

ST. ANDREWS STANDARD.

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A. W. SMITH.

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NEW BRUNSWICK.

TERMS.

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COMMUNICATION.

For the Standard.

MR. EDITOR.—

I am the son of an industrious backwoods' man
in the County of Charlotte. My parents settled on
a piece of wilderness land about twenty-five years
ago, where my Father in the summer months em-
ployed himself in farming pursuits, and in the win-
ter usually hauled saw-logs into the river Digde-
gush. My Mother taught me to read in the New
Testament, and to spell in Webster's spelling book,
and when I was eleven years of age I went to
school to Mr. Paul Dougherty our district school
master, where I learned to write, and to read in the
English Reader, and Scott's Lessons. For several
years past I have labored on the Farm in the sum-
mer, and drove Fathers team in the woods in the
winter; but the timber having now become scarce,
and the business unprofitable, we have concluded
to follow it no longer. Having therefore but lit-
tle to do at this season of the year, I went on a vi-
sit to an uncle of mine, a greaser in this Town, with
the intention of spending the winter here.

Here, then, Sir, I intend to remain for a time,
and if you will take the pains to correct my letters
and print them in your newspaper, I will give
you a short account of all that I see and hear, and
I cannot write like those learned travellers who pub-
lish their observations in the "Dublin Mirror" and
then get them printed in the "St. John's Weekly
Chronicle," but I can see and hear as well as they
can, and in comparison with their fine writings,
what I want in learning may be made up in truth.

On coming out of the woods on the top of a hill,
I saw the great River Saint John covered with ice
and snow, and the Town of Fredericton on a fine
flat piece of land along side of it. The first thing
that I noticed was the great number of church
steeple-surely, thought I, the people there
must all be very pious and righteous—I am told
however, that some of them are "just no better than
they should be" after all. After passing the beau-
tiful residence of the late Surveyor-General, I came
to Government House, which stands a few rods
from the road side. It is a large stone house, shin-
gled with tin, and is surrounded with fine fences,
and pretty clumps of spruce trees—it is a great deal
larger than Saint Andrews Gaol, and has over so
many chimneys and windows in it.

Fredericton itself is a good deal larger than Saint
Andrews—the streets are straight and cross each
other at right angles—some of the houses are large
and beautiful, others are small, shabby, and old-
fashioned; and upon the whole, the place in ap-
pearance is inferior to our County Town. The
ground on which the Town stands is a dead level,
which at some period has undoubtedly been a part
of the bed of the river Saint John. The places of
public worship are the Episcopal Church, the Pres-
byterian Kirk, the Methodist Chapel, the Catholic
Chapel, and a large Meeting House belonging to
the Baptists. The College, which stands on the
side of a hill in the rear of the Town, is a most
beautiful and substantial stone building, and adds
greatly to the appearance of the place. There is
a second College, called the Baptist seminary, also
a very neat and handsome building. I shall say
nothing about the appearance of the Barracks, the
Market House, the Stores, Taverns, Groceries, and
Grocery Shops, but come at once to the Province
building. (This is a large old wooden house, show-
ing a fair front on the side next the River, but very
irregular and ill-shaped in the rear. Here the two
Houses of Legislation held their sessions, and here
also, are accommodations for the sitting of the Su-
preme Court.)

I attended the meeting of the Legislature here,
and saw Sir John Harvey, and all the officers, and
soldiers, and Law makers, and fine horses and cur-
riages, and heard all the speeches and answers, but
as this letter now covers three pages, I shall say
no more at present, but shall give some further ac-
count of these things in my next.

Yours,

JACK ROBINSON.

Fredericton, 2d February, 1840.

From the Commercial News

St. John Feb. 7.

Extract of a letter, dated Digby,
Feb. 1, 1840, received in this city,
yesterday morning—giving the
melancholy particulars of the death
of the ill-fated CAPTAIN WALKER:

"You have heard, no doubt, of
the unfortunate wreck of the *Char-
les*. The fate of Captain Walker is
certainly to be lamented. It ap-
peared he got ashore perfectly safe
and well—not even wet. The
sand on the beach, is marked with
his footprints, where he tried to
keep himself warm. He had on,
when discovered, two pair of trou-
sers, and two jackets; but no shoes
nor boots on. In his pockets were
found £17. When he reached
the shore he attempted to climb
up the immense and steep rocks
which line the whole point of St.
Mary's Bay. He managed to get

up about half way, but being so be-
numbed, I presume, from cold and
exposure, that he must have lost
his hold, and fell down and killed
himself. His stockings were torn
off. There is a deep gash on his
forehead and his fingers nearly
torn off, which, probably, has been
the cause of his death. It was
blowing very heavy when the ves-
sel was wrecked, with the flood
tide lashing the shore in a dread-
ful manner—so that he could not
have escaped death, unless by
reaching the summit of the awful
cliff from which he fell. The
French inhabitants, say, it seemed
almost impossible that any man
could have had strength to clamber
up so high on account of its steep-
ness. But the terrors of death
gave him the strength of a dozen
men. The remainder of the crew
have not been found; but some
limbs have drifted ashore, which
speak too plainly of their fate.
Captain Walker was very much
respected, and his loss has been a
subject of general regret.

"N. B. It is the general opinion,
that Captain Walker must have
thought himself out of the Bay—
for this reason: He had the fore-
sail and jib up, which are sails
commonly used when going before
the wind. The wind at the time
was from the North, and he would
not have gone before it had he
supposed himself in the Bay."

"We understand that the Car-
leton Steam Ferry Boat, will again
commence running on Monday
next. Heavy expenses have been
incurred, in making arrangements
to this effect.

Public Meeting.—A Public meet-
ing of the inhabitants of the Town
Proper of Yarmouth, was held in
the court house yesterday afternoon
for the purpose of voting money
for the purchase of Fire Engines,
Hose, Buckets, and other requi-
sites. Thomas Kilham, Esq., was
called to the Chair, and after some
discussion, it was unanimously
agreed that the sum of £300 be
raised for this object.—Yarmouth
Conservative.

PUNING.—A person named
Owen Moore once left his trades-
man somewhat unceremoniously,
on which occasion a wag rote:—
"Owen Moore has run away,
Owen more than he can pay."

Repentance without amendment
is like continual pumping, without
mending the leak.

Laziness.—One fiery day a far-
mer went into his mowing lot,
where he had hired half a dozen of
men to cut down the grass. He
came upon them suddenly, and
found them all lying down under
an apple tree. "Well," said the
indignant farmer, "I'll give an ex-
tra half dollar to the laziest fellow
among you." All jumped upon
their feet to claim the reward, but
one man who laid still. "Ah!" said
the farmer, "that fellow has won
the money."—To which indolence
replied, "Wont you put it in my
pocket?"

The Aged Man.—A pious wit-
ter gives the following represen-
tation of this stage of human life,
when employed and occupied as it
ought to be, and when life has been
drawn to its close by a course of
virtue and religion. To the intel-
ligent and virtuous, says our author
old age presents a scene of tranquil
enjoyment, of obedient appetites,
of well-regulated affections, of ma-
turity in knowledge, and of calm
preparation for immortality. In
this serene and delightful state,
placed as it were on the confines

of two worlds, the mind of a good
man reviews what is past with the
complacency of an approved con-
science, and looks forward with
humble confidence in the mercy of
God, and with devout aspirations
towards his exalted favour.

Poetry

EVENING.

As sinks the glorious sun,
Beneath the ocean's breast,
E'en so the Christian when his race is run,
Calmly and sweetly seeks his place of rest.

No wave is on the sea,
No cloud obscures the scene—
Nought mars the beauty and the majesty
Of the departing day—still, still, serene!

There is in this brief hour,
A something not of earth—
A spiritual, a supernatural power,
Telling the soul of its immortal birth.

The sun has set—the star
Of evening in the West
Shines forth, even as a beacon from afar
Gladdening with hope the ocean wanderer's
beast.

Shadows below—above
The mystic stars appear:
Filling the soul with gentleness and love—
Making it meet for some far holier sphere.

Gaze on the glorious sky,
Gaze on the earth and then,
Oh, tell me not if thou wert there on high,
One thought of thine would visit earth again.

I would that I could soar,
Mid yon celestial spheres,
Rejoicing in the power ALL to explore,
Forgetful of the gloom of this dark vale of
tears,
J. MCP.

Female Misers.—In the course
of an inquest held within the last
day or two before Mr. Wakley,
M. P., on the body of an elderly
lady of property, whose death it
was proved had been accelerated
by her own wilful privations, and
in which a verdict to that effect
was recorded, the Coroner said
that the case reminded him of one
which occurred a few years ago,
and the facts of which he believed
had never gained publicity:—A
miserly old lady, residing in the
parish of St. Clement, dying sud-
denly, an inquest was held on the
body, and in the course of evi-
dence it appeared that she used to
live in the most miserable manner
possible, her food consisting prin-
cipally of tainted meat, mouldy
bread, rotten eggs, &c. She oc-
cupied a house, and had a female
with her as companion and house-
keeper. Her appearance at the
bank where she used to go regu-
larly to receive her dividend, ex-
citing the curiosity of one of the
clerks, he watched her home, and
seeing that the house adjoining
was to let, engaged it, and imme-
diately removed there. He soon
magaged to ingratiate himself into
the old lady's favour, and with his
brother paid her a visit every ev-
ening. After her death the house-
keeper gave information to the
sexton of the parish that she had
died worth a vast deal of money,
and that the gentleman who lived
next door had, with his brother,
shaken her to death, they being in
the nightly habit of shaking her
by the shoulders till she was quite
out of breath. It further appeared
that the housekeeper had been
induced to state what she did in
consequence of her request to be
presented with a new gown-piece,
and have a hundred a year settled
upon her, being refused by the
gentleman. By the exertions of
the sexton it was at length discov-
ered that the old lady had died
worth 40,000, which her neighbor
had got possession of, but all of
which he was obliged to disgorge
to the Crown, (she having no re-
lative,) and then leave the country.

Dreaming Match. Sir William
Jones, who was superintendant of
Indian affairs in America before
the revolution, received several
suits of clothes from England, rich-
ly laced; when Hendrick, king of
the Mohawks, was present, the
chief admired them much, but said
nothing at the time. In a few days
Hendrick called on Sir William,
and told him he had a particular
dream. When Sir William en-
quired what it was, he told him
that he had dreamed that he gave
him one of those fine suits which
he had received from over the
water. Sir William took the hint,
and presented him with one of the
richest dresses; and Hendrick
much pleased with his generosity,
retired. A short time after, Sir
William happened to be in com-
pany with the chief, told him that
he also had a dream. Hendrick
being very solicitous to know what
it was, Sir William informed him
that he dreamed he had made him
a present of a particular tract of
land, of about five thousand acres.
The land was the most valuable on
the Mohawk river, however Hen-
drick immediately presented it
with his shrewd remark: "Now
Sir William I will not dream with
you again—you dream too hard for
me." The tract thus obtained, is
still called Sir William's dreaming
Land.

A Large Speculation.—The Messrs
Gregg have lately purchased the
very large spinning establishment
at Kingly, six miles from Man-
chester and four from Bolton, from
Mr. W. Crompton, of that place.
Its original cost is said to have ex-
ceeded £60,000. There are 140
cottages attached to the works, and
they form part of the purchase. —
When this mill is in full operation,
the Messrs. Gregg will be the large-
st consumers of cotton in this
world.

To the Editor of Bell's Weekly Messenger.

IMPORTANT CAUTION TO FARMERS IN DRESSING
THEIR SEED WHEAT.

Sir,—Having observed in a
contemporary paper instructions
for dressing seed wheat, in which
lime is recommended to be mixed
with blue vitriol, I am induced to
beg the favour of your inserting
the following observations in your
valuable and extensively circula-
ted journal;—I have been an ad-
vocate, (and as far as my limited
sphere has admitted) an establish-
er of the vitriol dressing for wheat
for several years, but at the same
time I have most strenuously in-
sisted upon the injurious effect of
using lime with it, as at variance
with the laws of chemical science.
For instance—sulphate of copper,
commonly called blue vitriol, is a
chemical combination of copper
and sulphuric acid has a greater
affinity for lime than for copper,
consequently upon the plan refer-
red to, the acid passes from the
copper to the lime, and forms sul-
phate of lime, which resembles in
appearance and utility what is
known by the name of plaster of
Paris: and thus, just in proportion
to the quantity of lime that is ad-
ded, the vitriol is deprived of its
preventive quality, and you get as
a substitute a perfectly useless
substance. My directions for
dressing are as follows:—Dissolve
one pound of powdered vitriol in
a kettle of boiling water, then add
as much cold water as will make
three pails of liquor, steep the
wheat in the above about 20 mi-
nutes, stirring and skimming it
well, strain it off through a sieve

over another tub, and in 12 hours
it is fit for use. The wheat after
it is thus dressed, will keep sound
for many weeks, and the liquor that
remains is equally efficacious for
fresh wheat. The above plan, as
far as my observation has extend-
ed, has never failed to secure a
sound crop, and by adding double
the quantity of vitriol, the most
blasted wheat has been rescued
with equal success. I feel confident
that if these directions were strict-
ly adhered to, the use of it would
be highly appreciated by every
agriculturist in the kingdom.—I
am, Sir, your obed't servant, Jas.
B. Cutting. Chemical Dispensa-
ry, Stowmarket Suff, Oct. 11.

On Rearing Calves.—Various
practices have been pursued in
different parts of the kingdom in
bringing up calves, the object be-
ing to lessen the great expence at-
tending the young animal when
reared by the mother, unassisted
by art.

Pretty Compliment. An anec-
dote of the Duchess of St. Alban's,
at Abbotsford, recounts the happi-
est thing that her grace is suppo-
sed to have said. In showing her
over the house, after desiring her
to observe that his bed-room com-
municated by a private staircase
with a little study, he added, "thus,
you see, when they all think I have
retired to bed, I can escape to my
study, write for two or three hours
and nobody the wiser." "That is
impossible, Sir Walter," replied
her grace.

March of Humanity. As the
teacher of the Margate infant
school was lately addressing his
pupils on the cruelty to Sampson
in having had his eyes put out, one
of the younger children suddenly
interrupted the scriptural oration
by ejaculating, "master, master, if
Mr. Yewen" (an officer of the ani-
mal's friend society) "had been
there he would not have let them
have done it, would he?"

Now is the winter of our discon-
tent, as the loafer said when he slept
in the Park on a December night.
A hospitable man is never ashamed
of his dinner when you come
to dine with him.

Bachelors! now's the time to
get married—don't go shivering
and lonely through another winter
—you needn't think such weather
as we had last week is going to
last—depend upon it we shall have
cold nights between this and
March.

A bachelor is a person who en-
joys every thing and pays for noth-
ing—a married man is one that
pays for every thing and enjoys
nothing. The one drives a sulkey
through life, and is not expected
to take care of any one but himself
the other keeps a carriage, which
is always too full to afford him a
comfortable seat. Be cautious how
you exchange your sulkey for a
carriage.

What's the difference between
a man that sits down deliberately
in his bank parlor, and signs off a
half a million of notes which he
knows he cannot and never in-
tends to pay, and one who coun-
terfeits one of these 'promises to
pay'? Why, that the former is
considered a 'smart business man,'
and fondled as a 'marvellous prop-
er man,' whilst the latter is in-
carcerated in prison for a number
of years for his misconduct; but in
our opinion the first is the greatest
villain of the two.

Legal notices by individuals who have no an-
er suit with the Office to be paid for in advance
Blanks, Handbills, &c. struck off at the shortest
notice.—to be paid for on delivery.

AGENTS

St. Andrews	Mrs. S. Connick,	Warrig
St. Stephen	Mr. W. Campbell,	Salt Water
St. David	J. M. Allister Esq.	Millour
	Trist. Moore Esq.	Dennis Mus
	Jas. Brown Esq.	Tower Hill
	Mrs. Chalmers,	Oak Bay
St. Patrick	Mr. David Turner,	Bocah
St. George	Mr. W. Brand	Lower Fels
Penfield	Joshua Knight Esq.	Kapita Mlle
Grand Marais	Wilford Fisher Esq.	St. de. Cere.
St. John	D. M. Millan Esq.	
Richibucto	W. J. Layton Esq.	
St. Michael's	Jas. Cole Esq.	
Bathurst	Joseph Reid Esq.	
Fredricton	Mr. F. Bevan	