

The Standard.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1840.

Vol. XII, No. 38.

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advance.

| Weekly Almanack. | | | |
|------------------|-----|-------|---------|
| March—1840. | SUN | MOON | FULL |
| 18 WEDNESDAY | 0 0 | 11 7 | 0 11 40 |
| 19 THURSDAY | 0 0 | 12 8 | 8 50 |
| 20 FRIDAY | 0 0 | 13 9 | 13 0 11 |
| 21 SATURDAY | 0 0 | 14 10 | 20 0 11 |
| 22 SUNDAY | 0 0 | 15 11 | 20 1 13 |
| 23 MONDAY | 0 0 | 16 12 | 20 2 32 |
| 24 TUESDAY | 0 0 | 17 13 | 20 3 33 |

Full Moon 17th, 11h. 52m. evening.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS WALLACE, Esq., President.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday.
Bills of Exchange... must be left at the Bank before
three o'clock on the day immediately preceding the Dis-
count Day.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
THOMAS WALLACE, Esq., President.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday.
Bills of Exchange... must be left at the Bank before
three o'clock on Monday and Thursday.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
SAINT JOHN BRANCH.
R. H. LINDSAY, Esq., Manager.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Discount Days... Tuesday and Friday.
Bills of Exchange... must be left before three o'clock
on the day preceding the Discount Day.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11
to 1 o'clock.
JOHN HOVEY, Esq., President.
Committee for March.
A. S. FERRIS, JOHN WALKER, ROBERT KELTIE.

ALL Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 10
to 1 o'clock.
JAMES KIRK, Esq., President.
All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

NOTICE.
JAMES KIRK, Esq., President.

NOTICE.
ALL Persons having any legal demands against
the Estate of JAMES REID, late of the Parish of
Hopland, Queen's County, farmer, deceased,
are requested to tender their Accounts, duly attested,
to the subscribers, within Three Months from this
date and sign the Trust Deed, now at the Store of
Thomas Wallace, All persons indebted to said
Estate, either by Note or Bill of Exchange, are requested
to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers,
JOHN DUNCAN,
THOMAS WALLACE.
St. John, N. B., 23rd January, 1840.

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ALL Persons having any legal demands against
the Estate of JAMES REID, late of the Parish of
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THOMAS WALLACE.
St. John, N. B., 23rd January, 1840.

In Chancery.
Between—Charles Hill Wallace and others, surviving
Executors of the last Will and
Testament of the Honorable Charles
Hill, deceased, Complainants,
and—
Robert Story and others, the Heirs, Legatees,
&c. of the said Charles Hill,
Defendants.
Pursuant to the order of the Honorable Court of
Chancery made in the above cause on the 14th day
of November last,
ALL persons having any just claims or demands
against the Estate of the said Charles Hill, either under
his last Will and Testament, or otherwise, are
requested to tender the same to the undersigned
Masters at Law, in or before the Court of Chancery,
at Halifax, before Wednesday the first day of April
next, and to prove their respective claims against the
said Estate, either by Note or Bill of Exchange, or
under the seal of the Court. Dated at Halifax, this 24th
day of December, 1839.
J. W. NUTTING, Master in Chancery.
JAMES W. JOHNSON, Solicitor for Comptis.
JAMES P. GRAY, Sol. for Defds.

The Earl and the Ship.
By WILLIAM ANDERSON, Author of "Landscape Lyrics," &c.
"Tune—The Old Dutch Tune."
Hurray! for the stout old British ship,
The comeliest of her kind,
That bounds like a greyhound from the slip,
When the sails are loosened for;
That spits of the storm and deadly gun,
N'er yet its course gave o'er,
And never knew what 'twas to run
A hostile flag before;
It long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Of our freedom still the stay!
Then give to the stout old British ship
Three British cheers—hurray!

When Nelson rode its quarter-deck,
His glory was its pride;
Victory he had at his finger-beck,
As proved in every clime;
Then England was honour'd and fear'd by all,
And nations sung her praise;
But that is but her glory's old recall,
In these degenerate days;
For the stout old ship lies idly ashore,
Laid up like a useless toy—
Its hulls and canvas now an' o'er,
Though it still is fit for use.
The vanishing foreigner long has left
His thunder on the main,
And he smiles when he thinks the blow it dealt,
Shall ne'er be dealt again.
Ere the spirit of Nelson is dead,
And his story of glory is forgotten and read,
And studied with our charts;
For cherish'd with care is the glory it won,
The need of a thousand years;
And his feat will be often have done,
When the stout old ship appears!

When the brave old ship, as bright as moon,
Hovers high its well-masted morn,
The flag that has been unscathed borne,
Since the days of Drake and Sprague—
Let us now dare dispute its right
To the empire of the seas!
'Twill prove its title clear and bright
Against the world again!
Then give to the stout old British ship,
Of our freedom still the stay,
That long has the bulwark been of our rights,
Three British cheers—hurray!

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO SISTERS—A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The pretty square farm-house, standing at the corner where Kilsbane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kilsbane (for the first time, although getting by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the forefathers brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity as it meanders through the sunny plain, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Pease Wood, that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by the tall alms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and stream,—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in this great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his stock never ill; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snowball, yet in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, every body loves farmer Evans. He is so completely a good natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not spoiled the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two or three horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Deangate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off—say, and his wife is the same woman—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured, Mrs. Evans, so doted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing (as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking, Mrs. Evans at seventy as she was at forty-five).

Their children—six boys, as farmer Evans proudly calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight and twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one, the youngest of the family, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and good. The young men, intelligent and well conducted; the boys droll and promising; and the little girl as pretty a curly headed, rosy cheeked, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is however, with the eldest daughter that we have to do. Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as both often befall any two sisters not born at one time—so, in the matter of twin-children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of Democritus. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither have reached twenty) exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have covered them for wages for his tall regiment)—with hazel eyes, large mouth, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, and healthy complexion, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le nez en retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all! but a nose which, moderately prominent, and admirably well shaped, is yet generally as "the Evans's," than as the separate individuals, Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Patty especially, who delighted in the fact, often profited by. The usual resemblance, were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks, to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance, who, being rather portly, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans's to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the red finger which she had dressed on Jane's, scribbled the incredible error to the merits of her own incomparable sense, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital seal round by her own hand.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the parish, having lusted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, last his wagger (for Patty had overheard) by the sneaky dancer's slipping into her sister's arms, and persuading her to join her own uncomparable partner to George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice which proved, as the young gentleman (in the face of a profane stranger) water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeas'd with her partner. How little does a vain man know of woman-kind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Gilead.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's had spinning, down to this prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon even her most productions, making some unnoted difference between the lamb dropped from one ewe, the robin that sits in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave; Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who smiled, for certain it was Patty; she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pig from the garden, as early as if she were wearing a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making with its own ruffled bands, an invisible dam in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the white; she that so patiently was feeding one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so gravely was watching her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the pale lilies, the Alpine pink, or the abacus blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resemble her own character, was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's signing over the flower, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotsman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and if Mr. Archibald Maclean did sometimes come to look after them, I did not see it was any business of any body's.

In the morning a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans's had been so successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen draper in

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Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance, who, being rather portly, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans's to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the red finger which she had dressed on Jane's, scribbled the incredible error to the merits of her own incomparable sense, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital seal round by her own hand.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the parish, having lusted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, last his wagger (for Patty had overheard) by the sneaky dancer's slipping into her sister's arms, and persuading her to join her own uncomparable partner to George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice which proved, as the young gentleman (in the face of a profane stranger) water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeas'd with her partner. How little does a vain man know of woman-kind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Gilead.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's had spinning, down to this prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon even her most productions, making some unnoted difference between the lamb dropped from one ewe, the robin that sits in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy, and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave; Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who smiled, for certain it was Patty; she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pig from the garden, as early as if she were wearing a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making with its own ruffled bands, an invisible dam in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the white; she that so patiently was feeding one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so gravely was watching her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the pale lilies, the Alpine pink, or the abacus blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resemble her own character, was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's signing over the flower, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotsman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and if Mr. Archibald Maclean did sometimes come to look after them, I did not see it was any business of any body's.

In the morning a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans's had been so successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen draper in

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO SISTERS—A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The pretty square farm-house, standing at the corner where Kilsbane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kilsbane (for the first time, although getting by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the forefathers brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity as it meanders through the sunny plain, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Pease Wood, that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by the tall alms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and stream,—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in this great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his stock never ill; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snowball, yet in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, every body loves farmer Evans. He is so completely a good natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not spoiled the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two or three horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Deangate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off—say, and his wife is the same woman—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured, Mrs. Evans, so doted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing (as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking, Mrs. Evans at seventy as she was at forty-five).

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