

Division Store.
News, May 1844.

EDWELL, respectfully an-
nounces, that he has opened an
office of Provision &c., in
the corner of Jones's Wharf, and now

four, Corn Meal, Beef, Pork,
Molasses, Soap, Onions,
Vinegar, Cheese, Flour,
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, and
all suitable for a retail Pro-

* Turpentine, Copal and
all Boiled Oils, Nails,
Saw Boots, Morocco Pumps,
and a variety of Childrens
and Cash, the smallest price
and, and no second price

BOND,
- Flour, - Meal, - 3 barrels
- Prime Beef, for ship
- Sugar, - 100 lbs.

Loaf Sugar,
- 100 lbs.

Just received per the
K. from Live-pool:
- Cognac Brandy, and
- and Gin,
- Old Port Wine,
- 100 lbs.

and Starch,
- Sugar,
- Potatoes,
- J. W. STREET.

McLEAN,
- Merchant,
- Public.

Y. intimates that he
- is (like to the State
- J. B. Brown, at the
- Court, where he tends
- Public in the above

CONSIGNMENT,
- and Office Notes,
- articles, which are
- low for Cash or ap-

8, 1844.

ICE.
- hereby give Notice that
- the Estate of the Late
- John Collier, of the
- late the land of their

KER, Trustees for
- KERR, all the Creditors
- McLEAN, Son the Estate

MOLASSES,
- &c.

FLOUR,
- do.

RICE,
- and Gen. Specie

MOLASSES,
- &c.

ICE.
- ring any demand
- David Collins of S
- died to send in
- within three days to
- NE COLLIER
- Adm'r
- 184

NJARD,
- and under

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- W. Campbell Esq
- James Allen Esq
- Trust, Moore Esq
- Jas Brown Esq
- Mr. J. G. Gentry
- Mr. A. H. Hanco
- Mr. T. Constantine
- Mr. D. G. Gentry
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VOLUME 12

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AGRICULTURE.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO THE SOIL.
At a recent meeting of the Tripart Agricultural Association, the Chairman gave the following account of a new and hitherto unexpected agent in fertilizing the soil:

"In Morayshire he met with a gentleman who communicated to him many agricultural facts, and informed him, that he had recently seen on the farm of Fiddessie a plot of land which seemed to have barley and clover - if they were growing on a dunghill; and that that effect was produced by singular means, but easily to be comprehended by persons versed in science. Perhaps when he mentioned it they would call him a wizard; and perhaps they would be astonished if he told them that the most successful agriculturists might be the poachers, for who would deny that they well knew how to lay down wires? (Laughter.) He came among them armed with a pole or poles eleven feet long, a coil of common wire, and a compass; and with these weapons he trusted he should in a few minutes convince them that he could wield an agricultural power not to be despised. But to proceed. He wrote to the proprietor of the farm at Fiddessie, near Elgin, (Dr. Forster, not Fiddessie) to open with a lecture on the subject, a large portion of which he had built for agricultural purposes in the county of Aberdeen. Dr. Forster, however, was not able to do so; but with a practical liberality which marked him as a true agriculturist, he was kind enough to write an account of the subject, which was the novel and surprising use of the influence of electricity and galvanism on the growth of plants as applicable to agriculture. Many years since Dr. Forster read in the *Gardeners Gazette* the account of an experiment made by a lady, which mainly consisted in causing a constant flow or supply of electricity (to be afforded by a common electrical machine) to proceed from a summer or garden-house, and which was diffused by wire to a fixed portion of the surrounding ground; and the effect was that vegetation did not cease in the winter on the spot under the influence of this wonderful power; and that what snow fell during the continuance of the experiment never remained, as it did on the rest of the garden around. This impressed Dr. Forster very much, and induced him to place a small galvanic battery in action on a grass plot, and through the power from it was very small, still the effect produced fully confirmed the lady's experiment. This and other facts which Dr. Forster collected, led him to think that the electricity of the atmosphere (a constant current of which was found to proceed from east to west over the whole of the earth's surface) might by some arrangement be usefully employed in agriculture. For Mr. Croxson of Taunton had long since proved that the free electricity of the air might be easily collected by wire suspended on poles of wood at many feet from the earth's surface, the direction of the wire being due north and south by the compass, and many very interesting and important facts and experiments had been recorded by Mr. Croxson, and mainly collected from a careful observation of the electricity proceeding from the suspended wire."

Dr. Forster next placed two poles four feet high in his front lawn, which had been recently laid down with cheviot barley and grass, and over draining and subsoil-ploughing it; and over those poles, which were due north and south of each other, he stretched a common piece of iron wire, fixed the two ends of it to stout wooden pins, driven in close to the earth; and on the edge of the plot of eight English poles, and around the edges, which were straight lines, he sunk a row of three or four inches beneath the earth two wires of equal length, the ends of which were fixed and in contact with the two ends of the suspended wire, which were meant not to be too tight, for its contraction in cold nights would break it in two, or pull away the fixtures, and thus defeat the object. Dr. Forster formed two of these plots for experiment, measuring eight square poles each, and then proceeded to cultivate his work, and to do it accurately sought the aid of *Noad's Popular Lectures on Electricity and Galvanism*; and almost the first half hour's perusal showed him that there was such an error in one part of his plan as would effectually defeat his intention. This was, that the point of a blade of grass or young corn plant has the most extraordinary quality or power of attracting or appropriating to itself all the free electricity present, at four times the distance that the finest point of metal would or could. So that when the points of the barley-plants should reach one foot high, all the electricity that the suspended wire might before that have collected and conveyed through the buried wire to the roots of the plants, would be attracted by the points of the barley; and thus, the suspended wire getting nothing from the air, could not, of course, supply anything; by which all the induced electrical influence would cease. Dr. Forster,

therefore, next day placed poles eleven feet high above the surface with wires &c., exactly the same, except that the space surrounded by the buried wire was twenty four poles English measure. All the results are yet imperfectly known, but these were evident.

THE PRINTER.—I pay the printer, said my uncle Toby.
He's a poor creature? joined Trim.
How so? said my uncle.

Because, in the first place, continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle, because he must endeavor to please every body in the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes.

Too much the case, Trim, said my uncle with a deep sigh. Two—much—the case.

And please your honor, continued Trim elevating his voice, and striking into an inspiring attitude, "this is not the whole."

Go on, Trim, said my uncle, feelingly. The printer, sometimes, pursued the Corporal, hits upon a piece that pleases him; and he thinks that it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind. He inserts it, and all is over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive the printer. He has a host to print for, and every one a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, why don't you give us more poetry, marriages, and don't mix away with these state things. The politician claps his specs over his nose, and reads it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none, takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn.

So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaint, would you believe it sir, said the Corporal, claps his hand benevolently, would you believe sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!

Never! said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.
There lived in the east of Scotland, a pious clergyman, who had presided, for a number of years over a small but respectable congregation. In the midst of his active career of usefulness, he was suddenly removed by death, leaving behind him a wife, and a number of helpless children.

The small stipend allowed him by his congregation, had been barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his family; and at his death no visible means were left for their support. The death of her husband preyed deeply upon the heart of the poor afflicted widow, while the dark prospect which the future presented, filled her mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. By her lonely bedside she sat—the morning after her bereavement—lamenting her forlorn and destitute condition, when her little son, a boy of five years of age, entered the room. Seeing the deep distress of his mother, he stole softly to her side, and placing his little hand in hers, looked wistfully into her face, and said: "Mother, mother, is God dead?"

Soft as the gentle whisper of an angel, did the simple accent of the dear boy fall upon the ear of the disconsolate, and almost broken-hearted mother. A gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up for a moment, her pale features. Then snatching up her little boy, and pressing him fondly to her bosom, she exclaimed: "No, no, my son, God is not dead. He lives, and has promised to be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow. His promises are sure and steadfast, and upon them I will firmly and implicitly rely."

Her tears were dried, and her murmurings for ever hushed.—The event proved that her confidence was not misplaced. The congregation over whom her husband had worthily presided, generously settled upon her a handsome annuity, by which she was enabled to support her family, not only comfortably but even genteelly. The talents of her son, as they advanced in years, soon brought them into notice, and finally procured them high and honorable stations in society.—*Herald of Religious Society.*

THE PRAYING BOY.
A gentleman was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard, in an adjoining room, an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer. "O Lord, bless, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die!" O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sunday School, and there have been taught to read my Bible; and there I learn that "when my father and mother forsake me thou wilt take me up!" This comforts me now as my poor mother is going to leave me; may it comfort her, and

may she go to heaven—and may I go there too! O Lord Jesus, pity a poor child! and pity my poor dear mother; and help me to say, Thy will be done." He ceased; and the visitor, opened the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he, "I have listened to his prayer." "Yes," said she, making an effort to rise, "he is a dear child. I think God has been sent to a Sunday School. I cannot read myself, but he can; and he has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do, yes, I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me—I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday School!"

POETRY.
**DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER'S SO-
LOILOQUY.**

Yes, it is so: two years have flown,
Since first I took my paper;
Time scarcely counts ere it is gone,
Like transient breeze of dawn.

Could I keep pace with his career,
(Though e'er so transitory)
And pay my printer's bill, each year,
I were not so sad a story.

But now near twice three months, I find
The printers have been drifting,
And dunning negligence like mine,
And I've not paid a shilling.

The bill is now twelve dollars—near—
It girds me much to think it;
When I have spent twice that each year
For many a useless trinket.

Alas! how could I wrong the man,
Who long has sent me weekly
So rich a treasure! and who can
Endure such treatment meekly?

Of late I've suffered much from fear,
And mental perturbation,
Lest I should see my name appear
In black list publication!

But thanks to Providence most kind,
And Printer's long forbearance,
I will now ease my troubled mind,
By paying off my clearance.

My negligence in time that past,
I hope he'll not think hard on;
For I will pay him well at last,
And humbly beg his pardon.

Curious Nautical Anecdote.—Old Shaw a well known eccentric skipper of a Jamaica ship on entering the channel, at dusk, observed a suspicious looking sail edging down toward him. His vessel was pierced for eighteen or twenty guns, but had only a few mounted. To remedy the deficiency as far as show could do, the old seaman very deliberately ordered the carpenter to draw up the pumps, without delay saw them into lengths, so as to represent guns, and place the pieces in readiness to be run out of the port holes when he gave directions. To give effect to this scheme, he directed a light in a lantern to be suspended over each port, and a man stationed at each in readiness to make the display at the same moment. Thus prepared, when the darkness set in, he ran his ship close alongside the Frenchman, a caravel of twenty two guns, hauled up the hanging ports showed his formidable row of teeth illumined by his battle-lights; discharged a musket (which would not be a tell tale, as one of his pop-guns would have been) over the enemy, and through his great war-trumpet roared out, "Strike, or I'll sink you!"

The unexpected boldness of the Manœuvre had its effect: extraordinary as it may appear, the astonished Croquet instantly complied, without even an attempt to escape. In a few hours our old tar and his prize were safely anchored in King road. Perhaps, in the anecdotal detail of maritime warfare there is scarcely one to be found more laughably quaint than this; and it is said that the oddity of the character who performed it was upon a parallel.—*Nautical Magazine.*

An Honor to Ireland.—An Englishman, Sir John Hawkins, in 1526, was the first of his countrymen who sent ships to the African coast, to catch negroes. He was followed by many other British merchants, who amassed great wealth in the traffic, and in 1793, the great spreading into Ireland a meeting was called at Belfast, to organize a Company for prosecuting the trade. After the meeting had matured its plans, and just as the writings were about to be signed one of the number who had hitherto been a silent spectator stood up, and in a tone of solemn decision, and with the strongest emphasis, said—

"may the hand that first signs papers for this infernal traffic, be blasted by the God of justice—the God of the black as well as the white man!" The meeting dispersed, without signing the papers, and never assembled again.

Settling a Doubt.—The following story is told in a late French paper—
A certain widow lady placed her child at nurse in one of the foundling hospitals of Germany, and intended to leave it there until it should be old enough to be educated, and she had read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do, yes, I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he will preserve me. I hope he has forgiven me—I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday School!"

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gave of their abundance, a part only of their surplus; she gave all she had, ye shall her living.

COMMUNICATION.
For the Standard.

Ma. Smith,
Your Correspondent, "Fair Play," reminds me of a certain character, who was in the habit of answering one question, by asking another.

I certainly can have no objection to his having his own particular views, as to the Fish Bounty, and his perfectly willing that he should enjoy them; but on that subject, I think the question may be said to have been fairly settled the opinion of Fair Play, to the contrary, notwithstanding, by the almost unanimous voice of the Country. When I sent my last communication to your office, it was not with a view to provoke discussion, on the merits or demerits of the Fish Bounty, but solely to show the notorious absurdity, of taxation for the protection of Domestic Manufactures in a country like this, which has nothing to export but lumber and Fish, and every thing to import, and in that I was surely consistent. "Fair Play," however, thinks differently, and instead of making any objection, to the doctrine advanced by myself, and that, backed by others of much higher authority, if any could be made, he is pleased to array against me my advocacy of the Fish Bounty, and thereby endeavor, if possible, to create a prejudice against me by other interests, in the County, by attempting to show, who does and who does not pay duties, and further that any surplus of the Revenue ought to be applied for the benefit of Schools, Roads &c. Surely he does not mean to say that they have not been well provided for, but Sir I see that he is not the only one among us who feels galled when I happen to be the humble instrument of doing good to my constituents, and it is a great bounty, that I have advocated, instead of a Fish Bounty, I should have been told by that same gentleman, that the latter was by far the most desirable object of the two, and for the reasons that I shall presently state, and say to him however, what I have said of the Greek "Lysander," that where the "Lysander" fell short, he did it out with the "Fish."

Now Sir, a word or two on the subject of the Fish Bounty, it has its obvious merits in every County in the Province, and every well-to-do County, who had his interest at heart, regard the petition, when and wherever presented to him. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in his opening speech at the last Session of the Assembly, strongly recommended encouragement to be given to the Fisheries, and at the closing of the same, to use his own words, he says, the encouragement which you have afforded by Bounty to the Fisheries of this Province, will revive an important branch of its resources, still forsooth, the sapient Mr Fair Play, thinks himself a wiser man than all the rest, Oh "Fair Play" "Fair Play," the skin is too short.

That that Branch of our Provincial industry has received notwithstanding, the vapouring of your correspondent, about Fisheries paying no duties, Smuggling, and catching Fish for the Americans is beyond a doubt, and is fully proved by the number of men, vessels and boats employed in that particular Branch for the past season, and doubly proven, by the amount of Bounty obtained, even should it amount to two thousand pounds. Supposing all the Fish caught in our waters, were carried to the United States, and that they amounted as your correspondent says to \$120,000 it is not so much more Capital brought into the County, and obtained from a people, who are not very willing to part with the Dollars, as they can pay in any thing else, or even suppose that a part of it came back, in articles of necessary consumption, is not so much money saved from going out of the Province, and is not such a valuable article to export worthy of encouragement? Oh Sir, this is too short, it is the man he is finding fault with, it cannot surely be the measure. But Sir, I would ask him, does not the encouragement held out to Fisheries do more? I