

THE
**LOTTE COUNTY
 AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY**
 giving Premiums for the Crop of
 1842, Viz—
 quantity of merchantable
 wool on any one Acre £3 0 0
 Ditto 2 0 0
 Ditto 1 0 0
 quantity of Oats not less
 than 2 bushels raised on
 1 Acre 3 0 0
 Ditto 2 0 0
 Ditto 1 0 0
 quantity of Barley not
 less than 2 bushels raised
 on 1 Acre 2 0 0
 Ditto 1 0 0
 Ditto 1 0 0
 quantity of Potatoes Do 3 0 0
 Ditto Do 2 0 0
 Ditto Do 1 0 0
 quantity of Turneps Do 3 0 0
 Ditto Do 2 0 0
 Ditto Do 1 0 0
 of the Applicant and one res-
 will be required as proof of
 each description of Grain and
 er notice will be given as to
 will be received and the Pre-

of the Board of Directors
D. D. MORRISON,
 Secretary

**LLING OFF!
 REDUCED PRICES!**

is selling off his large and
 Stock of FALL and WINTER
 much lower prices than her-
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 of
 , available green and claret Broad
 and duffles do, blue, black and
 Buckskin, Satinets, Moleskins,
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 14 4 to 4 4—Counterpane and
 tings of different colors—64 pieces
 n 9 4 to 3 4, great bleache of white
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 es and patterns, Orleans de France
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 id spring—furniture cotton, checks
 twilled jans and lining cuttings,
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 l colors—cotton Warps white and
 id Boots and Shoes, carpet & bid
 and Morocco walking shoes—
 id Berlin do—Lambwool Hosi-
 ted do, Bobbinets and Laces, ja-
 mall Muslins, Madapolams and
 on Bobbinets, Quillets and
 seaver and silk Hosi, fur and hosi-
 ers, oil cloths and covered hats,
 it of ready made clothing, 50 pairs
 different qualities, frock coats and
 ack coats, gaiters, trousers and
 h a variety of other articles in the

ARE AND CUTLERY.

ke, Scissors large and small, of an
 Razors, pocket and pen knives,
 ket do, lake pans and covers, flat
 ite, the shavers, tooth brushes, long
 le, shoe and scrubbing brushes.

PROCESSES.

efast white Soap, agow
 do, less and Liverpool Candles,
 on mould and dipst Candies,
 able to melt and sugar, from 4 to
 , for family use;
 green Teas,
 ground Coffee,
 10, Cloves, Nutmegs, Pepper, All-
 ce, and Calaisius,
 Grapes
 eing,
 of Black Lead,
 a brown Lead,
 1 window Glass 7 1/2 x 10 1/2
 Flour and corn meal, pork & fish.

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 I respectfully informs the Ladies
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 ALL SUPPLY OF GO OD, con-
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Mr & Family Goods
 season, and at the Lowest Prices
 A general selection of
PROCESSES,
 1000 of on Reasonable Terms.
M. SHELLOCK.
 1-44

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The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

VOLUME 9
 Price 15s. in Town] SANT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, (FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1842. [17s. Gd. sent by Mail.

**THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY
 BRADLEY.**

*Abridged from the Dublin University
 Magazine.*

[CONCLUDED.]
 The worthy coronor immediately swore a jury after which they proceeded to find a verdict in the following manner.
 Gentlemen, are you all sworn?
 We are sworn Mr. Casey.
 Waiter, he shouted, I'll trouble you to bring me a tumbler of cold water, with a naggin of whiskey in it. There is mischief's doeth about me to-day, boys; upon my honour there is—owing to the heat of the room and the hot weather.

Truth, says the foreman, myself is just as if I was either ben' pulled out o' the river with preservation. I'm so dry. Blood a live, Mr. Casey, don't forget us!
 What a naggin a man! No indeed let it be a glass o' port, and I don't care. Waiter!
 The waiter appeared.
 Bring us up twelve glasses of whiskey, and be quick, for I'm in a great hurry.
 The coronor, when the whiskey arrived, took off his goggles, and the treat to the jury also began to disappear.
 Mister Casey, said the foreman, with a shrewd face, here's wishing your health, and success to you, Sir, in your occupation!
 Thank you, thank you, Mr. Foreman. Now let us proceed to call the witnesses—capital whiskey that, for public house whiskey, gentlemen, added he to the bystanders, if there's any of you competent to give evidence in this unfortunate affair we are ready to hear you. Does any of you know how the deceased came to his death?
 I'm his cousin, Mr. Casey, said a man coming forward.
 But what do you know of his death?
 Oh, not a haporth good or bad, barrin that he's dead, poor fellow, replied the man.
 Several persons now advanced, who declared that they were competent to give testimony as to the manner and cause of his death.

One man was sworn and thus replied to the jury—
 Foreman—What do you know about this business, Mickey?
 Why, I seen Andy Murtagh there givin' him the lick that kilt him; an I say it's neither fair nor honest for Andy to be jury upon a man that he has done for.
 This was like a thunderstroke upon the coronor. Instead of being angry; however, it affected him with uncontrollable mirth, and as a feather will often turn the feelings of an Irish crowd either one way or the other, so did Andy's maeuvre and the coronor's example produce long laughter among all present, except the deceased's friends.
 Murtagh, said the coronor, sorra a thing you are than a common skamer, to make such an ass of me and corpse, and jury, and all, by such villainous connivance. You're at least a homicide, Andy; and to think of our bringin' in a verdict, and one of the jury an outlaw, would mutilate the whole proceedings. Only for the honour of the thing, upon my honour and soul I'd not scruple a thraveneen to commit you for contempt of court, you imposther.
 Faith, Sir, said Murtagh, I thought I had as good a right to be one of the jury as any other, in regard that I knew most about it, I'll make a good witness any how.
 Get out ye nager, said the coronor, I'll lay you by the heels, before night, please God, gentlemen, hold him tight till we return our verdict.

I'll give you my book oath, replied Murtagh, that the man was walking about as well as ever he was, long after his scrimmage with me. Ay, an' I can prove it. There's Dick Moran who knows it.
 Dick was sworn and examined by the Foreman.
 Dick, said the Foreman, who was a process server, and who, moreover, considered himself no bad authority as a lawyer, an opinion which caused him to keep a strict eye on the practice on the courts.
 Dick, what's your name?
 Dick, what's your name! replied Dick, with a grin by my faith that's equal to Paddy is this you? when you meet a man.
 You must answer him, said the coronor, the question is strictly legal.
 It is, said the Foreman, in high dudgeon, strictly legal; an' I say agin, Dick Moran what's your name?
 Dick raised his eye-brows, and after giving a look of good humoured astonishment and contempt at the foreman, gravely replied, My name is id! why Paddy Baxter.

This excited considerable mirth; but the coronor began to get exasperated at what he looked upon as an insult to his authority.
 That's not to the purpose, at all, at all, observed the coronor; sorra a verdict we'll get to night at this rate.
 Sir said the foreman, you ought to have a crier to keep order in the court. The black-guard should be put out.
 I'll tell you what it is, said the chorier coronor, addressing Darby, if you're not off

before wind our verjick, upon my secret honour, I'll kick you from this to the court-house abyt, and lay you by the heels there afterwards.

You kick me is id? A pair of us can play ahat game, Mr. Casey. Did you ever hear that profound intherest is? I'll tell you, if you're your hand or foot to me, you'll get the ame. To the mischief with all upstart.
 The Coronor, who was a noted pugilist, sen in a body blow that laid Darby horizontal a moment. Darby, however, had friends on his own part, as well as on behalf of Barney who were not at all disposed to see him treated by a man in office.
 Down wid the rascal! they shouted, closing immediately about the coronor, down wid him! he's a government man, any how, an' a spy, may be, into the bargain. Down wid him!
 Comf on, you rascals! shouted the coronor, my jury and I against any baker's dozen of you. Gentlemen of the jury, stand to me, and we'll clear the house. Come boys, come gentlemen—fight like men. We can bring in our verjick afterwards.

Honour bright, Mr. Casey, responded the jury, we'll back you, Sir, every man of us. To the mischief wid the verjick, till after our speec's over.
 The friends of the jurors also took the part of the coronor, as did many others present, for the man's propensity in fighting had made him popular; so that, in point of fact the numbers were pretty equal on both sides. A rich scene ensued. In a moment the whole room exhibited such a picture of riot and uproar, as could scarcely be conceived. The coronor and his jury certainly did fight like men, and they were every whit as manfully opposed. All were thumping, knocking down, pulling, dragging, wrestling, and shouting. Crash went chair—smash went a window or table—down went a man here—up sprung another there—a third was heard izith corner—a shout in that—Sometimes they appeared detached into small groups; agin they seemed like a ravelled hank mated into one mass of inextricable confusion. The doctor and apothecary got first an odd thump, *cu passant*, in compliment to the coronor; by and bye vorked sorely against their wills, in to the vortex of the fight; and ere it was half over, they might be seen amongst the thickest of the fray, giving and receiving according to their ability on each side. The fight might now be at it's hottest, when two men were seen engaged in a bitter struggle near the window, one of whom was the coronor, and the second, to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, no other than the subject of the inquest, Barney Bradley himself. In a moment, what between surprise and mirth, there was an immediate cessation of hostilities among all the beligerents, with the exception of coronor and Barney; Darby M'Fudge and the foreman who, so far as exhaustion permitted them, laid in the blows with great vigour.—It was impossible to say on which of their heads victory might have alighted; for however amusing the contest appeared to the wander- ing and excited bystanders, the latter deemed it proper to separate Barney and the coronor, for the ludicrous purpose of giving that gentleman an opportunity of recognizing his antagonist. The foreman, who had already been sufficiently well-drubbed, felt no wish for a more lengthened battle; and the two medical gentlemen stood as if thunderstruck at the activity of the corpse!—When the four were separated, it is utterly impossible to describe what ensued, so as to retain any portion of the mingled mirth and amazement of the whole crowd.

Oh! exclaimed the coronor—why! why is it he?—is it he?—it is—as sure as the sky is above us, it's the rascal that was kilt!—the dead vagabond who had the inquest over!

This was replied to by a thundering uproar of laughter, in which; however, neither the coronor nor his medical friends felt any inclination to join.
 Now gentlemen, let us resume the proceedings. Barney, as I consider you the most important evidence, we shall begin wid yourself.
 Wid all my heart, Sir; ha! ha! ha! But wid permission, Mister Casey, are you unwell, Sir?
 Not I—I'm in excellent health.
 Troth, then, wid great respect, you're no sick thing, Sir. There's not a man in Ireland wants flaybotomy more than you do!
 Why, Sir, you have too much blood in you entirely. Your nose, Sir, is twisted a little to the one side too and by gorra that's another sign.
 Come, come man—my nose! Ay Barney you know how that can be accounted for on the other point you're right enough. May be I have more blood that I want sartnly.
 Sir, if you take my advice, you'll lose some immediately. I'll spin it out o' you while you'd say Jack Robison.

The audience were exceedingly grave here. Not the least symptom of a smile appeared on a single face. On the contrary, they looked

at the coronor with an alarm, which the rascals succeeded in making more, impressive by their feigned attempts to conceal it. At length one of them said in a very solemn voice.

Mister Casey, Barney's right, Sir. Somethin's wrong wid you whatever it is, for there's a great change in your face since you came into the house.
 Tut, it can't be but if I thought—
 Thy safest way, Sir, is to be sure and lose the blood; Barney's the very boy that can breathe a vein in style.
 Where are the other medical gentlemen? said the coronor. Why, they are gone!—However I don't wonder at it, after what they got.
 Waiter, shouted Barney, bring up a basin, poor Mr. Casey's not well. Why Sir, you're changin for the worse in your looks every minute. Not a word I'll hear, Sir, not a blessed syllable of evidence I'll give to-day, barrin you take care of your health.

Gentlemen of the jury, you think I want to lose blood.
 Bedad, Sir, there's a terrible change on you, why you're black under both eyes. You must have got some hurt, Sir, inwardly, durin the row.
 Faith, an there may be something in that sure enough. Come, Barney, set to work. It can do no harm at all events.
 Barney, now in his glory, stripped the coronor, and in two minutes had a full tide of blood rushing from his arm, into a large wash hand basin, the bottom of which could not be covered by less than thirty ounces of blood.
 Now, Mr. Casey, don't you feel aser?
 I do, Barney, but cursedly wake. Stop man, you have taken enough, five times over do you intend to fill—the basin! Stay! my man's goin—I'm getting—
 Forty-eight ounces of blood would be apt to make any man weak.—The worthy coronor could go no farther, and in a moment he lay at full length; in a swaying faint.
 It was now, when he could not bear them, that their mirth became loud and excessive.—Barney, in the mean time, tied up his arm. The mischief wif away wid you Barney, but you're able to walk wid out bein' led, any how, you bird o' grace!
 Whist wid yres, replied Barney, we'll be up to him. Let us sit an hold an inquest on himself, before he comes to—that won't be these ten good minutes to come.

Oh! consinnu to the bether. Here you rap at a press server—you must be the crown-er, an es you'd do nuttin for nuttin, we'll give you another glass o' whiskey.
 Then, Barney, you must take my place on the jury.
 To be sure I will.
 Well thin gentlemen, as we were all spectators of this bloody business, we may as well, at wanst, return a verdict against Barney. Not wifful murder agin me, any how, alther in joke or earnest.
 No; but here's the verdict: we find that Mister Casey died by the visitation of Barney Bradley.
 A choice good one, replied Barney. Here waiter, bring me a naggin of burnt whiskey for Mister Casey. That's what'll set him to rights. Here, boys, let us bring him near the windy, an raise him up a little. Come Mister Casey blood alive, Sir, don't be a woman.—Pluck up spirits—here's a naggin o' burnt whiskey, to make all square. Bedad, Sir, you have nothin else than the pattern of a gaited face this minute.

Coroner—Where's the whiskey, in the first place?
 Here, Sir, here it is. Never nip it; take it a bite, an you may dance Shawn Baie in five minutes.
 Yes, it will do me good. Gentlemen of the jury what has happened to me? Was there a ny thing illegal in this business?
 Sorra haporth, Mister Casey, barrin that Barney Bradley tuck a few ounces of blood out of you.
 Yes, yes, I remember. Barney in the mane time, confound you, and your flaybotomy you have almost bled me to death, you infernal quack.
 It was impossible to resist the ridiculous appearance of the coronor, whose face, being at best ruddy upon a sallow ground, now bore a strong resemblance to green linen, if we except his nose, which was of a pale dead blue, like the end of a burned brick. The laughter in fact could not be suppressed, nor could the coronor, after surveying himself in a three-cornered broken looking glass that hung against the wall, avoid joining in the mirth, although at his own expense.

This was Barney Bradley's first inquest, or as it was termed by his neighbours, his first resurrection. He was, however, subject to three inquests, every one of which he survived, and in every one of which the coronors suffered either by flaybotomy or a sound drubbing.

RIGHT OF SEARCH.

TO LORD ASHBURTON.
 LETTER II.
 MY LORD.—It is not my accident that you have been nominated as extraordinary ambassador to the United States. There are many recommending circumstances which at the

first blush justify the selection of our adroit premier. You are in a measure the architect of your own fortune. You are descended of a race of prosperous citizens. You will not overshadow the republican plainness of the Tylers and the Cruttendens, by the lustre of your birth or the length of your titles. But you are a rich, and have from your earliest years been a prosperous and thriving man; and these circumstances will not be without their influence on the most money-loving and money-getting people that the sun has ever shone upon. It is true, you are a member of the British House of Lords; but there your patent of nobility is hardly yet dry, so spick and span new is it; and, if I mistake not, your friends on the other side of the Atlantic can "on retrace," and to balance the aristocratic side of the account, claim you as having been in early life an American citizen. Be this as it may, you are connected with the States by three of the strongest ties which can be entwined round the heart of man,—firstly by marriage,—secondly, by a connexion with the land (for I have been told you are a large landholder in Pennsylvania);—and, thirdly, by money, of which (if I am not misinformed) you have large parcels invested in the American funds. All this may be for good, or it may be for evil; but the game, my lord, whether for the one or for the other, is completely and altogether in your own hands. If you will allow yourself to be circumvented and controlled by the smooth and specious friends into whose society you must inevitably be thrown from the peculiar nature of your connexions, then there is every reason to fear that a people calm and calculating by habit, characterised by every formidable quality—active, laborious, tenacious, specious, vainglorious, and head-strong—may induce you to thing that the settlement of the question of the *Right of Search* is one of easy solution; and that it now but remains for Great Britain to surrender pretensions which at the present time of day it would be not only inconvenient, but preposterous, to urge. If I am to judge from the changeful and contradictory passages in your public life, you would not hold out a long siege on this cardinal question of search, or, indeed on any other subject, provided the enemy sat down before you, and open his trenches in regular form. It is true that your personal interest as a landholder and a fundholder in America, would lie exactly in conformity with such a tender as I hint at; but (without imputing to you any interested motive in advertising to you American property, both real and personal), I am bound to admit that your interests in England, in lands and monies, are much more considerable than any you may have now, or probably may hereafter acquire, in the United States. It is not, however, to your pecuniary interests that Jonathan will appeal for the solution of this question: he is too crafty and cunning for that; it is to your vanity and foresight he will pay the homage of his acquiescence, when he tells you that above five-and-thirty years ago, one Mr. Baring—and the fact proves, he will add, that the said Baring was the most clear-sighted gentleman in all England—declared, not off-hand, in the blundering of an *extempore*, perhaps an after-dinner speech, but in a perpended pamphlet, written with malice aforethought, "That the pretensions to a right to search a national ship by any thing appears generally exploded and renounced by all parties." Exploded and renounced by all parties! Where, my good lord, did you, or your then firm, learn such notions? They are unknown to the English constitution. They are repudiated by the common and maritime law, they are disowned by the lowest swabber of decks in the English navy; they are protested against to the death by the universal English people! I ought, however, to crave your pardon. You are not a diplomatist; you are not familiar with treaties, state-papers, protocols, and negotiations. You have, probably, not studied the constitutional or maritime history of your country. You are possibly not familiar with the work of Selden, with the text of Monloy, the celebrated letter of the Duke of Newcastle to the Prussian minister, or the multifarious judgements and *dicta*, on the subject, beginning with the 4th institute, c. 22, and ending with the decisions of Lords Ellenborough and Stowell, as reported in East and Robinson. You have not, as all the world knows, digested the tough mutton of the laws of court; or drank that "casse tate," their heady port; or "cudgelled your brains" with reading either their voluminous books of reports or their text-writers. Nor to sustain this right of search, have you lain within fourteen inches of hammock, or prepared powder-horns, matches and train tacks, as I have done. No,—not a bit of it. At the very time when I was fighting—say, and bleed- ing—for this unalienable right, you and your firm—having probably more property embarked in American than in English bottoms—were penning the pamphlet to whose doctrines and principles I here take exception. As our education and services were different, so are our rewards. For old England and her ancient and imprescriptible rights I shed my blood, and am now on half-pay, I will

not say in what rank; against old England and those rights you shed very copiously your ink; and you are a peer and ambassador extraordinary, named to settle the question which you did not understand or look at, more in reference to average and contribution, than with a view to the sustaiment of the honour and naval strength and superiority of our common country.

Whether you understand this great question at this moment, or will take the pains to make yourself master of it, I profess not to know, nor do I very much care, unless in so far as the interests of our country are involved; but this I do not hesitate to aver, that unless you prefer your duty to the compliances expected from you by the American party with which you are connected, your failure will be the most egregious that has occurred in our time, not even excepting the most signal Whig failures of John George, earl of Durham, and the Hon. David Montagu Erskine, now Lord Erskine, minister at the court of Bavaria, but at the period to which I allude envoy of Great Britain to the United States. I knew the late Lord Durham well. He was an honourable, straightforward, high-minded man; but vain, ignorant, overbearing, and shallow. He left these shores strongly and justly prejudiced against the character and government of the Czar of Russia. In the fortunes of Poland he took a more than ordinary interest.—He sympathised with her sorrows, and would had he had before he went to Russia the power, have raised her from her prostrate condition. This was well known to the court to which he had been accredited, and he was in consequence treated with more than incivility on landing at Odessa. Complaint and high toned remonstrance was the consequence. Explanation followed.—The Czar himself did not disdain to utter a few civil and honeyed speeches thus furnishing the diplomatic diplomat to soothe the Durham dignity. The arrogant, vain, and shallow peer was equalled, amazed, and delighted. His anger was appeased, his self love flattered; in a word, complaint was hushed. Nor did imperial condescension stop here. Civility beget intimacy,—intimacy ripened into friendship—imperial friendship!—and Poland was forgotten, Circassia spoken of in a *soft* voice tone, and the Vixen and her condemnation hinted at with "bated breath and whispering humbleness." Up to this moment Lord Durham had been the most popular peer in this country. He was looked up to by a then considerable, and certainly a most active and energetic party, as their chosen leader; he was put forward as the only possible minister, and enfeoffed to popularity as future premier; but from the moment he surrendered the dignity of his country and forgot his duty as a minister and a man—from the instant he bartered and trucked English interests and English honour against a Tartar's smile, he descended from his elevated position, and became powerless, degraded, and disgraced. He returned to his native land, and the rest is tedious as a twice-told tale. Instead of clatching the seals of office, he was transported to Canada: from which dependency, after a flagrant failure, he departed, and shortly afterwards died.

I say nothing against a conciliatory and complying spirit; such a spirit is sometimes of advantage in negotiation; but a minister should never yield in any matter that essentially concerns the honour and interests of his country. Before I conclude the letters which I shall have the honour of addressing to your lordship, I hope to convince even the most sceptical that the *Right of Search* is a question involving the honour and interests of England, and on which no minister should bate one jot of the ancient practice and well established pretensions of our native land. But previously to such an inquiry, allow me to adduce the example of the present Lord Erskine in addition to that of the late Lord Durham, in corroboration of my position of the danger of any minister yielding a pin's point in a question involving the honour of his flag or nation. In the year 1807 there was an encounter between H. M. S. Leopard and the American frigate Chesapeake, which took place off the coast of America, the result of which was the loss of some lives on board the American frigate. In complaining of this encounter, Mr Munroe, the then envoy from the United States at the Court of St. James's, remarked "on the unfounded and most unjustifiable pretensions to search for deserters."

In Mr. Canning's reply of August 2, 1807, he stated, "That his majesty neither does nor has any time maintained the pretension of a right to search ships of war in the national service of any state for deserters." But in a subsequent communication to Mr. Munroe dated September 23d, the secretary for foreign affairs explained this first admission thus—
 "If the right to search ships of war for deserters is not insisted upon by this country, it is not because the employment and the detention of British mariners on board the national ship of any state are considered as less injurious to Great Britain than their employment aboard merchant-vessels, but merely that redress is in that case to be sought by

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