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Volume VIII

No. XXX

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. SMITH.

Dear Sir—On my return from Fredericton yesterday, I received the accompanying letter from Colin Campbell, Esq. in answer to an appeal I made to him some weeks since in a communication I then addressed to the Freeholders of the County, for the purpose of contradicting a statement published by Captain Owen in his letter of the 15th inst. You will oblige me by inserting it together with this in your next paper.

I am, Your Obedt Servt,
R. M. ANDREWS.

July 23, 1841.

St. Andrews, 21st July, 1841.

R. M. ANDREWS, ESQUIRE.

Dear Sir,—I have delayed responding to your appeal to me as Chairman of the late County Meeting for the correctness of your statement of what took place on the occasion, until all the parties had an opportunity of sending forth their communications on that subject to the world, through the medium of the press; but as I think the topic must now be nearly exhausted, I have no objection to answer your call—

That Captain Owen's insinuation that "two of the resolutions were expunged" from the proceedings of the meeting," was totally unfounded, requires no other proof than that they actually appeared with the others in the Standard. Captain Owen certainly should have either waited until those proceedings were published, or have procured better information before throwing such an unjust imputation upon the Chairman and Secretary. The same gentleman further says in his extraordinary production, that I (calling me by name, which is not usually done in such cases) did not feel myself competent to dissolve the meeting while one person remained. This I distinctly deny; I neither said nor thought anything so preposterous, after the second motion to adjourn, (moved by Captain Owen, and seconded by Mr. Brown,) had been lost, and a good deal of discussion followed, I stated in plain terms that the Chairman had it not in his power to adjourn a meeting when regularly organized, while there was a majority against it, and here I will take leave to add that it did not exhibit much delicacy in themselves, or respect to the constituency, when two members of the body, on whose conduct that meeting was called to pass judgment, should both by their own exertions, and that of their immediate friends, take such an active part in endeavouring to disperse it.

It is also asserted that the meeting was got up for electioneering and party purposes—this is almost too absurd to make a reply to, but as my name has been unnecessarily introduced into the paper war by Captain Owen; I feel it a duty I owe to myself to state that I neither signed nor saw the requisition, but would have done so had I been in town. I was called to the chair by J. W. Chandler, Esquire, who neither took an active part nor voted at the election alluded to, seconded by yourself, who on that occasion acted as a personal friend to Captain Owen, and voted for him. At this time there was, in my opinion, one hundred persons present, among whom were the magistrates you mention, and I considered it a numerous and respectable meeting, especially when coupled with the fact that a similar one of the Parishes of St. Stephen, St. David and St. James, comprising about one half of the County, had been held at the former place very shortly previous for the same purpose, and passed similar resolutions. That ample time was given for all to attend, had it been their wish, is evident from the fact that persons were there from the remotest parts of the County, among whom were the two County members.

After an abortive attempt to break up the meeting, a few gentlemen left the Court House, and the impression on my mind is that a great many others moved off in consequence of Captain Owen and Mr. Brown occupying so much of the time with their speeches not being disgusted with the fulsome eulogies they heaped upon each other.

I was prepared to bring forward a resolution on the subject of the enormous sums of money improvidently and unconstitutionally lavished upon our late Lieutenant Governor by the House of Assembly, but was prevented by being unexpectedly called upon to preside. To show how very inconsistently some of the Members acted with regard to Sir John Harvey, I will state a simple fact.—In 1839 when the Honble. William Black was President of the Province, I moved that the sum of £250 should be voted to the Hon. for the purpose of purchasing Fuel for Government House, and other contingencies. This was thought an extravagant Grant, and cut down to £100, and so cautious were the House then, that it was granted to the Commissioners and remained so on the Journals until the 2nd March, when the majority of the House (excepting the wording of the Grant not courteous to His Honor, on motion of Colonel Allen, Resolved that the amount should be paid over to the President—see pages 90, and 115, of the Journal of that year.

It must also be remembered that Mr. Black had no military allowances. A great portion

of the present House were Members in the year referred to, and I have yet to learn what were the services performed by Sir John Harvey to entitle him to such large grants from the Province chest that were not performed with as much zeal and fidelity by his predecessors, Sir Howard Douglas and Sir Archibald Campbell.

You are at liberty to make such use of this hasty communication as you may see fit. In mean time, am, Dear Sir,

Yours Truly,
Colin Campbell.

N.B. Mr. Black did not appoint so many Supervisors of Great Roads, Commissioners, &c. from the House of Assembly as our late Governor did, to expend the public money and afterward sit in judgement on their own accounts.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

There is a cup, a cup of woe,
Which leaves a sting behind;
And few there are, who do not know,
The sorrows of the mind.

There is cup, the drunkard's bowl;
In which he takes delight;
Makes brutes of men and sinks the soul,
Into eternal night.

As gathering clouds,—and tempests rise,
And darken nature's plan;
So Alcohol will brood likewise;
To pour its wrath on man.

The Vials of his wrath, are these,
Both Brandy, Rum and Gin;
Bottles, flowing with all disease,
Are found in yonder Inn;

But who's so base to sell the trash?
And murder his best friend?
'Tis he, who fears not heaven's fash!
Shall perish in the end.

Be mine the cold and limpid spring—
To satiate nature's call,
And soar on Temperance' lofty wing!!
Till Alcohol shall fall.

Anti-Alcohol.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

An American Tale.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

But, my dear sir, you cannot, certainly, be in earnest!

'Yes, but I am though.'

'What—gamble your daughter away?'

'You may call it by what name you choose; it matters not to me. You must beat at the game, or her hand cannot be yours.'

'But that is impossible. You are the best player within ten miles, and I know little or nothing of draughts, besides having a distaste for it.'

'Well, what is your own lookout,' replied the father with an air of impatience. 'If you win her she is yours, but if you do not, my word for it, she makes happy the bridal evening of a smarter man.'

'But—'

'I tell you, it is useless to talk, John Graham. My word is passed, and I cannot be moved. If you comply with my terms, well; if not, there let the matter end.'

This conversation occurred between a sturdy husbandman, whose farm fringed the romantic banks of the St. Lawrence, near the delightful village of Marietta, in the interior of Pennsylvania, and a young farmer, living near by. The heart of the latter had been won by Anna, the blooming daughter of the former, and after many days of doubt and painful misgivings John Graham, for that was his name, made bold to speak forth to the father his desire to possess her hand.

Surprised, mortified, and discouraged at his reception, the young man left the house, without a parting word with Anna, and returned to his own home gloomy and desponding.

For three days, no one saw him beyond the bounds of his own farm. Anna, who knew of course his intention to ask for her hand, was deeply distressed at his sudden departure from the house, and prolonged absence.

It was near midnight of the third day, while sitting at the cottage window that opened towards the road winding up to the house, that she was startled from a painful, dreamy state, by the sound of footsteps, and lifting up her head, she perceived that her truant lover was again returning.

'O John, why have you staid so long away?' she said earnestly, as she bounded out of the door to meet him.

'And why should I come?' he replied moodily.

'Did not my father—' she could utter nothing further, but colouring deeply, leaned her head upon his shoulder.

'He refused me your hand, Anna!' he said in an excited tone.

'O, no, John; he did not do that safely!' said the maiden, lifting her head, and looking him with a pale countenance, steadily in the

face.

'It amounts to the same thing, Anna: I must beat him at draughts, or you never can be mine.'

'John Graham! you are sporting with me!' Anna drew herself up, while her face, from which the colour had so suddenly departed, was lighted up with something of indignation.

'As I live, and as I love you, Anna, what I say is true.'

'Then my father but sported with you, in a merry mood,' and the maiden tried to smile carelessly.

'He was in earnest,' said the young man solemnly.

'Then what can he mean?' asked Anna in a perplexed tone.

'Why, he means to deny me your hand—He has, no doubt, other views for his daughter.'

For a moment Anna stood silent, and then leaning her head upon the shoulder of her lover, she sobbed aloud, overcome by feelings which she in vain tried to keep down.

Just at that moment the sound of some one approaching aroused them, and looking up, they perceived it to be Anna's father.

'Well, John,' he said in a cheerful tone, 'have you come to beat me at draughts?'

Young Graham's face coloured, and being unable at that moment to speak, from confusion, he looked upon the ground, and was silent. But quickly recovering himself, he replied—

'I hope sir, that you will not feel it necessary to pain either your daughter's feelings or my own, longer, by what I cannot believe to be anything more than a jest.'

'The old man's brow darkened. 'I am not used to trifling, sir,' he said. 'You have heard my terms. Let me assure you that they must be fulfilled to the letter. If you do not intend trying for her hand, in the only way that it can be won, then give place sir, to some more worthy suitor.'

Deeply pained, as well as offended, at what he considered equivalent to an insult repeated, Graham turned suddenly away from both father and daughter, and hastened home.

It was nearly four weeks before the young couple again met, and then it was without concert, at the house of a neighbor. For the first part of the evening, they seemed shy of each other; but after awhile, were observed to be earnestly engaged in conversation, as they paced the lawn in front of the house, backward and forward, under the love-awakening influences of a bright August moon.

'Will you not consent,' said Graham, becoming more animated.

'No, John, I cannot. I love you, and her voice trembled and faltered; but, leave my father! O, no, no, never!'

'Then you do not love—' But he paused with the word half uttered. There was an embarrassed silence of some moments; at length the young man said in a melancholy tone—

'Then, Anna, we had better see each other no more.'

'John,' she said, looking him in the face fixedly, 'will you not try—' But she hesitated, and then hung down her head.

'Try to beat your father in a game of draughts, you would have said? Even if there was hope, Anna, of doing that, which there is none, I could not give my consent to so humiliating an act. What has the playing of draughts skillfully to do with making you a good husband?'

But this did not satisfy the mind of the maiden. She thought that her lover ought to be willing to do anything, no matter how unreasonable it might be, for the sake of gaining her hand. She could not, however, say more than she had said.

They parted that evening, gloomy enough. But the sight of her face, and the sound of her voice, had stirred more deeply in his heart the waters of affection.

'She must be mine!' he said to himself, passionately, as he strode homewards.

By degrees, but with great reluctance, he began to ascertain thoughts of applying himself to the game at which her father was so skillful; and such progress had he made by the next evening in his incipient resolutions, that he actually went over to a neighbour's, and after sitting awhile, proposed a game of draughts. But although his antagonist was but a poor player, John Graham was beaten every time.

'You wouldn't do to play with old Woodruff,' remarked his companion, after winning for the sixth time.

Graham coloured deeply as he looked up at the remark; but he perceived by his friend's countenance that it was innocently made.

Much discouraged, he went home that night and dreamed that he had played with Mr. Woodruff, Anna's father, and beaten him. On the next evening he went over again, and spent two or three hours in playing. Once he beat his antagonist. This gave him hope; and as he thought of it the next day, he said to himself, 'I have certainly improved a little, and if I keep at it I will improve more.'

And old Woodruff will improve too; and he is far enough ahead,—whispered an opposing thought, and his spirit, sunk suddenly into freezing pain. That evening he staid mope- ing and gloomy at home. But on the next

evening he tried draughts again, and felt an increasing confidence and sense of coming skill.

Three weeks passed away in practising almost every evening, when John became so much of an adept as to beat his friend at every game. This made him feel quite uplifted, and he determined to have a trial with Anna's father. So he dressed himself up and went over.

Anna met him at the door, and blushed with joy and confusion. The old man extended his hand with a blunt welcome, that had in it some remains of his former cordiality.

Before tea, Woodruff talked with Graham about the weather, the farm, and the stock. After tea, at which little was said, though many glances exchanged between the lovers, the old man pointed significantly at the checker-board, and Graham, with a face suddenly flushed, nodded assent.

Anna's heart beat audibly in her bosom, and she felt oppressed with suffocating sensation, as she saw the two draw silently up to the table and begin to arrange their pieces on the board. It beat quicker still when the moves began, and sunk heavily in her bosom, after a brief passage of the pieces from square to square—for her lover had lost the game. The pieces were again replaced, and again the moves commenced. But the game soon terminated as the first. Twenty games were played before the parties separated, all of which the old man won. Long before the termination of the evening's contention, Anna's pulse became quiet; although a red spot upon her cheek told that she felt none the less interest. She had not failed to perceive that, with every renewed game, the period occupied in contesting it became longer than that which went before.

On the next evening Graham came again, and again the draught-board was produced. But some how or other, he could not play even as well as he did on the evening previous. Anna was disappointed, and he could perceive it; and this not only dispirited him, but wounded his pride. He felt in no pleasant mood as he returned home that night, half determined not to lower himself so much in his own estimation, as to gamble for the girl he loved. This half-formed resolution he kept for a week; during which time Anna's doubts and fears all returned upon her, and made her sick at heart.

But, much as she disliked draughts, and much as she condemned and even despised the principle involved in the stipulations of Anna's father, all-powerful love again prevailed, and he sought the home of his lady fair, to enter the lists once more for her hand. But it was with little better success. Still there was one compensation for the disappointments that followed every evening's trial—and that was, an hour's quiet communion with Anna; for, as long as he would play with the old man, and try, as he of course did, to beat him, he was a welcome visitor, and allowed a fair opportunity to tell over again to the maiden how fondly he loved her.

Six months passed in this way, and young Graham began to play with much skill and judgment, and not unfrequently a game would last for a whole hour. On such occasions, the old man would slap him on the shoulder, after he had beat him, with—'Well done, my boy! the girl will be yours yet!'

One day, about this time, it happened that Graham, with his farmer's frock on, was driving his cart along the road that passed near the cottage of his sweet-heart. Woodruff happened to meet him just there, and insisted upon his stopping. Graham went in, and after drinking a glass of home-brewed beer, made by the fair hands of her he loved, the old man reached down the ever-present checker-board.

'This may be a lucky day, John,' he said, looking him archly in the face;—'Have you a mind to try?'

The first sight of the board always annoyed the young man; but he stifled this feeling as usual, and sat down to the table.

For a little while Anna stood looking at the game, and then retired to attend to the ordinary duties in the family. The mother, too, soon followed, and the players were soon left alone. The dog, that had partaken of the general feeling of bustle on the entrance of the young man, soon felt the quiet influence of the room, seemed as deeply engaged in thought as were his biped companions. Not a sound was to be heard, except the low noise made in moving the pieces on the board, or the occasional quicker rattling of them when one of them was taken. Graham never before seemed to have his mind half so clear, nor to have so lucid a perception of the principles of the game; and the old man was as much absorbed in what he was doing as ever. About every ten minutes, if there had been another observer in the room, a serious face might have been seen looking in for a few moments at the window behind the young man.

'Juniper!' suddenly exclaimed the old man with an uneasy movement, as his antagonist leaped into the kingdom.—The relative position of several pieces in the neighbourhood of this newly made and just king on the board, was such as to compel Woodruff, in taking care of them to disarrange entirely this game,

and destroy his usual position of advantage. For a few minutes the flush of excitement destroyed the calm, balanced state of young Graham's mind. But he perceived this, and confined his moves to unimportant and safe ones, until his pulse beat more quietly. And now came the severest struggle yet. Now or never! thought Graham who acknowledged that it was a happy accident rather than skill, to which he was indebted for his present decidedly advantageous position.

For nearly half an hour both parties continued to play with such caution that but a single piece was taken; but now each seemed determined to bring the game to an issue, and soon the board had nothing on it but four kings—two on each. Just at this time, Anna came to the window, and seeing the position of the affairs turned pale, and left a sensation of faintness; but she was riveted to the spot. The mother's interest, too, had become excited, and she came to the door and stood also looking upon the board. The four kings were near together, and each was evidently intent on reducing the number of the other's own, and then blocking that.

After studying and calculating moves for about five minutes, the old man cautiously passed one of his kings to another square. Quick as thought his antagonist made a move and then a long pause ensued, and at last the move was made.

'Hurrah!' exclaimed Graham, in a loud voice, lifting his head suddenly from his hand. He gave a king for a king, and having the last jump, so alighted as completely to hem him in, or 'block' the old man's only remaining king, thus winning the game at the last extremity. 'Hurrah, hurrah!' he cried and leaped back in an ecstasy of delight.

For a moment or two the old man seemed chagrined at his defeat; but he recovered himself quickly, and grasping the hand of Graham, said—

'Now, my boy, you have fairly won her, and she is yours.' Come here, pet,' he said to Anna, who appeared at the door pressing in by her mother, and name your wedding day.'

'It is needless to tell how Anna blushed, or how her heart leaped for joy in her bosom.—It is of more moment to say, that in I month the 'twain were made one flesh.'

After the knot had been tied, and the young folks were full of noisy merriment, Mr. Woodruff said to his new-made son-in-law—

'And now, my dear boy, I trust that you will never again doubt your natural ability when brought in comparison with the natural powers of another. Patience and perseverance will surmount all obstacles. Make these your companions, and you will fast rise in influence and usefulness, above the crowd who are content to be ignorant.'

'There you are mistaken, my boy,' replied the old man smiling. 'You have one defect in your character, and I saw it. You distrust your own powers. It was but one week before you asked me for Anna's hand, that in a conversation, you told me you could not do a certain thing. It involved difficulty and application, but it was still necessary that you should do it; or trust to some one else to do it for you, who would then have it in their power to deceive you. I determined then, as soon as you asked for my child, I would put your love and your powers of mind, both to a test, and in the range of human capacity, if you tried. Have I not succeeded in showing to you that I cannot, are words not to be used in your dictionary?'

The young man looked his monitor in the face with silent surprise—and the latter added—

'And now my dear boy, I trust that you will never again doubt your natural ability when brought in comparison with the natural powers of another. Patience and perseverance will surmount all obstacles. Make these your companions, and you will fast rise in influence and usefulness, above the crowd who are content to be ignorant.'

Both Horas Bad.—The poor tailor in the following sketch from the New Orleans Crescent City, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other:

'Will you pay me my bill, sir?' said a tailor in Charles street, to a vagabond fellow who had got into him about a feet.

'Do you owe any body any thing, sir?' asked the wag.

'No, sir,' said the tailor.

'Then you can afford to wait?' and he walked off.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet, so turning on his creditor, he says, 'Are you in debt to any body?'

'Yes, sir,' says the tailor.

'Well, why the devil don't you pay?'

'Because I can't get the money.'

'That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition—give us your hand!'

A Sore Cut.—A Bandy in Baltimore insulted a young girl in the street a few evenings since, by attempting to take hold of her hand, when she seized the puppy by the left mustache, and cut it short with her scissors. He made tracks quickly.

Did you ever see a lady take her seat, who didn't rise again to fix her dress?