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The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1842. [17s. Gd. sent by Mail

THE BULL AND THE PARSON; OR THE FIRST AND LAST SERMON OF ICHABOD WING.

AN ANCIENT AND FISH-LIKE STORY.

Whether the events of the following story happened in Massachusetts or Connecticut is nothing at all to the purpose, it is enough that they are positive facts—that is the substance of them, for as we got the story a second-hand, we cannot vouch for it in toto, but the main facts are so authentic that, in the words of Sancho Panza, that mirror of story-telling and squire-errantry, a body may not only believe, but swear to the truth of them.

Ichabod Wing was the son of a farmer in one of the interior towns of New-England. He was a simple body, but he knew a hawk from the handsaw, and had wit enough, sometimes, to go within doors when it rained. With these few accomplishments he might have got along well enough in the world, and gone out of it at last without knowing whether it stood still or turned round; but he determined to become a parson.

Ichabod got through his studies and was licensed to preach. It was a terrible thing, in his apprehension, to preach the first sermon, as he was not remarkable for the strength of his nerves. He betwought himself of the prospect of going into the fields, holding forth to the cabbages, and fancying each head to be an auditor. Some say he actually did it; but this is rather dubious. However, it is certain the thing was done, if not by Ichabod Wing, at least by others in his line; and, to judge by the logic which many of these gentlemen hold to their congregations, one would imagine they thought themselves preaching to cabbage heads still.

But let that pass. Ichabod, after pondering a long while upon the matter, determined to go to a distant town and make his first essay in the pulpit. He accordingly managed to get himself despatched for this purpose to a congregation at a distance, where the minister was absent on a journey for the benefit of his health—a sort of remedy for slight diseases very highly prized by the clergy. Ichabod quartered himself upon the fattest looking farm he could esp, by which it appears that he was not such a fool as to despise good living, and possessed one instinct for which men of his cloth are famous.

But let that pass also. Sunday came; Ichabod got ready his sermon with great trepidation, and, having done so, he again to make sure of it.

The congregation met, and the meeting-house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling till the people thought it would never be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out at the windows—just as if they expected that he would come sooner for that. At last, Deacon Snacks got up and spoke to 'Squire Barley-corn.

'Squire, where is the minister?
Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after me, but he walked so slow that I got out of sight of him. It's very strange he don't come!

Very strange!
Here Miss Deborah Peepabout, an elderly virgin, who held the opinion of Paul Pry, that the spirit of inquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live, and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of unmarried clergymen, thrust her long nose between the Deacon and the 'Squire, and asked—

Law, me!—Deacon—'Squire—why don't the minister come?

Then Miss Martha Buskbody, seeing the Deacon, the 'Squire, and Miss Peepabout engaged in a colloquy, wriggled herself into their company and asked the same question.

Then another, and another, and another, followed the same example, and there was quickly a knot of people gathered round the Deacon and the 'Squire, all asking questions which nobody could answer. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself.

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away at the bell-rope till he had tugged the people out of patience. But we must leave the bell tolling, and the sexton fretting and the Deacon and the 'Squire, and the old maids, and all the rest of the congregation, on the jester hooks of suspense, and go back and see what has become of our friend Ichabod.

Ichabod had slackened his pace after leaving the house, and had fallen into a sort of reverie. 'Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across a field where the road made an angle: so jumping over a stone wall, he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unusual boo-booing sound, in a tone of the deepest bass he ever heard. Lifting up his eyes, he beheld a furious bull making at him with a speed and belching like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; the bull made after him, and Ichabod put on all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs are better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be up with him. Now, thought he, it is all over with me!—His shoes flew off, but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stranger did not take it; the bull was not to be made a fool of. He threw his sermon behind him, but with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with: he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail, and scattered it to the four winds!

I'm gone! I'm gone! said Ichabod, for the bull was close behind him. At this instant he espied an apple-tree close at hand; and, summoning all his remaining strength, he made a desperate leap, and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked-for deliverance but unluckily the bull was not so easily got rid of. Though disappointed of his prey, he kept about the tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the malicious animal knew that he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the spot with such pertinacity, for two mortal hours did the unlucky Ichabod sit perched upon the tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll, toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell to his hopes.

He pictured to his infancy a crowded congregation waiting in anxious suspense and lost in wonder and amazement at his non-appearance.

Alas! said he to himself,

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,

"Which bids me thus delay;

I see the horns you cannot see,

Which force me here to stay."

He saw the congregation come out of the church and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd; yet he dared not leave the apple-tree, because there was—not a lion, but a bull—in the way.

The congregation was at last tired out. Two hours and they waited but no parson came. The sexton left off tolling the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people all came out of the church having, after two hours' debating upon the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of the minister. They sent off parties east, west, north and south, to explore the country; and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd advancing along the road, headed by the Deacon and the sexton. Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs, and bawled out to them like seven watchmen on a tower. The whole party came to a halt, and gazed around them with astonishment and fear. At length they spied something snugly roosting in a tree: they took it at first for a huge black turkey-cock; but on a nearer approach they found it no other than the Reverend Parson!

Now the bull happened just at the moment to be pawing and snuffing with his nose close to the ground on the other side of the tree, so that he was hidden from the party by a thornbush at its feet. The people seeing Ichabod perched on high in that strange manner were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments. Was the poor man bewitched? or had run mad? or what had possessed him to spend the afternoon dangling like a scare crow on the bough of an apple tree, instead of holding forth a godly discourse in the pulpit? For some moments no one dared advance a step further, or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs, the sexton, plucked up courage and advance to the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who within a few years had taken his landtacks abroad and settled himself up in the bush; he took up the trade of a sexton, because it consisted in pulling a rope. On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clapped his hand up to the corner of his mouth and sang out—

Parson, ahoy.

Ichabod lifted up his voice, like an owl in the desert, and exclaimed,

Come along! come along! save me! save me!

Heaven's! what a scampering! The whole party took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The Deacon lost his hat and wig, and Captain Elderbeary ran out of his boots, which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophes were those of Squire Lightfoot and Lieutenant Darling. The Squire, being puffy and short-winded, was overtaken by the bull, and received such a tremendous butt in the rear, which disabled him so that he could not sit down without a double cushion for a fortnight; and after knocking him over, he turned upon the other and the Squire was obliged to climb up into the tree and take refuge with the parson.

The Lieutenant's was a still harder case. He was a short, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old-fashioned breeches. The bull, having treed the Squire, came in the twinkling of a bed-post, right upon the Lieutenant, who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull, hit him a poke, no doubt intending to serve him as he had done the Squire; but one of his horns catching the waistband of the Lieutenant's inexpressibles, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull's horn. Away went the bull, scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband, and fairly out of his wits for terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up, but against the stone wall, and pinching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the animal. And now commenced a regular set-to. The party armed themselves with stones and clubs, and began a pitched battle with the bull, for the deliverance of the parson. Thumps, bangs, thrusts, pokes and missiles of every description, were showered upon the hide of the furious beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran butting and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest; the Parson and Squire, meantime, shouting from their citadel in the apple tree cheering on the assailant, and attacking the bull in the rear by pelting him with small shot in the shape of winter pipins.

This holy war lasted for three-quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began to retreat, the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advantage, carried the stone wall by escalade, formed a solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being achieved, Ichabod came down from the tree.

But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone, and he soon found that his hopes of wagging his paw in the pulpit was gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon; and at the very thought of marching to church in a surplice, to this day, he hears a boo-booing and sees a pair of horns.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

ON THE LOQUACITY OF WOMEN.

Text—Nature, impartial in her ends,

When she made man the strongest,

In justice, then, to make amends,

Made woman's tongue the longest—TAN-
NABILL.

My hearers—Keep your nut crackers closed, and be tongue-tied while I tongue it for a few moments on the subject of tongues, if you please. As regards the utility of the tongue, it is needless to say that it is one of the most important appendages to the human system. It is destined for other uses than licking molasses and carrying grub from one grinder to another curing the pleasantries and sometimes tedious process of mastication. Its principal office is to form and finish words as they bubble up in a chaotic state, through the thorax, from the well spring of the heart. In society the tongue is both a useful and a pleasing member—as it not only imparts information to the unlearned, but serves in beguiling many a weary hour, and aids in digesting sorrows that sit as heavy upon the soul as stewed horse nails upon a dyspeptic's stomach. In its operations it should be guided by prudence and moderation; else it becomes a bore instead of blessing. Some people have naturally so much loquacious steam in their boilers, that when they once get the clippers on the corn mills in operation, they never know when to stop them. Such folks, generally speaking, are as empty as egg shells and softer than soap fat. A dam with a gate that's always hoisted can hold but little water; and a man who leaks to freely at the mouth, can't have much in him excepting that gas with which the bladder of vanity is ever inflated.

My friends—my text implies that Nature made woman with a longer tongue than man in order to compensate her for what she had lacked in physical strength—that, whenever

the science of justification might fail in her purpose, she might have recourse to that worst of weapons—a long tongue—and I feel bound to say, with regard to the delicacy of the feminine gender, that woman's tongues are often too extensive for their own especial good, and for the benefit of the community at large. If they would only bring them into play when necessity required, I wouldn't say a word; but the facts, they are apt to keep up a continual click-clack, for the sake of the musicalalone; and often, too often, they upset their own tea-pots while levelling a kick at their neighbor's. Why, my friends, I know several of the sexes in this city who have knocked out all their front teeth and worn away part of their gums, by the continual and everlasting working of their scandal-distributors. I know it is the nature of the beautiful animal to indulge in meddlesome garrulity; and when she becomes so expanded with gossip as to be in danger of bursting her apron strings, I am willing she should let off her surplus steam, provided she doesn't blow it in the face of innocence, and to the detriment of social peace. I admire, respect and love a woman whose looks are as mild as a moon beam, and whose words are gentle as the zephyr which disdains to brush even a dew drop from the mountain daisy; but I don't like to meddle with one whose disposition contains the essence of lightning, vitriol, cream of tartar, and hartshorn—who manufactures words by the mile, and measures their meaning in a thumb. I don't care whether there be any meaning in them or not. I don't like it and that's enough. All talk, and no cider—as is the case with some women and the loco focus—is unendurable; and all talk and too much cider—as with the whig—is equally as bad. Those are my politics. As the rain the gentlest from the clouds when unattended with thunder, so, give me a tongue that can silently shake off the particles of speech, and let them drop calmly through the ear into the heart—there to moisten the young plants of virtue, and cause them to flourish like hog weeds in a barn yard.

My friends—the Dutch governor thought wisely when he advised the girls to wear short tongues and long petticoats; but his advice was as water spilt upon the ground. They will persist in wearing long tongues and short petticoats: and when I come to take the measure of the difference it makes in their moral characters, must confess that I feel a disposition to persecute them [with my preaching till I can let a hem of the latter and cut short about four inches of the former, with the keen-edged sword of persuasion. My dear young damsels! it is said that the angels of heaven only whisper, in their walk 'mid the silent bowers of Paradise; and why don't you take a pattern after them, in whose likeness you were created, and whose attributes you possess, with the exception of that restless and never-to-be-tired-out member—the tongue? It is a sin, a shame and a pity, that so many of our ladies, both old and young, are addicted to such excessive talkativeness—that they are so inclined to gab about, telling things which ought not to be told. There is no doubt in my mind but a cup of tea containing a vast quantity of the animalcule of scandal; and those who drink the deepest from it are the most given to gossiping. Old maids, for instance, will drink bohea, of sufficient substance to float a pin; and they can breed more mosquitoes about town in a single day, than the swarms of Louisiana can in a month. Perhaps, my friends, you may say there is no use in my preaching thus; for if a woman's tongue is made long by Nature, she can be guilty of no fault, but only subjected to misfortune. I don't mean to blame her for what she cannot help—an occasional overflow of loquacity; but I want to give her a good dose of admonition with respect to what she talks, and how she talks. She must recollect that words are as slippery as live eels, and when they have once carelessly escaped, they may cast their slime on the white frocks of reputation ere they can be overtaken and captured. Slander that has been gathering by degrees, like a slow thunder cloud, bursts up at the climax of its blackness, and unthought sunshine immediately succeeds; yet still it casts a gloomy shade for a time over life's happy hours, and threatens destruction though it may accomplish but little.

My dear hearers—although men's tongues are shorter, in proportion, than those of the women, and are slower in their movement, yet I believe they are capable of doing much harm, and are often vulgarly, sinfully and profanely employed. They are levers, in the mouths of many, that assist them in putting out oaths as big as bushel baskets, and as horrible as they are bulky. Some men's tongues are continually coated with the thickest scum of vice—others are only stained with tobacco-juice and treachery—while a few there are, that are kept perfectly clean by the pure and unadulterated saliva of truth and virtue. O, my dear friends, one and all! I pray you keep a tight rein on that furious charger the tongue, lest it break loose in the wilderness of unrestrained, and dash your vehicles of happiness down the precipice of perdition, pitching Hope's golden treasures into the dark deep ocean of despair. And oh, ye mothers!

look into the mouths of your prattling babes, and see whether any symptoms of the tongue-sil are beginning to be developed. Watch over them steadily, and teach them to lip the words of truth and sincerity; for they may be called into eternity in their swaddling, and cause a black mark to be set against your names in the book of life. Yes, the very cradles in which they are now sleeping may turn out to be coffins on rockers, soon to be overspread with the white mantle of death.

My hearers—having shown you about half the length of my tongue, the whole of woman's and the tip end of man's in general, I have nothing more to say; excepting that we shall all soon be obliged to hold our tongues in the silent sepulchre; beyond which we may indulge in some delightful cogitations—but no talking. So mote it be!—Dow
Jn.

"I have got one thought."—Handle, whose divine compositions seem to have proceeded from a heart glowing with the fire of seraph, was, notwithstanding, what some would call a gross mortal, since he placed no small happiness in good eating and drinking. Having received a quantity of wine too small to present to his friends, he reserved the precious nectar for a private use. Some time after, when a party was dining with him, he longed for a glass of his choice champagne, but could not easily think of a device for leaving the company. On a sudden he assumed a musing attitude, and, striking his forehead with his forefinger, exclaimed, "I have got one thought," (meaning thought). The company, imagining that he had gone to commit to paper some divine idea, saw him depart with silent admiration. He returned to his friends, and very soon had a second, third, and fourth "thought." A wag, suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's visits, followed Handel to an adjoining room, saw him enter a closet, embrace his beloved champagne, and swallow repeated doses. The discovery communicated infinite mirth to the company, and Handel's "thought" became proverbial—Concert Room.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE SUBLIME.

Mr Editor—The following original contribution to a young lady's album, now in my possession, I have copied verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim, and send it to you for publication, in order that album writers who flourish heresies, may have a specimen of originality and freshness, in that species of literature, to which the quiet, graceful Irving, or the more ideal and brilliant Bulwer, could not, splendid as some of their efforts have been, ever have dreamed of equalling. Being well aware that you are always ready to foster original native talent, I present to your numerous readers, for their edification or emulation.

TO JULIA—

Fortune cannot gild, power cannot ennoble thee, but may you be rich in the love, and titled by the blessings of thy country. May thy path be illumined by public gratitude; and oh! amid the impediments which this world may oppose, and the defection with which disappointments may assail you, may you acquire a mind to be cherished by the future generations of the Earth, long after it has been enrolled amongst the inhabitants of Heaven.

Sleep—Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death; "so like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, that I dare not trust it, without my prayers. Their resemblance is indeed striking and apparent; they both when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty, and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by virtue.

Noble Reply—Aristotle, being censured for bestowing alms on an unworthy mendicant, replied, "I did not give it to the man—I gave it to humanity."

Ordnances Survey of Great Britain—This great and important national survey has just reached the town of Manchester. The map for these districts will, on the application of Geological Society of London, be laid down on the enlarged scale of six inches to the mile, in order more accurately to fix the geological series of the counties and prove a permanent record which will last for ages. Large penalties attach, by the provisions of the act, to all parties who throw any impediment in the execution of their duties to the surveyors. The survey is being executed by a competent and numerous corps of the Royal Engineers, whose headquarters are at the barracks, Regent-road Salford.

Sir Walter Scott, in his memorable description of Mrs. Bethune Balfour, in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, says, "She was punctiliously loyal even in that most staggering test of loyalty, the payment of imposts. Mr. Balfour, her father, told me he was ordered to offer a glass of wine to the person who collected the Income Tax; and that poor man was so overcome by a reception so unwontedly generous, that he well-nigh fainted on the spot." A severer piece of quiet satire on the obnoxious character of the tax can hardly be conceived. Sir Walter little thought his friends, the Tories, would re-impose it in a time of peace.