

v Provision Store.
ndrews, May 1844.

COLDWELL, respectfully an-
nounces, that he has opened an
in the sale of Provisions &c., in
endly occupied by Mr. B. R. Fitz-
and of June's Wharf, and now

Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Beef, Pork,
Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles,
e, Cocoa, Vinegar, Cheese, Potatoes,
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, and
er articles suitable for a retail Pro-

Spirits, Turpentine, Copal and
b, Spermin and Boiled Oils, Raisins,
and Strong Boots, Morocco Pumps,
hoes, and a variety of Childrens
will be for Cash, the smallest possible
be asked, and no second prices

IN BOND,
Superfine Flour, Also, 30 barrels
Pork, and Prime Beef, for ships
of the British East India Co.

dy, Loaf Sugar,
Tea &c,

ber has just received per the
inswick, from Liverpool:
DS best Cognac Brandy, and
Holland Gin,
errior Old Port Wine,
Jongou Tea,
White Paint,
Soap,
Poland Starch,
efined Sugar,
2 Bbls. Pot Barley,
J. W. STREET.

McLEAN,
ION MERCHANT,
OTARY PUBLIC.

ULLY estimates that he
ed his Office to the Store
by J. B. BROWN, at the
ket Wharf, where he tends
to the Public in the above

IN CONSIGNMENT,
various descriptions,
oking and Office Stores,
other articles, which are
very low for Cash or ap-
May 8, 1844.

TICE.
do, hereby give Notice that
due to Estate of the Late
put into the hands of their
AM KER, J. Trustees for
THENEY, call the Estate
McLEAN, on the Estate.

MOLASSES,
AR, &c.
Superfine FLOUR,
12 lbs. do.
10 lbs. do.
Navy Bread,
CRS,
IS, RICE,
Logwood, Redwood,
Brandy and Gin, Sperm
© 8x10 and 10x12, &c.
in Bond
d Pork,
a MOLASSES,
a Sugar,
Sale by
R. WALTON.

TICE.
having any demands
David Collins of Saint
ouffied to send in their
within three months to
NNE COLLINS
Administratrix
August, 1844.

ANDARD,
BY WEDNESDAY, BY
J. Smith.
aint Andrews, N B,
RMS.
red in town or called for
ed long articles are paid
SEMENTS
written orders, or continu-
ed directions
es, and under, 3s
over 12 lines 3d per line
12 lines 1d per line
anybody who have no
to be paid for in ad-
dols, &c. struck off at
ne paid for on delivery.
N T S.
Mr John Cotterel
W. Campbell Esq
James Allen Esq
Jas Brown Esq
Mr J. Gendrey
Mr Clarke Esq
Mr T. Cunningham
Mr D. Gilmour
Willford Fisher Esq
Mr. Henry S. Deek

The Standard. OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1844. [15s. sent by Mail.

The Attache.

Drawing towards the end, we would advise
the person of the story of "the Backlog," to
draw the mind from any melancholy con-
templation which might be engendered
by the funeral of the boarding-
school marriage and we add it for that pur-
pose.

"As we sat chatting together late last
night, the danger of a fire at sea was talked
of, the loss of the Kent Indiaman, and the
remarkable coolness of Col. McGregor on
that occasion was discussed, and various
anecdotes related of calmness, presence of
mind, and coolness, under every possible
form of peril. 'There is a good deal of em-
bellishment in all their stories,' said Mr.
Slick. 'There is always a fact to build a
story on, or a peg to hang it on, and this
makes it probable; so that the story and its
fictions get so mixed up, you can't tell at
last what is truth and what is fancy. A
good story is never spoiled in the telling,' ex-
cept by a critter that don't know how to tell it.
Buttles, shipwrecks, highway robberies,
blow-up steamers, vessels a-fire, and so on,
lay a foundation as facts. Some people are
saved,—that's another fact to build on—
some captain, or passenger, or woman haint
fainted, and that's enough to make a grand
affair of it. You can't hardly believe none
of them, that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you
a story that happened in a farm-house near
to father's, to Slickville, just a common scene
of common life, and no romance about it,
that does just go for to show what I call cool-
ness. Our nearest neighbour was Squire
Peleg Sanford; well, the old squire and all
his family was of them the most awful
passionate folks that ever lived when they
chose, and then they could keep their tem-
per and be as cool at other times as cu-
cumbers. One night, old uncle Peleg, as he
was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of
fourteen years old, to go and bring in a
backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know,
squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest
stick that one can find or carry. It takes
a stout junk of a boy to do it. Well, as
soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the
old squire drags forward the coals, and fixes
the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands
by ready to fit it into its place. Presently
comes Gucom with a little cut stick, no
larger than his leg, and tucks it on. Uncle
Peleg got so mad, he never said a word,
but just seized his riding whip, and gave
him a most awful whippin'. He tanned
his hide properly for him, you may depend.
'Now, says he, 'go, sir, and bring in a pro-
per backlog.' Gucom was clear grit as well
as the old man, for he was a chip of the old
block, and no mistake; so out he goes with-
out so much as sayin' a word, but instead of
going to the woodpile, he walks off sligh-
ter, and stayed away eight days, till he
was one and twenty and his own master.
Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and
lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his
head one day he'd go to home and see his
old father and mother again, and shew them
he was alive and kickin', for they didn't
know whether he was dead or not, never
havin' heard of or from him one blessed
word all that time. When he arrived to the
old house, daylight was down, and lights lit,
and as he passed the keepin' room window,
he looked in, and there was old squire sittin'
in the same chair he was eight years ago,
then he ordered in the backlog, and gave
him such an ommerciful whippin'. So what
did Gucom do, but stop at the woodpile,
and picks up a most hugeous log (for the
big grow'd to be a most a thunderin' big
feller then), and openin' the door he marches
in and lays it down on the hearth, and then
lookin' up, says he, 'Father, I've brought
you in the backlog.' Uncle Peleg was
struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe
his eyes, that that great six-footer was the
boy he had cow-lided, and he couldn't be-
lieve his ears when he heard him call him
father's a man from the grave wouldn't have
surprised him more,—he was quite unfa-
miliar, and bedaubed for a minute. But he
came to right off, and was iced down to freez-
in point in no time. 'What did you say?'
said he. 'That I have brought you in the
backlog, sir, you sent me out for.' 'Well,
then, you've been a d—d long time a-fatch-
in' it,' says he; 'that's all I can say. Draw
the coals forward, put it on, and then go to
bed.' 'Now that's a fact, squire; I know'd
the parties myself,—and that's what I do
call coolness,—and no mistake.'"

"But we must finish our paper; and we do
so with a speculation of old Col. Slick's,
who claims to be Earl of Tunbridge, as a
descendant of the Van Shleeks who came o-
ver from Holland with William of Nassau.
He communicates the fact in a very droll
ecology with his son.
'At home (he informs him) the peerage got
dormant for want of an heir, and we been
in America, and our name gettin' altered
into Slick, that everlasting tyrant George
the Third gave away the estate to a favour-
ite. 'A sir, is as clear as preachin', and
I have com'tover to claim my rights. Do
you understand that, sir?—you degenerate

son of a race of heroes! What made my
veins bile over at Bunker Hill? The blood
of the Van Shleeks!—What made me charge
the British at Peach Orchard, and Mud
Creek?—The blood of the Van Shleeks!
What made me a hero and a gentleman?—
The nobility that was in me! I feel it, sir,
I feel it here, puttin' my hand on my side,
'I feel it here, beatin' at my heart now, old
as I am, like a tattoo on a drum.—I am the
real Earl of Tunbridge.' 'Oh, dear, dear,'
said I, 'was the like of this ever heard tell of
before?' 'Heard of afore,' said he, 'to be sure
it has been. America was settled by young-
ster sons, and in time all the great estates
have come to 'em, but they have been pas-
sed over—forgotten—unknown—or cheated.
Webster, sir, owns Battle Abbey, and is
intarinated to have it, and he is a man that
knows the law and can plead his own case.
There can't be no manner of doubt of our
great author Cooper is the real Earl of
Shafesbury. A friend of mine here, who
knows all about estates and titles, told me so
himself, and says for five pounds he could
put him on the right track; and he is a man
can be depended on, for he has helped many
a feller to his rights. You'd be astonished
if you know'd how many of our folks are no
blewsen, or related to 'em very near. How
can it be otherwise in nature? How did they
come by the same name if they wasn't? The
matter of five pounds, my friend says, will do
a good deal sometimes, provided it's done
secret. In all these things, mum's the
word;—no blattin'—no cacklin' afore lay-
in the egg, but as silent as the grave. Earl
of Tunbridge! it don't sound bad, does it?'
'Well,' said I, 'father, for I found opposit
wouldn't do no longer;—well,' said I, 'fa-
ther, it might be so in your case arter all.
'Might be so,' said he; 'I tell you it is so.'
'Well, I hope so,' said I, 'but I feel over-
come with the news, s'posin' we go to bed
now, and we will talk it over to-morrow.'
'Well,' said he, 'if you can sleep arter this,
go to bed; but Sam, for heaven's sake, sleep
with General Wellington, and talk him over.
I don't care a d—n for the Earl of Tun-
bridge, I want to change it. I want the
title to be Bunker Hill, as he is of Water-
loo. We are two old veteran heroes, and
ought to be two great nobles together. Sleep
with him, Sam, for heaven's sake. And
now,' said he, risin', and takin' the candle,
'open the door, sir, and clear the way for the
Lord.'"

"We have only to add, that Sam is terri-
bly severe upon the great manufacturers,
and shews as little consideration for the
generality of dissent; whilst, on the other
hand, he lauds the Church of England to
the echo. Without adopting or attempting
to controvert his opinions, and sometimes
going only so far with them that it would be
difficult to draw the line where we stop, we
must, nevertheless, repeat, in conclusion,
that strong sense, extensive observation,
experience of mankind, original humour,
biting satire, and yet great good nature, char-
acterise these volumes, as they have done
all the productions of Samuel Slick.

POTATO CROP.
It will be readily admitted that the potato
crop is of vast importance to our State as
well as to the human family. As there seems
to be much diversity of opinion with regard
to the cause of the rot, a few hints or sugges-
tions which will shed any light on what is
deemed by many a wide spread calamity I
will not be out of place. I perceive the
complaint in general, not only in our
country but in Europe, some fields being but
partially affected, while others are hardly
worth digging. In endeavoring to investi-
gate and trace the cause of the decay of the
potato (for so I considered it), I have been
forcibly struck with this truth, that where
the potato has been attacked with the rot it
has been confined with few exceptions, to
those varieties which have been propagated
the longest, while those which have been re-
cently introduced from the natural seed, are
as fair as a milk maid's cheek.

The fact is that most varieties are actual-
ly dying with old age, and like the hard win-
ter which hastens the old man to his tomb,
so the past season has been rife with all the
elements necessary to quicken these prin-
ciples of decay; as we have been visited with
almost every extreme to which our fickle cli-
mate is subject.
But the world, with the people in it, have
been and still are going too fast to apply the
remedy, for who would have the patience in
this race of speculation, to "cramp him-
self over the tedious process of three or
four long years with a view to perfect the
tuber from the natural seed of the plant;—
but until this is done we may look in vain
for a remedy; as the potato is only obeying
the law of nature, the necessary process of
annihilation and reproduction. It will not
reproduce vigorously but with the helping
hand of man, but so far from this being ge-
nerally undertaken, we have (I had almost
said) for generations, been adopting the very
means to destroy them—continuing to plant
the same varieties, without recurring to the
natural seed. What else, then can we ex-

pect, but (rotten potatoes and few in a hill)?
The inquiry may be made, if this theory be
correct, how it is that the old Whites and
Long Reds have withstood so long a culti-
vation? To this I can only reply, that they
are more hardy varieties—have less consti-
tutional defects—and consequently are less
susceptible to the influence of our vari-
able seasons—but these as well as other va-
rieties, have for some years shown strong
symptoms of decay, and that they are in the
"sear and yellow leaf" is clearly demon-
strated by their small product, blight rust, dwin-
dled tops, with a general debility of their vi-
tal powers, the sure concomitants of old age.
The Cheanagoes have suffered most in
this region the past season, being a favorite
market potato, their cultivation has been pre-
served in, by our farmers for a long series
of years, to the exclusion of almost every
other variety.
—Bangor Whig.

POTTERY.
For the Standard.

THE FIRST SNOW.
The trees, the meads, the fields, and lawns,
Which lately bloom'd in verdure gay,
Have laid aside their vernal hues,
For Snow as white as Sol's bright ray.

How quick the transit, only think,
Two months ago you've surely seen,
The smiling verdure of the fields,
The landscape deck'd in living green.

But now, alas! the scene is chang'd,
No trace of Summer here remains,
In lieu thereof, cold frosty winds
And Snow descending on the plains.

The warbler's fled, the laurel spray,
Aquatic sceds are almost shut;
And nature seems laid into sleep,
Except the creak of neighbouring mill.

The river, like a meandering rill,
Have yielded to frost's mighty sway,
For lo! they're crouch'd beneath the ice,
And Snow which fell the other day.

Yet man is not left quite forlorn,
Tho' hyperborean blasts him chill,
His contemplative views expand,
If he conforms to nature's will.

Look up and view the spangled Arch,
There worlds on worlds you may behold;
Their number far exceeds the bounds
Of human wisdom, to unfold.

Behold the Hyads Pleiades,
Auriga (twixt them and the Pole,
While underneath Orion moves,
In scintillations bright as gold.

And yonder plys the greater bear,
The warner's guide, in northern climes;
The Arctic circle pointing out,
As true as Sol points out the signs.

By Eight at night look to the east,
There Sirius, rises, shines most bright
And all the host of twinkling orbs
Display the wonders of the night.

These and like studies are most wise,
For mortal man while here below;
Not self-dependence, pride, correct,
Are apt to work his future woe.

Hark! don't you hear that pleasing sound,
How quick it penetrates the ear;
It is the sleigh-bell's certain voice,
Proclaiming winter far and near.

How seasons vanish and return,
How men do quickly fade away;
Yet those will 'dure as long as time,
But these alas! are gone to stay.

St. Patrick, Novr. 1844.

Ingenious Scintille.—M. Spinelli, jeweller,
Place de la Bourse, was lately tricked out of
a suit of diamonds in the following way.—
Two Piedmontese, one calling himself the
Chevalier Giordano, aged 28, and the other
about 20, who acted as his servant, took up
their quarters at the Hotel d'Amiens. The
Chevalier having spoken to the proprietor
about his wish to purchase a suite of dia-
monds, and to exchange 25,000fr., in Italian
pieces of gold and French Napoleons, for
other money, was recommended by him to
M. Spinelli. The diamonds were exhibited,
and the price agreed on; but the exchange
of the gold was refused. The Chevalier re-
quested the jeweller to accompany him to his
hotel, with the jewels, and said that the
money should be paid down. This M. Spin-
elli, consented to do, and on the party en-
tering the Chevalier's apartment, he ordered
his servant to bring a bottle of champagne.
The jeweller refused positively to partake
of it, the servant was ordered to bring out a
case in which was deposited the money to
pay for the diamonds. The case was imme-
diately produced, but the key was not forth-

coming. The man went into a closet to
seek it, and the Chevalier, carelessly taking
up the jewels, placed them in the drawer of
a commode, which he closed. As the ser-
vant delayed coming with the key, the Che-
valier followed him, and M. Spinelli, after a
few seconds, getting uneasy, also entered the
closet, which to his surprise, he found empty.
He hastily returned into the room, and
opening the drawer, discovered that it was
the other side. The wall had, in fact, been
cut through, and the diamonds were thus at
the mercy of the two swindlers. In the case
left upon the table nothing was found but a
stone.—Galignani.

Mexico.—Copies of a Correspondence be-
tween Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Shannon, our
Minister to Mexico, are among the docu-
ments accompanying the Message of the
President. The letters are interesting.
They shew a fixed purpose on the part of the
Secretary of State to admit no question as to
the right of the United States to annex
Texas, irrespective of the claims of Mexico.
In his instructions to Mr. Shannon, he as-
sumes the entire independence of Texas,
and throughout the correspondence there is an
implicit, and occasionally an expressed
opinion, that the act of annexation will e-
ventually take place. He directs Mr. Shan-
non to remonstrate with the Government of
Mexico on the subject of its breach of faith
in neglecting to pay the instalment of the in-
demnity which last fell due; alludes to the
cruelty with which Seminole and his fol-
lows were treated; protests, or rather di-
rects Mr. Shannon to protest, against the
execution of the decree against foreigners,
so far as citizens of the United States are
concerned, (alleging such decree to be in
violation of the treaty stipulations between
the two countries,) and intimates pretty
plainly that the war of extermination, which
he professes to believe Mexico designs to
wage against Texas, will not be permitted
by the United States. Among the letters is
one from Mr. Calhoun to Mr. King, our
Minister to France, in which plausible rea-
sons are used to show that the Continental
powers of Europe would be benefited by
the annexation of Texas.—American pa-
per.

Courtesy of a Bashful Clergyman.—
The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the
well-known author of the Self-interpreting
Bible, was a man of singular bashfulness. In
token of the truth of this statement, I need
only state that his courtesy lasted seven
years. Six years and a half passed away, and
the Rev. gentleman had got no further for-
ward than he had been the first six days.—
This state of things became intolerable; a
step in advance must be made, and Mr.
Brown summoned all his courage for the
deed. "Janet," said he, as they sat one
night in solemn silence, "we've been ac-
quainted now for six years and a half, and I've
ne'er got a kiss yet; d'ye think I might take
one, ma bonnie girl?" "Just as you like,"
said Janet, becoming and proper as it is."
"Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing."

The blessing was asked, the kiss was ta-
ken, and the worthy divine, perfectly over-
powered with the blissful sensation, most
repeatedly exclaimed,
"O, woman! But is gude—we'll return
thanks."

Six months made the pious couple man
and wife, and added his descendant, who
happily told the tale, a happier couple
never spent a long and useful life toge-
ther.

Run-away Matches.—A farmer was giv-
ing Mr. Scott (Lord Eldon) instructions in
an action against a young fellow who run
away with his daughter.—"Mind, Lawer
Scott," said he, "you are to say, that the
man who runs away with a man's daughter
is a rascal and a villain, and deserves to be
hanged." "No no, I cannot say that!"—
And why not—why can't you say that?"—
"Because I did it myself, but I will tell you
what I will say and say it from my heart,
I will say that the man who begins domestic
life by a breach of domestic duty, is doubly
bound to render both the lady and her fa-
mily happy in after life. That I will say,
for I feel it."

STYLE.—Very much depends upon style.
A young gentleman, having occasion to ask
a lady for the snuffers across the table, ad-
dressed her in the following emphatic
strain—
"Most beautiful, accomplished and charm-
ing madam, will your ladyship, by an unmer-
ited and undeserving condescension of your
infinite goodness, please to extend to your
most obsequious, devoted and very humble
servant, that pair of ignipotent digestors, that
I may exasperate the excesses of the neo-
natural cylindrical luminary, in order that the
refulgent brilliancy of its resplendent bril-
liancy may dazzle the visions of our ocular
optics more potently."

The Dead.—It is painful to observe how

soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of
fashion, or business, or pleasure rolls on—
rapidly obliterates the memory of the depart-
ed—and sweeps away with its idle attention
of the mourner to the ruling folly of the
hour.

"There poetry and love can come not.
It is a world of stone;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,
And then life hurries on."

Public Spirit.—He is a public benefac-
tor who by the prudent and skilful outlay of
his time and money, shall make a single field
yield permanently a double crop; and he
who does this over a square mile, virtually
adds a square mile to the national territory,
nay, he does more; he doubles to his ex-
tent the territorial resources of the country,
without giving the state any larger territory
to defend. All hail then, to the improvers
of the soil. Health and long life be their
fortune; may their hearts be light and their
purses heavy; may their dreams be few and
pleasant; and their sleep the sweet repose
of the weary; may they see the fruits of
their own labour, and may their sons reap
still heavier harvests.—Blackwoods Maga-
zine.

A Good Story is related by the Provi-
dence Gazette of a certain Colonel, who once
upon a time, was court-martialed for refusing
to be tried and during a militia muster,
to obey the commands of his superior
officer. The sentence of the Court was that
the obstreperous Colonel should be deprived
of his sword and month. On being asked
by the presiding officers, to deliver up the
"weapon," in accordance with the sentence,
the Colonel arose, and in the most grave and
solemn manner, declared that he did not own
one, that the sword he had been accustomed
to wear did not belong to him; but he had
no doubt, Mr. Baker, the jeweller, of whom
he it on training days, would let it to the
Court, for the required month, on the most
moderate terms!

A Hint to those who use Air-tight Stoves.
—We find the following in an American
paper:
It is said that the kerosene created by
burning wood in an "air-tight stove," will
destroy the chimney by decomposing the
mortar with which the bricks are cemented
together. The kerosene acts upon the lime
of the mortar and entirely changes its nature.
It is further stated that the bricks had been
known to have fallen from chimneys where
the air-tight stove had been used.

Hints to Farmers.—Liberality in the pro-
vision of food for domestic animals, is the
source of flesh, muscle and manure.

Liberality, in good barns and warm shel-
ters, is the source of health, strength and
comfort to animals; causes them to thrive
on less food, and secures from danger all
sorts of crops.

Liberality in providing utensils, is the sa-
ving of both time and labour. The more per-
fect your instruments, the more profitable are
they.

Some leather-headed seamp describes wo-
man, as "a sign on which to hang dry goods."
The ladies can retort by describing such
slanders as blocks upon which tailors ex-
hibit their skill.

Boots and shoes are advertised in Cincin-
nati, with iron soles, which can be put on
and taken off at pleasure. They are very
light, and at the same time beautiful and
durable.

Transmutation of Species.—A Cork pa-
per says, a gentleman has left at our office an
ear of wheat with a grain of oats perfectly
formed, growing out of each side.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his
temper, but he is more fortunate who can suit
his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

A dandy who wanted the milk passed to
him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it:
"Laudibly, please pass your cow down this
way." To which the lady thus retorted—
"Waiter, take this cow down to where the
calf is blating."

TO LET.
AND POSSESSION GIVEN
IMMEDIATELY.
TENURE HOUSE next adjoining M. J. B.
Brown's residence, with a good Barn
and Well of Water—will be Let until May
next, if applied for immediately. Apply at
the STANDARD OFFICE.

Almanacks for 1845,
IN VARIETY AND
WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL, BY
JOHN LOCHARY,
Nov. 25th, 1844.