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GEO. N. SMITH.

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SAINT ANDREWS STANDARD, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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MONTHLY ALMANAC

1837. Dec.	First week	Second week	Third week	Fourth week	Odd days
Friday	1	8	15	22	29
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30
Sunday	3	10	17	24	31
Monday	4	11	18	25	
Tuesday	5	12	19	26	
Wednesday	6	13	20	27	
Thursday	7	14	21	28	

D M	SUN R & S	MOON R & S	High Water	MOONS PHASES	D H
2	6 39 6	7 37 m	1 25		
6	6 43 6	11 50	5 40	New 1	7 m
10	6 48 6	4 30	9 40	First qr 5	10 m
14	6 54 6	5 50 r	0 5	Full 12	6 m
18	7 0 5	9 52	3 5	Last 20	2 m
22	7 6 5	1 5	7 0	New 27	9 a
26	7 10 5	5 35	10 0	Clock slow	
30	7 15 5	6 32	0 35	15th 14 min.	

HORSES.

ON STABLE TREATMENT.

That your groom is good tempered and fond of horses ought to be your first care; all good stable management depending on these two essentials, for if he is kindly disposed you may rely on his attending to the horses placed in his charge, and that he would rather rob himself than them, nor in any other way will they be neglected. On his being good tempered more depends than is generally imagined, more horses being ruined and keeping low in flesh from this, than any other cause, and whenever a horse is poor, and no proper cause can be assigned, then keep a vigilent eye upon the stable. We do not mean to infer that the groom is not honest on this account; but to ascertain the hidden cause of the horses not thriving, to notice how he treats his horses. This may soon be ascertained, by the way the horse lets the groom approach him in the stall. If the poor beast seems afraid, rely on it he is ill used, and his being always on the fret is the cause of his thinness: change him to a good-tempered groom and you will soon see an improvement.

As much injury is frequently done to horses in the stable (and perhaps more) than when at proper work, though the latter is always blamed for it. Many of the lameness to which the horse is subject arise from stable usage; the horse is made to jump up suddenly or forward in his stall, this, by a slip, or some other accident, strains a muscle, but the lameness is immediately attributed to his last days work. The same, when they receive a kick or blow, on the legs particularly, if it has only been violent enough to cause so slight an inflamation, that it requires exercise to increase it sufficiently to cause the horse to go lame, then it is decided immediately he must have got a kick out of door, or met with some other accident, and however miraculously it may seem to have been to the rider, as he cannot recollect any one circumstances likely to have caused the complaint, yet he is obliged (as the horse went sound when he started) to believe it happened with him, unless the horse has been lately shod, and then the poor innocent sheer, it is decided on all hands, is to blame particularly if the shoe is taken off, and after a day or two given the horse to rest he gets sound.

Having a groom you can trust, (any other is worse than useless,) as before observed, you may rely on the horses under his charge being well fed, kindly treated, and in every other way taken care of; we always having found a good groom to be invaluable in every respect, and a great comfort and saving. With such a one there is no necessity of everlastingly being in the stable; he prides himself in the good looks and cleanliness of his horses, and every thing about him in short he is fond of doing his duty; for the master to look in and express his satisfaction and shew some fondness to the horses pleases him; he feels proud in having given satisfaction, and that, and the good looks of his companions, are his reward. But the master should only show that he does look into the stable from a love of its inhabitants not prying suspiciously about, as if he thought he had rogues to deal with. This breaks the proud spirit of such a servant, and they (not only) immediately say, (but too often put it in practice. I may as well be a rogue as thought one. The rogue, the drunken, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, is worse than useless, looking after him is a waste of time and after all, he is more than a match for you, do what you will—the sooner you get rid of such a stable pest the better, even at less wages, they cost you more beyond all calculation than a good servant, and every thing is neglected and goes to rack and ruin under their mismanagement.

VICIOUS HORSES.

Buffon said he could tell the disposition of a family by the only saw their dog; with horses this is most assuredly the case, so far as their keepers are concerned, were there no brutal bipeds there would be no ill tempered horses, they always being, when properly used, noble, generous quadrupeds, and generally speaking, (not in every instance) the most vicious horses are to be reclaimed. We, from having purchased horses reckoned extremely dangerous from their being considered spiteful and vicious, beyond all hopes of cure, on purpose to put the above theory to the test, can affirm we never yet found a naturally spiteful or vicious horse, nay more never an ill-tempered one, and even where vice by mismanagement had become habitual in the horse, we have even found them, by proper management, eagerly return to each day, and with proper treatment ever after [illegible]

[illegible]—An article in the sale of which you may [illegible] your own father [illegible] any imputation upon [illegible] that duty. Dr [illegible] composing of [illegible]

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE STANDARD.

SIR,—One object of the enlargement of the executive Council was understood to be, that all interests in the Province, as much as might be, should be represented. In some of the selections, which have recently been made has this principle been acted upon? Why have Northumberland and Charlotte, the second and third Counties in the Province for population, manufactories, wealth, and commercial importance, been wholly overlooked? And why have two Executive Councillors been given to the pet County of Westmorland, which has already two members in the Legislative Council? Is she worthy of, and does her importance entitle her to, more abundant honours, than her sister Counties? And do her sons fall peculiarly under that expression of Lord Glenelg in one of his despatches "in whom the country have confidence"? If this be so, a few brief years have made all the difference. We can recollect the time when it was not so. The thing smacks strongly of an influence behind the throne—of the old leaven of exclusiveness being still at work—of the close corporation system. Only help us into the ark, and we will do, as our predecessors have done, help you to keep out every body else, who are not *of us*. It is fit that we should consider how we come there ourselves? What is power or influence, if not to be used for the benefit of the possessor, and his clique. Profession is well enough for the outs—but who builds a scaffolding for any other purpose then to kick it down again, when the object of its structure is accomplished? Away with that antiquated term consistency—it is not in our vocabulary—fools may preach while we enjoy.

The flaming patriot of yesterday, is to-day when snugly ensconced in a post of influence or emolument, (and the former begets the latter,) a thorough faced place-man—so [illegible] will we.

A LOCKER-ON.

PROVINCIAL.

To His Excellency Major General SIR JOHN HARVEY, *K. C. H. and C. B. Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, &c. &c.*

May it please Your Excellency.

WE, the undersigned, having at a late meeting of the Officers of the Charlotte County Militia, been appointed a Committee to prepare an Address to Your Excellency expressive of their feelings and sentiments at this momentous crisis, beg leave to approach Your Excellency for the purpose of evincing our satisfaction, that it had been the pleasure of His late Majesty to place at the head of the Executive Government of this Province, a Gentleman equally conspicuous for his gallantry in the field, and for his prudence and sound judgement in the Cabinet.

While we view with indignation and disgust the attempt of a number of deluded people in our Sister Province of Lower Canada to rear the standard of rebellion with the avowed intention of dismembering a portion of that flourishing Colony from the British Empire. We, the sons of those loyal men, who emigrated from their homes to this Province more than half a century ago, under circumstances ever to be remembered, beg leave to assure Your Excellency that we deeply and sincerely appreciate the value of the inestimable benefits and privileges we enjoy as British subjects, and that we are impressed with a resolute determination to support and maintain the Constitution of the land of our forefathers by every means in our power.

We therefore offer to Your Excellency, without reserve, our best services in the present emergency, with an ardent desire, that the feelings and principles herein expressed may be put to the test, whenever, in Your Excellency's discretion the public weal may require them, and have no hesitation in adding—that the Officers, non-commissioned Officers, and Privates of our several Battalions will be found equally ready to suppress any sedition whenever their services may be required.

[illegible] Officers commanding

1st. Battalion C. C. R. Militia.
THOMAS WYER, Lieut. Col. Commanding 2nd Battalion C. C. R. Militia.
HARRIS HATCH, Lieut. Col. Commanding 3rd Battalion C. C. R. Militia.
DAVID NOWATT, Lieut. Col. Commanding 4th Battalion C. C. R. Militia

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—The last detachment of the 85th Regiment left this city on Wednesday morning for Fredericton on their way to Canada. They were conveyed on sleds—The detachment of this corps proceed on to Quebec the morning after their arrival at Fredericton.

We understand that the arrangements of the Commissariat Department on the route were so complete, that the detachment of the 43d, under Col. Booth, had completed half the distance to Quebec on the sixth day after leaving Fredericton.

Major Pringle, Capt. Stanaway, Lieutenant Wright, and Lieutenant Parker, with 72 men of the Royal Artillery; and Capt. Byron Capt. Hammond, Lieut. Burke; and Lieut. Goldenough, with the two Flank Companies of the 34 Regiment, arrived in the steamer Nova Scotia from Windsor, yesterday morning.

One of the companies of the 34th; and a detachment of the Artillery are expected to start for Fredericton on Monday morning.—*Courier, Dec. 23.*

THE COUNTRY BALL

is the title of an article in the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, from which the following is extracted:—

And now one of the managers, who had been absent a few minutes, re-entered the room, bringing with him a young gentleman in the undress uniform of an officer in the army, whom he immediately introduced to Miss Ethering as Captain Calvert. Emily blushed deeply as her eyes encountered those of the young officer, from which it was conjectured that he could not be a total stranger. The signal was given—the music resounded through the hall—the young soldier led off his partner, and the gallant Corncracker paired off with Jemima. Lieutenant Van Wheeze took heart of grace, and turning up the cuffs of his coat-sleeves, offered his ungloved hand to Evelina.

The dance was over, and the gentlemen were retiring from the centre of the hall with their fair companions. There was a glass door which opened upon a long piazza, and through this Captain Calvert led his unresisting companion, who, languid with emotion and the heat of the room, felt the breeze of the evening grateful to her burning brow. No one followed them, for the superior attraction of refreshments was universally allowed.

"You are unwell, Emily," said Calvert, as she leaned heavily upon his arm; you looked just now as pale as death."

"The surprise of meeting you here, Edward," replied the young lady, "has almost been too much for me. How can you venture to come into this neighbourhood, when you know the inveteracy of my uncle towards you. You know he forbade my communicating with you, and had not accident detained him at home to-night, and placed me under the care of another person, I could not even have spoken to you"

"Ay, but Emily," said Calvert, "my prospects are now entirely changed. When I was only a poor cavalry officer, with nothing but my sword and cloak, your worldly uncle might well frown upon me; but the good old man who befriended me through his life is dead, and has bequeathed to me the bulk of his unencumbered property."

"Alas!" sighed Emily, "I fear that circumstance will have but little weight with my uncle, for his prejudices, when firmly rooted, can hardly be eradicated. Then his passions are so ungovernable, that I tremble for his reason. My aunt tells me that it was not always so with him. But you must be aware that he lost his only child at the age of six years in a most unaccountable manner.—Many people imagined the child was stolen away by a mortal enemy of my uncle, who wished to strike a wound where it would rankle longest: But whatever he once was, he now hardly smiles, or gives utterance to a pleasant expression.

"I know it," cried the young soldier; "and I know he dislikes me because I am a nameless being—a mere waif on the waters of existence. But the bounty of the good old man who brought me up has now placed me in affluence, and I am determined to see your uncle, and claim your hand of him. I know that in the gentle heart of his wife I have an advocate."

"Oh! beware of using her influence," said Emily. "She is so much younger than himself—so beautiful—so gay—so thoughtless—I know not how to express myself, Mr. Calvert"——

"He distrusts her," interrupted the young soldier. "Well, at all events, I will call upon him in the morning that will be the most honourable course; and if he consents—then, Emily!" cried the young man exultingly.

"But," continued the [illegible] "suppose the worst—we are plighted to each other."

"I can never be yours without his consent," said Emily, seriously. "Harsh and hard he may have been to me at times, but he has been my sole protector, and I am an orphan."

"I honor you for your sentiments," said the young soldier, "and I will not anticipate an unfavourable termination of my embassy. And now, let us return to the ball-room, before our absence has been noticed.

He took her arm, and we will not ever that taking advantage of the deep shadows of the building, he did not press the red lips of his mistress. But if he did, the lovely Emily did not rebuke him. Fair reader, what wouldst thou do in such a case?

On the morning after the ball, Mrs. Ethering was seated at her parlor-window, engaged with her needle. Now and then she raised her eyes to look at the vessels as they dashed over the blue waters of the bay upon their route to Europe. Her husband had gone out to shoot some sea-birds, and Emily was in her own room. The galloping of a horse was heard, and a young soldier, whose features she recognized at once, rode up and dismounted. Captain Calvert was shown into the parlor. As she had not yet learned from Emily the arrival of the young officer, Mrs. Ethering was very much surprised at his appearance. When, however, he informed her of his good fortune, of his honorable intentions, and his manly resolve to present himself, to her husband, and press his claim to the hand of his niece, the countenance of the lady brightened up, and she promised the young man all her influence in the affair.—Overpowered by a thrill of gratitude, Edward caught her hand and pressed it respectfully but repeatedly to his lips. At that moment the door of the room was flung wide open, and Mr. Ethering rushed in, his stern features expressing a demoniacal rage.

"Villain!" he exclaimed to Calvert, "have I at last detected you? I have too long suspected this, and you have too long hugged yourself on your impunity. By heaven your fate is sealed" And the furious man levelled the long-barrelled ducking-gun he carried at the young soldier.

"You are mad!" cried Calvert. "Put up your piece;—would you murder me."

"No!" cried Ethering, flinging down the gun "But harkee, youngster, a word or two with you. There are such things as pistols—twenty paces on the muddy beach, and a mutual discharge at *one, two, three!*" What say you to the invitation? Speak out, for the lady, you see, has taken occasion to faint away, that being the prescribed ceremonial in these cases."

"Mr Ethering," said Calvert calmly, "you are beside yourself. Had you injured me even more than by these causeless suspicions, I could never raise my hand against the relative of my betrothed bride."

"Captain Calvert," cried the other sternly "do not allude to the pretended attachment which has served as a mask to your base intrigue. Tell me with a soldier's frankness, will you fight or not."

"Frankly, then, I will not. I will leave you to your reflections, and I trust that in your calmer moments you will do me justice. Farewell!"

"This shall not serve your turn!" vociferated Ethering. "If nothing else will rouse you take that!" and he struck the young man a violent blow. The effect of this outrage was tremendous. At first Edward became deadly pale, then the blood rushed to his cheeks and brow, and burned and throbbed in his temples. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable, and when he did speak it was in a hoarse and altered voice.

"I am ready to attend you," he cried, "whenever and wherever you demand a meeting. By day or by night, with sword or with pistol, on foot or on horseback, I am ready to avenge my injured honor. Only name your time and place."

"Be it this instant" cried Ethering; "I will lead you to a retired part of the beach. Your horse is saddled, and mine is also ready. Let us mount without delay."

Leading the way from the room, he threw himself into the saddle, and galloped furiously along the beach, followed by Calvert on the spur, with the blood still boiling in his veins. Arrived at a solitary spot; they both dismounted.

"Recommend your soul to God!" cried Ethering; "and fire when I drop my handkerchief."

The soldier raised his eyes to heaven, but the prayer died upon his lips. His mind was confused—he only breathed for vengeance. The handkerchief dropped—both pistols exploded at once and the gallant young officer weltered in his blood.

"I forgive you, Mr. Ethering," he gasped; "but believe me, I am innocent. When you think upon my death hereafter, check your violent passions ere they hurry you to greater crimes."

The repentant homicide kneeled in the sand above his dying victim. He opened his to give him air, but started back in horror. On the bosom of the slaughtered youth there was a mark he recognised too well. The discovery was fatal, for late forsook him in the single frightful cry he uttered.—"God of heaven! I have killed my son!"

Grand Military Funeral at Woolwich of COLONEL EELES, K. H.—The lamented demise of this much respected officer took place on the 12th of October, at his quarters at Woolwich, where he was in command of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, well known throughout the British army as a "crack corps." To the Officers and men Colonel Eeles had literally endeared himself, though a strict disciplinarian. The gallant Colonel's memory will long be cherished by his men, which may be judged of by the fact, that upon its being arranged that the last sad ceremony of his interment should take place on Tuesday, a simultaneous feeling was expressed by the men that a hearse should be dispensed with, and that, as a mournful tribute to his worth, they should bear his remains to their final resting-place, upwards of a mile and a half. In conformity with this desire, 24 veterans were appointed to perform the melancholy duty,

The sombre uniform of the Rifle Corps was in perfect unison with the gloomy ideas which are necessarily associated with such mournful occasions, and afforded a fine contrast with the splendid trappings of the Horse Artillery Officers, and in conjunction with the gaudy glare of the red coats of the Engineer and Marine Officers, who joined the cavalcade, illustrated what the Poet has termed "the pomp of woe." The morning had hitherto been fine, but at the period the procession "fell in," the sun had withdrawn his cheerful beams, and the hazy atmosphere was in keeping with the gloomy but interesting scene.

The East Horse-square of the Artillery-barracks was the place of rendezvous, the avenue from the east gate to Long's gate, which opens to the Charlton road being lined with mounted Horse Artillery, faced inwards. The procession commenced moving at half past two o'clock, the battalion of Rifles leading the van with arms reversed, their bugle Band in the rear stepping off at slow time, which pace was continued to the place of interment, Charlton Churchyard. The corps was followed by the Rev. A. Drummond, Rector of Charlton, supported by the Garrison Chaplains, preceding the coffin borne by six riflemen, the pall supported Col. Cator and another Colonel of Horse Artillery, Colonel F. Lee, R. M., and three other Field Officers, the sword, cap, belt, and sash, of the deceased lying thereon: the late Colonel's charger followed with his boots in the stirrups with the toes pointing to the rear; the Horse Artillery fell in on each side of the body.

The chief mourner, the youthful son of the deceased (supported by two relatives,) six gentlemen Cadets, of the Royal Artillery, a battalion of the Royal Marines with their band, two brigades of Field Battery Artillery men, a battalion of Foot Artillery with their band, upwards of 140 Officers of the Royal Marines, Royal Artillery, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Marines, and Rifle Brigade,—among whom were Lord Jocelyn, the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Cosmo Russell; Capt. Sir John Louis, Bart., Colonels Cleveland, C. B., Power, C. B. K. H., Cator, Dundas, &c. &c; the commandant of the Garrison, Major-General Sir J. M'Lean, K. C. H., and Commandant at the Marine Division, Colonel Wingrove, bringing up the rear in an open barouche—the "Dead March in Saul" being successively taken up by the several bands on the whole line of march until the arrival at Charlton Church, where a party of foot artillery had been stationed, and presented arms to the corpse, as it was borne throughout the ranks of the Rifle Battalion, the men leaning on their arms in mournful attitude; the other corps filing off round the oak tree which stands in the centre of the open ground entering the village from London. The coffin, accompanied by the mourners and officers, was carried into the Church, the Rev. A. Drummond reading the service with most impressive effect the dirge being played by the band of the Royal Artillery, and the mortal remains of the late soldier, Col. Eeles; were consigned to the earth, where the last military honors were paid him by the thrice-pealing thunder of the rifles of the corps he so long zealously commanded, with the esteem of his officers, beloved by his men, each of whom appears by the bereavement as if he had lost a friend.

The respective corps returned in solemn silence to their quarters, and as the cavalcade marched through an angle in the parish of Woolwich, the church bell sent forth its dismal notes—tributes of respects to the departed gallant officer, which demonstrated how highly his worth was appreciated. The spectacle was impressively grand, and wending its way to the village, the most romantic in itself and its locality of any round London, the picturesque appearance of the procession with the varying costume of the military, was strongly tinged with dramatic effect—There were several thousands of spectators present, comprising the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

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