# SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

*Volume 8.* SAINT ANDREWS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1835. *Number 7.*


**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**

| 1835 NOV | SUN rises h m | SUN sets h m | MOON rises h m | MOON sets h m | High water h m |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Th 12 | 7 40 | 4 22 | 3 17 | | 8 32 |
| Fri 13 | 7 40 | 4 20 | 4 26 | | 9 28 |
| Sat 14 | 7 40 | 4 20 | 5 58 | | 10 25 |
| Sun 29 | 7 40 | 4 20 | sets. | | 11 18 |
| Mon 23 | 7 40 | 4 20 | | 5 12 | 0 5 |
| Tue 24 | 7 40 | 4 20 | | 6 26 | 1 0 |
| We 25 | 7 40 | 4 20 | | 7 41 | 1 44 |

Moon's Phases.

Full - 14th 6h 52 A M | New - 19th 4h 36m A M
Last Qr 21st 0h 2 A M | First Qr 26th 2h 50m A M
Moon Houston—Watch fast - - 2 minutes


**ROYAL MAIL.**

St. John, *departs*— Tuesday 10 A. M. Wed. Fri. 3 P. M.
*arrives*— Monday 9 A. M. Wed. Fri. 5 P. M.

St. Stephen, *departs*— Tuesd. and Thursday at 10 A. M.
*arrives*— Wednesday and Friday at 2 P. M.

U. States, *departs*— Monday Wed. Friday at 10 A. M.
*arrives*— Monday Wed. Friday at 2 P. M.

Geo. Fred. Campbell, *Post Master.*


The Philadelphia Commercial List, of last Saturday contains the following article on the Flour trade which comes very apropos, as the article is rapidly advancing in price. We take leave to differ from the writer, as to the extent of the crop in Pensylvania, which has generally been considered a fair average one; still as he has closely watched the operations in this branch of our important trade, his views cannot fail of attracting the attention of the mercantile portion of the community.—*Com. Herald.*

THE FLOUR MARKET.

It appears there has been some excitement during the past week in the several principal Flour marts of the Atlantic States, and a simultaneous advance, which, though not very considerable, is sufficient to induce enquiry as to the cause, which no special foreign demand exists. We have been so long accustomed in this country to look for a foreign demand to carry off our surplus agricultural products, that it is not surprising many merchants, and especially those of the Old School, should have overlooked the change in this trade which has been in gradual progress for some years past.

When a decided encouragement was given by acts of Congress, to the establishment of manufactories, our farmers were informed that it would have the effect of giving them better markets at their own doors—and has not that effect been produced? This encouragement induced a much larger proportion of our rapidly increasing population, especially in the Eastern and Middle States, to become manufacturers instead of agriculturists, and thus has arisen that astonishing growth of cities, towns and villages in the interior, which has been witnessed in the last ten years. The general prosperity of the country has, at the same time increased the population of our commercial cities on the seaboard, from Bangor to New Orleans, giving in these an immense increased consumption of agricultural products. The average export of wheat Flour to Foreign places, exclusive of Europe, has been about 750,000bls. per annum, for ten years past, and to this extent we have a certain and steady demand. But to make this quantity does not require more than one eighth of an average crop of wheat in the United States, and with our increasing population this proportion is annually lessening. In ten years from 1791 to 1800 inclusive, the average export of Flour was 1,200,000 bls. per annum, and then required full one half the product of wheat.

Before England became a great manufacturing country, she had a considerable surplus of wheat for export, but since, although wheat is raised throughout the whole extent of Great Britain and Ireland, she has frequently been obliged to import heavily to supply a deficiency in the crops.

It must, however be remembered that New York, Pensylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, only, can be called wheat growing States, although it is to a partial extent, produced in several others, and is becoming yearly more important in the new States beyond the Ohio. The wheat growing districts do not in reality, constitute more than one fourth the surface, of our country, and in all other parts there is constantly a increasing demand for flour, and this is especially the case in the New England States.

When sugar, cotton and tobacco were very low in value, the planters to the south and southwest found it their interest to raise their own food, but now that these are all relatively high, it is their interest to buy corn, pork &c. from the States on the Ohio, so that all their labour may be turned to their more profitable products. Thus the growth of corn and of pork, has increased in the Western States in a greater ratio than that of wheat, and an enhanced value of wheat can alone check this increase.

But leaving the inferences from these general observations to our intelligent merchants, let us now advert more particularly to the result of crops and the state of the Flour trade for the last two years.

It was generally believed that the wheat crop of 1834 was short of an average, and if any doubt existed on that point at harvest, none could have remained when at the close of that crop thus short, without any unusual foreign demand, prices advanced 15 or 20 per cent. and it was well ascertained that stocks of wheat left with farmers, millers and factors had at no period within thirty years been lower. Under these circumstances a large crop in 1835 was anxiously looked for, but if fears existed for the result soon after a winter of unusual severity our experience since harvest has fully confirmed them. It is now well understood that the crop of this year in the States of New York and Ohio does not exceed three fourths of an average, Pensylvania seven eighths, and in Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia five eighths. In some districts the deficiency is even greater, but in others the crops are better than these proportions, and such is the case in a large part of the eastern section of Pensylvania, and that part of that part of Ohio bordering on Lake Erie—Considering that little old wheat remained with farmers, it is not surprising that the deliveries since harvest should have been short of expectation in Pensylvania and New York nor that we should already hear complaints from southerly wheat sections whence it is usually brought to market before winter that the crop is nearly exhausted already. Taking from a crop deficient 1-4th, what is required for seed and for consumption in the farming districts, the disposable surplus will be found to be one half that afforded by a full average crop. We are not disposed to reduce the disposable surplus of all the wheat districts so low as that, this year; but we fear it will be found, when from that surplus is taken the usual quantity for export to foreign places increased perhaps 50 or 100,000 bls. of Flour to make up to Spanish West India, for a deficiency in Spanish Flour, which may arise from the unhappy state of that country, there will remain a short supply for the growing consumption of our great cities on the seaboard and we doubt not the late advance in Flour, with a certainty that those great sources of supply from the interior, the New York and Pensylvania Canals must soon be closed for several months, may be attributed to an apprehension of this kind. It is not to be supposed that there will not be Flour left for consumption; such a state of things scarcely ever occurs in any country, and cannot well in this, until its population is much greater than at present; but prices must and will attain that point at which consumption is so far checked as that the supply will be adequate to the demand. Whether that point is now attained, when capital is abundant, labor fully employed, and the means of obtaining a livelihood unbounded, we will leave for others to judge. But the enquiry may be made of well informed merchants whether the time has not arrived in the economical history of the United States when a heavy importation of wheat from Europe is not absolutely necessary to keep prices moderate. Such an importation whilst it would go to supply the wants of the seaboard would perhaps enhance the value of exchange, produce some export of specie, make money less abundant, and thus, by a double operation, tend to keep prices moderate with a profit to the importer.

The observations here made as respects the wheat crops, and applicable with nearly equal force to those of Indian corn, allowing for its more extended culture, are not intended to produce any speculative effect, but rather to induce capitalists to seek the means of supplying, in part, our wants, by importations abroad in time to prevent an advance, before another harvest, to prices still higher than at present, and which few would believe it possible for home consumption to produce.

Genius.—It is the prerogative of *Genius*, to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds, are transplanted into them; and feelings more profound, sublime or comprehensive, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train, while in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas created in us. Of how much pure and exalted enjoyment, is he ignorant, who never entertained, as angels, the bright emanations of loftier intellects than his own? By habitual communion with superior spirits, we are not enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialect, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet, by keeping company with them, we shall rise above our own; as trees, growing in the society of a forest, are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion; while field and hedge row stragglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxurience or beauty.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The following vigorous sketch is from the pen of the renowned statesman and patriot, Gov. Morris. The rise, progress, and downfall of Napoleon is eloquently described in a few words. The whole passage is truly beautiful. It is more; it is sublime.

'In the month of Sept. 1812, the son of an obscure family, in a small island of the Mediterranean, was at the head of a greater force than was ever yet commanded by one man, during the long period to which history extends. His brows encircled with an imperial diadem, his sword red with the blood of conquered nations, his eye glaring on the fields he had devoted to plunder, his feet trampling on the necks of kings, his mind glowing with wrath, his heart swollen with the consciousness of power unknown before, he moved, he seemed, he believed himself, a god. While on one extremity of Europe his ruthless legions drenched, with royal blood, the arid soil of Spain, he marched with gigantic strides, at the other extremity, to round his vast dominions in the widest circle of the civilized world. Already he had pierced the Russian line of defence. Already his hungry eagles were pounncing on his prey—Pause—View steadily this statue of collossal power. The arms of iron; the breast is of brass; but the feet are of clay. The moment of destruction impends. Hark! The blow is given; it totters; it falls; it crumbles to dust.

FAREWELL!

Farewell!—I ask no smile of thee—
No tear—but when the round of mirth
Shall banish thoughts of present worth,
Then give—oh, give one thought to me.

When malice, urged by envy's thorn,
Shall pour its slanders on my head,
Say as thou hast already said,—
He fears not—merits not their scorn.

And when our last farewell is said,
Though mine be but a mute farewell,
Yet shall my thoughts forever dwell
With the, till memory's power be dead.

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

It is always in your power to make a *friend* by smiles—what a folly to make *enemies* by frowns!

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent—it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog or cat, than your friends.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others

While you are young—sit with your face to the window.

When you are a little advanced—sit with your back to the window.

SLANDER.

He who can choke the sweet flowers of social love and taint them with disease; or in the paradise of earthly bliss where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's fame to dust and build on its ruins; who can write infamy on the brow of others to prove his own purity; is neither man nor beast; but a heartless fiend. Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with; who have known what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold unpitying slander; these best can say that he has no heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hopes of murderers such as these.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

A scholar, a bald man and barber, travelling together, agreed at sleeping time one must watch every four hours. It fell first to the lot of the barber. By the way of amusing himself, he shaved the scholar's head in his sleep, and when his watch was over awoke him. The scholar scratching his head, half asleep and awake and finding no hair on it, cried out—O, the vile barber! he has made a mistake, and woke the bald man instead of me.

COLERIDGE'S REMARKS.

*A* philosopher's ordinary language and admissions in general conversation of writings, *ad populum* are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbors and his cook go by it.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.

One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties—and with a pernicious tendency to Antinomianism—is to confound sin with sins. To tell a modest girl, the watchfull nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by scripture. But to tell her that she and all men and women are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper.

How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman; and can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible!—and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c. prove it abundantly.

To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves, and it seems as it nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be: surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. Such surprise is always pleasureable; and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger, becomes tragic. Hence farce may on a border on tragedy, indeed farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.

MACHINERY.

The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the *arte facta* of life cheaper, but they cannot cheapen, except in a very slight degree, the immediate growths of nature, or the immediate necessaries of man. A coat and a pair of shoes are as dear now as ever they were, perhaps dearer, and no discoveries in machinery can materially alter the relative price of beef and mutton. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so,—as in giving cotton [qu. *silk?*] dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!

NATIONAL DEBT.

What evil results to this country taken at large from the national debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burden to the nation, which the nation owes to itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money or money's worth raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry.

LANDLORDS.

When shall we return to a sound conception of the right to property—namely, as being *object*, implying and demanding the performance of commensurate duties? Nothing but the most horrible perversion of humanity and social justice, under the specious name of political economy, could have blinded men to this truth as to the possession of land, the law of God having connected indissolubly the cultivation of every rood of earth with the maintenance and warm labor of man. But money, stock, riches by credit, transferable and convertable at will are under no such obligations; and, unhappily, it is from the selfish autocratic possession of such property that our land holders have learnt their present theory of trading with that which was never meant to be an object of commerce.'

A Horrible Villain.—The Natchez Daily Courier of the 9th inst. states that a being named *William H. Short*, who had been an inhabitant of one of the Penitentiaries of the Western States, but was liberated on account of his good behaviour, hired himself as a wood chopper to a man near Natchez a few weeks since—that he worked in the woods some time, then pretended sickness as an excuse to return to, and sleep in his employer's house—that he was permitted to sleep in the house and in the room with a son of his employer, that he rose in the night & went out several times—that he at last came in, struck a blow with an axe at his room mate, which lighted upon his forehead, stunned, but did not kill him—that he next went into the room of his employer, attempted to cut his throat, and partly succeeded—that he stabbed him several times in the temple and about the head, and with an axe broke several ribs and a rist of his wife—that the son, in the meantime, recovering from the effects of the blow he had received, and hearing screams from the room of his father and mother, seized a musket and rushed down stairs, when the villain, perceiving a man coming upon him armed, fled carrying with him, however, the contents of the musket, which was loaded with shot—that he fled naked, and got off beyond the reach of persuit. A few days afterwards Short offered his services as a wood chopper to a man living above Point Coupee, 150 miles from Natchez. On going out to look at the woods where he was to work, Short, walking behind his new employer, raised his axe and killed him dead at his feet. He then returned to the house, in which there was no one except an old negro woman, whom he attempted to kill. He then robbed the house of what articles he wanted and went off. An alarm was raised, and he was soon after taken, when, the facts being proved upon him he was permitted to make his confession, and was then HANGED. In his confession, which is to be published, he states that he would have killed any man for five dollars.

*St. Helena' Potatoes.*—A variety of potatoes new in this vicinity, bearing the above name was introduced here last fall by Moses Healy, Waterville, *Me.*: which is, we think, deserving the particular attention of cultivators.

The potatoe is white, and very much resembles the English kidney in shape, but comes to maturity later. It is hardly inferior in quality to the famous Bulmian's and vastly superior to them in quantity or productiveness.

Gentlemen who raised them in this vicinity last year, speak of them in high terms of commendation, and consider them superior to any kind ever brought to this market. And some who had them from Mr Healy last spring for the table will use them this year to the exclusion of every other kind.

This certainly speaks well for the good quality of the potatoe, and we should recommend to our readers that they try them—for, notwithstanding the multiplicity of sorts that are known and cultivated, a good kind,—one that will produce abundantly, and at the same time be palatable,—is a desideratum. Some sorts we know of that are less palatable, which ought to be thrown (to the hogs we were going to say, but beg their swineships pardon) to the barn yard. Even in our Boston Market, we too often meet with potatoes that hardly deserve the name; poor, miserable, soggy, vile tubers, that look as if they might have been generated in the Dead Sea, and taste as if they were fit only for the use of the Grand Turk on his Satanic Majesty, though thanks to the advancement of horticulture, this remark is not so applicable now as it was a few years since. The quality of potatoes that are raised for this market is better now than it was: we are glad of it, but we want to see it still better

An article of so much importance, which constitutes so important an item of family consumption, yielding, as it does, the most nutricious and economical aliment of all vegetable substances, will deserve all the care and all the trouble that can be bestowed upon it, in order to improve its quality and productiveness.

The potatoe in question we have fed upon, and when we saw them smoking upon our board, so white, so mealy, so inviting, and when we regaled our palate with the luxurous and farinaceous substances before us, we thought of times 'lang syne,' when (because we couldn't get any better,) we used

——— to feed
On potatoes, which scarce fit to dig,
Might turn the stomach of a pig—

and in our gratitude for the possession of the 'taters before us, we silently invoked a blessing upon him who had given the country such a treasure.—*New England Farmer.*

*Swimming Horses.*—It is certain that horses have the power of swimming many miles, of which the following fact is a proof. A gentleman, while bathing under the rocks which are close to the sea, near Dunraven, in Glamorganshire, saw some strange object at a distance swimming towards him: as this object came nearer, it made a great snorting, and proved to be a horse. The opposite coast was ten or twelve miles from the spot, and it was never ascertained to whom the horse belonged, or from whence he came. He was much exhausted when he landed and was taken to Duncavan castle, the owner of which took care of him for many years. It is more than probable that the horse was endeavoring to return to his old quarters in South Wales

*The Fox and Grapes.*—A singular circumstance occurred lately at Ollender House. For a considerable time some depredator had committed havoc in the extensive vinery which is so ably managed by the scientific gardener Mr. Smith, and no clue being obtained by the other men, whose honour being rather touched, a watch was set and early on Monday morning a fox was observed, in the grey of the dawn, stealing over the wall from the wood, and coming up one of the walks, approached one of the doors of the vinery in which their happened to be a broken pane. Rearing itself upon its hind legs, the crafty animal looked cautiously around, and then darted through the aperture. The luscious bunches hung high nor were they sour, and reynard was in the act of enjoying a glorious feast, when the ambuscade surrounded the place. The poor beast was speedily ejected through the fatal pane by means of which it had entered, where two or three of its incensed pursuers were stationed, who took ample vengeance by killing it on the spot. It proved to be a large female fox, which may have had whelps in the recess of the "dark wood."

*Severe Accident.*—A few weeks since a respectable female met with a severe accident at Carruchan, while at work in a field in which several mowers were busily employed cutting oats or barley. Having gone too near one of the men the instrument which he was then turning to deliver the swathe, came with a violent jerk against the unfortunte woman's leg, cut some of the tendons of the ankle, and otherwise lacerated the wounded part. She was carried to the infirmary, where she still lies, and must continue a patient for a considerable period. The mowers, we believe, were heaping at the time, a word which at any time had an extensive meaning, but which is now chiefly used to denote the striving of reapers on the harvest field. In Dumfries-shire this custom is of ancient date, and in the statistical account of the parish Mousewald, published by Sir John Sinclair, the following curious passage occurs;—"The inhabitants can now laugh at the superstition of their ancestors who swallowed the absurd nonsense of a horde of shearers being turned into grey stones on account of their keeping."


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