and remodelled by revolutions; and yet, the sacred writings have been unreachd by the waves, that have overflowed every thing else.

**Happiness.**—An eminent modern writer beautifully says: "The foundation of domestic happiness, is a faith in the virtues of a woman; the foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man, the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, reliance on the goodness of God."

It is impossible to think, and not sometimes to think on Death. Hope, indeed, has many delusions whatever is possible, however unlikely it will teach us, to promise ourselves; but death has no man escaped, and therefore no man can hope to escape it. —*Johnson.*

The homeliest services that we do in a honest calling, though it be but to plough, or dig, if done in obedience, and conscious of God's commandment, is crowned with an ample reward; whereas the best works for their kind, if without respect of God's injunction, and glory, are loaded without curses. —*Bishop Hall.*

The poorest circumstance in life, with a religious spirit of resignation, and a honest and upright heart, are far better than the greatest abundance and highest honours without them; for these cannot give that peace of mind, which the other can never want. —*Lowson.*

When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his Church Music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a beautiful reply "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, with my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

The reader who is acquainted with the works of Haydn will bear testimony to the practical truth of this anecdote. —*British Magazine.* The famous Dr. Boerhaave prescribe morning devotion as the best method of preserving health; for, said he, "Nothing can tend more to the health of the body, than the tranquillity of the mind, and the due regulation of the passions; and nothing, added he, more effectually restrains the passions, and gives spirit and vigour through the business of the day than early meditation and prayer. —*Rimmo.*

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take, is at the expense of some one virtue or other, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. — A man should endeavour therefore to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. —*Addison.*

About eighty years ago, a motion was made in Parliament for raising and embodying the Militia, and for the purpose of saving

time, to exercise them on Sundays. When the motion was likely to pass, an old gentleman stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to this—I believe in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped. —*Wesley.*

**Poetry.**  
ON A KISS.  
Hushed was the soft affection,  
Tendrest pledge of future bliss,  
Dared he of young confession,  
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking sheer, dumb confession,  
Passion's birth, and infant's play,  
Dare the fondness, chaste confession,  
Brighter dawn of happier day.

Sorrowing joy, afflu's last action,  
And how the lips no more must join,  
What words can ever speak affection  
So thrilling, so sincere as thine!

**RELIGION: WHAT IS IT?**

'Tis not to go to church to pray,  
To kneel and sing and read and pray;  
And to be good, and to be true,  
And to be honest, through the town.

Not every sanctimonious face,  
Denotes the certain rule of grace;  
A glint that seems to glow at sin,  
Oft veils hypocrisy within.

'Tis not to mark out duty's walk,  
Or of our own good deeds to talk,  
And then to practice secret crime,  
And so mislead and waste our time.

'Tis not for sects or creeds to fight,  
And call our zeal the rule of right;  
When all we wish is at the best,  
To see our church excel the rest.

'Tis not to wear the christian's dress,  
And live to all mankind a pest;  
Then treat with scorn the suffering poor,  
And fast against them close the door.

'Tis not religion means not this,  
To trust far sweeter, fairer is,  
In heavenly soil alone it thrives,  
And more than blossoms where it lives.

A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of matrimony, was asked by one of the guests if he had paid the parson, to which he replied, "Oh no, but he's owing father for a peck of beans, and well make a turn of it."

**Dutch Honesty.**—Last month the burgomaster and sheriff, of Leyden waited on King William to inform him of a misfortune which had just befallen their city. Their worships informed him that the municipal collector had absconded with the large sum of 120,000 florins; that trusting to his long tried integrity, and his apparent solvency, they had generally been led to relax their control over his proceedings; and that his peculation was consequently imputable to their own blind confidence. They had come, therefore, to inform the King that, with due Dutch honesty, they had resolved to bear the loss between them, and to beg that his Majesty would accept their resignation of functions which they could not with propriety continue to fulfil, after the negligence they had so unfortunately displayed. The King, after mildly animadverting upon their want of caution, exhorted them to make up for the deficit as soon as possible, according to their honourable determination; but he declined accepting their resignations, observing that they could be tendered and accepted but after the stolen sum should have been restored to the municipal coffers. On their return to Leyden, the burgomaster and his companions agreed to assemble some days after, in order to pay into the city treasury their respective portions of the 120,000 florins. On the appointed day, one of them arrived somewhat after the others, and apologised for his delay by depositing upon the table a rather voluminous letter, and observing he had just

received it from an unknown person, who had insisted upon delivering it into his own hands, and declaring that he had no explanation to give, had requested the magistrate to open the letter in his presence, and give a receipt for its contents. It was a mere envelope, containing 120 notes of the Netherlands Bank, each of 1000 florins. The magistrates were not long in guessing what exalted benevolence it was that thus mysteriously retrieved a disaster which would have fallen heavily upon more than one of them. —*English paper.*

Above all subjects study thine own self. For no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation, is compatible to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so, which consists of the due care, and just notions of ourselves. This study is a debt which every one owes himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt by spending some part at least, if we cannot all, or most of our time and care, upon that which has the most indefensible claim to it. Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline. Set all your faults before your eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself, with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath blinded your judgement. —*St Bernard.*

I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty: and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that the clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when he seems to play, is at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do: loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for healthened competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

**PRINTERS.**  
Compositors in a printing office are curious chaps. They love bread and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, porter, juleps, cigars, and in fact every thing good, except pi—that they hate as they do the lack of copy.

'Here's an out,' said we last night while reading proof—'why don't you take more pains?' I

have pains enough already,' said one of them, judging from the way my back feels.

'But speak of the out,' said we. 'Well, speaking of the out,'—'what then?—I wish I was out—I am nearly tired to death.'

'Well, sit down and work,' replied we.

'I like that—can a man be setting up, when he is setting down? Spect not.'

And so it runs on—you can't get a rational word from any of them—they are fuller of puns than a dog is of frolick, and bother us nearly to death. We want all the puns to ourselves, but they won't permit us.

'Take another specimen. 'Tis, is your form ready to be set?'

'Oh yes, ready two hours ago.' 'How two hours ago? you had a column to set then.'

'I know it, and there's half a column now wanting.'

'Tho't you said your form was ready to be set?'

'So my form is—may be you don't know what I mean by locking my form.'

'It seems not,' said we, 'for you whip the devil of sense round the stump, that we can't catch it no how.'

'I lock my form with a good sleep—all the rolling in the world could not make an impression. I'm a perfect case then, for sleep, they say, is typical of death. Sometimes I require a composing stick to make all right.'

'What's that?'

'A long line with some fire at the end of it, there's no error about that for a space of time, if there is give me proof and I'll correct it.'

**Tall Windows.**—A waggish neighbour of ours, speaking of windows which he saw in Boston, the other day, says the squares of glass were so big that it took four men to look out of them! he saw three men try, and they couldn't do it. —*N. H. Telegraph.*

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful. —*Johnson.*

Of all excellencies that make conversation, good sense and good nature are the most necessary, humour the pleasantest. —*Sir W. Temple.*

Time passes on, and the fashions of the mind, as well as of the body, remain the same in all ages, and are subject to the same accidents of disease and error. —*Southey.*

After the death of Archbishop Tillotson, there was found a bundle of malicious libels, which had been published against him, and on which the following words were written in his own hand; "I forgive the authors of these books, and pray God that he may also forgive them."

A Sailer dropped out of the main-top of a man-of war, and, after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the lieutenant's head and knocked him down on the quarter-deck. The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant;—"You rascal," said the lieutenant, "where did you come from?"—"From the north of Ireland, an please your honour," answered the sailor. —*Thoughts on Laughter.*





